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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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NUMBER 7



Dorothy Johnson Takes a Boat Ride on Lake Norfolk

MRS W E P ARSON NOV 66
FOR HAMBURG AVE
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a very busy afternoon down here at our Kitchen-Klatter plant, but it also happens to be the absolute and final deadline on getting personal letters written for our family magazine, so I've shoved everything aside, closed both doors to my tiny cubby-hole of an office, and am settling down to visit with you.

When Russell was living I spent very little time down at this plant because he looked after business problems and made the important decisions that had to be made constantly. I loved being at home and had plenty to do between broadcasting, cooking three meals a day, "picking up" the house, etc., to keep me fully occupied. Without a moment's warning all of this was changed, and now I am the one who must make the business decisions and wrestle with all of the problems. If it weren't for the wonderfully faithful help I've had from everyone associated with Kitchen-Klatter I'd just never be able to manage at all; and I never walk through the door of this plant without feeling acutely aware of it. No one is EVER going to be able to make ANY machine that will replace the warmth of human beings.

People who have real business offices would be flabbergasted by this cubby-hole where I work, but the most peculiar thing of all about my set-up is the fact that Jake (my little deer-type Chihuahua) is always here with me — and you just plain don't expect to see any kind of a dog in a business office. I can't get him to lie down at all. He stands right in the door from 1:00 until 5:00 and is in a state that could only be called constant alert. I bring him down here because he's scared to death that I'll go away and leave him shut up in the house by himself, so the minute I begin stirring around to gather up papers shortly be-

fore 1:00, he runs around in circles and barks and dashes back and forth to the front door. He moves so fast that I don't think it would be humanly possible for me to get through that door without him.

Since I last wrote to you I've had a chance to go up to the farm and spend a weekend with Dorothy and Frank. I hadn't been there for a long time and my! the memories that flooded over me as we turned down the little lane and drove up to the house. I could almost see Kristin and Juliana running into the yard as they did for so many, many years. (I missed their old swing!) How dearly Juliana loved that farm! She told me last year when we were in New Mexico together that sometimes at night she puts herself to sleep by pretending that she was walking through the timber with Kristin, or exploring around the banks of the creek, or helping her Uncle Frank during the period when he was putting up hay. She said she'd never be able to pass a hayfield in the Middle West without realizing the hard work that went into producing those bales.

Frank and Dorothy have much native timber on their farm and it is "the home place" in the true sense of the word for Frank's father cleared all of that land without any of the high-powered saws that are available today. It was back-breaking work and only a vigorous young man would have attempted it. When I looked at the steep hillsides that have been left in their original shape and then looked at the bottom land that Frank farms, I wondered how in the world his father had ever done it.

Just before dusk on a lovely summer evening we had a big bonfire down by the creek (the channel has been completely changed and they call it a bayou now) and roasted wieners and had a grand time. I even sat in a chair on the bank and held a fishing rod and managed to pull in three little blue-

gills! They were too small for any practical purpose and anyway I felt sorry for them, if you can imagine this, so we tossed them back and gave them another chance at life. There are sizeable bass in that water and we saw some spectacular leaps, but they didn't come close to the rods that Dorothy and I were holding.

Circumstances don't give me the chance to have good long visits with farmers, so I enjoyed hearing Frank's comments about the problems involved with farming today. He told me that in 1946 when he and Dorothy and Kristin moved back to the farm from San Francisco he did all of his work with horses. That was the last year they used horses. By the next planting season he had a tractor, and from that time on it has just been one piece of machinery after another. I found out how much tractor tires cost, what the fuel bills are, what fertilizers cost, etc., and all of this information made me marvel that what we call the "small farmer" can keep his head above water.

A letter from Juliana today brought the news that she has been assigned to teach art at Cleveland Junior High in Albuquerque, not far from the big shopping center called Winrock. This is to be her practice teaching and she must report for the initial round-up about August 15th. Summer school is on the schedule again and these classes begin on June 15th, so she won't get back to Shenandoah this summer. I hope I can make it out to New Mexico sometime before August 15th, but my plans are certainly vague, to put it mildly. Dorothy and I day-dreamed about taking Mother out to visit Kristin, Art, and little Andy in Laramie, then swinging down to see our Denver Driftmiers, and then, just possibly, swinging on down to New Mexico, but it's mighty hard for any of us to get away from home-base, so . . .

I had one very happy and most unexpected surprise in May when the family turned up on the evening of my birthday and gave me a real, old-fashioned surprise party, the first I'd ever had in my life. I'd planned to overlook my birthday entirely, just pay no attention to it at all, so I was flabbergasted when everyone came trooping in (even Dad made it) with a big birthday cake and ice cream. They gave me one of these new cameras that are designed to be foolproof when in the hands of idiots, and I've finished two rolls of film now — and am still marveling that I actually got some

(Continued on page 21)

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

This is one month when there is so much to write about, that I scarcely know where to begin. I know where I'll end, though, and that is when I run out of space! Anything left unsaid will have to wait for the next issue.

Perhaps the long winter had something to do with the swiftness of the passing of spring. Before we could turn around, hot weather was here, but for some weeks we have had cool evenings, so the house hasn't heated up too much during the daytime.

Before college classes were out, we had another unexpected visit from Martin. He and his friend, Michael Aung Thwin from South India, came home for a weekend. Just before that, you'll recall, Martin turned up with 5 other boys for a weekend, but Mike wasn't among them on that visit. As we hadn't had the pleasure of his company since Thanksgiving, it was a special treat to have him come home with Martin just before school was out. As a matter of fact, the reason the boys came was to cram for exams in peace and quiet! Our house is none too quiet, but they said it was a lot quieter than the dorm on weekends! Since they didn't have an exam until 2:00 on Monday, I didn't drive them back to school until after the broadcast on Monday morning.

I'll have to tell you a joke on myself. I had told the boys to be ready to leave the minute I got home from Lucile's house. They were waiting on the back porch, their suitcases beside the driveway, and we quickly packed the car and were on our way. Usually, we don't drive into Lincoln, Nebr., for I have a cross-country short cut that cuts off a few miles. Before we came to the corner where I turn off, the boys suggested that I drive them on into Lincoln for this might be the last chance they would have to get into the city for Mike to buy a trunk to store things in while he works in Michigan for a few months this summer. I was happy to oblige, and we drove on into Lincoln to see what the boys could find at a War Surplus store. It was then I realized that I had only 2¢ in my pocket! Now 2¢ doesn't give you very much time in a parking meter, and I held my breath until the boys got back to the car — with a handsome trunk, I might add.

Martin had lined up a ride home after exams with a friend from Minnesota who would be coming right through Shenandoah. George had purchased an old used car to get all of his year's



Dorothy and Margery greeted hundreds of Kitchen-Klatter friends at the Hillcrest Jack and Jill store in Hastings, Nebraska, recently.

accumulation of "stuff" home, and no matter how the boys juggled things around in the car, it was too weighted down. We finally talked him into leaving some of the "unnecessary" items in our basement for the summer. He'll pick them up in the fall when he comes back through on his way to Doane for his second year.

As soon as things are caught up around our house — things that Oliver had been saving until school was out — Martin will be putting in some hours of work at the plant. But first, there will be the basement and garage to clean, the weeding to tackle, and some hedge clipping, both at our house and the folks' house. About mid-summer he will be leaving for Rhode Island and Nova Scotia for his visit with Frederick and Betty. That time is sneaking up quickly and Martin is very excited about the trip. He hasn't been East since he was three years old, so, of course, has no memories of that trip at all. He'll have some wonderful new experiences to enrich his life.

This brings us up to more recent weeks and the telling of one of my most heart-warming experiences. Dorothy and I had the pleasure of attending the grand opening of the new Hillcrest Jack and Jill store in Hastings, Nebraska, when we were privileged to meet hundreds and hundreds of our radio friends from that area. We left Shenandoah very early that Friday morning — much earlier than we needed to leave, for we had forgotten that Nebraska was on Standard Time! (That just shows you how one can be adjusted quickly to Daylight Time!) We stopped for coffee in Fairmont and, even with that time-consumer, we arrived in Hastings about mid-morning. Since we weren't expected at the store so soon, we took an hour to drive around the town. This was Dorothy's

first stop in Hastings. Having been there as recently as April when Martin and I stopped there enroute home from Denver, I was familiar enough with my surroundings to drive her around the college campus and past the fine Hastings Museum (The House of Yesterday), the radio station KHAS which carries the Kitchen-Klatter visits, and up and down the lovely streets.

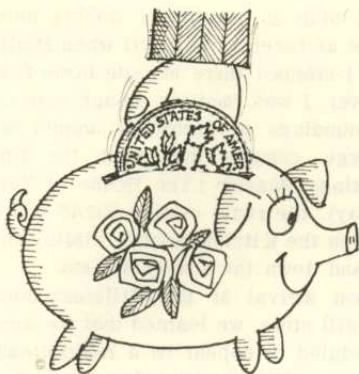
Upon arrival at the Hillcrest Jack and Jill store, we learned that we were scheduled to appear on a radio broadcast over KHAS just before noon. Our host was Roy Crocker, and his program consists of informal interviews originating at a restaurant called Carl's Cafe. After our part in his program we continued sitting right there and had a lovely lunch.

We drove back to the store after lunch and were welcomed by the manager, Jerry Maurice, and his staff, along with a large group of ladies who were waiting for our arrival. All afternoon and on into the evening we met and visited with Kitchen-Klatter friends, some of whom had driven up from Kansas and towns in Nebraska almost as far distant as Shenandoah, Iowa. As I mentioned earlier, it was one of the most heart-warming experiences I can remember!

Since we are celebrating the fortieth year of Kitchen-Klatter, I might mention that we met friends who heard Mother's first radio broadcast. They suggested to us that it would be nice for all of Mother's old friends, who have been listening to Kitchen-Klatter since those early days of the 20's, to write to her this year and tell some of the high lights they remember through these forty years of listening. I can't think of a nicer way to show their friendship to Mother, can you? How she'll treasure every one of those letters! Since I was just a little tyke when Mother started broadcasting, they'll be interesting to me too. For instance, one lady said that on one of the early programs she distinctly remembered hearing me ask Mother for a penny. Back in those days one didn't think of calling in baby sitters and since Donald and I weren't yet in school, Mother took us along with her to the studio. It didn't take us long to catch on that the perfect time to ask for a penny and not be denied was when Mother was "on the air"!

I just *knew* I'd run out of space before I could say all I wanted to say this month, so I'll have to do just as I said and catch up on other news next month.

Sincerely,
Margery



Raising Money with Fun

by
Virginia Thomas

Washtubs, mops, colanders, funnels, egg beaters, kitchen pots, tin cans, and bathroom plunger, with countless other kitchen articles can go into the creation of a KITCHEN-KLATTER BAND that can bring down the house, and, combined with an old-fashioned box social, bring in money for a club or church treasury as well. As for the laughs and good times — well, they will far outbalance the work involved. You will agree, once you've tried it, that it's a wonderful way for a neighborhood group to get together to share in some fun and fellowship while helping a worthy cause.

Probably the most work involved will be getting the women together for a few practice sessions for the kitchen band, but rest assured that the practicing will be well interspersed with giggles and fun as the outlandish "instruments" are planned and tried out, and costumes discussed.

You will be well justified to buy a kazoo for those ladies who are going to rig up a "wind" section, for they will be the tune carriers, if they can hum, for the band, while the percussion gals (tubs, pans, or kettles) come in for the beat.

Be sure that the band director not only knows her music, but has a sense of humor as well. The more outlandish the costumes, the better. One group I saw wore pin-curl bonnets in a wild variety of style and color with ragged housedresses.

The band can manage the whole entertainment if they choose, by having special numbers which include solos, both instrumental and vocal, and vocal duets and quartettes interspersed with their band numbers.

Have take-offs on the old-fashioned Literary Society with elocutionists,

both dramatic and humorous, skits, or debates.

Urge the ladies to use imagination and ingenuity in decorating their boxes for the box supper auction — not just to wrap them in gift paper and tie with a ribbon. Rocket ships, Valentine hearts, a little log cabin, the one-room schoolhouse, a replica of the Statehouse, all are much more fun to work on and my! how they do spark up the bidding when the auction starts. Of course the identity of the box's owner must be a carefully guarded secret until the buyer opens the box!

So rally 'round your gals for "band" practice, choose a good auctioneer (perhaps a local auctioneer will donate his talents if it is for a charitable cause), remind the men to have some ready cash at hand, and fill up that treasury the fun way!

BEAT THE HEAT — WITH A BREAKFAST

by
Mabel Nair Brown

When it gets downright hot and sultry, who wants to dress up in her best bib and tucker and sit in someone's living room for a party? Just about no one, would be my guess. Yet in the leisure days of summer, it is nice to get together with friends for some lazy-day visiting. Why not entertain at a breakfast, before Old Sol turns on his full power? If it is a "come-as-you-are" breakfast, it can be just that much more lazy — and more amusing for both hostess and guests.

There are two ways to inform your guests if you decide on the come-as-you-are affair. You can telephone each one with the surprise invitation, or you can enlist the help of a friend or two, let them in on the secret, and have them go around to pick up the surprised guests and bring them to the party.

If you want casual dress, yet feel your friends cannot leave their families on such short notice, you might call them all a day or two ahead, early in the morning, and ask that they come to the breakfast dressed as they are at time you phoned.

Why not go along with the casual costumes and make your serving equally informal? Use up your odds and ends of napkins. (Maybe a Christmas napkin will make you feel cooler, anyway!) Use odds and ends of cups for coffee; serve the scrambled eggs right from the skillet; or get chuckles by serving food in whatever is handiest — eggs on a pie tin, rolls on a cookie sheet or

piled in a mixing bowl, sugar and cream in mixing cups — anything for laughs. You could also use odds and ends of paper plates, thus saving on dishwashing. Guests won't mind, especially when they learn that they not only help themselves to the food, but that each washes her own plate and silver afterwards!

THIS IS FUN — FOR MORE THAN ONE

These twenty blanks may be filled in with pictures you find in old magazines or papers. Choose up teams, get out the scissors, and see which group can be first to complete the project.

1. Seven loaves and the _____. Matthew 15:36
2. One _____ of great price. Matthew 13:46
3. We have seen his _____. Matthew 2:2
4. He took the _____. Matthew 2:14
5. Ye are the _____ of the earth. Matthew 5:13
6. Light a _____. Matthew 5:15
7. An _____ for an eye. Matthew 5:38
8. Take away thy _____. Matthew 5:40
9. Our daily _____. Matthew 6:11
10. Nor gather into _____. Matthew 6:26
11. Consider the _____. Matthew 6:28
12. Neither cast your pearls before _____. Matthew 7:6
13. Do men gather _____ of thorns. Matthew 7:16
14. The winds blew and beat upon that _____. Matthew 7:25
15. He entered into a _____. Matthew 9:1
16. Go rather to the lost _____. Matthew 10:6
17. Their _____ are dull. Matthew 13:15
18. Will he give him a _____? Matthew 7:9
19. And he took the _____ and gave thanks. Matthew 25:27
20. Ye gave me no _____. Matthew 25:42

Answers: 1. fishes 2. pearl 3. star 4. young child 5. salt 6. candle 7. eye 8. coat 9. bread 10. barns 11. lilies 12. swine 13. grapes 14. house 15. ship 16. sheep 17. ears 18. stone 19. cup 20. meat.

—Mildred Cathcart

Nature didn't make us perfect, so she did the next best thing: she made us blind to our own faults.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Before Frank went to the field this morning he told me to check on Sadie (Alison's goat) once in awhile, to be sure that she didn't get herself so tangled up in her chain that she would hurt herself. Yes, he finally had to stake her out on a leash instead of letting her roam. If she would eat the grass and keep the lawn mowed instead of eating all the shrubs and flowers, she would still be free, but she just wouldn't behave. She finally made friends with the twin calves, and for the past four weeks stayed with them in the meadow and never came to the house. But the other day Frank sold his calves, and since then Sadie has been wandering around like a little lost goat.

Since I wrote to you last month, Mother and I had a lovely trip to Mountain Home, Arkansas. We all felt that she needed a change in her routine after being confined to the house all winter, and Ruby, the competent and faithful nurse who takes such good care of Dad, helped us encourage her to go. Dad was happy that she was going to have a little trip, and was interested in all the details of our plans.

We went to visit Dad's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rope, who have just bought a new home there since Uncle Albert's retirement. We invited another of Dad's sisters, Mrs. Paul Otte, to go with us.

Leaving bright and early, we picked up Aunt Clara about 7:00, and were on our way. The weather was ideal for a trip. We drove south on Highway 71, which goes through Kansas City and only two blocks from Frank's sister Ruth's home, so we drove over to say "hello" to her. She was surprised to see us and, of course, wanted us to come in for coffee, but we were anxious to be on our way, so we stopped only about ten minutes.

Nevada, Missouri, was our lunch stop. I had never been there, so we took time to drive around this lovely town and out through the campus of Cottey College. I would have enjoyed going through some of the buildings, but since we had many miles to cover before night, I didn't feel like taking the time.



Next month Dorothy will tell about the side trip to see a trout hatchery in the Norfolk Dam area.

Mother had wanted to get to Mountain Home in one day, but it had been a year since she had taken any drive longer than the 125 miles to our house, so I knew that by late afternoon she would be ready to stop. We had set Rogers, Arkansas, as our goal for the day, but when we realized we were only eight miles from Springdale, where some dear friends of Mother live, we decided to go that much farther. It was 36 years ago on this stretch of road from Rogers to Springdale that the folks had the car accident in which Mother's back was broken, confining her to a wheel chair for the rest of her life. This was the longest eight miles I drove on the entire trip! Traffic was especially heavy, and I was nervous and shaky when we finally got registered at the motel in Springdale.

Mother called her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Boom, as soon as we were in our room, and they were so surprised to learn she was there that they could hardly believe it. They came over while we were eating dinner and spent the evening visiting. In fact, they didn't leave until they had a promise that we would have breakfast with them the next morning. They didn't care how early it was; we were to set the time and breakfast would be all ready.

Mother remembered Springdale as a tiny town, and couldn't get over how much it has grown until now it is a real city. Mr. Boom told us about all the new industries that have come in, and showed us many of the large buildings which house these industries.

The Booms didn't want us to leave so early, but Aunt Adelyn was expect-

ing us for lunch. We drove through the beautiful Ozark Mountains all morning and were enjoying every minute of it when suddenly we had a flat tire. I pulled off to the side of the road and wondered what line of action to take. There hadn't been much traffic, so I decided to start walking back to a farm house not too far away, but before I got started a car came along, and how happy we were to see that it was a State Police car. The officer was most gracious and courteous and had the tire changed in a jiffy. He was J. L. Cottrell from Jasper, Arkansas. He said we were just two miles west of Alpena where we could have the tire fixed.

Even with this delay we were in Mountain Home and registered at the motel by noon. I called Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert came right down to direct us to their house. Their home is six miles from town, about half way between town and the ferryboat docks on the lake, and just a half block from the main highway. It is a new house; in fact, they had been in it just three weeks when we came. It was the first one built in a new housing development, but a second is now under construction. Their lot is beautifully located, bordered on one side by timber, and far enough off the main road that they don't hear the traffic noise. All three of us were thoroughly charmed with this lovely home.

Aunt Adelyn had a delicious luncheon ready, and after we had eaten and Mother had taken a little rest, we took a ride around part of the lake which was close to their house and then down to the ferryboat docks to cross to the other side.

There isn't enough space to tell about all the things we saw and the trip home, so I will continue in next month's letter.

Let me tell you about the happy birthday I had. Frank's sister Bernie invited the Johnson families and a couple of friends for supper which included a beautifully decorated cake. I got so many lovely gifts that it seemed just like Christmas, but shall mention just a couple. Frank gave me an electric knife, and Bernie, prompted by my wish for a folding table for the sewing room that would be long enough to lay out materials and patterns on, gave me an aluminum folding table which can also be used on picnics.

I had better get the typewriter off the kitchen table now and get dinner started. The tractor will soon be pulling into the lot.

Sincerely,
Dorothy



We Look, But Do We See?

by
Agnes W. Thomas

A woman who recently lost her eyesight was asked what she would most like to see if her vision could be restored.

"That's hard to say," she answered. "Of course, the faces of my family and friends are very dear to me, but I remember how they look. I think the sights I miss the most are the beautiful lights at Christmas — the street decorations, doorways, store windows, and the lovely Christmas trees."

"Can you recall the way things looked when you last saw them?" she was asked.

"No, I can't. And that's the tragedy of losing your eyesight suddenly, as I did. All my life I have looked without really seeing. There is a difference, you know."

But do we really know the difference? How many of us are really seeing when we are looking? If we knew that we would lose our sight tomorrow, would we look at people and things differently?

Sometimes, our failure to see is not really our fault. Have you ever been speeding down a highway at 65 miles an hour and noticed a large marker with words on it? No matter how hard you try to read what it says, about all you can make out is "THIS MARKER WAS ERECTED — ." The remainder of the letters are too small to be read at a glance. And even if you wanted to stop, there is no place to park.

Many people have had their eyes examined and fitted with regular glasses, bifocals, or contact lenses. But after going to all this expense, some are still missing a lot of what is going on around them.

People who have lost their eyesight are often able to "see" an object or a face by feeling it with their sensitive fingers. Sometimes, their description of an object or a face is clearer than that of a sighted person.

Many of us are familiar with the "blind spot" in the human eye, where the optic nerve enters the retina. Because of this spot, there is a point within the range of normal vision that is invisible so long as the eye is held in a given position. Judging by the number of things we fail to see, it

would seem that many of us are holding our eyes in the "blind spot" position much of the time.

A man who had returned from a trip to a distant city was asked how he enjoyed the scenery along the way.

"I recall going through some towns," he said, "and I'm sure I passed some farms and forests. But I don't remember seeing any beautiful scenery."

This man had ridden on a bus for six hours. Part of his trip was over the Skyline Drive and the time was late October. How could he have failed to see the autumn leaves that beautify our world?

Psychiatrists say that people see what they want to see. Failure to observe certain sights or situations may be due to pre-occupation, indifference, or lack of concentration.

How many citizens of our country could describe the White House? Do they know in which hand the Statue of Liberty holds her torch? Can they tell whose face adorns a \$10-bill?

These things we have seen all our lives, but have we looked — really looked — at them?

Sometimes, we think we see something very clearly, but find that others see it differently. Were you ever present at an automobile accident and when you later tried to describe the event found that other witnesses disagreed with you? You might say the green car was headed south; the other party insists it was going north. Who is right?

A creative-writing teacher had been telling her students the importance of being a close observer of all they saw and heard. Near the end of the class period, she asked the students to put their heads down or close their eyes and tell the color of her dress. Although they had been looking at her for almost an hour, few could describe her dress.

If we knew that today would be the last chance we had to see the world about us, would we look at things more carefully? Chances are we would really use our eyes as they were meant to be used and thereby greatly increase the joy of looking.

(Reprinted by permission)

WILL YOU HELP?

"Mother, I can see! I can even see your eyes!"

Those words were uttered recently by a Colorado youngster who never owned the gift of clear sight until he received a pair of eyeglasses from someone he'll never meet.

His benefactor could have been any one of 750,000 persons who sent discarded glasses last year to a volunteer group in Short Hills, New Jersey, called "New Eyes for the Needy."

It might even have been you.

Glasses reach the non-profit organization from all parts of the United States. There is no lack of needy people all over the world waiting to use them.

"New Eyes" has an international reputation, but few know it is run by a small group of women — mostly housewives.

Numbering about 250, they've never held a fund drive. When the 34-year-old organization was incorporated in 1947, its entire treasury consisted of 47 cents.

To meet its needs, "New Eyes" depends primarily on a steady flow of donated glasses. Frames of gold and silver are melted down at a New Jersey refinery and sold, and the funds used to buy prescription glasses through welfare departments and clinics in 90 hospitals and 48 states. For that reason, "New Eyes" also seeks precious metal scrap such as real and costume jewelry, discarded silver, old watches, and even dentures.

Plastic frames are tested, graded and packaged for distribution to medical missionaries in most parts of the world.

Regular shipments go to the Philippines, Indonesia, Arabia, Labrador, Burma, Africa, Thailand, India and South America. Some must travel by mule pack and over mountains and rivers to reach their destination. Others get there more directly.

Such was the case for 2,200 pairs of glasses given early this year to Project HOPE, for use on the S.S. Hope's ten-month tour of Nicaragua. The floating hospital ship's ophthalmologist wrote, "You should see the faces of the needy when we can make them see better than ever before."

The work of "New Eyes" has been recognized by many celebrities. Among those who have sent their glasses are Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower and Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Arthur Godfrey, Ed Sullivan and Nelson Rockefeller.

(Continued on page 22)



With Flags Flying

by
Alice G. Harvey

Nostalgic memories of many Fourths come to mind as July comes to bring patriotic thoughts. My patriotic father impressed upon me very early in life the meaning and significance of our Independence Day, and mother told of her ancestors who came to the early colonies for their religious freedom.

The flag meant much to both of them, and my first Fourth, when only a few months old, was a day of rejoicing. My sturdy buggy was decorated with bunting and small flags, and I was paraded along the street with other youngsters. And always on special and patriotic days, the flag was out at our house.

The Fourth in the early 1900's in small towns was a holiday, a day of jubilation, picnics, speeches and general celebration.

It always started early in the morning when the blacksmith, with powder on his anvil made a big boom to arouse the town to the joyous event. Then all through the day, firecrackers and all kinds of noisemakers were popping. And now it seems a deplorable fact that the youth of the present have become so careless and thoughtless as to make this custom no longer possible.

Speeches of a patriotic nature were given in a park, at the picnic grounds in the late morning or early afternoon.

But the BIG event of the day was the picnic dinner at noon. Long tables were spread or in many places the tableclothes were spread on the ground and everyone sat around. There were huge tubs of cakes and pies, baskets of fried chicken, wash boilers of coffee and buckets of lemonade. And at the end, ice cream freezers were brought, and everyone had heaping dishes of the rich creamy home-made ice cream. Nothing today can take its place. There was always more than enough food to go around many times. Many friends and neighbors put their food together, so everyone could sample the delectable treats of the community.

After this big dinner, the young people and children began all kinds of games — the three-legged race,



Alice Grace Harvey was only three months and ten days old when she celebrated her first Fourth of July by riding in the town's parade.

jumping, sack races, etc. Prizes were given by some of the business men and all had a glorious time. Then came the ball game between neighboring towns to please the sports minded. But often the older folks just sat and visited, talking about crops, exchanging recipes, or neighborhood gossip.

Then later in the evening, all gathered at some central spot and enjoyed the fireworks. Many times these were simple Roman candles and other colorful pieces, but later they became more decorative with complicated scenes. In large cities now the fireworks are displayed in parks under the careful supervision of the fire department.

The day usually ended on a happy tone with everyone being thankful to our early patriots for being so brave as to have originated this day of Freedom.

Through the years and with the swift passing of time it is regrettable to observe how much of our patriotic fervor we have lost. But it is good to note how many communities are again calling our attention to flag observance. Many city newspapers are making it possible to purchase flag kits easily, so more flags can be flown on special days. Patriotic organizations donate flags to schools and smaller flags are given for the individual rooms.

It is also noted that many small towns even plan old-fashioned get-togethers with speeches, picnics and fireworks.

Living in the finest country in the world, it is right and fitting that we should be proud and be willing to do some cheering and flag waving.

Let our flags fly on the Fourth of July, and let there be a prayer of thanks in our hearts, and a hope that patriotic fervor may always be with us.

ONLY IN AMERICA

This is my country's birthday — July 4.

I am thinking of what it means . . .

It's not only the world's highest standard of living — the most automobiles, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, TV sets, automatic washers, the tallest buildings . . .

It's what is behind these material blessings.

My country means to me that men like myself mined the ores, fed the furnaces, hoisted the steel, rammed the rivets, manned the production lines —

Then, at evening, drove home in cars of their own to homes of their own, and smiled a small smile, because the money they earned would send their sons through school, and perhaps to college, so they could become engineers or constructors, doctors or lawyers, or presidents — that their daughters could become teachers, scientists

A small inside smile — because the mothers of these have a lot of mechanical, electronical, automatical, tireless muscles to scrub and sweep and cook and sew, wash and clean for them —

And so at 45 or 50 they are not wearied to die as their grandparents were, but happy to live.

And so it is with all the men who turn the knobs and wheels to produce these things, with the men who plan, direct and sell them.

The small inside smile for the future of our kids — and for themselves the time after work to enjoy the sunset and fear not the night.

America is the chance, the freedom, to strive — and achieve.

PATRIOTIC GAME

When we look at the flag, we see the blue field with its fifty stars. How many of these stars can you name? Each answer is a kind of *star*.

1. To be hungry.
2. A beginner.
3. To look wide-eyed.
4. A kind of bird.
5. Used on washday.
6. Lighted by stars.
7. The right side of a ship.
8. This gets in your eyes.
9. A sea animal.
10. A young actress.
11. Daydream.
12. Complete.

Answers: 1. Starve. 2. Starter. 3. Stare. 4. Starling. 5. Starch. 6. Starlit. 7. Starboard. 8. Star Dust. 9. Starfish. 10. Starlet. 11. Stargaze. 12. Stark.

—Mildred Cathcart

FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

In a few days we shall be leaving for the cottage at the lake in Rhode Island, and these have been busy days getting the children ready for summer camp, and organizing the church work so we can get some days of uninterrupted vacation. Tonight we had as our dinner guest a young man from the college who, although blind since birth, is a skilled sculptor. In a few days he will leave the college campus where he has been studying all year and go out onto Cape Cod where he will be working in a YMCA camp. In the camp he teaches the boys how to model in clay, and how to carve figures from wood and stone. For the past year he has been majoring in languages at the same college where I teach public speaking, and he just told me tonight that he is planning to take my speaking course next fall. Certainly he will be an inspiration to the other students in the class and a real challenge to me.

It will be such a great comfort to get down to the cottage in the woods after a very, very busy year here at the church. For the first few days I am just going to sit out under the trees and watch the birds and the squirrels and the snakes. Yes, we do have plenty of snakes, but they are all harmless to man and a threat only to those creatures God has intended snakes to eat. Have you noticed that when you pay close attention to the world of nature it becomes quite obvious that the so-called "happy bucolic life" of the animals we see about us is not without its many conflicts? The squirrels and raccoons rob the bird feeders. The cat stalks the baby bunnies and moles and songbirds and disturbs bird lovers like me. The dogs chase the rabbits, raccoons and woodchucks. The woodchucks and the raccoons invade the vegetable gardens, eating the peas and beans and corn and arouse the ire of every gardener. The very deer that are so protected by our game laws most of the year, eat our young apple trees, dig up our winter parsnips from under the snow, and are a nuisance in other ways. Our foxes decimate our rabbit population and hang around the chicken coops at night. Our owls take our young rabbits and field mice and moles. Our rabbits sample some of our early flowers and irk the home flower gardeners. Our youngsters think every harmless snake a rattler to be dispatched. The peepers in the pond and our hooting owls keep our light sleep-



Mrs. Frederick Driftmier confers with her daughter, Mary Leanna (left), and her friend, Diane Beach, while the girls are having a late evening snack.

ers awake as do the porcupines gnawing on porch legs.

This morning before breakfast I walked down to the corner where I could get an unobstructed view of the Berkshire Hills that I love so much. Serene and steadfast they stand against the horizon, looking down on the Connecticut River Valley and the lowlands. At dawn as the sun lifts in the east, slanting rays paint a picture of soft hues when the light rays strike the evergreens mixed with the opening leaves of hardwoods. Patches of fog lift slowly as colors change from faint pastel hues to the familiar coloring in full light.

As I stood there this morning with the warm sun on my back and looking out to the West, it occurred to me that millions of years ago those hills were kneaded and folded. They have known the brutal scourings of four great ice sheets. On them one can still see the marks where "God's Great Plow" scraped across the granite. When the last ice age ended some 15,000 years ago, trees and flowers returned, and now each hill has its zones.

There are hardwoods and flowers at the base; then the belt of evergreens above. Near the top are the wind-tortured small trees in grotesque shapes. And on the summit are pockets of alpine flowers that live their life span in a few short weeks. I don't very often get to climb them for a closer look at the summit flowers, but when I do, I always am inspired.

Sometimes people wonder why anyone in his right mind wants to exert himself to climb mountains? Why? Because they are there and offer a challenge. Why do men like me who live in

the valley lift their eyes to the hills? I suppose it is because the hills represent something enduring and certain, something in which a man can believe in an era when uncertainty and tension grip a world of nations still struggling to learn how to live together. Since ancient days wherever hills lift above the surrounding terrain, men have found spiritual comfort in the heights. It is not for all to climb above the valleys, but there are those who look upward and respond to the call of the hills.

Here in the city we have what is known as the Appalachian Mountain Club, a club for people who love to climb, and soon I hope to join it. With all the church organizations to keep me busy, I cannot often do the climbing I would like, but surely this next fall life will be a bit easier with fewer demands, and then to the hills I shall go. Remind me to write and tell you of our climbing trips.

The high school young people in our church put on a Missionary Carnival just before school let out for the summer. It was a fund-raising project to finance the college education of a young Christian boy out in the Philippine Islands. Our son David put all of his efforts toward making the carnival a success since it would be his last opportunity to work on such a project. He will be going away to school next fall, and my but he will miss his church and all of the good times he has had with the church young people. We are grateful that he will be going to a school with a strong Christian emphasis, but the lovely new chapel

(Continued on page 20)

PACKING FOR A TRIP

by

Jeanne Kaplan and Joseph Arkin

It is always a problem when packing for a trip to try to limit yourself to how many valises will fit into the trunk of the family car; or how much to include to stay within the limit when flying. Whether you're off on a honeymoon, family vacation or round-the-world orbit — go farther with less baggage by heeding these wise packing tips from fashion consultants, airline personnel and experienced travelers:

1. *Pare down the amount of luggage you'll take.* Who wants to be weighted down by a bevy of baggage during vacation? An experienced traveler can go comfortably anywhere for two weeks with just one medium-sized suitcase and an overnight case. If the urge to splurge on shopping occurs while you're away, and you think you need more suitcase room, pack breakables and odd-sized items carefully just before leaving for home — then mail back any left-over laundry separately. You'll be surprised how the luggage load will be lightened.

2. *Depart with dash.* Fashion consultants say the perfect traveling outfit is one which gives you an "easy" feeling of style and comfort — and has enough stamina to arrive looking well. If you're buying a new suit or dress for the trip, investigate the new materials designed with travel in mind. There's nothing that can put you in a happier vacation spirit than the knowledge that you look well and have the air of "savoir-faire" when you arrive.

3. *Do a perfect "inside job".* While the inside of a suitcase can't possibly be much bigger than the outside, you can make it seem so by using these packing tips. In a lady's case, store all the odd-shaped articles at the bottom of the bag. Shoes should be placed in plastic bags, toe to heel, at one end. At the other end, place the waterproof cosmetic bag. Use tape to secure lids on powder or other open containers. Nylon underwear, stockings and similar items should be placed near the cosmetic bag. Your jewelry case, extra gloves, that other handbag and bathing suit should be placed in the empty middle section. The center section should rise no higher than the shoes and cosmetic bag. Now you're ready for the second layer.

Spread out your skirts and dresses over the entire areas of the suitcase. To pack a skirt, fold it so that it fills the suitcase on all sides. In the case of a gored skirt, fold over triangles at each side.



The shadows were lengthening in late afternoon when Mother and Aunt Clara (shown here) and Dorothy stopped at a motel in Springdale, Arkansas, enroute to Mountain Home for a little visit.

To pack a dress, leave the belt on the dress, fastened loosely; fasten most buttons. Pick the dress up by the shoulders, draw it across the length of the suitcase until the hem falls inside the suitcase. Now fold the dress back across itself with the sleeves turned underneath. Be certain the lapels and shoulders are smooth.

To pack a jacket, fasten most of the buttons. Pick the jacket up by the shoulders, lay it face down across the width of the suitcase. Tuck the collar down into the suitcase gently. Pick up the sleeves by the back seam, allowing them to "fold themselves" and lay them across the back of the jacket. Now flip the bottom of the jacket over into the suitcase folding it at the waist. In this manner, lapels, collar and shoulder should be smooth.

On the third layer place the things you'll need to get to quickly. Items to be considered are your gown, robe, slippers, cardigan and sweater.

With this system you'll be able to reach anything on the bottom by just lifting the corner of the two top layers. To get to anything in the center of the first layer, you just lift out the two top layers in their entirety.

Now that the distaff side is ready, how about that helpless husband? Are you going to let him struggle and flounder? No? Then get him a two-suit. Again it should be lightweight and of sturdy construction.

Pack trousers with the front of the legs in a straight line across the bottom of the case, the seat towards the

front of the bag. Let legs hang over the sides. If you're packing two or more pairs of trousers, alternate the pairs from left to right. Place the first pair with the top at left and legs hanging over the right side, and second pair with the top at right and legs hanging over the left side.

Place the jacket on the hanger, and before fastening the hanger in the case, straighten out all the wrinkles. Leave the jacket unbuttoned and lap one side over the other if it's too wide for the suitcase. Straighten the shoulders and fold the sleeve in half, lengthwise, along the shoulder seam. It should then be pretty much parallel with the side seam of the jacket. Repeat with second, but leave the bottom of the first jacket hanging over the edge while you are repeating the procedure. Now bring up trouser legs over the second board, then the coat tails, smoothing out all wrinkles as you go.

Now you can bring down the covering sheet, divider or straps, and you're all through with the suits. Turn the suitcase with the empty side facing you.

Pack shoes and dressing case, shaving equipment and accouterments along the bottom of the suitcase, with shirts on top to avoid wrinkling. Place the ties and underwear on top of the shirts. Slip socks, handkerchiefs, and other odds and ends into any available empty space.

4. *Make a list of everything you take with you.* Several days before you're due to depart, write down all the items you'll need. A convenient list of categories might include clothing (often forgotten items are pajamas or nightgowns); medicines and such aids (anything you rely on for headaches or other minor ills); documents (tourist card or passport, if needed; address book for looking up friends, or friends of friends — and for sending home postcards); and cosmetic and shaving supplies (principally for your overnight case).

5. *Make your vacation outfits do double duty.* According to one travel authority, women can travel anywhere in the world, for brief or extended trips, with just five dresses, two suits, two sweaters, and one coat. Men can get by with two suits, four shirts, one sports jacket, one sweater, one pair of slacks and half-a-dozen ties.

You'll want to take more clothes if you stay at a resort hotel where you dress for dinner every night, than you would on a sight-seeing tour where you'll see different people every day. (How would they know you wore the same dress last evening?)

◆ ◆ ◆



Wings Are for Swimming!

by

Ruth E. Nolin

Summertime! Every pool, lake, river has crowds of swimmers reveling in that delightful sport of swimming. And why not? It's a sport anyone can enjoy, from a year-old baby up to a senior citizen. You don't need a team, nor fancy uniform; you can swim alone or in a wildly splashing gang. Families can have fun together and Grandma can go to the pool by herself. Experts say swimming is one of the very best forms of exercise.

As summer gets under way, many municipal outdoor pools show a pattern of activity unknown when I was a little girl — the Red Cross Swimming Program. Sponsored and organized by the Red Cross, groups of experienced teachers and less-skilled aides volunteer to be at the pool five mornings a week for six weeks to provide free swimming instruction to any child who registers. Our pool in Washington, Iowa, had 918 children registered last year. These are divided into groups according to their swimming ability, and each child has a 45-minute period once a week when he is in a class of fifteen or twenty youngsters who know as much or as little about swimming as he does.

It's a great sight to see half a dozen different groups around that big pool working hard under the watchful eye and skillful instruction of a teacher. I have worked as an aide largely with the beginners who are too scared to duck their heads under the water, but look with longing toward the others who are swimming or floating or diving off the deep end. I don't know of any greater satisfaction than to see those same scaredy-cats at the end of the six weeks swim triumphantly across the pool, earning a beginner's certificate. Sometimes it takes several summers to complete the course offered and gain a swimmer's card, but each stage along the way is a victory, and the resulting skill remains a lifelong joy.

It wasn't that way sixty years ago, when I learned to swim in a small lake in Michigan. Two weeks was the time we could stay there, and my father was determined that we three children should learn to swim. He was intrigued by an advertisement for "Dolphin Water Wings", guaranteed to hold up an adult and enable one to swim immediately without instruction. So he bought a pair of the strange-looking things.

I was the first to try them. My father waded with me out into the water till it was up to my chin. He blew vigorously through the valve to inflate the wings, and they really looked like wings. The instructions said, "Put the wings around the waist." So he lifted me up, laid me horizontally across the wings, and said, "There now! Swim!" Suddenly, abruptly, I learned the law of balance, for down went my head, and up shot my feet! I was drawn up spluttering, but still game. This time the wings went around under my arms and did hold me up so I could splash around and make headway. Since there were three of us to learn, we took turns with the wings. Emboldened by their help, we learned to swim even without them. It was years before I learned much more than the breast stroke I'd used with the wings.

For sixty years I've enjoyed swimming, in Puget Sound and the Mediterranean Sea, and now still delight in using the Y pool in winter and the park pool in summer. The folks for whom I've the deepest pity are those who've never learned to swim.

A PRAYER

My thoughts are with you each day,
And when I kneel to pray
I ask the Lord above
To strengthen and comfort you with
His love.

—Helene B. Dillon

THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

Sounds of summer . . . the whir of the power mower, or, perhaps I should say *mowers*, since three or four lawns are being groomed at this very moment. Children's voices at a high pitch are heard on every hand, and a barking dog for most every child. Housewives exchange greetings as they hang the laundry. A motorcycle roars by and all the dogs take after it . . . sounds of summer.

What has happened to the fans of long ago? Can you remember seeing your grandmother or your mother sitting in church swishing one of those paper fans? A certain number were allotted to each pew and when they were all in action they created quite a stir. The town mortician usually did a little advertising on the backs of the fans. As sure as we bought the summer supply of flypaper and swatters we had to invest in fans. For elegant occasions Milady would carry a fancy silk one and at the proper moment spread it, revealing a beautiful hand-painted scene and carved spokes. Well, guess what! Fans are "in" again. One of the finest stores in Chicago is advertising the latest — a Fanette. It is about six inches long, and the blade is made of plastic — blade is three-sided to resemble a fan. Battery operated and is a quick cooler of foods. What next?

Did you ever wish upon a star?

"Star light, star bright,

Grant me a wish this starry night."

Some nights, when the stars hang low and the sky seems fairly ablaze with their merry twinkle, I am tempted to revert to childish fancy and put my faith in "star wishing".

Enchanted hour — there is something about the twilight hour that sets it apart from the rest of the day. Perhaps it is that you are relaxing a bit, taking stock of the day's activities, your accomplishments, your defeats. Maybe you are enjoying a moment with a neighbor chatting over a cooling drink, or you may be returning to your home from an out-of-town jaunt. You may be sitting looking out of the window watching darkness slowly closing in. It doesn't matter what you are doing, or where you are, this special hour in the day holds enchantment — the twilight hour.

CATCHING UP WITH THE DENVER DRIFTMIEERS

Dear Friends:

The flurry of final school activities was so great this year that I missed writing to you last month. With Clark finishing his last year of elementary school, Alison completing junior high, and Emily graduating from high school, there were usually several events scheduled on every day for several weeks running.

Probably the high light for Emily of all her final high school activities was being chosen "Most Representative Girl" for Jefferson High School. She had known for several months that she was a part of the "royalty" because she had posed for the yearbook photographer, but it was not until the announcement was made at the yearbook party that she learned whether she was a runner-up or a winner.

Adding even more excitement and commotion to our household was receiving the long-awaited confirmation of Emily's invitation to spend the next year in San Jose, Costa Rica, as a Rotary exchange student. This particular exchange program is one that is customarily geared for high school seniors. Arrangements are usually made between individual Rotary Clubs, so it operates rather informally. As of this moment, we think Emily will be leaving sometime in July. She will live with several different Rotary families in San Jose. Ordinarily, the students attend a high school, but there is a slight possibility Emily might be enrolled in the University of Costa Rica. The schools there operate on the Southern Hemisphere schedule. Thus Emily will be arriving at mid-year with their second semester starting in late July or early August.

We were so hopeful that she could go to Costa Rica because of the many complimentary things we had heard and read about this country. It is one of the small Central American countries. Its citizens decided several years ago they couldn't afford both a military establishment and education so they chose the latter. Because of its tradition of peace and freedom, many different religious groups maintain their Spanish-speaking headquarters there. In addition, Costa Ricans like "Yankees". The people are primarily of European origin with virtually no pure-blood Indians remaining. They have a reputation for being extremely gracious and friendly.

San Jose is the capitol and has a population of more than a hundred



When Alison Driftmier (left) enters high school next year, her sister Emily will be testing her many years of Spanish as an exchange student in Costa Rica.

thousand people. It is located in the interior highlands, so the climate is quite temperate. Since there is a great deal more rain than most Coloradoans have come to expect, the most important addition to Emily's wardrobe will be a reliably water-resistant raincoat.

Scheduling all the necessary and recommended shots took a bit of doing, but our problems were simple compared to the family who had to drive all the way to and from Scottsbluff, Nebraska, just to get the yellow fever inoculation. Adding another complication was the orthodontist's observation that a wisdom tooth was crowding Emily's carefully aligned teeth. Emily is a true Driftmier "teethwise". It came as no surprise when our family dentist refused to tackle removal of her tooth and recommended the services of an oral surgeon. However, good news was revealed by the eye examination; she did not need a change in lenses. Since she has never had to wear glasses full time, we were delighted to learn there had been no deterioration in her vision.

While Emily is involved with numerous details connected with her travels, Alison is equally involved with many horse shows. Once warm weather arrives, the horse shows really blossom forth. The competition is really difficult because this year Alison is in a new age-bracket. Now she competes with the 14- to 17-year-old riders and they are really top-notch. This bracket is comprised of those with a long-lasting interest in horses coupled with several years of competitive experience. While Alison doesn't expect to win any awards, she does hope to improve her skill substantially with the challenge of this level competition. English-style riding is growing

in popularity by leaps and bounds out here in the West. The number of entrants has increased so greatly that some one-day shows find they have to extend to two days to permit all the entrants a chance in competition.

Our yard has been more than a little neglected throughout this period. It suffered substantially because of a very late, very hard freeze this spring. Our plum hedge and apple tree blossoms were entirely cut off and only now have the roses recuperated enough to bloom. But the tulip and daffodil bulbs that Wayne planted last fall were a real joy. They were sufficiently late (because of having been planted only a few months) that they missed the freeze and brought most welcome color to our yard.

I had fully anticipated that by the time I sat down to write this letter, construction would be under way to build our new church. But you know the old saying about "the best laid plans of mice and men"! When the plans were finally ready to put out to bid after delays that seemed interminable and actually extended into two years, loanable money had virtually disappeared for this type construction. Our church is in a most sound financial condition, but the local long-term lending institutions have called a two-month moratorium on all business and commercial loans. Our minister and Wayne contacted every legitimate source they could think of and every one gave the same reply: "There is no money available for this kind of construction, so just wait a while longer until things open up." Individuals can still borrow money to purchase private homes, but they must pay a much higher interest rate than was being charged only a few weeks ago.

Wayne's other construction project, the new golf course for our country club, is going forth with no trouble whatsoever. The reason is that the new course is being paid for by one of the largest businesses in Colorado. For some reason they don't seem to encounter difficulty in securing construction financing.

There doesn't seem to be much that I can do about the fiscal climate in Denver these days but there certainly is something that I can do about the weeds in the flower borders! So until next month —

Sincerely,
Abigail

There's a difference between good sound reasons and reasons that sound good.

**MARGERY'S PERFECTION SALAD**

- 2 pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 4 cups boiling water (I use a little pickle juice for part of this liquid if I have it.)
- 3 cups shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/4 cup diced pickle, or pickle relish
- 24 sliced stuffed olives
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling liquid. Add lemon flavoring. When mixture begins to congeal, add the remaining ingredients and pour into mold. This is very nice when served as individual molded salads, but can be made in a large pan and cut into squares. Serve on salad greens with dab of salad dressing. It is pretty when a slice of stuffed olive is placed on the dressing for a finishing touch.

SPECIAL BARBECUED SPARE RIBS

- Country-style spare ribs
- 3/4 cup water
- 3/4 tsp. chili powder
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt

Brown ribs. Combine remaining ingredients and cook for 5 minutes. Pour mixture over ribs and bake about 1 1/2 hours at 350 degrees, basting occasionally.

Oliver says that these are the best barbecued spare ribs he's ever eaten, and since this is one of his favorite meat dishes, I think that we could call this recipe really special!

—Margery

RASPBERRY ROYAL

- 1/2 lb. marshmallows
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 cup drained raspberries
- 12 graham crackers, crushed
- 3 Tbls. melted butter

In top of double boiler, place the milk and marshmallows to melt. Cool. Whip cream, add flavoring and fold into marshmallow mixture. Gently fold in the raspberries. Mix graham cracker crumbs and melted butter and press into an 8-inch square pan. Pour in the mixture and chill.

As you will readily see, other fruits and flavorings can be used in place of raspberries.

—Margery

BUTTERMILK BRAN REFRIGERATOR MUFFINS

- 2 cups Kellogg's All-Bran
- 1 cup Nabisco 100% Bran
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/3 cup white sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine the two brans and the boiling water and allow to cool. Cream together the shortening, butter flavoring and sugar. Add the beaten eggs and set this mixture aside. Add the buttermilk to the soaked bran. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the bran mixture, then add the shortening-egg mixture. Put in jars and refrigerate until needed. This makes about two quarts and may be kept three to four weeks. Just put what you need in muffin tins and bake in a 400-degree oven about 20 minutes. These are delicious and so handy to have on hand to dress up a meal.

—Dorothy

RICH AND DELICIOUS FUDGE BARS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar, packed
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups quick rolled oats

Cream the shortening and the sugar. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add, beating well. Stir in the oatmeal until well blended. Remove one cup of the mixture to use as a topping, and press the rest into a 9- by 10-inch pan.

Fudge Layer

- 1 pkg. (6 oz.) chocolate bits
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine all the above ingredients except the flavorings and nuts and cook over low heat until the chocolate bits are dissolved. Stir in the flavorings and nuts. Spread over the oatmeal mixture in the pan and cover with the one cup of mixture you have left. Bake 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Do not overbake.

DRESSING FOR TOSSED SALAD

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup cider vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. lemon juice

Mix and heat just until sugar dissolves. Store in pint jar. Keeps well. This is excellent used over fresh vegetables.

COUNTRY CORN FRITTERS

- 1 cup whole kernel corn, drained
- 8 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 2 egg whites, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and pepper and add to corn. Beat egg yolks and add. Beat egg whites and fold in. Drop by teaspoon into deep fat and fry until brown. Drain on paper towels. Serve in a sauce dish with hot maple syrup. This is a nice "side dish", but we can make a meal of them.

BANANA PECAN ICE CREAM

1 cup mashed ripe bananas
 2 tsp. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup milk
 2 eggs, separated
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 cup heavy cream
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 1/2 cup chopped pecans
 Mix bananas, lemon juice, salt and milk together, stirring until mixed. Beat egg whites, add sugar and beat until stiff. Beat egg yolks until thick. Whip cream until thick enough to hold a soft peak. Add flavorings. Combine all ingredients and pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm.

TART BEET SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 3/4 cups hot water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 cup vinegar
 2 cups diced, drained beets
 1/2 cup diced celery
 2 tsp. prepared horseradish
 1/2 tsp. salt

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon flavoring and vinegar and chill until syrupy. Then add beets, celery, horseradish and salt. Chill until firm. Serve on salad greens with a dab of mayonnaise. —Margery

MOCK GERMAN CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 box white cake mix
 1 box instant chocolate pudding
 2 eggs
 2 cups milk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Put all the above ingredients into a mixing bowl and beat four minutes. Bake in three layers about 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Filling

1 cup evaporated milk
 1 cup sugar
 3 egg yolks
 1/2 cup margarine
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 Cook over low heat until thick and add:
 1 cup coconut
 1 cup chopped pecans
 Spread between layers and on the top.

OLD TIME RAISIN COOKIES

3/4 cup butter
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar (*don't* pack)
 3 eggs (unbeaten)
 1 cup flour (unsifted)
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 2 Tbls. molasses
 1 tsp. soda
 1/3 tsp. salt

Put all the above ingredients into a bowl and beat until smooth. Add the following:

1 1/2 cups unsifted flour
 1/2 cup raisins
 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Beat until smooth. You may need to add a little more flour to make the dough a good consistency for a drop cookie. The amount of flour you use will depend upon how loosely the flour was packed in the cup. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake about 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This makes about 40 cookies. —Dorothy

PEANUT BUTTER FROSTING

1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, sifted
 2 Tbls. light cream
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine all ingredients and beat well. If it is a little too thick, add more cream as needed. Excellent for brownies, spice cake, white or yellow cakes. —Evelyn

HAM BISCUITS

2 cups biscuit mix
 2/3 cup milk
 2 cups ground ham
 4 Tbls. melted butter
 1 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard

Mix up the biscuit dough and roll out into a rectangle as for making a jelly roll. Spread with the combined ham, butter and mustard. Roll up. Slice in 1-inch slices and place cut side down in greased pan. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with the following sauce:

Cheese Sauce

3 Tbls. butter
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups milk
 2/3 cup grated sharp cheese

Melt the butter and add the flour and salt. Stir in the milk and cook until mixture thickens. Add cheese and stir until it melts. Serve hot over the hot ham biscuits. —Margery

DEVILED CRAB CASSEROLE

2 1/2-oz. cans crab meat
 3 hard-cooked eggs
 3/4 cup mayonnaise
 1 tsp. minced onion
 1 tsp. minced parsley
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 2 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Buttered crumbs
 Mix all ingredients, except buttered crumbs, and place in greased casserole. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. If baked in individual baking shells, bake for only 15 to 20 minutes.

This is an especially delicious dish to serve at a luncheon.

LEMON REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 1/4 cups hot water
 Juice of 1 lemon
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 cup whipping cream
 48 vanilla wafers

Mix lemon juice, flavoring, sugar and hot water. Dissolve gelatin in the hot liquid. When it starts to congeal, beat until foamy. Whip cream and fold into mixture. Roll wafers until fine. Line pan with half of them. Pour in mixture and top with remaining crumbs. Chill until firm. (Can be frozen.) Serve with additional whipped cream.

This is a very versatile recipe for other flavored gelatins can be used in place of lemon. One could also substitute chilled, whipped evaporated milk in place of the whipped cream. Vary with other Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings as desired.

PIZZA BURGERS

1 can pressed luncheon meat
 1 can chili, without beans
 1 medium onion, chopped
 Garlic salt to taste
 Oregano to taste
 1/2 cup cheese, grated
 Buttered buns

Grind meat. Stir in onion and just enough of the chili to moisten well. Add a little garlic salt and oregano (about 1/4 tsp. each). Spread on buttered bun halves. Top with cheese, using the type your family prefers. Sprinkle a little grated Parmesan cheese on top. Lay on cooky sheet and bake at 375 degrees until cheese is melted and meat mixture is heated through. If you like sandwiches crisp, bake at 400 degrees until hot and crisp. —Evelyn

AUNT MARY'S SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1 cup boiling water

Dissolve lime gelatin in boiling water. Let cool. Cream the cheese with the mayonnaise and pineapple flavoring. Add pineapple, nuts and whipped cream. Fold into lime gelatin mixture. Place in mold and refrigerate until firm.

Dissolve the cherry gelatin in 1 cup of boiling water. Add cherry flavoring. Cool. When first layer is firm, pour the cooled cherry gelatin over top and refrigerate until firm.

EXTRA SPECIAL CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup

Mix together and place over low heat. Slowly add:

- 3 cups white sugar

The mixture will get thick and "gritty". Watch carefully and take off heat to stir in when it looks necessary. Then add:

- 1 14½-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Mix and heat until sugar is dissolved and mixture is smooth and creamy. Store in a jar in the refrigerator. This keeps for several weeks and is delicious used on ice cream, cake and puddings. It can be heated when desired.

—Margery

GOLDEN ESCALLOPED CARROTS

- 10 medium carrots, cooked
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttered cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 cup milk
Cook diced or sliced carrots until just barely done. Combine remaining ingredients with the exception of the milk. Gently stir in carrots and spoon into greased casserole. Pour milk over mixture. Top with a few additional buttered cracker crumbs. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes.

SCHOOL DAY ICE CREAM BALLS

- 1 cup cinnamon graham cracker crumbs
 - 1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
 - 2 Tbls. sugar
 - Vanilla ice cream
- Combine crumbs, peanut butter and sugar, mix well. Shape ice cream into balls. Roll in crumb mixture. Place on cookie sheet and freeze. Cover with foil or plastic until time to serve.

Mound these frozen balls in a bowl for a buffet or tea table. They may be served on a dainty doily for a club meeting. If made the correct size for the top of a cone, they are excellent for a child's party as they are ready to slip quickly onto the top of a cone for each child.

—Evelyn



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

HOW TO MAKE IT:

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

AND LOOK AT THE FLAVORS:

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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

Listen to *Kitchen-Klatter*.

MARY BETH REPORTS ON AN INTERESTING LECTURE

Dear Friends:

This is one of those beautiful days when I'm sorely tempted to escape to the big outdoors and forget household responsibilities. But I'm house bound, at least until supper is over, when I shall go outside to watch Don while he puts another row of stone in place on the retaining wall he is building.

He managed to get the grass planted on weekends, and now we're looking forward to two weeks in the deep woods in Michigan. We shall again take the ferry across the lake to save the eight- or nine-hour drive around the lake that it would mean for Don. We're looking forward to a time away from the hustle and bustle of city living.

Recently Don and I got away from the hustle-bustle of the actual *operation* of our home and family to a day and a quarter of lectures on the subject of better ideas for *operating* a home and family. Idealistic? Perhaps. But let me explain. These lectures were held one weekend at the school which our children attend. The subject of the talks was "Liberty as a Way of Life". The one lecture that prompted us to attend was titled "The Child". That this lecturer was the mother of our Paul's teacher added to our interest. (How often must an understanding man or woman stem from remarkable parents! We felt that it must be true in this case.)

Please permit a personal observation before I tell of the lectures. Just as many of you, I have been besieged from all sides with the admonition that there are civic responsibilities which I am obliged to assume as a responsible adult. I "bought" this sage bit of advice for several years, and watched, as I shouldered my away-from-home obligations, my three children begin to grow in resentment. A little soul searching made me realize that when my zero hour of the day approached — that time about 4 o'clock when I'm most tired, busy with supper, and when the children return from school at *their* most tired hour of the day — we lacked sympathy with one another. Instead of kindness and love and good-will there were antagonisms and irritabilities, and harsh words. That was enough for me! I shall postpone civic responsibilities until our dear children are gone from the nest, and I am assuming now a far more rewarding, and my number one, obligation — raising our children by being at



Katharine, Paul and Adrienne Driftmier, children of Mary Beth and Donald.

home and being a mother. Our minister said recently that he considers that the future of the Universe depends upon what we mothers teach and the values that we plant in the minds of the future generation.

The theme of the seminar was Liberty. For a child to develop his talents and uniqueness, he must be free. After he has reached an age where he can be reasoned with and can understand when a thing is just and right, the time has arrived to begin to give him more leash, more freedoms, and gradually help him to independence.

Because a mother is with the children the greatest amount of time, it is the mother's duty to begin guiding them along paths which will enable them to step into the adult world, able to make decisions. The concepts of Freedom and Individual Liberty have to be taught at home. Children must also learn that with freedom must come acceptance of responsibility and self-control. The children, starting now, are accepting the consequences of their acts. They are old enough to know right from wrong, and I'll be there to try to set an example of right. If they want to be free, they must learn to be responsible. One of the first things I learned and am now doing is to let them make more of their choices.

Since they have to learn to make decisions, it is best they start now with elementary choices. If we have a problem, how much more just it seems to sit down with them and allow them to choose correct action. I don't mean "license", either, when I write this, because that is abused freedom. For instance, we must teach that the effect of our children's freedom cannot infringe on the equal rights of their fellow men. Their own honesty and self-control will help them respect others' freedoms.

One of the most interesting discussions centered around cultivating an understanding of and a respect of private property. For instance, my best

ball-point pen is truly mine, and because I take care of it, it has lasted and writes smoothly. The children do not have the right to help themselves to it only to leave it goodness-knows-where! It then follows that the children also have property which the other children in the family must respect and leave alone. With several children in the family, this isn't easy!

The subject of children and spending money also came up. It is important that our youngsters be allowed to dispose of their money as they see fit, also. This sounds pretty far out, I realize, but remember, first, to teach that so much (by example, if you please) we give to charity and church, a second amount we save (again actions speak louder than words), and then let him spend the remainder on what is important to *him*. I, for one, despise comic books, but if that is what Paul really wants after church and savings, then what makes me so sure that they aren't worth twenty cents? Perhaps he'll come to see that there are better buys in the book market!

Love and Kindness are really the most effective of all forces — look at Christ. Our homes should have an atmosphere in which the children will love to be in during their formative years. They will gain security as a result of this same love and kindness, and this should yield self-reliance and independence. I, for one, shall try to teach our children the joy of a quiet reflection, of a book, and of music; *inner peace* this is called, I would guess — developing more self-reliance.

There is seldom delinquency present when respect and love for a family and home exist. A discipline that is lax or lacking will breed problems. Over-strictness, that demand for obedience through fear, will bear bitter fruit; and an inconsistency or combination of the above mentioned types of discipline

(Continued on page 22)

HIKING THE HIGH COUNTRY

by
Evelyn Birkby

Glacier Basin Campground is situated in Rocky Mountain National Park near Estes Park, Colorado. It has been the location of a number of our favorite family camping vacations. Our latest journey to this lovely spot proved to be one of the most enjoyable.

As we drove into the campground late on a Friday afternoon rain was falling. This is not the best type of weather for camping! Robert hung a tarpaulin between two trees and moved the picnic table underneath so I could start a kettle of chili for supper. He and the boys began the damp process of preparing the tent, digging a rain trench (which was needed immediately) and setting the stakes in the ground.

The next morning dawned bright and sunny with the air so crystal clear that the mountains, which lifted their rugged heads all around us, stood out in startling perspective.

"Let's pack our lunch and go hiking as soon as the breakfast dishes are done," Robert suggested as we finished eating.

Off we went, driving up to Bear Lake where we left the car, then hiking past Dream Lake, past Nymph Lake and finally clambering up to Emerald Lake tucked high up under the chin of Tyn-dall Glacier and Hallet's Peak. I breathed a sigh of relief and achievement as I dropped to the ground beside the deep green lake.

"I've made it! Now I can go home happy," I purred.

"Just wait, we'll go to Sky Pond tomorrow," Robert announced with a twinkle in his eye.

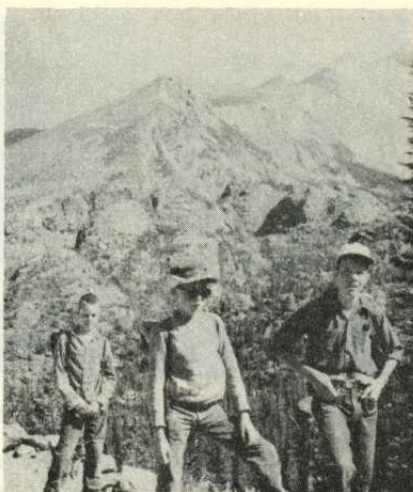
"Oh, Dad, do you think Mom can get clear up to Sky Pond?" Bob asked.

Something in his tone of voice made me wonder if this projected trip was intended for me or a mountain goat.

Whether I approved or not, I found myself the following morning packing another series of lunches and trying to act enthusiastic in the face of candid remarks about my hiking ability.

We drove to the lower parking lot at Bear Lake, parked the car and loaded the packs on four eager backs. I did not carry one for the obvious reason that none of the family thought I was capable of carrying a pack and getting myself up the mountain at the same time. This opinion I *nourished tenderly*.

Up the trail we went with the slowest



Craig, Jeff, and Bob Birkby are experienced hikers. Here they are going up the trail Evelyn describes in her article.

hiker in front — me! This was not always the case, but now I have been outclassed by my growing, energetic boys so I must lead.

Back and forth, gradually going higher and higher, our steps finally led us to Loch Vale (Scottish for lake in the valley). This was it, I thought. I sat with my back against a rock, breathed in the light air, looked appreciatively at the dark blue water and watched apprehensively as great rolling clouds moved toward us, covering the high peaks from view.

"We had best go on before it starts to rain," Robert commented, pointing to a sheltering forest of evergreens along the far side of the lake.

"Go on!" I shrieked. "I am ready to start back!"

"Look over on the side of the mountain," Robert ordered. There was a tiny waterfall, at least it looked only three inches high. "That is where we are headed. Sky Pond is just above Timberline Falls."

"You can't be serious, I'll never make it."

"All you have to do is put *one foot* in front of the *other*. You'll make it." Robert had far more confidence than I.

As the first drops of rain began to fall we all went dashing around the side of the lake to find shelter among the trees. No boys waited for slow Mom to go first; they galloped off like deer. When I caught up with the rest of the family, they were cosily tucked under an overhanging rock and had started eating the hot soup and nourishing sandwiches.

By the time our lunch was finished the mountain shower had stopped and the captain of our expedition ordered us onward. As the edge of the forest was reached we burst out upon a mead-

ow of spectacular beauty. Tall grass, heavy with raindrops, glistened in the sun. Buttercups, bluebells, tiny daisies, "old man of the mountain", and Indian paintbrush provided splashes of color across the lush expanse of green.

Now the waterfall was beginning to loom larger in the distance. A glacier presented a wide, slick area which we had to climb up. The next obstacle was a formidable one: a great expanse of rocky, rugged cliffs lifted far over our heads. To climb up it was necessary to put a hand on a rock above, a foot on a rock below, move one hand and one foot up to the next rocks and inch by inch lift toward the top. With the boys encouraging from above and Robert pushing from below, I made my way up the steep side of the cliff. Only by keeping my eyes up and never once looking back was I able to finally reach the place where one last bursting effort pushed me over the last ridge of black rock to the top of Timberline Falls.

"Sky Pond is just a few steps on," Robert gave me an encouraging smile. "You made it!"

No, I didn't collapse at the top of the waterfall — *crumpled* better describes the way I sank to the ground. The snow-tipped peaks were now right overhead, almost close enough to touch. The view which caught my breath with wonder, however, was the valley through which we had come. Loch Vale was now only a tiny spot of blue far off in the distance. The forest and meadow, far below, were laid out now in miniature. The silence was broken only by the rushing water of the high falls and the frequent calls of the boys. Here was a place of incomparable peace and beauty and inspiration.

Tucked in this high country with the majesty of the mountains and the sweep of the valley, the trivial, the unimportant, the annoying aspects of life vanished. Even life's larger problems seemed to gain proper perspective and, amid God's handiwork, became far more manageable.

It was not possible to linger long. It was nine miles back to the car and the afternoon sun was beginning to slip toward the peaks. Few mountain-top experiences last long. But the glow of that day did come with me back down from the heights, across the wide stretches of Nebraska and right into our home in Sidney, Iowa. Now if days grow long or the work seems dull or problems loom overwhelming, I remember that day. My mind and my heart can go climb the high country anytime!





GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S ROSE

JARS

by

Edith G. Pierce

Great-grandmother was thrifty. She saved everything! But she was aesthetic, too.

She made the garments worn by her family, and from every left-over scrap, she fashioned warm coverlets.

When garments had outworn the patching stage, she tore them into strips, and wove, braided, or hooked floor coverings for her rough boards.

Both her quilts and her rugs were works of art.

In winter, the ashes left from the wood fires went into barrels. Come spring, Great-grandmother carried water to pour over them. When it had drained off into the huge, heavy iron kettle, she built a fire beneath, and added every scrap of grease and "cracklings" she had saved, and boiled and stirred until it had thickened and was soap.

In her bountiful garden, flowers of many kinds nodded their gaily colored heads to her as she worked among the vegetables. Always she left the finest of both to go to seed, which she carefully gathered, labeled, and stored for next year's crop. There were no racks of highly colored seed packages at the market.

Today, much of Great-grandmother's thrift is impractical. But she did do one thing that we could emulate.

She saved the fragrance of her roses!

Here were the old-fashioned shrub roses that bloomed only once a year, in June. They were more fragrant than our modern hybrid teas, and while not now so common, may still be found in many gardens.

When she removed the stopper from her rose jar, a delicate, rose-scented, spicy fragrance, elusive as morning mist, perfumed the room.

She usually placed some of the potpourri in small silk or daintily sprigged muslin bags, and tucked them among her personal and household linens. No toiletry counter today yields up a redolence that compares.

A very old book, its pages brown and crisp, a bit ragged on the edges, the lettering faded, furnished the recipe she followed.

ROSE PETAL POTPOURRI

"Gather rose petals each morning as soon as the dew has dried. Spread in the sun in an airy place to dry. Dry

several leaves of sweet-scented geraniums at the same time. When dry, place in a jar or deep bowl with a tight-fitting lid. (Great-grandmother used her big, covered soup tureen. "I never make soup in summer," she said.) Buy some powdered orris root at the apothecary shop. To every quart of petals, add a heaping teaspoonful. Add one scant teaspoonful of grated cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice, and a small pinch of cloves. Stir several times daily, covering closely after stirring. In six weeks it will be ready for use, and should be placed in small tightly stoppered jars, or made up in scent-bags to place among one's clothes."

If none of Great-grandmother's rose jars have come your way as your heritage, you will find a charming assortment on the glassware counter. Small sized, so-called "apothecary"

jars are excellent containers, are inexpensive, and may be decorated, if you desire. You may make lovely Christmas gifts from your rose garden—that is, if you can bring yourself to part with them. The making is easy.

VACATION MEDITATIONS

The camping's great here at the lake, Up where the quaking aspens quake, And snow on the rugged mountain heights

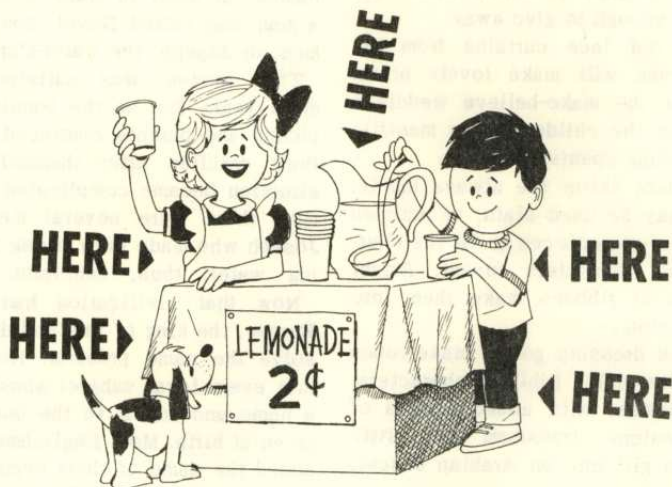
Keeps us under blankets nights.

The fish don't bite; mosquitoes do. We've seen some bear tracks, just a few.

There's nothing like this cooking out; It takes two hours, or just about, And logging in our campfire timber, Now *that* is something to remember! Thoreau and his simplicity!

Wish he were here instead of me.

—Gladise Kelly



ALL AROUND THE STORE

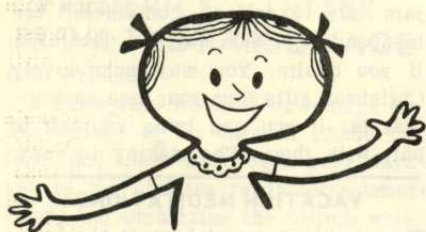
This young business couple can make more mess than money before they're through. The blouse, the apron, the pitcher and glasses, the shirt and jeans, the "borrowed" tablecloth—they're all going to need a real washing after the profits have been drunk up.

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

YOUR GROCER HAS IT. YOU NEED IT.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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



Rainy-Day Fun

by
Evelyn P. Johnson

A "play-time" box of cast-offs from the clothes closet will keep the small fry occupied for hours on those rainy days when they cannot go outside.

Any good-sized cardboard box with a dust-tight lid will serve the purpose, and lining it with repellent-treated paper will eliminate silver fish and other insects. Into this box tuck the things too good to throw away but not good enough to give away.

Those old lace curtains from the living room will make lovely bridal veils for the make-believe weddings staged by the children, or a mantilla for the young Spanish senorita.

Full, dark skirts are always handy. These may be used plain, or adorned with decorative pieces to fit the character the youngsters invent. Bright spangles or ribbons make them into gypsy costumes.

Old silk dressing gowns make robes for royalty or for Biblical characters. Knit pajamas, with added sashes of bright colors, transform any little American girl into an Arabian dancer.

Worn tablecloths or blankets may be used as cloaks for kings, queens, or Madonnas, as shawls for feeble old grandmothers, or as capes for Supermen and princes.

Old fur collars can be used as head-dresses for fairies, hoods for Eskimos, Robinson Crusoe hats, or tails for animals. Cast-off jewelry and old-fashioned beads can lend the finishing touches to many costumes.

Bits of lace, brocade, gold-colored foil or paper, and net are useful in trimming and decorating. Thin, pliable cardboard can be made into crowns, masks, oversized shoe buckles, hats, dance caps, etc.

A box of "props" such as these (in reach of all mothers) not only provides entertainment for rainy days and those what-can-we-do-now periods, but also encourages ingenuity in the children. They create their own characters and costumes, developing traits that will help make their lives useful and interesting.

NAME CALLING

by
Agnes W. Thomas

Shakespeare tells us that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. This being true, it is interesting to note that many people apparently give little consideration to names given their offspring.

Records show that human beings have been called by name since the beginning of time, our prehistoric ancestors probably addressing each other by certain grunts or special sounds. Whether an individual answered to the name "The Fat One", or "Mother of Ten", or "Cross Eyes", he realized that the special name was his alone.

During Biblical times people were given one-word names, such as Adam, Moses, or Abraham — each with a special meaning. But as population increased it became necessary to repeat names. In order to make distinctions, a man was called David, Son of Solomon; or Joseph, the Water-Carrier.

This system was satisfactory for many years, but as the population exploded and parents continued to name their children after themselves, the situation became complicated. By this time there were several men named Joseph who made their living by carrying water; thus, confusion reigned.

Now that civilization had reached Europe, the king of England decided to solve the name problem. He decreed that every loyal subject should select a name and add it to the one he was given at birth. Most Englishmen simply added the name of their occupation to their Christian name. Thus, James, the Water-Carrier, might choose the name Waters or Waterman. Others took the name of the locality in which they lived. John, the City-Dweller, might select the name Towne or Townsend.

Since the new names would be theirs until death, and then passed on to their descendants, it is strange that some of our forefathers gave such little thought to the names they chose. A peek into any large city's telephone directory will reveal such dillies as Fly, Worm, Coon, Hawk, Beer, and others equally undesirable.

Names are important to their owners, and because of this people have always tried to keep their names unmarred. As we learn in Proverbs 22:1, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Shakespeare also realized the value of a good name. In the third act of *Othello* we find these lines:

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewels of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis
something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been
slave to thousands;

But he that filches from me my good
name

Robs me of that which not enriches
him,

And makes me poor indeed."

Since a person's name is important, and since it is the only one he will ever have (unless he chooses an alias or "nom de plume"), isn't it a pity that some parents give such little thought to their children's appellations?

Many fathers insist upon naming their first son after themselves, condemning the poor boy to the name "Junior" all through his childhood. Some thoughtless parents might name a son Percival, and hope he turns out to be a famous ball player. It's much more likely that he will become a fighter — fighting those who tease him about his "sissy" name.

A mother was having problems with her young son's behavior. He loved to play with dolls and seldom left his mother's side. Finally she took him to a psychiatrist. The doctor explained that much of the boy's trouble could stem from his name.

Although a person can legally have his name changed, such a process involves red tape, expense, and sometimes confusion. It may be a good idea to solve the name-giving problem the way some modern parents do: give the child a first name when he is born, and then when he is old enough to make decisions, allow him to select a middle name of his own choosing.

Most people appreciate a name that is different but easy to spell and pronounce. But when a family with the name of *Smith* decides to name their son *John*, they are probably unaware of the fact that there are 33,891 other males in the world with the same name!

The Social Security people have done a thorough research on names and have come up with some interesting information: There are more Smiths than anybody else in the country; next comes Johnson, Williams, Brown, and Jones. More than 3,360,000 sets of parents have hung the label Johnny on their male offspring. And would you believe that there are 4,180,000 females in the world who answer to the name of Mary?

Well, as the old English proverb states it, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but NAMES will never hurt me."





A wooden spice chest, Ironstone china in the Tea-leaf pattern, and an exquisite china doll are examples of another era.

COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

As a child, I recall how Mother had a special way of helping us learn of our heritage. Hot muffins were baked in an iron muffin tin, small round pancakes were prepared in an *ebelskiver* iron, fresh apple pie with cheese wedges was served on Grandma Maasdam's Ironstone china, and on the dining room wall hung a picture of the Swedish countryside where Dad was born. A busy farm wife and mother, she took time to widen our horizons.

Books dealing with earlier days hold fascination for me. With pleasure I read *Home Sweet Home in the 19th Century* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$5.95) by Walter Buehr. Here is a nostalgic history of the mechanical contraptions that made life easier in grandmother's day. Strange and wonderful devices, conveniences and gadgets are mentioned in "the good old days" between 1800 and 1875, ending about when electricity came into use. Homes varied during that time. There were sod huts, timber-framed houses, white colonial homes, and the Victorian style home. During the early nineteenth century, homes had no furnace, pipes, or wire. The main source of heat, the fireplace, warmed the householder but fifteen feet away, water froze in the china pitcher. The first practical cooking stoves were greeted with delight in the 1830's.

The kitchen became a small factory for processing food. Sugar came in large cones or loaves, salt arrived in large blocks, coffee was ground in a coffee mill, and pickling barrels and sausage stuffers were common appliances. The well made a good refrigera-

tor, until the icebox was invented. The inventor was in his glory with all kinds of kitchen gadgets. The apple peeler, carrot juicer (for coloring butter), and a chopping knife were some of the food handlers. To improve the woman's morale, a bookrest that could be strapped around her waist and shoulders let her read while she washed the dishes!

When housewives could not afford the expensive imported glassware, American glassmakers introduced molded and pressed glass at low prices. As to lighting, the lady of the home took pride in decorating as to choice of color, shape and patterns of her lamps. Very few men had timepieces in the early 1800's, because they "started at sunup and quit at sundown, six days a week." Wonder what their thinking would have been on Daylight Saving Time?

The author, Walter Buehr, whose illustrations enhance the book, reminds us in the epilogue that although our ancestors didn't have many of the comforts we now have, they did have

"quiet and privacy and a nation with millions of acres of untouched forest, clear streams, and blue lakes still waiting to be discovered."

In a similar vein is Eric Sloane's *ABC Book of Early Americana* (Doubleday and Co., \$2.95). Published in 1963, this book continues to delight our family with its rich and varied collection of American firsts, from almanac to cornhusk doll, from hex signs to miner's candles, from niddy noddy (a reel for winding yarn) to salt box. Because the early American was also interested in the lore and beauty of the English alphabet, Mr. Sloane has arranged his beautifully illustrated book in alphabetical order, decorating each page with his fine handlettering and a caption about the use of each object.

A real authority on Americana, Mr. Sloane has written many books including *American Barns and Covered Bridges*, and *Our Vanishing Landscape*.

If you count all your assets you always show a profit.

—Robert Quillen.

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| KOUR | Independence, Iowa, 1220 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |

(All times listed are Central Standard Time.)

THE JOY OF GARDENING



by
Eva M. Schroeder

For some reason, pansies and children seem to go together just like peanut butter and jelly or bread and butter. When we started our little greenhouse business, Alfred planted a flower bed in an area near the front door. The flower bed, when in bloom, caused mothers to make their youngsters stay in the car while they shopped for plants. "They might pick your flowers," said one mother, "Or they'll step on something."

The following spring Alfred planted pansies in the area and stuck a sign right in the middle that said, "KIDS' GARDEN - PICK ALL YOU WANT." It was a hit right from the start! Pansy stems are brittle and "pick" easily, so even small children could gather the flowers without hurting the plants. The more the blooms were picked, the more the plants bloomed, and the pansy faces delighted the children.

There is only one problem with pansies. When hot weather arrives, the

plants get lazy and take a rest. To keep the bed in top production we mulch it thickly with old rotted sawdust. This keeps the weeds to a minimum and helps retain moisture. The plants are fed a soluble plant food every ten days and small amounts of a 15-10-10 commercial fertilizer are worked in with the mulch.

It is a good idea to mulch as many plants of other flowers as is possible now that hot weather is approaching. Use sawdust, ground cobs, alfalfa hay, or whatever material is cheap, and available. It is especially rewarding to mulch roses, dahlias and perennial phlox at this time as they will require only a small amount of time and labor to keep them growing well.

Did you know that the Cooperative Extension Service of the Pennsylvania State College, University Park, Pa., offers 70 correspondence courses in agriculture and 14 in home economics? Correspondence education is a method of teaching people who find it inconvenient to leave home and attend classes on college campuses. They are ideal for the person who is developing a hobby, who wants to keep abreast of the times, who needs to prepare for a different job, or who wants to improve and continue his education. There are 19 courses in horticulture that are of interest to the home gardener. The courses range in price from \$1.50 each to \$3.25 each. If you are interested in any of them, do write to Correspondence Courses, 202 Agriculture Education Building, The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, Pa. 16802, and ask for their free booklet that lists the various courses and other pertinent information. Other state colleges may have similar programs.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
at his school will never quite take the place of his home church.

One of the carnival games was an opportunity provided to throw some wet sponges at a human head stuck through a hole in the side of a tent. What laughter the game provided when I volunteered to stick my head through the hole! Practically every youngster there wanted a chance to hit my face with a wet sponge, and hit it they did. I am sure that it was more fun for them than it was for me, and I don't recommend it as the best way to raise a few missionary dollars.

In our church the minister has a special fund at his personal disposal that is unique. If not unique, then at least it is rare! It is a photo fund; it is a fund for providing pictures of all church events. During the course of a year I take pictures of children and adults doing everything from bobbing for apples to preparing the service of Holy Communion. Many times I give copies of the pictures to those persons who in some way have proved themselves to be very loyal church members, and for that they are most grateful. I always try to get some good pictures of the babies I baptize, and how grateful the parents are. Some of the best pictures I have taken so far this summer were taken of our annual picnic for the junior choir. I wish that you could see the expressions on the youngsters as they played some of the games and rode on some of the park amusements.

In a world where there are so many, many people living under tyranny, I hope that all of you good friends will do your part in making this Fourth of July a day of patriotic emphasis. In our family we still believe that patriotism is a virtue. Of course our country is not perfect, and, of course, it has made and will continue to make mistakes, but all in all it is a wonderful country where God's richest blessings have been bestowed. Here in Massachusetts the Fourth of July has been celebrated for a long, long time, and always it is a noisy, gay, and exciting day. I hope that yours will be too, but with all of the gaiety and excitement, won't you also say a prayer? Pray for your country, and then pray that you may be worthy of it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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DOROTHY DRIFTMIER JOHNSON
Lucas, Iowa 50151



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Address your letter to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Make full use of the time Mother Nature gave you before Father Time takes you away.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

good color shots. Oh, I managed to get just one side of Dorothy's head and I chopped Howard right in two, but there were *some* pictures that turned out pretty good.

I have never before held a camera in my hands and I'll tell you why. Russell was a professional photographer for a number of years, you know, and his equipment was so complicated that I couldn't make head nor tail out of it. Just the sight of those cameras with all of their readings and lenses and adjustments to be made and all the rest put me into a fit - I wouldn't go near them with a ten-foot pole. There really wasn't any reason why I should because he was almost always at my side to take any pictures that interested us.

I would never have bought this new foolproof camera for myself, but now that I have it I find that I'm really going to enjoy it a lot. Incidentally, Margery has mastered some of Russell's complicated cameras and I think she's done a wonderful job of getting pictures for this magazine. I hope you tell her this sometime when you write for she tackled those cameras with fear and foreboding, and she spends a great deal of time thinking about how to get pictures that we hope will be of interest to you.

Mother and Dad have a routine that is pretty much unchanging from day to day, but right now they are looking forward with great anticipation to a visit from Frederick. This will necessarily be a short visit because he is so extremely busy, and the final dates haven't been set, but it will be sometime in June. Then in July Wayne hopes to get here to see them on his road to a nursery convention in Chicago, so these two things give the folks something to look forward to. At least during the summer months they're not shut up in the house all of the time, and it's a great help to get out on the porch and to be able to take short drives.

Jake has just jumped to full attention because a salesman has appeared in the outer office, so now I must bring this letter to a close and look at some premiums - that's what the salesman is here for. There seems to be another salesman waiting too (I don't know what he's here for!) and I must tell you goodbye right here and now.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

Look for Kitchen-Klatter products in your local grocery stores.



Dorothy, Aunt Clara (Otte), Mother and Aunt Adelyn (Rope) enjoying a glass of iced tea on the patio of the Ropes' new home in Arkansas.

SHOE SENSE

A shoe salesman recently gave me some tips on buying shoes.

He says that women can do much to enhance the appearance of their feet and legs by exercising good shoe sense. For example, if we want our legs to look slimmer, we should buy shoes in one color and texture - not two-toned and trimmed.

On the other hand, if our legs are already too pipe-stemmed, we should buy shoes with straps across the ankle. And to make feet appear shorter, buy shoes that have decorations or buckles on top.

As the man says, good shoe sense makes sure sense!

-Evelyn P. Johnson

**FUN TIME IS BLEACH TIME**

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

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

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IOWA'S PREPARATION CANYON*(A Point of Interest)*

Preparation Canyon in Western Iowa is located almost due north of Pisgah, a few miles west of Highway 183. It is a tract of virgin timberland set aside as a refuge in memory of the Pioneers who took shelter there on their westward journey — to rest, repair the harness, mend the wagons, and refurbish the Soul.

Standing at a high point, looking across the treetops, one is overwhelmed by the magnitude.

A chicken hawk loops a circle in the

sky, dives in a silent swoop, and one stops a moment to remember.

This is the land of the Warrior Sioux, the deer, the buffalo. This is the land of the Courageous, the Stubborn, the Foolhardy.

This is the home of the Cottontail, the Redwing, the Coyote. Here grows the Lady's Slipper, the Dog-Tooth Violet, the Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Here the Redhaw Tree lifts its face to the sun, the Hazel Brush tangles itself on the hillside, the Wild Grape hangs in festoons from the tallest trees.

In the valley the Soldier River cuts a dark, sinuous path through the gently

rolling land. The hills wear a veil of filmy, lavender mist, and the quiet is tremendous.

Here is beauty, serenity, and a nearness to God.

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

INTRODUCTION TO SUMMER

Born in the fall, he's still a pup
When summer comes around.
And all the things he's never seen
So joyously abound.

The lowly housefly is a jet
That soars, while ears are cocked;
And ants that ply their merry way
Are scrutinized and blocked.

He sniffs the busy honeybee —
His eyes in wonder wide —
Then yelps in startled, stinging pain
And trembles by my side.

The little yellow butterfly
Soars just beyond his reach;
He bounces high on springy legs
That stumble, trip and leap.

The grub worm in the garden spot
Is eyed, then nosed about
And curls into a tiny ball
Beneath the sniffing snout.

Bugs and worms and crawly things
Are ever so routine.

But they are summer miracles,
The first time that they're seen!!!

—Leta Fulmer

A SHADOW OF YOUR FORMER SELF

Who says you need crash diets and wonder drugs for weight control? Your doctor will tell you that the simplest way to get slim and stay slim is: Don't eat fattening foods.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
are the worst of all. Kindness plus firmness is essential.

I wish all of you could have heard this lecture. I'm sure it was easier to listen to than to hope that I've communicated the ideas clearly as they were presented to us. Don and I gained much from it!

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

WILL YOU HELP? — Concluded

"New Eyes" has also had the help of many groups such as the Grange, Rotary, Kiwanis, Scouts, Lions, Telephone Pioneers, and 4H Clubs. Our church group volunteer got so excited she accidentally included her lunch in a carton of glasses. The glasses arrived in good condition. The sandwiches had seen better days.

"New Eyes" workers can understand that kind of enthusiasm. They know the satisfaction of having helped the same boy who saw his mother's eyes for the first time also discover that there are numbers on clocks.

For him the time to see had arrived. Others are still waiting. The address is, New Eyes for the Needy, Inc., Short Hills, New Jersey.

That's where Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener comes in. It never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use in drinks, cooking, baking, on cereals or fruits. No bitterness, no artificial taste, no calories—ever. It's at your grocer's, in a handy flip-top bottle.

KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

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NEW - attractive "Spider Web" metallic doily. Approximately 18½" - \$3.25. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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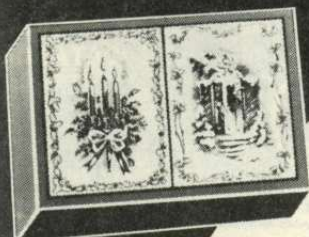
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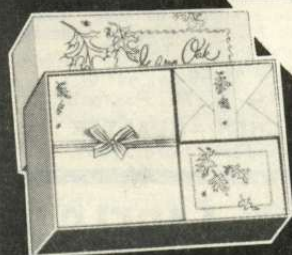
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