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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 30

AUGUST, 1966

NUMBER 8







LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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

Advertising rates made known on application.  
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post  
Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

My dear good Friends:

The morning mail brought me a letter from Juliana, and since you folks are kind enough to share your family news with us, I thought I'd pass on some of the news from her.

As I mentioned in an earlier letter to you, her dear friend and roommate, Chris Schettler, was married at the Presbyterian church in Roswell, New Mexico, on June 12th, and Juliana was a member of the wedding party. (We expect to have a picture or two of this event in our next issue.) Immediately following the wedding, Juliana and two friends set out with camping equipment and headed for the Grand Canyon. These are a few of her comments about this part of the trip.

"I can always remember hearing you and Daddy talk about the Grand Canyon, but I just wasn't prepared to find it so unbelievably spectacular. I was stunned by such beauty. We took one of the trails that skirts along the edge and walked for miles and miles even though it was terribly hot. We noticed people coming back up from that mule trip down to the bottom and they were really panting!

"As we hiked along that incredible canyon I thought several times about Daddy's quoting the English writer who said, when he first saw it, that anyone disappointed in the Grand Canyon would also be disappointed in the Judgment Day! And I also remembered your story about the bus load of tourists who stopped, got out, walked over to the edge and one man said: "Well, I'll sure give it credit for one thing — it's a big hole". Those things made me laugh all over again when I was right there and could see it with my own eyes."

From the Grand Canyon they went on to the Mesa Verde National Monument and found this a very thrilling experience too. She concluded the

account of their trip by saying that camping out was a wonderful way to see the great wonders of our country, and that it most certainly saved a lot of money too!

Now she is back in summer school at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and, for the first time ever, entirely alone in an apartment. "Now don't worry, Mother, because I always keep both doors locked and the chains on at all times." (You know how mothers worry!)

The schedule of her classes has permitted her to do something that sounds very interesting to me — she is donating three hours every afternoon in the Head Start Program in Albuquerque and this experience with children will be very good preparation for her practice teaching that begins with the fall semester. As she has said a good many times, the only chance she's ever had to be around younger children was with her cousins, Martin, Emily, Alison and Clark, in years gone by, and she's feeling quite keenly the disadvantage of being an only child as she prepares to teach youngsters. I think this experience of working with the Head Start Program will do a great deal to give her confidence.

At the time she wrote the letter she was busy rehabilitating a coffee table that she'd picked up at a used furniture store for only \$2.00. "It has very good lines and is really handsome and the only way I got it for \$2.00 is because the top was simply ruined. I'm repainting the legs and then I'm going to buy a kit of tiles and cover the entire top in a design of my own making. This will be time-consuming but when I'm all done it should be a nice looking piece of furniture."

So....this is the news from Juliana and I thought that those of you with young people who are far from home during the summer months might be interested.

Summer is the time when people come and go, and we had a truly delightful visit with Frederick who took a few days off from his demanding schedule in Springfield, Mass., and flew out here to see us. One evening while he was in town we had a family dinner at my home, and my! what a wonderful time we had getting up to date on everything, and then moving back to years gone by and reminiscing about the days when we were all at home together. We agreed with Frederick when he said that he didn't know if some of those experiences had gotten a little embroidered upon with the years or if they really were exactly the way we told them, but anyway we laughed so hard that we were almost in tears.

Then in June, Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, Mother's only surviving sister, celebrated her 85th birthday and we gathered at her home to take note of the day. She spent the winter months with the folks, you may recall, but now she is back in her own house in Clarinda (our country seat town about 20 miles east of Shenandoah) and much enjoying her garden. Incidentally, the beautiful birthday cake was brought by her daughter-in-law, Ella Shambaugh of Des Moines. Bill, Ella and their four children all came down for the birthday, and many friends in the neighborhood stopped by too. It was a lovely June Sunday — just perfect to celebrate an 85th birthday.

At my own house I had company when Russell's mother, his sister and her two children came from Oceanside, California. They could stay only one night because they were enroute to Sand Creek, Wisconsin, where Russell's mother lives, but we had a big dinner and a good chance to visit. After Boletta (Russell's sister — his only sister) got her mother settled in her own home, she came back through here for one night and this gave us an additional opportunity to cover the things we'd forgotten on the first stop.

Boletta grew up in Minneapolis, but she's lived in California for many, many years and said frankly that she'd forgotten how hot our Midwest can be during the summer. (We put on a good scorcher for her!) She and her husband, John Solstad, have three children. Kristin is exactly three weeks younger than Juliana, is married and has three youngsters of her own. Paul graduated from high school this June and is one of the few young people I know who is in no doubt whatsoever as to what he wishes to do; he is going to become a minister in the Lutheran

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## Kitchens I Have Known

by  
Leta Fulmer

I perched on a stool at the kitchen counter sipping my umpteenth cup of coffee. Didn't the painted wainscoting look fresh? How many times in the last thirty-one years (today was our anniversary) had I dipped into the paint can to brighten up a kitchen? The first was out in the boondocks on the Missouri River bottom.

If ever a house was a cracker box, that was, with walls of beaverboard checkered with laths. But the cold water paint cheered up the drab room and a new linoleum covered the slanting floor. From this kitchen window I saw coyotes making off with my best hens, screamed at the roving coon hounds as they stole the settings of eggs, and watched the river creep through the fields of newly-plowed corn. Because of the bitter cold we moved our bed into the kitchen, and nestled it cosily against the wood-burning stove. From the depths of a mountain of covers we could push wood into the ebbing fire. Even so, I stepped out each morning onto a floor crusted with frost to find the water bucket with its dipper solidly frozen in its depths.

The second kitchen was in a small apartment in town, and here I painted in a different way. Despite every effort to discourage them, the traveling bugs marched in, bag and baggage, in ever increasing numbers. First I painted with paint; then with disinfectant; finally with d.d.t. In the end they dispossessed us. We gave up. (I suppose they're still there.)

The third kitchen was in a rented house. It was really snazzy compared to anything we'd had before. By now we had a small son and after putting him down for his nap, I began to paint woodwork. Using both hands to pull out the "thingamabobs" that locked the window, I raised it carefully. I was digging out melted crayon on the sill with both hands when wham! down came the window, pinning both hands securely. Only my two thumbs wriggled helplessly. I could see my neighbor, merely yards away, swinging to radio be-bop as she washed dishes at her sink. My frantic calls for help were useless until she came to her back porch to shake the dust mop. I banged my perspiring head against the glass. Glancing up with a "What kind of nut have I got for a neighbor" look, she rushed to the rescue.

The fourth kitchen really belonged to



Juliana's kitchen sink on a recent camping trip was a fresh water mountain stream. You'll read more about her trip in Lucile's letter.

us, mortgage and all. Originally it had been a back porch, but as soon as possible my husband built on. Now I had a real kitchen, complete with double sink just as soon as he could get it hooked up. Hooray, it was ready! I filled the sink with the accumulation of dirty dishes and flipped on the faucet. The water gushed into the sink but the spout reacted with an odd nervous jiggle. Without warning, it flew ceilingward. I was drenched from stem to stern with a geyser of lukewarm water. It was fixed (?) repeatedly. But I had many unexpected showers before it finally settled down to its routine duty. It was years before I

The following prayer was found in the pocket of an unknown Confederate soldier who died on the battlefield during the Civil War:

I asked God for strength that I might achieve;  
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.  
I asked for health, that I might do greater things;  
I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.  
I asked for riches, that I might be happy;  
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.  
I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men;  
I was given weakness, that I might feel the need of God.  
I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life;  
I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.  
I got nothing that I asked for — but everything I had hoped for;  
Almost despite myself, my unspoken prayers were answered.  
I am among all men, most richly blessed.

could touch that faucet without a feeling of impending disaster!

This last kitchen had a different face ten years ago. Remodeled and painted while I was recuperating from an operation, it greeted me when I was in a rather weakened state. And I nearly had a relapse! The color was the most violent mustard yellow that has ever been invented. Since the room is 20 feet square and every inch of it was this monotone color, the effect was indeed startling. I felt as though I'd dived into a mustard jar and couldn't come up for air. But the pride in my husband's eyes made me bite my tongue and mumble some appropriate remark. We lived in that monstrosity until one day my husband ventured, "You know, I like wallpaper better than paint. Let's paper the kitchen." And I rushed to select the wallpaper before he could change his mind.

This is a pretty kitchen. The paper has a touch of yellow, and new polka dotted curtains swing at the windows. Friends and relatives bypass the living room to establish themselves here. The friendly ghosts of schoolbooks, science fair projects, and teen-age gab-fests linger in every corner.

One sort of expects to find people in a kitchen, but how about other friends? I've had to delve into corners with a flashlight to fish out the errant pig that scrambled from his box by the fire. I've chased springy-legged lambs as they miraculously revived to make a beeline for the living room. Peeping ducklings and goslings have eyed me over the tops of boxes as I went about my chores. For a time a baby owl ogled me as I donned leather gloves preparatory to poking him full of raw hamburger.

This counter has even been the impromptu operating table for minor surgery on assorted small animals, while I gritted my teeth and wielded needle and thread or sterilized blade. Occasionally a tractor carburetor sits on it in disassembled glory, awaiting the next exhaustive diagnosis of its internal shortcomings. (I bypass it gingerly, for woe-is-me if it comes up one piece short!)

And sometimes sacks of seed corn lean in the corner (can't let the mice get into that) and the striped cat cleans his paws as he perches on the clothes dryer. There are four gooey fingerprints on the newly-painted door. Oh well, I have more paint, but only one husband.

Thirty-one years of kitchens! Wherever they were and in whatever condition, the kitchen was, and still is, the heart of our home.





## Tornado Alert!

by

Carole Hefley Reese

The cry of the siren broke my sleep. I hurried over to the bedroom window and raised it high so that I could hear better, but the howl of the wind told me immediately that the siren meant a tornado and not the usual fire.

I roused my husband and we half carried, half dragged our two young children down to the basement. We were barely there when I was struck with a more disturbing thought than the probability of a tornado, and that was the condition of our basement!

Right then I could think of several more appealing places to be. Our basement simply does not lend itself to being "prettied up", or else my husband Don and I would have given it a face-lifting long ago. We both enjoy projects like that. But the basement is barely deep enough to walk around in — provided one is less than six feet tall! Besides, it is only half the size of the house. The biggest part of it is Don's workshop, and the remaining room, about twelve by fourteen, is where we are supposed to retreat in case of a storm.

Fortunately, we had not found it necessary to retreat here even once during the past several years. Our storm room, consequently, had become a storage room.

Now, as our children stood whimpering from having had their sleep disturbed, I looked around in dismay. The cot, which Don had so thoughtfully built for us to use in just such an emergency as this, was covered with dirt and grit which had sifted down from the floor joists above. Worse still, the cot was unmistakably attached to the wall by an intricate network of spider webs complete with egg nests. I shuddered at the thought of sharing a bed with those horrible, creepy, crawly spiders.

From the cot my gaze went to the one chair and the storage chest, both loaded down with empty boxes and stacks of magazines. The shelves in the corner held more junk that I won-

dered why on earth we were keeping. There was our daughter's big baby doll which had once walked and talked. Now it was not only hopelessly crippled but also mute. Several operations by Doctor Daddy had failed to make it well again. There was the toaster that wouldn't work — and we hadn't even liked the toast it made when it had worked! And there beside it were the rocks our son had brought home from a vacation trip. Strung across the ceiling was the clothesline that I had never used since acquiring an electric dryer.

Sometime back I had hung some old, red kitchen curtains at the basement windows, thinking at the time that I had improved the appearance of the windows both inside and out. Now, the glaring light from the one bulb in the ceiling showed up all the dust and cobwebs on the curtains and added to the despair we all felt. Instead of cheering up the room, the red curtains only pointed an accusing finger at the duller red of the tile walls that we had never painted white as we had planned.

Perhaps if we had gone ahead with those plans and used the moisture-proof paint, there wouldn't be that little stream of water that now trickled mockingly toward the floor drain. The sight of that water reminded me of another worry that almost sent me upstairs again with the whole family in tow. I had read that one should keep a hand axe in the basement in case of storms, and here we were without one! I had always known it was for cutting through debris to free oneself in case the worst happened. But the article I had read had pointed out a new worry that had never occurred to me — that water pipes could burst and fill the basement with water. Believe me, I preferred being blown away to being drowned!

I'll never know what happened to that tornado because about that time I woke up — this time for real! I was flat on my back, exhausted but safe, in my bed upstairs. My husband and children were sleeping soundly. I was never so glad to awaken from a bad dream.

The very next day I went down and thoroughly cleaned up the basement!

### Part II

#### NOW WE'RE PREPARED

Yes, that nightmare prompted the cleaning of the basement, but that was not enough to satisfy me. I realized that eventually we would slip back into our old bad habit of tossing empty boxes, magazines, and trash into the room, so that by the time the tornado

season came around again, the room would be just as big a mess as it had ever been!

I decided, finally, that if we made more frequent use of the room we would keep it cleaner. I resolved to show those spiders who was boss. That room was going to be *ours*, not theirs! It was beyond hope to make the room exactly beautiful. The basement was not deep enough to allow a ceiling to hide the pipes and floor joists. Those would have to remain bare and ugly, no matter how attractive we might make the walls and floor. But it was unimportant whether we made the room fancy, just that we could make it neat and clean and more useful.

The eventual idea for the room began to form a few days later when my husband, an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, came home with some fish. He set to work cleaning them in the basement and then brought them upstairs for me to freeze. Right then I decided that the freezer would be the first thing we would put in the storm room, especially since I had never been satisfied with where we then had it. After moving the freezer to the basement, it would be possible to clean the fish and game and freeze it without ever having to bring it upstairs.

There was an old table downstairs that would make an excellent work counter. There were faucets already in the room, and we had an old kitchen sink left over from remodeling days. We made plans to install it.

I had been wanting to change the cooking facilities in our kitchen to electricity. There was really nothing wrong with my gas range, and for that reason I hated to sell it for the small price I knew it would bring. As plans for the basement progressed, I realized we could put the gas range down there!

Excitedly I thought of all the possibilities this arrangement would offer. It would create a wonderful place for freezing and canning large amounts of food! I had always disliked doing these jobs in the kitchen because of the mess they created and the fact that invariably I had to stop to serve a meal. After the meal, there was never a place left to set anything down on the counter! It would also be cooler downstairs for this work that always needed doing during the hottest weather.

Now that we have everything in its place in the storm room, I'm very pleased with my "second kitchen". There's nothing original about this idea, though. In colonial days people who were wealthy had a small building

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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

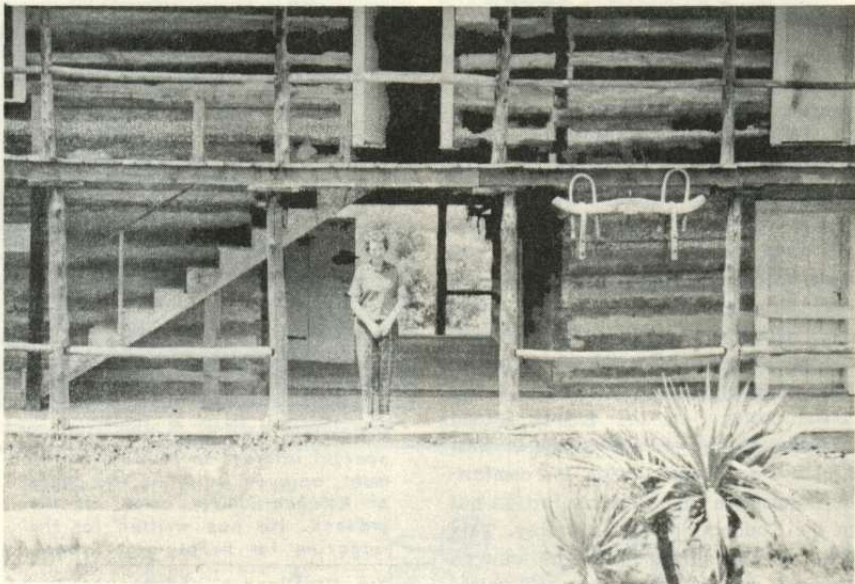
Dear Friends:

Space ran out last month as I was telling you about the trip to Mountain Home, Arkansas, that Mother, my Aunt Clara Otte and I took to visit my father's other sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Rope. This month I'll pick up where I left off.

When Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert first retired, they purchased a mobile home to live in until they were sure they were going to like this section of the country well enough to make it their permanent home. They had parked it on the grounds of a resort owned by a cousin and his wife. Since they had bought their new home so recently, they hadn't disposed of the trailer and we wanted very much to see it since we'd never been inside of one. The resort was on the opposite side of Norfolk Lake, and the only way you can get across the lake is by ferryboat. There are two boats and two docks, and each boat makes a trip across the lake every half hour — one going to Highway 101 and the other to Highway 62. Every vehicle that has to cross to the other side of the lake has to go on one or the other of these ferryboats — cars, trucks, school buses, and even big gas transports. The ferryboats are owned and operated by the State Highway Commission, and are free.

When we arrived at the dock there was quite a line of cars waiting. Mother had been wishing she could take a boat ride and I knew that was the only one she could ride on, so I was just hoping when it was time for our car to board we would be fortunate enough to get in an outside lane so she could watch the water. Luck was with us, and not only were we parked next to the rail, but we were the first ones in the line so we were right to the edge in front.

After we had docked on the other side, from there to the resort Aunt Adelyn could tell us who lived in each house. They had all become friends (calling themselves "the road gang"), and got together often for covered dish suppers. This was one reason why they hated to move to the other side of the lake. But Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert are very friendly people, and it



In her letter on this page Dorothy gives you a detailed description, as well as the historical background, of this old building in Norfolk, Arkansas.

didn't take them long to make lots of new friends. Uncle Albert can always find someone to go fishing with him.

Aunt Adelyn wanted to fix a big dinner for us after we got back from our ride, but we told her we would rather have a light supper on the patio. It had been a long day for us so we went back to the motel fairly early, promising to return in time for breakfast the next morning.

We didn't linger long over breakfast, for another drive was scheduled. We enjoyed driving around Mountain Home seeing all the lovely new houses. This town has grown tremendously since the Norfolk Dam was built, forming this beautiful big lake. We drove out to see the dam and the big state trout hatchery located next to it. I tried to get pictures of some of the big trout in hopes Frank might be enticed into going down there to do a little fishing! If I'm correct, I think this is the largest trout hatchery in the country.

We drove to the town of Norfolk to see Old Wolf House located on a hill overlooking the place where the Northfork River and the White River meet. This house is 157 years old, built shortly after the Louisiana Purchase, and is the oldest two-story log structure in Arkansas. They had been renovating this interesting place, the first house to be lived in by white man in Arkansas, and were almost ready for their grand opening that weekend. Workmen were still putting the last finishing touches to it, but were very nice to open the doors so we could look inside.

This building, which was the first Court House in Arkansas and was also used for one of the first post offices

in the state, has been recognized by the Society of Architectural Historians as the most classic structure of its type still standing in the United States. It has four rooms, and each room has a fireplace. It was built by Indian labor. Since it was a stagecoach stop, it was the meeting place of the aristocracy in the days of Daniel Boone. Sam Houston used to meet his brother there, and Davy Crockett was also entertained there. The building has been completely restored and equipped with wonderful antiques and priceless relics, including the Daniel Boone gun. One of the upper rooms is furnished as a court room and contains an ancient judge's desk. It is a very interesting place, and well worth stopping to see if you are ever in this section of the state.

I was anxious to go fishing with Uncle Albert, so after lunch we left the rest of the folks at home to rest and visit and we took the boat to the lake. Although the fishing wasn't very good due to recent heavy rains which had muddied the lake considerably, I didn't care because I enjoyed every minute we were cruising around the lake in the motorboat. And as you saw in the July cover picture, Uncle Albert trusted me to take over some of the time. I'd never handled a motorboat, so it was a big thrill to be at the controls as we skimmed over the water.

The next morning we started home, driving through the beautiful Ozark country to Springfield, Missouri, and then on to Warrensburg where we stopped to have a short visit with Mother's great niece, Jeanne Alexander Bohlen. Jeanne's husband Donald teaches mu-

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## FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I am sitting here in my study at the church after having driven up from Rhode Island for the day. You see, I am one of those men who never takes a real vacation except when I am out of the country. If I am close enough to get back to the church without too much difficulty, I just can't resist the temptation to return when I am wanted. This afternoon I shall have a funeral for one of our good members, and then this evening I shall go back to our little cottage in the Rhode Island woods. Oh how hot it is here! New England has a reputation for comfortable summers, but that comfort is not in the Connecticut River Valley. This town of Springfield is in the tobacco country, and here we get the sultry kind of heat that is good for the kind of tobacco used in cigars. It will be most refreshing to be in the cool woods tonight.

Right now we are counting the hours until Martin Strom arrives for his visit with us. Since this will be his first trip East as an adult, we want him to have a variety of experiences. One day I want him to see New York, and of course, with his interest in history, we shall have to visit Boston, Concord, and Lexington. Because our David is away at summer school, we shall drive Martin over to Tabor Academy on beautiful Buzzards' Bay near Cape Cod to visit with him. Near the end of the week, Betty will drive Martin to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where they will take a boat to the Isles of Shoals to call on our daughter, Mary Leanna.

As I drove up to the church this morning, I looked across the street to a large vacant lot where just six months ago there stood one of the most beautiful buildings in America. The Colony Club, famous for the Presidents of the United States who had eaten there, was built like the Rock of Gibraltar. It was all solid stone eighteen inches thick, and the interior walls were of solid brick, four brick wide, and it was generally believed that the building would be there a thousand years from now. Today it is gone! Where it once stood there is nothing but a parking lot, and all because its gorgeous panelled walls, its inlaid floors, its heavy silken drapes, and its rich carpeting and furniture were not fireproof. That massive fortress of a building was so completely gutted with fire last winter that even the stone walls cracked with the heat.

While it is true that many Americans



Frederick, who has always had a special interest in printing equipment, enjoyed watching the pages of *Kitchen-Klatter* come off the presses. He has written for the magazine for twenty-eight years.

suffer fire losses and thousands of homes burn to the ground each year, it also is true that generally speaking we Americans never have suffered losses like those suffered in war times by persons in other countries. This past week I have been reading a book about the Hitler attack on Russia in World War II, and the frightful losses suffered by all of the millions of people living in the towns and on the farms of Eastern Europe. This reading reminded me of the awful war damage I myself saw in World War II, and of the magnificent courage demonstrated by the people who lost their homes and everything of value to them except the clothes on their backs. Every night this past week I have remembered in my prayers all those persons who ever have lost their homes and their treasures in disasters of any kind.

Come to think of it, I don't believe that I have told you about my trip out to Iowa last month. Some of you heard me on the radio when I made my annual pilgrimage to Shenandoah, and you know what a good time I had out there, but to those of you who do not know of my visit with the Iowa Driftmiers, let me say that I flew out on a Sunday to Omaha where I was met by Martin, Oliver, and Margery, and I flew back to Springfield on Thursday. The first time I ever flew from New England to Iowa it was in an old two engine DC3, the work horse of the airways. Then as the years passed, I flew it in four engine DC4's, and then in a DC6, later in a DC7, and then in the first of the big jets. On this most recent trip I flew out in one of the new small jets. I say small, because it carried less than 100 passengers. Just think of it! We flew from New York to Chicago in one hour and twenty minutes. (Actual flying time!) Yes,

I have seen many changes in air travel since first I began to fly, and I never cease to marvel at the wonderful aeronautical engineering prowess of man.

As often as I have flown across the vast Plains states, looking down upon thousands of square miles of rich, fertile, fields, and large industrial complexes, and sprawling urban developments, I never cease to wonder at the richness of it, the beauty of it, and the strength of it. One looks down upon the ever-enlarging industrial complex of a Cleveland, or a Detroit, or a Chicago, or an Omaha, and one wonders where it will all end — this booming, scientific, industrial growth? As the population continues to spiral ever higher (it was 195 million last June first) the number of houses and apartment buildings continue to mushroom out from the urban areas for miles. As one looks down from above, it is easy to spot the new traffic arteries that were planned with care and yet that were inadequate for the demand even before their completion.

If you haven't flown over some of our cities recently, you ought to do so just to see what is happening. It is fantastic! Don't think that you are too old to fly. Two ladies in my church here in Springfield made their first airplane trip last month when they flew from here to the Bahama Islands. One of the ladies is ninety-four, and the other is ninety-three, and they both had a wonderful time. Their only difficulty came when their New York plane was late getting into Miami, and they had to wait for two hours before catching a plane to the Bahamas.

I had more trouble than that flying home from Omaha. I was on time out of Omaha into Chicago, but then I learned that my Springfield flight would be delayed. Not knowing how long it would be delayed, I raced to the gate of a plane leaving for New York. I did not have time to buy a new ticket, but the crew let me aboard and off I went. When I got to New York I had to run for all I was worth to the terminal of the American Air Line to catch a plane to Springfield, and when I got there I again did not have time to get a ticket. Realizing that I was desperate for time, the crew was most hospitable and helped me with the ticket once I was aboard. Actually, I got to Springfield just one hour later than if my regular flight from Chicago had been on time, and the regular flight turned out to be six hours late!

I have a new skill! I am now the director of the South Church Bell Choir. For years I have been trying to find

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## Ice Cream Socials & Oyster Stews

by

Alice G. Harvey

Socials in the early years of this century helped pay for many small-town and country churches. Three kinds stand out in my memory, for I was present and took an active part in many of them.

*Ice Cream Socials* were a special delight. At the age of ten and eleven I would ride around the countryside with a girl friend a few years older. Winnie was a farm girl with free use of a horse and buggy, and I loved that.

Our job was to call on farm families to solicit milk, cream, eggs, and cakes. We called mostly on our own church members, of course. We also had designs on those who did not belong to any church, but who enjoyed all the socials. Why didn't we use the phone? There weren't any!

It was a thrilling job, because most people were generous, and there was a limit to the amount of material that would be needed. So by the end of the week we had accomplished our task and had had a wonderful time besides. We became better acquainted with these people, and at noon were always invited in for a dinner of all the delectable farm things — fried chicken, new peas and potatoes, sometimes roasting ears, and pie or cake. The farmer would always feed and water our horse. Often there were children our own age who were glad to have company. Sometimes it was so hot that we would try to find a tree to tie the horse to while we were talking to the women.

Then the big day, Saturday, arrived and early contributors came with their promised articles, while certain women made the custard and put it in the freezers. The men and boys got the ice and turned the freezers until the luscious ice cream was finished. This task was usually performed in the shade on the north side of the church.

After the dashers were taken out of the freezers and the small girls and boys had had their samples, the freezers were packed with ice and covered with gunny sacks to set and ripen the ice cream before the first customers arrived.

Since we lived in the parsonage, tables were set up on our large lawn.

They were made mostly of long boards on sawhorses covered with pretty tablecloths and vases of flowers.

Late in the afternoon people began to arrive, and they enjoyed sitting under the trees to visit as they ate their large dishes of ice cream and huge pieces of cake. Vanilla and chocolate ice cream were the stand-bys, but there were all kinds of cakes. Twenty-five cents was the price for this delicious repast.

Then in the evening Japanese lanterns were lit, the big crowd would arrive, and everyone was busy. The young girls waited tables, and the young men dished up the ice cream, sometimes a hard task, especially in the lower part of the freezers. The women cut the cakes and set huge plates of it on the tables so all could help themselves. The men collected or sold tickets, as the case might be. So everyone had a part, and everyone came from all over town and the surrounding country. No matter what church they belonged to, everybody was there, because it was a social event for the community. (Perhaps next week they would all go to another church social.)

In the winter the socials did not stop. First came the *Oyster Stews*. These were held in the Opera House, since that was the only building large enough that was equipped with a kitchen. The men and boys set up the tables for the girls and women to decorate.

Certain women made the stew because of their special aptitude, while others made coffee. Whole milk was used with plenty of oysters. The menu was large bowls of soup, oyster crackers, celery, and coffee again for 25 cents.

Everyone came, for these also were community social events. If the weather was bad, many would come from the country by sleds. And of course all would be bundled up well, with overshoes and leggings if necessary, and heads covered with fascinators or hoods. So a snowstorm was never an excuse, unless it was a howling blizzard, and I can remember none bad enough to cause a cancellation.

*Mush and Milk* socials were another thing. Often these were held in the larger homes or at the parsonage. Heaping bowls of mush were eaten with butter and sugar or cream and sugar, with plenty of coffee or milk for the children. The price again was 25 cents.

Another social in those days was the *Box Supper*. These were held not only to make money for churches, but for schools, lodges, and clubs. They were clear profit, of course, since each woman prepared a tempting lunch for two, decorating the box most artistically. These were then auctioned off, and the woman or girl ate supper with the man or boy who bought her box. Special days, like Halloween, Valentine's and St. Patrick's Day, were times for these suppers.

Sometimes there was considerable rivalry in the bidding when a fellow wanted a special girl's box. The prices here often went quite high — once even to \$25.00.

So the Socials of yesteryear served two purposes — a means of raising money for the church or other organization, and community recreation in a day when little beyond self-provided entertainment was known.

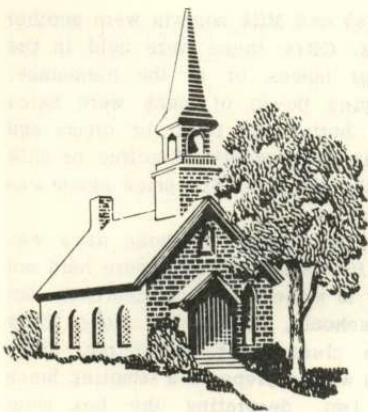
### SWEATER MAGIC

It's easy to turn your daughter's much worn slipover sweater into a "like new" cardigan if you follow these simple directions. First, run a line of basting stitches down the exact middle of the slipover, from neckline to bottom. Use a contrasting color thread so the stitches can be seen easily. Now, on your machine and with matching thread, sew two parallel lines, one line on each side of the basting stitches. These lines should be about one quarter of an inch from the row of basting stitches. With sharp shears cut down the middle line from top to bottom of the sweater.

You may turn the edges back and stitch with matching thread or you may bind the edges with grosgrain ribbon. If you use ribbon, this will probably be all the trimming you will want to add to the sweater. Two short lengths of ribbon attaches at the neckline and tied in a bow will fasten the sweater.

Instead of ribbon you may like to use rickrack braid in a contrasting color. This is pretty sewn around the neckline too. Try some of your own trimming ideas. Sweater magic is fun to do and your daughter will find the new cardigan fun to wear. —Marion Ullmark





## Reflections in God's Sanctuary

### AN OUTDOOR VESPER SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Worship Setting:** Nature herself provides the perfect worship setting. For an improvised altar as a focal point of your outdoor sanctuary, place the open Bible on a tree stump or a large boulder. Or you can arrange a heap of stones to make an altar, as did the Hebrew people of old, perhaps burning a few twigs on top of the altar just as the service begins.

#### Call to Worship:

Let heart and mind find peace  
Here where green things grow,  
Knowing whatever comes is best  
Because God wills it so.  
May the scents and sounds of Nature —  
All the beauty of this day —  
Make us feel that heaven  
Is just a prayer away.

**Leader:** O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy creatures.

**From the Scriptures:** (Two persons stand on either side of the group in the background, to be heard rather than seen.)

**First Voice:** Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord my God, Thou art very great! Thou . . . who hast stretched out the heavens like a tent.

**Second Voice:** Who hast laid the beams of thy chambers on the waters, who makest the clouds thy chariot, who ridest on the wings of the wind.

**First V.:** Who makest the winds thy messengers, fire and flame thy ministers. Thou didst set the earth on its foundations, so that it should never be shaken.

**Second V.:** Thou didst cover it with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled . . .

**First V.:** The mountains rose, the valleys sank down to the place which didst appoint for them . . . Thou makest springs gush forth in the valleys; They flow between the hills, they give drink to every beast of the field . . .

**Second V.:** By them the birds of the air have their habitation; they sing

among the branches. From thy lofty abode thou waterest the mountains; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy work.

**First V.:** Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for men to cultivate . . . the trees of the Lord are watered abundantly . . .

**Second V.:** In them the birds build their nests; the stork has her home in the fir trees . . . Thou hast made the moon to mark the seasons; the sun knows its time for setting.

**First V.:** Thou makest darkness and it is night, when all the beasts of the forest creep forth . . . Man goes forth to his work and to his labor until evening.

**Unison:** O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! May the glory of the Lord endure forever.

**Hymn:** "For the Beauty of the Earth"

**Prayer:** God of all creation, we thank Thee for this earth so bright, so gay, bringing beauty into each new day. We thank Thee for light — for sun, and moon and stars that set the heavens aglow and brings the earth to flower. We thank Thee, Lord, for the bounty of this earth which gives us life. To Thee, our eternal God, we offer our praise and thanksgiving for the rap- ture and the peace that Nature can bring into our lives. May we have the wisdom to take time to pause and enjoy what Thou hast given to us. Open our eyes to the beauty that is ever around us, not only in nature, but in the lives of those with whom we live each day. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

#### Meditation Reading:

*Life is too brief*  
Between the budding and the falling  
leaf  
For hate and spite.  
We have no time for malice and for  
greed;  
Therefore, with love make beautiful  
the deed.  
Fast speeds the night.

*Life is too swift*

Between the blossom, and the white  
snow's drift,  
Between the silence and the lark's  
uplift

*For bitter words.*

In kindness and gentleness our speech  
Must carry messages of hope, and  
reach

*The sweetest chords.*

*Life is too great*

Between the infant's and the man's  
estate,  
Between the clashing of earth's strife  
and fate

*For petty things.*

Lo! We shall yet, who creep with cum-  
bered feet,

Walk gloriously o'er heaven's golden  
street —

*Or soar on wings!*

**Leader:** I think the words of Robert Louis Stevenson say something special to us in these days of so much tension and pressure. He wrote, "Any- one can carry his burden, however hard, until nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means."

#### Meditation Poem:

##### BEGIN TODAY

Dream not too much of what you'll do  
tomorrow,  
How well you'll work perhaps another  
year;  
Tomorrow's chance you do not need to  
borrow —  
*Today is here.*

Boast not too much of mountains you  
will master,  
The while you linger in the vale be-  
low;  
To dream is well, but plodding brings  
us faster  
*To where we go.*

Talk not too much about some new  
endeavor  
You mean to make a little later on;  
Who idles now will idle on forever  
*Till life is done.*

Swear not some day to break some  
habit's fetter,  
When this old year is dead and passed  
away;

If you have need of living wiser, bet-  
ter,

**BEGIN TODAY!** —Author Unknown

#### Leader:

It's all right to be happy,  
It's a wealth of joy, I'm sure,  
To plan for great tomorrows  
With a hope that will endure;

(Continued on page 20)



## SUMMER NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

It is honestly a relief to sit down for a spell to write to you, because I've been on about as busy a track as I care to be on for any length of time.

The children are enrolled in swimming lessons at the municipal pool here in Brookfield, and by the time I take them over, dash back to throw a load of laundry in the washing machine, and attempt to get a little something more accomplished, all of a sudden the lesson hour is over and back I go to pick up the budding athletes.

Brookfield just last August completed an elegant municipal pool and they have it staffed with six wholesome-looking young college people who double as swimming instructors. I shall be greatly relieved when the children have learned to swim. I feel inadequate watching Adrienne and Paul splash around in the shallow end where they are supposedly safe, knowing all the time that I cannot swim enough to save my own life much less someone else's. Katharine knows enough about swimming that I don't worry too much about her, but nevertheless when the children are *all* good, well-trained swimmers I shall heave a large sigh of relief.

Yesterday when the mailman came down our street he picked up several of my letters to start them on their way, and one of them bears telling you about. During the winter and early spring Adrienne noticed a lump on the under side of her arm between her wrist and elbow, which she had the sense to bring to my attention. I was a little puzzled by it but certainly not alarmed at such a small area of concern. As the weeks slipped by, however, this small spot seemed to grow a little more noticeable, so I made it a point to watch it closely. She did not complain of any pain connected with it, so once again I did not feel a doctor visit was in order.

Finally, when she was in visiting the doctor for an inflamed throat, I asked him if he could determine what this lump might be. He looked at it closely and in a casual manner probed deep into her soft tummy area, having her breathe deeply each time he moved his searching fingers. He did all of this so casually that it wasn't until late in the night that I determined that he was examining her for internal lumps and bumps. I began to suspect that perhaps there was more to this small "foreign body", as he described it, than he was ready to



Adrienne Driftmier took a big deep breath to blow out the six candles on her birthday cake. Katharine and Paul were standing by if needed.

reveal. He did suggest that I put hot compresses on her arm for 15 minutes three or four times each day in an effort to help her body expell it. This I did religiously, while all the time the nagging fear of a small tumor or cancer did its worst to the innermost corners of my worry-wart mind.

Two weeks later on schedule I took Adrienne back to our doctor to have him remove the lump, which by now was the size of the end of my finger, and which had not been expelled by the hot compresses and the natural action of the body. All in vain; Adrienne panicked when she got wind of our plans, and because our doctor did not have the equipment to tie her down, much less the desire to frighten her so terribly, he said we would have to go to a surgeon! He indicated, besides, that we would certainly want a biopsy made on what he removed. I tried to be cheerful, but believe me I was sick with fright.

After what seemed an everlasting twenty-four hours I contacted the surgeon we had dealt with on earlier occasions, and instead of a number of days' wait to make the necessary arrangements, he lined up an operating room at Milwaukee Children's Hospital, made arrangements to have the required nurses available, and at three o'clock that same day Adrienne and I met him on the fifth floor and her operation was practically past history. The doctor came striding down the corridor, took a look at Adrienne's arm, and hand-in-hand they walked down the hall to the operating room. This time she behaved nicely, chattering all the time with the operating-room staff in a very sociable manner. They gave

her just a local anesthetic, made a small incision, and removed a good-sized thorn encased with protective layers of tissue just as an oyster would wrap a grain of sand. The surgeon have her the thorn wrapped in a sterile square of guaze, and after her stitches were in place he sent her back to me.

One week later we went back downtown to his office to have the stitches removed, and when I mailed the check yesterday for the hospital bill the episode of the thorn was closed. I was so vastly relieved that it was nothing more than a splinter that it took quite a long time to see the humor of having a *thorn* removed in a hospital operating room. Actually, we are happy to have two such excellent doctors who are so careful with our most prized possessions, and the price of the afternoon was worth their concern.

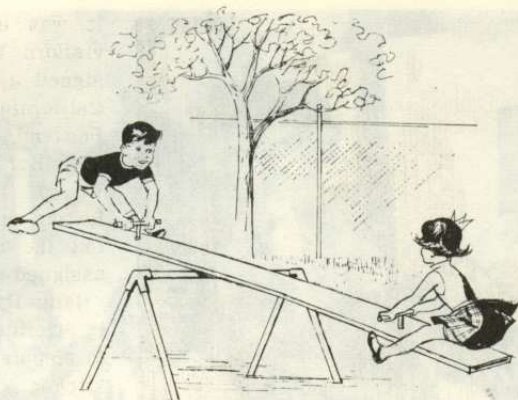
The remaining BIG event to tell you about this month is the birthday parties we had in June to celebrate both girls' birthdays. Paul had been promised a birthday party in March during spring vacation, but his school grades were so dismal that his father said no party under any circumstances for a boy who did so little to deserve the extra effort on our part to have a party. He was properly impressed and proceeded to bring up his grades in every subject save one, so while I was planning parties for the girls I told him we would have his party as soon as school was dismissed. So I started making arrangements for parties and I discovered I remembered sketches and bits of games for children Adrienne's age, but when it came to planning

(Continued on page 22)



## Be Summer Safe

by  
Jean Jones



Safety is an involved, continuous, day-by-day, moment-by-moment process. Many of our safety procedures are habit and have become an unconscious part of our behavior. Summer activities produce many situations where safety is important. Perhaps some of the following suggestions will make this a safer summer for your family and bring to mind other areas where safety is vital to your household.

### Food Poisoning

Summertime is picnic time. Food somehow tastes better when eaten outside. But picnic fun can be fatal when the warm sun encourages bacteria growth. One is seldom able to detect food spoilage until it is too late, because the food looks good, smells good, and even tastes good. Some of our favorite summertime foods, such as deviled eggs, potato salad, and sandwich spreads actually encourage bacterial growth, so it is therefore wise to avoid them when going on picnics. When planning your summer picnics keep it "food safe" by keeping the following six precautions in mind:

1. Keep food cold. Insulated ice chests are available in a variety of prices, and are a wise investment for picnic lovers. Avoid packing food in the trunk or car ledge where the sun is most likely to be sweltering hot.

2. Avoid carrying hot foods. A dish served hot must be kept boiling hot until eaten, which is difficult to do. It is therefore wise to choose hot foods that can be prepared at the picnic site.

3. Select meats wisely. Refrain from using chopped and ground meat or sandwich mixtures. Cold cuts and frankfurters are dependable. The skins around hot dogs give added protection as does the last minute roasting.

4. Cream pies and pastries spoil quickly. Leave them at home! Use fresh fruit for dessert.

5. Soft drinks, iced tea, and fruit drinks are safe for picnics. Avoid milk unless it is kept ice cold.

6. Take food in unopened cans and

packages. As much as possible choose foods that can be opened and mixed at the picnic table.

Careful planning can keep your picnics bacteria safe without sacrificing tasty food or fun.

### Seat Belts

Much of the summer fun we enjoy depends upon our mobility. Be it an extended trip or a Sunday afternoon ride, begin by buckling your seat belt and seeing that everyone else in the car does the same. If your car does not have seat belts, have them installed, and get into the habit of using them ALL THE TIME. "All the time" means summer trips, but it also includes such short jaunts as taking lunch to the field or going to the grocery store. For preschool children a harness-type belt is wise, as the child is free to squirm and move in any direction but forward. The seat belt is believed to be the most effective single item of protective equipment available to help reduce traffic injuries and deaths. So get yourself and the family into the "buckle-up" habit.

### Boating

More and more people have their own boats, and popular recreational lakes have all types of boats available for rent. Boating regulations vary, but these basic rules apply everywhere:

1. Wear a life preserver. A good life preserver will keep you afloat even if you are unconscious.

2. Don't overload your boat beyond the recommended capacity. An overloaded boat is more easily swamped in rough water or by a passing boat's wake.

3. Be alert! Watch for logs, rocks, snags, and other boats. Be especially cautious in unfamiliar areas.

4. Don't cause excessive wake when passing other boats.

5. Stay away from fishing and swimming areas.

6. Sharp turns are dangerous and frequently cause outboards to swamp.

7. Be weather-wise. When the sky

looks foreboding, stay ashore. If a storm threatens while boating, head for the shore. In a sudden windstorm keep low and head your boat into the waves.

### A Continual Alert

Nearly half of the home accidents happen in the kitchen. Cuts and burns make up a large percentage of the kitchen accidents. Summer, when the children have more time to help with meal preparation and clean-up, is an ideal time to review not only kitchen safety, but home safety in general.

Farm families need constantly to be reminded of safety rules in regard to farm equipment, hay mowers, and farm ponds and streams. Many drownings could be prevented if simple rules of safety were practiced. Remember, even good swimmers should swim in approved "life-guarded" areas.

Playground equipment is designed for safety as well as fun, but rules are nevertheless important to avoid accidents. Remind your children to stay well out of the path of swings, to go down slides one at a time, and not to stay on the merry-go-round so long that they become dizzy.

From the preschool child with a bright red rubber ball to teens involved in a softball game, risks are involved. Remind your children of possible dangers when playing with balls, and how they can be avoided. If a ball rolls under a car or into the street, special caution is necessary.

Camping and all that it entails would end only in tragedy if it were not for the safety rules regarding campfires, hiking, and exploring.

Rules of safety must be observed in all areas of life. Keeping summer accidents to a minimum depends upon the teamwork of the whole family. Discuss safety rules with your entire family as the need arises, and enlist each one to do his part to make this a safe, and, therefore, an enjoyable summer.

### MY GARDEN

My garden is a holy place

Where surely angel feet have trod.  
Each tiny plant within its space  
Bespeaks the sanctity of God.

Each floweret holds a secret there  
Within her folds of beauty bound.  
A mystery of essence rare  
About her presence has been wound . . .

As though the Maker's holiness  
Had lingered there to lend His grace  
And left therein no lowliness —  
A sanctified and hallowed place.

—Margaret Aamodt



## ABIGAIL DESCRIBES COMPANY DINNERS

Dear Friends:

Several months ago when we were visiting in Shenandoah Lucile asked me if Wayne and I still entertained at dinner as frequently as we used to do. After a moment considering the question I told her that no, we certainly didn't. At the time I wasn't quite sure of the reason. Later I gave the matter further thought and realized that we had let the changing pattern of our lives intrude considerably upon the pleasant associations which seem to be brought out best around the dinner table.

When our children were younger they had almost no evening activities, and they went to sleep quite early. Thus entertaining guests for an evening meal was the best possible means to several hours of adult companionship. Wayne has always worked many nights a year and also had many evening meetings. But it hasn't been difficult for him to keep one or two nights a week for social or family activities.

However, having a child in high school seems to have made a big difference in how we have been spending those free nights. We attend football games, basketball games, concerts, art shows, and the like. All too frequently our entertaining has consisted of inviting another set or two of parents to drop in for a light snack after one of these school events. This kind of camaraderie is delightful as far as it goes. But I don't think anything else quite provides the special something that participating in a meal around a dining table does.

Our house is not at present ideally suited to entertaining guests when there are teenagers in the house. There is no place for them to disappear into except their small bedrooms. In summer they can be outdoors, but this is no solution in cold weather. Because the situation has been rather cramped and crowded, I'm afraid I've let this become another deterrent to mealtime guests.

Having had these thoughts passing under scrutiny, it shouldn't surprise you at all to learn that I decided to get in gear and do a little cooking for adult guests. The first effort was the biggest in quantity, but we didn't have it at our house, so we were only co-hosts. We joined another family in entertaining about forty of the neighbors for a picnic supper on Memorial Day. The other family owns a number of folding tables and has a larger yard,



Mother (right) helped Aunt Jessie Shambaugh celebrate her 85th birthday June 26th. During the afternoon Margery took their picture.

so it seemed easier to hold the affair at their residence. The menu was simple, easy, and popular: charcoal-broiled hamburgers and wieners with buns, potato salad, baked beans, tossed green salad, fruited gelatin, brownies, and pop and coffee. Of course the rain just had to pour down about 5 P.M. but we hopefully delayed the meal a bit. Sure enough, in true Colorado fashion the storm moved along rapidly and we were able to continue outdoors.

It wasn't very long after Memorial Day that Rotarians from all over the world descended *en masse* on Denver for their annual international convention. It was held during the busy season at the nursery so we hadn't anticipated spending much time with the conventioners. But when several Costa Ricans arrived on the scene we found ourselves very much involved.

It was a special delight to have the opportunity to spend several hours with one of the families with whom Emily will live in San Jose, Costa Rica. The only problem was communication; neither of the Costa Rican parents spoke English and Wayne and I can't speak Spanish. Their son was fluent in our language, having spent several years at Wentworth Military Academy. Their 17-year-old daughter understood much English although she was shy about speaking in our language. Emily found she was almost as self-conscious about using Spanish, although this gradually wore off after she was pressed into service as our interpreter.

One of the scheduled events of the Rotary convention was Hospitality Night. All Rotary families in this area were urged to entertain several visiting Rotarians at dinner in their homes.

It was emphasized that all foreign visitors be included. We were assigned a couple from Mexicali, Baja California, Mexico, and a man from Portland, Conn. You couldn't ask for friendlier or more appreciative guests. We had hoped to include the Costa Ricans but the first family had already left the convention and another was assigned elsewhere.

Naturally, I wanted to serve typically American food — but something easy to prepare so I wouldn't be tied to the kitchen. The menu was cold, sliced turkey, charcoal-broiled Lucas, Iowa, hickory-smoked ham steaks, creamed new potatoes with peas, sliced fresh tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, cauliflower and green onions in commercial sour cream (for a salad), and hard rolls and butter, coffee and iced tea. For dessert I made a triple recipe of Lucile's great Chocolate Bavarian Mint Pie so there would be plenty on hand in the event of other guests. Incidentally, when I triple this recipe, I make it in a spring form pan.

Later we encountered another Costa Rican Rotarian and his wife and 24-year-old daughter. They are of German ancestry and since all three spoke fluent English, communication was no problem. The only free time they had to come to our home was for lunch. On this occasion we also included as guests a delightful Costa Rican young man who has been an exchange student in one of the Denver high schools. Also present was a young lady graduate from Emily's school who spent last year at the University of Costa Rica.

I had cooked a package of shell macaroni in advance and anticipated making it into a Hawaiian-type turkey and ham salad. That particular day proved to be cold and rainy, but it was no task at all to switch this into a hot dish instead. To this casserole was added buttered asparagus, rolls with butter and jelly, and the extra mint pie with coffee and tea.

Wayne and I were tremendously impressed and reassured by our encounter with these few of Emily's Spanish-speaking associates for next year. They were so gracious, warm, and loving that we have no qualms at all about her welfare and happiness.

But now I've run out of space so I'll close and start in on the preparations for a brief camping trip this coming weekend. It's been two years since we have done any camping, so I really feel as if I'm starting out as a green-horn again.

Sincerely,  
Abigail



## SUMMERTIME IS CAMP TIME

by  
Evelyn Birkby

All across the nation boys and girls are packing bags, rolling up sleeping equipment, assuring their mothers that they will write the cards so carefully addressed and tucked into their suitcases, and are trotting off to camp.

Of all their summer experiences, the organized camps which our boys have attended have proved most worthwhile.

This summer sixteen-year-old Bob left the fold first. We drove him north and west of Sidney through the beautiful bluffs which border the Missouri River. We crossed over into Nebraska at Plattsmouth, located at the junction of the Platte and the Missouri Rivers. Then we followed the Platte, bordered by rolling green hills, until we reached Camp Cedars. This very fine Boy Scout camp is located high on the bluffs above the river. Here Bob was to spend the major part of his summer as a Junior Staff member.

As we drove into camp we passed the archery range, a well-equipped obstacle course, and the barns where the riding horses are kept. A shelter-type building for craft work, the administrative offices, and the trading post were located beside the parking lot. To the north, back in a beautiful timber, were the tents in which the Junior Staff slept. Bob was assigned his tent ("I have an early, early, early American room and a Neanderthal-type bathroom!") which was equipped with a wooden floor, a cot and a sturdy mattress. Then we walked on, past the Senior Staff residence, the Mess Hall, and the First Aid building. Over to the left a path led down to two areas where church services are held. Each had an altar and rustic, hand-hewn benches. One section was for the Catholic services, the other for Protestant. Each area was surrounded by cathedral-like trees and behind the altars were clear spaces looking out over the wide, flowing waters of the river and the lush, green fields beyond. Beautiful locations, indeed, to bring boys closer to God.

Other boys on the Junior Staff arrived the same afternoon as Bob. The last we saw of him he was driving off in a pickup to help load tables and chairs and set up the mess hall in readiness for the myriads of Scouts who came on a weekly basis all summer long.

Bob's summer employment at Camp Cedars will extend into the middle of August. Since he hopes to be a teach-



Jeff Birkby unrolls his sleeping bag as he prepares for a happy week at Boy Scout camp.

er, or in some related field, working with younger boys is excellent experience. The supervisors of the camp are fine professional men with a wide range of experiences to share with these younger members of the staff and with the boys who attend the week-long sessions.

On July 3rd, Robert took twenty-six of the thirty boys in his Sidney Scout Troop to Camp Cedars. Much of Robert's vacation time through the years has been spent taking boys to such camps. He feels it is one of the best ways to help the troop learn to live, work, and learn together. Because the Scouting program uses local leaders as counselors, the carry-over value after the group returns home is almost one hundred per cent.

Jeff, our twelve-year-old son, had his first Scout camping experience with his father and the Sidney troop at Cedars. It was his second camp for the summer, however, for in June he attended Camp Aldersgate at Viking Lake near Stanton, Iowa. This was a church-sponsored week for boys and girls who had just finished sixth grade. When he returned home he announced every minute enjoyable and he wished he could have stayed two or three weeks longer.

After Jeff described the canoeing, the swimming, the hiking and the fun of sliding down a cement spillway near the dam (evidence of the roughness of this *slippery slide* was one pair of pants with the back in shreds!), I finally got him pinned down to the heart of their study. They worked each morning in "Quest Groups" on the subject, "We Discover God's World". With their counselors they went out into the woods searching for evidence of God's handiwork. They read Bible passages which pertained to their study, read and wrote poems, listened to prayers and gave prayers of their own. Time

for private meditation and group worship was included in each day. Songs, games and crafts filled the rest of the time. As the week flew past they made new friends and discovered they could do much on their own without the help of parents.

The last member of the family to go to camp this summer was Craig. He attended YMCA Camp Foster near Spirit Lake, Iowa, just as his brothers and cousin had done at the age of ten before him. Many kinds of activity are provided at Camp Foster: swimming, boating, horseback riding, archery, riflery, craft work of all kinds, and group activity. The boys live in cabins with thirteen other boys and a counselor. Much of the value of camp at this age is the gradual cutting of apron strings. Craig came home with much more confidence and self-reliance than he had taken with him.

I asked one of the mothers here in Sidney why she wanted her boy to go camp. She replied, "It helps a boy get away from his home town routine and adjust to a new environment. It's good for Peter to get away from his brothers and sister, and even his father and me, for a period of time. I like the fact that he will meet boys from various economic and racial groups, they won't all act and think just like he does. He needs to learn to adjust to people who are different. My boy will live in a world with other races and he should learn to appreciate what is worthwhile and good in each person he meets."

Another mother said, "My boy needs to learn to stand on his own two feet! Here at home he can run to me with his problems."

A neighbor whose husband is dead said she was glad her two boys were going to camp because of the type of adults her boys would learn to know. "I've noticed that the type of men who work with young people in 4-H, YMCA, Church Camps, and Boy Scout Camps are the kind of men I would like my boys to become. The guidance given will have a lot to do with the way they mature. I do appreciate the emphasis on faith and closeness to God in these camps. Being around men who find religion a vital part of their lives is a wonderfully inspiring experience."

I might add one more point: summer camping experiences, whether one week or several, helps both parents and children appreciate the fact that maturity and self-reliance are developing. Breaking the apron strings, if done a little at a time, makes the big jump away from home when school days are over less painful for both parents and children.



**STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD**

- 2 3-oz. boxes strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 10-oz. boxes frozen strawberries
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 3 bananas, mashed
- 1 pint commercial sour cream

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the flavoring and frozen berries and stir until the berries are thawed. The gelatin will start to set quickly. When partly congealed, add the pineapple and bananas. Put half the gelatin mixture in mold. Chill until firm. Spread with the sour cream in an even layer. Chill and then carefully spoon the remaining gelatin over the cream layer. Chill until firm.

**TURKEY AND HAM CASSEROLE**

- 6 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 3/4 cup diced celery
- 6 Tbls. flour
- 1 quart milk
- 1/4 cup chopped pimienta
- 1/4 cup slivered almonds
- 1 1/2 cups bite-sized turkey pieces
- 1 1/2 cups bite-sized ham pieces
- 1 pkg. macaroni

In a fairly large, heavy pan melt the butter. Add green pepper, onion and celery and saute in the butter until slightly softened. Add flour and then the milk, stirring until sauce is thickened. Then add the pimienta, almonds, turkey and ham. Cook the macaroni in salted water according to directions on package. Combine all together and place in buttered casserole dish. (You probably won't need to add salt, as the macaroni is salted and the ham is naturally salty.) Sprinkle top generously with grated Parmesan cheese and dust with paprika. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes, or until thoroughly heated.

—Abigail

**PINEAPPLE ALMOND CREAM**

- 1 #2 can pineapple tidbits
- 1/4 lb. (16) large marshmallows, cut in eighths
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, cut in fourths
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 cup slivered toasted almonds

Drain the pineapple, reserving 1/4 cup of the syrup. Combine the pineapple, marshmallows, cherries and syrup. Let stand for 1 hour, stirring occasionally. Fold in whipped cream, which has been flavored with the almond flavoring. Spoon into sherbet glasses and sprinkle with the nuts. Chill.

—Margery

**CARROTS AMBROSIA**

- 1 pkg. carrots, scraped and sliced
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 fresh oranges

Cook the carrots in salted water until tender. Drain and add butter and sugar. Simmer to glaze. Peel and slice oranges thin. Add and heat thoroughly before serving.

**ESCALLOPED EGGPLANT**

- 1 medium-sized eggplant
- 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 eggs, well beaten

Peel and dice the eggplant and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain off the water and mash. Add the butter, cracker crumbs, onion, eggs and soup. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes, or until the mixture has set. Test it as you would a custard (by inserting a knife into the center) and if it comes out clean, it is done. This dish may be prepared a day ahead of time and refrigerated. If it is cold, you will have to allow at least an hour for baking.

—Dorothy

**CHERRY PUDDIN' CAKE**

- 1 plain yellow cake
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 can pie cherries
- 1 1/3 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup boiling water

Make a plain yellow cake with your own recipe or use a regular-sized box of cake mix. Stir in 1/2 tsp. each of Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and almond flavoring. Pour into well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan.

Combine pie cherries and sugar in a saucepan. Simmer, stirring, until sugar is dissolved. Blend flour and the 3 Tbls. of water together and stir into cherry mixture. Stir and cook until fairly thick. Remove from heat and add the almond, cherry and butter flavorings. Spoon this mixture carefully over top of cake batter. *Do not mix!* Spoon the cup of boiling water over the top. *Do not stir!*

Bake in 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes. Remove from oven, cut into squares and lift into sauce dish. The cherry mixture is now in the bottom with a fine pudding consistency. Serve hot or cold with cream or a scoop of vanilla ice cream. The cake should be kept in the pan until time to serve.

**SWEETENER GELATIN**

- 1 Tbls. powdered fruit drink
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 3 cups water
- 1 to 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring

Soften gelatin in 1/2 cup of water. Heat remaining portion of water. Stir in softened gelatin and remaining ingredients. Use same flavored powdered fruit and flavoring. For example, with raspberry powdered fruit drink add the Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring; for lemon use the lemon flavoring, etc. Chill slightly and add fruit for a fruit gelatin, and vegetables if a vegetable salad is desired.

This is a fine recipe. It can be doubled nicely. It has such a delicious flavor it can be served plain. Because it is free of sugar, it is excellent for dieters or those who cannot have sugar.

—Evelyn



**QUICK WATERMELON PICKLES**

Rind of 1 large watermelon  
5 cups vinegar  
1 stick cinnamon  
6 cups sugar  
1 large orange, sliced thin

Peel rind and cut into cubes. A little of the pink can be left on the rind for this recipe. Cover with water and simmer until tender. Drain well. Cover with ice water. While the rind is chilling, combine remaining ingredients (orange is sliced into thin rounds, skin and all). Simmer this syrup for a good 10 to 15 minutes, or until sugar is dissolved and flavors are well blended. Drain ice water from cooked rind. Add melon cubes to hot syrup. Bring to a good boil, ladle into sterilized pint jars and seal.

**UNUSUAL SAUCE FOR BROILED CHICKEN**

(Charcoal or stove.)

Have frying-type chickens cut into quarters and marinate for several hours in the following sauce before broiling. Baste frequently with the sauce during period of broiling.

3/4 cup frozen orange-pineapple juice (diluted according to directions on can)  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1 Tbls. chopped chives  
1/2 cup salad oil  
1/2 tsp. monosodium glutamate  
1 tsp. oregano, crushed fine  
2 Tbls. garlic wine vinegar  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. coarsely ground pepper

This is a repeat recipe — used a few years ago — but I think it is very good and worth mentioning again. —Abigail

**UNCOOKED OZARK RELISH**

4 green peppers  
4 large onions  
4 sweet red peppers  
4 cups cabbage  
4 cups sugar  
4 cups vinegar  
1 Tbls. mixed pickling spices  
4 Tbls. mustard seed  
2 Tbls. salt

Chop or grind all the vegetables. Combine. Sprinkle salt over the top. Mix well and let stand overnight. In the morning drain well. Combine sugar, vinegar and spices. Pour over the vegetables and mix well. Pack in sterilized jars and seal. *Nothing* is cooked. The syrup *is not* heated before pouring over the vegetables. This makes a very delicious and simple-to-prepare relish. As you would imagine, it has a fresh, crispness that is very tasty. —Evelyn

**CAROLYN'S SALAD**

1 pkg. lemon gelatin  
1 cup boiling water  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
1 cup fresh tomatoes, diced  
1 cup diced celery  
3 Tbls. diced cucumber  
3 Tbls. diced green pepper  
1 tsp. minced onion  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the lemon flavoring. Combine the vegetables and salt to taste. When the gelatin begins to thicken, fold in the vegetables. Whip the cream, and whip in the mayonnaise. Fold into the salad and chill in mold until firm.

This is one of our favorite salads. It has made a tremendous hit at many buffet suppers at our house. —Lucile

**EMERALD GREEN PUNCH**

4 cups sugar  
2 cups hot water  
2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin  
2 cans frozen lemonade concentrate  
2 cans frozen orange juice  
1 46-oz. can pineapple juice  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring  
2 quarts gingerale  
Water to desired strength  
Food coloring, if desired

Combine sugar and water, bring to boil and stir to dissolve sugar. Remove from heat. Stir in gelatin. Cool. Add juices, flavoring, and water to desired strength. Add gingerale just before serving. Green food coloring may be added to give a lovely green color.

Besides being pretty, this punch is very delicious. It will serve 40 to 50 punch cupfuls, depending on the amount of water used.

This punch was used originally for a wedding with a blue and green color scheme. —Evelyn

**FRENCH DRESSING**

1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. paprika  
1 1/2 tsp. celery seed  
Juice of 1 lemon  
1 Tbls. vinegar  
3/4 cup cooking oil  
1/2 cup catsup  
1/4 cup grated onion, or 1 Tbls. onion juice  
1/2 cup white corn syrup

Measure all ingredients into a pint jar and shake well to blend. Store in refrigerator when not in use. Delicious on tossed salads! —Margery

**FREEZER CORN**

6 cups fresh corn  
1 cup water  
1 1/2 tsp. salt  
3 tsp. sugar

Remove husks and silks from corn on the cob. Cut off corn. Combine 6 cups with the remaining ingredients. Boil together for 1 minute. Cool by setting pan on ice or into cold water. (Do not add any water to the mixture.) Stir frequently so this will cool quickly. As soon as it is cold, spoon into freezer packages and freeze.

This is a very easy way to blanch the corn and combine it with liquid and seasoning all at the same time. No extra liquid is added; just use that in which the corn is boiled. It saves blanching the corn on the cob and the problem of chilling large ears. Try at least a few packages this way and see if you like it as well as our family does. —Evelyn

**SWEETENER APPLE JELLY**

3 cups apple juice  
1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin  
1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener  
2 Tbls. lemon juice

Dissolve gelatin in 1/4 cup cold apple juice. Bring 1 cup of apple juice to boiling point. Stir dissolved gelatin into hot juice. Add remaining juices. Bring to a boil and boil 1 minute. Add red food coloring, if desired, for color. Put in jars and keep in the refrigerator. This takes a little while to set, but it firms up nicely.

If you want jelly a little sweeter, add more sweetener to taste. Other fruit juices may be used instead of apple. Try a variety of the Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings to vary apple jelly. 1/2 tsp. of any fruit flavoring added to the above recipe would be excellent.

**SAUSAGE CASSEROLE**

1 lb. mild sausage  
1 onion, chopped  
1/2 cup chopped green pepper  
1/2 can cream of mushroom soup  
1 cup diced Cheddar cheese  
1 small pkg. fine noodles (about 6 or 8 oz.)

Fry crumbled sausage, onion and green pepper, stirring with a fork. Do not cook until crisp — just long enough to fry out the fat. Cook the noodles until tender and drain. You won't need to add very much salt to them, as the soup and sausage are seasoned. Mix all ingredients together in a casserole and bake in a slow oven for about 35 to 40 minutes.

—Margery



**PRETTY SALAD**

- 1 pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
- 3/4 cup salad dressing
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup chopped celery

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and stir in cold water. Chill until mixture begins to congeal. Stir cream cheese until it is soft and fluffy. Blend in the salad dressing to which the flavorings have been added. Beat with mixer so the cheese mixture is fluffy. Fold into the gelatin. Add the pineapple, marshmallows, pepper and celery. Chill until firm.

**ORANGE BALLS**

- 1 lb. vanilla wafers, crushed
- 1 stick margarine, softened to room temperature
- 1 can frozen orange juice concentrate
- 1 lb. powdered sugar

Mix all together well. Form into balls. Roll in flake coconut and place on cooky sheet to "set". DO NOT BAKE! —Margery

**FROSTED BANANA COOKIES**

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 mashed ripe bananas
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups flour

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and flavorings and banana and beat well. Sift and add dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet and bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. This makes about 40 nice, soft cookies.

**Icing**

- 6 Tbls. brown sugar
- 4 Tbls. cream
- 4 Tbls. butter

Bring to a boil, remove from heat and add enough powdered sugar to make frosting a nice consistency to spread on cookies. Lastly, stir in 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

**BAKED CHEESE AND OLIVE CASSEROLE**

- 5 slices bread
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- Salt and pepper
- Butter or margarine

Butter the bread. Cut into small squares, removing crusts in strips. Mix bread squares, cheese, eggs, milk and olives and season to taste. Pour into a buttered casserole and put bread strips (browned in butter) over the top. Bake until firm, about 40 to 60 minutes, at 350 degrees. Serves 4 to 6.

—Margery



## Whip Up DOG-DAYS APPETITES

Some days it's just too hot to eat. Everybody gets "dog-days" appetites and, even though we still need to eat, it just doesn't seem worth the effort.

You can spark up your family's appetites by surprising little touches . . . from **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Refreshing fruit flavors like lemon, orange or cherry in salads and drinks. New touches like coconut in custards, or mint in chocolate pie. The richness of butter, or almond, or black walnut. I'll bet you're already thinking of subtle and surprising taste treats you can add to your favorite recipes. Maybe this list of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** will help:

Burnt Sugar  
Almond  
Pineapple  
Vanilla

Banana  
Raspberry  
Cherry  
Strawberry

Black Walnut  
Orange  
Mint  
Lemon

Maple  
Blueberry  
Butter  
Coconut

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

## KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



## MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Early July isn't letting us down! One step out-of-doors and we know it is "corn-growing weather". On a number of days the humidity reading almost matched the temperature — and that is mighty uncomfortable. But no complaints, for we expect it in July. Some people from California stepped in the office last week and said, "We've been told that you can actually *hear* corn growing this time of year. Is this true?" Well, maybe it is and maybe it isn't, but I *can* see the difference in a field near the plant in only a few days' time, so it is believable, whether true or not.

I attended a coffee party last week for new neighbors who have moved in across the street from our house. There were nine very young children with their mothers. This is a radical change from the situation a few short years ago when Martin was the only youngster in our block. We live in a neighborhood of large older homes, and as the occupants leave us, after their children are grown, to move into smaller quarters, younger couples with several small children are moving in. And now, after many years, we are seeing swing sets, sand boxes, wagons and trikes in the large yards.

The big excitement for these young children is the Summit Avenue train! Friends on the other street from us have two little preschool daughters, and for their enjoyment (as well as for their own!) the father built a train on wheels which he pulls with a small garden tractor. It consists of a box car (with benches), a passenger car and a red caboose complete with a bell. The youngsters in the neighborhood sit on the curbs in front of their homes as soon as their evening meal is over and wait for Mr. Parker and his train. The bell clangs to alert them that the train is leaving his driveway so they can run tell their parents that they'll be going for a ride. I believe that it will carry ten or twelve children. (It is hard to tell for some are so little I'm not always sure how many heads I've counted!) When Lisa, Howard and Mae's little granddaughter, was here over the weekend, she got a ride on the train. Donna and Tom, her parents, said that from now on all they'll hear from her is "Go to Shenandoah — ride in caboose." I took pictures of it the other evening, but the prints aren't back yet. I'll share one with you next month if they turn out all right.

Martin has just observed his 19th birthday. His gift from Oliver and me



When Lucile's sister-in-law, Boletta Solstad (Mrs. John) came back through Shenandoah with her two children, Paul and Kyra, Margery was available with her camera and took lots of pictures. The family has lived in Oceanside, Calif., since John retired from the U.S. Marines and hadn't been back to the Midwest for several years.

was his plane ticket to visit Frederick and Betty. This will be his first flight and he is very excited about it. After one week in Rhode Island they'll leave for Nova Scotia where Frederick and Betty will be entertaining members from their church. Martin will have a world of new experiences which will greatly enrich his life. He plans to return by bus in order to see the countryside. It is possible that he'll route the trip so he can stop and visit with one or two college friends.

Oliver and I hope to take a short trip before the summer is over, but we haven't made definite plans. We're both so busy that it will be "catch as catch can". Sometimes those are the most successful and most restful vacations, for you don't wear yourself out getting ready.

We extend an invitation to you to stop by our Kitchen-Klatter plant if your travels bring you into our area.

Sincerely,

Margery

### COVER PICTURE

Margery (Mrs. Oliver Strom) is usually behind the camera and not in front of it, but this month we switched things around to give you a glimpse of how we put *Kitchen-Klatter* together. The large sheet that Margery is working with is one stage of our whole printing process. After she has accounted for the last word, the last comma, it will go into the room where we have our own printing equipment — that's a noisy and busy area when everything is going full tilt to prepare your copy of the magazine. Stop by and see it when you can. —Lucile

## TIPS FOR TRAVEL FUN

by  
Jean Jones

A family trip, be it for days or weeks, a few miles or many, may become tiresome, especially for children and young people. Some children travel well, while for others the hours of riding are irksome. Regardless of your situation, proper preparation before the trip begins can help to make the trip more pleasant.

Prepare a "Surprise Box" for the children. Choose items that are small enough not to take up unnecessary space, and toys that are quiet enough not to distract the driver. Put a number on each object with a corresponding number in a small box from which the child can draw to see what his surprise will be. For added novelty make certain that several of the toys are new and something that the child has not had at home.

Hand puppets, a magic slate, a weaving loom, and a kaleidoscope would be good selections. Crayons and paper can produce excitement when the number drawn produces a piece of black construction paper with a white crayon. A small suitcase with a doll and her travel wardrobe will bring little girls hours of enjoyment. Paper dolls also make good travel friends.

Singing together can add variety and help long hours seem shorter.

A game for the family is *Car Color*. The score chart can be set up by 2's, 3's, or 5's, depending on the ages of those playing. Your chart might be something like this: black cars, 5 points; white cars, 10 points; pastel shades, 15 points; and a jackpot of 25 points for spotting a car of the same color and make as the one your family is riding in. As you meet each car the first one to call out the car's color receives the points. However, if a player calls out "black, 5 points" and the car turns out to be brown, the one making the mistake must subtract 5 points from his score.

Traveling is one of the most rewarding educations you can give your children. Your summer travels, be they near or far from home, can give your children a rich background of information. If your family has a home set of encyclopedias, take along the volumes containing articles about the states you plan to visit. Then as you travel in each state you can read about, and discuss, the state's history, its natural resources, and its people and their work. For protection keep the books in a sturdy box.

(Continued on page 23)





## LET'S THINK ABOUT IT!

by  
Dorothy Shumate

"Anticipation is greater than the realization," someone said, and I've often pondered this bit of philosophy. Perhaps it is so. But, a truth more meaningful to me is: "Anticipation adds to the realization."

Take two young families, of like circumstances, who are my close friends and neighbors. Each household consists of mother, father, son and daughter. Financially, I would say, they are both in the upper-middle income bracket. Homes are almost identical — well furnished; and their children are as well behaved as any normal healthy youngsters under the age of eight. I am very fond of all of them. The children often drop in to see me, and sometimes we just sit around the kitchen table and discuss things over a light snack. So, I feel I am a qualified judge of their behavior. However, I have noticed a quality in both the children of one family that is somewhat lacking in those of the other . . . enthusiasm. For this reason, I feel that one family is a bit richer than the other.

The neighbors, whom I shall call Smith, have a great zeal for living. Everything they do seems more exciting. The children look forward to coming events with much expectation, and never seem to be disappointed. If they go to a drive-in to "eat out", it is a treat to look forward to; while the children in the family I shall name Jones, wouldn't give such an occasion a second thought. It isn't that the Jones family eat at a drive-in more often — just that it isn't anticipated . . . it just happens.

For example, a big circus came to our town recently. The Smith children were over to tell me all about it a week before it was due to unload. They talked with excitement about the lions, tigers, and big elephants they were going to see. Their father had already bought tickets. I don't believe a day passed that the children didn't tell me something new about the coming event; the acts they would see; the

cotton candy they would enjoy; and . . . they were saving their money for a great big balloon — one they would have to "hold onto tight" so it wouldn't float away, for it would be filled with some mysterious gas.

The very day following the long-awaited event, the youngsters brought their beautiful balloons over for me to admire, and told me all about the wonderful things they had seen — describing in detail the acts they especially liked. Much to my surprise, they enjoyed the lions and tigers best — even more than the funny clowns! They had a perfectly marvelous time!

It happened that the Jones children also saw the circus. But they didn't

know they were going until the very day of the big event. They hardly had time to think about it!

And that is why I don't believe for a moment that they received as much pleasure from the performance as the Smith children. That is also the reason I feel one family is just a little richer than the other . . . because they anticipate a good time, and always seem to have it.

In other words, their "anticipation adds to the realization!"



Why should a child listen to your advice if you contradict it with your example?



That's just one of the unpleasant aftermaths of summer fun. You know the rest: perspiration stain, ground-in dirt, tracked-in mud, bathtub rings, sticky dishes, finger-printed walls, and many more.

There's an inexpensive, hard-working helper you can put to work wherever there's rough cleaning to be done: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. This handy, inexpensive powder goes into solution the minute it hits water (even hard water!). It not only digs deep to remove dirt and grime, but it actually cuts cleaning time as much as one-half! That's because it doesn't form scum or froth, so you needn't spend extra time in rinsing or wiping.

Thousands and thousands of homemakers depend on **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to help them breeze through summer chores. Shouldn't you join them?

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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





## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The 1935 publication of the book *Old Jules* won acclaim for the late Mari Sandoz, writer of the Old West. The biography of her remarkable pioneering father, the Swiss immigrant who settled in Sheridan County, Nebraska, in the 1880's, is probably her most famous book. To celebrate the 30th anniversary of its publication, *Old Jules Country* (Hastings House, \$4.95) offers a generous sampling from the non-fiction writing of Miss Sandoz. *Old Jules Country* includes the regions where the buffalo roamed and the Indians reigned — the Black Hills, the Badlands, and the sandhills of Nebraska. Selections include writings from her Great Plains Series —



When boys have to get dressed up and stay clean for a few minutes, Clark Driftmier's advice is to have a good book around!

*The Beaver Men*; the life story of the great man of the Oglalas, *Crazy Horse*; the fine history of Western cattlemen, *The Buffalo Hunters*; as well as the mistreated, homesick Indians of *Cheyenne Autumn*, and a study of the great people, *These Were the Sioux*. The essay, the *Homestead in Perspective*, gives interesting history of the early days of the home seekers.

Although Mari Sandoz died on March 10, 1966, at the age of 65, her remarkable pioneer works will live on. *Old Jules Country* is a fine testimonial to Mari Sandoz.

*White Cap for Rechinda* (Ives Washburn, \$3.75) by Carroll Voss is a warm-hearted story for teenagers of a young Indian girl, Rechinda Iron Wing, who as a student nurse labors to keep up her grades and earn her white nursing cap. Rechinda is caught in a struggle between her Indian culture and the modern-day world. Dr. Two Moon, the handsome and dedicated Indian intern, makes Rechinda realize she must pick the best of her two heritages, Indian and white, and build a good life. Carroll Voss writes with clarity of Indian history and customs because she taught at a school for Indian girls. By reading *White Cap for Rechinda* we learn much of the way of life and point of view of the Indian. That the author's teaching was successful is shown by her dedication of the book to the girls of Saint Mary's School "who taught me to love and appreciate the Indian people."

A candid examination of the tools and machinery that go to make up the trade of writing is *Writing for Publication* (World Publishing Co., \$4) by Donald MacCampbell. The author, a New York literary agent, reminds us

that writing can be learned but never taught. A person must possess the urge to write, talent, and experience on which to draw material. To those interested in a career in writing, the author recommends an apprenticeship in a newspaper office, which brings a person into contact with the materials of everyday life. *Writing for Publication* is an up-to-date reference guide for writers, both professional and beginners.

Another book helpful to writers, published in 1964, is *On Creative Writing* (E. P. Dutton, \$4.95) edited by Paul Engle, distinguished American poet and for some time director of the Program in Creative Writing at the University of Iowa. It contains a helpful collections of articles by specialists as well as a thoughtful introduction by Paul Engle, who reminds anyone wanting to be a writer to develop an intense perception about human life and quotes Henry James' advice to try to become one of the people on whom nothing is lost. *On Creative Writing* offers inspired help to the writer.

A collection of letters from a father to his daughter, a bride to be, has proved to be a successful book. *Letters to Karen* (Abingdon Press, \$3) by Charlie Shedd brings joy, wisdom and common sense to all who read it. *Letters to Karen* is written with authority of an experienced counselor — Dr. Shedd has been a minister and counselor for more than 20 years — and yet it is filled with the warmth and love of a concerned father.

The second offering from Bud Collyer, host of *To Tell the Truth* program, is *With the Whole Heart* (Revell, \$2.75) which contains five messages in blank verse that present an affirmative approach to life. An inspirational, poetic book with two-color line drawings, *With the Whole Heart* will bring enrichment to those who read its message.

### NAME MISPELLED?

One thing about John Smith. Folks aren't likely to misspell his name — unless it's Jon Smythe. We like to be accurate. We wish you'd check the name and address on the label of this publication and if it should be changed, won't you please let us know? Let us know your Zip Code, too.

One's destiny is based on one's character.

\*\*\*\*\*

The best years of your life are now.

## What's new?

If you listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER visits you'll likely find out!

Tune in each weekday morning over one of the following radio stations:

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

All times listed are  
Central Standard Time.



**JUST FOR TODAY**

Just for today — I will try to live through this day only and not tackle my whole life's problems at once. I can do something for 12 hours that would appall me if I had to keep it up for a lifetime.

Just for today — I will be happy. This assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln said, "Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be."

Just for today — I will adjust myself to what is and not try to adjust everything to my own desires. I will take my "luck" as it comes, and adjust myself to it.

Just for today — I will exercise my soul in three ways: I will do somebody a Good Turn and not get found out; I will do at least two things I don't want to do — just for exercise; I will not show anyone that my feelings are hurt — they may be hurt, but today I will not show it.

Just for today — I will be agreeable. I will look as well as I can, dress becomingly, speak low, act courteously, criticize not one bit, find no fault with anything, and try to improve or regulate no one but myself.

Just for today — I will have a quiet half hour all by myself and relax. Sometime, during this half hour, I will try to get a better perspective of my life.

Just for today — I will be unafraid. Especially, I will not be afraid to enjoy what is beautiful and to believe that as I give to the world, so the world will give to me. —Anonymous

**THE JOY OF GARDENING**

by

Eva M. Schroeder

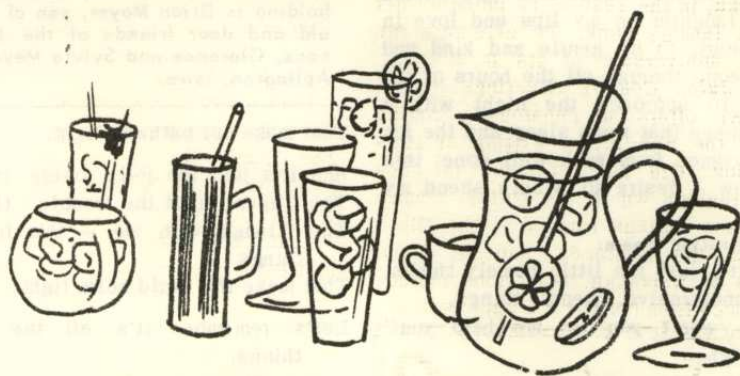
Many of us are inclined to put away the hoe and sprayer during the warm, lazy days of August as the vegetable garden is well on its way to maturity and annual flowers are providing color everywhere. It is all right to let up some and enjoy the fruits of your labor, but *do* watch for signs of diseases and insect invasion. This is particularly true of roses where a regular spraying or dusting schedule should be maintained.

Now is the time to look through fall bulb catalogues and make selections. Each spring when our daffodils and tulips are in bloom, visitors exclaim, "Why didn't we plant some of these lovely things last fall?" *You do have to plant the bulbs in the fall in order to get a mass of bloom the following spring*, and now is the time to select and order some bulbs. Narcissi and

the lesser spring-flowering bulbs should be planted in early fall so the roots become well established before cold weather arrives. (I'm sure this is the secret of getting daffodils to winter here in Minnesota.) Tulips and alliums can be planted much later — in fact, right up until the ground freezes too hard to dig the holes. Iris, Madonna lilies, and all narcissi do better if planted in late August and September.

"What is the difference in jonquils and daffodils?" is a question often voiced among gardeners. Actually, they are both common names for narcissi. Daffodil is most commonly ap-

plied to the large-trumpeted narcissi, and jonquil to the smaller, rush-leaved narcissi. No matter which name one uses, the fragrant, trumpeted flowers are delightful harbingers of spring and ought to be in every garden. If you already are narcissus-minded, then add some of the new and different varieties to your present plantings. Last year we planted a dozen bulbs of Double Narcissus Texas and the large double yellow, orange-streaked blooms were beautiful. Look through the fall catalogues and try some of the different kinds for a real surprise next spring.



## Coolers, YES Calories, NO!

Go ahead, enjoy cooling, refreshing summer drinks. Iced tea, iced coffee, lemonade. And make 'em as sweet as you like, without worrying about calorie counting. That's if, of course, you sweeten with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**.

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**AUGUST DEVOTIONS – Concluded**

But let's not forget the present –  
*Live and use it, beat life's drums,*  
 For the truth about tomorrow  
 Is the fact it never comes.

The perfect rose, the glorious sunset,  
 the smile of a friend – pause and  
 enjoy them *today*.

**Hymn:** "Just for Today"

**Leader:** To waken each morning with  
 a smile brightening my face (the flow-  
 ers opening on a dewing morning ask  
 for nothing but to brighten the spot  
 where they are); to greet each day  
 with reverence for the opportunities it  
 contains; to approach my work with a  
 clear mind; to meet men and women  
 with laughter on my lips and love in  
 my heart; to be gentle and kind and  
 courteous through all the hours of the  
 day; to approach the night with a  
 weariness that woos sleep and the joy  
 that comes from work well done: this  
 is how I desire to wisely spend my  
 days.

**Meditation Poem:**

Oh, it's just the little homely things,  
 The unobtrusive, friendly things,  
 The "won't you let me help you"  
 things



The darling little baby Dorothy is holding is Brian Meyer, son of very old and dear friends of the Johnsons, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer of Aplington, Iowa.

That make our pathway light.

And it's just the jolly joking things,  
 The "never mind the trouble" things,  
 The "laugh with me – it's funny"  
 things

That make the world seem light.

Let's remember it's all the little  
 things,

The "done and then forgotten" things,  
 That make life worth the fight.

—Anonymous

**Solo:** "Trees"

**Leader:**

The trees lift up their laureled heads,  
 With joy they clap their hands,  
 And murmur praise and thanks to Him  
 Who rules the sea and lands.

It is easy to feel close to God amidst  
 the beauties of nature. Let them then  
 teach us that we should often follow  
 the example of the Master, who drew  
 apart from the crowds to pray and to  
 meditate. That is what Nature would  
 say to us today: STOP! LOOK! LIS-  
 TEN! When tension mounts and pres-  
 sures bear down, take a look at the  
 world around you. *Be still and know  
 that I am God.* Count your blessings  
 and bring Him your praise. Like the  
 tree, "clap your hands with joy and  
 murmur your thanks to Him". You will  
 find it is the prayer that refreshes! In  
 the beauty of His world find the  
 strength to go on to the next new day  
 in faith and hope.

**Hymn:** "Joyful, Joyful We Adore  
 Thee"

**Benediction:** Grant us the knowledge,  
 O Father, that the best is yet in store;  
 that though we have so much, we still  
 may long for more – a longing for a  
 deeper peace, closer communion with  
 Thee, than we have ever known before.  
 Amen.

**FREDERICK'S LETTER – Concluded**

someone to teach our young people  
 how to play our lovely Dutch hand  
 bells, and at last I just gave up and  
 decided to teach them myself. I did  
 not know any more about it than the  
 children, but I learned, and oh what  
 fun I have been having. Last month  
 the children played in public for the  
 first time, and I was so proud of them.

I am having such a good rest this  
 summer, and oh what a pleasure it is  
 to be out of doors enjoying the beauty  
 of Nature. A long time ago I took the  
 advice of a novelist who said: "Love  
 all God's creation, the whole and  
 every grain of sand in it. Love every  
 leaf, every ray of God's light. Love  
 the animals, love the plants, love  
 everything. If you love everything, you  
 will perceive the divine mystery in  
 things. Once you perceive it, you will  
 begin to comprehend it better every  
 day. And you will come at last to love  
 the whole world with an all-embracing  
 love."

I love you, my dear friends, and I  
 hope that you have a happy summer.

Sincerely,  
 Frederick

Thanks to you,  
 everything went off  
 perfectly from beginning  
 to end, including  
 the refreshments.

Don't  
 thank me! All  
 the ideas came from  
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 KLATTER.

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**Kitchen-Klatter** Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



**TORNADO ALERT - Concluded**

entirely separate from the main house that contained what they called the "summer kitchen". Because cooking was then done over an open fireplace, the separate kitchen kept the heat out of the main house. Like those people of colonial days, I'm a firm believer now that *two* kitchens are better than one!

We didn't want to lose sight of the original purpose of the room in the basement, however, so I collected some smaller supplies that would be needed if we ever have to retreat there during a storm. I put extra blankets and old clothing in the storage chest. On the shelves I put candles, a kerosene lamp, and some matches in a covered, metal container. And I did not forget the very important hand axe! There were already some old magazines stacked on the shelves that would provide pastime for us. A zippered plastic cover would keep the cot clean so that our children could continue their sleep should a storm occur at night. All we would have to take with us to the storm room would be the transistor radio.

I don't think I'll be having any more bad dreams about our storm room now that we keep it neat and clean. We hope it will provide a few of the comforts of home if we should ever have to spend our time there, wondering if we will lose the home above us. We are truly prepared now — in case of a dreaded tornado alert in the future.

**WATERMELON FUN**

by

*Erma Reynolds*

Summertime is picnic and watermelon time. At your next picnic use a watermelon for fun as well as food. Here's how to do it:

When the watermelon is served, instruct the picnickers to save the seeds and rind of their fruit. After everyone has had his fill, collect the rinds and set them aside to be used later on for a stunt.

Now, have each person count the seeds in his possession and give a small prize to the one who has accumulated the largest collection.

For the first stunt have the players line up, each with a seed in his mouth. On signal they shoot the seeds as far in front of them as they can. The player whose seed travels the farthest is the winner of this event.

Place a pile of seeds in the center of the picnic table or on the ground. Give each player a soda straw and instruct

him to stand by the seeds. At the starting signal each player sucks up a seed on the end of his straw, transporting it from the center pile to a pile in front of his place. Two minutes are allowed for this slippery workout, and at the end of the time limit the player who has the most seeds wins a prize.

The players form two relay teams, with the leader of each team equipped with a pair of large mittens or bulky canvas gloves. Place a plate on the ground in front of each team and a large pile of seeds on the ground some distance away. At the starting signal the two leaders race to the pile of seeds where they pick up five seeds, one at a time, with their gloved hands.

Back they race to their teams where they deposit the seeds, one at a time, on the plate in front of their team. Then the second player puts on the mittens and races to pick up his five seeds. The relay continues in this fashion until one team has finished first and demands a group forfeit from the losers.

The final contest is watermelon sculpture. Each player is equipped with a knife and instructed to carve a figure from a piece of watermelon rind. When the sculpturing is finished, vote to determine the best result, and reward its designer with a prize.



Do your  
cottons  
have the  
"Late-Summer  
Blues"?



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# **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**



**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**

sic at the college there. I hadn't seen Jeanne for several years and it is hard for me to think of her as a cousin instead of a niece. Her mother, the former Louise Fischer, and I were not only cousins, but very close friends. Jeanne was born the summer before Frank and I were married, and I went to Kansas City to stay a week with Louise and Roger after Louise came home from the hospital. I'll never forget that week. Louise and I were both so green at taking care of babies, and, to top it off, Jeanne had contracted a mouth infection in the hospital which required special attention. When this healthy, happy, peppy young lady walked out of the city library where she works, all those memories of her first days of life rushed through my mind. I'm so glad she was strong enough to survive the awkwardness of her cousin Dorothy!

We spent the night in a motel near Kansas City, and drove on to Shenandoah the next morning. We had covered so much territory and done so many lovely things it was hard for us to realize we had been gone only four and a half days.

Last weekend I finally got to northern Iowa to see the two precious babies, both born in February to couples who are very dear friends of ours. I should have gone sooner but was waiting until Frank could go with me. However, wet weather put him behind in his field work and he couldn't leave so his sister Bernie and her friend, Belvah Baker, went with me. We drove right into a terrible rain storm and arrived in Aplington two hours later than we were expected, causing some uneasiness at that end. When Clarence and Sylvia Meyer took me into the bedroom to see Brian, such a darling baby, Clarence looked down at him proudly and said, "We had our fifteenth wedding anniversary yesterday, and I

think he is quite a present." I heartily agreed.

The next day we drove from Aplington to Oelwein to see little Polly Ann Hagg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claire Hagg. Mrs. Hagg is one of Kristin's dear friends who has visited in our home several times. I took pictures of both babies so I could send copies on to Kristin. I don't have them all developed yet and I imagine Kristin is getting a little impatient with me, but then she can't say anything because we haven't had any pictures of our little grandson for a long time! I must add, though, that Kristin and Art are getting ready to move to a town nearer to Laramie - and the University - so we know they are terribly busy.

Now, until next month,

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

**MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded**

activities to entertain boys Paul's age I knew I was out of my league.

For help I consulted friends who have boys of like age and talked with Paul about what games his friends enjoyed at parties. With this first-hand information plus the detailed suggestions to be found in the Kitchen-Klatter Party Plans book, we organized those parties with care and down to the last detail. This preplanning was part of the fun for me, and it paid off most successfully.

Adrienne's little friends - all girls - were here for a noon lunch which they ate with great show of good manners. We had creamed chipped beef on a split-open baked potato with a tall mast made of two slices of American cheese run through with a tiny dowel. Red mixed fruit gelatin salad, carrot sticks, red fruit punch, and cake and ice cream topped off their meal. We

had provided more than enough games to entertain their undemanding interests and before Adrienne was ready, the party was over. They were here from twelve until three o'clock - just the right length of time.

I'll tell you about Katharine's and Paul's parties next month.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

church. Kyra, their youngest daughter, enters high school as a freshman this fall. I feel very close to these two nieces and my nephew even though there have been so few opportunities to see them through the years.

Brother Howard is just now winding up a job that has kept him busy for about a year. He's done a complete remodeling job on the basement of his house and when the last of the tile is laid in the new bathroom he can call it quits. Between the demands of his big yard and rose garden and all of this remodeling work, he's had precious few idle moments.

I told you last month that Jake was almost always here at the office with me, but today I made him stay at home. (He looked crushed when I said firmly: "STAY.") I knew I had some business appointments today and I just plain didn't want to go through all the commotion of having him bark wildly while I was trying to talk just half-way sensibly! Before I left the house I hoped that the little girl across the street would come over and knock and say: "Can your little dog come out and play?", but she didn't appear. I cannot honestly say that Jake is very good at playing, but at least the neighborhood youngsters want to give him a try.

Now it's time to clean up this desk (it always manages to look cluttered in spite of my best resolutions) and prepare for these business appointments, so until next month I must tell you goodbye. Please write to us when you can. And let me add that all of us family members wish to thank each and every one of you who have been so kind to write to Mother and congratulate her on this 40th anniversary of Kitchen-Klatter. She is greatly appreciative, and we are too.

Faithfully always...

*Lucile*

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## TIPS FOR TRAVEL FUN - Concluded

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We are told that children have over 200 muscles to move with and none to sit still with. Frequent stops at roadside parks for a good stretch and a chance to use up excess energy will help to make the next hundred miles more enjoyable.

Regardless of where your summer trips take you, plan them so that they will be fun and profitable for all members of the family.

Vacation is simply that period of time when you get too active and too tired on your own time.

\*\*\*\*\*

Middle age is that period of time when you pick a vacation spot for quiet rather than for excitement.



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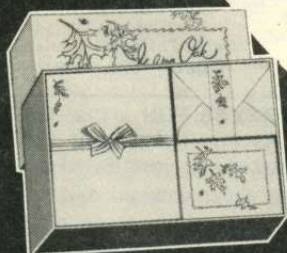
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