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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 31

AUGUST, 1967

NUMBER 8



MISS J. P. RAYSON, OWNER
502 HAMBURG AV.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. 64505



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.50 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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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

The other side of this sheet was printed several days ago, and when I first saw it I told Marge that at first glance you friends would wonder what new member of the family this could possibly be! At second glance you'd realize, of course, that it's a doll, not a real live baby, so I'd like to explain about it.

A number of weeks ago I was invited to a club meeting that was held in Clarinda, and the program for the evening was devoted to a most unusual display of dolls that has been collected by Dr. Adeline Comeau. Dr. Comeau is a practicing physician in Clarinda, and for about twenty years she has been keeping a sharp eye out for dolls, plus many items of doll equipment.

I don't know exactly how many dolls are in the total collection, but 169 had been brought to the meeting that night and they made an astounding display across one wall of the room. I studied them intently, and all of a sudden my eyes lighted on the doll whose picture you see on the cover and I was overwhelmed by memories dating back almost fifty years ago.

I never had a doll like the beautiful French bisque doll on the cover, but my dear childhood friend, Miriam Kaufman, had one exactly like it and my! how I envied Miriam her doll! It was always beautifully dressed and sat in a rocking chair, and somehow it was pretty clearly understood that we'd better play with the other dolls and not go carting around the gorgeous bisque doll.

I hadn't thought of Miriam's wonderful doll for decades and probably it never would have crossed my mind again if I hadn't spotted this particular beauty in Dr. Comeau's collection. But once I saw it I was astonished at the number of things I remembered about those long ago days when we "played doll" at Kaufman's house. Incidentally, I haven't seen Miriam since

1925 — she has made her home in Mexico City for many, many years. But her mother still makes her home in Clarinda and so I'm going to send her this picture and ask her to forward it on to Miriam; no doubt it will call back as much to her as it called back to me.

This is the time of the year when there is a lot of coming and going, and our family has a number of dates to keep in mind. Tonight, for instance, we're getting together to celebrate Margery's and Oliver's wedding anniversary, and we're lucky enough to have Abigail, Wayne, Alison and Clark with us. They're enroute to a nursery convention at Miami, Florida, and planned their trip to have this time with us in Shenandoah. At some point on this trip South they will meet Emily on her return from the year in Costa Rica, and then all five of them will be in Shenandoah for another two days on their return to Denver.

Juliana was here for a few short hours about a month ago, and I had the sensation after she left that she really hadn't been here at all! She was on her road to visit friends in Massachusetts, and now that visit is almost over and she'll be coming back through here before long.

I had hoped that Juliana would go to Expo 67 at Montreal while she was as close as Cape Cod because I don't plan to go, much as I'd like to, and I figured that she could give me a blow-by-blow account. But she heard so much in Massachusetts about not being able to get lodging unless reservations had been made weeks in advance that she didn't want to run the risk of not having a place to put her head when night fell.

I've never been to a World's Fair or anything comparable to Expo 67 because I couldn't figure out how in the world to get around. I'm sure all kinds of facilities must have been worked out for physically handicapped people because there are a lot of us, but as yet I haven't heard anything about

these details. From reading your letters I know that many, many of you are going to Montreal before Expo 67 closes in October, and when you have time to write I'd certainly love to hear your impressions. I'm particularly anxious to know what you folks think about our United States exhibit. In reading articles in many magazines I've found that some people think we have the most wonderful exhibit at Montreal, and other people think that it's a sad disgrace. I'd certainly like to hear what you think.

When Juliana returns to Albuquerque she's going to be faced with the grim job of moving. I refer to this as a grim job because she is a terrific "saver" and you know what happens to "savers" when moving day rolls around. All of this last year she has wanted to get into other quarters, but the bleak prospect of moving all that stuff kept her from taking action. Now she has no choice because the apartment building where she has lived for almost three years is going to be leveled to make room for a new filling station and motel, so this means she must scurry around and find another place to live. There isn't much furniture to fret about when moving day comes, but solid chunks of furniture are really simple compared to cartons and cartons and cartons of kitchen equipment, books, papers, records and a motley conglomeration of stuff like this. I'm glad I don't have to be around when all of the shuffling takes place!

We keep in close touch with Aunt Jessie Shambaugh by means of letters and phone calls, and we're very happy indeed to tell you that she has been released from the hospital and is now with her daughter Ruth at her home in San Mateo, California, and getting along extremely well. We'd been fearful that she might have to be hospitalized for many weeks after falling and suffering such severe injuries, but it didn't turn out that way at all, much to our vast relief. Naturally, it is still too early to make long range plans, but to us it seems almost miraculous that she is actually in Ruth's home and getting along so amazingly well.

One of these days I must get a new picture of Jake, my little Chihuahua, to share with you. I can't really see that he's changed at all, but when Juliana was here she said that he was certainly getting fat and looked very different. We're supposed to give dogs a "balanced diet", I know, but Jake has about the most unbalanced diet imaginable. He eats nothing but meat, well-cooked meat, and positively refuses to have anything to do with milk, vegetables, or anything else in the line of food. From time to time I've

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM NEW DELHI, INDIA

Dear Friends:

As I sit here writing this *Kitchen-Klatter* letter to you, I have to pinch myself to make certain I am not dreaming. David and I are sitting on a balcony of our room in the Intercontinental Hotel overlooking the vast city of New Delhi, India. Mary Leanna and Betty are on the balcony next to this one, and the four of us are looking at the thousands of lights stretching across New Delhi to the old city of Delhi. Beyond the lights is the darkness of miles and miles of thirsty, hot, Central India. We just had dinner by candlelight in the Oriental Restaurant atop this skyscraper of a hotel, and now we listen to the exotic strains of Indian music, interrupting only occasionally to say: "It is all like a beautiful dream! How can it be true?"

This is a Friday, five days after leaving New York on a Swiss Air Lines DC8 super jet. We flew directly to Geneva, Switzerland, flying from New York to Geneva in just under seven hours. Like all the other flights I have made across the Atlantic, we literally "ate our way over". We were served a delicious dinner after take-off, and then following two or three hours of sleep we had breakfast. At Geneva we were met by a representative of Swiss Air who personally took us to our hotel, and then gave us his own personally guided tour of the city.

In Geneva we saw all of the international buildings — United Nations, World Council of Churches, International Red Cross, International Labor Organization, and several others. In the afternoon we took a fast electric train to my favorite European city, Lausanne, Switzerland. We walked about, looking into the many quaint shops that dot the lake-front and then in the evening took a fast boat down lovely Lake Geneva, stopping at several beautiful towns in France and in Switzerland. Although I had boated around Lake Geneva before, I had forgotten how much like a page out of medieval history some of the ancient towns are. What a thrill it was for Betty and me to see the children's first happy reactions to a part of Europe we have come to love so much.

A two-day stay in Geneva was all too little, but our schedule demanded that we fly on to India. Words of mine are inadequate to describe the view we got of the Swiss Alps. Our plane was so close to some of the glaciers, that had there been a mouse on one of them, we would have seen it. The trip on Swiss Air was one of the finest air trips I ever have made. Our views of Greece



Rev. Frederick Driftmier and his wife Betty will resume their weekly tape-recorded visits with our radio listeners when they return from their trip.

and Turkey were superlative. David kept saying as he looked down from 37,000 feet at the barren hills of Greece and Turkey: "But what do they eat? How can they farm those rocks?" I had to confess that even though I had seen the Middle East at close hand, I did not know what supported the poor people.

We landed in Karachi, Pakistan, at one o'clock in the morning, and while the plane was being refueled, we went into the airport waiting room. There we met some Mid-westerners who were also on their way to Bombay, India. Mr. and Mrs. Russell O. Parta of New York Mills, Minnesota, told us they knew about *Kitchen-Klatter*. I asked them if they had ever felt any heat like the heat of a tropical night in Karachi, and they said Minnesota never had the likes of it but they were sure southwest Iowa had. On that we agreed! It was hot, very hot but no hotter than the hottest night of a good corn-growing season.

You people know that I have traveled about this world a good bit, and you know I have lived on the banks of the Nile River. Therefore, you will know the extent of my remarks when I tell you that in all my life I never have seen poverty like the poverty of Bombay, India. Even now as I sit here on this balcony looking out across New Delhi, I can't quite believe it. In Bombay there are many thousands of people who actually have no roof over head. They sleep right on the pavements — whole families haven't a single thing except the rags on their backs. Little children are conceived, born, and reared on the streets, and

the situation gets worse every year no matter how much is done to correct it. Here the population is literally exploding, with thousands of more homeless people to feed each day.

Oh yes, we have seen the snake charmers, the naked holy men, the great temples, and the teeming cities of India. When we watched a snake charmer bring a big cobra out of a basket, Mary Leanna ran for the car. I stayed and I hope I got some good pictures.

Nothing in all we have seen of India has thrilled us more than a visit to our mission center at "The Place of the Cobra" in Bombay. The children sit in the school six to a seat meant for three — 3,000 of them in a school meant for 300, and there are thousands more begging for a chance to learn.

In the teeming neighborhood of the school there are 700 persons per acre of two-story buildings and that means 10 or 15 persons per room. The only chance for a child to grow out of such dire poverty is education, and there just aren't nearly enough schools.

Today on our way to New Delhi from Bombay we flew over miles and miles of land burnt to a crisp by a merciless hot sun. All the people wait for the monsoon season, and as our plane landed we brought the rains. Today New Delhi had its first shower in a long, long time. Tonight the people are rejoicing, and I rejoice with them. Thank God for the rain.

In my next letter I shall tell you more of our "Magic Carpet" vacation trip.

Sincerely,

Frederick



Time Is Registered by Ordinary Things

by
Mollie Dowdle

One day I looked up the word "time" in the dictionary, curious to see just what kind of words were used to express its meaning.

And there, in about a foot of space, was the definition and now I'm not quite as clear on it as I was before; long words and phrases are never too easy for me to digest.

Time, that intangible thing we are all holding on to, ticked off moment by moment by that instrument called a clock, and registered by things — so many millions of just things.

Time was a beginning, "when the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." And it became a morning when the Creator said, "Let there be light, and there was light." And time was divided, the light from the darkness. And the evening and the morning were the first day of all time.

And on the sixth day of creation, a man was put on the firmament and from then until this present day, he has watched the rising and setting of the sun and ordered his life to revolve around those 24 hours.

The span of time ran on and there was a crucifixion and a miraculous resurrection and man was given hope for everlasting life, when time would have no ending.

Time is the living, conscious existence for all of us. Birth time, baby time, school time, sweetheart time, time when we choose a mate, and then that precious hour when we become parents . . . time when years begin to catch up with us and eventually we sleep across where one thousand years are as a day and there is no time of tears, no nighttime.

Time is a cuddly baby held close to your heart; a first tooth; a hesitant first step; the excitement of a first Christmas; a teddy bear, a rocking horse and a first hair cut.

It's measles, mumps and whooping cough; wild Indians, a kite flying high

in the air and the multiplication tables. It's the seventh day and Sunday school, a white shirt and best overalls, and sometimes chicken and pie for dinner.

Time is skinned, bruised knees, wobbly stilts, learning to swim, marbles and baseball.

It's a little boy in a jacket with sleeves too short — time had flown away and the jacket couldn't keep up. It's a first bicycle, a fishing pole and a treasured glass dish bought at a dime store for his mother.

It's high school, a khaki uniform worn in a land of war, and college with honors that make a mother's heart joyous.

Time is a daughter brought into the family and grandchildren. And the cycle begins all over again — a first tooth, uncertain steps and baby talk.

Time is a longed-for telephone call, a note in the mail, a quick peck on the cheek. It's all these joyous, precious things because time causes boys to grow into men awfully fast.

Time is a dress, far too short for Kathy and it's smeared, uneven lipstick for Patty. It's streaks of white in my precious neighbor's hair and aching bones and slow steps for Dorie, our mother-hen grandmother.

Time is a necessity of wood for winter, a searching for a warm old coat for my son at a rummage sale. It's marigolds and carnations (such tiny plants) transplanted in the flower beds by work-scarred hands.

It's four o'clock in the morning, when sleep has slipped away and a pot of coffee begins the day of 24 hours. It's Ribbon, whining at the backdoor as soon as the light is turned on, anxious to slip inside and curl up in an old coat.

Time is early in the day, when I listen for a phone call from my favorite friends, when they just call to say, "Hi, how are you?"

And there's garden time, harvest and

preserving time, school begin-again time; scrubbed clean face and hands for Brucie. Time controls it all.

Why the accent on time — that precious 24 hours that slips away and is gone forever, only leaving memories, some good and some not so good? It seems the consciousness of it is most exemplified by the turning over of a calendar leaf.

Time is breakfast, a hurried meal and supper when we bring out our best. It's the sight of the mailman: it's the hands of a clock pointing to the minutes when the laborer goes to work and it's rest time and then bedtime. It's haying season, fishing time and that anticipated hunting in the fall of the year.

All these are the special times that are and have been at our house. Each of us would list it differently because our lives are different and the clock ticks on and on and before we realize it, a year, ten years, 20 years have passed. But where did it go, leaving only footprints in the sand of time?

King Solomon, the very wise ruler of the Jewish people, wrote this: "I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all."

ADAGE VS. ADAGE

When there's a will there's a way — BUT — You can lead a horse to water and cannot make him drink.

Look before you leap — BUT — He who hesitates is lost.

Many hands make light work — BUT — Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Discretion is the better part of valor — BUT — Faint heart never won fair lady.

There's safety in numbers — BUT — You can't beat the numbers.

What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander — BUT — One man's meat is another man's poison.

Out of sight, out of mind — BUT — Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Wait long enough and your ship will come in — BUT — You must row out to meet your ship.

A stitch in time saves nine — BUT — Time is money.

Nobody loves a fat man — BUT — Santa Claus is ever jolly.

Better understanding is the key to all human relations. We should try to understand the other fellow's problems; get his viewpoints and reasons for his complaints.

"A GOOD TIME WAS HAD BY ALL"

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Family reunions, church socials, just-before-college parties, neighborhood parties — there is just no end to the different groups who may be planning an August party, so, for those responsible for planning such an event, here are a few ideas. Many of them are adaptable to mixed age groups.

Playground Party: This is an outdoor party in which all kinds of outdoor games — croquet, clock golf, horseshoes, badminton, or quoits — are set up in a lawn area so that guests can take their choice. Tournaments can be worked out, or the games can be played on a progressive basis until everyone has taken a turn at all the games. Adults might like this version of a "kid party" with everyone coming dressed in a "kid" costume. You might add a teeter-totter and jumping rope for more fun!

Everybody Sing: Invite everyone to come to "An Evening in the Moonlight". Plan for a good old-fashioned song-fest around a campfire, with ukulele and accordians and guitars brought along for good measure. To get things started you might make use of a portable record player, but most people like to sing just for the joy of singing, whether there's an accompaniment or not. A good song leader is necessary for this party, and it might help to have mimeographed song sheets to get things started. Be sure to work some of the camp-type action songs and humorous ditties into the evening's program for variety. Sometimes out of such a group you can get some impromptu duets and quartettes to present special numbers.

Open Air Drama Night: For those who have always wanted to get "into the act", this type of party is ideal. This can be an entirely unrehearsed affair of short skits, "black outs", tableaux, stunts, and readings around a campfire. The hostess will need to provide some props and perhaps, the "makings" for costumes. She can also have various skits ready, allowing guests to choose which they prefer to produce, or parts can be drawn, out of a hat. You will find that children love this sort of thing, and have wonderful imaginations capable of concocting original productions. Pantomimes always work well in such a program and can be hilariously funny.

Versions of the familiar charades can be used on drama night, also.



Here are four of the antique dolls Lucile mentions in her letter.

Slips of paper with suggestions of events in your community, or in our national history, can be used for these charades.

County Fair Party: This can be set up in the carnival atmosphere of various game booths, balloons and midway acts. Prizes can be in form of blue, red, and white ribbons for first, second, and third places. The one winning most ribbons for the evening will win the huge sweepstakes award — the purple ribbon badge.

Hawaiian Luau, Mexican Fiesta, Evening in Chinatown: A party with a foreign flavor is always fun, when everyone gets into the spirit of the occasion.

For the luau, greet arriving guests by placing colorful leis of garden flowers about their necks. If they have been asked to wear the most colorful and gayest apparel they have, it will lend atmosphere. Guests assemble to recorded Hawaiian music in the background. Large straw hats, crepe-paper palm trees, pineapple and other fruits, flowers, both in the party area and as personal decoration, will set the mood for the party. To provide true Hawaiian flavor, serve refreshments from a cloth spread on a low table or on the ground beside a campfire, with guests seated in a circle upon the ground.

For a Mexican, Chinese, or other foreign-flavor party, scour the neighborhood for props, and try to serve refreshments in a typical manner, building the entertainment around the theme. Such parties, particularly when guests come in costume, tend toward a relaxed good-fellowship of fun and laughter.



HAVE A MYSTERY LUNCH FOR FUN AND PROFIT

by
Alpha Allan Wahl

One of the most enjoyable and rewarding stunts our church group put on the past year was a Mystery Lunch. If your church or club is looking for something both social and profitable, try this new slant of the old well-known Mystery Lunch. The idea, as we all know, is to be able to read the menu. One woman who attended our lunch ordered four different things from the clues on the menu and ended with a spoon, napkin, an olive, and a toothpick. She was allowed to reorder, of course, until the waitress brought her favorite food, but she had fun finding out what was on the menu, just as the crowd of diners had fun trying to decipher the items they wanted to eat.

We began by appointing four women as chefs who were sworn not to divulge any clues on the menu. These had charge of the kitchen and preparation of food. They made themselves exaggerated chefs' hats and wore huge aprons.

The solicitation chairman and her committee solicited members for needed cash and food for the project. Two women were selected as singing waitresses. It didn't matter if they couldn't sing, just so they tried. At intervals the two appeared in caps and aprons and sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" or "Song of India" — never more than one verse or a chorus. Any song will do. For a small tip the songsters would do a request number; for a large tip they would sing up a storm.

Two or three other waitresses in cap and apron and equipped with pencil and pads to write orders were needed. *Waitresses could not help diners with order.* If you cannot find aprons and caps they can be made from white crepe paper stitched on sewing machine.

If an added attraction is wanted, Madame Knowitall could read fortunes from her crystal ball (a fish bowl turned upside down). An imaginative woman, veiled to her eyes, wearing mysterious jewels and perfume, could read fortunes for those who crossed her palm with silver. Fortunes can be written out before-hand, drawn from under her magic ball, and read to the client with great flourish and much murmuring by the great Madame.

Ads in the local papers, posters in store windows, and a whispering campaign about the event brought out a fine bunch of diners. We served between 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. Both women and men came.

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DOROTHY ATTENDS KRISTIN'S GRADUATION

Dear Friends:

Early this morning, while Frank and I were enjoying our last cup of breakfast coffee on the front porch, I thought, "How green is our valley"! Everything is so lush and verdant this year that it makes the beautiful red climbing roses, the orioles and wild canaries in the meadow, and the cardinals in the bushes look all the more brilliant.

So recently this same landscape had been anything but beautiful to our eyes when we saw our cornfields almost completely covered with muddy water. In spite of our loss we are grateful because many thousands of farmers throughout the Midwest had things much worse than we did. The tornadoes which were dancing around in the skies in such profusion during the month of June didn't come to the ground at our farm, and the high water didn't ruin our home. We have had floods before and at harvest time have been happily surprised to find we had more corn than we had anticipated. In 1947 Frank replanted three times and ended up with enough corn to feed the livestock most of the winter.

On June the 4th I witnessed a very special event, the graduation ceremonies at the University of Wyoming when Kristin walked across the stage in the big field house along with 700 others to receive her degree. She had hoped to graduate two years ago this summer when she tried very hard to complete the required number of hours by taking as many classes as they would permit during the summer session, along with several correspondence courses. But correspondence courses are very time consuming, and by the end of the summer she had completed everything except a few lessons in one course. That held up her graduation. To meet University requirements for a degree, the last hours of credit must be taken on campus. The last semester of this past school year she managed to find a seminar course she could take on Saturday which would apply toward her degree. This fulfilled the requirements for her. It was a very momentous occasion for her, and an achievement that made her father and me very happy.

I wasn't the only member of Kristin's family who was able to be present. Frank felt very badly that he couldn't take the time away from his field work, but as farmers know, it was a critical time and he just *had* to stay at the farm. He suggested that I ask his sister Bernie to make the trip with me. It really didn't take much persuasion on my part because Kristin had already



It was a thrilling moment for Dorothy when she stepped off the train and held her little grandson.

written her with the same suggestion. I planned to drive out but when the car acted "balky" decided we had best go by train and not risk car trouble along the way.

I called Kristin the day before we were to leave to tell her that Bernie was coming with me and when to meet the train. She was so excited she could hardly talk, and when I added that we planned to stay a week, she just couldn't believe it! I told her to tell Andy that Grandma Johnson would have a surprise in her suitcase for him. When we got off the train he was too overcome with excitement to say anything at all, but as soon as we were in the car he asked, "Grandma Johnson, where is your suitcase?"

Since this was Bernie's first trip to Laramie, Art was anxious for her to see the University campus and the town they've called "home" for the past five years. I couldn't get over the changes and all the big new buildings that have been erected on the campus in the five short years since I first saw the University. When we drove past Hoyt Hall where Kristin lived that first year, my thoughts went back to the September day in 1962 when she said goodbye to us, turned her back and walked up the steps to the dormitory. I remembered the sudden sickness I felt at leaving her at this large school such a long way from home, where she didn't know one single person. Had it really been almost five years? There are so many new dormitories that old Hoyt Hall is no longer used for housing but has been converted for other purposes.

The next morning we drove out to the little community of Harmony where Kristin has accepted a teaching position for next year. After driving 80 miles a day a round trip to teach in Rock River, she decided to find something closer to home. Another attrac-

tive feature about the school at Harmony was the fact that it is a two-room rural school. When Kristin was a little girl going to country school she always said she was going to teach a rural school when she grew up. This is about as nearly like it as she will find today. She will teach 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grades.

Kristin had boxes of books and teaching supplies in the trunk of her car so we drove out to the school hoping to find the janitor at home so he could let us in. He wasn't there but his wife was and she was happy to show us around.

The building is stucco, has been well taken care of and is modern in every respect. The two large classrooms, with lots of nice windows, and rest rooms are on the first floor. The basement has a well-equipped kitchen for serving hot lunches, and a huge room which is used for recreational purposes, programs and things of that nature. At one end of this room is a nice stage with curtains across the front, scenery and stage properties for plays. Kristin plays the piano and was especially happy to see that they have a nice one. She is looking forward to planning some good programs and plays for the parents next year.

After leaving Harmony there was time for a drive so we headed for Woods Landing, then took a highway which followed a lovely rushing stream through ranching country at the foot of the mountains. We drove as far as the Colorado line, then turned around and drove back to Laramie, arriving in time for lunch. Art had classes in the afternoon so the womenfolks and Andy went shopping.

We were all hoping the weather would be warm and sunny the next day so we could pack a picnic dinner and head for the mountains. It wasn't *very* warm and the sun only came out from behind the clouds *occasionally*, but we decided to go anyway! I particularly wanted Bernie to see the section of Medicine Bow National Forest, about halfway between Laramie and Cheyenne, where Kristin and Art had taken me on a previous visit. We went to the Vedawoo picnic area and found that a lot of other people had had the same idea for an outing that day. But this area has many picnic tables and fireplaces scattered far enough apart that one can still feel a sense of privacy.

You would expect it would be a simple matter to collect firewood in a forest, but that certainly wasn't the case. Most of the trees were tall pines and there just weren't any fallen branches lying around like there are in our timber at home. After much searching we found enough to hold a fire

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NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

This has been a very busy week for all the members of our family. Instead of the usual Vacation Bible School which our church has offered their young people in the past, they inaugurated a plan to include the parents this year. In an effort to fit it in with the hours of working fathers, the church is holding the sessions in the evening. Although it doesn't start until seven o'clock, it still speeds us through our supper each evening in order to drive the thirteen miles to church on time.

Paul and Adrienne have been in separate classes this year. I haven't quite gotten a clear description from Adrienne as to what she is learning in her class, but Paul is coming home each evening with traces of his work on his trousers — salt and flour. He tells us he is working on a map of the Mediterranean Sea area with the Holy Land being done in great detail.

Katharine's junior high class is meeting with Dr. Ream for a discussion of "Science and Religion". Thus far their discussions have centered on comparing the life of a bee, which adheres rigidly to instinctive laws, to Man, who has the choice of living according to God's laws or not. When the choice is not to live according to God's laws, Dr. Ream points out the most obvious consequences.

Don and I have been taking a course taught by several clinical psychologists from within our church membership, plus a medical doctor and another minister. The subject is morals. This has been a reinforcement of the theme that in order for our children to have strong convictions of right and wrong when they are at an age when they will begin to date, they must first have had the proper Christian attitudes seen at home — parental example again!

While I'm still on the subject of teaching and learning, I want to share with you the pride that Don and I enjoyed with our big girl Katharine. On the last day of school at the Academy, the Headmaster invites the parents to come to a ceremony where the children are recognized for their achievements during the year. Our Katharine was recognized for her qualities of leadership, quiet determination and constant efforts to improve her workmanship. For this she was officially given the Character Award for her 6th grade class, which this year was the book entitled *The Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson Burnett. On the inside cover is the inscription which reads, "I must keep myself bright and clean for I am the window through which I see the



Donald Driftmier took this picture of Mary Beth and the children as they viewed the Mississippi River at Pike's Peak State Park near McGregor, Ia.

world." (Author — Anonymous) We were very proud of her and her father told her that he would rather have her bring home a character award any time than a scholastic recognition because although a brilliant mind will carry you far in this world, without a noble character you're just a hollow shell of a person.

Have I had occasion to tell you yet that we will have a foreign teacher living with us next year? The Academy has invited four teachers to come to the United States on a teacher exchange program and their visas are for six months. We have agreed to share our home with a teacher from France. I don't know how much (if any) English she will speak, but we have fortified ourselves with an enormous French-English dictionary so we'll be able to communicate somewhat. I'm counting on the fact that Katharine and Paul have both had French at school to help out on our basic communication. We're planning to move Paul into Adrienne's room where there is an unused upper bunk bed so that the young lady can have his bedroom. The children are so thrilled with the prospect of having one of the new teachers live with us that they are willing to make almost any sacrifice! We have yet to scare up a comfortable chair for the room for her to use when she retires from the bustle of our own family activities to gain a little peace and quiet.

We've been having a few weeks of Clean-Bathroom-Drills with our three children because their bathroom habits have a little to be desired. The toothpaste left on the cabinet top, dripping washcloths, and the underclothing that is dropped and left unthinkingly simply cannot be allowed to go uncorrect-

ed when there will be an outsider sharing the same bathroom. Thus far I can't boast on the success of these practice runs, but hopefully when the young lady arrives she will bring out the best in the younger generation, and out of consideration for the lady herself they will be more thoughtful.

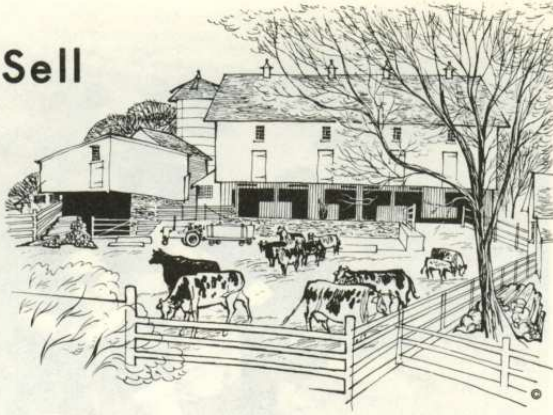
This will be quite an unusual arrangement. She will receive her pay from the school but it will be only enough to allow her spending money for incidentals. Her main paycheck will be sent directly to the agency which is bringing her into the country, and they will, in turn, exchange this into francs when she returns to her native country. She will live with us completely without expense. Donald felt that it would not be too expensive because we frequently have enough food on the table for another person anyway. We stand more to gain by having her here than it could possibly cost us.

It is my understanding that this young woman also has a Physical Education minor and this will tie in nicely with the New Program that Don has initiated for himself and the small fry. Every morning they get up and do the Canadian Air Force exercises which start out very gently but are guaranteed to keep you fit and feeling good! There is a plan within the booklet (which, by the way, has been printed in paperback and costs one dollar) for every age group. Adrienne is doing the exercises for the 7- to 8-year olds; Paul, the 9- to 10-year grouping; and Katharine, the 12-year-old section. You are allowed only 11 minutes for men and 12 minutes for women, which is no strain on anybody's time schedule. Once your goal is reached for your par-

(Continued on page 22)

Why I Won't Sell My Farm

(Anonymous)



Sometimes, when the seasons seem all mixed up and are not cooperative and my hay is either standing dead ripe in the fields or incessant rains pour so I can't have it harvested, I say to myself, "I'm going to sell out, lock, stock and barrel and move into town where I won't have any worries."

Here, there are always problems. If it isn't the weather, it's a sick calf, cattle crawling through the fences or chickens scratching up everything on the place. At the time I really mean what I say — or am I just fooling myself and think I do?

Then some morning, just at daylight when I go outside and the feathered choirs of birds are welcoming the dawn with a concert and I pick out my cattle, one by one as they lie silently chewing their cud, I know I can never sell out.

I just can't. This is my way of life, I know no other and I would not be happy anywhere else. I could part with the tangibles but the intangibles I know I must keep and with those I'll keep the sentiments. These, you can't hang a price tag on.

Take first, this old-fashioned farmhouse that I live in. It wasn't fit for habitation when we bought it twenty years ago.

My husband was alive and well then and we worked almost around the clock tearing down and building back. Gradually and backbreakingly we repaired and remodeled. It grew like the "House That Jack Built" in the nursery rhyme. We were not professionals and our work looked it. The walls weren't straight and the paper wouldn't match.

Recklessly, I knocked some studding out between two rooms to make a larger one and the floor in one of the upstairs bedrooms sagged and the ceiling in the living room bowed. At first, I planned to get it straightened but now I've lived with the condition so long that I like it that way.

By mistake we put the "H" faucet in the bathroom on the cold water and visa versa. The rest of the plumbing is also on the kilter much of the time.

Many times I've handed a guest the dishpan and said "You'll have to pack your water from the kitchen for every thing in there." And they didn't mind. I've tried to cultivate friendships with that kind of people.

And my nice big old kitchen, the hub of all activities in my household. Where in this day of compact living could I find one that would hold the television set, two rocking chairs, gun racks, fish poles, miscellaneous junk, two big dogs and the neighbors' children? Besides those, the necessities such as the wood cook stove, and the table and chairs. With all these things we aren't the least bit crowded.

And then there are the swallows that I couldn't bear to leave. High in the peak of my old two-story house they build their nest of mud and straw every year. Here, the mother sits complacently to lay her eggs and hatch out a family of babies. Watching them on the sheer wall, my faith is always rekindled and I feel as if I could move mountains of obstructions.

Over a period of years I've learned many important and precious things from living on these acres. Among them, the knowledge that no matter what befalls me, the earth and soil will remain constant.

When the aged pair of red cocker spaniels that belonged to my husband died so close together, shortly after his death, I was heart broken.

I insisted they be buried under an apple tree and a few days later the buds burst into bloom over them. My grandchildren had nailed together two small crosses from bits of wood and marked their resting places. Soon the petals dropped in profusion and covered the graves and even the crosses. And I felt better about losing the dogs.

Many times, since living here on the farm I've turned to the miracles of nature for comfort and consolation. That alone is enough to keep me here.

And I've learned patience from the soil. I can't hurry the sweetpeas through the earth or rush the ripening of the tomatoes. The sapling apple trees won't bear until they are matured and the hen's eggs won't hatch until their time is up.

Here, I've seen faith in fruition. I plant seeds expecting them to come to life and they do. The eggs will hatch, the roses bloom, the grain will ripen and the summer showers will come. If I keep faith things have a miraculous way of working out right.

Everything living and growing on my place is to me a symbol of the order and beauty, the continuity of the universe and its eternal steadfast patience and purpose.

So, if I sold this old house, the barn with its leak in the roof and the rail fences I'd be selling my heart.

And I can't do that for: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."



LAMENT OF A FARMER'S WIFE

I'd like to be a poet
And write a verse or two,
Tho when I have the time
The words come so slow and few.
But when the mood is on me
And there's music in my brains,
When rhythms flow like fountains,
And swiftly come refrains,
I'm on the tractor discing
With no paper and no pen —
I never can keep them in mind
'Till I'm back home again.
Or, if perchance, I'm in the house
(It happens sure as fate)
There's someone on the telephone
Or someone at the gate.
Sometimes the pigs crawl from their pen,
Or the cows get in the corn,
Then, too, my verse just has to wait —
The poem isn't born.
And if I try to jot a thought
While cooking ('tis no joke),
Like as not when next I look
Dinner's gone up in smoke.
I guess when we retire
(If we find someday we can),
Perhaps things will work better
If I have made this plan:
A maid to cook the meals, to serve,
To answer phone and door.
But then I'll bet the rhythms and rhymes
Won't be coming anymore!

—Ruth Hansen



They Had Fun Long, Long Ago

FROM MY CENTENNIAL NOTEBOOK

by Mabel Nair Brown

In reading the files of our local paper, old clippings, and magazines of a century ago while working on a history of our town for our Centennial last year, I became interested in the vivid word pictures of the social life "way back" then. It struck me what a riot of fun it would be to copy some of these ideas for some gay Centennial parties if your town happens to be observing its birthday this year.

It would seem that no amount of time or effort was too great to spend on elaborate decorations and refreshments, or for costume parties and fanciful entertainment. Perhaps a few excerpts from my file of notes will be just the ideas you're needing to plan a special Centennial party.

THE ORCHARD FETE (1877)

"We cannot imagine anyone's not having a delightful evening at the Sylvester home last Friday when twenty-six of our handsome swains and their lovely lasses gathered on the Sylvester back lawn where they were served a delicious and bountiful repast from dainty tables set under the fruit trees.

"To see the sunset and to hear the birds in song was wonderful indeed and then as dusk fell, the pretty Oriental lanterns were lighted and there was music and laughter to the delight of all.

"The 'Feast of the Fruits' consisted of the following delicacies:

Fruit Cup

Fruit Soup Fruit Wafers

Fruit Salad

Fruit Cake Fruit Ice Fruit Roly-Poly
Fruit Punches Clear Fruit Candies

"During the evening the guests enjoyed charades and some lovely tableaux, all of which demonstrated the ready wit, superior intellect, and splendid dramatic abilities of our young people.

"At a late hour the guests gathered once more around the small tables and were served delectable meringue glaze shells on pretty hand-painted plates. The shells were filled with the largest and prettiest strawberries from Mr. Sylvester's own garden."

THE LITERARY SOCIETY MEETS (1878)

"The recently organized Literary Society will give the young folks of our town, and their elders, too, a chance to *distinguish* or *extinguish* themselves this winter. Let the latent Demosthenes or Cicero now appear!

"At the regular meeting Monday evening a most enjoyable program was presented and loudly applauded. The president, the very able Mr. Pitman, presided and announced the following program:

The Land of the Free — oration — Willie M.

A Bird from Over the Sea — vocal solo — Miss Hattie S.

Physiology — lecture — Dr. M.

Over the Hill to the Poorhouse — an elocution — Miss Minnie B.

Over the Waves — piano solo — Miss Lulu Belle B.

Selections — Male quartette with Ben D. whistling soloist

"At the February meeting there will be a debate on the subject, 'Resolved: That a ballot be retracted to those who can read.'"

HOSIERY SHOWER (1897)

"One of the most pleasing of pre-nuptial events held for Miss Ada L. occurred at The Commodore Wednesday evening when Miss Addie S. gave a hosiery shower in her honor.

"The young ladies of the J.O.Y. Club were invited for eight o'clock and an equal number of young gentlemen for nine-thirty. Anagrams furnished the entertainment for the early part of the

evening — the game being to form as many words as possible from the letters in Miss Ada's name. In this contest Miss M. came off the victor and received a silk needle-book as prize. Miss Ida Lou L., who evidently 'played' in school and failed to perform her task well, was handed a lemon. Next Miss Ada was presented a large box, prettily decorated with yellow roses, the club flower, containing a dozen pair of beautiful hose.

"The young ladies were all hovered around the happy bride-elect, making merry at a great rate, and she had just threatened to 'turn the hose on them' if they did not desist, when the gentlemen filed in.

"Then came music by several guests, after which picture postcards, which had been cut in two, were matched for supper partners.

"At the table the guests found the following menu with blank spaces for the answers. In this game the bride and groom-to-be won first prize — a burnt wood match scratcher, and Miss Ida L. won first prize for the ladies — china cup and saucer.

COUNTRY DINNER MENU

A country (Turkey)

Man putting on coat and vest (dressing)

Poor old horse, bones showing (spare-ribs)

Carpenter's tool and a plant (sausage)

Feline prowlers on the roof (catsup)

Domestic animal and a plant (horse-radish)

Breaking a posy (piccalilli)

Precious stones (gems)

For the blackboard and last dessert (chocolate cake)

A pile of mixed type (pie)

A letter (tea)

A deer without horns and a squirrel's delight (doughnuts)

"Supper over, progressive games were played at four tables — flinch, som'r'set, dominoes, and thread the needle. Miss Alice T. won lady's prize — a china plate — and Joe F. won for the men — a collar box.

"The young folks report a most enjoyable evening."

JULY FOURTH PICNIC (1877)

"The people of Garden township celebrated the Fourth with a picnic in Calhoun's grove. There was a procession at ten o'clock led by the children, with a special drill group of little misses wearing patriotic dresses of bunting and carrying small flags at the head of the parade. The program opened with prayer followed by the reading of the Declaration of Independence. The oration was delivered by the Honorable Josiah H. who acquitted himself with honor.

(Continued on page 21)

Neighbors

by
Helen Henson Hess

A certain dictionary defines the word neighbor as someone who lives near another, but to me that word means much, much more than the dictionary implies.

I have always thought of my neighbor as the person:

1) Who will loan me a cup of flour, an egg, a few teaspoonfuls of baking powder or soda or some other essential ingredient when I have started to do some baking only to discover at the last moment that I'm completely out of something.

2) Who will share with me a packet of choice flower seeds or a slip of her "specially" fine geranium or coleus, or a root of some garden plant that she cherished but we feel we can't afford this year.

3) Who rejoices with us when we are happy and shares our grief when misfortune strikes.

4) Who will come into our home when someone is ill to do the little chores that must be done in a sickroom, or do some necessary shopping, thus leaving other members of the family to do household chores that need daily attention.

5) Who will give us a lift when we are ready to go to church or go shopping when our car refuses to start.

6) Who, if we are elderly, living alone, and afflicted with impaired vision, will drop in to read aloud from the weekly or daily paper or read an article we want to hear.

7) Who, on seeing a family of five relatives marching up to the front door, unannounced, just half an hour before mealtime, hurries to our back door with two still-warm apple pies she had made for her own family, begging us to accept this neighborly favor because we have done so much for her at times.

8) Who, when we are in the hospital, invites our family to her home for a good meal, or maybe brings a hot meal-in-a-dish to our home.

9) Who, as a experienced cook, will tactfully tell us, if we are amateurs, why the gravy has lumps or why the baking didn't turn out exactly as the recipe assured us it would.

10) Who says, "Don't worry about leaving your dog in your fenced yard while you're away. We'll look after him."

11) Who tells us to feel free to call on her in any emergency, day or night, and she'll come.

12) Who, when the clothesline falls down, laden with still-wet white sheets, rushes over and helps us to



This picture of Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson and her little grandson was taken on a picnic in the Roosevelt Nat'l Forest of northern Colorado along the Poudre River.

pick them up, rinse them, and hang them on her line.

13) Who — well, I could go on indefinitely, but I feel that it's time to quiz ourselves in this manner:

1) Do we accept too casually all the kindnesses offered by neighbors, just taking them for granted?

2) Do we tell ourselves that we are too busy today to take a plate of rolls to the man who lives alone down the street, salving our conscience by saying we'll take rolls next baking day? Do we do this remembering how he kept our walks cleared of snow last winter when our entire family was down with flu?

3) Do we remember that "one good deed deserves another" and really make an effort to live up to all that is implied in that good old adage?

4) Do we call a cherry Hello or Hi! to the neighbor who is passing by, accompanying the salutation with a smile to let the person know how friendly we feel? (A smile costs nothing.)

5) Do we really try to do by others as we would be done by? The questions we can ask ourselves are too numerous to record here.

Strange as it may seem to some of

TOWARD EVENING

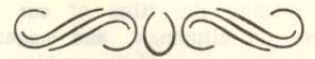
Eyes too dim to clearly see
Look inward now, on memory. Hands
Too weak for simplest task hold
Other times within their grasp.
The voice is lilting, stronger too,
As dry lips linger lovingly upon
The names of friends long gone.
The tale he tells has multi-times
Been told. But each new telling brings
A beam of pure delight upon the face
That's seamed and weathered with the
Years. I've no desire to say "I've
Heard it all before!" I let my merry
Laughter mingle with his own, and
He speaks, I listen with my heart.

—Leta Fulmer

you, I feel a sense of security when I see lamplight streaming out of a neighbor's window on a dark, stormy night. And I never forget for one moment that once that neighbor urged me to put a light in my window where she could see it to indicate that I needed her, because it was possible that my telephone might be out of order or the line tied up somehow.

I shall never forget the three neighbors who didn't live "nearby" who spent the entire evening with me while I waited for a son to arrive after his father had passed away. They were busy housekeepers who needed rest, but they kept me company at a critical time.

If these words have given anyone some food for thought, I shall have done a neighborly good deed for the day. So I hope.



A SMILE'S THE STYLE

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

Recently while passing a pizza parlor I noted this sign in the window: THE CURVE OF A SMILE WILL OFTEN SET THINGS STRAIGHT. As I pondered these words I thought of a friend who in the past had proven there is some truth in them.

I had visited this friend one day and found her coping very admirably with a problem. Her furnace and the water heater had both broken down and were in the process of repair. No heat, no hot water — the gas was turned off, so not even a flame to perk a pot of coffee. Nor was there the warmth of an oven to take the chill off a cold day.

Surrounded by a surplus of dirty dishes, my friend smiled, "Well, you can't say I'm in hot water — there's none to be had."

What a gem she is! Many housewives would be irked by the inconvenience caused by this or any other situation, but my friend took it in her capable hands and heart and joked about it. I had a moment of shame when I recalled the day when my iron wouldn't work so neither could I, and I had all those shirts to do! I became a little un-done myself.

Now whenever something goes wrong in my household, from an appliance breaking down to a great rain beating on my just-washed windows, I recall how well my friend handled her dilemma and I smile. We make the choice — we can either smile or frown. It not only helps you to feel better — it works for you. When you're smiling you are handling the situation instead of letting it handle you. Be the boss of your own household — SMILE!

A ROSE JAR

by
Marjorie Fuller

The rose jar, dating from ancient times, is fun to make and will prove a rewarding experience. The preparation of the petals is the same for any recipe used. They must be picked and dried thoroughly but quickly for best results. Placed on a cookie sheet in a slow oven, door ajar to prevent scorching, or spread on a table or screen they will dry adequately.

Powdered orris root (available at drugstore) is the usual fixative added. Dried herbs and spices provide the personal touch. Simply adding dry salt and cinnamon to layers of petals will make a mild potpourri.

Here are some interesting recipes that might be tried:

A few sprigs of lavender and two drops of essence of bergamont can be added to a quart of petals. The rose fragrance will dominate.

Equal parts of fine table salt and powdered borax mixed with one-tenth part of powdered cinnamon may be added to a quart of petals to which the dried leaves of geranium, lemon verbena, thyme, and lavender have been added. Stir the whole thoroughly twice a day for a week, and then pack in covered jars.

Put petals in a large stone jar, sprinkling a little salt over half-inch layers of petals. Add petals each day until you have the amount to suit your purpose. Let stand 10 days after the final petals have been added, stirring each day. Mix together six ounces each of coarsely ground cloves, coarsely ground allspice, and broken and shredded stick cinnamon. Transfer the petals to a jar alternately with mixed spices. Cover tightly. Let closed jar stand in cool place for three weeks, at which time the contents will be ready for final mixing in a permanent jar. Mix together a quarter ounce each of mace, allspice, and cloves, all coarsely ground, half a grated nutmeg, half an ounce of stick cinnamon broken fine, one ounce powdered orris root, and a quarter pound of dried lavender leaves. Fill the jar with alternate layers of petals and spice mixture. A few drops of rose geranium or other fragrant oil should be dropped into the mixture as you progress. Over the whole pour an ounce of fine cologne or rose extract. This recipe will treat two quarts of petals which will remain fragrant for years.

Pound together a half pound each of salt, bay salt, and brown sugar, and one ounce each of storax, cinnamon,



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh is coming along fine after her session in the hospital in California with a fracture. She is pictured with one of her granddaughters, Nancy Watkins.

mace, cloves, orris root, and benzoin. When mixture is well pounded add to a half peck of rose petals. Mix well and store.

To each quart of dried petals add one tablespoon of powdered orris root to set fragrance. Mix one-fourth tablespoon each of ground allspice, cinnamon, and nutmeg. One tablespoon each of freshly dried and crushed mint leaves and rose geranium leaves will improve this quart of potpourri. The mixture should be placed in a jar large enough for occasional turning and fluffing of petals during six weeks of curing time.

Place dried petals in a large container. For every two quarts of petals add one ounce of orris root, a sprinkling of salt, or a few drops of glycerine. These are used as fixatives. Let ripen for about two weeks, stirring often. When perfectly dry add one-fourth ounce of allspice, one-fourth ounce of cinnamon, one-eighth ounce of clove, and one ounce of dried lavender. A few slivers of orange or lemon peel may be added. Dried borage flowers add color, as the blue remains bright when dried. Dried flowers may be added, if desired, from time to time.²

When the petals are cured they can be used in porous cloth bags for sachets in closets and drawers. Placed in a pretty jar which is opened from time to time, the potpourri will leave a lingering scent pleasant in any room.

1. FLOWER & GARDEN MAGAZINE.
2. Recipe from literature of Indiana Botanic Gardens.

He who finds himself with a lot of time on his hands should learn to use his hands.

Great minds discuss ideas, average minds discuss events, small minds discuss people.

POTPOURRI

by
Alyce Ersland Anderson

Having been taught as a child to make the best of what I had, I have made it pay off. To improvise on crafts for the home develops one's imagination keeping costs at a minimum. It also saves wear and tear on one's nerves, for if the finished item is a flop, the overhead is nil.

In making dried arrangements, gather weeds from roadside or ranch or farm. Almost anyone will let you have weeds free. To get weeds the shape you wish, dip in water and arrange when wet. Dried moss gathered from trees is wonderful to hide your base arrangement. Adding pheasant feathers is always effective. I have also dyed chicken feathers in a brown crepe paper and water solution. To color pampas grass dip in dye, shake well when dry, and spray with hair spray. Use hair spray on all dry materials; it holds everything in place.

When plastic flowers have faded, spray completely with gold or silver enamel and use for Christmas arrangements or on gift wraps. You can also remove the calyx, stems, and pips and use these parts for feather, velour, or crepe paper flowers. When making artificial flowers of any material, crumple a piece of tissue, enclose it in ribbon, tie with fine wire, and bingo! you have a beautiful center.

For a porcelain effect, try this on old plastic flowers:

one cup turpentine
one cup clear varnish
ten drops stain (any color)

Pour into a three-pound empty coffee can and stir well. Immerse flowers, stems, and leaves, and agitate throughout. Hang on a clothesline by the stems, fastening with a clip clothespin. While still dripping, spray gold spray-on paint, just barely touching the flower. Brush this into the flower at once to blend — the gold is just a highlight. Use with care. (Another suggestion — spread papers beneath the clothesline to catch the drips. These can be stored. Label, cover with the plastic top, and put out of the reach of children.)

The effect when dry is lovely. Flowers treated this way are excellent for cemetery arrangements because the plastics withstand weather better after such treatment.

I gave a demonstration at a Creative Club recently, partly using the above method, and partly using a ready-made solution from a hobby shop and adding gold metallic powder. The results were comparable, but the savings on the homemade solutions were enormous.

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

PEACH CREAM PIE

3/4 cup sugar

2 Tbls. flour

1/4 tsp. salt

1 cup sour cream

1 slightly beaten egg

Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter almond
flavoring

2 cups sliced peaches

Combine sugar, flour and salt. Beat in the sour cream, egg and Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring. Lastly, stir in the sliced peaches. Pour into a pastry-lined 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes, then at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Remove from the heat. Sprinkle with the following topping.

Topping

1/3 cup sugar

1/3 cup flour

1/4 cup butter

1 tsp. cinnamon

Cut together until mixture resembles coarse corn meal. Sprinkle over top of Peach Cream Pie. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes, or until brown and bubbly.

—Margery

CHEESE SAUCE FOR VEGETABLES

2 pkgs. frozen spinach, cooked

4 or 5 strips bacon

2 Tbls. flour

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1 cup milk

1/2 lb. cheese, diced

1 1/2 tsp. horseradish

1 Tbls. prepared mustard

Salt and pepper to taste

2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped (optional)

Cook vegetable as directed. Cook bacon until crisp. Remove from skillet. Combine 2 Tbls. bacon drippings with flour. Stir over low heat until smooth. Stir in milk and cheese. When cheese begins to melt, add remaining ingredients. Continue cooking and stirring until all ingredients are well blended and sauce is smooth and thick. Spoon over hot drained vegetables. Sprinkle bacon and chopped egg over top.

SKILLET COOKIES

(Unbaked)

1/2 cup butter or margarine

1 cup sugar

1 cup dates, pitted and cut

1 egg, beaten

1 cup nutmeats, chopped

2 cups crisp rice cereal

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

Combine butter or margarine, sugar and dates in a heavy skillet. Cook, stirring, until melted. Add beaten egg (a little of the hot mixture added to the egg gradually before stirring into the entire skillet combination will keep the egg smooth) and cook 5 minutes over low heat, stirring constantly.

Remove from heat. Add remaining ingredients. Form in balls and roll in coconut. If time is limited, sprinkle coconut in a 9-inch square pan, spread cookie mixture over the coconut and sprinkle more coconut on top. Cut into bars.

FROSTED HAM LOAF

(A VERY good recipe — something new to serve for a buffet. I sent it to a church women's special "tasting luncheon". It is served cold so can be made well in advance of any party.)

—Abigail

2 lbs. ground, cooked ham

1 lb. ground, fresh, lean pork

2 cups soft bread cubes (cut small)

1/4 cup chopped onion

1/4 cup chopped green pepper

1 2-oz. can mushroom stems and
pieces with liquid

1/4 cup chopped stuffed green olives

1/2 tsp. salt

5 cups water

1 cup vinegar

2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened

1/4 cup commercial sour cream

1/4 cup mayonnaise

2 Tbls. prepared horseradish

Sliced, stuffed green olives for garnish

Combine the ground ham, pork, bread, onion, green pepper, mushrooms with liquid, olives and salt. Mix thoroughly. Shape mixture into round, flat loaf. Wrap in triple thickness of cheese-cloth. (I used a clean old dish towel.) Gather cloth snugly around meat and tie with string at top. Combine water and vinegar in Dutch oven or heavy kettle; bring to boiling; add meat loaf, reduce heat and simmer three hours. Remove cloth and cool loaf thoroughly.

Beat together cream cheese, sour cream, mayonnaise and horseradish until smooth. Frost top and sides of loaf with mixture. Decorate with sliced, stuffed olives. Chill before slicing. Serves about 12 people.

LEMON ICE CREAM DESSERT

6 egg yolks

1/2 cup sugar

1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade

6 egg whites

1 pint whipping cream

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

2 cups crushed vanilla wafers

Beat the egg yolks slightly and gradually beat in the sugar. Add the frozen lemonade and mix well. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Fold in the cream which has been whipped, and to which the lemon flavoring was added. Combine with the cooled cooked mixture, folding in lightly. Crush the vanilla wafers and sprinkle half of them in a buttered 9 by 13 pan. Pour in the lemon mixture and top with remaining crumbs. Freeze.

This is simple to make and a nice refreshing dessert to bring out when company drops in during the summer.

RASPBERRY-CHERRY SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin

1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin

2 cups boiling water

1 #2 can dark sweet cherries, drained

1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained

2 cups fruit juices

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry
flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry
flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the 2 cups boiling water. Add the fruit juices, and if there is not enough, add water to make the 2 cups. Add the flavorings. Chill until mixture begins to congeal and then add the fruit. Chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on shredded lettuce with salad dressing and a cherry for garnish.

SODA CRACKER PIE

(An old favorite!)

3 egg whites

1 cup sugar

16 soda cracker squares, rolled fine

1/4 tsp. baking powder

1/2 cup finely chopped pecans

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

Fresh fruit

Whipped cream

Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Beat in the soda cracker crumbs to which the baking powder has been added. Stir in the finely chopped pecans and vanilla flavoring. Spread into a large buttered pie plate and bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool. Cover with a layer of fresh fruit. (We like bananas, strawberries or peaches.) Cover with a layer of sweetened whipped cream. Chill for several hours or overnight before serving. —Margery

BLUE RIBBON LIME PICKLES

2 cups lime
2 gallons water
1 gallon cucumbers, sliced
8 cups vinegar
9 cups sugar
1 Tbls. salt
1 tsp. mixed pickling spices
Green food coloring

Dissolve the lime in the water. Add sliced cucumbers. Let stand 24 hours with a plate weighted on top to keep any from floating. (I use a pint jar filled with water or a plastic bag filled with water as the "weight".) After 24 hours, pour off and *discard* lime water. Wash cucumber slices through 3 waters. Return to jar and cover with cold water. Let stand 3 hours, *no longer*. Drain.

Make a syrup of vinegar, sugar, salt and spices tied in a bag. Bring to a boil. Pour over drained pickles. Let stand overnight.

Put pickles and syrup into kettle. Boil for 35 minutes. Add green food coloring until a nice green color is achieved. Ladle hot into sterilized jars and seal.

This is an old recipe which has been used by many through the years. It won first place at the Fremont County Fair in Sidney, Iowa, last summer, so it ranks very high.

Since giving this on the radio, several suggestions for variations have come in: add 1 tsp. celery seed and 1 tsp. whole allspice to the 1 tsp. pickling spice in the bag for a more pronounced and equally delicious pickle. Or during the last 10 minutes of boiling time add 1 cup raisins to the pickle-syrup mixture. The friend who sent in this suggestion says they like the added flavor and it gives small *pickled raisins* in among the canned pickles.

—Evelyn

NOT-SO-SWEET FROSTING

1 stick margarine
1/2 cup homogenized shortening
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 cup white sugar
3 Tbls. flour
2/3 cup milk, room temperature
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Beat margarine and shortening together. Add flavoring and white sugar and beat at high speed. Add flour 1 Tbls. at a time. Continue beating and gradually add milk. Add flavoring as desired. Other flavorings may be used besides those given, but the vanilla and coconut go together nicely. Add a little coconut to the top for a very pretty cake.

—Evelyn

SPICED TOMATO JUICE

1 gal. ripe tomatoes, cut
1 cup water
1 doz. whole cloves
4 small onions, diced
4 stalks celery, diced
1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
1 tsp. salt

Combine all the ingredients and boil until the vegetables are tender. Put through a strainer or a food mill. Taste to see if more salt or sugar need to be added. Return to the fire and bring to a good boil. Place the boiling hot juice into jars and seal quickly.

MARVELOUS SWEET PICKLE

1 gallon of medium cucumbers
1 gallon water
1 cup pickling salt
1 Tbls. alum
1 Tbls. ginger
8 cups sugar
5 1/2 cups vinegar
2 2/3 cups water
1 tsp. celery seed
1/2 box mixed pickling spices

Wash and slice the cucumbers. Place in a brine made of 1 gallon of water to 1 cup of pickling salt. Soak the cucumbers in this brine for four days, stirring each evening. On the fifth evening remove the cucumbers from the brine, wash and return to the jar and cover with 1 gallon of water and 1 Tbls. alum. Let this stand overnight. The next morning drain the alum water from the cucumbers. Place in a kettle and add 1 gallon of water and 1 Tbls. of ginger. Boil for 10 minutes. While the pickles are boiling make a syrup of the 8 cups sugar, the 5 1/2 cups vinegar, 2 2/3 cups water and the spices which have been tied in a bag. Cook this syrup until it is clear. Drain the ginger water from the pickles and place the pickles into the syrup. Continue boiling until the pickles are transparent. Seal in sterilized jars.

TUNA STUFFED PEPPERS

2 medium-sized green peppers, cut in half crosswise
1 can (7-oz.) tuna
1 cup ginger ale
1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce
3/4 cup raw rice
1/4 cup chopped onion
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. oregano
1/8 tsp. pepper

Seed peppers and parboil the halves in boiling salted water for 4 to 5 minutes. Drain. Arrange pepper cases in a casserole. Drain tuna and combine it with remaining ingredients. Spoon filling into peppers, heaping mixture high. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes, or until rice is tender.

—Mary Beth

LEANNA'S WATERMELON PICKLES

Remove any green and red from the rind. Soak the diced rind in salted water for 12 hours. (1/4 cup coarse salt to 1 quart of water.) Drain well, add fresh water, and boil rapidly until tender but not soft. Drain. For each pound of rind use the following:

1 cup water
1 cup cider vinegar
2 cups sugar
3 inches stick cinnamon
8 whole cloves, without heads

Tie the spices in a bag and place in the pan with the other ingredients. Boil for 5 minutes and then add the rind. Boil for 30 minutes, or longer if you want the melon more like preserves. Remove the spice bag. Put the melon pieces in sterilized jars and cover with the boiling vinegar mixture. Seal.

CORN-AND-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

2 cups fresh cooked or whole kernel canned corn, drained
1 lb. bulk pork sausage
1 cup cracker crumbs

1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
Additional salt and pepper, if needed
With half of the sausage, make 4 patties and brown them in a skillet. Remove to use later. Brown remaining sausage in the skillet, stirring, for about 5 or 6 minutes. Remove from fat. Using about 3 Tbls. of the fat, make a white sauce adding flour, milk and seasonings. Brown the cracker crumbs in some of the fat. Now you are ready to put the casserole together. Arrange in a greased skillet a layer of the corn, browned sausage, cracker crumbs and white sauce. Sprinkle a layer of crumbs over the top and arrange the 4 patties over them. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Serves 4. —Margery

CANNED GARDEN SPECIAL

6 sweet peppers, diced
1 quart onions, chopped
1 quart celery, cut, leaves and all
1 quart water
4 quarts tomatoes, peeled and cut
3 Tbls. salt
3 Tbls. sugar

Combine peppers, onions, celery and water and cook 20 minutes. Add tomatoes, salt, sugar. When mixture comes to a good boil, ladle into hot jars and process in a water bath 30 minutes for quarts, 20 minutes for pints. Be sure water in canning kettle is 1 inch above lids of jars. Cover kettle and keep water boiling. Pressure canner can be used, processing for 10 minutes at 10 pounds pressure.

This is a wonderfully versatile product! Use it in baking fish, to put in casseroles, to pour over meat loaf, as a sauce on spaghetti, to put into chili and as vegetable stew. —Evelyn

MOUNTAIN SPICE COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 cups flour

1 1/2 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. cinnamon

Combine water and raisins and cook until water is absorbed. Set aside to cool. Combine shortening and sugar and cream well. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in. Add raisin mixture. If needed, add a little more flour. Form into balls and place on greased cookie sheet. Flatten with glass dipped in sugar. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

—Evelyn

**FOOD IDEAS
FOR CAMPING**

by
Evelyn Birkby

In a magazine article the other day I read the opening statement, "Everyone loves picnics". Now this just isn't true. I have known a number of people who could not stand the thought of eating away from a comfortable dining room. They wanted to put their feet under a table, have the food prepared in a spotless kitchen and eat away from insects and dust.

But *many* people *do* adore picnics. Some even go farther and enjoy packing up the family and going on camping trips where much of the pleasure is connected with eating simple, tasty food under towering trees or beside a rock-edged lake with tiny camp robbers and chipmunks to share their fare.

With dehydrated foods and instant-almost-everything, camp cooking can be tremendously simple. However, a bubbling hot, made-from-scratch main dish is greatly appreciated at the close of an active day. The following recipes are a few of the excellent ones we've picked up along the trail.

Quick Spanish Rice

- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1 1/3 cups precooked rice
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 beef bouillon cube
- 1 1/4 cups hot water
- 2 cans seasoned tomato sauce
- 1 12-oz. can luncheon meat, cut in strips

Cook onion and rice in hot shortening, stirring constantly, until lightly browned. Dissolve bouillon cube in hot water. Add to rice. Stir in rest of ingredients. Bring to boil. Simmer until most of liquid is absorbed. Serve with fresh fruit or cookies.

Vienna Potatoes

- Potatoes enough for family
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1 tsp. onion, minced
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 can tiny Vienna sausages

Boil potatoes until done or use canned potatoes. Drain off liquid. Stir in rest of ingredients. Heat until bubbly and serve. For a large family, increase the amount of Vienna sausages and add another can of mushroom soup. Another version of this recipe is to combine all ingredients with the exception of potatoes. Serve hot over instant mashed potatoes or over toast or hot biscuits. (Biscuits can be baked in a greased, covered skillet on top of a grill or over a campfire. Turn once to brown on both sides. Biscuits may

(Continued on next page)

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Robert Birkby took this picture of a camping unit at Waubonsie State Park, south of their home in Sidney, Iowa. It shows a tent platform on a trailer. The food and cooking section is efficient and stores compactly. (Can anyone identify its owner?)

also be made into a twist on a green stick and toasted over the fire like a marshmallow.)

Beans and Wieners

- 1 can baked beans or pork and beans
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1/3 cup American cheese, diced
Wieners for the family

Combine all ingredients with the exception of the wieners. Heat until bubbling. Cook wieners over fire in water or on sticks. Serve on plates or in buns with bean mixture spooned over wieners. A simple variation is to slice the wieners right into hot sauce, heat and serve together.

Savory Onion Potatoes

Potatoes for family

- 1/2 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1 envelope onion soup mix

Peel potatoes. Quarter lengthwise. Combine butter and soup mix. Spread onto potatoes. Press potatoes back together and wrap individually in foil. Tuck into hot coals and bake about 45 minutes, or until done. The time can be lessened by partially cooking potatoes in salted water, draining and assembling as directed. Bake 15 minutes or until hot through and tender.

Quick Spagetti

- 1 small onion, chopped (or 1 Tbls. minced onion)
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cans tomato sauce

1 1/2 cups water

8 oz. spaghetti, broken in pieces

Brown onion and beef in shortening. Add rest of ingredients. Simmer, covered, about 20 minutes. Stir often and add water if needed. Serve with garlic French bread. Add garlic salt to butter or margarine, spread between slices of French bread. Wrap in foil and heat on coals.

Foil Cooked Fish

Clean fish. Skin. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Wrap a strip of bacon around each fish. Add slice of onion. Wrap in heavy foil. Seal edges. Lay on bed of coals or on grill. Bake 10 minutes for small fish, 20 or longer for large fish.

Foil Vegetables

Place a block of frozen vegetable in a square of heavy aluminum foil. Top with butter, salt and pepper. Bring edges of foil together. Leave some space for expansion of steam, then seal with butcher fold. Place on grill or into coals. Cook 10 to 15 minutes.

Potato chips and canned French-fried onions are tastier heated in a foil package for an addition to a camp meal.

Fun Desserts

Split a baked brownie and tuck in a cream-filled mint. Heat in a covered skillet until warmed through and mint melts slightly.

Buy a pound cake. Cut into cubes. Dip each into sweetened condensed milk. Roll in coconut. Toast over fire.

Angel food squares can be dipped in honey, rolled in coconut and toasted.



VACATION AT HOME

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

No vacation this summer? You may be able to give yourself a bit of change even though the scenery remains the same. The heavy routine demanded by ordinary family living calls for a period of change occasionally.

There are many ideas on the subject, depending upon the persons involved, the size of the family, time, and most of all, the family finances.

One of the most pleasant August vacations for a family of six comes to my mind. The large porch had been screened and curtained so the mother decided to furnish it with folding beds and cots, table, chairs, and such other equipment which one might find in a resort cabin. A minimum of simple clothing was made ready and the family was informed that they would enjoy a vacation at home. There would be no regular routine work, other than the necessary chores, for ten days. The house was closed except for bathroom and kitchen facilities. Only simple foods would be served.

Family cooperation resulted in the sort of vacation which provided relaxation: sleep, reading, hobbies, and anything they might consider as recreation. As a matter of fact, the entire family had more time for rest and play than they could possibly have had on a trip away from home!

Another family gets the maximum of pleasure and relaxation by taking week-end trips after the harvest has been cared for. Nearby historical points have much to offer. Frequent picnics at a local park, or in their own back yard, are good for the family morale; each child sharing in the responsibilities, thus adding to his interest and giving the mother more leisure.

Simple menus should be planned if the mother is to enjoy a vacation at home; picnics can involve much preparation — cakes, salads, hearty dishes that require hours in the kitchen. Packaged foods found in the market come in handy for these occasions.

Vacations at home can frequently offer more diversion and rest than a cross-country trip . . . and help the family to get better acquainted too.

LET'S COOK!

by
Harverna Woodling

Have you counted your blessings lately? Of course you have, but did you remember to include your modern, convenient kitchen stove?

Thousands of years ago men — and gals, too, we guess — ate their meat raw, according to the historians. Then one happy day (happy *flavorwise*) an accident occurred. What it was we can only guess. Perhaps lightning struck, and started a fire that charred some unfortunate animals. Still guessing, perhaps some hungry cave man stripped off the scorched skin and discovered that the partially roasted meat was far more toothsome than the raw morsels he had been consuming.

Again — just supposing — some early man, snug in his cave, may accidentally have dropped a portion of his raw meal into the fire he had learned to value, rescued it before it was destroyed, and enjoyed the new aroma and flavor.

For many centuries, fire was a precious possession. It was carefully preserved and carried from place to place. This was still the case in colonial days in our own United States. Fire was a means of warmth, protection, lighting, and cooking.

It is very probable that the earliest fires were ignited by lightning. Then some clever fellow found out that cer-

tain rocks, when hit hard, gave off sparks that could be caught in tinder and nursed into a flame. Another early and arduous way of starting a fire was by rubbing two sticks together. No wonder fire was treasured!

In spite of our present-day thermostats, pilot lights, and electrical appliances, we still use and value our utilitarian kitchen matches. These were preceded by various kinds of chemical fire-making devices. Among these was the French "ethereal match" used in 1781. It was just a twisted piece of paper with phosphorus on the end. It was enclosed in a glass tube and when the tube was broken, oxygen ignited the phosphorus. There were variations of this idea in different countries.

"Congreves" were the first matches that resembled ours. John Walker, an Englishman, originated these three-inch splinters of wood. He tipped them with chemicals and sold with them a sheet of "glass paper" as a striking surface. They smelled terrible as did another variety called "Lucifers". In fact, the odor of the latter was so strong that people with "delicate" lungs were told to beware of them.

In 1836 the first real phosphorus matches were made by an American, Alonzo Phillips. This enterprising man patented his idea, made the matches by hand, and peddled them with a horse and wagon.

In 1913 Ivar Kreuger organized the

big Swedish Match Company and gained the title of "Match King". He is credited with promoting the saying "Three on a match is unlucky" so he could sell more matches. Be that as it may, regrettably he speculated with the company's money and came to a sad downfall.

Finally in the match saga, during World War II United States servicemen, stationed in the tropics, found ordinary matches losing their heads, so the waterproof match was invented and welcomed.

The first methods of cooking were very simple. The American Indians sometimes let their campfire burn low. Then they buried in the coals meat they had wrapped first in leaves and then in mud or clay, each piece in its own little oven. Birds, also, could be wrapped in clay and baked. When the clay was removed, the feathers were removed, too.

Some Indians dug pits and lined them with rocks. They heated the rocks and took out the ashes of their fire. Then they put their food in and let the hot rocks cook it. Early explorers learned these Indian ways of cookery, too.

The first stove, made in France in 1490, had one serious fault. There was no practical way to get rid of the ashes.

Stoves that resembled iron boxes with lids were used in Massachusetts as early as 1642.

Slightly more than 100 years later, in 1744, Benjamin Franklin invented the Franklin stove. During all these years, of course, people had been cooking in fireplaces. Franklin recessed his stove in the wall like a fireplace but let the sides extend into the room where they could give off heat.

Certainly stoves required fuel. Wood and coal burned well. Then someone discovered that oil could be a practical fuel, too. Sometime in the 1800's the first oil stove came into use. Logically enough, it was made like a big lamp with a wick.

Oil was often accompanied by natural gas. Gas would burn, too. Then might it not be good fuel? It was, so by 1860 many gas stoves were used.

From then until the present day, changes and improvements in heating and cooking equipment have been many and great. For our own slightly venerable dear gas range, we are very thankful. We don't think we'd like to prepare *all* our family meals in a ball of clay, in a fireplace, or even on Ben Franklin's stove. Would you?

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

These are the days to take some time to read. With all the busy activities of summer, just ten minutes a day spent reading is worthwhile. A shade tree, a glass of lemonade, and a favorite book make a relaxing picture.

Can you imagine sailing to England in a 13½-foot sloop? Robert Manry, who sailed from Falmouth, Massachusetts, to Falmouth, England, in such a sloop called *Tinkerbelle*, writes of his adventures in *Tinkerbelle* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$5.95). Published in 1966, the book relates how Manry's dream, to make a long voyage in a boat under thirty feet in length, came true. A copy editor of the *Plain Dealer*, Cleveland, Ohio, Manry writes that a voyage such as this is a maritime duet in which the boat plays the melody and its skipper plays the harmonic counter point. After study and preparation, the trip afforded much excitement: being knocked overboard by big waves, suffering hallucinations in which he believed a companion to be aboard the boat, sighting a school of whales, being awakened by a submarine, meeting various ships along the way, and experiencing the aloneness of sea, sky, and boat. *Tinkerbelle* makes good reading, especially for the adventurous person.

Winner of the Dutton Junior Animal Book Award for 1966, for children ages 9-12, is *Wild Geese Calling* (E. P. Dutton and Co., \$3.46) by Robert Murphy. Nature lovers will appreciate the story of the pair of wild Canada geese who wintered at the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge on the Texas Gulf Coast and flew to the Lostwood Refuge in North Dakota. There a family of goslings was raised. On their return to the South in the autumn, the gander was shot by a hunter. Danny, a lonely boy, cared for him and a touching friendship developed. As Danny saw the bird yearn for freedom, he released the gander. A perfect moment is when the goose and gander are reunited.

We learn, in *Wild Geese Flying*, why geese fly in wedges: "It is easier to fly long distances in the wedge, for the turbulence of each bird's wings eases the way for the bird behind it. Geese are sagacious creatures and know these things; besides, their gab-



A story with adventure and suspense encourages reading. Paul Driftmier appears very amused with this book about ghosts.

ble with each other makes the journey seem shorter."

The Wild Swan The Life and Times of Hans Christian Andersen (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$6.95) by Monica Stirling, is a wonderful biography, published in 1965, of that famous writer of fairy tales. Often we have read those famous words of Andersen, "First you endure terrible hardship, then you become famous." Certainly Hans Christian Andersen's life was full of trials surmounted and marvels come true as any fairy tale.

The son of an illiterate washerwoman and of a tubercular cobbler, he left his native town at the age of fourteen to try his luck in Copenhagen, Denmark, with nothing to his name but a fixed idea of future glory, a love for the theater, and two letters of introduction. He lived to see his birthplace, Odense, where he had been mocked as a child, illuminated in his honor. Poverty and

insecurity plagued Hans Christian Andersen's luminous career and his dark self-doubts gives his life a singular poignancy. Monica Stirling writes with a sure touch and brings alive the celebrities Andersen met on his travels — Dickens, Victor Hugo, Jenny Lind, and Mendelssohn among them — and recreates the nineteenth century with its sense of progress.

Incidentally, *The Ugly Duckling*, Andersen's famous story, has been reissued by the Macmillan Company, price \$3.95. We hope to read again his famous fairy tales, many of which were patterned after his own life.

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PICNIC POISON

Time for picnics. And families everywhere are packing the basket for a day of food and fun.

If you're the typical picnicker, you'll probably load up with deviled eggs, potato salad, ham or chicken salad sandwiches, creamed or scalloped dishes, cream-filled cakes and desserts. Take this food basket to a picnic and you're flirting with food poisoning.

The most common cause of food poisoning is staphylococcal bacteria. The staph germs are likely to occur in starchy foods and sweets such as potatoes, cream pies, and custards. Salmonella, another bacteria that can cause food poisoning, can be present in poultry, eggs, meat, potato salads, and other foods left out without refrigeration. Staph poisoning can hit in as short a time as two hours, and salmonella poisoning develops between seven and 72 hours.

Although this type of food poisoning is seldom fatal, it can cause an acute illness of short duration. Symptoms include abdominal pain, chills, fever, frequent vomiting, diarrhea, and prostration.

Whenever you suspect food poisoning, get the victim to vomit immediately. It is important to expel as much of the food as possible from his stomach. To make him vomit, stick your finger down his throat, or use an emetic (such as mustard in lukewarm water).

Call a physician.

To guard against food poisoning, follow these suggestions:

Be sure that all foods that need refrigeration are kept cold until eaten.

Wrap sandwiches snugly in waxed paper or aluminum foil (refrigerate the sandwiches overnight if possible), and pack them into the chilled insulated box immediately before leaving home.

Do not serve hot creamed or scalloped dishes, especially those using milk, eggs, flour, or starch, unless they are made just before picnic time and kept hot until served.

Plan a menu of foods which are not likely to spoil: Peanut butter, jellies, canned meats, and other canned and sealed jars and bottles that can be opened just before using. Fresh fruit, which should be washed before eating can be used for dessert.

If you use ham, egg, chicken, or other meat salad sandwiches, don't make them in advance. Take along the bread and the mixture under refrigeration and make sandwiches at the picnic.

The humble old-fashioned hot dog is one of the safest meats to take on any picnic. Its skin-tight individual



"Summertime an' the livin' is easy," the song tells us. Unfortunately, in summertime the livin' is also apt to be messy.

This is the time when trash-tossing litterbugs come out in greatest numbers, reminds Keep America Beautiful, Inc.

"Though littering goes on twelve months a year," says a spokesman for the group, "the time between Memorial Day and Labor Day is the heyday for the litterer."

As vacation time arrives, more and more people take to the highways across the nation. More people go boating, hiking, fishing and picnicking. And the volume of litter strewn across the landscape increases in direct proportion. Furthermore, *this litter will continue to increase unless we intensify our efforts to prevent it.*

The taxpayer, of course, pays it. What a blessing if this money could be put instead into such projects as new schools, better roads, or other constructive uses!

We can take consolation, however, in a recent study of the litter problem. The study turned up some facts that raise renewed hope for the litterbug's eventual extinction.

It was found, for example, that litterers, by and large, are not psychologically, economically, or socially

casing discourages bacteria.

The cookout type of picnic is the safest. Foods are eaten as soon as they are cooked; there is no chance for food poisoning to develop.

Don't let anyone with sores, cuts, or boils prepare the food; wash hands before handling the food; and protect it from flies and other contamination.

POTPOURRI - Concluded

ous. Since the demonstration was indoors, I used paper towels for drying. The flowers can be moved without harm in about an hour, but they must be left overnight to be completely dry.

For containers the sky is the limit. Driftwood, old wooden salad bowls, cottage cheese or other similar containers with a treated paper cup turned upside down and glued securely inside and sprayed the color of your choice are dandy.

"Litter Season" — With Us Again

different from other people. Littering, rather, was found to be a careless or thoughtless act. Carelessness and thoughtlessness certainly can be overcome.

Also on the hopeful side, the study proved that people are readily responsive to vigorous anti-litter campaigns. The No. 1 remedy for littering, it was indicated, is public education — education that emphasizes the fact that littering is an anti-social, costly, and often hazardous pursuit.

Additionally, the educational program must be bolstered by adequate litter disposal facilities and up-to-date state and local laws against littering.

The significance of these findings is that *littering can be stopped*, if we apply the proper measures against it.

With the help of organizations like Keep America Beautiful on the national scene, and clean-up and beautification groups on the state and local level, the litter problem can be controlled. Now, with renewed hope for success, there is every reason for anti-litterbug campaigns to move into even higher gear.

The rewards for success will be great — in terms of our esthetic enjoyment of a beautiful America and in terms of the taxpayer's satisfaction in whittling down a national clean-up bill of half-a-billion dollars.

YOU ARE GETTING OLD . . .

. . . if you still think that a "Hootenanny" is the offspring of an owl and a billy goat.

. . . if your face has grown up through your hair.

. . . when you start using one bend-over to pick up two things off the floor.

. . . if it takes you longer to rest than it did to get tired.

. . . when you realize that you are looking backward more than you are looking forward.

. . . when the gleam in your eyes is the sun hitting your bifocals.

Doing nothing is the most tiresome job in the world because you can't quit and rest.

If you must kick, kick toward the goal.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

tried to starve him into eating canned dog food, but this has never worked and after two days I always break down and cook some meat for him. If he were a big dog I wouldn't do this at all, but I always figure (as I break down) that he's so tiny it doesn't make much difference what he eats, one way or another.

At an earlier time I contemplated getting another Chihuahua on the grounds that they'd keep each other company, but I've concluded that Jake is all I want to handle. He keeps me up and down with his incessant demands to go out of the house or to get back in, and common sense tells me that I'd be doing just twice as much running if I had a second dog. Mother is endlessly patient, you know, and is very fond of Jake, but when I said something to her about getting another Chihuahua she put her foot down and said that she wouldn't keep *two* dogs. (I leave Jake at her house sometimes if I'm going to be gone several hours and can't take him with me.) After Mother's flat announcement I decided that I wouldn't give any further thought to the question of getting another Chihuahua.

These Saturday nights through this period seem strange without a call from brother Frederick. He never, never fails to call Mother when he is in Springfield and even when he is in Nova Scotia, but a call from halfway around the world is another thing again. They are having a wonderful, wonderful time on this extensive trip, and he has such a gift for telling about things that to hear his reports when he returns will be almost as good as going there ourselves.

Howard and Mae are finally beginning to see daylight ahead on their big "fixing-up-the-house" project. This began in April and still isn't completed, so they've been torn up for a long time, Howard has done practically all of the work himself, and those of you who've done major jobs in your few spare hours know how it just seems to go on and on. They're hopeful now that another month will see the whole thing wound up and daily life back to normal.

One of these days very soon I want to go up to the farm and see what Dorothy and Frank have done in their house. When I saw Dorothy the last time she said it was a good thing she'd gone through all of that upheaval when she did because they never would have contemplated those renovations if they had dreamed they were in for such terrible storms. Continued rain and very high water have wreaked havoc to their land, just as it has to so many, many of you good friends.



The moment Andyspied the swings at Kristin's new school, he had to try them out. He'll remember that they're there, too, and no doubt will want to jump into the car when Kristin leaves each morning.

For at least six weeks our mail has been full of every conceivable kind of disaster, and I want you folks to know that we deeply sympathize with you in your serious misfortunes. It's going to take many of you a long time to recover from the dreadful storms all over our Midwest.

I'm writing this in my little office here at the plant and from the bustling around that's going on I can tell that it's time to stop typing and get ready to leave. On the way home I want to make a call on a friend of mine who's having a hard time of it this summer, so if Marge is able to make that stop with me I should leave right now.

Next month I hope to share some major news with you. Until then, I am always your devoted friend

Paul

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

long enough to roast our wieners and marshmallows. We were glad we had taken heavy sweaters and coats because our fire would never have kept us warm.

The mountains in this area look like giant rock piles, and any minute you think a big boulder will come tumbling down. Art said that every summer there are reports of injuries and even deaths in the area. We saw people climbing in what appeared to be dangerous situations, but, believe me, we confined our climbing to what we all agreed was absolutely *safe*.

We drove home the long way around, through Happy Jack and the new ski

area. We could still see patches of snow in the sheltered area, which was normal for that time of year. When we reached the highest point between Laramie and Cheyenne it was hailing, and farther down the mountain toward Laramie we saw the ground was white. At first I thought it was snow, and then realized that it was hail.

One of the things I especially wanted to do was to go to Saratoga so I could see the little house where Kristin, Art and Andy lived the year Kristin taught there. I had heard so much about Saratoga and their good friends that it was a real pleasure to see all the places I had heard about and to meet some of these fine people. The shortest and by far the most beautiful route is through the mountains and across the top of magnificent Snowy Range. Kristin called the highway commission to find out if the road had been cleared of snow and was open for the season. They reported that it had been opened the day before, was snowing then, but it wasn't expected to last long. It sounded safe enough, so we started out.

The rushing mountain stream was as beautiful as I remembered it. The top of the range is above timberline and the view was spectacular. The snow was still very deep along the sides of the road and the pretty lakes Kristin wanted us to see were completely covered over with ice and snow; in fact, you couldn't tell they were there. In places the banks of snow were three times higher than the car. We could see ski marks and wondered where the skiers were. Just then we saw a couple of young men. It was warm enough that they were skiing without shirts and, I might add, getting a good sunburn!

We came home a different route through Encampment and Riverside, Wyoming, crossing over into Colorado for a good many miles, ending up back at Woods Landing, past the Harmony school, and on into Laramie.

My letter is already much longer than usual so I'll tell you about the rest of the trip next month, as well as fill you in on what Kristin and Art have been doing this summer. Sincerely,

Dorothy

TRANSITION

On high spike heels she teeters there Upon the top step of the stair,
My best new hat perched on her head,
Her face smeared up with jelly bread.
My evening gown held up with pins,
Revealing tanned and scratched-up shins.

This woman-child I cannot scold;
I played grown-up when six years old!

—Margie Pedrick

SEE IT THIS SUMMER

God built a continent with glory and filled it with treasures untold.

He bedecked it with soft, rolling prairies and pillared it with thundering mountains.

He studded it with sweetly flowing fountains and encompassed it with long, winding streams.

He graced it with deep, shadowed forests and filled them with song.

These treasures would have meant little if myriads of people, the bravest of the races, had not come, each bearing a gift and a hope.

They had the glow of adventure in their eyes and the glory of hope in their souls; and out of them was fashioned a nation, blessed with a purpose sublime.

They called it AMERICA!



TUNE IN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

We'll keep you company for a half hour every day while you iron or stir up a cake or wash dishes or bathe the baby! (Some folks say we go right along with them to the garden or the basement, and goodness knows how many times we sit in the car and wait while husbands wind up business!) These are the stations where you can find us.

KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
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.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



A New Garden Pest

by
Rosalee Mickelsen

It is only fair to warn people of new pests I've discovered in my garden. They are so virulent that compared with them aphids, plant lice, blight, and whatever else strike gardens are as nothing. My pests leave everything bruised, twisted, smashed, stomped, tramped, and virtually killed. By the time I got them under control, most of my gardening efforts were in vain; and to control them I had to become a demon of the garden patch.

We live on a farm, so perhaps I should expect such things, but when I looked out to see a bunch of hens scratching and eating all the moss rose - especially lovely this year - I could hardly restrain myself from putting every hen on the place in a stew pot. Instead, I went after them with a broom, but not before they ate the moss rose down so far that it all died. After this I kept the broom handy at the back door, and it was not unusual to see me chasing after a chicken with that broom, trying to land a few healthy bops in the right places.

After a while the chickens learned that the vicinity of my garden wasn't too safe, so very few ventured near. Relieved that they were gone, I settled down to day-dreaming over all the lovely bouquets of dahlias I would have, only to look out the window to see the pigs happily rooting in them. Now anyone knows that when pigs get in the garden it's curtains. They not only tear up everything in sight but leave big deep holes. (I'm thankful they got out only once.)

Never before had I been able to brag about my gardening, but this year the marigolds boasted huge blooms. Day-dreaming again, I visioned these blooms adorning the house, only to awaken one morning to find that the dog had slept in the center of them. I worked off my bad temper by running out and yelling at him. The kindest thing I called him was "stupid". He must have thought it was a game, because he slept in them again that night. Fortunately there was only one of him, so we did enjoy several bouquets.

With the approach of fall the fun the animals had with my garden apparently

dwindled. Feeling comparatively safe, I put our small daughter out in the sun in her stroller, stationed in front of the gaily blooming dahlias - the precious ones left by the pigs - and returned to my work. You guessed it! She picked off the majority of buds left, even eating a few. Since she is a robust child, just maybe the dahlia buds had something to do with it. They must contain vitamins or something.

Perhaps it is by the example of these destroyers, I do not know, but I have become a garden pest of sorts myself. So, next time you see me coming, plan something for me besides a tour of *your* garden. I don't want to see your rosebushes. Our dog chewed mine off to the ground. I shed some tears over this disaster, because these were the first rosebushes I had got to grow on our place. I'd not stay to hear you tell how easy they are to grow. When I see any garden that chickens have not scratched in, pigs have not rooted in, or flowers that dogs have not slept in and children have not lunched on, something within me just snaps. I feel myself going stark, raving mad!

KITCHEN RANGE

I sing a song of the kitchen range,
The kind my mother knew.
The stove she had to coax and praise
To feed the threshing crew.

The hearth would keep our mittens warm
Or dry out hickory wood.
And on a stormy, winter night
Its warmth made home seem good.

It baked tall loaves of crusted bread,
Fried chicken to a turn,
Or juicy dripping cherry pies
For which I often yearn.

Hot marshmallows, dripping sweet,
We browned by its last ember -
A part of home and yesterday
A child will long remember!

-Unknown

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy; but it's good, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things money can't buy.

LONG, LONG AGO - Concluded

"Then came the bounteous dinner which the fair ladies set forth from their heavily laden baskets and hampers.

"The afternoon was filled with visiting, games, and contests. There was a wheelbarrow race, sack races, and a greased pole contest in which a prize of \$1 was offered. The greased pig went to Reuben D. who captured his prize after a twenty-minute chase. Strawberries and cream were then served.

"The crowd dispersed at chore time, voting it one of the best celebrations ever."

SCHOOLHOUSE ENTERTAINMENTS
(1881)

"A couple of young gentlemen calling themselves professors were through this vicinity last week, giving evening entertainments in the rural schoolhouses, the principal feature of this entertainment being a waltzing dog and a magnetic battery.

"They imposed upon the minds of the audience some startling assertions in regard to electricity, and also decided some contests such as to who was the handsomest, or the most industrious in the neighborhood, and otherwise providing a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment and leaving all of those who attended to ponder much on this subject of electricity and its possibilities."

CROQUET PARTY (1882)

"The young people of Grand Ridge were invited to the Hooker home Friday evening where George overdid himself in hospitality offering strawberries and cream to all as they arrived. Croquet and swinging were the evening's entertainment, with guests also taking time out to admire the new picket fence, and the new bay window in the Hooker residence.

"The evening concluded with an elegant supper repast with ice cream and more strawberries being offered as the grand finale. Lemonade was served by Miss Emma Hooker and her friend Iva L. throughout the evening."

RING RIDE (1884)

"The neighbors in Grant township had a 'ring riding' last week. Two saddles and a bridle and a riding whip were given to the winners of various events."

JULY 4, 1883

"One hundred and fifty dollars worth of fireworks were exploded for the celebration. The festivities of the day reached a climax with the *balloon ascension*. Several young swains of

the community participated in some horse races and trotting.

"The German band from north of town were out in their new uniforms.

"By 10 o'clock the streets were crowded with teams and carriages and people.

"The parade of the ragamuffins was unique and grotesque and a real surprise to the crowd. Several lemonade stands provided cooling beverage to the thirsty.

"The afternoon was filled with speeches, orations, singing, declamations, and drills by the youngsters of Miss Minerva's Academy."

PHONOGRAPH PARTY (1892)

"The O. L. Sturtevant home was the

scene of a phonograph party Tuesday evening when several couples were invited to come in and hear the new Edison machine. Next Monday evening the public will be invited to hear the machine at the Congregational church and the proceeds will be used to finish paying for the new church bell."

PORTENT

After the darkness comes the dawn.

A thousand other dawns were mine,
With promises I meant to keep;
A thousand rose horizons came
With flash and fire ensweep.

Beyond the western rim of light
The flash and flame grew grey,
But this is dawn forever and
This light is here to stay.

After the darkness comes the dawn.

—Mary Kurtz



You can't
stop
DIRT
at the
door.

Footprints still come sneaking in. Dust manages to filter around the doors and windows. Fingerprints evade you, to show up on mirrors and windows. Goodness knows where all the dirty elbows and knees come from.

But you have a helper: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. This is the one hard-working dry powder that goes into solution instantly, even in hardest water. And really gets in there to cut grease and grime, in laundry, dishpan or scrub bucket. Every room in the house can use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It's the next best thing to stopping dirt at the door.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



WHO - ME?

Now who would head the P.T.A.?
And who would coach the Christmas play?

And teach the Cub Scouts worthwhile games?

And call that lengthy list of names?

Tell me, who is the 'taxi man'

On busy streets with noisy clan?

Who plans the dinners for the dads?
And dreams up 'talks' for squirmy lads?

Could it be Mother, speeding so?
She has no time to say "Oh, no!"

—Edna Rashid



These adorable babies are Kayla Jean and Gayla Joan Shanks, twin daughters of the Gail Shanks of Des Moines, Iowa. Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Shanks of Derby, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wolfe of Murray, Iowa.

To think I used to call my friend, there, "The Monster!"



I used to blame the washer for tearing up my underthings, for leaving things dull and gray, and for yellowing my new things made of synthetics. Then I was told, "Don't blame the machine . . . blame the harsh bleach you're using!"

So I switched to **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, and The Monster became my good friend. Now I no longer need worry about whether to bleach . . . I know that if a fabric is washable, it's bleachable in **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach**. And what a bleaching job it does! Whites seem whiter than ever, and colored things just sparkle. Stay new-looking a lot longer, too. Shouldn't you switch to the *Safety Bleach*?

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

ticular age level, the exercises are cut to three times each week instead of daily. I talked with the new physical fitness instructor at the children's school and he said that he had trimmed 30 pounds off his six-foot frame. When I get tired of eating my normal low-calorie dinners, which I must do to keep from putting on the pounds, perhaps I'll join the family every morning. Thus far I've been busy fixing breakfast in the kitchen while they do their exercises. There is considerable "running-in-place" to strengthen the leg and thigh muscles, and this is pretty near impossible to do with an artificial limb such as I have. I've been sticking to my exercises on Katharine's new birthday bike. It has a three-speed gear system which makes for easier pedaling.

The children will be coming in soon and hungry as bears, so I must close and get lunch on the table.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

MYSTERY LUNCH - Concluded

We tried to keep the food simple and charged the current prices for each item. Sandwiches: chicken, sloppy Joes, hot dogs, and cheese; hot chili; pickles and olives; baked beans; potato chips; angel food cake; sundaes; pies; Coke and coffee.

MYSTERY LUNCH MENU

Order four things at once.

(Waitresses are not to help the customers order.)

Good luck! You're going to need it!!!

1. Guillotine, 2. Devil's Bane, 3. Pucker Up, 4. Loaded Layer, 5. Lover's Lane, 6. Iceberg Cocktail, 7. Gambler's Item, 8. Pop Eye's Choice, 9. Untidy Boy, 10. A Goat, 11. Hay Lift, 12. Dark Splash, 13. Holy Day, 14. Fuel, 15. Thin Spread, 16. Hot Cold, 17. Jack Grew 'Em, 18. Molar Help, 19. Torrid Animal, 20. Bait - Hair Do, 21. Surprise!

(Key to Mystery Lunch - For waitresses and chefs only.)

1. Knife, 2. Angel Food Cake, 3. Pickle, 4. Chicken Sandwich (stewed chicken), 5. Spoon, 6. Glass of Water, 7. Chips (potato), 8. Olive, 9. Sloppy Joe, 10. Butter, 11. Fork, 12. Coffee, 13. Sundae, 14. Coke, 15. Napkin, 16. Hot Chili, 17. Beans (baked), 18. Toothpick, 19. Hot Dog, 20. Cheese on a Bun, 21. Pie.

If you get stuck with a lemon, make the most of it: You've got the beginning of lemonade.

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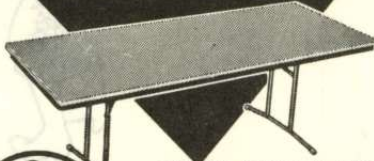
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SAILORS' DELIGHT

(A Party for Children)

by

Enid Ehler

Invitations: Cut the outline of a ship from construction paper. Inside, if the paper has been folded, or on the front of the ship, if cut from single paper, write:

We're having a shipshape party -
Tuesday at three,
Will you row along with me?
Jim Jones

Decorations: Boats of folded paper deck the room. Sailor hats are given to each guest. Add a bit more of a nautical touch by using swimming equipment to decorate the room, things such as life jackets, beach balls, cars, etc.

Games: *Paper boat contest:* Provide plenty of paper and let the guests fold their own boats. Newspaper works fine. Provide poster paint for the guests to paint their boats. The best boat wins a prize, such as a model boat kit.

Boat race: Mark a line with ribbon or chalk. Each sailor holds his own boat (paper or small plastic boats). While standing behind the ribbon each sailor must place his boat as far beyond the ribbon shore line as possible without losing his balance. The boat that has sailed the greatest distance wins a prize.

Lost boat: A tiny plastic boat capable of being hidden inside small fists is used in the lost boat game. One youngster is "it". Others form their hands into fists, and, holding onto a circle of string, they pass the boat to each other. Everyone keeps rowing the boat by sliding his hands along the string. If "it" guesses whose hand has the boat, he takes the boat, and while the new "it" turns around three times with his eyes closed, the boat continues its journey from one sailor's fist to another.

Refreshments: A fleet of paper ships sail across the refreshment table. Centering the table is a ship made from an oatmeal box. Cut the box in half lengthwise, add paper sails, and fill with candy sucker oars to be distributed later to the little sailors.

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A TOOTH FAIRY

by
Marie Mitchell

I must confess that I'm not a compulsive list maker; however, once upon a time I did compound the following list.

A mother is: dietician, teacher, seamstress, peacemaker, mechanic, chauffeur, barber, entertainer, laundress, gardener, interior decorator, bookkeeper, dishwasher, disciplinarian, cook, referee, diplomat, and mender of hurts and hearts.

This was done before one of my offspring attained the favored, for kindergarten purposes, age of five. Once he became a full-fledged kindergartner, he quickly discovered a foolproof method of augmenting his personal piggy bank account. This dramatic discovery was made during a kindergarten session of Show and Tell, when one of his colleagues divulged to the group of eager listeners his award from that most philanthropic of creatures, the tooth fairy. To merit her unswerving generosity he had tucked a baby tooth under his pillow. In the morning he found the tooth had miraculously disappeared, and a shiny new dime had appeared in its stead. This tooth fairy, being an absolute fool about baby teeth, never failed to reimburse her youthful suppliers efficiently and reliably.

My particular possessor of a mouthful of fortune in the guise of teeth lost no time in informing me of this profitable (to him) pastime. Thus, I was able to add the role of tooth fairy to my above-mentioned list.

When there was only one recipient of tooth fairy bounty in our household, no difficulties were encountered. However, when several other recipients enrolled in the tooth fairy club, her troubles began and mounted.

On one occasion the dime was deposited under the wrong pillow. The consequence was a horrendous howl heard the following morning.

The next calamity resulted when, in desperation, two nickels were deposited under the proper prop, with fervent hope that the substitution would be unnoticed and amicably accepted. It was not; and the anguished wail that ensued from an otherwise practical child was ample proof that tooth fairies are expected to possess an unlimited supply of dimes. Two nickels, or ten pennies, were highly undesirable substitutes.

Another tumultuous uproar occurred when the tooth fairy forgot to put in a dime-depositing appearance. What a mountain of explanations this over-

sight demanded! She was busy; she was ailing; she was deluged; she was aging; her memory was deteriorating; she was balking because of bad weather — ad infinitum.

I have come to the conclusion that a good tooth fairy must possess a pachydermal memory, plus a never-ending supply of dimes and explanations for any remissions in the line of duty.

There are many recipes for happiness, depending on personality and point of view. These are usually pastime sug-

gestions, and they can vary from pursuing a round of gaiety to cultivating a garden. Some recipes produce ephemeral happiness; some, lasting joy. As for me, I'm tempted to suggest a negative approach: If you want to be completely happy, avoid the role of tooth fairy. It is an occupation beset with trials and tribulations, and the fringe benefits are practically non-existent beyond inculcating indelible memories of growing years which depart all too soon.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE RUTABAGA FLAVORING!



Are sixteen flavors enough? Do you sometimes wish for one that we don't make? Maybe sweet potato, or mango, or peanut butter? Should our research people be working on some more?

You know, we depend on our friends for ideas, too. We read all our mail and pay attention to it, too. So if you think our sixteen fine flavors need extending to seventeen, or twenty, drop us a line. Maybe something will come of it.

Meantime, here are the sixteen we're so proud of (because they taste so good, never cook or bake out, and are always the same, bottle after bottle):

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

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