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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

My dear good Friends:

This is the first time EVER that I have written a letter to you in long hand. I'm so accustomed to the typewriter that it almost paralyzes my wits to try and scratch off something on this lined paper. Anita has offered to type it for me so that's a blessing; Margery would really shudder if she had to make her way through my illegible scrawl.

Well, I'm *still* at St. Vincent's hospital in Santa Fe and my date for getting out of here hasn't yet been established. Just think, when I left Shenandoah on April 10th, I planned to be gone only until Juliana's baby was safely here, and she expected it on May 14th. Now it is the end of June and I'm still in New Mexico and still in the hospital.

When you spend so many weeks bedfast in a hospital you find that the world outside seems very far away. Any large hospital constitutes a world of its own, and what seemed strange and alien when you first arrived becomes astonishingly familiar before much time passes. After I had been here only three or four days, I had become so well acquainted with the routine that I knew exactly what was going to happen next. About the only thing left that has any surprise element whatsoever is the subject of nurses — I never know who is going to come through the door next. Just when I think that surely I've seen them all, a brand-new face appears.

I am on the third floor at the back and I've really been extremely fortunate for this is a corner room and I have large windows. The one on the south looks down over a very big parochial school, a handsome building of adobe with countless windows. A bright blue is the classic Spanish color for painting trim on an adobe building and consequently all of the trim on this big school is brilliant blue.

Up until the time that school was dismissed I had great pleasure in

watching the children come and go, and their recess periods and noon hour activities — they looked like constantly changing butterflies thanks to the gay colors of their clothing, and I felt transported back to my own childhood when I saw clusters of little girls turning jumping ropes and chanting the old and familiar jingles that most of us once knew so well.

One thing about these children impressed me very much. I watched them from around the third week in April until Memorial Day when classes were over for the summer, and not once, not even ONCE did I see any shoving or disagreements of any kind. There were several hundred children of all ages playing on the school grounds and most of the time there was no one standing around supervising them. This made a real impression upon me.

The big window on the west looks out over a beautiful lawn, and this lawn extends from the hospital walls to St. Francis Cathedral next door. There is statuary tucked into unexpected crannies and right now there are gorgeous roses in full bloom.

Those of you who are familiar with Willa Cather's profoundly moving book "Death Comes for the Archbishop" will be interested to know that Father Lamy, her chief character, built the cathedral during the many years that he served in this diocese. I'd like to think that perhaps he planted some of the magnificent trees that make these grounds so beautiful. When I first arrived here back in April there were apple trees and pear trees in full bloom and they kept their flowers for more than two weeks. At dusk when the priests and nuns walk through this garden it reminds me very much of an Old World scene. I've never been in Europe but I can almost believe that I'm there during a long summer twilight.

St. Vincent's is a very big hospital right in the heart of Santa Fe. It is owned and operated by the Sisters of Charity of the Roman Catholic Church. The first week I was here I heard a

great deal about a special election coming up in which the residents of Santa Fe were asked to support a quarter-cent sales tax levy to help pay the annual deficit of the hospital — \$269,000 last year and an anticipated loss of \$300,000 through this year. It's very hard to get people to vote for an increase in taxes, so you can see how much respect St. Vincent's commands when I tell you that there was a tremendous turn-out at the polls and the measure passed by a majority of four-to-one. Santa Fe is proud of St. Vincent's and for an excellent reason: it is a remarkable institution.

Our food is absolutely delicious. Every morning on the breakfast tray is a menu containing the food that will be served the following day. You can order exactly what you want and there is such a variety of food that I cannot imagine anyone who couldn't feel well satisfied. I've been here around eight weeks now (it seems like eighty weeks) and I'm still eating things that have never appeared before.

Not only is there a wide variety of food but it is all of top quality and extremely well prepared. We've even had French toast and pancakes for breakfast and you know how time consuming it must be to prepare these things for around 300 people. Fresh oranges are peeled and cut into slices. Fresh pineapple is served at least once a week and nothing is more tedious to fix than this delicious fruit.

Imagine, too, preparing salads in individual ring molds! I could hardly believe my eyes when a cream cheese ring mold filled with fresh strawberries and pineapple appeared on my tray. We are still getting different salads and not just repeating the same things. This noon we had a tomato aspic mold — very refreshing.

The meat served here is of the finest quality. You can have a wide choice of meats twice a day if you feel like it. Just thinking about some of the things we've had calls to my mind an elegant chocolate mint pie, a superb cheese cake, an endless variety of fruit sherbets, strawberry shortcake, roast leg of lamb, and exceptionally tasty fried chicken. Before I leave here I am going to see if I can have a collection of these menus so that I can share them with you when I get back to the microphone. If you're in a cooking slump and can't think what to fix next, you would probably get some new ideas from these hospital menus.

I haven't seen last month's issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* so I don't know what was said to explain my long hospitalization. At the risk of repeating something, I'll say that I first was here for three weeks due to surgery for a blood clot in my one and only leg. (I go into



St. Vincent's Hospital in Santa Fe, where Lucile is a patient.

complete panic when anything happens to that leg!) I left the hospital on a Monday at noon and returned by ambulance on Thursday afternoon because I slipped and fell and shattered all the bones in my left wrist. My arm was put into a very cumbersome and heavy cast and it was removed just yesterday. My entire arm and hand are tightly bandaged and I cannot begin to put any weight on it, so that's why I am still hospitalized. By the time this is over and I've learned to walk all over again I figure that it will have knocked about a year out of my life.

All of the nurses here are wonderfully considerate and kind. When I first entered here I was impressed by the love and care they gave to a little boy whom they always called Our Little Andrew. He was a Spanish-American youngster only six years old and he was here for severe burns. Older boys nine and ten tied him up and then set him on fire, if you can conceive of such a thing.

I first heard about Our Little Andrew when the nurses came around taking up a collection so they could rent a TV for him. He had had many skin grafts and had to be on a Stryker frame — he faced the floor and they thought that a TV flat on the floor would help him to pass the time. There wasn't any trouble collecting enough money when people heard about Our Little Andrew.

But in addition to this, the nurses dug out an old rocking chair from somewhere and every chance they got they rocked him. When he was able to be up in a wheelchair they walked endlessly through these big halls. One day they brought him in to see me and I can honestly say that he was the

most beautiful child I've ever seen — he hardly looked real, everything considered. I'm glad to report that Our Little Andrew is home now and walking without crutches.

The other night when I was talking with Mother I told her that James was an adorable baby, highly alert and as pretty as a picture. She began to laugh so then I knew that I sounded like a typical grandmother. I haven't had many opportunities to see him because of being hospitalized so long, but every time I see him I notice a great change. He is cooing now, laughing heartily, and making himself known in no uncertain fashion.

Juliana has been successful in breast feeding him and he has gained several pounds and no longer looks so thin and not properly filled out. Aside from milk he gets strained vegetables and likes them aside from the fact that he positively refuses to eat peas. His favorites are carrots and beets. The doctor says that strained fruit has to be put off until he is thoroughly adjusted to vegetables. He told Juliana that all babies dearly love fruit and would always put up a kick at vegetables if they weren't firmly adjusted to them before they ever tasted fruit.

On June 27th Juliana, Jed and little James are flying to Massachusetts to spend a month with Jed's family. James is the first grandchild for the Loweyes and they've been most impatient to see him. They will spend a month there and then on their return trip will stop in Shenandoah to have two weeks with me. Oh, *surely* I'll be back there by that time!

When the fall semester of the Univer-

(Continued on page 22)

LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

The first thing in this issue, you notice, is a letter from Lucile. It has been several months since she has written due to her long stay in the hospital in Santa Fe, so we wanted her letter to be the very first thing you would read.

Martin and I arrived home safely after a happy two weeks in beautiful New England. The "arrived home safely" is one of the most satisfying parts of a trip, whether you travel by air or by car. Statistics prove that travel by plane is safer by far than by car, but it is hard to believe it when you are 30,000 feet above the ground! I don't know where I would have used it, but I felt a little uneasy that my wheelchair was stored away in the luggage compartment. On other trips I had it right with me, but a new ruling made that impossible. Only those persons who live in a wheelchair and have their sole means of getting about within an arm's reach, can fully realize how helpless one feels when his wheelchair disappears from view.

Although I prefer traveling by car where I can enjoy the countryside, a fast plane trip gives one more time for visiting. It seems almost impossible that we covered the distance between Omaha, Nebraska, and Springfield, Massachusetts, in only four hours! This allowed us more time to spend with Frederick and his family.

The weather put a damper on some activities they had planned for us, but on the few bright sunshiny days we took long drives and saw as much as we could. I was sorry not to have had the opportunity to visit with other friends and relatives in the East, but will hope for another chance to make the trip again and see the ones I missed this time.

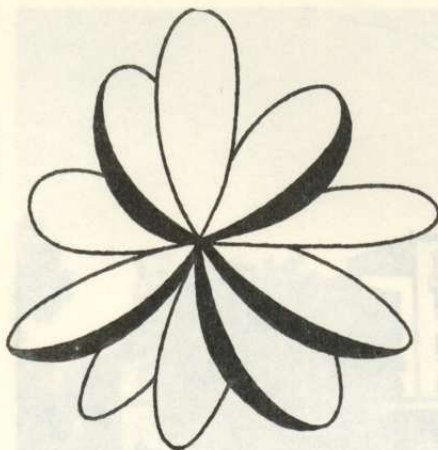
Frederick and Betty have a lovely home. As they have explained to you, it is church-owned property. The back yard is very large, providing space for various activities. One of Frederick's great pleasures is working in the gardens when he comes home from a busy day in his church office. You can see part of the yard in the picture on the cover. Betty had wheeled me out to watch the young people play a game of croquet, when Frederick appeared with his camera to take pictures. The part of the house that you see is the back section. There is a large area behind for parking cars as the house is on a *very* busy street. The circular hedge encloses the rose garden. There is a nice place for lawn chairs and we sat outside as much as the weather permitted. Farther back in the yard is a

(Continued on page 22)

The Pop Art Ball

A "Wild" Party for Summer Fun

by
Mabel Nair Brown



There's nothing like a real fun party to lift spirits that are flagging under the assault of a summer heat wave — provided there is hilarity from the word "go", and that best bib and tucker are taboo. That's the kind of a party you can plan if you let yourself go on a Pop Art Ball.

INVITATIONS, whether written or verbal, should indicate that the guests come in their version of pop art costumes intended for casual wear. If written invitations are used, write them on scraps torn from brown paper bags, wall paper, pieces of wooden shingles, or a piece of fabric.

DECORATIONS — the wilder the better: Huge posters (beg pardon, paintings!) done with tempera paint, shoe polish, etc., on sheets of newsprint or wrapping paper can decorate walls, or, for a lawn or patio party, be placed on easels to get the proper "artistic atmosphere". These needn't be fancy easels, but can simply be sticks or laths nailed together, tripod fashion, with heavy cartons cut up as mats to which artistic creations are fastened.

Try your hand at some wire sculpture by twisting wire coat hangers or other pliable wire into fantastic shapes. Chicken wire mesh or aluminum foil can be crushed and molded into odd-shaped creatures which you can place around the room or patio, as "What-is-its" to start conversation.

Still another form of pop art decorations can be made by gluing a variety of unusual objects to large pieces of cardboard, creating imaginative collages. For these use macaroni, beads, bits of wire, colored string, shells, rocks, bolts and washers, wire springs, bottle caps, corks, nails — the wilder the better. Just remember some of our finest new public buildings and new homes have expensive, highly prized, wall pieces which were made by welding parts of discarded farm machinery together and given a coat of bronze or black paint.

Instead of floral arrangements, how about some "weirdies" made by forming a carton topiary tree of assorted

boxes slipped over a piece of old broom handle which is stuck in a bucket of sand? One of these might stand on either side of the entrance. Wire an assortment of tin cans together, using heavy wire so the creation can be stuck in a flowerpot or wound around a porch post for another pop plant.

ENTERTAINMENT: By all means try to have guests bring guitar, ukulele, and drums to provide some authentic pop music. If no combo is available, you can have fun if one of your group will be a strolling musician, playing the guests' request numbers on ukulele or guitar.

You might plan a *Creative Art Session* whereby the guests try their hand at various forms of pop art. In this case, instead of having all the pop art decorations up when the guests arrive, turn them loose with a wide assortment of materials and let them express themselves in whatever method they choose — finger paint, colored chalk, wire sculpture, collages, etc. Have easels and screens ready to display the results in a Pop Art Fair. The displays might be judged, awarding gaudy, out-sized ribbon badges to the winners. Bridge tables may be provided for use as worktables but don't be surprised if several prefer to get right down on the floor to tackle their project.

You might provide artist's smocks for those using finger paint or tempera. These are easily made by cutting the sleeves and collar off discarded men's shirts. Have the guests don them so that they button down the back.

These sound like elaborate preparations, but none of the items are difficult or expensive, and once everybody gets into the act, you'll find they have loads of fun "expressing" themselves creatively, with lots of good-natured ribbing and laughs. At such a party which I attended we had so much fun we didn't want to quit for games, so we spent the whole evening working at our "art".

Balloon Pops at this party doesn't mean we burst the balloon, but rather we see what all we can do with them.

1. **Painted Balloons**: Let each guest paint a face or design on an inflated balloon. Award prizes to the prettiest, the cleverest, the funniest, etc.

2. **Clown Balloons**: Give each one an inflated balloon, an old hat, Halloween wig, or paper to make a hat and tie, and paint to make a clown face. See who can come up with the best clown head.

3. **Prize Balloons**: Write on slips of papers numbers which are good for door prizes. Insert a slip of paper in a balloon and then inflate it. Use several of these as decorations, and at some time during the party (perhaps when an alarm clock goes off) the guests select a balloon and burst it, thus winning the prize indicated by the number in the balloon.

4. **Pop Hop Race**: Play as a relay or with a contestant from each team for each hop race. An inflated balloon is placed between the knees of each contestant. With hands at hips, each contestant must hop or shuffle to the goal line. If the balloon breaks or is dropped, the player is disqualified and his side loses a point; otherwise, the player reaching the goal line first wins a point for his team.

5. **Two-headed Pop**: Each couple places an inflated balloon between their foreheads. Walking, one backward and one forward, they must carry the balloon to the goal line without touching it with their hands, breaking it, or dropping it.

REFRESHMENTS: Try serving the refreshments in the wildest and largest assortment of equipment you can imagine — bottles, cans, small jars, and buckets for the beverage; cans, lids, pie pans, vases, paper dishes, camping dishes, even clean pieces of board, for other foods. Napkins can be odds and ends of paper ones, scraps of cloth, squares of wrapping paper, or old newspapers cut with pinking shears or torn free hand.

JOURNEY'S END

From majestic mountain peaks
We see the road below,
Twining like a serpent's trail
In the sunset glow.

On the white and shimmering sand
We leave our tire prints deep
And shield our eyes to marvel as
The breakers crest and leap.

Now we take the Interstate.
The landscape's just a haze
Of berry farms and growing crops —
These are vacation days.

Of all the highways in the land,
There's none that thrills me more
Than that little gravel lane
That brings me home once more!

—Leta Fulmer

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

As I sit here looking out over the beautiful forests and lakes of Nova Scotia, I find it hard to believe that we are living in an age of so much turmoil and strife. You people who live on the farms out in the rural areas of America are the fortunate ones. When my mother was visiting us here in Springfield, I told her that there were many times when I thought longingly of how nice it would be to live on a farm where the problems of life may be difficult, but where they are not unsolvable. Sometimes I think that the problems of the city are beyond all hope of solution! All we can do is to alleviate them where we can, and do our best for those who are caught up in them.

Here in Nova Scotia we do a great deal of deep-sea fishing, and if there is one spot in this world where war and riots seem far away, it is out there on the blue Atlantic. Yet, even as I say that, I must remember the fight for survival that the fishermen wage against the wind and the tides, and I must remember the constant state of war and murder that exists under the surface of the sea. All the fish prey on one another, and in addition to their own killing, there is the ever-present danger each fish has from the sea birds that are ready to dive down on their prey at any moment. Sometimes I wonder if there is any living creature free from all danger of attack. Do you know of one?

We love the fine people of this lovely land of Nova Scotia, and this summer we are getting to see more of them than usual. In the first place we are up here longer, and in the second place we have more time to visit with the village folks. And they are "folks", just good, common, salt-of-the-earth people. There children are happy children, and I think that is because all of them help with the family work. The boys and sometimes the girls go out on the fishing boats with their fathers, and those who work the land have the help of their children. Of course almost without exception they are good church people.

Have you ever thought about the difference it makes in a child's life when he is a member of a Christian family? You know that I have travelled over the surface of this earth for many years in many places, and I have seen children in all kinds of homes. Out of that background I know that in a wonderful way Christianity makes a new place for children in the family. In the Christian family they are no longer brats underfoot, inter-



Frederick believes it is very important for a minister to be close to the religious education of the youth of the church and often takes over a class.

fering with male lusts and female freedom. They are not little servants who labor long hours with neither pay nor thanks; they are not know-nothing ignoramuses to be kept out of sight or grudgingly seen and not heard. In a Christian family, children have a central place of honor in the home, and each child is a person in his own right. His responsibilities are as great as his privileges to grow and to learn, to love and to appreciate, to belong and to cooperate in the family enterprise.

You probably have read in your local papers that there have been times when the racial tensions were rather high in our hometown of Springfield, Massachusetts. Thus far we have avoided any large scale riots mainly because we have a large group of very fine Negro people, persons who have lived in Springfield for many years, good church people who have done much to guard against any outbreaks of violence.

Knowing that the Negro people do have to labor against a burden of prejudice, our church has done much to help them. Each year the church contributes to the support of some small Negro churches. We have a Negro college boy on our paid staff of youth directors, and this summer we have employed two Negro boys to work as assistants to our church sexton. Our church has contributed more than \$5,000 to an organization that is helping provide better housing for Negro people, and very shortly we are going to contribute another sizable

sum for that work. Occasionally we have taken up special offerings to help Negroes in one way or another and we are planning to increase our Negro church contacts in the immediate future. We know that whatever we do it will not be enough to make more than a little dent in the enormity of the racial problem, but at least we are doing something, and the chances are that we are doing more than are the people of many other churches.

Of one thing I am absolutely certain: only love and goodwill can solve the problems of the urban areas of our nation. Demonstrations and riots only make matters worse in most instances. All of us have to love our fellow men more than we love them now. Of course there is no denying the risks of Christian love. One may be killed, robbed, misunderstood, resented, and slandered by those he tries to help. There is no guarantee that the love given will be returned, but on the whole we may expect love to invite love even as anger provokes anger.

I wonder if where you are it is so hot you are having to seek out the coolness of your cellar or basement. That is one thing we don't have to do up here in Nova Scotia, but if I were back in Springfield today, I would be doing part of my work down in the old church kitchen in the basement. If you think that you have a basement full of junk, you ought to see all the junk in our church basement! Just before I came up here, I left instruc-

(Continued on page 20)



How Safe Is Your Home?

by
Selma Ross

Did you ever get grease-spattered? Burn yourself on a hot pot handle? Cut your finger on a discarded razor blade in an open waste basket?

Carelessness is usually the reason why these things happen.

A man's house may be his castle, but in too many instances it may also be the scene of accidental tragedy for his family and himself. According to statistics, someone at home is injured every eight seconds and a death takes place every 19 minutes. Almost 4 million people were injured last year while presumably "safe and secure at home."

If homeowners and their families would follow certain simple rules, the terrible toll of needless death, injury and property loss could be cut to infinitesimal proportions.

For instance, are your electrical circuits overloaded? Did you know that more than two cords plugged into one outlet constitute a fire threat? Are any of your lamp or appliance cords frayed? Cords should be in good condition, not kinked or frayed. And never yank plugs out of the wall by pulling on the cord — this may loosen the cord from the plug or damage the cord itself.

Do your children ever leave toys on stairways? These can be a real menace to safety unless the stairs are properly lighted and clear.

And what about that basement? Is it cleaned and kept clear of papers, paints, kerosene or other inflammable materials? If your furnace is near a wall, did you insulate the wall with metal or asbestos lining?

Learning to discard broken glass, razor blades, bottles, tin cans and other sharp waste in closed containers will avoid many a cut finger.

The toddler is particularly prone to home accidents. If your baby is like most, he doesn't let mommy make a move without following at her heels. This means he spends lots of time crawling around the kitchen — exploring the wonders of its drawers and cabinets.

Make sure your poisonous products

(including some of the most ordinary cleaning materials) are out of reach. Store sharp knives in a container, turn the handles of your pots and pans inward on the stove when cooking.. and keep matches in an unattainable place.

Above all, never underestimate the resourcefulness of your youngster. He can maneuver himself into the strangest situations.

Forbid the older children to enter storerooms or attics and make it a family rule to never enter an unlighted storage area without a flashlight. Keep a number of flashlights in good running order for just such an emergency. Rechargeable flashlights, which never need conventional dry-cell batteries, provide constant protection against power failures and other night-time emergencies.

Joining on the list of family members prone to home accidents is Dad..the impatient "do-it-yourselfer"...the guy who rushes to get all the chores done over the weekend and have time left for golf.

Even though women spend more time around the house than men, it's the breadwinner who scores most heavily in the statistics for being fatally injured at home.

If Dad has a workshop, inspect it with a fine tooth comb. He may be forgetful. Make sure power tools are padlocked, the floors are free of dirt and oil, and an approved First Aid Emergency Kit is handy.

Falls account for the majority of home mishaps. Do you try to avoid these by using a non-skid floor wax..making sure your chairs and ladders have sturdy rungs?

In every room, on every staircase, around every backyard there are potential dangers.

The biggest backyard menaces are broken glass, protruding nails, holes in the ground, neglected play equipment. You can get Dad to make short work of these.

Never touch a radio or any other electrical outlet when in the bathtub or shower. It can mean instant elec-

trocution. And always disconnect your electric iron when you have to answer the phone or doorbell.

But suppose there is an accident? How long has it been since you've checked your medicine cabinet for essentials? The well-stocked cabinet should contain sterile gauze pads, adhesive tape, First Aid Cream, ammonia inhalants, Red Cross Improved bandages, Band-aids, Adhesive bandages, sterile cotton, scissors and tweezers. EVERY MEDICINE bottle should be labeled clearly!

You have some knowledge of First Aid. But would you know what to do in a real emergency? One that won't wait! Here are some tips:

1. For all serious injuries, call a doctor.

2. Never move a patient until the extent of his injuries is determined.

3. If the patient's breathing is impaired, administer mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration with a RESUSITUBE AIRWAY.

4. If bleeding is heavy, control with pressure and call a physician or hospital.

5. For shock, keep the patient comfortable, warm — but not overheated, and keep the body flat.

6. Minor burns should be treated with a First Aid Cream, covered with a sterile gauze pad and lightly bandaged. Never use butter, grease, tannic acid jelly or boric acid in any form on burns.

7. For fainting, lay victim flat on his back, loosen clothing, keep head low, raise limbs, apply cold water to the face, and see that he has plenty of fresh air. Ammonia inhalants or smelling salts should be used.

8. If the patient is conscious after an injury, dose him with mild stimulants. Never give a stimulant if the patient is bleeding severely or if sunstroke or a fractured skull is suspected.

Observe these simple safety rules — follow these simple suggestions, and you can cut down the chances of home accidents for yourself and your loved ones. *Now* is the time for accident-proofing. It's your job as a housewife and mother to see that your home is safe for the rest of the family. Carelessness can be a killer.

HUMOR IN THE CLASSROOM

The assignment was to write a short essay on Christopher Columbus. One pupil produced the following epic:

"Christopher Columbus went on a trip. He did not know where he was going. When he got there he did not know where he was. When he got back he did not know where he had been."

—Evelyn Witter

* * *

IT'S FUN TO SEW FOR SCHOOLGIRLS

by
Mary Feese

"Mother, it's not long until school starts," reminds your daughter in the midst of a busy summer day. To you, it seems only last week that school let out for summer vacation! With a sigh, you realize that the summer is fast slipping away. Fast on the heels of this thought comes the realization that, reluctantly or eagerly, as the case may be, you must consider what school clothes will be needed, and must organize your sewing activities to have them ready in time. You mothers of boys will naturally plan to purchase slacks or jeans, and will enjoy sewing some of your sons' sport shirts, and perhaps jackets. But you mothers are fortunate who have little girls for whom you sew — oh joy! — for while you may take pleasure in sewing for yourself, for the boys, for the household, yet sewing for little girls is surely the most fun of all.

Remember the old saying, "The sky's the limit"? It's more likely, however, that the budget is the limiting factor. Your lively imagination will provide you with many more ideas that there possibly will be time or money to cover.

For several years it has been the practice to closely co-ordinate outfits around shades of a single color. This is still popular and quite attractive, yet there's a strong swing back to "mix and match." With a little ingenuity, you can make a well-chosen wardrobe look far larger than it actually is. Choose your favorite Permanent Press material, with a definite color plan in mind. Here's a suggestion especially suitable for kindergarten through fifth-grade girls. Make two newly-fashionable dirndl skirts, one from black background fabric printed with green, pink and yellow flowers, one from an orange-brown-yellow-green stripe. Then, using your daughter's favorite blouse patterns, make five solid color blouses: a pink one to wear with the black skirt, a beige one to wear with the striped skirt, plus yellow, green, and white blouses that go well with either skirt. This will make eight combinations. Add a solid warm-toned brown skirt, perhaps A-line this time, or pleated, and your combinations will jump to thirteen, for all five blouses combine nicely with brown.

Using this idea, try some combinations of your own. Just be sure your patterned skirt fabrics contain the same basic colors in varying proportions, choosing the blouse



These little girls aren't ready for school, but their mother, Donna Nenneman, makes a lot of their dresses. They are grandchildren of Howard and Mae Driftmier.

fabrics in shades of these basic colors. Another color scheme that can sometimes be worked out effectively is red, white, dark and light blue, plus bright green. Just try it, and see what you dream up.

You'll want broadcloth weight fabric for these blouses and skirts, or heavier. For the striped skirt try sport denim, which is no longer just utility fabric — it's become high fashion. Do be sure to get it vat-dyed for lasting good looks; it's well worth the extra few cents per yard in cost.

Sewing is simpler and more fun than ever before, with all the modern fabrics, convenient trims, and excellent patterns. Current styles are especially easy to make: A-lines, tent dresses, shifts, dirndl skirts, shell blouses, and the like. They present few fitting

HALF PAST KITTY TIME

Somehow my tabby cat must have
A clock tucked deep inside of her,
For many days at half past three
She comes to me with steady purr
Insisting that the time is right
To have some pats to smooth her fur.
Her love, of course, she freely gives
While knowing just what will occur
When with soft heart I will respond
With love and pats to pamper her.

—Alice G. Harvey

INVITATION

Come join me in a leisure walk
Far from the milling crowd.
Where only the voice of silence
Is heard sounding clear and loud.
Where pleasant thoughts long in hiding
Come forth to mingle with solitude,
Dissolving weariness of soul,
Restoring fortitude.
Come join me in a leisure walk
Where heart with heart communes,
Where notes of understanding
Create the sweetest tunes.

—Sara Lee Skydell

problems, and are grand for girls who've reached the "age of the wandering waistline." In general, this is the Junior High group. If you make your girl of this age a dress with a definite waistline, it's only a matter of weeks — sometimes it seems like days — until she outgrows it. The semi-fitted styles popular now solve that problem handily, while giving her that coveted grown-up look.

It's fascinating to make up these simple styles in solid colors and "individualize" them by adding unique pockets or well-chosen trimming. One quite unusual idea is to make a pocket the size of an envelope, from white poplin. Applique a "stamp" in the corner, then use a permanent, laundry-marking pen to write or neatly print your girl's name, plus address if desired. Her classmates are sure to exclaim admiringly, "That's neat!"

Another thought: you can purchase "kits" with shifts completely made, that are stamped for you to embroider. These seem so expensive, though, when it's so simple to make your own shifts in your favorite fabrics. There are many lovely transfers available that are well suited to this use, so make and embroider them yourself for equally lovely dresses at a fraction of the price. If you're truly creative, the satisfaction of choosing your own far surpasses any pleasure found in completing a kit.

Perhaps, though, you were one of the mothers who mourned the passing of the classic little dress with fitted bodice, puffed sleeves, and full skirt. If so, celebrate — this year they're back, modernized with high style touches, and bound to be as beloved as ever. For puffed sleeves and full skirts, it's important that they be *really* puffed and *really* full. Don't skimp on these, or you'll cheapen the appearance of the entire dress. Save on yardage, perhaps, on other styles, but do be generous on this one. There are literally dozens of ways to vary this basic pattern, too, by varying collar styles, trims, and color combinations. Glance through the little girls' department of any major mail-order catalog, and you'll see at least eight or ten distinct variations, which in turn are sure to give you new ideas of your own. This potential variety is one of the very things that makes sewing for girls so enjoyable.

Your school girls will certainly have their own fashion ideas, also. Sometimes they want a dress "just like Susie's"; other times they want something entirely different that no one else has. Either way, when you sew for your schoolgirls it's perfectly possible to please, and you'll have lots of fun doing it, too!

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Once again that day of the month has arrived when I get out my typewriter and write my letter to you friends. Frank has gone to the field to rake the hay for baling and since I will probably be called upon this afternoon to drive the tractor while he loads the bales, I thought this would be the best time to collect my thoughts and let you know what we have been doing at our house this past month.

So far this year the crops look good in our section of Iowa . . . so different from last year at this time. We have been fortunate in receiving just the right amount of rain at the right time. Some sections of Iowa are terribly in need of rain, but so far we have been lucky. Maybe this is going to be a good year for the farmers with bottom ground. (I am almost afraid to put this down on paper because one thing we can never be sure of is the weather; we may be under water by next week!)

We are back to just one dog at our house. I told you last month about Friday's two puppies. Our young friend, Larry Allen of Chariton, spends a great deal of time at our house since he loves the farm and outdoor life. He promised to find two good homes for the pups and he kept his word. He gave his favorite pup to his girl friend, and then one of his boy friends came out to pick up the other pup to give to his girl friend. It seems that both girls were very thrilled, but I don't know if their mothers shared their enthusiasm!

Larry will be starting to college this fall and we will certainly miss him. He has several projects started at the farm, none of which are finished, but knowing him I expect he will manage somehow to get them all done before he leaves for school. One of these projects is an outdoor fireplace which he is building down on the banks of the bayou where we do our fishing and have our picnics and wiener roasts. He is making it out of flat rocks he found in one of our ditches, and it will look very nice when finished. Frank and I have always thought it would be nice to have a fireplace but have never found the time to build one. Larry heard us mention this one day and, being a very thoughtful and ambitious young man, decided he would see to it that we had one.



Dorothy's grandson Andy has started to nursery school in Laramie.

This past month we were happy to have a visit from our good friend Gerald Griffiths and his mother. Gerald works in Washington, D.C., but his home is across the river in Alexandria, Virginia. He had brought with him some colored movies taken of their beautiful yard when the pink and white dogwood were in bloom early this spring, and other varieties of flowers and shrubs as they came into full bloom. Frank and I agreed that we had never seen a more breath-takingly beautiful yard and garden. Gerald had done all the landscaping himself and had planned it so there would be gorgeous flowers and magnificent color from early spring until late fall. On one of his previous visits to our house he dug some sweet William and other wild flowers from the timber to plant in his own garden and he had pictures of these in bloom so we could see how well they had survived their move.

Frank came in with a bit of good news the other day. He says it looks as if we are going to have a good black walnut crop this year — *at last!* Speaking of Gerald reminded me of this because when he comes to Iowa in the fall he likes to take black walnuts home with him. We must write this bit of news to him and maybe we'll have a fall visit from him as well.

Since Lucile has had such an unfortunate summer with such a long stay in the hospital, I've been spending more than my usual amount of time in Shenandoah trying to fill in for her on the radio programs. Frank and I both felt there is so little we can do for her when she is so far from home, that maybe in this way I could help. Consequently, I have spent a great deal of time in the kitchen testing interesting recipes to share with you both on the radio and in the magazine. Frank thinks this is great! Every time he comes in for a meal, or I take a

lunch to the field, he wants to know if I have something new and different for him.

The residents of the Lucas community and surrounding area are working hard on plans for their big centennial to be held the middle of August. They have been raising money for expenses by giving big dinners once a month which have been well attended. The food is furnished by the women. One time I was asked to furnish pies, and another time a gelatin salad. Both requests gave me the opportunity to test new recipes I had laid aside to try. Frank asked me if I didn't think this was a little risky — that maybe I should take things I was *sure of*.

Kristin wrote the middle of June that spring had just arrived in Laramie whereas we were well into summer. The tulips were blooming and the lilacs just budding. They had snow there as late as May. Andy loves the the Jack and Jill pre-school he is attending this summer. Kristin arranged her classes for the same hours so she can be home with him all afternoon. Whenever the weather is nice they go to the park for a while so he can enjoy the playground equipment.

Last summer Art brought home a youth bed and set it up, but although Andy was very excited and interested, he wasn't *quite* ready to part with his crib and wouldn't sleep in it! They took it down after a while, put it away, and didn't say any more about it. Now he is ready and wants to sleep in his new big bed, so they were going to set it up that weekend.

It is always fun to watch little children develop and see their skills begin to emerge. Kristin had told us that Andy loved to draw and how pleased they had been with some of his art work. She recently sent three pictures and we think they are very good for a little boy who has just turned four years old. Each picture had a title — "Andy's Funny Clown", "Andy's Fire Engine", and "Andy's Horse at Grandpa's Farm with the Grass and the Sky and the Sun". We think he has definitely inherited his father's talent.

After helping Margery get started with her sewing, I decided to do a little and have made a dress for myself and two for Kristin. I would rather sew than do anything else, but there doesn't seem to be enough time in the summer to get everything made that I would like. Perhaps I can find more time this fall.

Now I must take a lunch to the field for I'm sure a cup of coffee and some cookies would taste awfully good to Frank about this time, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

OLDEN VESSELS

by

Annie Parish Slankard

In the ironstone age, and there was such an age, lasting no telling how long, many jars and jugs were created. My sisters and I were full grown and sprucing up the old house for company before we learned how ravishingly beautiful these clumsy old jugs could be when filled with wild flowers, especially with a great variety of flowers.

Amongst the heavy ironstones at home was a family favorite. It held several gallons, was quite squat, pot-bellied, highly glazed, and very black and shiny. When an armful of long-shanked goldenrod or black-eyed Susans were thrust into that thing it was, I still say, and rightly so, breathtaking.

Since there were two pioneer families who were lifelong ironstone collectors at the farm, there were, naturally, many olds and odds amongst them. Some of them I easily recall; one of these was our famous little butter crock. The lid fit quite snug and a clean cloth between lid and crock made it safely clean and ready for the cold clear water that flowed year in and out over the big flat stone in the spring house. It was an odd color — a sort of faded-out raspberry, if I remember, with little sand blisters resembling cats' eyes, all over it.

When my brother brought a bride to his mountain home, he came back to the farm for a churn. Taking one of our taller apple butter jars, he laid aside the heavy lid, and with his native woodsy knowledge he whittled out a good-fitting sycamore lid and dasher. His bride allowed that churn was a prideful addition to their new home.

The large vessels were used for many things like salting down the pickles and storage of headcheese, pigs' feet and apple butter. In springtime sure as come spring all our big ironstones were carried to the ash hopper. The fire-red fluid that dripped constantly from wet hardwood ashes could not be stored in wood or tin containers. Many of these vessels were stone heavy, and lifting them about was a most burdensome task. There were some quite small ones like our little salt jar, a blue stone thing, and there was the flat brown one, ugly and fitting only for soft soap. The buckwheat batter and wild hops yeast sponge took the large bowl-shaped ones.

Come to think of it now, I do not recall ever seeing one of these old crocks broken; and however, I wonder, did the old original crockery kilns come by their coloring methods. Whatever it was, it was time defiant. Some of them had a sort of sea horse picture

Vacation Time



There are many nice things about a vacation, and one of them is that you are not supposed to think about work or anything else but having a wonderful time — wish you were here!

But, just before setting off for same, it might well occur to any American that the very fact of a vacation sort of epitomizes our land and its freedoms — we can go where we want, make our own plans, our own decisions.

The boundary lines of our 50 states — and of our neighbors, Canada and Mexico, too — are imaginary; no barriers, no bayonets, no censors of words, spoken or written.

Good thing, too, for we are a restless people, with notions of our own and cars, planes, trains, and buses to satisfy them at our will.

City folk head for the country; folks in the country head for the city and its sights — it wouldn't make sense to anyone but an American.

August is traditionally the vacation month in our country. If you are one of the many thousands of persons who will be packing suitcases in the next

week or so, here are some worthwhile tips:

Remove old baggage tags from previous trips and you'll eliminate possible confusion.

When in doubt, don't take it. Traveling is more fun when you travel light!

Plan a basic color scheme of the clothes you'll need. Then you can mix and match while keeping weighty accessories to a minimum.

Wrap medicine bottles in tissue to stop them from crashing against each other.

Seal all stoppered bottles with waterproof tape and you'll avoid leakage . . . caused when the air in the bottle expands under atmospheric changes.

And if you must pack a soft spray bottle, squeeze it first to decrease the excess air inside.

Try to select clothes that will do double duty: a bathrobe/beachrobe, slippers/beach sandals, raincoat/topcoat.

Select wash-and-wear clothes whenever possible.

And have a happy holiday!

and Sheffield, England, imprinted on the bottoms. These also defied any roughage or manner of handling.

Once when I went on an errand with my mother to an old house far back in the hills, way inland, I saw the largest vessel I had ever seen. It stood on three legs, and a nicely rounded thing it was, too. Even then while they were no curiosity to me, I especially liked this one. I realize now this unusual urn type was just a common part of that family's possessions. It stood unnoticed under the low eave drip of the old house. The rain water it caught was probably a thousand times more precious to the hill settlers than the vessel itself.

Only once did I ever see a "cooking rock". They were also an oddity used about the time of the ironstones. This one was a thin round one, about dinner plate size, of soft yellow tripoli. It had been scalloped all round by a file. Tripoli is easily molded, it being a river bed stone. It hung by a hole in the center behind the little stove in an old man's house. When the big black dinner pots were taken off the open fire the "cooking rock" was used to

protect the sand-scoured oaken tables. Why don't we go yon to the big gravel bar, seek and mold a flat of tripoli and this once make our own original "cooking rock"? Kansas sugar-loaf sand rock probably has the same possibilities.



EACH COMMON THING

If with faith the heart will soar and sing,

There is pleasure in each common thing,

Furniture that shines with polished grace,

Clean clothes put in their accustomed place;

Everything will be a work of joy

When eagerly swift hands employ

Themselves in loving usefulness,

Waiting tasks will happily seem less,

Cups and saucers dried and put away,

Cakes stirred lightly with a song so gay;

Routine duties carried out will wear
A household radiance everywhere.

—Author Unknown

ABIGAIL VISITED LUCILE IN HOSPITAL IN SANTA FE

Dear Friends:

The weatherman just finished predicting one of the highest temperatures of the year for today. With that prospect in mind, I'm grateful that today's activities aren't very strenuous. The last three days have been mighty busy ones getting everything back in order after a week of traveling.

Wayne and Clark participated in a unique (for our family) four-day float trip in Dinosaur National Monument. This special father-son expedition on the Green and Yampa Rivers in Colorado and Utah was sponsored by the Lakewood Rotary Club of which Wayne is a member. Ordinarily the passengers are made up from both sexes and all ages. The trip originates in Vernal, Utah, from where the participants are transported by motor vehicle to the float departure point. The boats used are Navy Neoprene pontoons, 27 feet in length.

All personal and camping gear must be packed in water-tight containers; Wayne and Clark used very large plastic bags secured with rubber bands. For although the trip is quite safe, the passengers and gear were doused with water more than once. Incidentally, life jackets are worn at all times on the river.

These trips are leisurely affairs with time for fishing, exploring and photographing this magnificent country. Food and meal preparation are taken care of by the boatmen and everyone seemed to return a few pounds heavier. Wayne reported the only thing which gave him real difficulty was drinking the muddy river water. It made him unusually grateful for the development of canned pop.

Since Alison and I couldn't join the "river rats" we felt we had a good excuse to head south for a week in the environs of Santa Fe. Joining the two of us was one of Alison's friends who also adores a visit down there. I knew Lucile must be beside herself with exasperation at her much-prolonged residence in the hospital, and that a new face or two among the visitors would be most welcome.

Alison is a very competent driver so with her to share this job, the six- or seven-hour drive was not tiresome. We took the longer but more scenic route through the mountains, U.S. 285, on our way down. Arriving in very late afternoon we found Anita, Lucile's companion, and Jake, her little dog, holding down the home front with dinner all prepared and waiting for us. One of the many great pleasures of that place down there is enjoying the long and spectacular sunsets.



There are many ancient churches in New Mexico which are most interesting to visit. This one is located north of Santa Fe, and is one of our favorites.

St. Vincent's Hospital closes up and is quiet and dark immediately after 8:30 p.m. However, Lucile occupied a private room and the nurses were awfully considerate about looking the other way when we came tip-toeing through the halls after visiting hours. This enabled us to gad about the countryside during the daytime, come back to the house and rest and relax and enjoy the sunset and still get in for a nighttime visit with Lucile.

The day after our arrival Juliana, Jed, little James, and Punkey (the cat) came up from Albuquerque to spend a week. It's been a long time since I've been around an 8-week-old baby and what fun it was to hold this tiny boy! He'd already gained several pounds so he had reached that cute stage of round cheeks, and filled-out arms and legs. Needless to say, he's a very happy baby and bright and alert; really he is a darling! Juliana and Jed are awfully lucky to have such an easy baby to live with. I felt badly though that I was able to enjoy him while Lucile couldn't, except for a few brief visits in the hospital lobby. Naturally with one arm in a big cast, she couldn't even hold him on these rare occasions for a very long period of time.

Juliana and Jed were excellent sources of information about places to go and things to see. Since we had been to Bandelier National Monument previously, they suggested a visit to Puye Cliffs. These abandoned cliff dwellings are not nearly as well-publicized because they are not owned by the federal government. Instead, they are still owned by the Santa Clara Indians whose ancient homes they used to be. There is a 50¢ per person admission charged. The view from the top of the mesa alone is worth more than the cost of admission.

After exploring all the excavated cave dwellings and mesa-top ruins, we

continued on up the canyon for a picnic in the beautiful grounds also owned and operated by the Santa Clara Indians. It has a wonderfully refreshing cold mountain stream running through grassy banks and huge pine trees — a welcome change from the heat of the mesa cliffs. To reach Puye Cliffs and Santa Clara Canyon take a marked turnoff just a few miles south of Espanola on New Mexico Highway 30.

On another day we joined Juliana and Jed in initiating James into the wonderful world of picnics and wiener roasts. They had discovered a lovely campground in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains which isn't very well known and therefore not overrun with people. To reach it drive to the little village of Penasco located between Santa Fe and Taos on state highway 76. A sign marks the rather narrow dirt road to Santa Barbara Campground. For the first few miles you drive along the valley in what seems like the backyards of all the small acreages that dot the floor of the valley. Once past the cultivated portion, the valley narrows and the road widens out considerably. The road dead-ends at the campground. From this point originate trails along the beautiful Santa Barbara River and into the Pecos Wilderness. Alison, her friend Ann, and I enjoyed hiking a little over two miles up into this area and wished we had had the time to continue on much farther.

As far as my two teen-age companions were concerned, the absolute highlight of this entire week of highlights was the evening spent attending the performance of "Los Flamencos" at the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe. Ann's seventeenth birthday provided a special occasion for us to celebrate. The two girls had eagerly anticipated this performance after they had been introduced to the lead guitarist and the lead dancer. Their high school Spanish club had sponsored a performance of this duo just shortly before the end of the school year and the occasion was still fresh in their minds.

Additional guitarists and dancers have been added for the season at La Fonda. If you are planning a trip to the Southwest, and if you enjoy Spanish music and dancing or would like to see what it is like, I strongly recommend their show for the entire family. It is given in the largest dining room of the hotel which has a stage. However, because there is an admission charge of \$2.00 per person, it is not necessary to have dinner in order to watch the show.

Until next month, Sincerely,
Abigail



FOR MOMENTS OF MEDITATION

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Trust

Into the days that lie ahead
Dauntless I'll make my way,
For He who hath made the earth and sea

Rules both the night and day.
And though life's way be steep
And nights be filled with pain,
The One who made me as I am
Can bring me joy again.
So — let me live each hour, Lord,
Cheerful and undismayed,
That from life's darkness into dawn
I'll travel unafraid.

Blessed is the man . . . (whose) delight is in the law of the Lord . . . He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; . . . and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

—Psalm 1:2-3

Indian Prayer

Oh! thou great mystery,
Creator of the universe,
Good and powerful as Thou art,
Whose powers are displayed in
The wonders of the sun and the glories
of the moon,
And the great foliage of the forest
And the great waters of the deep,
Sign of the four winds;
Whatever four corners of the earth that
we may meet —
Let us be friends, pale face and red
man,
And when we come to the end of the
long trail,
And we step off into the happy hunting
ground,
From which no hunter ever returns,
Let us not only have faith in Thee —
Oh, thou great mystery —
But faith in each other.
Oh! thou Kitchi Manito, hear us.

—Chief Joseph Strongwolf

Cast Thy Burden

There was one thing I had to learn.
The paths I cut with my own hands
Were tortuous at every turn
And led through bleak and bitter lands;
But when I let God shape my roads,
They leapt, as if designed for flight,
Toward certitude, and all my loads
Grew suddenly and strangely light.

—Church bulletin

Take a look at your thumb. Notice

the swirls and curves that make your thumb print. Now look at your other thumb. Look at both thumbs side by side, and you will see that they are not exactly alike. Neither are they like any other thumb print in the world.

Over two billion people live in the world; yet there is no one else exactly like you. You are special.

If God created us all differently, He must have different plans, different designs, different hopes for each of us. It is for us to decide if we want to follow through with God's plans for our life.

We cannot expect to know what the life-time purpose is now, but little by little, day by day, we can become what God wants us to be. We, too, can grow "in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God" if we will.

Some pray kneeling, some pray standing,

Some pray asking, some demanding.
Some with anger, some with praise,
Some in fear their voices raise.

Some persistent, others brief,
Some want vengeance, some relief.
And of them all, God hears the one
Who humbly prays "Thy will be done."

The Lord is waiting for us to put into His hands the ingredients of another miracle: a mind through which He can express His thoughts; a heart through which He can express His love; a life through which He can express His purpose.

The stars shine over the earth,
The stars shine over the sea;
The stars look up to the mighty God,
The stars look down on me,
The stars have lived a million years,
A million years and a day,
But God and I shall love and live
When the stars have passed away.

—Author Unknown

Prayer of St. Benedict (480-543)

O Gracious and Holy Father,
Give us wisdom to perceive Thee,
intelligence to understand Thee,
diligence to seek Thee,
patience to wait for Thee,
eyes to behold Thee,
a heart to meditate upon Thee,
a life to proclaim Thee;
Through the power of the Spirit
of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THREE TIMES

The Past is a certainty. Quieted is
Wondering, silenced is all questioning.
No guarantee is Future's birth; enhanced

Is curiosity along with wish for knowing.

A handful of winged minutes is all that fill

The Present fleeing into Past then vanishing.

—Sara Lee Skydell

SHADOWS AND ECHOES

Dream shadows dance in the moonlight
At the close of a summer's day,
There came a soft-filled echo
From the valley across the way.
The shadows dim and wraith-like
Now will blend with the greying west;
In spite of their eager dancing
The night winds lull the world to rest.

—Emma D. Babcock

IT'S YOU!

It isn't the things you do or say,
It isn't your look or smile,
Nor what you wear,
Nor your winning way,
Tho' all these help a pile;
No, it isn't your gold that appeals to me,
It is something finer far,
It is just your own dear personal self —
It's you, just as you are.

—Author Unknown

TIMELY FACTS ABOUT KEEPING TIME

Primitive man planned his activities by the sun, the moon, and the seasons. At night and on cloudy days, he judged the passage of time by using a burning rope of vines, knotted at regular intervals.

The first instrument that can be classified as a time-keeping device was the water clock made in China over 4,000 years ago. A pierced brass bowl was set afloat in a basin of water. The passage of time was based on how long it took the bowl to sink. The watcher of the bowl—usually a slave—would then set the bowl afloat again and mark the time by pounding a gong.

Another instrument, the sundial, was used for centuries to keep man abreast of the times. It is even mentioned in the Bible.

Man bided his time until the 15th century to keep track of time as modern man does.

Peter Henlein, a Nuremberg locksmith, built a clock activated by springs. It was made almost completely of iron.

Lighter, as well as more practical, timekeepers were the pocket-sized watches, which appeared in 1635, most commonly among the wealthier classes.

In 1685, Dr. Robert Hooke of England invented the balance spring, marking the beginning of improved quality and accuracy.

America's watchmaking industry began in 1809 in Massachusetts when Luther Goddard opened his factory. By 1850, manufacturing methods were greatly improved, and even a mouse by the name of Mickey got into the time-keeping act.

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter

Family

MARVELOUS SLAW

- 2 qts. shredded cabbage
- 1 shredded green pepper
- 2 shredded carrots
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 cup sugar (scant)
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water

1/2 to 1 tsp. whole mustard seed
Dissolve the salt in the cold water, pour over the shredded vegetables and place in the refrigerator for a couple of hours, stirring occasionally. While this is chilling, mix together the sugar, vinegar, water and mustard seed. Heat to boiling and then boil for a minute or two. Cool. Drain the salty water from the shredded vegetables, pour the dressing over them and toss lightly. This stays crisp and is very, very good.

—Margery

BLACK WALNUT CREAM COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine or vegetable shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup commercial sour cream
- 3/4 cup black walnuts

Cream shortening, butter flavoring and sugar together. Beat in egg and vanilla flavoring. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to creamed mixture alternately with sour cream. Stir in nuts. Drop on greased cooky sheet and bake at 400 degrees for 6 to 10 minutes, until light golden brown.

Mabel Nair Brown sent in this recipe. It is, as she explained, an excellent traveler as it keeps very well.

Remember that the amount of black walnuts can be lessened or other nuts may be substituted and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring used to make these delicious black walnut cookies.

—Evelyn

WATERMELON PICKLE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup watermelon pickle juice
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3/4 cup diced watermelon pickles
- 3/4 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento

Dissolve the gelatin and salt in the boiling water. Add the watermelon pickle juice and cold water and flavoring. Chill until thickened. Fold in the watermelon pickles, celery, green pepper and pimiento. Pour into a mold and chill until firm.

This is delicious with most any kind of meat — is a different type salad and one that we're certain you will enjoy.

—Margery

RICE PILAF

- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 1/2 stick of butter or margarine
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 small can mushrooms with liquid
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1 can consommé
- 1 can water

Melt the butter or margarine in a skillet and brown onion slightly. Add the rice and stir until butter begins to brown — but be sure it doesn't burn. Add mushrooms, almonds and the liquids. Season with a little salt and pepper and stir well. Pour into a flat pan, about 8 by 10 inches is about right, and bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes. The rice absorbs all of the liquid, and the combinations of flavors is delicious.

This was one of the dishes on the menu for a church dinner. Everyone thought it was especially good. I've since made it up several times just for the family.

—Margery

LIGHT AND FLUFFY SALAD

- 1 pkg. gelatin, any flavor
- 1 cup hot water
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water and set aside to cool. Beat the four egg yolks and combine with the 1/2 cup of sugar, pineapple and flavorings. Cook this in a double boiler until thick. Set aside to cool. Beat the four egg whites with the 2 Tbls. of sugar. Stir the cooled cooked mixture into the gelatin, then fold in the egg whites. Place in a mold and chill.

—Dorothy

CREAMED SALMON AND VEGETABLES TO SERVE ON BISCUITS

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 3 Tbls. flour
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - Salt to taste
 - 1 can mixed vegetables, drained
 - 1/4 tsp. thyme
 - 1 can red salmon, drained and flaked
 - Milk, as needed
- Blend the butter and flour, season with salt and pepper and thyme. Add the drained liquid from salmon and milk as needed to cook a medium white sauce. Add the drained vegetables and salmon. You might like to use some of the liquid from the vegetables as part of the liquid. That is why I left the amount of milk up to you. This is also very good made with tuna. It is very fine served over split corn bread as well as biscuits.

—Margery

RASPBERRY DELIGHT

- 2 pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 3 cups boiling water
- 2 pkgs. frozen raspberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 pkg. whipped cream substitute
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Dissolve the gelatin in the three cups boiling water. When dissolved, add the frozen raspberries and flavoring. When well mixed, pour into a pan and refrigerate until firm. Prepare the whipped cream substitute according to directions on the package. When stiff, whip into this the softened cream cheese and the sugar. Fold in the miniature marshmallows and spread on top of the gelatin.

—Dorothy

SWEET POTATO BALLS

- 2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup finely crushed corn flakes
- 2/3 cup chopped salted peanuts
- 8 canned pineapple rings, drained
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. water

Season potatoes with salt and pepper to taste; combine with cereal crumbs and shape into eight balls. Roll in peanuts. Chill thoroughly. Arrange pineapple slices in shallow baking dish and top each with a potato ball. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes.

Combine remaining ingredients; bring to boiling point, stirring frequently, and boil one minute. Spoon mixture over potato balls and continue to bake 5 minutes longer, basting frequently.

—Abigail

**EXCELLENT REFRIGERATOR
PICKLES**

4 cups sugar
4 cups vinegar
1/2 cup salt
1 1/3 tsp. tumeric
1 1/3 tsp. celery seed
1 1/3 tsp. mustard seed
3 onions, sliced thin
Cucumbers, sliced thin

Mix sugar, vinegar and spices together. DO NOT HEAT; THIS SYRUP IS COLD. Wash and sterilize three large peanut butter jars. Slice 1 onion into each. Wash and slice enough cucumbers to fill jars. Stir syrup well and pour over cucumber and onions. Screw on lids. Refrigerate at least 5 days before using. Keep in refrigerator until ready to serve.

This is one of the simplest pickles to make and is absolutely delicious. The taste is fresh and crisp. I have kept these nine months (always in the refrigerator) just to test their keeping qualities and they keep very well.

This is a fine recipe when you have only a few cucumbers. The recipe could easily be cut in half or thirds and used for even smaller amounts than the total given.

—Evelyn

POTATO-AND-EGG SALAD

Boil 6 new potatoes until they are barely tender, peel them while they are still hot, and slice them, but not too thinly. Salt the potatoes lightly, toss them with 3 Tbls. of finely chopped onions, and sprinkle them with 1 cup white vinegar, warmed. Let the potatoes absorb the vinegar, turning them frequently, until they are thoroughly moistened. Toss the potatoes with the leaves of 2 bunches of watercress. Gradually add enough olive oil to coat the potatoes and carefully stir in 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced. Sprinkle the salad with paprika and chopped parsley and serve at room temperature.

—Mary Beth

GREEN TOMATO PIE

3 cups sliced green tomatoes
1 1/3 cups sugar
3 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
3/4 tsp. cinnamon
5 Tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring
2 Tbls. butter

Pastry for a two-crust pie

Combine the tomatoes, sugar, flour, salt, cinnamon, lemon juice and flavoring. Line a 9-inch pie pan with pastry, pour in the filling, dot with butter and cover with top crust. Bake in a 450-degree oven for 10 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 degrees and bake about 40 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

KATHARINE'S SALAD

1 lb. elbow macaroni
1 cup mayonnaise
1 diced onion
1/3 cup creamy Russian dressing
1 1-lb. can kidney beans
2 cups cold leftover meat

Cook the macaroni as directed on package in boiling salted water. Combine with the remaining ingredients and chill for several hours before serving.

UNUSUAL SPICE CAKE

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
flavoring
1 can tomato soup
1 tsp. soda
1 egg
2 cups sifted flour
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add the soup, soda, flavorings and egg and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients and add. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Bake in a greased and floured 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan for 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This can be frosted or served plain or with whipped cream.

—Dorothy

MEAT BALLS WITH SPANISH SAUCE

2 lbs. ground beef (I use ground
chuck)
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup fine bread crumbs
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
1 2-oz. can mushroom stems and
pieces chopped finely — includ-
ing liquid
3 tsp. salt
1 tsp. powdered onion
1 tsp. garlic salt

Mix all ingredients thoroughly and gently roll into walnut-sized balls. Makes 7 to 8 dozen. Place in lightly greased pan and bake in 425-degree oven for 15 minutes. Remove and turn over meat balls; return to oven for another 10 minutes.

Spoon off grease and add sauce. Re-heat and serve.

Sauce

3 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
1 5-oz. can taco sauce
3 shakes hot sauce
1 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. chili powder (Adjust accord-
ing to personal preference re-
garding chili powder.)

Mix thoroughly and spoon over cook-
ed meat balls.

—Abigail

CRUNCHY COFFEECAKE

1 1/2 tsp. dry yeast
1/4 cup lukewarm water
1 tsp. sugar
1/2 cup margarine
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
2 cups sifted flour
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup milk

Sprinkle the yeast into the lukewarm water; add the one teaspoon of sugar and mix well. Let stand five to ten minutes. Combine the margarine, 1/2 cup of sugar, egg and flavorings and beat until smooth. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add half of it to the shortening mixture and beat until well blended. Add the yeast mixture, then the milk, then remaining flour, beating thoroughly after each addition. Spread half the batter in the bottom of a greased 9-inch square pan and sprinkle half the following brown sugar filling over the batter. Cover the filling with the rest of the batter and sprinkle with remaining filling. Bake 55 minutes in a 350-degree oven, or until a toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean.

Brown Sugar Filling

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
3 Tbls. sifted flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
3 Tbls. butter
1 cup chopped pecans

—Dorothy

BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1 1/2 cups shortening
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
2 eggs
1 tsp. soda
2 Tbls. vinegar
2 tsp. baking powder
4 cups flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond
flavoring

Cream sugars, shortening and butter flavoring until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs. Dissolve soda in vinegar. Add to creamed mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in. Add flavorings. Roll dough in balls and place on greased cookie sheet. Flatten with glass dipped in sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

A glass with a design on the bottom is perfect for this.

—Evelyn

QUICK PECAN PIE

3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1 cup graham cracker crumbs
1 1/2 cups pecans, chopped

Beat egg whites until they hold stiff peaks. Add sugar and flavorings. Beat until well blended. Fold in remaining ingredients. Spoon into buttered square pan or a buttered pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serve with whipped cream, powdered whipped topping or ice cream.

-Evelyn

EXCITING SUMMER SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
1 scant pint boiling water
2 Tbls. sugar
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 cup watermelon balls
1 cup canteloupe balls
1 cup diced pineapple
1 cup white grapes

Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the boiling water. Add the sugar, lemon juice and flavoring. Cool until it starts to set. Add the rest of the ingredients and pour into a ring mold. Chill.

-Dorothy

FRENCH COFFEECAKE

1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1/2 cup margarine
2 cups sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
3 eggs
3 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
4 tsp. baking powder
1 large can evaporated milk

Cocoa Mixture

1/3 cup sugar
1 Tbls. cocoa
2 tsp. cinnamon

Cream the shortening, margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the flavorings and beat in the eggs one at a time. Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk. Put 1/3 of the batter into two greased and floured bread pans. Sprinkle with half the cocoa mixture. Put the rest of the batter on top, dividing evenly between the two pans. Sprinkle with the rest of the cocoa mixture. Marbleize the batter by running a knife through the batter several times. Bake approximately one hour in a 325-degree oven, or until a toothpick inserted into the middle of the cake comes out clean.

-Dorothy

CHEDDAR CARROTS

1 pkg. carrots
3 Tbls. butter
1/3 cup chopped onion
3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese
1/2 cup cracker crumbs (12)

Peel and slice the carrots. Cook in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Melt the butter in a skillet, add the onion and saute. Add the carrots. Combine the cheese and crackers. In a small buttered casserole layer half the carrots and half of the cheese mixture. Repeat. Bake 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

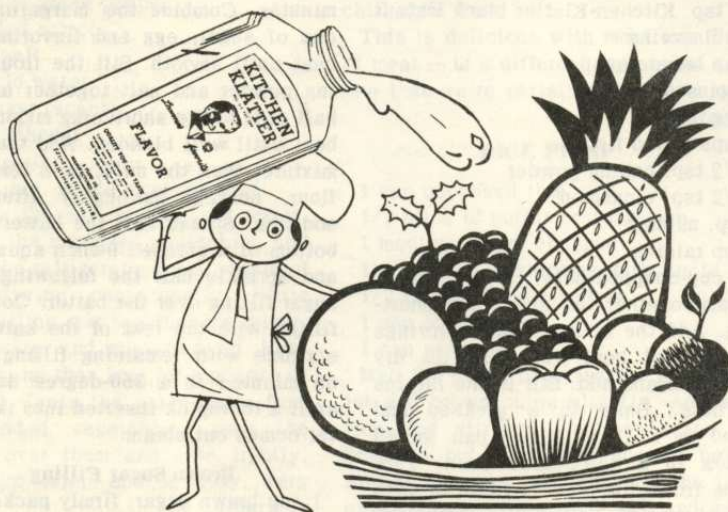
-Dorothy

WIENER ON A STICK

1 cup flour
2 Tbls. sugar
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2/3 cup corn meal
2 Tbls. shortening
3/4 cup milk
1 egg, slightly beaten

Combine dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Lastly, stir in milk and egg which have been mixed together. Stick a wiener on a stick. Dip into batter and deep-fat fry until golden brown on the outside and heated through inside. This batter should be enough for 1 lb. of wieners.

-Evelyn

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

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A LETTER FROM OUR WISCONSIN FAMILY

Dear Friends:

I have been outside on the concrete porch that leads directly from our family room double doors, hanging up my multi-weekly laundry on one of those extremely handy laundry hanging affairs that folds up much like an umbrella and stands on a single metal leg in a round hole we had kept open when the concrete porch was poured. It really is handy because it goes up and comes down in about ten seconds with no ropes to wind up or poles to tote away. At first all was peace and quiet in the neighborhood save for the morning songs from the birds in the woods near us. However, by my next trip out there was one family of children outside playing in their backyard, and before that load was completely hung the two-year-old had rummaged through the garage and frightened his mother half to death with a bottle of turpentine. Add to this the element of temperatures ranging in the 90's by ten o'clock, and you can readily guess what the next trip outside brought forth.

In the next forty-five minutes two more families of children were up and about and on my next load of laundry the chorus of crying babies was quite heart rending. I heard many mammas speaking in tones which reminded me of my younger days, and suddenly I was laughing out loud to realize that, indeed, those days for me are long past and I hadn't noticed their going until they were gone.

On this occasion of Adrienne's — the baby of the family's — birthday today I suddenly feel emancipated. I looked at her after this last revealing trip outside, hearing the hot, cross babies, and I was astounded at her long, long legs and her six permanent front teeth. We have surely passed a milestone in our family life. I don't have any little toddlers climbing up and falling off onto a hard concrete surface; nor do they have to be watched like hawks lest they eat or drink poisonous household cleansers! Those days are gone and with them the loads of diapers, and I am rejoicing. I love babies, but being able to continue with my housework and laundry while the children are home and about is really very pleasant.

Right at the moment we don't have any difficulties. Although Katharine is in her teens they are not yet so "terrible" as I've been told. We have no boy problem yet and no one save Don or I sit behind the wheel of our automobile. Paul and Adrienne are still young enough to accept without question — at least not much — our position as parents with the last word.



Katharine, like her mother, enjoys working in the kitchen and is a big help at mealtime. They usually eat in the dinette in the background, but use the dining room on Sundays and special occasions.

What we say they accept and it hasn't occurred to them to do otherwise. It seems to me that this summer of 1968 we are a very happy and fortunate family. We're out of the hard, endless work stage of babies and not yet launched on the road that lies ahead. Once I bemoaned to a friend at the length of time it took our dilatory son to lace his gym shoes, and she asked me how I would like to "try a sixteen-year-old girl on for size" — a normal, well-mannered, beautiful sixteen-year-old girl who, this mother states, is really a challenge to her patience and good judgment.

Adrienne's birthday celebration this year was a day early so her daddy could be here with her. He had planned a trip to call on his customers for the week, so we had her cake and presents on Sunday afternoon. This was a birthday without dolls (a sad occasion for me because I have yet to outgrow my appreciation for a beautiful, delicate doll). However, Adrienne did receive something she *really* wanted and has begged for for more than a year, and that is a charm bracelet. We bought a simple link chain bracelet and from that Don hung a tiny, pink enameled birthday cake charm. She had wanted this especially to take with her on our California trip so she could buy a charm as a remembrance of each special place at which we stopped.

Her other presents were a tiny book of French phrases so she can have fun learning a little extra French this summer. She has completed her first full year of French at school and came through with a grade of which we're proud.

We also gave her one of the Babar books, a series of superbly interesting and entertaining books for the junior set in any household. These books relate the story of an elephant kingdom and of the king, his marriage, and the arrival of his small elephant son. My children loved these books when they

were at the age to be read to and a little later when they were beginning readers. I highly recommend them for your younger generation. This book is also published in French and Adrienne was highly challenged with this entire story in French. She has not read this particular story before, so she cannot guess her way through the translations. The author of this series is Laurent de Brunhoff and any bookstore will know about this series in English. It is an old standard, so you'll have no trouble locating one of them.

In last month's letter I told you about the "Spurrlows" and promised you an address where you could reach them for a schedule of their appearances for the coming year in case your church wanted to bring an interesting singing group for its young people. Our assistant pastor gave me their mailing address: The Spurrlows, Splendor Productions, Suite 209, 650 Roosevelt Road, Glen Ellyn, Illinois, 60137. Mr. Bill Barron is the Public Relations Manager, so he is the man to whom you should address your inquiries.

Katharine has fixed supper for us this evening and I'm going to send along her recipe for a cool evening meal. She's proving to be an invaluable help to me this summer in the kitchen and likewise to the neighbor women whose babies were so hot and cranky this morning.

Early in May she was promised the job of serving and assisting one of the women I met at Deacons. (I soon won't have my well-trained helper if she becomes too popular.) This all came about one Sunday morning after church when she was helping us wash all the tiny Communion cups. One of the senior ladies in the group who worked with her asked me later if I would mind if Katharine helped her on evenings when she had her women friends in for dinner. It is nearly impossible for a girl under sixteen to get any work, so Katharine was practically turning handsprings over the prospect of a paying job.

The lady's training will prove invaluable to Katharine. She will serve the dinner, clear the table, serve dessert, and then take care of the kitchen work while the ladies visit after dinner. She'll be working with someone else's nice dishes, which will be quite a responsibility but a task to which I am certain she can measure up. The lady was pleased to find someone interested in domestic work. These days this kind of work is too menial for a large segment of the population.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

A LOVELY WEDDING

by
Evelyn Birkby

When my sister, Ruth Bricker, began planning her wedding to Dr. Paul Gerhardt of Mesa, Arizona, she was surprised at the lack of material available for guidance in arranging a second wedding. The suggestions she found in the library, magazine columns and from wedding counselors were vague and not at all satisfactory.

One source insisted the wedding couple and the witnesses were the *only* people who *properly* attended such a wedding. This ruled out even relatives! Another book commented that church weddings were *never* correct.

Ruth and Paul discussed these suggestions and promptly tossed them aside. Their lives had been far too closely tied to the church for this important event to be held anywhere else. (Ruth just completed work as secretary for over two years at the Velda Rose Methodist Church and Paul is on the board and serves on a number of important committees in the Grace Methodist Church of Mesa.) Also, the two of them had a number of exceptionally close friends they wanted to invite along with the relatives.

When the decision about guests had been made, Ruth and Paul decided to make the invitations themselves. They found a beautiful white linen paper with decorative lace-like edges. Ruth's typewriter is set up with a script type that is very graceful in appearance and this was used in printing both the invitations and the announcements.

Both Ruth and Paul placed invitations in the bulletins of their respective churches. As Ruth said, "When you work in a church you feel so close to all the people. I want this to be an *open* wedding for anyone to attend who cares to come." To their amazement, over two hundred people came to the service! A marvelously warm, friendly feeling pervaded the lovely Velda Rose sanctuary on that Sunday afternoon.

Ruth had her new daughter-in-law, Claudia (Mrs. Don) Gerhardt, and her son Lynn's fiancée, Miss Jacquie Mayhew, act as candlelighters. The girls were delighted and surprised for in Arizona the candlelighters are usually boys. The two girls, in identical bright chiffon dresses, also served punch at the reception.

Ruth's closest friend in Mesa, Lois (Mrs. Chuck) Hickman, was bridesmaid. I was matron of honor, Don Gerhardt served as his father's best man and Lynn Bricker escorted his



A few informal pictures were taken before the wedding. The bride, Evelyn's sister Ruth, is in the center. With her are her friend, Lois Hickman, and Evelyn (right).

mother down the aisle to complete the wedding party.

Ruth chose wedding music which was partly traditional and partly her own favorite selections. The numbers used were: For the prelude music — "Symphony" by Alstone, "Andantion" by Lemare, "To an Evening Star" by Wagner, "Liebestrum" by Liszt and "Meditation" by Massenet. As the candles were being lighted the organist played "O Perfect Love" by Barnby. "God Gave Me You" by Kaiser was sung just before the wedding processional. "Let the Merry Bells Ring Round" by Handel was used for the processional itself and was beautifully appropriate. "Wedding Blessing" by Grieb was sung as a wedding prayer and the recessional music was "Marche Triumphant" by Sassmannshausen.

The colors for the wedding were apricot and sea green. The candles in the candelabra were in the pale green color and darker green leaves and delicate apricot-colored carnations were arranged at their base. The altar was so beautiful no other decoration was needed for the setting of this meaningful ceremony.

Lois and I wore identical dresses of apricot faille and carried matching bouquets in a cascade arrangement. Ruth's dress was also street length



AT THE BUS STATION

At the bus station I'm waiting,
Things are lively, palpitating,
People coming, going, rushing,
Some are quiet, some talking — gushing.
Luggage — bags and boxes bulging,
Kids in foods and drinks indulging,
In uniform, boys circulating —
Clean cut, clear eyes — fascinating.
Loved ones kissing, laughing, greeting,
As they spy the ones they're meeting;
Others lonely, shy, retiring,
Or, perhaps, quietly admiring.
Bus arrivals they're announcing —
Crowds march in — some tired, some bouncing;
Now, my bus I'll soon be boarding,
Life's cross section here — rewarding.
—Mollie Pitluck Bell

and was a soft sea green with lace sleeves and a floating panel in the back trimmed with lace applique. She had decided against the traditional-type hair decoration and instead simply tucked tiny green flowers into her curls for just the right touch. She carried a white Bible decorated with a cascade arrangement of green orchids and ivy leaves.

Ruth's minister, the Rev. J. Erben Moore of the Velda Rose Methodist Church and Paul's minister, the Rev. Jack Troutman of the Grace Methodist Church, officiated.

As soon as the ceremony was concluded, the wedding party went directly to Fellowship Hall where the wedding cake was cut and a few pictures taken. Then the receiving line began and the wedding guests went directly from it to the tea table. This moved very smoothly and no one had to wait long stretches of time.

The tea table was beautifully laid with pale green under white lace. It was centered by a four-layer white cake decorated with orange flowers. A brass wedding cross was used in the center of the cake. Green and orange punch, mints, nuts and sheet cakes were served.

The table was quite long and Ruth had a florist friend prepare two beautiful arrangements of artificial flowers in shades of green and orange. They looked gorgeous on the table and following the reception were taken to Ruth and Paul's new home where they will be used in a number of ways for months to come.

Music was provided for the reception by three musician friends who played so beautifully everyone just had to enjoy the party. Ruth and Paul had told the photographer they did not want the formal pictures taken until after the reception was completely over. They felt they should be present to visit and enjoy the festivities rather than dash off the minute the last hand was shaken. Receptions can be very dull affairs and this couple was determined theirs would not be — and it wasn't!

Now Dr. and Mrs. Paul Gerhardt are settled in their new home in Mesa after a brief trip down into Mexico. With their now merged family of two sons and one daughter-in-law, the future looks bright indeed for these two fine people.

I had to leave for home and family as soon as the wedding reception was over. Lois Hickman drove me to the airport and in a few short hours I was winging into Omaha and the trip and the wedding seemed like a dream. Thank goodness for pictures to prove that this *was* for real and not a dream!



EIGHT GRANDSONS — EIGHT SHETLANDS

by
Hallie M. Barrow

Judge Max DeShon of Clarksdale, DeKalb County, Missouri, recently visited the Bent Arrow Ranch near Tulsa, Oklahoma. He wanted to buy a Shetland pony for his farm so that when his grandchildren came for farm visits they would have something special to play with. He wanted a sorrel Shetland with a white face. Soon they had eight perfectly matched sorrel Shetlands with white faces in the sale ring. They were so nearly alike that Judge DeShon couldn't decide on one. Finally he said, "I'll take all eight. I have eight grandsons and that will be one for each of them." These colts, not yet broken, were all loaded into his pickup truck except one. That was a tiny new colt — sorrel with a white face. When they asked if he wanted that small a one, Mr. DeShon replied, "Yes, my youngest grandson is two months old. He and that colt can just grow up together."

He telephoned ahead to have all the grandsons there, and seven excited grandsons raced out to meet the truck. They knew their grandfather was to buy them a pony, but when a pony for

each one was unloaded their excitement burst all bounds. His wife asked, "Have you lost your mind completely?"

But the seven grandsons didn't think their grandfather had lost his mind at all, and even the baby in his crib smiled and gooded. Their grandfather said each grandson must select his own pony, choose a name for it, and start at once getting acquainted with it. Also, when their ponies knew the boys, the boys must break them to halter and saddle.

Judge DeShon has ordered a fancy double rig, something like what we used to call a carriage, and he hopes the boys and their ponies will make a hit at the local horse shows.

In the picture is their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Goff, and their three sons of Maysville. Their son, Cliff DeShon, has five boys and lives on an adjoining farm.

Seven grandsons working, riding, and driving their seven ponies this summer on their grandfather's farm! We are sure there won't be a dull moment.

LOST THOUGHT

Lost
Between brain and pen,
A thought bubble
Too elusive to capture,
Too fragile to hold.
Pop! it was gone!
Lost
A tantalizing, titillating
Will o' the wisp;
Vagrant and vacillating
As dandelion fluff;

Alluring, enticing
As diamond dust.
A wish — it was gone.
Gone
As soon as conceived;
Lost before it grew
Substance or form —
A volatile thing;
Quick-silver shattered;
A bubble pricked,
Burst,
Atomized,
Gone!

—R. L. Hansen

"I have to
hang up
now. It's
time for the



Kitchen-Klatter visit."

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| WJAG | Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M. |
| KVSH | Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KSCJ | Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 11:00 A.M. |
| KCOB | Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| KSMN | Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| KCFI | Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KWPC | Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KWBG | Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KFEQ | St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KLIK | Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| KSIS | Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M. |
| KWOA | Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M. |
| KOAM | Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The family in this household knows that my tear ducts are very close to my heart. A scene from "The Miracle Worker", a recording of "How Great Thou Art", or a warmly-human sermon on "Parental Respect" will make our children check to see if "Mom's crying." *When You're a Widow* by Clarissa Start, gives one such a personal feeling of her grief that I felt as if I were sharing it. As a regular reader of Clarissa Start's column in *This Day* magazine — she also writes a column for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* — it was with sorrow I read of the passing of her husband. Her complete thoughts of that time are recorded in the new book *When You're a Widow* (Concordia Publishing House, 3558 South Jefferson Ave., Saint Louis, Mo. 63118, \$3.75).

When Clarissa Start woke that March

morning and found her husband dying, she began a kind of life that only widows understand. The author shares her experiences in human narrative, as she reacted with composure at the initial shock and facing realities of making arrangements. She believes that the traditional funeral is a great device to bridge the shock of death and the awfulness of bereavement which will come later. And never again will the author take lightly the responsibility to "pay one's respects."

Advice on business transactions is helpful; don't make any big decisions immediately. Feeling pride on her efficiency, she found it humiliating to feel vague in the aftermath of grief; forgot to plan meals, mislaid the insurance company's check, and lost track of household duties. With shame she recalled how casual she had been in her treatment of other bereaved persons during the years.

The chapter titled "Maytime" reminds us that no widow's clock and calendar system of grief is the same. The words to the song "Maytime" took on new meaning: May meant wedding anniversaries and Mother's Day.

Making decisions as a double-parent for her sixteen-year-old son helped

bring satisfactions and a new grip on normal life.

Clarissa Start offers this hopeful view for a widow's future: "You can surmount your grief. You can rejoin the human race. You may even be a better member of the human race because of your sorrow. You will — eventually — even sense a certain pity for those whose lives have not been touched by grief, for they have not lived life to the fullest."

Clarissa Start, the widow of E. Gary Davidson, a former state senator, lives in a 100-year-old Webster Groves, Mo., home. Her work as a writer has been recognized by the Missouri Press Women and the National Federation of Press Women. Her first book, *God's Man, the Story of Pastor Niemoeller*, was published in 1959.

When You're a Widow is a very personal experience of a talented writer; it will surely bring comfort to many.

Many readers know E. Jane Mall as the author of *Kitty*, *My Rib*, the story of Martin Luther's wife, and *P.S. I Love You*, the account of how she and her husband, Pastor Mall, became the parents of five adopted children within 30 months. (It was reviewed in this column in November, 1962). In correspondence with Mrs. Mall, she wrote she intended to publish another book. Little did anyone realize it would be *My Flickering Torch*, written after the death of her husband.

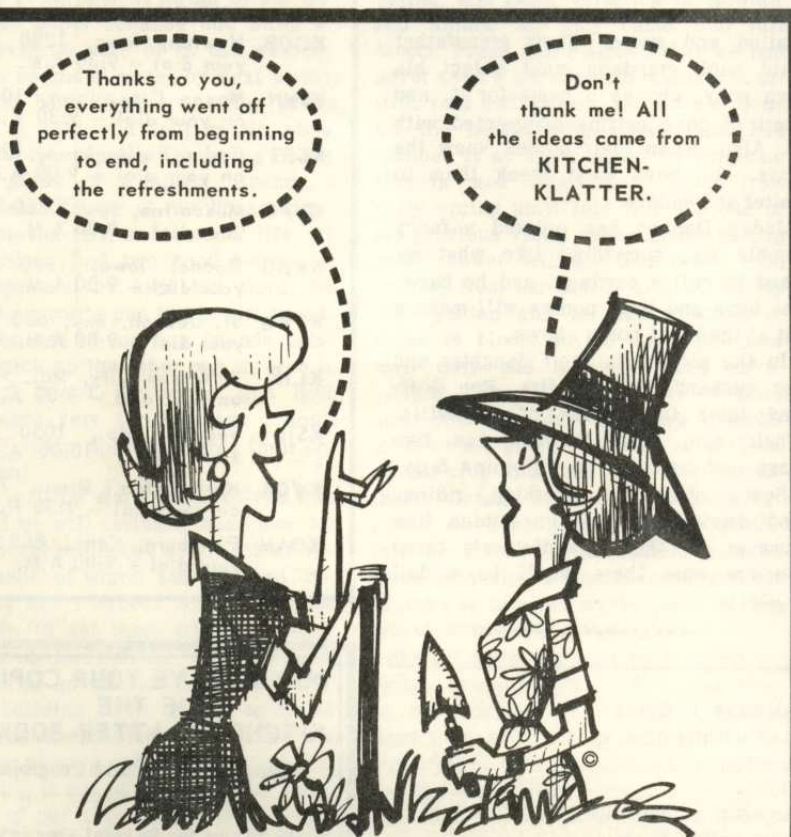
Life was good for the Malls as they enjoyed their five adopted children. Then two Army chaplains announced the death of Pastor Mall. In *My Flickering Torch* (Concordia Publishing House, 3558 S. Jefferson Ave., Saint Louis, Missouri 63118, \$3.50) the bright flame of faith almost went out for E. Jane Mall. She could not pray because she felt God had forsaken her. Then new strength was found in a Bible Study series. Rather than pills, she says "how much easier it is to simply open a book and let God speak."

The children required much of her time. John had difficulty adjusting to life; Heidi, the mentally retarded daughter, required firm discipline. COK was not ready for first grade.

Not a sentimental success story, *My Flickering Torch*, is a personal account of a new discovery of God's guidance. She reflects: "I stumbled through the darkness like a groping child, yet He held out His hands to me through His Word and pulled me back to Him. He was the light that followed me all the way, and I yield my flickering torch to Him."

Readers of *My Flickering Torch* will find a pattern for confident living in its pages.

✱ ✱ ✱



\$2.00 per year — 12 issues

\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

Address your letter to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) admires the iris blooming in Frederick's lovely backyard. They were in the peak of bloom when she visited in Massachusetts earlier this summer.

A GARDEN SURPRISE

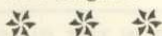
by

Gladys Niece Templeton

If you would not miss the real garden surprise of the year, you should plan to plant *Lycoris* bulbs in the flower borders this fall. Never heard of them? Perhaps you call them hardy *Amaryllis*, and since they are blooming this month, I wanted to remind you to look around your garden and select a place where you can plant them this fall.

These large bulbs may be planted as long as the ground is not frozen. They remain dormant until early in March when they put forth luxuriant, slender leaves which disappear within a few weeks . . . no bloom, you think the plant has died. Some hot August day, when the garden is a sorry plot, suddenly the thick cane-like stalks shoot out of the ground and, without foliage, a whorl of eight or ten exquisite pink, lily-shaped blossoms appear. These lilies remain regally beautiful through the terrific heat for a period of two or more weeks.

Though appearing fragile, this lily is durable and as long lived as the other bulbs. It also multiplies rapidly, making an excellent perennial. The bulbs like partial shade and well-drained soil, are no more care than tulips and require little fertilizer. Since the bulbs are large give them plenty of room. Plant about six inches deep in well-cultivated soil. The *Lycoris* is lovely and I hope you have an entire border of them, come next August.



V—Variety
A—Action
C—Circulating
A—Availability
T—Time
I—Imagination
O—Opportunity
N—New faces; new places

Do not worry about getting over the mountain until you come to it.

Criticism is one method of proving that one's faults are different.

The more you lean on somebody else, the leaner your chances of success.

If you find yourself in shadows, can light be far away?



NOT IN THIS TANK

We don't promise to put a tiger in your washer. In fact, we promise *not* to.

Harsh liquid bleaches, loaded with chlorine, sometimes act like tigers: shredding fabrics, breaking down fibers, making clothes old before their time.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach, on the other hand, handles all washables gently . . . kindly. This miracle *safety* bleach brightens colors and whites while it keeps things looking new. Even the new synthetics are perfectly safe in **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

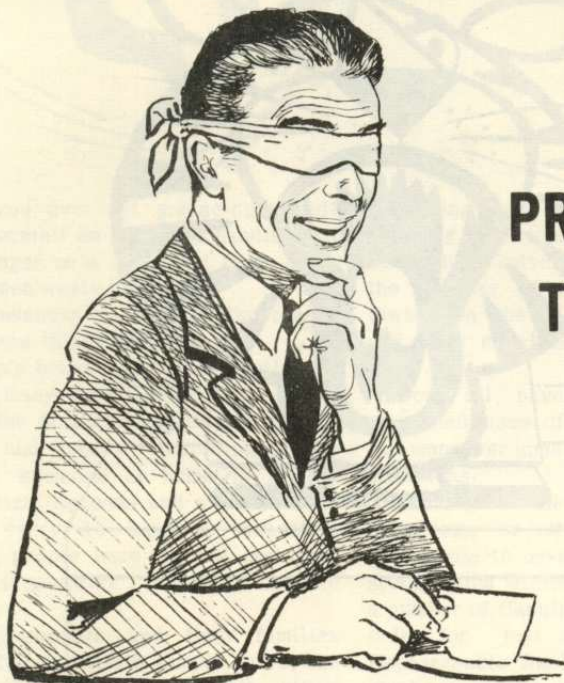
Don't throw your clothes to the tigers. Give 'em a luxury bath in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
tion for the church maintenance crew to clean out the basement. When the boys asked me what was to be thrown away, I replied: "If anything has not been needed or used by the church for the past ten years, throw it away!"

How is that for good advice? If we were to apply that to many of the things we keep in our attics and our basements and barns, things would be much neater, and there would be much less litter around.

Down in that church basement there



PROVE IT TO HIM

If your husband still believes that all "artificial" sweeteners are alike, and that taking out the calories also takes out the sweetness, prove him wrong.

Blindfold him, then give him two cups of coffee: one sweetened with sugar, one sweetened with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. Then defy him to tell you which one was loaded with calories, and which contained NOT A SINGLE ONE.

He'll agree with you that **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** does the same fine job of sweetening, even though the calories are gone. And he'll tell you there was no hint of bitterness or unpleasant aftertaste. Just natural sweetness.

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David Driftmier (left) and his cousin Martin Strom left their game of croquet to join their grandmother under the birch tree.

are some old pictures that were put into storage at the time of the death of Abraham Lincoln, and there they are still waiting to be used. There are old boxes of costumes that the children used in the Sunday school pageants before the beginning of this century. But why keep them? They are not being used, and I maintain that unless a thing is useful, it should not be kept just to take up storage space that ought to belong to the useful items.

You know what will happen about all those old things once they are thrown out: they will be needed. Just as surely as we throw away some old costumes, they are going to be wanted for some play. It never fails! But sink or swim, succeed or fail, triumph or disaster, that basement is going to be cleaned in a manner it has not known for the past one hundred years. I shall keep you informed of the results.

Sincerely,

Frederick

IT'S A MAN'S LIFE!

To find some occupation to busy mind and hands.
To find a woman with whom to share understanding and love and children.
To find a town of neighbors in which to make a home.
To find a friend or two in whom to confide.
To find a hobby, apart from work, to enjoy.
To find pleasure in the magic of nature.
To find contentment with possessions, be they few or many.
To find excitement in trying to do something worthwhile.
To find a faith that conquers fear.
To find an ideal for which to strive.
... And these will make for a truly good life.

HUMOR IN THE CLASSROOM

In singing Bobby sang at the top of his untuneful voice, his hands clamped firmly over his ears.

After class I asked Bobby, "Why do you put your hands over your ears?" "I can't stand the way I sound," he answered honestly. —Evelyn Witter

FOOD FACTS

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

Just can't help thinking how interesting the food's background is while I'm eating. Just like people, the foods we eat have interesting stories behind them.

Did you know that the frankfurter got its nickname, "hot dog", in the year 1900 at a football game? Vendors strolled through the stands shouting "red hot dachshund sausages." A cartoonist coined the phrase "hot dog" when he was drawing a cartoon about this sensational sausage because he was unable to spell "dachshund". After that the vendors called out "hot dogs" and everyone followed suit.

Today there are more than 200 varieties of sausages.

Homer, the poet, in his "Odyssey" written in the 9th Century B.C., mentions sausage. Babylonians made and ate sausage some 1500 years B.C. Ancient China also used it. The sausage *salami* is believed to have originated in the destroyed ancient city of Salamis. We take sausages for granted and seldom give a thought to their interesting historical background. Fifth Century B.C. literature refers to salami. Salami sandwich, anyone? Maybe you prefer cheese.

Legends say cheese was discovered thousands of years ago by an Arab. He started off on a long journey carrying milk in a pouch made of a sheep's stomach. The enzymes in the sheep's stomach, the heat of the sun, and the joggling of the camel turned the milk into the snowy white curd of cheese and the thin liquid we call whey. Think of and thank the Arab next time you're enjoying a cheese-burger.

Cabbage was considered to have therapeutic value and this vegetable was highly prized for this reason by the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The Germans originated the custom of using warm or hot dressings on cold salads.

Thomas Jefferson is credited with introducing spaghetti to America. Italian pastas intrigued him so much that he imported a spaghetti-making machine.

Got a sweet tooth? The Viennese are known to have always loved cakes and pastries.

There are many jokes about cakes and cookies that come out of the oven harder than a rock. Many a new cook has been the butt of them. If ever you're kidded in this way just tell the kiddier that St. Andrews Cathedral in Singapore was built in the early 19th Century of ground sea shells, sugar, and the white of eggs. This mixture proved harder than granite.

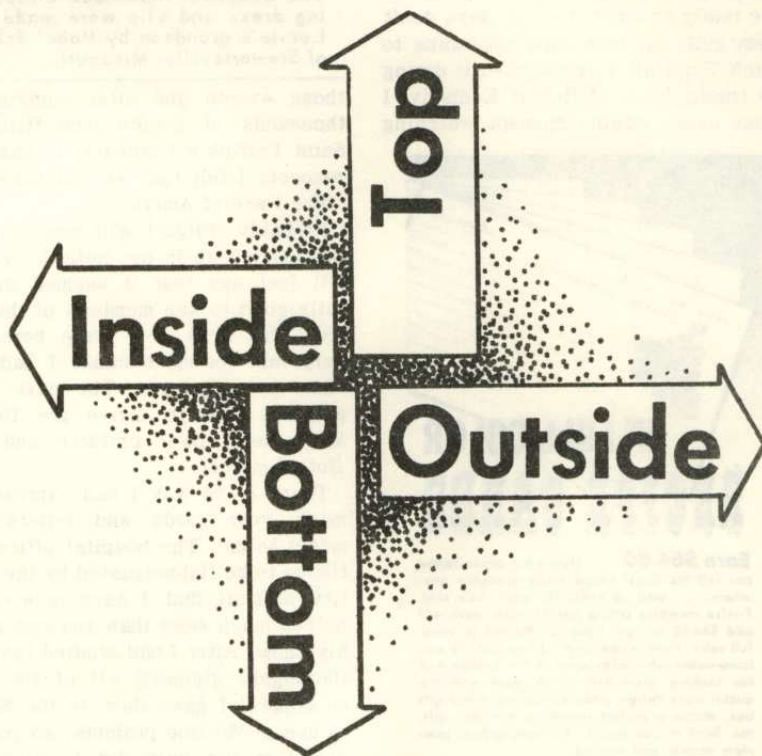
Potato chips were invented by accident in New York in the Gay Nineties by an American Indian named George Crumb. He was a chef in a restaurant named the Moon Lake House located in Saratoga Springs. One night a fussy guest kept returning orders of fried potatoes claiming they were not cut thin enough. The chef, totally exasperated, cut some potatoes paper thin and then dropped them in the boiling oil. The guests were delighted at the results. It was then that "Saratoga Chips" were born and soon they were

being served at every fashionable Eastern hotel. They are known today as potato chips. It is not known why the name Saratoga Chips was dropped.

And I intend to nibble on some delicious potato chips right now! While I do so I'll be thinking of more food facts to share with you in a later issue.

Better it is to start and be wrong than never to start at all.

The first demand of success is that you better yourself.



In every direction, everywhere you look, you'll see a use for handy, economical **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

Inside? Take the rings off the tub, the fingerprints off the walls, the grease off the pans.

Outside? Use it on storm windows, garage floors, whitewall tires and the charcoal grill.

Top? Clean the shower, the mirrors, the windowsills, the picture frames.

Bottom? Use it in the laundry, of course.

We don't recommend it for Grandpa's dentures, but that's about the only cleaning job **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** doesn't do better, quicker and more economically. Get it at your grocer's.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

sity of New Mexico begins in September, Jed will enter the College of Engineering for the final round-up. He expects to have his engineering degree at the end of the first semester and then will locate a job — they hope it can be a job in Albuquerque for they both enjoy living there. Naturally, I wish they could locate in Santa Fe, but this is highly unlikely. There are no job opportunities in Santa Fe compared to Albuquerque.

I've never been much of a hand to look at TV, but when I realized how long I would be here I rented a good-sized Zenith with remote controls. I've really enjoyed it — the days don't seem quite so long with something to watch. Certainly I appreciated it during the tragic death of Robert Kennedy. I spent every waking moment watching



The beautiful handmade christening dress and slip were made for Lucile's grandson by Mabel Schoff of Stewartville, Missouri.

those events and after studying the thousands of people who filed into Saint Patrick's Cathedral to pay their respects I felt that we had truly seen "The Face of America."

Probably Abigail will mention their trip down here in her letter to you, so I'll just say that it seemed wonderfully good to see members of the family. The week they were here went very fast for me because I had their calls to anticipate. The next family members due to arrive are Donald, Mary Beth, their children and Mary Beth's mother.

There is no way I can express how much your cards and letters have meant to me. The hospital office continues to be flabbergasted by the quantity of mail that I have received. It helped much more than you can possibly know. After I had studied them and thoroughly digested all of the warm messages, I gave them to the Sisters to use in Mission projects, so you can see that not only did I enjoy your thoughtfulness, but the cards could be used for very worthwhile endeavors.

Before I close I must tell you that two weeks ago I had a chance to see my little Jakey-Boy for the first time when the nurses took me in a wheelchair to the garden that I mentioned earlier in this letter. He was so excited when he saw me that he began running around and around in wild agitation. Anita says he knows where the hospital is and begins to whimper and whine when she turns into the driveway. He studies baby James with a doubtful and perplexed look on his face.

I'll be so glad to get out of here. If I had to have so much trouble I'm happy to have had it here at St. Vincent's for it's a wonderful hospital, but after all it doesn't pretend to be a home! One of these days I'll be packing up and leaving for Iowa, and that will be a happy, happy day.

Affectionately yours,

P. Ruth



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LEANNA'S LETTER - Continued

large grassy plot where the outdoor games are played. Scattered here and there are various groupings of garden flowers. One has the impression of being in a small well-landscaped park.

My! there was a lot to catch up on when I returned home. It took several days to answer accumulated mail, and then I spent some time in the kitchen making current jelly and watermelon pickles. Dorothy was here during that week and suggested that I return home with her for a little visit. Ruby, the lovely woman who makes her home with me, spent those days with one of her sons and his family who live in the eastern part of the state. It had been some years since I had spent a number of days on the farm in the middle of the summer, and I saw first hand how busy farmers are in the summertime. Frank went to the fields early in the morning and worked until dark. His crops looked wonderful and we hope that no hail or high water comes along to cause damage.

You will think that I'm a regular gad-about when I tell you that I am planning still another trip this summer! Mart's sister Adelyn Rope and her husband are celebrating their golden wedding anniversary in Mountain Home, Arkansas, so Margery and Oliver are going to take some time off from work and we'll drive down for that. Mart's sister Clara Otte will go with us. We're leaving just as soon as Margery winds up the last work on this issue.

Soon after we get back from that little jaunt, Lucile will be coming home from New Mexico, Juliana and Jed will be arriving with little James

(Continued on page 23)

LITTLE ADS

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

October ads due August 10.
November ads due September 10.
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LEANNA'S LETTER - Concluded

for a short visit, Martin will be returning from his studies in Mexico, and before we know it fall will be here! We'll have some reports of these exciting experiences to share with you in the next issue.

Until then, Sincerely,

Leanna

FOR STAY-AT-HOME FUN

Vacation, the time you've been eagerly anticipating, is here. If you can't go away, stay home, enjoy your own surroundings. Have one aim in mind - relaxation.

Sleep late. Don't make too many definite appointments. Do what you feel like doing as you go along.

Try catching up on your reading. The library is the best travel agency there is - and it's free!

Go see a baseball game.

Visit friends or relatives you've been too busy to see.

Plan a picnic or barbecue. Cook dishes which were too complicated or required time for preparation. Try eating in restaurants that feature different foods.

Explore your community. Service stations and automobile associations have maps and lists of places to visit. Compare museums and art galleries.

Listen to the news or check the papers for special events or speakers which usually occur during the hours you've been working.

If you live in your home town, go to the places you enjoyed when you were a child.

Most important - don't feel guilty if your vacation period isn't too productive. You've worked hard and you deserve the relaxation.

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else in the magazine. And we wouldn't blame you a bit! Who doesn't like to chat with friendly neighbors!

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