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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

If you walked into our house right now you'd know at once what I've been doing today — yes, that's apple butter you smell. I don't have a big batch on cooking, but even a small kettle does a good job of making the kitchen smell like fall. We can buy good brands of apple butter and for only the two of us this works out fine, and yet I get an urge each early autumn to try at least one batch with my own combination of spices.

We've been home long enough that our short trip seems as if it happened last summer rather than this summer, but I would like to tell you something about it. Many of you have covered the same ground, I know, and yet there are many others who've thought about this trip and might like to plan ahead for next summer.

We drove out through Lincoln and Hastings our first day and were impressed by the huge ammunition storage and miles and miles of military area in Nebraska. Mart, Howard, Mae and I all agreed that it made us feel safer just to see it. Our first stop at 3:30 in the afternoon was at McCook, and something we'd never run into on our traveling was to have an organ at the motel with numbers dedicated to the guests.

The second day out we had lunch at Fort Morgan, a beautiful town in an irrigated, fertile valley. Then on to Denver and as far as Colorado Springs where we took the last vacancy in a lovely motel at the foot of the mountains.

Sunday gave us a fine chance to drive through beautiful scenery to Cheyenne Canyon with its Seven Falls, and to Manitou and the Garden of the Gods. We had planned to go on to Boulder and Estes Park, but guests at the motel who had just returned told us about the big crowds and lack of accommodations, so we decided to turn north to Cheyenne, Wyoming and then go across to the Black Hills.

It was very cool in Cheyenne (in fact, we had the heat on at our motel) and nice weather continued until the last day of our trip.

At Custer, South Dakota we had a good time exploring the town. It is built on both sides of the canyon, and we enjoyed their interesting museum. On Wednesday morning we left Custer for Rapid City, S. D., and drove through Needles Canyon with its spectacular rock formations. There was heavy traffic all the way to Mt. Rush-

more. (We had lunch at a cafeteria where buffalo meat broiled sandwiches were served, our first experience with this food.) I'm sure that many of you have also marveled at the wonderful carved faces done on the mountain side by Gutzon Borglum. It's hard to understand how he could achieve such life-like expressions and detail on this largest piece of sculpture ever attempted by man.

Although it was only 3:00 o'clock when we reached Rapid City we had difficulty finding a place to stay. Finally we were directed out in the country three miles where there were cottages on Canyon Lake near a city park, and this was a restful, quiet place—and highly attractive.

While we were located there we took a number of side trips, and one of them was to see the big air base where our youngest son, Donald, spent 18 months as a weather forecaster. Of course we weren't admitted to the base, but from the outside we saw huge B-36 planes take off on training flights, and it was a real thrill to see those great giants.

Another trip we enjoyed was to Deadwood and Lead where all of us were impressed by the enormous Homestake gold mine. We took time to drive up to the cemetery on one side of the mountain where Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickock are buried, and then drove back to Rapid City in time to take the scenic drive which follows a crest of foot hills that partially encircle the town. Along this drive there are replicas of huge prehistoric beasts done life size, and these seem to guard the surrounding area.

As we drove through the Bad Lands on our way home we all agreed that they are certainly well named. Erosion has carved soft sandstone into countless fantastic canyons and pinnacles that are highly arresting and interesting.

Our last night was spent at Mitchell, South Dakota and we reached home on the following afternoon.

All of us were surprised and pleased to see such large herds of cattle grazing on ranch land. Mart marveled that the stock looked so sleek and well fed, a far cry from other sections where lack of rain has been disastrous.

All in all, we were glad that we made the trip and I hope that many of you can cover the same country next summer. There are very good motels all along the way, and in a comparative-

ly short time you can see a great deal of interesting scenery.

In this issue you will find a letter to me from my niece, Mary Fischer Chapin, and since we visited Mary and her family on one of our trips East and saw her "set-up", I'd like to add a little more about it.

At the end of World War II, Mary and her husband, James Chapin, a well known artist, decided that New York City had its shortcomings when it came to raising two boys, so they bought an 80-acre farm in New Jersey and settled down. Before her marriage, Mary had operated a dress shop in Claremont, California and she knew enough about the business to see that even though she lived in the country, she could utilize her past experience and bring customers to her door.

Aside from a 200-year old house on the property there were also three chicken houses that stood on the bank of a trout stream, so two of these were converted (with a lot of hard work) into a shop; the third building was made into a studio for her husband.

Mart and I were impressed with what Mary had achieved, and we thought it was wonderful the way she had managed to develop a business and still be right at home with her family. We are glad that both her mother and father were able to visit her while Helen was still in good health and see for themselves how well this move from the city to the country had worked out.

Next month I hope to have a letter from another niece to share with you. My nieces are all busy women living in many different parts of the country, and I thought it would interest home-makers of their generation to get a glimpse of how things are managed in other homes.

School is in full swing now and the town even sounds quiet! Emily is thrilled with kindergarten, and Alison is just as lonesome as the two-year old at your house when the older sister or brother goes away to school. Martin enjoys his first-grade routine, while Juliana and Kristin are now such old-timers that they take everything in their stride.

There still isn't word from Jessie about her new grandchild, so I'm leaving enough room at the bottom of this letter that we can add a couple of lines if the message comes before we go to press.

Sue is back from her summer in Minnesota and in the full swing of her pottery making at her shop in Clarinda. Martha will probably be with her son, Dwight and his family in New Jersey by the time you read this, and Fred Fischer says that he hopes to go and visit Mary in New Jersey when the weather turns cooler. I realize that if you're a new friend you will not understand our family relationship with all of these names, but perhaps you can find someone with a file of back numbers who'll let you read them and get it all straightened out. There are so many of us that I'd have to take half of my letter every month to explain things!

Sincerely yours, Leanna

NOTES FROM ONE GARDENER TO ANOTHER

By Lucile

It's always a risky sort of thing to talk about the weather when you're writing something for a monthly magazine, but this month I'm going to come right out and say that it's been a long time since we thought about our garden without thinking simultaneously about the weather.

We need rain here. We need it very badly indeed. And all around us in every direction are thousands of people who can echo these words. I HOPE that by the time you read this we will have had some good soaking rains (by any chance is it raining this very second?), but in case we don't, I want to say something about our experience in planting bulbs during drouth conditions.

A year ago at this time we weren't as badly off as we are right now, but the fact remains that it was extremely dry and plenty discouraging as far as planting bulbs was concerned. We left town on a three-weeks' trip in the latter part of October, and we didn't plant a thing before we left. It was our idea that while we were gone those three weeks there would unquestionably be fine fall rains, and that the ground would be in perfect condition for planting when we returned.

We were 100% mistaken. We returned in November to find that not one drop of rainfall had graced this town in our absence. At the same time we had some fine bulbs on hand that we were determined to plant, so this is the way Russell handled them.

He dug a fairly good-sized hole about six inches deep (more about this later) and then placed the bulbs in it, covering them with earth so that just the tips could be seen. Then a bucket of water was slowly poured over them, and this soaked quickly into the dry earth. One bucket of water provided enough moisture for the bulbs to establish themselves, and early winter rains plus thawing snows enabled the roots to grow adequately. They rewarded our faith by coming up right on schedule this spring and producing some of the most magnificent blooms we ever hope to see.

Right here I want to say more about the depth at which tulip bulbs should be planted. It is a great mistake to make a hard and fast rule of six, eight or even twelve inches, for the type of earth is the thing that should determine the depth.

At the rear of our garden in the area near the pool we have very porous, light earth, thanks to its having been the repository for cinders over a fifty-three year period. All of the Sunkist and Smiling Queen Darwins planted in that area were placed at a depth of about 8 inches—they weren't going to have to struggle to make it to the surface.

In our front yard and in some sections of the backyard we have much heavier soil, so the bulbs planted in those areas were placed at a depth of only 6 inches. This may sound like very shallow planting, but I can assure you that it works.



I was happy to have this picture in our files, for it shows you some of the Symphonia Peony Flowered Tulips that bloomed in our garden this past May.

All of us want to prolong our season of tulip bloom as long as possible and of course the first thing we think of is to put some bulbs in a north exposure. This is all right if you have at least partial sunlight at some time during the day. We have an area on the north of our house where there is never any sunlight, and our Darwins planted there bloomed all right and considerably later than the ones planted in a southern exposure, but they struggled so hard to reach the sun that they developed grotesquely long stems at a curious bent angle. We dug up the bulbs and replanted them last year.

This fall we're going to do something different with some of our tulip bulbs. We always pot a number for indoor bloom, but a number will be potted for outdoor bloom on the front porch at mother's house, at our house and on the brick entrance at Wayne's house. These bulbs will be planted in the pots exactly like the ones we plant for indoor bloom, and the pots will be sunk in the earth. Next spring they'll be taken up and placed on our porches. This will give us a very gay and cheerful display of bloom that passers-by will also enjoy.

There are some extra touches, we've learned, that make a great deal of difference in tulip time.

We use three things that do worlds for our spring garden: hardy candytuft, pansies and creeping phlox. All of these flowers are in full bloom simultaneously with the tulips, and they add immeasurably to the over-all effect. If you have never tried flattering your tulip beds with any of these things, do some experimenting and see if it doesn't create an entirely new picture.

On this page you will notice a picture of *Symphonia Peony Flowered* tulips that was taken in our garden in May. Have you ever seen any of these

Peony Flowered tulips? They are simply astonishing. We had studied enough pictures to expect a great deal, but we were really taken aback when our first ones bloomed—they were much larger and more spectacular than we had anticipated.

I think that a great deal of the thrill that comes from gardening is to be found in trying new things. We wouldn't give up our Darwins for love nor money, but it's been exciting to have gorgeous clumps of Parrot and Peony Flowered Tulips. I hope you'll be able to manage at least a dozen of each this fall for they'll give you a genuine thrill next spring. (Be sure you plant them in clumps, not in a straight row.)

Don't overlook planting Crocus this fall. You always hear the phrase "They multiply rapidly" but we didn't realize just how rapidly when we planted 50 in the center area of our rose garden three years ago. This past spring that entire area was almost a solid carpet of yellow, white and purple, and the blooms were fully twice as large as they were the first year they bloomed. Those 50 bulbs have really given us big returns!

EACH SEASON BRINGS ENCHANTMENT

When summer has blossomed the flowers,

Ripened the fruit and the grain,
Offered sheaves for the harvest

Grown beneath sunshine and rain,
The autumn days will be welcome

With tang of wild grapes on the breeze,

Beauty of bittersweet clusters,
The glory of flaming oak trees.
For the God Who made the summer

Is also the God of the fall:
He never forgets a season

But has blessings for them all.
—Carrie M. Boring.

COVERED BRIDGES

By Hallie M. Barrow

Recently I visited in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Carpenter in St. Joseph, Mo., and was intrigued with their many hobbies and collections. A postcard scrapbook summed up many of their interests, for each chapter illustrates one of their hobbies, which is visiting state capitols.

Some years ago Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter decided to spend their annual two-weeks' vacation by visiting state capitols. They laid out their vacations for five years in advance so that all capitols were included. In their big book they had a postcard of each capitol, and each chapter was a real geography lesson in itself, for beside and around each postcard capitol were other cards from that state showing mountains, rivers, coasts, crops and industries.

While collecting state capitols, they studied each group of states ahead of their tour so that in addition to the capitol they also visited old churches, county courthouses, state and national parks, famous waterfalls, Indian reservations and historic landmarks. The last two chapters were devoted to things fast disappearing from our motorized age—lighthouses and covered bridges.

Most of their fifty cards of covered bridges were collected from New England states, but there were two of old covered bridges I had never heard about even though they were within a few miles of our home.

So I started a covered bridge tour of my own and have found some very interesting history. First, I inquired and also did some reading to find the reason for building covered bridges. It seems that the roof and sides were added to protect the floor planks and scaffolding from the ravages of weather. True, there was plenty of virgin timber, but it was cut and sawed out by hand and delivered to its site by ox teams. This was a very slow process and it was only good business to protect it.

Some folks used to call covered bridges "Kissin' Bridges." It makes us wonder if parents used to worry about their daughters who went buggy riding with their beaux — did they frown on the idea of stopping the horse in the dim, cool, dark tunnel of a covered bridge?

However, we don't doubt but that many a sweet young girl of the Gay Nineties was very glad for the protecting arms of her lover, because in studying old records we find that colonies of bats were often found roosting and nesting under the roof. Any disturbance below sent dozens of them zooming through the cavern. Certainly they were a refuge from a cold rain, a blizzard or bad windstorm, and a most welcome shade from summer's hot sun.

In addition to all this they were used for other reasons. Square dances were held on them, and long before supervised playgrounds with all their equipment were in use, a covered bridge was a natural playground for children who wanted climbing facilities. The Linn County covered bridge



An old covered bridge in Northwest Missouri. Our family said that it reminded us of one, now gone, alas! that used to stand north of Clarinda, Iowa. We always begged Dad to take that road on Sunday afternoon drives so we could have the thrill of going through the covered bridge.

was the scene of many early day weddings, and soldiers also used it for a drill ground.

In my reading on the subject I find that the Kansas State Highway Commission has restored a covered bridge as a land mark. It is over Stranger Creek near Springdale, Kansas, west of Leavenworth and just a short distance off Highway 92. Many picnic parties go there to eat their lunch and to take pictures.

There is also a very picturesque bridge known as Noah's Ark just four miles west of Smithville, Mo. It is constructed of hand-hewn white oak and has a tin roof. It was named after Judge Noah Beery who was one of the county judges at the time the bridge was built. He was the grandfather of Wallace and Noah Beery, formerly well known as movie stars. This bridge is still in daily use.

Three miles west of Laclede, Mo., the former home of General Pershing, is the Linn County covered bridge which spans Locust Creek. It is near Pershing Park, although the road leading to the bridge has been abandoned.

The Linn County Court let the contract for this bridge in 1868. It is 150 feet long, 12 feet wide and is made of white pine. When it was first constructed, wooden piling was used. This was later replaced with native rock from a nearby stone quarry. It is said that back in those days the contractors were very exacting, and if a carpenter were so careless as to leave the mark of his hammer in the wood, he was discharged.

When young John Pershing went from his home in Laclede to Trenton to take his examinations for entrance to West Point, he rode horseback and crossed this bridge. It is said that he, like thousands of others who crossed the bridge, carved his initials somewhere on it.

Prior to the time Highway 36 was completed across Missouri, all travel from Hannibal to St. Joseph crossed this bridge. Jesse James and his band often used it. There are so many, many initials, names and dates carved on this bridge that they'd make a big volume if they were compiled.

If there is a covered bridge near you that is falling into ruin and if you'd like to see it saved, you can write to

your State Historical Society, or to your country and state officials. There are also two covered bridge organizations that you can get in touch with. These are: The American Covered Bridge Historical Society at Muncie, Indiana, and the Society for the Preservation of Covered Bridges at Boston, Massachusetts.

OCTOBER IS THE TIME TO —

By Mabel Nair Brown

Make something for the late fall and winter bazaars. You can start some of the lovely fall bulbs, (hyacinth, tulips, daffodils, etc.) for potted plants. Put them in a pretty plastic pot and attach a card giving directions for their care up to and including blooming time.

Gather leaves and corn husks for some lovely corn "flowers" or for braiding mats or making corn husk dolls. Any of these would be a good bazaar item, too.

Have an end-of-the-season picnic as a final salute to summer. Ever roast kabobs over an open campfire? Umm! Good! And so easy that the children can prepare them. Alternately on a stick place a small cube of meat, (we use beef or thick slices of balogna) tomato wedges, large cubes of bread and then toast and roast over the hot coals.

Let the teen-age crowd take over the kitchen after a football game. Just have the makings for sandwiches, and cocoa and perhaps for candied or taffy apples on hand and let them make their own refreshments as they hash over the game.

Take a shut-in, perhaps two or three of them, for a ride around the countryside to see the beautiful fall scenery. They will love this last look at Nature before being so closely shut-in all winter.

Gather up your old magazines, games, etc., and take them to those who will be shut-in during the winter months.

Visit school. By now Teacher should be pretty well established in the daily routine and ready to welcome visitors.

Have a big bowl of popcorn waiting when the youngsters come home from school. Then sit down and enjoy it with them while you chat about the day's happenings.

Fix the man of the house his favorite pumpkin pie. Serve it with generous helping of whipped cream flavored with a dash of ginger. Ummm!—wish I weren't on a diet!

COVER PICTURE

This white house is the Driftmier family home at 201 East Summit Avenue here in Shenandoah, Iowa. You are looking at the southwest side, and the room with all of the windows is the library where the folks spend so much time. It's a very plain house, as you can see, and there are thousands and thousands just like it in middlewestern towns, but a lot of living has gone on underneath that roof and none of the Driftmier children can really imagine the folks moving out of it!

LETTER FROM MARY

Dearest Aunt Leanna:

The boys are back in school now and I'm finally getting to the letter that I promised myself I'd write longer ago than I like to remember. It doesn't seem possible that so many months have passed since I was there last April, but I clearly remember telling you then how hard some of us mothers were trying to arrange ways of getting our children together during the vacation months.

Unless you actually live in the country you don't realize what a problem it is, but those of us who've wrestled with it certainly know. Well, this year there were so many things going on that the biggest problem was to choose between them . . . or, I should say, the biggest problem was finding transportation.

The Red Cross offers a wonderful course in swimming (two weeks for each township) and these classes are held at various ponds or pools around the country side; our bunch went to Annandale, about 10 miles away. Last year the mothers took turns driving the kids back and forth, but it's a real sacrifice of time. You can see how this would take up the whole morning, since there'd be no time to go home and do a few chores and then go back again—just have to sit there.

Of course, having the shop, I couldn't ever take my turn at this anyway, and contrarily enough this made me sort of envious of the mothers who *could* go and sit sociably and watch their children doing the "Dead Man's Float!"

Well, anyway, *this* summer the P.T.A. worked out a very smart plan. They fixed it so the school bus would pick up and deliver the children on a regular route. What a blessing for most of us! We paid \$2.00 a child, but it was well worth it, not only in the time saved but in the actual money it uses up in driving one's own car. I feel mighty safe about the school buses, too.

Both our boys are good swimmers, and thank goodness for that. You've seen our heavenly backyard with the stream right there to swim in. And this was the first summer that I've been able completely to relax about that water. When Jared was so little, I used to run first to look in the stream every time he was out of sight!

When Red Cross lessons were over, the Y.M.C.A. Day Camp began. This was just as far away in the *other* direction. My neighbor and I worked out transportation for this between us. I could take all our group in the morning before time to open shop; and she could go fetch them at the end of the afternoon.

Overlapping with the timing of all this there was the music school started by our friends who are professional musicians, to say nothing of classes nearby in pottery-making, "Fun with Paints and Paper", and even a "Creative Theater" for children offered by the new Art Center in Clinton, our nearest town. As you see, this is almost too much to cope with! I'd like it best if the boys would just dream



The proud fisherman is Elliott Chapin with his brother, Jared. The fish came from a trout stream in their own yard — you'll find a reference to the stream in their mother's letter on this page. The boys' Grandfather Fischer snapped this picture when he visited them.

the days away "honey slow" during the summer, but I'm afraid this idea appeals to them for about two minutes.

And now school again. This will be the last year they'll have a long bus ride clear to the town of Hampton, for we hope to have our new township school next year. The boys take their lunches, so this means that on school days I get up early and make hot cakes every morning from wonderful stone-ground flour. The bus comes by the house at 8:00 o'clock and I don't see the boys again until 4:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Jim finishes his breakfast and goes out to the studio and starts making up his palette (laying out his paints for the day in the efficient way he works — this takes at least a half-hour). If he's painting a portrait, it may mean that the person is coming here to pose. I try my best to see that there are no interruptions during these morning hours. We have extension telephones in my shop and in the studio, so we can take each other's messages according to which of us is in the tightest spot!

In addition to the telephones there is a bell on the door of the shop which rings me in the *house*, so it's possible for me to be working in there until the customer needs me.

Actually, I find that I now have to be out in the shop most of the time, because in-between customers there's a terrific amount of organizing and straightening up and paper work. I do all my own bookkeeping and ordering, advertising and displays, etc. The running back and forth from house to shop makes each place refreshing to me (or distressing, depending upon the shape things are in!) There are times when it seems like it would be the greatest treat to have a chance to wash a few dishes, and I can always bank on feeling this way after a day's buying trip in New York.

I have a friend who keeps shop for me at these times. Jim drives me to the station about 25 miles away as soon as the boys are safely on the

school bus, and during the two-hour train ride I finish organizing my plans for the day so that not one precious minute will be wasted.

All my time is spent in one compact area where the garment industry is centered, sometimes just in one or two great buildings where I go from one showing to another. There is a definite exhilaration in mingling with the crowds of people all intent on the whims of fashion—must be much like being at the race track!

My favorite designers are warm, inspiring people whom I consider my friends. Many of my experiences are what one would think of as "glamorous", but I know that if I had to be in the thick of it every day I would dislike it intensely. For me, the happiest part of the trip is when I'm on the ferry watching the sky-line of New York receding in the distance, and headed for the New Jersey Hills. Home again that night, I take off my city clothes and gratefully start fixing dinner for Jim and the boys.

The other morning I stopped for a second and realized that I couldn't cope with this complicated set-up if I felt I should do a perfect job. Instead, I just let a lot of things go.

We spend most of our time in the "keeping room" of our 200 year-old house. This room is a kitchen, dining room, living room, etc., all in one. In it there is a couch big enough for all of us to lie on at once, the books, radio-victrola, paintings and the delicious smell of bread baking in the oven. (Yes, I really do bake most of our bread.) The furniture is all so sturdy and simple that it can be sat upon by boys in wet bathing suits, or used as temporary parking space for the various creatures they are always catching. The fishing poles and the baseball bats, the experiments and the latest projects are all right there more-or-less piled up on each other. This disorder sometimes gets almost too much for me, but Jim looks calmly around and says, "What a beautiful room!"

Well, the *life going on* is beautiful, and that's for sure.

I do feel awfully fortunate to have a way to help make money without having to be away from my home and family. There's never any time that I'm out of ear-shot, or that the boys can't have my attention if they need it.

I find that my customers (after all, most of them are mothers, too) are completely understanding if I have to ask them to wait until I've put a band-aid on a cut, or listened to some tale of triumph at school. The boys always bounce into the shop for a few minutes from the home-coming bus. Part of the original plan of the shop was that it was to be a place to which children could be brought. The jungle-gym and sand-box are there especially for this reason, and inside the shop I have toys and crackers in reserve for any crisis of visiting youngsters.

There! the bell in the shop just pealed and I must run. We hope that you and Uncle Mart can come and see us again the next time you drive East.

Affectionately yours, Mary

A BROOMSTICK PARTY

By
Mildred Cathcart

Have you ever noticed how many grown-ups recall with real pleasure any Hallowe'en parties that they attended when they were children? It's always interested me to see how comparatively few birthday parties they remember attending, but how vividly they remember the Hallowe'en parties. If you have children between the ages of eight and twelve or fourteen, do see that at least once they have a chance to entertain in this way. You'll never regret the effort you made, and certainly no other type of party is easier or less expensive to manage.

For your invitations, cut broomsticks from construction paper and paste on a black witch riding astride. Then on the inside write this verse: "The witches are flying high in the air, We're going with them and want you there; So hop on a broom and come flying too, We'll meet at my house—the witches and you!"

You can't improve on the classic old decorations of cornstalks, pumpkins, jack-o-lanterns and autumn leaves. Somewhere near the front entrance you'll want to make an old witch, and this is easily done by using crossed boards, scarecrow fashion. Drape this figure in black and put on a tall black hat.

Black construction paper is inexpensive, and from it you can cut out bats, owls, cats and witches and tack them up around the rooms. Pin some to the lampshades for extra measure.

A spooky looking ghost can greet the guests and guide them by flashlight to the room where they will remove their wraps. (For an eerie effect draw some red or orange paper over the end of the flashlight.) Older children like to have a ghost burst out from the closet while they're taking off their coats, but younger children are too easily upset for this.

GAMES

Put The Witch on the Broomstick. This is the Hallowe'en version of Pin the Tail on the Donkey. Draw a large broom on an old sheet or very large piece of paper (such as is purchased to cover church tables) and tack this up against the wall. Blindfold each player, give him a black paper witch, and see who can pin this witch to the broomstick with the greatest accuracy.

How Many Straws in the Witches' Broom? Have the players file by and to each one give some toothpicks ranging in number from about 8 to 14. Tell the players to keep the number a secret. Then they are seated in a circle, their closed hands in front of them. The one who is "It" first turns to the player on his right and says: "How many straws in the witches' broom?" If the person to whom the question is addressed guesses correctly the number of straws that "It" is holding, he gets all the straws for his own collection and then turns to the person on his right and asks the same question. This continues around the circle until time is called. The player with the most straws is the winner.

Stringing The Witches' Beads. Give



We're sure that when people say about a little girl, "Why, she's just like a doll!" they have someone exactly like Jean Marie Cathcart in mind. Her parents are John and Mildred Cathcart of Jerome, Iowa. This was taken on Jean's second birthday.

each player a needle, heavy thread and a number of pumpkin seeds. (Same amount of seeds to each person.) At a given signal they start stringing the seeds, and the first one to finish is the winner.

Witches' Broom. Small children especially like this witch version of Musical Chairs and it is hilarious for older ones. Give the extra player a witch mask to wear and a broom to hold. When the music stops, everyone grabs a chair. The one left standing must take the broom, put on the mask and becomes "It".

Fortunes From the Witches' Magic Kettle. Telling fortunes is a MUST at a Hallowe'en party. If you can persuade one of your family or friends to masquerade as a witch fortune teller it will be more exciting. Get a large black kettle and put an incense burner in it; the smoking perfumed incense will add a bizarre note to the scheme.

Perhaps the fortune teller, who knows all the guests, will murmur such incantations as "Umpty minig in saw, boom de la, boom de la—he haw" and then proceed to tell the fortune.

If you cannot find anyone who is willing to tell the fortunes you may fill the kettle with magic pills. Buy capsules at the drug store and stuff them with tiny slips of paper on which a fortune has been written. Ask each player to repeat the ridiculous words given above and then turn him around five times before he slips his hand into the kettle for his capsule fortune.

Older children get a great thrill from magic writing. Use lemon juice to write the fortune and then have the youngster hold his paper over a candle flame to make the letters visible.

REFRESHMENTS

Certain foods seem customary at a Hallowe'en frolic. If you have an outdoor party, a weiner roast would be logical. (This can be done in the

house if you have a basement room with a fireplace.) Give each guest a broomstick from the witch (a fork or stick for roasting weiners) and have a ghost hand out the weiners to each person who passes by him. If you must cook your weiners first, they can still be handled in this fashion—the youngsters will just miss the fun of roasting their own.

Have another ghost cry "Witch's teeth here" and pass out marshmallows. Doughnuts may be served by a ghost who calls "Witch's ring", and of course your favorite drink will be "Witch's brew" and should be served from a black kettle if this is at all possible.

Popcorn balls are witchy if you wrap each one in cellophane and add witch's features with black paper. Make a long pointed nose, carrot-shaped, and glue only one end to the face. Make tall hats of black paper and paste on top of the witch's head.

Here are a few ideas for other appropriate foods. Cookies may be cut in the shape of witches and broomsticks. Cup cakes may have orange colored icing with a chocolate broomstick on top of each one. Salads or pumpkin pies may have a jack-o-lantern on top fashioned of soft cheese with clove features.

For favors make a witch's hat. Cover a cone-shaped drinking cup with black paper for the pointed crown. Cut a circle of cardboard; cover with black for the brim. Fill the crown with candy corn and glue to the brim. Place a tiny construction paper broom by each hat and write the guest's name on the handle of the broom. This will serve as a nut cup and place card too.

A broomstick party is really fun, and to add to the evening's hilarity you might request each guest to come masked as a witch and to ride over on a broomstick.

CONTEST FOR SEWING CLUB

1. A vacation. (Outing)
2. Part of the American flag. (Stripe)
3. A popular food. (Waffle cloth)
4. What is seen in a newspaper. (Print)
5. Good as cash. (Check)
6. What popular ladies used to do. (Lace)
7. What fishermen use. (Net)
8. Badge of mourning. (Crepe)
9. Heard in a clock shop. (Ticking)
10. Famous dance and part of the Morse code. (Polka dot)
11. How a chair is to be used (sat-in)
12. Mountain roads. (Corduroy)
13. A prophet and one who is made a fool. (Seersucker)
14. Two letters of the alphabet. (Pique)
15. One who puts up a false front and an animal's sound. (Chambray)
16. Used at the church altar. (Linen)
17. Part of the body and the first word of a candy. (Ribbon)
18. An old-fashioned word meaning defeated. (Worsted)
19. A place to sleep and a measurement. (Cotton)
20. A type of cat. (Calico)

FREDERICK WRITES ABOUT NEW ENGLAND

Dear Folks:

Early in September we left our summer cottage on the lake and returned to our busy life in Bristol.

Shortly before leaving the lake, our little three-year old David had the biggest thrill of his short life. We had gone across the lake to the largest Boy Scout camp in the world, Camp Yawgoog, to watch 800 Scouts on Dress Parade. The Chief of the camp took our David out onto the parade ground and let him "take the salute" from the Scouts as they marched by on review. From that day until now he has spent most of his time parading around the house and saluting everything and everyone in sight.

I want to tell you about a perfectly incredible thing that happened to me one night when I was fishing on the lake. I had had very poor luck fishing that evening, and had stayed out in the middle of the lake until long after dark. It was so dark that I couldn't see one end of the boat from the other. Giving up in disgust, I started the outboard motor and made my way across the lake toward the cottage.

I had traveled the distance of several city blocks when the cantankerous motor coughed its last gasp. With my flashlight in one hand I looked for the little starting rope. What a stupid fisherman I was! I had evidently thrown the rope overboard when I had started the motor out in the middle of the lake. The rope wasn't in the boat, and without it the motor was no good to me, and so I decided to row back to the middle of the lake and look for it.

I took the oars in hand and slowly made my way through the darkness to that point in the lake where I supposed myself to have been when I first started the motor. When I reached what I thought to be the starting point, I turned the flashlight into the water and, believe it or not, there was the rope! How incredible! I don't think that I could do the same thing again in a lifetime. As I picked the rope out of the water I imagined that I could hear the fish laughing at me!

Whenever we have guests from the Middle West there are two things we like to serve. If they are with us for just one meal, we serve lobster, but if we have the pleasure of their company for a second meal, we make certain that they have an opportunity to try a good swordfish steak.

The swordfish is a native of the Atlantic Ocean, and it derives its name from the long swordlike beak. Many times during the past summer I have seen dozens of fishing boats heading out from the shore toward the sword-fishing waters. You can always tell a boat that is after swordfish by the small platform that sticks out from the prow of the boat. It is on this platform that the fisherman stands when he harpoons the swordfish. It is thrilling sport to harpoon swordfish, and it is quite a novelty for the man who is accustomed to fishing with rod and reel. When the fish is harpooned and its anger aroused, it has



Mary Leanna and David are enjoying a bedtime story read by their father. Although Frederick is an extremely busy minister, he makes time for reading to his children every day.

been known to pierce the side of a fishing boat.

The swordfish ranks high as the quality fish of New England. The meat is much firmer and more oily than most salt-water fish, but it has an indescribable rich flavor when properly prepared and not overcooked. It is best when broiled or planked, but great care must be taken to keep the meat well-moistened with butter. When my Betty is in a hurry, she sometimes fries the swordfish over a very low flame. As a matter of fact, that is just the way she prepared some of it for our breakfast this morning.

The first hurricane of the season moved out to sea before reaching Rhode Island, but it did give us some drenching rain and strong wind. A hurricane experience is altogether different from a tornado or cyclone. When one is making its blustery way up the Atlantic coast, we are kept in touch with its movements by radio and newspaper. When this first one of the season struck the Carolinas, we knew that it would be felt in Rhode Island about thirty-six or forty-eight hours later, and so we were prepared for it.

Before the storm had progressed any further than Virginia we were quite certain that the brunt of it would miss us completely. But how it did rain and blow! I had our three boats fastened securely and plenty of wood laid up for the fireplace. During the evening we sat around the fire making plans for a picnic the next day, for of one thing we are always certain: we know that the day after a hurricane will be one of the most beautiful days of the year. And it was a perfectly gorgeous day. The storm took all of the bad weather with it far out to sea.

I have often been asked the question: "Why do you, a corn-fed Iowan, plan to spend the rest of your days in New England?" The answer is a simple one. I love New England. I love its sea coast with its harbors and bays, its white beaches and wind-swept dunes, its rocky shores and rugged cliffs. I love its green mountains and deep, wide valley with their little isolated villages where live the honest, shrewd, hard-working Yankee farmers. I like to wander through the narrow, tree-lined streets of the old cities and towns with their beautiful homes and churches, to climb the hills and look past the towering smoke-

stacks of the industrial centers to the miles and miles of forests that push the cities back towards the sea. I never tire of driving through the fertile farm areas, every little farm with its neat stone walls, ponds, and orchards. I love the small, swift rivers that are everywhere in New England, foaming among the rocks beneath the bordering woodland growth. And then there is the romantic history of it all. Just to recall that the American Colonial Army fought the British Redcoats on the very street that runs past our parsonage gives me a thrill.

You will note that I don't mention my love of New England climate. I don't think that even the most ardent lover of New England would venture to say that he loved the New England climate. The most I can say for its fogs and snows, its damp winds and chilling mists is that they never make life dull. One doctor has told us that the Bristol climate is bad for our health, but another doctor has pointed out that our little town has far more than its share of people who have lived to an exceedingly ripe old age.

Because our climate is so bad here in the winter months, it has always surprised me that so few New Englanders of means travel south during January and February to get away from it all. Just the other day I came across a little poem that may give part of the reason. I don't know who wrote it, and I don't think that I am quoting it all, but the few lines I have at hand give us a pretty good insight into the New England frame of mind.

"No coral strand attracts thy breed,
inured to Nature's breath;
Soft breezes of a warmer clime to them
would whisper death.
Let others seek pacific shores where
idle ways prevail,
Where sloth pervades less noble
minds, and Satan's charms assail.
Thy sons and daughters strong, rock-
ribbed, like thy immortal hills,
Nurtured upon thy fogs and snows
care naught for human ills;
Clear-eyed, they breast all obstacles,
they fear no chastening rod,
Rejoicing in their destiny within this
land of God."

I like the Middle West too, and it makes me very happy to hear New England people tell me how beautiful they think my home state of Iowa is. Just the other day some friends of mine who had just returned from a trip out west showed me their most prized souvenir from their trip. It was a sheaf of Kansas wheat which they proudly told me they had picked themselves. They exclaimed: "In all of our life in New England we never knew that there grew such wheat as this."

Isn't it true that much good can be said about any part of the world? I know people who wouldn't live anywhere else in the world but right in the heart of the jungles of Africa, and I know people too who wouldn't want to live anywhere but in Alaska. There is beauty and goodness to be found everywhere if one just has it in his heart to look for it.

Sincerely,
Frederick

THIS SEWING MACHINE AGE

By Mabel Weber

Our great-great-grandmothers must have had a terrific struggle to sew by hand for the family all the heavy trousers and winter coats and sturdy children's clothing required in those days. No doubt they considered Elias Howe's invention of the sewing machine as God's gift to womankind. After 1850, just imagine the speed with which they could turn out the yards and yards of ruffles and tucks every dress and petticoat had to have, for Isaac Singer had finally perfected Howe's crude invention so that it would sew more than straight seams for just a few inches at a time.

Today the magazines are full of sewing machine advertisements. The big battle is between the domestic machines that don't "do everything with just a flick of the finger" and the foreign ones that are supposed to. The illustrations are intriguing and the words are confusing.

One of the foreign made machines is rated by a consumers' testing bureau as the finest of all machines. This same machine, however, is very easily gotten out of adjustment, which is a point to consider if one is far from repair service. The machines from still another nation cannot be serviced in this country. The better foreign machines do zig-zag, make buttonholes, embroider, and sew on buttons; some of their owners have been heard to call them "playthings".

Domestic machines are all made by a few companies and all attachments for all machines are made by one Connecticut manufacturer. This means that one well-known company makes a conventional model, a swing needle machine, and a slanting needle model as well as the machines sold by a mail-order house under its own trade mark. Another company makes both round bobbin and long shuttle kinds. Part of its machines are sold under the factory name. About fifty percent of the output is sold by another mail-order house under its brand name. Another part of its production is known as "competitive" and these machines are sold at lower prices under less known names since they are not nationally advertised.

It is usually possible to rent machines and this would make it possible to investigate the merits of the various makes. By careful planning ahead—cutting, pinning, basting, and fitting before renting the machine—one could do a pile of sewing in a minimum rental period.

If you have electricity, and you are still wearily treading day after day, why not have your machine inexpensively converted by your dealer? You can also do this yourself with a \$14.95 conversion kit from your mail-order house.

Recently an acquaintance of mine called the service man to stop to see why her one-year-old machine refused to sew. Her answer to his "When did you last oil your machine?" was, "Never!" It took a \$3.50 service call to find out that all the machine needed was a thorough oiling to put it in beautiful running order. OIL is the



On September 7th, Mother and Margery went to Lincoln and broadcast our Kitchen-Klatter visit through the facilities of radio station KFAB at the Nebraska State Fair. They reported that they had a wonderful time and enjoyed meeting many, many of you friends. Margery is standing beside Mother, and Wayne, who made the trip with them, is at the right.

most important ingredient for all good machine sewing, and we mean a *good sewing machine oil*, preferably stainless, which means that spots wash out with soap and water. Drench your machine at all the oiling points—every day if you sew constantly—once a week usually, and never less than once a month if you just sew now and then. Professional sewers oil at night so that the lubricant has a chance to penetrate. They place several thicknesses of cloth under the released pressure foot to take up the excess. Of course the entire exposed head of the machine is carefully wiped before sewing is resumed. Anyone who has tried to remove oil spots from a customer's garment is willing to take the time necessary for mopping up.

A good sewing machine light is also a necessity. The new machines have them built right into the head, but one may be purchased from your dealer or mail order house to fit the older machines. It is wise to keep at least one extra bulb in reserve, especially if one needs a shape that is not readily available in neighborhood stores.

Needles have a habit of breaking by twos and threes so it is well also to keep a small supply of these on hand for coarse, medium, and fine threads and materials. A blunt or too coarse needle can ruin your material by cutting or pulling the threads. Be sure to get the needle for your particular brand of machine for none other will work at all.

Most rotary machines come equipped with six bobbins. It is handy to have at least a dozen more for basic thread colors. These in a plastic box—a sandwich box does nicely—make an acceptable gift for the seamstress.

And if she does not have a "hinge" foot by all means include one of these too. I was about to get a new machine during the war, since I couldn't sew over "bumps" without skipping

or piling up stitches. My service man advised a 50¢ hinge foot instead of a new \$150 machine. I took his advice and now I can sew over bumps or pin basting easily. The newer machines have these as regular equipment.

Men are apparently more mechanically minded than most women, which is why they make such wonderful sewing machine salesmen although they could never make a dress. They can whip out yards of ruffling, bind with two colors of tape at once, use the hemming and other attachments with no effort at all—just lots of practice. Some of us will never master the ruffler, but we can gather ruffles nicely with the less complicated shirring foot, regulating the fullness by the length of the stitch. And we can use the quilting guide and the cording or zipper foot, although we are not too sold on the foot that is adjustable for either right or left sewing.

Two attachments that are more expensive are the zigzagger and the buttonholer. Both of these need practice to master, but once mastered the time they save is remarkable, especially in making children's clothing. The zigzagger is fine for making slip seams that are elastic, but it is used mostly for applique designs with a non-raveling stitch. The buttonhole maker will fit most machines and comes complete with five metal templates. With an additional kit of four more templates it is possible to make seven sizes of regular buttonholes and two of the keyhole variety. (This attachment will be discussed more fully at a later time.) With these two attachments one's older domestic machine can do all the foreign ones can do, but sew backwards.

Your sewing machine is a valuable friend. Treat it kindly, pamper it with a few new attachments, and it will serve you long and faithfully.



TASTY DISHES ON A SHOESTRING BUDGET

By Roberta K. Price

(Editorial Note: Nothing can ever take the place of down-to-earth experience when it comes to feeding a family good, nourishing food on a mighty skimpy grocery budget. Mrs. Price knows whereof she writes because she fed a husband and four children on very slim funds during the years that her husband was a student preparing for the ministry. Their home is in Pasadena, California.—Lucile).

Salmagundi

Recently I found salmagundi (salmagundi) in the dictionary with this intriguing definition: 1. a dish made of chopped meats mixed with other ingredients, spiced and seasoned; 2. hence, any miscellaneous collection of things; a mixture; medley. I told my husband that word challenged me and would be the name of the next one-dish-meal I concoct. We have a number of old stand-bys and part of their fascination to the youngsters, I'm sure, is the names we make up for them.

Corn-Tato Scallop

Rather than give a recipe I'll tell you that this is scalloped potatoes with the addition of a No. 2 can of corn, grated onion, and some kind of meat. (Diced luncheon meat, fried bacon bits, dried beef, or browned ground beef are a few suggestions.) Instead of putting in layers of potatoes, flour, and salt in the usual manner and then pouring the milk over it and dotting with butter, I find it quite successful to make a thin white sauce or at least mix the flour, salt, and milk in my swirl mixer. Then stir potatoes, corn, meat, onion and white sauce together. Since I have copper-bottomed stainless steel pans with tight-fitting lids I prepare this dish on top of the stove, using an asbestos pad. Of course, the oven would work as well. Slicing or dicing pre-cooked potatoes speeds up the cooking time, if you are in a hurry.

Noodle Doodle

This dish got its name because one of the boys didn't like fish. We named it and he ate it happily several times before he discovered that one of the ingredients was tuna fish. By that time, Noodle Doodle was on his "approved list". Cook a 7 oz. package of wide noodles in boiling salted water—if you add the salt after the noodles it will not foam—and drain. Add to the noodles one No. 2 can of peas, one 10½ oz. can of cream of mushroom soup, and one 7 oz. can of tuna fish. Chopped ripe olives are an in-

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

teresting addition if your family likes them. Season to taste and heat. This may be done in the saucepan or in a casserole in the oven.

Corned Beef Hash

Yes, you can buy this already prepared, but a much less expensive version can be made in your own kitchen. Cook about six medium potatoes in their jackets. Peel them. Grind the potatoes, a 12 oz. can of corned beef, and a small onion (that's what suits my family—you suit yours). If you have left-over gravy or meat stock, use it to moisten the mixture. Otherwise, use a little milk, a bouillon cube in water, or on occasion I have made gravy from bacon grease, flour, Kitchen Bouquet, and water. Mix all the ingredients (go ahead, use your hands!) and shape into rolls. Wrap in foil or waxed paper and chill until time to slice and fry.

Price's Rice (or Spanish Rice)

This is a very mild dish. Anyone of Spanish blood would not consider it spicy enough but high seasoning and young tummies do not go together, so we leave out high seasoning. If you wish to do so, you may add chili powder to make it hotter. Cook two cups of rice as directed on the package. In the meantime, chop ½ lb. bacon (I buy bacon ends for this dish at a great saving over sliced bacon) and fry it, draining off most of the fat. Toward the end of the frying period, add dehydrated or grated dry onion and saute lightly. Green pepper may be added at the same time if it appeals to your family. Add a No. 2 can of tomatoes, and season with celery salt. Pour this sauce over the cooked rice and heat.

Potato Soup

My husband is one of the wonderful men who doesn't always tell me about his mother's excellent cooking, even though she is a good cook. But he did ask me to find out from her how she makes potato soup. The bacon flavoring is a different slant on potato soup and we all enjoy it. Peel and dice two medium potatoes, one carrot, one or two stalks of celery, and a small onion. Cook these vegetables in a small amount of boiling salted water until tender. Then mash or sieve them, add 3 cups milk, 3 T. flour, and 3 T. bacon fat, and cook until thickened. Just before serving, stir in chopped bacon (Use bacon ends for economy's sake.) which has been fried crisp. This is a very substantial soup and we make a meal of it with a salad and a hearty dessert.

Skillet Potato Cake

Especially in the winter when many fresh vegetables are not available and

carrots are plentiful, my family likes this way of serving them with potatoes. Peel four medium potatoes and scrape two carrots. Shred these vegetables on the coarse grater. Melt in a heavy frying pan 4 T. butter or bacon fat. Spread the grated potatoes and carrots in an even layer in pan. Grate a small onion over the top. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Cook over medium heat until bottom of potato cake is golden-brown. Cover the pan tightly and cook over low heat 20 minutes. Crease the potato cake in the center; fold in half with pancake turner. Turn out onto warmed platter. Cut in wedges by pulling apart with two forks.

Meat Ball Dinner

This is one of our favorite meals. I've often served it to guests and they usually ask for the recipe, which should be a good recommendation.

Mix together one egg and 1/2 cup milk. Pour this over 1 cup soft bread crumbs. Add the following ingredients, mixing thoroughly:

- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 3 T. grated onion
- 1 lb. ground beef

Shape into 20 small balls. Roll each ball lightly in flour. (Sometimes I prepare the meatballs ahead of time and chill in refrigerator until time to fry.) Brown in 2 T. bacon fat or shortening. Cook slowly, turning frequently, until the balls are well-browned, about 20 minutes. Remove from skillet and keep warm while making sauce. Add to pan drippings one 10½ oz. can cream of mushroom soup and 3/4 cup of milk. Cook until smooth, stirring constantly. Stir in 2½ to 3 cups of cooked vegetables such as peas, carrots, celery, or green beans and 1 T. minced parsley, if desired. Season to taste. Heat thoroughly before serving. Arrange on serving dish with meat balls. This may be served on mashed potatoes, rice, toast, or whatever you choose.

Shepherd's Pie

This is a good way to use several left-overs. The molasses may sound out of place to you but it's the secret of your pie's success. The addition of a dollop of soy sauce will not be amiss either. Here goes:

- 2 cups cooked vegetables
- 2 cups diced cooked meat
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup thickened gravy
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 2 1/2 cups hot mashed potatoes, seasoned

Use any cooked vegetables, such as carrots, celery, peas, or green beans. Use any leftover cooked meat, such as beef, veal, lamb, or pork. Mix meat and vegetables thoroughly, add salt, and put in greased casserole. Mix molasses with hot gravy and pour over vegetables and meat. Cover with layer of mashed potatoes. Bake in hot oven (425°) about 20 minutes or until potatoes are browned.

Several of these dishes are excellent for luncheons, when served with
(Continued on Next Page)

Tasty Dishes Continued

sliced tomatoes or a salad. Some are good "hot dishes" for your picnics and pot-luck suppers. When I prepare most of them, I figure on enough for two meals and often the flavors have permeated so that the dish is even more tasty the second day.

One thing I have discovered in feeding young children is that they usually prefer to eat one food at a time and don't care for mixtures. So before I stir all the ingredients together for Price's Rice or Noodle Doodle, for instance, I save out a portion of each for the two-year-old. Another suggestion for the child who is making the transfer from strained baby foods to the regular family fare is to put the combination dishes, stews, etc., through the food chopper.

These are all comparatively low-cost dishes, which most housewives are looking for these days. I hope, however, that you will find them high in flavor and nutrition and worth adding to your collection of "Salmagundi" recipes.

COCOANUT SNAPS

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 3/4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. cream tartar
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup cocoanut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Roll in small balls the size of a walnut. These flatten out as they bake. Bake in moderate oven for about 12 minutes.

SPICED CUP CAKES

(Wonderful for the lunch box)

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup sour cream or heavy sweet cream
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Beat eggs until light. Next add sugar and beat well. Add cream. Put dry ingredients into sifter and sift once. Add to above ingredients and beat well. Fill pan 1/2 full and bake 25 min. in moderate oven. Ice with brown sugar icing. These are very moist and light.

SALAD DRESSING

- 8 egg yolks slightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. dry or prepared mustard
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 scant cup of sugar (or less)

Place the above ingredients in top of double boiler and cook until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and beat in a small can of evaporated milk. Store in refrigerator. This is a wonderful way to use some of those angel food egg yolks.

SOUTHERN SPOON BREAD
(Out of bread? Try this!)

- 1 cup corn meal
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1 cup milk
- 3 well-beaten egg yolks
- 3 stiff-beaten egg whites

Cook corn meal and 2 cups milk until consistency of mush. Remove from heat. Add salt, baking powder, shortening and 1 cup milk. Stir in egg yolks. Fold in egg whites. Bake in greased 2-quart baking dish in a slow oven for 1 hour or until mixture doesn't adhere to knife. Serve immediately with lots of butter. Serves 6.

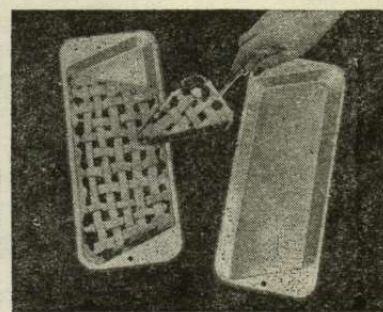
EASY PIE CRUST

- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup lard or vegetable shortening
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 5 Tbls. water
- 1 or 2 tsp. vinegar

Cut the flour and salt into shortening until crumbly. Then mix egg, water, and vinegar together and add to dry mixture. A very light, rich pastry that everyone will comment about.

CORRECTION

We very sincerely regret an error that appeared in the recipe for *Creamy Frosting For Cakes To Be Stored in Freezer*, September issue, page 9. Had this could have happened we're at a loss to know, but take your pencil and write in 1 POUND of powdered sugar where the recipe says 1 Tbls. We're sorry.

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings, Good Friends:

You've no idea what a relief it was a moment ago to run a sheet of paper into this typewriter and write the above unconventional salutation. (Yes, I remember from school days exactly how one should start a letter!)

But this typewriter has been out for an overhaul job, and whenever it's out of the house I feel like a chicken with its head cut off. If you own something that seems as much a part of you as your hands or feet you understand what I mean. Twice a year my typewriter goes away, and through that time I feel lonely and dislocated. Always before I start our nursery catalog I send it out (just about in the same way you get a car overhauled before you start an extensive trip!), and then when I've finished I send it away to have the ravages repaired. If you own a typewriter that has spent 90% of the time in its case this will probably sound curious.

I've always been profoundly grateful that Dad made me study typing. When I was in high school twenty-five years ago there was a peculiar notion afoot among many of the girls I knew that typing wasn't important. In the sheep-like way that young people have I announced at home that I wasn't going to take typing. Twenty-four hours later I was sitting at an old, blank-faced machine. (In case you learned to type by yourself at home you may not know that typing is taught only on a machine that has a blank keyboard. This is to discourage the student from watching his fingers as he types.)

I've been constantly thankful all through these years that Dad made me trot right back to high school and register for typing. There were times during the depression when my ability to type very, very rapidly and accurately was the difference between being employed and being unemployed. I cannot imagine anyone who wouldn't find some practical use for typing regardless of his occupation, so if you have any young people at your house who are plotting their future careers, be sure they have at least one year of instruction at high school, and preferably two years.

Juliana is now back in school and the long, golden summer is over. I use the words "long, golden summer" because I'm sure that in years to come she will look back on this particular time as a wonderfully happy and enchanted period. Most of this summer she has spent on the farm with Kristin, and I'm frank to say that here in town we can't summon up anything half as interesting as a long, rambling creek, horses, banty chickens, dogs and everything else that goes to make up Kristin's territory.

Juliana has quite a pronounced interest in the natural world. She is acutely eager to learn all about butterflies, for instance, and has the beginning of a good collection. On these trips to Kristin's she took her beat-up butterfly net with her, and when we picked her up from that fast Burlington train with its quota of city residents enroute to the West coast, I al-



Juliana and Kristin at the Nebraska State Capitol on an August Sunday. Both girls were fascinated with details of this magnificent building.

ways wondered what they thought of the little girl who walked down the aisle with her net, a jar containing moths, worms, etc., and likely as not a plastic sack containing all kinds of botanical specimens.

Those of you who have read "The Story Of An American Family" will recall Aunt Martha Eaton and her childhood adventure with the lunch box and dog skeleton. Well, Juliana runs her a close second. We've had some astounding things happen at this house in the last few years.

This month I want to mention two books that are absolutely the answer to two given situations.

Do you have an elderly relative or friend who was reared on an Iowa farm and who is now retired and finding it hard to locate truly interesting books? If this is the case, then you should make it a point to see that *Old Orchard Farm* by Hugh Orchard is in their hands. This book will call back a veritable flood of happy memories and associations. I cannot imagine a nicer Christmas gift for them they'd have it right at hand to pick up and enjoy over and over again.

The other book, *Hunter*, by J. A. Hunter is made to order for your husband or teen-age son. (I think you'd enjoy it equally—certainly I found it as absorbing as Russell found it.) This book contains the startling and true adventures of one of the last and greatest of Africa's professional white hunters. It would make wonderful reading aloud material during a January blizzard.

During this past month Russell and I (plus Juliana and Kristin) had a very happy day in Lincoln, Nebr., with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dalling. I hadn't been in Lincoln since about 1931 and Russell had never been there (aside from going through on the train), so it was new territory to us. I was shocked by the way the city has grown. My trip there in 1931 was to

see a dear college friend who was hospitalized at the Bryan Memorial Hospital following a terrible automobile accident in which her sister was killed. I remembered the hospital as standing on the open prairie with nothing around it but cornfields. Now the city has built up far beyond it, a huge wing has been added to the hospital, and absolutely nothing looked the way I had always remembered it.

I didn't feel up to tramping around that day, but Russell took the children and went to the capitol with Carl Dalling, and he is still telling me details about that building. He thinks it is absolutely magnificent—one of the genuinely great and beautiful buildings of the world. I've heard so much about it that I'm drumming up enough physical energy to get back over there and cover it myself. I'm sure you Nebraskans must be very, very proud of your majestic capitol building.

During these weeks that Juliana has been gone so much and both Russell and I have been so busy, I certainly haven't been a candidate for any honors due an imaginative and ambitious cook. Most of the time we've had extremely plain and simple fare and I'm frank to admit it. But with cooler weather arriving I can feel the old fires of interest and enthusiasm kindling again, and before long I'll embark on a real spree of new dishes.

I did discover two wonderful desserts this summer, and you'll find those recipes on page 14 in this issue. I'll hope you'll be courageous enough to try both of them. They are delectable and unusual, the kind of thing you're proud to serve to good cooks!

So many people have written to ask me about my washing machine that this seems a good place to give a blanket answer. I am as happy as the proverbial lark with my wringer type machine. Two things about my present laundry set-up make a great deal of difference.

We do not have a floor drain in our basement and we never can have because of high sewer pipes. This means that I have stationary laundry tubs and also that I have a power-pump on the machine itself. My one big objection to non-automatic machines was the fact that I always got so wet with that floor drain! Perhaps you can keep yourself in shape for a party and work with rinse tubs on casters draining out into the floor, etc., but I couldn't. However, I can do an entire laundry without a drop of water on the floor thanks to this stationary tub, power-pump combination, so all in all I'm tickled to death with my purchase.

I glanced back on this page and noticed my reference to the desserts. It sort of whetted my appetite, so I think I'll jump into the car when Russell goes down town in a few minutes and pick up some cream cheese for the Cheese Cake. This solves the problem of what to take to a church luncheon.

I wish you'd at least start a letter to me, and then just add to it when you have time.

As ever . . . Lucile

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WHEN YOU PLAN YOUR WORK

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Does family, plus housework, plus harvest, equal fatigue for you? Probably it does occasionally. The important thing to decide is whether you are chronically tired and overworked. Many unhappy homes are the direct result of a tired Mom. Perk up! We've good news for you.

The plain fact is that the work which isn't done will tire you more than the tasks you are actually doing. It's the little things that may get you down, like the spot on Dad's good trousers which hasn't been removed since last week's party. Or perhaps the front room window is driving you to distraction. You simply haven't the time to drag a stepladder outside to wash it today. Besides all this, the four-year-old has a cold and the baby is teething. Where, you wonder, is that spotless, well-kept, serene home you planned and hoped for?

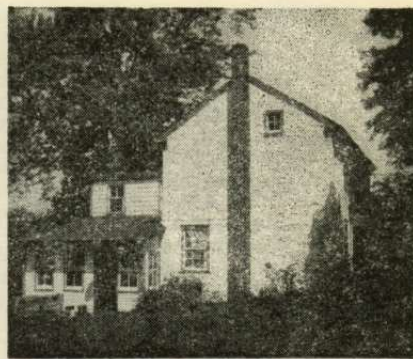
My Dad used to say, "You've got to be a good manager if you want a good life." If your work is running you, it's time to reshuffle your tasks. By good management, you can be the boss.

First of all, decide upon the minimum amount of work which must be accomplished. This is the work which must be done for your peace of mind. It must be in line with your physical strength and capabilities.

Your minimum schedule for a week may resemble this one:

Monday: laundry and hand washing
 Tuesday: Ironing and mending
 Wednesday: Clean house; bake
 Thursday: Laundry again; shampoo children's hair
 Friday: Miscellaneous
 Saturday: Clean house, miscellaneous.

Hints on making this schedule work: Divide laundry so that all things which must be ironed are done on Monday. Launder towels, tea towels, bedding, rugs, etc. on Thursday. Divide



This is the house in Glen Gardner, New Jersey where Mary Fischer Chapin, her husband, James Chapin, and their two sons, Elliott and Jared live. The front section is two-hundred years old, and even the addition at the back is much older than any house in these parts. Mary's shop is on the other side.

heavy housecleaning in two equal work loads. For instance, do bedrooms and bath on Wednesday, kitchen and front rooms on Saturday. If you can't do all your mending on Tuesday, do the things which you need or want the most. Put the rest away and don't be worried about it until the next Tuesday. If you never fail to mend a few items on the appointed day, chances are you'll never be faced with what seems an insurmountable mountain of mending.

Now the minimum amount of work is done, sandwiched with the daily tasks of dishwashing, cooking, caring for children, and the inevitable dusting. What about the harvest hands who must be fed? The lawn that must be mowed? The garden that must be weeded? The vegetables that must be canned? When are you going to feed the chickens? Wash the walls? Sew the children some pajamas?

Remember, your house is clean and your family well groomed, because you have faithfully followed your minimum schedule. Friday is your own. Wash the windows today, or weed the garden. If you're still pushing a lawnmower, that's likely to be a Friday job. If yours is a power mower, you'll find this a rather pleasant evening job when the air becomes cool. The vegetables must be canned or frozen when ready. Do them now, switching the day's tasks to Friday.

After you have followed a schedule for a few weeks, you will see the beauty of it. Do you sometimes think, "I don't dare take the time to bake Judy a birthday cake, or I'll never get my work done?" No more! You know when an hour is your own, and you can truly enjoy spending it on a favorite activity. You will find the hours with your children are happier and more carefree; the afternoons at club or church affairs may be enjoyed without the nagging suspicion that you should be home working.

Family life wouldn't be normal if a crisis didn't pop up now and then. Don't expect a work schedule to solve those, too. Sometimes it will have to be abandoned for the sake of family unity or happiness. That's fine. That's the real purpose of the schedule, anyway. The overall picture will be one of an efficient homemaker who knows what must be done and when to do it.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Kristin's big day finally arrived. Today she stated to school for the first time in town. She was so excited last night she could scarcely go to sleep, and she has never gotten out of bed as quickly as she did this morning when I called her. I took her in this morning and helped her register, but she rode home on the bus this evening.

Up until just a few days ago she has been very unhappy about Plympton not being able to open and has not wanted to go to town school at all. Of course there was nothing we could do about it and Frank and I have both just hoped that she would change her mind. When she came home tonight after her first day and said, "It was just wonderful", we both heaved a sigh of relief.

The school where Kristin goes is just two blocks from the home of Frank's sister, Edna, so she will eat her noon meal there, and on stormy bad days she can stay all night with her. We think it will work out very satisfactorily.

When I wrote to you last month Juliana was visiting us. She stayed a little over two weeks, and then she and Kristin went to Shenandoah together on the train. The following week I made a trip to Shenandoah and spent a week. This trip was made with one specific object in mind — to get some sewing done for Kristin. Of course I have a sewing machine and could have done this at home but I wanted to make one more visit before school started and decided I could visit and sew at the same time. I must tell you what I got accomplished during that week.

I made Juliana and Kristin each a gold corduroy skirt, and Lucile and I together made beautiful green weskits with gold buttons to wear with them. We were extremely fortunate in finding green cotton exactly the same shade as the corduroy and we used this to line the weskits. This gold and green color combination is very striking and a little more unusual than gold and brown which is more frequently used.

The next thing I made was a light blue corduroy skirt. This is Kristin's favorite and she likes to wear it with her white blouse and red cinch belt. She also has a pink nylon sweater to wear with it when she wants a change. I am going to make some more corduroy things because not only are they nice and warm, but they can be washed. I love beautiful wool plaids for skirts, but they do have to be dry-cleaned and during a school year this can really run into money.

Both of the above skirts were made full, using unpressed pleats all around. The gold has box pleats and the blue has small pleats all going in the same direction. I made a flared skirt out of a piece of red and navy soft wool plaid that I had on hand. This skirt looked very plain to me and I didn't like it very well until I decided to put on very large patch pockets. These were placed on the side, with the side seam going down the middle. I put little flaps on the pocket and then



Two little cousins at a wonderful birthday party. This picture of Emily and Martin was taken on Martin's sixth birthday.

with red wool yarn Mother made a fringe about an inch and a half long on the bottom edge of the flap. This yarn just made the skirt.

While I was in Shenandoah Bernie found a lot of things to can. We had thought that the dry weather had ruined our second planting of sweet corn, also the lima beans, but after I had gone Bernie discovered enough of each to put up several pints. The tomatoes weren't as good as they have been in other years, but she got several quarts of tomato juice and also had enough for some preserves.

Jams and jellies were my department this summer because I like to make them and Bernie doesn't. I made up a good winter's supply for both households. We have raspberry, cherry, and strawberry jam, and raspberry and blackberry jelly. I am going to make some apple jelly and some peach preserves when the fruit is ready. Tomorrow morning Bernie and I are going to take care of the grapes. I think we will make them all into grape juice because we can then use it as a cold drink, or make it into jelly as we need it.

Something that Frank did while I was away as a surprise, was to get the cistern all cleaned out and ready for the fall rains if we ever have any. Since Bernie always has hot running water, it is much simpler for me to do my washing at her house, so consequently we don't use as much water at our house as most people do.

We haven't cleaned out our cistern and given it a good scrubbing for a long time because it was always so full of water that it would take forever to pump it out. Frank worked for three days on this project and when it was finally emptied and he went down inside he said there was scarcely any dirt in the bottom. I guess we have our wonderful filter to thank for that. But anyway, I feel better now that it is all scrubbed out and ready to be filled up with fresh water. I haven't even minded going to the farm after water several time a day, but you don't realize just how much water you do use in a day until you have to carry every drop. Of course we carry it in the car so it really isn't bad.

Before long now we'll be picking corn. Our crop this year certainly

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TWO MARVELOUS DESSERTS

The chances are that at least once during the winter months ahead you're going to be doing some entertaining. In most cases we always want to try out on our families any new recipe that we expect to serve to guests, and perhaps you'll want to do this with the Cheese Cake and Poppy-seed Torte, but both of these things turned out so beautifully for me that I'd almost say they are fool-proof.

We think this Cheese Cake is by far the finest thing of its kind that we've ever eaten. You'll note that it's expensive to make and most budgets won't take it except for company purposes, but we really believe you'll make a great hit with it. Because it is extremely rich we'd earnestly suggest that you serve nothing with it but coffee. This is perfect for clubs where you are limited to one thing, plus coffee. We have Frances Gochenouer of Omaha to thank for the recipe.

CHEESE CAKE

Crust

20 crushed Graham crackers
 1/4 lb. butter, less 1 inch square
 1/4 tsp. salt

Mix well and line a 9-inch pie tin with this. Do not bake.

Filling

- 1 8-oz. pkg. of cream cheese
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. of cream cheese (These must be at room temperature)
- 4 very well-beaten eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

We hope that you have an electric mixer to use for this. Put the cheese in a bowl and cream it. Then add the eggs, sugar and flavoring. Turn mixture into the lined pie pan and bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. (This is Mrs. Gochenouer's original time specification but we found that the crust got pretty brown and would suggest that you watch closely from 15 minutes on. My oven may have been a little off, but watch it sharp.)

Remove from oven and let stand exactly 5 minutes. Now pour over it the following: 1/2 pint sour cream to which you have added 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

Return to oven and bake in a 425 degree oven for 5 minutes.

Chill overnight.

Cut into pie-shaped wedges and serve. Do not put whipped cream or anything else on top.

POPPY-SEED TORTE

This is absolutely delicious—very unusual and subtle in flavor. We can't imagine anyone who wouldn't enjoy it, and you're certain to have many requests for the recipe if you serve it to guests.

- 3/4 cup poppy seed
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 stiff-beaten egg whites
- 1 recipe Filling

Soak poppy seed in milk overnight. Cream butter to soften; add sugar gradually and cream together. Mix in milk and poppy seed. Sift dry ingredients together; add to creamed mixture. Fold in egg whites. Bake in 3 paper-lined 8x1 1/4-inch round pans in a 350 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool 10 minutes; remove from pans.

Filling

Mix 1/2 cup sugar and 1 Tbls. cornstarch in double boiler. Combine 1 1/2 cups milk and 4 well-beaten egg yolks; gradually stir into sugar mixture and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Cool slightly; add 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. When entirely cool spread between cooled cake layers.

The only decoration advised for this cake is to sift powdered sugar over it. I made a daisy design from paper, laid it on the cake, sifted confectioners' sugar over it and then removed design or stencil. In the center I made a golden flower heart with grated orange peel.

We do not advise any icing or whipped cream for this cake.

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Haylett

Good Neighbor mail has been interesting lately and there are so many letters from shutins. I know you will like to help them.

Mrs. Blanche Loveless of 2304 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Calif., is improving slowly. She is still in a hospital, but mail to her home address will reach her all right.

Miss Roberta Putman, Francetown Road, Hillsboro, New Hampshire, is only 20 and has been shutin 5 years. A heart condition keeps her confined to her bedroom, and in bed most of the time. She can't have visitors, so mail means a lot. Send a stamp and she will answer you.

Lonnie Hall is 3 years old and has spent a whole year in the hospital being treated for Bright's disease. He loves to get mail and is especially fond of Hopalong Cassidy. Send something that will help a three-year-old to pass the time away. Sacred Heart Hospital, Yankton, S. Dak.

Michael Bryan, Rt. 5, Milan, Mo., is 15 and suffers with muscular dystrophy. He spends most of the time in bed, but can be in a wheelchair an hour or so a day. He can use one hand a little, likes comics and loves to get mail.

Mrs. Estella M. Lee, 1309 12 St. N. E., Rt. 2, Mason City, Iowa is a long time shutin. Besides other ailments, she broke her hip and pelvis 13 years ago and has not walked normally since. Do write to her.

Mrs. Hilda Kidder, Black Rock, Ark., has been an invalid for 14 years. She is confined to the house, and is in bed a good deal of the time. She does crochet work to sell.

Mrs. Emma Schoenheide, R1 B136, Clintonville, Wisc., was out in the field one day last July and fell and broke her leg. It took an hour for her to crawl home and still longer to get the leg taken care of. It was a bad break, and is taking a long time to get well. She will be 79 on Oct. 7. She says the pain isn't so bad as the having to lie completely still. I'm sure letters would help.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brookes would like cards but is not able to answer. She has had to go into the County Hospital at Hollister, Calif. She says the hospital is OK, but at her age there isn't much future in it. She will be 83 the 29th of November. Remember her then, also.

Mrs. Helen Brown, St. Joseph's Hosp., Elmira, N. Y., is bedfast. She has arthritis and is badly drawn.

We have had two calls for wheelchairs; one for a long time shutin here in California, the other for a woman in West Va., who has 2 small children yet at home to be cared for. She is partially paralyzed from a recent stroke and the doctors do not think she will be able to walk again but would be able to do some things about the house if she had a chair. We have money to get one chair. Write me at 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif., if you want to help on this project.

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