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# Kitchen-Klatter<sup>®</sup>

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Ruth Shambaugh Watkins

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER  
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

The days are getting so short that it seems we must have supper about 5:30 if we are to take a little drive before dark, or do any work in the yard. Tonight I decided to pass up both the drive and the yard so I could sit down here at the dining room table and visit with you.

I have a pretty bouquet on this table—some yellow and white chrysanthemums arranged in a white pottery bowl that Sister Sue made long ago. On each side of it are yellow tapers, an addition Juliana made when she came up to visit with me just before supper. This is one year we haven't been without flowers, thanks to an abundance of rain. I might add that we also haven't been without weeds. Martin is very good to come down and help with weeds, but there were times when he felt pretty discouraged. It seemed that no matter how much we worked we never could make real headway against those weeds.

I received Dorothy's letter before I started writing this so I know she told you about our little trip up to her house. We thought it was a good time to go because Kristin was in the East with Lucile and Russell and we knew Dorothy and Frank would feel lonely.

Dorothy and I took one day to drive to Des Moines to see my sister, Martha Eaton. She is making good progress at the Mercy Hospital in Des Moines, and we are all hoping that it won't be long until the doctor feels she can begin walking again—and then can get back home to Clarinda. Martha didn't know we were coming because I wanted to surprise her, and I must say that my plans worked out! She was surely astonished when she saw Dorothy and me coming through the door of her room.

As soon as Lucile and Russell got back from their trip, we decided to make our long delayed trip to Anderson, Indiana to see our new grandson, Paul Martin Driftmier. I really should say that we went to see the rest of the family too, but when it's the first chance to see a new grandchild that is the thing that stands out in your mind.

Margery went with us because all of our children have worried so much about us starting out on trips alone that we decided to put their minds at ease by agreeing that we really do

need a third person in the car. Mart is a very good driver and that part doesn't worry them, but if we should have sickness or any kind of trouble, I'd be very, very helpless to do anything about it. All of you old friends who know I've been in a wheelchair for about 28 years can understand how this is. So when Margery offered to go with us we could see our way clear to make the Anderson trip.

It isn't a long pull to Anderson but we broke it up by staying overnight at a motel both going and making the return trip. We've never seen finer corn and felt almost as if we were driving through a canyon down those straight roads that are bordered by corn on both sides.

We crossed most of Illinois on highway 136, a straight road. However, towns are fairly far apart on that highway and you'd be wise to check your gas tank before you head across the state on that road.

We found Mary Beth, Donald, little Katharine and Paul in good health, and were struck immediately by what a BIG baby Paul is for his age. Mart and I said that although both Frederick and Donald were big babies, we couldn't remember that they were as big as Paul at the same age. He has Donald's build—and Donald is about 6 ft., 4 inches. Mary Beth had left his baby curls so we could see them, but he was scheduled for a trip to the barber just as soon as we left. He is a happy, sweet-natured baby, and I enjoyed playing with him and getting many smiles out of him.

The day before we left, Bob Dyer came to take some pictures that we will share with you in the next issue. Mr. Dyer has taken most of the pictures you've seen of our family in Anderson—we first met him when we went there for Mary Beth's and Donald's wedding. In fact, we had an unexpected and happy surprise when he brought with him on the afternoon when he came to take the latest pictures, a tape recording made of Mary Beth's and Donald's wedding ceremony. They had never heard it, and you can imagine what memories it called back to all of us when we listened to the opening notes of music and then heard the entire ceremony as if it had happened only a few minutes earlier.

Mary Beth is a fine cook and she fixed one chicken dish that we thought was particularly delicious. We may have used something very much like this before, but it's such a good way to fix chicken that it will certainly bear repeating. I'll try and tuck this in on the recipe page. I will also try and get in her recipe for a very refreshing and delicious ice cream, or sherbet.

We all went out to see the new lot where Mary Beth and Donald are building their home. It is a lovely location and they will surely appreciate the space after being cramped in too small quarters. Mary Beth has made the remark that the story of her life these days seems to be moving furniture from here to there to enable them to get around, and all of this tugging and pushing won't be necessary when they get into their new house. We're hoping with them that it will be done by Christmas.

Sister Jessie is just back from a lovely trip to California. She helped her daughter Ruth get school clothes in shape, and when you look at the cover picture you'll see that Ruth has school problems on her mind. After a happy visit in Palo Alto she went on to visit Sol, our only brother, and then had several lovely days with Sol's daughter, Jean, at her mountain cabin.

We went up to meet Jessie when her train came into Red Oak, and I told her immediately that I felt badly about the African violets that had been left in my care. Both Jessie and Martha have a magic way with African violets and their display is really something to see. I offered to take care of these plants since their home would be closed for several weeks, and I felt badly when I saw that I didn't have Martha's and Jessie's know-how. Jessie assured me that they'd perk up immediately, and in the next few days we'll drive over so I can see if her hopes were justified.

We're happy that Sharon Brown, daughter of Dale and Mabel Nair Brown, was finally able to leave the University Hospital at Iowa City after many, many weeks. She must be in bed, of course, but it's easier to be in bed at home rather than in a hospital. Mabel has her hands more than full these days, but she says she will try to write a Thanksgiving Devotion for the November issue since so many of you friends depend upon this material.

We also had news that Myrtle and Paul Felkner (you've read Myrtle's articles in Kitchen-Klatter through the years) have a son, William Edward, who weighed 10 lbs., 14 oz. at birth. His two sisters, Barbara and Joan, will have a lot of fun with him as soon as he's big enough to sit up and take notice.

Howard and Mae's daughter, Donna, is now back at Peru State Teachers College—her final year there. Out of our eleven grandchildren, only three will be at home this school year: Clark out in Denver (his birthday fell in such a way he couldn't be admitted) and Katharine and Paul in Anderson.

Many of you friends have wondered about the Fischer home, so now I can

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## THERE IS A GREAT TRUTH IN FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

Another summer has come and gone leaving behind it wonderful memories of rich and satisfying experiences. Of all the months of the year, why must the summer months go by so quickly?

I can tell you of one day this past summer that did not go by quickly enough, and that was the day we crossed the Bay of Fundy from Bar Harbor, Maine to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. That crossing is right at the mouth of the bay where it is 100 miles wide, and it was just our luck to pick the stormiest day of the summer to make the trip. We boarded the giant ferry "Bluenose" (along with 600 other people) in time for breakfast in the ship's cafeteria, and we got off seven hours later feeling more dead than alive. A sudden northeast gale worked up some enormous waves, and big as the ship was, it was rolled and tossed about like a cork.

Never in all of my life have I seen so many people seasick all at the same time. Betty and I were certainly glad that our two children are good sailors. As a matter of fact, I think that David and Mary Leanna actually enjoyed the trip. Betty and I never want to make another one like it. Fortunately, our return voyage was a perfectly delightful one with a blue, blue sea and a bright sky overhead.

Even a storm at sea can be a most satisfying experience, and now that it is behind us I can truthfully say that I am glad we had to ride through the storm. Just those few hours of heavy seas reminded me of the tremendous forces of nature and how insignificant and ineffective we human beings actually are.

Out of that stormy crossing there also came to me an entirely new appreciation of the great debt of gratitude we owe the men who sail the seas. What skill and courage it takes to sail all of the world's ships—the giant ocean liners and the lowly freighters, the ferry boats and the fishing schooners. All of us who make our living on the land must not forget the millions of people whose job it is to sail the seas. So much of what we have has been brought to us or in some way been made possible for us by the men who go down to the sea in ships. God bless them all!

I have two outstanding impressions of Nova Scotia—the beauty of the trees and the friendliness of the people. Actually I have found that people are friendly everywhere in the world, and so I should not have been surprised to find friendly people in Nova Scotia, but at the same time I must confess that they did seem even friendlier than most friendly people in other lands. But the trees! Oh, they were wonderful! There is so much forest land in Nova Scotia, and at the lodge where we stayed we could look out of the windows and see miles and miles of magnificent forests of spruce and pine.

The poet Bryant in his poem the *Forest Hymn* said: "The groves were God's first temples," and he was so



Frederick snapped this picture of his two children, David and Mary Leanna, when the wild mountain laurel around their summer cottage was in full bloom. Long time residents of Rhode Island said they had never seen such a display of laurel—thought it was due to a very rainy season.

right. Long before there were cathedral spires to direct men's attention upward toward the heavens, tall and stately trees suggested the Divine. As I sat there on the front steps of the lodge looking out across the miles of forests, and again as I walked along the woodland paths that led from the house to the lake and then further along the stream I thought of those lines by the poet Coleridge found in his poem *Homesick*:

'Tis sweet to him who all the week  
Through city crowds must push  
his way  
To stroll alone through fields and  
woods

And hallow thus the sabbath day.  
One day the caretaker of the estate where I once worked during the summer months was showing me some of the trees on the property, and as we walked back toward the house he pointed out an apple tree and said of it: "Now there is one tree that certainly does not pay for its keep on this place. It never bears more than a few pecks of apples and yet requires just as much care as the others."

"Well," I said, "why don't you get rid of it?"

"I suppose I should cut it down," replied the caretaker, "but somehow I just can't do that. It is such a brave little tree. It is sitting right on the top of a rock ledge where its roots have almost no chance of getting any food, and yet it keeps trying!"

He took me over and showed me how the tree was actually sitting on a rock with only a few inches of earth around its roots. What a fight that tree had to make to produce even a few apples.

That old caretaker taught me a lesson: to judge a fruit tree we must consider not only its production. Considering the type of soil out of which the roots of a certain tree must draw their vast quantities of water, it may be a miracle that the tree produces any fruit at all. Considering the wonderful rich soil provided for the roots of another tree, its production of fruit although high, may be a great deal lower than it ought to be. Low output doesn't prove a tree a failure, and it doesn't prove a person a failure. The next time you and I meet a drunk on

the street we might well repeat the words of that great evangelist Dwight L. Moody: "There but for the grace of God go I."

I believe that too often we Christian people have a tendency to judge people by what they have accomplished without ever knowing all of the troubles and the handicaps that others have had to endure. What can we ever know of other people's souls—of their temptations, their opportunities, their struggles, and their fears? The only soul in the whole creation that we do know is our own, and if other people knew all that you and I know about ourselves, how different would their opinions be of us?

One of the men who helped to care for the fine timber that I saw in Nova Scotia made a comment that I thought to be very fitting. I had just said that I had never seen more fruit on a single tree than on one particular tree there on the property, and he replied: "Well, there ought to be fruit on that tree considering how much care it gets. I say that when you feed a tree it ought to work for you!"

To him it was no marvel that the tree produced so well; the marvel was that with all that dependable source of food, and with all of the spraying and the pruning it got, the tree had not produced even greater quantities of fruit. And there is a lesson in that for us too. The better the stuff you are made of, the better the family background, the better the education one has, the more this life has a right to expect of you; indeed, the more this life has a right to demand of you.

It is such an easy thing for a person to believe that he is doing quite well by his community in the support he gives to his church, to his pet charities, and to worthwhile community enterprises of one sort or another. It seems to me, however, that the basic question to be asked about ourselves is: what does God expect of us? We who have come out of good homes with good family breeding and every opportunity to do well in our chosen field of endeavor must never think that any amount of generosity on our part is more than can be expected of us. It makes no difference how much we may do more than others. We should do more than others. We who have been so richly blessed by God must do more than others or we are not worthy of His love. Just the fact that you and I were born into good, Christian homes has obligated us with a debt to the world that we never can repay.

I didn't mean to preach a sermon in this letter, but it almost reads like a sermon doesn't it. Well, life is like that to me; I see a sermon everywhere I look. Some of the most wonderful sermons ever to come to my attention were never spoken and neither were they ever written. They were lived, lived by persons whose very lives were testaments of truth. Certainly there ought to be a sermon in the life of a good tree, too, and if that is so, then I can honestly say that I had more sermons directed to me this summer than in any other similar period of time.

Sincerely, Frederick



## A GHOSTLY AFFAIR

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Entertainment for October parties is aimed strictly for fun, so let's beat the spooks at their own game and plan for a real ghostly party. This is certainly a good way to entertain for young people if circumstances have made it impossible to have birthday parties through the years, and it's surprising how many, many grown-ups can recall in complete detail a Hallowe'en party they attended long ago. In fact, most people feel just a little cheated if they've never had a chance at one good rousing Hallowe'en party, so look over your situation and see if this is the year you can carry out a real spooky session.

## Decorations

Of course you will want plenty of jack-o-lanterns all about the rooms, but how about black candles set in blocks of strayafoam which have been decorated with a ruffle of orange paper, or with clusters of milkweed, other wild seed pods and bittersweet?

Black silhouettes of cats, witches, bats and broomsticks can be suspended from the ceiling, from light fixtures and doorways. False faces can be tacked to lampshades. At a turn in the staircase or in a closet where you know the door will be opened, place a particularly spooky face made of heavy black paper with a flashlight behind it to illumine the features.

Arrange to greet your guests in a spot where a huge cluster of thin black streamers are tacked to the ceiling. An electric fan turned on these will blow them around in eerie fashion as the guest steps into the house. Utilize corn stalks and pumpkins in every available spot for atmosphere.

## Receiving The Guests

Any Hallowe'en party is off to a fine start if you can create a spooky air right at the beginning. A basement is ideal for such an affair, but if you must use the family living rooms or any kind of a hall, see if you can't fix up some kind of an entrance area where each guest is told by a witch or a ghost that he must be initiated before joining the others.

This reception area should be very dimly lighted and what little light there is should be eerie.

The initiation ceremony might consist of blindfolding the guest and then telling him that he will receive the "touch of fellowship" from Brother Ghost. At this point someone chosen for the part should run a piece of ice across the back of the victim's neck. As soon as he has "recovered" from this, tell him he must shake hands and then place a bunch of grapes (skins removed) in his hand. Next he must get acquainted with a wild cat—have your helper imitate a snarl and yowl under deep mufflers as an old fur neckpiece or muff is brushed against the guest's neck.

An obstacle path can be fixed up to lead the guest over. Wet rags suspended from the ceiling will slap his face, a shallow pan filled with shelled corn will give him the illusion of losing his balance as he steps in it, and

a huge web made of string will convince him he's trapped for sure.

There are endless ways to rig up such an area that will provide loads of fun, but be sure there aren't sharp objects that can hurt anyone. Caution your helpers to keep ahold of the blindfolded person and steer him around in such a way that he can have scary thrills without getting harmed.

When the obstacle course has been completed, the guest is led to the main party room and his blindfold is removed.

## Entertainment

There is one classic ghost story that older people may find too much of a good thing, but young people feel that no Hallowe'en party is complete without it. This is *Graveyard Spasm* and it calls for preliminary rehearsing to get the maximum affects!

Choose someone who can spin a spine-tingling yarn and coach two people to move silently among the guests as they provide sound effects and other spooky touches such as a feather duster brushed on the face of an unsuspecting guest, moans and groans from time to time, eyes flashing off and on—all of these things make the game very effective.

Seat the guests in a circle and turn out all the lights. The story teller begins with the usual details about a person meeting with a tragic accident, and then leads up to the statement that all guests present will have the unusual privilege of inspecting for themselves various parts of the victim. These parts are on paper plates which are passed around the circle, and one of the assistants guides the guest's hands while the story teller cries and groans that here is the poor victim's tongue (raw oyster), eyes (two peeled grapes), heart (a piece of liver), brains (coiled up strands of cooked macaroni), lungs (wet sponge), hand (glove filled with finely crushed ice), lips (two tomato halves), teeth (shelled corn), hair (corn silk or a dampened mat of raveled out rope), leg (a stocking stuffed with rags), ribs (several thin wires bent in a curved shape) and ears (cut these from pickled pigs feet).

The story teller must lead up more and more dramatically to the accident, and when he tells of the terrible crushing of the bones as the victim met his doom, have an assistant put a piece of paper in a whirling electric fan. This provides a terrifically realistic effect as the final climax to a hilarious (and noisy!) event.

**Broomstick Relay:** Divide guests into two equal sides so they may line up to form two opposing teams. The first player on each side is given a broomstick and, at leader's signal, rides the stick horse to the opposite end of the room and back. He hands it to the one next in line who does the same thing. The side which finishes first wins the game. If you wish, each side may be given a black witches' hat which each player must put on before he rides the broomstick in the race.

**Goblin Catch:** Before the party, hide cut-out paper cats, bats, witches and

owls all about the room. For the Goblin Catch the players march in a circle while music is played. When music stops the players try to find as many of the hidden cut-outs as they can, but whenever music starts they must get into circle and march. To see who wins when the game is over, count one point for cats, three points for bat, five points for an owl and ten points for a witch. Person having most points wins. Do not tell players in advance that the counts will be different for each one.

**Bluebeard's Faces:** Provide each player with a brown paper sack large enough to go over the head. Provide crayons and scissors. Each player cuts out eyes, nose and mouth and draws on a face. Lights are turned out while the guests put on masks and move to some other part of the room. When lights come on (but very dimly, if possible, to make recognition more difficult) guests move about and shake hands and make a guess as to the identity of those with whom they shake hands. If they guess correctly, they make a cross mark on that person's sack. Each person having ten cross marks or more must pay some forfeit when the game is over.

**Fortune's Saucers:** Upon a table place several saucers, each one holding an object which foretells the fortune. One by one the guests are blindfolded and told to touch one of the saucers. (Change the position of the saucers frequently.) In this way he learns his future.

Here are suggestions for objects to use: Silver spoon (life of luxury); moss (happy-go-lucky wanderer of the open road); blue cloth (navy life); khaki cloth (military life); toy cat (single blessedness); thorny branch (disappointed love affair); apple (school teacher); candy kisses (a flirt). You will think of many more items which will particularly fit your group.

**Spookum:** Divide guests into three groups: first group will be cats and say meow; second group will be witches and shriek and moan; third group will be pumpkins and say "ker-plunk." The leader will tell any story he chooses to make up which includes much mentioning of witches, cats and pumpkins so that each time their name is mentioned the group makes proper noises. Whenever the story teller uses the word Hallowe'en, they all make their respective noises at once.

**Dear Departed:** This game or stunt takes advance planning but is hilarious for teen-age or adult groups.

The chosen assistants (wrapped in sheets as ghosts) come in silently and stretch out on the floor. Each ghost represents some unsuspecting guest who is present. The leader ghost enters, carrying a crooked stick with which he prods each guest as he addresses him, asking in a weird ghostly voice, "Who lies buried here?"

The "corpse" replies, "I am what remains of Joe Green."

Leader: "Why, Joe, my friend, I didn't know you were dead. What did you die of?"

Corpse (speaking clearly) "Oh, I (Continued on page 16)



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

When I think where we have been and what we have seen since I last wrote to you, my head simply spins. It may be possible to cram more beautiful country and more heart-warming experiences into a vacation, but I don't know how it could be done.

Probably the best way to give you an account of our trip is to start at the beginning and go to the end—and then stop! However, there is so much to say that I can't hope to cover all of it in one letter, so if it's all right with you I'll take more than our October issue to discuss far away places.

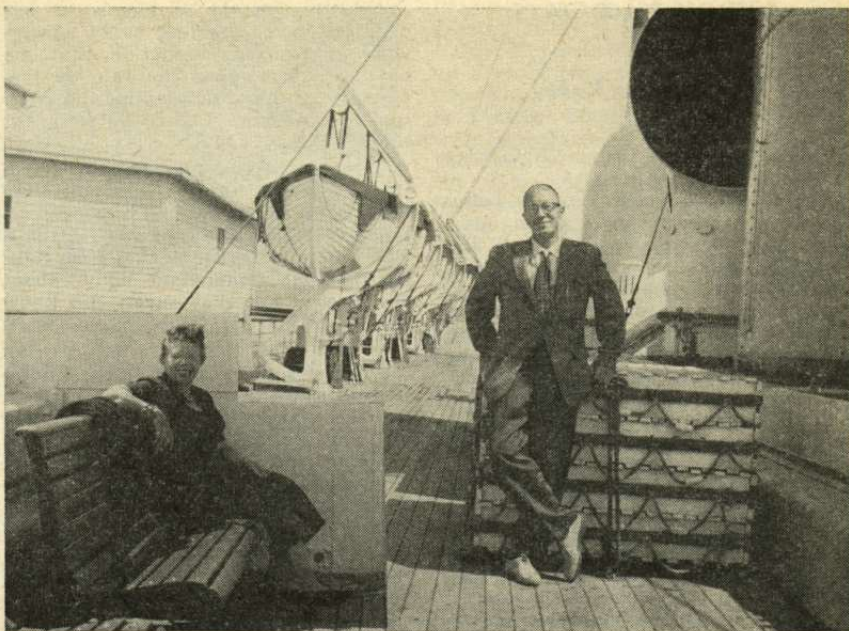
I have used the phrase "far away places" and believe me, that's exactly what I mean! It's been a long, long time since I felt as far away from home base as I felt when we were in Argyle, Nova Scotia. Frederick said that we were 400 miles east of New York, and since New York has always seemed a remote point to me, you can see how being 400 miles east of it would seem *really* remote.

But this isn't beginning at the beginning, so I'll go back now to the morning our alarm clock buzzed at 4:00 o'clock and Juliana threatened to make the bed right over me if I didn't get up **IMMEDIATELY**. As a rule, I'm raring to get started when a long-awaited day arrives, but we'd worked so hard to be able to leave that if it hadn't been for Juliana's threat I'm afraid I never could have crawled out of bed.

We had packed our car the night before and this meant we had only last minute things to put in before we all climbed aboard and headed east on highway 2. At a pre-arranged intersection we found Dorothy and Kristin waiting for us and it took only a few minutes to add Kristin's luggage and the big box of lunch Dorothy had packed for us. Juliana and Kristin didn't pay any attention to one final moment, but Russell and I knew how Dorothy felt when she saw Kristin settled down in the back seat and thought how many, many miles we would cover before she saw her again. In this day and age we all know how many things CAN happen on the highway even though you drive your own car with the greatest possible caution; and if you've ever traveled with any child outside your own immediate family you know what a tremendous responsibility you feel to return that child whole and happy. I knew just what Dorothy was thinking when she stood and watched our blue car round the corner and disappear!

The last time we crossed the state on number 2 (this was in 1956) we could see plainly enough that it was in a bad way from drought, so Russell and I looked at the evidence of fine crops all the way to the Mississippi river and knew that you folks in that section were in better spirits. The same statement goes for Illinois—my! such corn and soy beans as they're going to have this year.

Our goal was to reach Chicago before dark since we had to locate a



Juliana took this picture of her parents, Lucile and Russell Verness. The boat is the S. S. Princess Helene that plys back and forth between Saint John, New Brunswick and Digby, Nova Scotia. It's a three hour trip and is made only once a day—if you miss it you're out of luck for another twenty-four hours. If any of you friends have ever taken this boat we'd surely love to hear about it.

new address, and I can only urge all of you folks who are driving to an unfamiliar address in Chicago to tackle it while there is still daylight. That's an enormous city and if you don't know where you're supposed to turn, you're going to need all the light you can get to help you. In spite of a map we found ourselves miles beyond the point where we should have been, and then for the next two hours we just floundered around searching desperately for the right streets.

City traffic is so heavy that unless you're in the right lane when you want to turn, you simply have to move on with the traffic until somehow you can edge over to a point where you can get off. By this time you're far beyond the spot where you should be, so you must retrace your steps on side streets until you reach a point where you can get back on the right street. It's hard to read street signs when you're caught in fast moving traffic, and that's why I have been emphatic about tackling a Chicago address in daylight—unless you know **EXACTLY** where to find it. (I hope this emphasis will save someone groping around in that vast city at night!)

Fortunately, we'd gotten an early start that day and hadn't done much loitering along the way, so we had the last remnants of light when we rounded the last corner and saw the apartment house that was our destination. One of our very oldest and dearest friends, Lucille Sassaman, lives there and it was such a joy to see her and her daughter, Kira, once again.

Lucille is a marvelous cook and she'd gone all out to have a delicious dinner waiting for us. After we'd caught our breath we sat down to a beautiful looking table that was a feast in itself to our road-weary eyes. On a big platter were individual ham loaves, glazed, and as soon as I can get that recipe I'll share it with you. We also

had small new potatoes served with side dishes of melted butter and parsley, unusually delicious creamed green beans (many whole mushrooms in this), hot French bread, strawberry preserves and pickled watermelon (both homemade), a tossed salad with Bibb lettuce (we can't buy that in Shenandoah), and a tray of assorted pickles.

Following this Lucille brought on the biggest cut glass plate I have ever seen—a round, flat plate. Down the middle of it were alternating slices of fresh peaches and bananas; on one side she had piled icy cold fresh strawberries, and on the other side equally chilled fresh blueberries. Juliana and Kristin had never before tasted fresh blueberries and couldn't get their fill! At each place were matching cut glass bowls with lime sherbet—we helped ourselves to the variety of fruit and ate it along with the sherbet.

In addition to this Lucille had prepared a large tray of assorted homemade puff-paste delicacies and these were passed along with the fruit. She has gotten a totally new-fangled recipe for puff paste from a friend in Louisville, Kentucky—takes a fraction of the time and never fails. I have this recipe and as soon as I have time to try it so I'll know all the twists involved, I'll pass it on to you.

I've gone into detail on this meal because it was perfect to serve to people who *might* (and *did*) arrive much later than they were expected. You may want to turn to it the next time you're having company under comparable circumstances.

Through our friend Lucille we have another friend who lives in that same building, and although she'd had company all week from her hometown, Louisville, she was kind enough to ask Juliana, Kristin and Kira to sleep there. The grown-ups stayed on the

(Continued on page 20)



## AUTUMN FILLED DAYS

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

The dinosaurs are gallumping across the countryside again.

Bit by bit the corn crop is being gleaned by the big red, green, gray and orange monsters. With all the bountiful gifts the good Lord has granted us it might be a good time to begin the process of being thankful. The rich color of the trees, the drying of the grasses, the brown of the stocks all tell us of the changing of the seasons and the constancy and dependability of this old world. But we cannot brood too long in beautiful autumn for too much is waiting to be done.

I'm reminded of a friend of mine who lives in Florida. Each year she takes her vacation in the fall for the express purpose of coming back to her old home in Iowa. She comes to see the deep rich color of the leaves, to smell the burning bonfires and to shuffle her feet deep in the rustling piles on the ground.

Now a long trip isn't necessary for those of us who live right here in this beautiful state. Only a few steps to the window and a rich view is available. We may never live in Florida long enough to appreciate deeply the changing of the seasons in Iowa, but perhaps by trying to look at our state with the eyes of one long away from it, we might find a refreshing new perspective.

How sad to reach the age where adult inhibitions eliminate some of the wonders children experience this time of year! Just watch the combination of one or more children in a big pile of crisp leaves. Loud gleeful yells, rushing legs, soft crunching noises, complete abandonment, unrestrained enjoyment and rich contentment are the lot of children who are turned loose on a pile of autumn leaves. When bedtime comes the warm rich odor of the whole out-of-doors permeates clothing and the golds and reds and browns cling in tiny bits to rumpled hair. Nothing can quite compare with the joys of a childhood day full of autumn.

Life in the little white house with the green trim has a mighty hectic quality called "normal." As normal, that is, as three lively boys can make it. I may complain at times about some of the work involved, and as you know very well it is never done, but I love the hectic, run around, roust about, ever busy hours which make up our daily schedule.

(I am determined that I shall not sit when the boys are grown and gone and say, "Why didn't I enjoy them when they were little, for that is the happiest time of all." I will enjoy them *right now*, confident that each age brings happiness.)

We sandwich playing records in between doing dishes, we swing back and forth in the tire swing between hanging up the clothes, and read a story between sweeping the living room and the dining room. I may get the nagging idea that the beds should be made earlier in the morning and

the dusting should be done more frequently, but the feeling which always wins out is the conviction that my boys will remember the fun we had together singing and playing and reading, so time just HAS to be made for these ESSENTIALS.

Thinking of October reminds me of the very first (and last) really big Hallowe'en party my children ever attended. Bobby was one and one-half years old and Dulcie Jean a wise four. Neither one understood much about Hallowe'en, but they surely did know the meaning of the magic word "Party."

For one solid week after the invitation to cousin Lynn's party arrived, Dulcie's waking question was, "When is Lynn's party?" This continued each morning into a long discussion of what days came when and the time sequence leading up to October 30th. With a great sigh of relief from Mama, the day finally dawned when the answer to this oft repeated question was "Today."

As soon as Bobby awakened, Dulcie dashed in to inform him that this was indeed THE DAY. For the rest of the morning they practiced, for it is a well known fact among small fry that on party days legs must be able to run fast, lungs must be able to yell loud, hands must be geared to pull rapidly and steadily and crying equipment must be well oiled. (This last is especially true when mothers are sitting within earshot. Crying is much less effective when witnessed by only a bevy of small sized humans.)

At approximately two-thirty the mob (or group!) of children arrived. One mother walked in the room and said calmly, "I brought my little devil." The early arrivals looked at her a bit shocked and then saw her son trailing along behind in a cute little red suit complete with tail and a rubber Satan's face. Indeed he was a little devil! It would have been fitting if all the little people present had worn the same type of suit. With the next arrivals two clowns with dog and cat faces were added. The children ran around scaring each other and laughing loudly, and the party was under way.

Some enterprising young sprout decided to play outdoors. On went snowsuits, overalls, caps, scarves and mittens. The boys trooped out and congregated around the big caterpillar tractor toy. They must have been embryo engineers for they soon had the tractor standing on end and were working manfully with the gears and such that were thus exposed. The little girls went from the swings to the sand box, around the house, and then, unfortunately, decided to see what the boys were doing. By the time the mothers reached the door the girls were dissolved in tears. One boy soon followed suit with big tears running down his cheeks. In another instant the party had moved back indoors. Off came the mittens, the scarves, the coats, the overalls and the snowsuits.

Bedlam followed. If you've ever lived with a three, four or five year old you know exactly what I mean. This group of creatures was in that age

range with Bobby the youngest. The lively antics were finally calmed a bit by the process of placing the cowboys, clowns, devils, little ladies and one small boy at the table on the porch and putting plates of ice cream and cup cakes in front of them. Did they pounce on the ice cream and cup cakes? Mercy no! First they ate the candy in the nut cups, then they pulled the trimming from the top of the cup cakes, licked at the frosting and took a spoon of ice cream, and then turned to the more exciting activity of blowing the big horns with the snake that uncurled at the end.

The only thing which saved the mothers from complete collapse was the advent of a favorite children's program on television. While the children were quiet (heavenly word) the mothers took the opportunity to sit at the big table, drink some very strong coffee and eat some big chocolate cup cakes. For a few short moments we really visited!

The television program was over. The last child had gone home blowing the horn, if it had any blow left in it. The last mother had prompted, prodded and poked the last child into saying "Thank-you-Lynn-for-a-nice-party."

Lynn's mama sank into a big chair as she said, "They had a good time if noise is any criterion." I looked around at the shredded bits of crepe paper, a few crumbs of cake, two stray pieces of Hallowe'en candy, crumpled paper cups and plates with blobs of melting ice cream and I said with great enthusiasm and sincerity, "It was a perfect party."

As Doris Henstorf of Farragut walked out the door with her little devil she said casually, "We are going home to make chocolate pop corn balls." I pounced on her words and told her to be sure to let me know how they turned out. So the next morning she phoned to say they were excellent. The balls are pretty and would be nice wrapped in fancy paper for Christmas baskets or any other holiday.

## Chocolate Pop Corn Balls

Prepare 2 quarts of salted popcorn. Then combine in a saucepan 1 cup white sugar, 1/2 cup corn syrup, 2 squares bitter chocolate, 1/3 cup water. Cook the syrup until brittle when dropped in cold water, 270 degrees on the candy thermometer. Remove from the fire and stir in 2 tablespoons butter. Pour over the pop corn and shape into balls as soon as cool enough to handle. Makes about 20 small or 12 large balls.

## FOR EVERYDAY PEOPLE

The day He said, "Come, follow me,"  
The day they left their nets behind,  
I wonder who stayed quietly  
To fold the mended nets, to find  
The little duties left undone,  
And did them, one by one.

On every shore, when someone goes  
In answer to the gloried call,  
There are the humble people, those  
Who fold the nets and do the small  
Unnoticed things. Lord, give thy grace  
To all who fill a lowly place.



## WE'RE HAPPY FOR THE INDIANA DRIFTMERS!

Dear Friends:

These past few weeks have been equal in excitement only to those weeks preceding our wedding and the birth of our children!

I believe that every married couple dreams about owning their own home and now this dream is beginning to take form for us. Don has been reading the financial sections of every magazine and newspaper he comes across and he is convinced that now is the time to build. Building prices are down in Anderson and, if the experts are correct, next year will see the return of high building costs—and they may be higher than ever before. As a result, we consulted a contractor and after we were given an estimate of how much it would cost to build a house we sat down and worked over our budget.

I shall be eternally grateful to my parents for the fine example they set with their years of living by a budget. I never knew of a time when they didn't keep track of every penny they spent. That's why it seemed only natural to me when I took over the spending of my new husband's paycheck (and it is my guess that most wives in modern day life pay the bills and buy the groceries and clothing) to start out right, at least right by what I had always known, by keeping a written record of *all* our expenses.

We now have a complete picture of what we spend for living expenses, insurance payments, taxes, and all the other hundred and one places our money has to go. After we were given an estimate of the cost of our home we could see positively whether or not we could swing such a long range expense. There couldn't be any guess work about it, so I'm happy to say that after studying all those figures we found that we *can* afford our dream house.

I call it our "dream house" but I know that in comparison to other dream homes it will certainly leave much to be desired. But we are so thrilled with the prospect of having a house to call our own that our enthusiasm isn't the least dampened by the fact that it isn't going to have everything. If the weather is cooperative and materials continue to be available we should be moving out of our crowded quarters in time to have Christmas in our new home.

We will be building on a beautiful lot that we bought nearly two years ago. It is located in a very nice, quiet subdivision on the northwest side of town. There are only seven other homes at present in Oak Park so Katharine and Paul will have ample room to play. We have three beautiful trees on this lot which promise a shady house most of the daylight hours. And I'm sure that investigating the hundreds of little problems involved with house building will be an education in itself.

I had an unusually pleasant experience this morning. Don is in Minneapolis for the week so I was enjoying



The Strom family enjoy rambling around on Sunday afternoons and always take a camera along. On this particular Sunday they went through Coin, a small town not very far from Shenandoah, and when they passed an old time fire engine they stopped to get a picture of Martin in the driver's seat.

having our oversized bed all to myself. The morning air was delightfully cool. Paul and Katharine were sleeping quietly and I decided to keep still and take advantage of the opportunity to grab a few extra minutes in bed. More and more I had the feeling I was being watched closely and when I turned and looked toward the baby bed there were two bright, black eyes peering at me over the edge of the crib bumpers. Paul had propped himself up on his elbows and was patiently watching me and waiting silently for me to wake up!

Babies are such cheerful creatures in the morning and Paul is no exception. He's always so happy to see us that it makes getting up in the morning a real treat. I took him out to the kitchen with me while I got breakfast on the table for Katharine and me. While the baby bottle warmed on the stove he sat in his feeding chair heckling me to hurry, hurry with his breakfast. I've reversed his feeding schedule because I've found that by giving him cereal and fruit at his early morning feeding rather than the mid-morning feeding I have a shorter period of interruption in my work schedule.

Paul is so big and so mature looking with his head full of thick hair that I have decided that since Mother and Dad Driftmier have seen him with his baby lock I'll take him to have a hair cut. I had vowed that I wouldn't do this until he was close to a year old, but everyone who sees him comments on how cute "she" is, so in defense of his sex I suppose I'll have to take the plunge. I'm not going to give him anything as radical as a butch hair cut, but at least he will look a little less shaggy with the curls cut off of his neck.

One job I don't have to do now is to make formula. Our doctor wanted Paul to stay on it through the hot summer months, but when September rolled around he told me to make the change to straight homogenized milk. I hope Paul doesn't gain as rapidly on straight milk, and while this may sound like a strange comment to make about a baby, the fact is that he's 'way over the twenty pound mark right now and I don't see how he'll ever be able to walk with all that weight! My feet and legs were beginning to feel the strain of toting him around, so I bought myself a pair of sturdy oxfords with arch supports. These have helped considerably, but

the closer he gets to thirty pounds the greater effort it is to carry him.

Our dinner-bridge club has broken up after four years of monthly get-togethers. Two of the couples moved to Detroit, Michigan when the men were transferred by the Delco Remy Division to their offices in Detroit. We were surely sorry to see them leave because in these last few years we've had many good times together.

Don and I were hopeful of starting another such group but hadn't yet taken any steps about it when our good friends, Joan and Bob Land, called and invited us to become the fourth couple in a club they were trying to start. We were delighted to say YES! Bob is employed by Guide Lamp, as are the other men in the group, so the fellows will really have more in common than the Delco Remy crowd had.

Joan and Bob invited everyone to their house several weeks ago and we had huge, delicious steaks cooked on their charcoal grill on their newly finished patio. They have just recently moved into their first home after living in a small apartment many more years than Don and I have had. (It's hard for me to believe anyone can ever be as thrilled about a new house as people who've been crowded into small apartments!) We had a wonderful evening at the Land's new home, and those steaks were a real treat for everyone since we are all living on modest incomes.

Joan told me how much fun she has had taking her children to the Conservation Pond to feed the ducks, so last Sunday we took Katharine there for the same purpose. I had seen those ducks swimming in the pond because we drive past it every Sunday on the way home from church, but I had no idea they were tame enough to feed. I collected the stale ends from old loaves of bread and those ducks were not only tame enough to feed but they practically stole the bread out of the sack.

Joan had told me that the password was to yell "Here Ducks" when we arrived, but I made the mistake of yelling loudly before we had climbed out of the car. Well! Those ducks certainly knew the password too for about twenty-five huge, white ones came splashing through the water, raced up the dirt bank and descended on our open car doors. Katharine was so tickled she could hardly contain herself. They came right up to us and snatched the bread out of our fingers, and when the bread was gone they gave a few quick tries at our fingers and rings.

I have never seen it fail that the simpler the entertainment the more children are pleased. Nothing could be cheaper or easier entertainment for Katharine than feeding those hungry ducks and I don't remember when she has had more fun. The same thing is true of picnics we have had at Killbuck Park. We got together with several other couples and their children for hot dog cookouts at Killbuck Park several times during the summer and everyone had *such* a good time. Katharine practically wore out the seat on

(Continued on page 15)



## LET'S KEEP THE PATIENT HAPPY

By

Mabel Nair Brown

How in the world do you go about keeping a bed patient contented for weeks on end, especially if that patient is a heretofore very active teenager who is now placed on complete bed rest? What will amuse a patient and help to pass away the time, but still won't require the use of hands?

These were the questions that we had to try to find an answer for, and because many of you must be facing similar problems, I'll tell you some of the things our own patient and other little patients in the hospital found interesting and cheering.

I cannot overstress the importance of mail. Mailtime is always looked forward to when one is sick and shut in, but if you are a patient unable to use your hands for any activity whatsoever, then mail becomes the single most important thing about which your interest revolves. We can never express in words our thanks to all the wonderful friends and acquaintances who kept the mail coming, not one letter but dozens of letters, week after week. It's easy to remember to send a card or a note when we first hear someone is ill, but how often we are prone to forget as the weeks go by! Then the mail gradually dwindles away. And yet, the longer one is in the hospital, the more the mail is needed!

What kind of mail? Of course, the "get well" cards and usual letters are wonderful, but how eagerly we opened the fat ones holding humorous cartoons and jokes clipped from magazines. Then there was the friend who always illustrated her letter with little sketches, another who wrote cute little rhymes, another who wrote a little each day in the form of the diary.

How wonderful to open an envelope and have snapshots fall out so we could see how fast little cousins were growing, or what classmates wore to the class party! There were graduation class night programs, church bulletins, napkins from various social affairs going on at home, cards on which each one at Junior choir practice had signed his name and written a brief message—these are just a few of the enclosures that brought home and friends right into that hospital room at mailtime.

The bulletin board on the wall really proved a godsend. Each day as the mail came, I would put up the new cartoons, jokes and pictures. Doctors, nurses and others who came to the room, grew to watch for "what's new" each day; thus the mail brought double pleasure for it became "conversation material" between patient and visitors.

The bulletin board also held parts of the crepe paper streamers and other decorations from the Junior High party. Thoughtful classmates saved these and mailed them to their sick friend. They even sent one of the Hawaiian motifs used on the wall which we fastened up in Sharon's room. I noticed other patients who



These are the two lambs Kristin and Juliana raised on the bottle. (Juliana mentioned them in her September letter.) I think the bottles were put away shortly after Juliana took this picture of Kristin.

could use their hands displayed crayon pictures, drawings, etc., on the bulletin boards in their rooms.

Growing plants proved a source of interest, as well as bouquets of cut flowers. Since part of the time there were home grown flowers in abundance, I whiled away many happy hours for Sharon and myself by trying all sorts of arrangements in various small containers brought from home. Since there was a wide double window with a wide window sill we could make quite a floral display. (We called it our miniature garden.)

Gifts to any hospital patient and particularly to a child, should be selected with care. Be sure, if it is a small child, that the games, books and puzzles you send are not too difficult for him to use—that is, too hard to understand or that will require more effort than the doctor permits. Since Sharon was so restricted in the use of her hands and arms it was quite a puzzle to think of gifts for her but friends came up with some lovely ideas which pleased her very much: lotions, skin creams and body powders made lying in bed so much more "fragrantly pleasant" as the nurse put it! Artificial flowers and other hair ornaments were also appreciated.

She was allowed to wear her own pajamas as long as I saw that they were laundered and it was such a great source of pleasure to her to do so that I felt it well worth the effort and maneuvering it took to get that washing done—many times I washed them in the lavatory in her room and then hung them on hangers in the car to dry! (This was after we were driving to and from the hospital on weekends to visit her.) While I stayed there I dried them in the bathroom off her room. Many folks were kind enough to please a young girl's vanity by seeing that she had several pairs of the pretty drip-dry shorty pajamas so that she had variety in color, etc.

A time piece is always a comfort when one is in bed and one of Sharon's favorite gifts was a tiny clock for her bedside stand.

When she was allowed limited use of her hands, then there were jigsaw puzzles, modeling clay, numbers puzzles and various peg games which she could enjoy. Later the occupational therapy lady brought her some craft work to do. This lady has crafts suitable for all ages and even very small youngsters enjoyed "making things" such as leather billfolds, coin purses and belts; bead work, stuffed toys, model air craft, etc. Many patients I saw were enjoying bubble blowing kits, tinkler toys, and painting kits.

One of the happy surprises during Sharon's stay at the hospital was that a tape recording was made of the eighth grade graduation exercises and also a recording was taken at a church Junior M. Y. F. meeting where each one there spoke some message to her. The Sunday we took this to the hospital to her we played it through many times because she received such a thrill from hearing the voices of all her friends and classmates. As far as she is concerned, that tape recorder was one of the wisest investments our church ever made!

Another church group made her a little wooden cross and a beautiful plaster of Paris plaque of the famous "Praying Hands" — these with her Bible made a lovely little bedside worship center, or sometimes we set it up on the window sill amidst the flowers.

SOME DON'TS to remember are these:

Do not take food (fruit, candy, ice cream, cold drinks—anything along this line) to a patient unless you first ask the doctor or the dietitian if it is all right. Many patients are on very rigid diets, or are having charts kept on their food intake, or perhaps even ice water would be something that would cause them a complete upset. Much as we would love to give our sick ones any food they crave or desire, still only the doctor knows what is best to speed recovery and after all that is what we want most!

Don't visit or disturb a patient during the "rest hours," usually set up following lunch each day. While a patient may not sleep, still he relaxes and rests if left alone undisturbed, so if you are a parent staying at the hospital with your child, try to slip away for that two or three hours and relax yourself!

Keep your hospital visiting cheerful (yet on the quiet order) and do not make your visits too long at a time. Not more than two in a room at a time is a good rule so the patient's interest isn't divided between too many. Distraction of this kind can be very tiring.

I like the friends who came to me  
When other friends had gone,  
Whose words encouraged me to smile  
And strive to carry on.

For I, because they came and left  
Their love and faith behind,  
Looked up with hopeful eyes and saw  
Dark clouds were silver-lined!



## DOROTHY'S 4-H IDEAS ARE INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

Tonight when I sit down to visit with you I have the memory of really talking to all of you who live within hearing distance of our Kitchen-Klatter program. From time to time when I've been in Shenandoah I've sat down at the desk to get in my two cents worth in front of the microphone, but I believe during that spell in August I've had more consecutive visits than ever before.

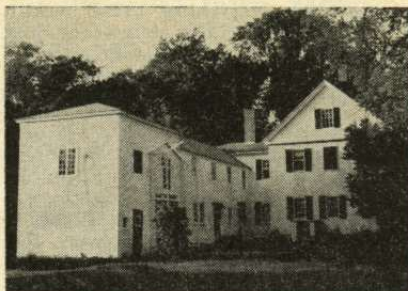
Kristin went with the Vernesses on their trip and I can only hope that when your children are gone on vacations they are as faithful with the letter-writing as she was. I believe she missed only two days in writing to us, and most of her letters were nice long ones. My hat goes off to her because I know I wouldn't have done that well myself.

That entire trip was a wonderful experience for Kristin and one I'm sure she will never forget. (When she started to write her letter to you folks a while ago she called to me in despair: "Oh, mother, so much happened that I just don't know where to start or what to mention.") She had only one regret—she had to miss the County 4-H Fair for the first time since she has been a member of 4-H, but of course she didn't hesitate to miss because trips like this don't happen very often and there will always be County Fairs.

She worked real hard up until the day before she left to get everything ready to go to the Fair, and Frank and I promised her we would get her entries there in plenty of time and in good shape. She could hardly wait to get home to see what color her ribbons were.

Through the years that we have been connected with 4-H work I have received a good many letters from leaders and mothers asking for suggestions and ideas that they might be able to use. I don't know if it is the same in every county, or even in your state, but in this county each club is responsible for fixing a booth in the girls 4-H building. Each booth must have what they call a Special Feature which will get across to the public some lesson we have studied during the year. Since we studied Home Furnishings this year, all the Special Features were about this project.

One booth that I thought was particularly interesting showed how to make an attractive room by using old, discarded and out-dated articles. Their theme was "Necessity is the Mother of Invention." An old churn had been painted black and copper and was placed beside a plastic and wrought iron chair to hold magazines. A wire oil display rack such as they use in oil stations, with the widest shelf at the bottom and graduating to the narrow shelf at the top, had been painted black and looked most attractive with its potted plants and vines on the top shelf, and books with bright colored jackets on another shelf. Book ends were copper painted irons, the



We'd heard about rambling Maine houses for many years, but until we saw them with our own eyes we couldn't visualize how much ground they cover. This house in Castine, Maine is typical. None of us could get over how big they are. And most of them looked to be in fine condition.

kind they used to heat on the old range. The table was a large cold-air register, with its legs the frame work of an old sewing machine—the treadle and wheel had been removed. An old kerosene lantern wired for electricity and painted copper was on top of the table. A beautiful flower arrangement added color to the room.

Another booth showed the dresser drawers of two sisters. One drawer was just a messed up jumble of undies and socks. The other drawer showed the 4-H's way—a neat and orderly drawer using drawer dividers.

One club had used picture frames as their theme. On the wall was an old beat-up frame as it looked when it was brought down out of the attic, and next to it was a beautifully re-finished frame with an attractive mounted picture in it. On a table below the frames they showed the method and the materials they had used to get the finished product.

Our club had used "Accessories are the Jewelry of the Room," showing a reading center with the right accessories to make it attractive—the comfortable walnut rocking chair, a step-table with a lamp, a vine in a lovely container, books, an attractive dish, good pictures in walnut frames well placed on the wall behind the table.

There were others, but if you or your daughter are responsible for a Home Furnishings booth I think I have probably told about enough to give you some ideas.

The first weekend that Kristin was gone, Mother and Dad came to spend three days with us. Mother had spent a week with us several years ago when Dad had gone on a little trip, but this was the first time Dad had ever stayed all night at our house. He said he had quite a time getting to sleep the first night because of all the strange noises—bull frogs, dogs barking, etc!

Then that very night, as soon as it was dark, we heard a new bird that kept up a continual screeching all night long—this went on until day-break. In all the years that Frank has lived here he had never heard anything like it before and we didn't know what it was. We described the sound it made to a woman who knows her birds from A to Z, and she said it had to be some kind of an owl, probably a common one that had just now moved into this vicinity. In fact, she thought it was probably the Barred

Owl because when it moves into a new place it will make this terrible racket all night long for several nights while it is "staking its claim," trying to frighten all other birds away. I now know for sure it is an owl because one night it started up just at dusk and I saw it on top of the barn.

Something new has been added to our farm menagerie—14 baby guineas. We have had some guineas for several years but we never got any babies because they hide their nests out and several times Frank would find where there had been a nest but either something had gotten the eggs, or the hen had been frightened away and just abandoned the eggs. Several weeks ago we found a nest with 15 eggs in it and they were cold. Just on a chance, Frank brought them to the hen house and put them under a setting hen. To our surprise all the eggs hatched but one. They are cunning little things.

In between broadcasting and the County Fair, this is the time of the year when I spend several extra days working in the county superintendent's office getting the text books and workbooks packed in boxes for each of the rural schools that are opening. Seventeen more of our one-room schools had to close this year due to lack of pupils. This leaves just seventeen open. If I remember correctly, I think when I first started to work in the county superintendent's office seven years ago there were 58 one-room schools in operation. From 58 to 17 in seven years is quite a drop. The cause of so many closing this year was due partly to the reorganization in sections of the county, and also the new Iowa school law went into effect this year that requires an enrollment of ten pupils to open a school. There must have been an average daily attendance the year before of eight pupils.

In between times I have made dozens and dozens of peanut pixies, so I haven't had a bit of trouble trying to keep busy. It's late now and tomorrow is another day. I'm not even going to think about what I will do first until I get out of bed at 5:00 in the morning! Until next month . . .

Sincerely

*Dorothy*

### LIVE LIFE TODAY

Live life today as though today were all,  
As though this very morning you were born.  
Your yesterdays are days beyond recall;  
Tomorrow does not come until the morn.  
Rest not upon the victories you have won;  
Because you've lost, surrender not to fear.  
Your yesterday was ended with the sun;  
Tomorrow has not come. Today is here!

—Unknown.



## ANYONE WHO EXPECTS TO GO TO COLORADO SHOULD SAVE ABIGAIL'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

It may surprise you that I am continuing my remarks about Colorado at this time of year, but there are two reasons for my doing so.

First: Many of you may be visiting Colorado this fall. Let me assure you that you will find very beautiful scenery. The quaking aspen are a rich gold—even red in areas with ample moisture. These brilliant color accents are intermingled with the deep blues and greens of the pines and spruces, set against a background of snow-covered mountain peaks and framed by a sky of clear blue. A practical bonus of fall trips is that the rates for food (and especially lodging) are cheaper.

Second: Many of you may be planning trips to Colorado in 1959 and I can't possibly cover all the material in one or two letters. Some of my remarks may help you plan your trip in advance. 1959 will be a year with a great many special events for it is the centennial year of gold discovery in this state. Committees have been hard at work all over Colorado planning a tremendous variety of events to entice and entertain the visitor in 1959's "Rush to the Rockies" celebration.

There is one reminder about my remarks. Wayne and I are novices in Colorado. We have lived here only a little more than a year. We visited the state three times prior to our move here. However, it was only after we became residents that we really realized how meagerly we had scratched the surface of interesting and fascinating places. Now, whenever we can snatch a few hours or a day or two, our family explores this vast storehouse of history and scenery. In between trips we try to read about the background of the places of interest to us and the story of the people who lived there.

High on our list of trips was one to Leadville for it was here that H. A. W. Tabor began the fantastically dramatic climax to his life. He and his first wife, Augusta, had homesteaded in Kansas until they joined the Colorado gold rush in 1859. Augusta was the first white woman to travel narrow trails into many of the new mining areas. While Tabor prospected unsuccessfully for gold, she operated stores, postoffices, acted as nurse, cook and even banker for the men as they moved from camp to camp. After 18 years, in 1878, Tabor "grubstaked" two prospectors who hit a bonanza, the "Little Pittsburgh." Almost overnight this, and other silver mines, brought the Tabor's immense wealth.

H. A. W. Tabor was determined to live a lavish and gay life; Augusta did not enjoy such a change. Consequently, a beautiful, young divorcee called Baby Doe (who had followed the crowd to Leadville) proved a much more agreeable companion to Tabor. In 1883 Augusta Tabor unwillingly divorced Horace. This enabled him to marry Baby Doe in a ceremony that

represented everything great wealth and influence could buy—including the presence of the President and several prominent Senators. Their wives, however, refused to attend the spectacle.

For ten years Horace and Baby Doe enjoyed great riches and lived on the grandest possible scale. Then the silver panic of 1893 reduced Tabor to poverty. He and Baby Doe were forgotten and ignored. Finally an old friend secured for Tabor the appointment as postmaster of Denver.

Baby Doe surprised everyone by her great devotion to Tabor after his fortunes fell. In 1899 his dying words to her were "Hang on to the Matchless. It will make millions again." (It was his last piece of mining property). Baby Doe followed his wishes faithfully. She moved to an old shack on the property at Leadville, fought, begged legal and financial help, warded off interlopers with a gun, and clothed herself in rags. She remained at the shack until she died at the age of eighty in 1935. She and Tabor had two daughters. The eldest disowned her mother and all association with the Tabor name. The younger, Silver Dollar, died in the most sordid circumstances several years prior to her mother.

The history of Leadville is dramatic in many, many respects. In the early 1860's the area had its first boom when 10,000 people poured into California Gulch for gold panning. No one realized then that the heavy black sand which clogged the sluices was carbonate of lead containing silver. The gulch was stripped of its gold shortly, and by late 1861 the place was virtually deserted. It lay quiet until 1878 when the first major silver discoveries were made. In less than two years the population leaped to 18,000 and eventually about 60,000.

Today the population is around 3,000 or 4,000. Leadville is far from a ghost town—yet it is a town full of ghosts. It has known great booms and very hard times. Through all of this a solid nucleus of people has always stayed on. This past summer has been a difficult one; the miners at the huge Climax Molybdenum Company have been on strike and almost everyone nearby has suffered.

The drive from Denver to Leadville is anything but dull. U. S. 6 follows Clear Creek Canyon to Idaho Springs. (The children prefer this route instead of U. S. 40 because of the several highway tunnels blasted out of solid rock.) From Idaho Springs on, the mountains are lined with deserted mines and you pass through the old mining towns of Dumont, Lawson, Georgetown and Silver Plume. Georgetown is the largest of these and I'll plan to write about it in more detail another time. U. S. 6 then crosses the Continental Divide at Loveland Pass, with an elevation of 11,992 feet.

At Dillon you will see signs of the huge construction project of the Roberts Tunnel—a water tunnel to carry the water of the Blue River through the Divide to the Eastern Slope. Beyond Frisco we turned from U. S. 6 onto Colorado 91 which crosses the

Divide again at Fremont Pass. Before long you will see what appears to be an enormous snow mass covering the entire little valley. The wind blows this powdery substance into little clouds, and as you drive along, you realize that you are seeing some kind of large settling basin. A few more turns of the road and the enormous mining operation of Climax Molybdenum is revealed.

Climax, Colorado is a large, modern mining town at 11,321 feet above sea level. The company is systematically removing an entire mountain to produce about 85% of the world's supply of molybdenum—an alloy used to toughen steel. Because the strike had closed down operations, we didn't stop to take the visitors' tour offered by the company.

Leadville is twelve miles beyond Climax. It is about 10,000 feet above sea level, at the base of bare, mean-looking Mosquito Range. The town overlooks the broad, lush Arkansas River Valley to towering, snow-covered Mt. Massive and Mt. Elbert, Colorado's highest peaks. The town is almost dominated by the tailings from its numerous famous mines.

Our first stop was at Baby Doe's Matchless Mine. After her death, the shack was torn and ripped by curiosity seekers and vandals hunting for non-existent hidden wealth. In 1953 the Leadville Assembly, Inc. started restoration of the shack and located many of its furnishings. It is operated now as a historical museum with a 25 cent admission fee. Also a museum is the Elks Opera House, a large brick structure dominating the main street. It was originally donated to the city by Tabor. The Colorado Historical Museum has a free branch in Leadville in Healy House and the Dexter Cabin. Healy House is an example of success, while the Dexter Cabin is an ordinary miner's cabin of 1879.

The Hotel Vendome was built with Tabor's capital and was known as the Tabor Grand Hotel. It has been modernized and enjoys a fine business.

We were especially interested in seeing St. George's Episcopal Church which was built with Tabor money. Although he was not a member, he forgave a large portion of the note. This lovely frame Gothic building was originally built to seat 500. We found it badly in need of paint, there were numerous broken windows and the rear had been partitioned off. But a partial restoration was in evidence.

The interior had been repainted, new wood was replacing rotted boards and a sidewalk had been poured. We were astounded to hear fine music coming from the lovely pipe organ, and this was explained when a young man appeared and introduced himself as a seminary student who was spending his summer assisting the minister. The latter had come to reopen the church after 50 years of being virtually closed.

After these encouraging evidences of a revitalized church, we were distressed to hear the report of friends who stopped by a few weeks later. They found the church locked, peeked

(Continued on page 17)



## "Recipes Tested

in the

## Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

### NEVER FAIL JELLY ROLL

I wonder how it comes that so many homemakers today never make a jelly roll? It's a delicious dessert, one you can do a lot of different things with, and tastes so old-fashioned and comforting! Mother made a lot of jelly rolls when we were growing up, but somehow I forgot about them over quite a span of years. Now I've taken to making them again with this wonderful recipe that's as fool proof as you can get.

- 4 eggs, separated
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup cake flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Beat egg yolks until light and fluffy (hope you have an electric mixer for this) and then add sugar. Beat again—you just can't *overbeat* this combination of egg yolks and sugar. Add vanilla. Sift and then measure the cake flour; sift again with baking powder and salt. Add to egg yolk mixture and beat vigorously. When very smooth and pale gold in color, mix with the stiffly beaten egg whites.

I grease a 15x10 inch cooky sheet (raised edges) and then put down waxed paper, leaving an extra amount at each end. Grease this waxed paper thoroughly and dust lightly with flour. Spread batter into sheet very evenly and bake in a 375 degree oven for about 12 minutes. (Don't overbake—you don't want hard, crusty edges.)

Remove pan and turn upside down at once on a clean dish towel well sprinkled with powdered sugar—rub the sugar into the cloth. Don't waste any time spreading surface with jelly or jam—I used a combination of peach and apricot jam on the last one I made. Then roll up carefully, at once. When cool, dust with powdered sugar and cover with foil or wax paper until ready to cut. A thick slice of this, topped with whipped cream, is a fine treat. I hope you'll make one today.

### SUNDAY NIGHT HAM SANDWICHES

This makes a good sandwich filling that everyone seems to enjoy. Minced ham can be used as a substitute for regular ham.

- 1 cup ground cooked ham
- 1/4 cup pickle relish
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise

### HARVEST HOME SALAD

Last year at this time we were invited out to supper and were served what I thought at first glance was the usual cabbage-fruit salad. I was mistaken. This is unusual—and delicious. Don't try to make it up ahead of time—it will be a hundred percent better if you combine it at the last minute.

- 3 1/4 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 1 cup pineapple pieces, well drained
- 1 cup white grapes or Tokay grapes, halved
- 3/4 cup chopped dates
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Dash of salt
- 2 Tbls. sour cream
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing

Combine lemon juice, sour cream, salt and mayonnaise or salad dressing. (I prefer salad dressing for this.) Add to all other ingredients and toss lightly. If served from a large bowl, decorate top with grapes and pineapple. Otherwise, serve in a lettuce cup on a salad plate.

### RAISIN CRISPIES

There seems to be two schools of thought on cookies—soft or crisp. Personally, we like them soft—most of the time. But anyone who prefers a crisp, rather crunchy cooky should certainly try these.

- 3/4 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats

Rinse and drain raisins. Combine with shortening and water and heat until shortening melts, stirring constantly. Cool. Stir in vanilla and sugar. Sift flour with salt, soda and cinnamon. Blend into first mixture. Stir in oats. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven about 10 minutes. Makes about 3 1/2 dozen crisp wafers.

### QUICK AND EASY CARAMEL APPLES

Children love these. I've always felt I could do without the stickiness concerned, but it's really a small price to pay for giving youngsters so much pleasure.

- 1 lb. caramels
- 2 Tbls. water
- 6 wooden sticks
- 6 medium sized apples (I prefer Winesaps for these)
- Chopped English walnuts

Melt caramels with water in top of double boiler and when smooth stick a wooden skewer into each apple, dip apple into syrup and turn until the surface is completely coated. Then dip apple into chopped nuts. Set on waxed paper and chill in refrigerator until firm.

### MARY BETH'S IMPERIAL CHICKEN

Remove the crust from a loaf of unsliced bread and grate the bread into fine crumbs, using the coarse side of the grater. You should have enough to make two cups of crumbs. Spread them out on a flat pan to dry overnight.

When ready to start chicken, mix these crumbs with 3/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1/4 cup chopped parsley, 1 clove garlic, crushed, 2 tsp. salt and 1/8 tsp. pepper. (This chicken needs plenty of pepper so don't settle for just a dash.)

Have a frying chicken or young capon cut into serving pieces. Then dip each piece into melted butter—it will take about one stick. Then coat thoroughly with the crumb mixture. Arrange the pieces so they don't overlap on an open, shallow roasting pan—Mary Beth used the broiler pan to her stove. Dot with two tablespoons of butter and bake at one hour, or until fork-tender, at 350 degrees. (It will take a little longer for a capon.) Do not turn chicken.

### MARY BETH'S THREE-WAY ICE CREAM

- Juice of 3 oranges
- Juice of 3 lemons
- 3 cups of crushed bananas
- 3 cups of sugar
- 3 cups of milk and cream, equal proportions

Mix all together and freeze. Good for crank freezer or freezing section of refrigerator. If using the latter, beat thoroughly once after it has started to freeze.

### YUMMY CORN FRITTERS

I served these once long, long ago when Abigail had supper with us and she thought they were delicious. They add a lot to any meal, particularly the kind you put together in a hurry.

- 1 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 well-beaten egg
- 1 1/2 cups whole kernel corn, drained

Sift together the dry ingredients. Mix egg and milk together until just blended and then add to dry ingredients. Stir in corn. Drop from tablespoon into deep, hot fat (375 degrees) and fry about 3 minutes. Be sure they are golden brown AND done on the inside. Drain on paper towels. Pass a small pitcher of maple syrup so people can use the amount they want—and it won't sweeten other food on the plate.

### HONEY BUTTER

This is delicious on hot biscuits or pancakes. You sometimes run into it in hotels or restaurants that are proud of their food.

Cream together 1/2 cup soft butter or margarine and 1/4 cup honey. Let stand at room temperature before serving.



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### INDIAN SUMMER PUMPKIN CAKE

Most of our thinking stops at pies as far as pumpkin is concerned, but here is a delicious, spicy cake to greet the family one of these crisp autumn evenings.

- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg and 2 egg yolks—beaten
- 3/4 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 3/4 cup canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 cup shortening

Sift flour, measure, then add all of dry ingredients and sift again. Cream together shortening and sugars. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour alternately with buttermilk or sour milk. Add pumpkin, nuts and flavoring and mix well.

Bake in two round 8-inch layer pans, well-greased and floured, in a 350 degree oven for approximately 30 to 35 minutes.

Any kind of frosting is delicious for this, or you may want to put layers together and cover top and sides with stiffly whipped cream.

### HONEY-NUT SALAD DRESSING

Children who turn up their noses at salad will change their minds if you serve this on top of individual salads made by using lettuce as a base with sliced bananas and segments of orange and grapefruit.

- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup chunk-style peanut butter
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice

Cream together honey and peanut butter. Gradually add lemon juice and mix until well blended.

### FRENCH-FRIED ONION RINGS

Juliana says that she's never yet had her fill of these! They are good, but don't ever let your family see them on the table unless you're willing to make them again—and again.

Mild white onions, sliced 1/4 inch thick

- 2 cups milk
- 3 eggs
- Flour
- Salt

The amount of onion will depend upon the number at your table—this quantity of milk and eggs will prepare enough for six people.

Separate onion slices into rings. Beat milk and eggs together thoroughly. Dip onion rings into milk and egg mixture and then drain. Coat with flour (not too many at one time) and then fry in deep, hot fat (375 degrees) until golden and puffy. Drain on paper towels. Sprinkle with salt. Serve piping hot.

(I always have some of the milk-egg mixture left over and simply put it in the refrigerator, covered, to use in a creamed dish or casserole.)

### HORSERADISH BEETS

- 2/3 cup heavy cream, heated to scalding point
- 3 Tbls. prepared grated horseradish
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- Dash of white pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced parsley

Heat beets until very hot, then drain. Mix above ingredients, pour over the beets and shake lightly to mix them. Serve very hot. This dresses up tiny beets and gives them a very glamorous appearance.

### CRANBERRY RELISH

This is simple to prepare and will perk up your meat dish.

Remove the seeds from 2 oranges and put them through a food chopper with 1 lb. of cranberries. Mix well: add 2 cups of sugar and the juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Let stand 24 hours before serving.

### CAN'T BE BEAT CHOCOLATE COOKIES

Juliana cherishes this recipe! It goes together so fast that she often comes home from school with her crowd of friends and stirs up a batch while they urge her on to greater speed! This makes about six dozen cookies, but there never seem to be more than a handful left after the girls have headed for home.

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 4 sqs. chocolate, melted
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream together shortenings and sugar. Add eggs and beat vigorously. Stir in melted chocolate. Add dry ingredients, sifted together, alternately with milk to which vanilla has been added. Lastly stir in walnuts. You can use English walnuts or black walnuts. If you're short on nuts, add what you have and then use a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring.

Drop dough by teaspoonfuls onto baking sheet—don't put too close together. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) from 8 to 10 minutes. While still slightly warm, frost with rich powdered sugar icing.

### NEW FASHIONED MARGUERITES

Here is a new twist to an old favorite most of us remember our mothers making—but have somehow forgotten to fix in our own kitchens very often.

- 2 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 12 crisp crackers

Combine honey with coconut and spread over crackers. Bake in a 375 oven for about 7 minutes—or until lightly browned. (Watch like a hawk—once they start to brown they brown FAST.)

### PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN MUFFINS

- 6 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 3/4 cup crushed pineapple
- 3 cups Biscuit Mix
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs

Start oven at 400 degrees. Melt butter. Mix brown sugar, nuts and drained pineapple into butter and spoon equal amounts in bottoms of greased muffin cups. Put biscuit mix, sugar and milk into a bowl. Drop in unbeaten eggs and stir until well mixed but not smooth. (If batter looks too stiff, add another tablespoon or two of milk.) Spoon equal portions of batter over pineapple mixture and bake 12 to 15 minutes. Cool before removing from pan. Nice served warm for Sunday morning breakfast.



## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

We have Abigail to thank for stirring us up on this recipe.

It's funny, isn't it, how you can eat something extra elegant and appreciate every mouthful of it—and then let it slip from mind. During the years Abigail lived here in Shenandoah she served this wonderful dessert a number of times for company meals—said she came across the recipe originally in a church cookbook.

It came to our minds when Margery returned from her Denver visit and reported that Abigail had leaned on this for Colorado company meals and found it just as successful out there as she had always found it here. Furthermore, when she served as chairman of a church luncheon in Denver she prevailed upon the committee to make it for the dessert, and all the guests were excited about it and wanted the recipe. Since that original church performance it has been served any number of times by people who took the recipe.

All in all, here is something off-the-beaten track that you'll enjoy making and enjoy eating. We hope it will be the answer to someone's problem the next time brains are wracked to think of something "new" and extra delicious.

### Abigail's Chocolate Torte

- 2 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 4 squares bitter chocolate
- 1 cup boiling water
- 8 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Soak gelatin in cold water until dissolved. Cut chocolate into small pieces and pour boiling water over it, stirring until smooth. Then add softened gelatin and mix well.

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually add 1 cup of sugar, beating vigorously. Add this to the chocolate mixture.

Beat egg whites until stiff and gradually fold in the remaining 1 cup of sugar. Fold egg white mixture into chocolate mixture. Stir in chopped pecans and vanilla. Pour into baked crust and chill. Serve with whipped cream.

### Crust

- 2 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup melted butter

Combine all ingredients and then line an 11-inch spring form with the graham cracker mixture. Bake at 400 degrees for about 8 minutes.

Friendship is a chain of gold,  
Shaped in God's all-perfect mold:  
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear,  
A grip of the hand, a word of cheer,  
Steadfast as the ages roll,  
Binding closer soul to soul.  
No matter how far or heavy the load  
Sweet is the journey on friendship's  
road.

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### LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

tell you that it was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Eldred Blackburn, Shenandoah residents. They have been doing some remodeling and are also interested in the garden—it seems cheerful to drive by at night now and see lamps lighted and know that family activities are going on. When a house has been the scene of so many, many momentous events over half a century, you can never pass it by as if it were just another house. My parents lived there first—Sue and I were with them at that time while we attended high school in Shenandoah. Then Helen and Fred moved into it and lived there together almost fifty years. I was married there. So you can see how we will always have many memories connected with that house.

Bertha Field is doing fine without her brace and cane after fifteen months of being dependent upon them. She

has had many visits from her family this summer, and also got to spend two weeks in Denver with John Henry and Ethel.

We haven't made any plans as to what we are going to do when cold weather comes, but as long as I'm here at home I'll try and visit with you friends by radio as often as it can be managed.

Well, it's time to bring this to a close. I didn't realize how the evening had slipped away until I glanced up at the clock just now. I guess I've run over into more space than I'd planned on, but when I get to visiting it's hard to know where to stop.

With the old time affection—

*Leanna*



## MARGERY COMPLETES HER VACATION REPORT

Dear Friends:

Last month I told you about the first part of the trip Martin and I took to Denver, Colorado to visit Wayne, Abigail and the children, so this month I will finish telling you about our visit.

The morning of Alison's birthday gave promise of being another beautiful day, one just right for a trip to Colorado Springs and the zoo on Cheyenne Mountain. We packed our thermos jug with water, got together a few snacks for the children and piled into the car. We drove south to Sedalia, Colorado and then took highway 67, a winding mountain road that provides much more scenery than the main highway.

Abigail had been told to take the Rampart Range Road for some of the most gorgeous views in that part of Colorado. Well . . . when we turned off on that road it was so winding and narrow that we could see, after driving but a very short distance, it would be late afternoon before we arrived at our destination; so we turned around and took the more travelled road we had just left. I'm sure the Rampart Range Road would have been worth the time, but we just didn't have that kind of time! Our road took us through West Creek, Woodland Park and on to Manitou Springs where we stopped for lunch. Honestly! Isn't it something to get four children to make up their minds what to order? As soon as one would order the next one would change his mind, so Abigail and I settled that in a hurry and ordered hamburgers for all of us. Otherwise we would still be sitting there while the children made up their minds!

After lunch was downed and picture post cards purchased, we drove through the Garden of the Gods. I believe the children were most impressed with the old Indian trail used by the Plains Indians to Ute Pass, so we stopped and let them play Indian for a short while. They had a fine time hiding behind the rocks, whooping it up, and letting off a little steam in general.

As you drive into Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak looms above you and it is certainly a thrilling sight. In fact, it is the trademark of Colorado as far as I am concerned. We didn't have time to make the ascent nor see many of the famous sights in this area, but someday we intend to, you can be sure.

It was not difficult to locate Cheyenne Mountain and the zoo. If we had had time we would have spent hours there for the Will Rogers Shrine is also located in that area and it would have been something nice to see. However, four children were *at last* at the zoo. (I'm sure the drive down had seemed endless to them.)

I have never in my life seen a finer zoo than this one. It was the cleanest and most beautiful I have ever visited. As we walked along the main drive we were above the animals for they were in what might be called pits along the side of the mountain and you could



If you've ever spent a Colorado vacation you probably have pictures almost identical to this in your family albums. Here are Emily, Martin, Alison and Clark, all barefooted and having a fine time at the edge of a swift little stream.

look down on them. We saw giraffes, hippos, zebras, camels, elephants and countless others. Many of them seemed to be family groups and it was exciting for the children to see the baby animals. My, what beautiful specimens of lions, tigers, leopards, etc. It was feeding time when we got to the Lion House so there was a great deal of activity and noise.

Next we went to the Monkey House and I believe this is my own favorite spot in any zoo. I got a wonderful picture of a mother carrying a baby on her back. She was doing all sorts of fancy tricks and the baby clung to her back, seemingly enjoying every bit of it. I'm always fascinated by the great number of varieties of monkeys, but my favorite to watch is the gorilla—probably because of the size. I got a good snapshot of an enormous one. I was so fascinated that it was hard to leave, but Abigail was keeping track of the time and since we had quite a drive to make back to Denver and a dinner party to attend that evening, there was nothing for us to do but find the main highway, number 85, and head north for Denver.

As soon as we arrived Wayne told us that we had exactly one hour to get to our dinner, so we really flew. The children had to be fed and we had to get ourselves ready for the party, but somehow we made it!

The Wilmores, for whom Wayne works, had houseguests from California and were entertaining for them. They had just moved into their new home the day before so we stopped to see this new house first and then went to dinner at a very interesting restaurant called the Ridgeview Inn, a cafe specializing in German and Austrian food. It was an absolutely charming place and I don't know when I have had finer food. We had onion soup, tossed salad, roast beef, twice-baked potatoes, peas with bacon and onions and the most elegant cheese bread I have ever tasted. For dessert we were served ice cream with a delicious sauce.

Brother Wayne planned to take Thursday off from work and make what they call the "big circle," which

is the drive around Rocky Mountain National Park, but when Thursday rolled around we had pretty long faces for it was pouring rain and it certainly looked very much as if the trip were out of the question. As we were eating breakfast he decided to call friends who have a summer home in Estes Park and check on their weather. They reported that it was a perfectly gorgeous day without a cloud in the sky and that we should certainly plan to start out! This is exactly what we did, and by the time we neared Idaho Springs it was as clear a day as you could want. From Idaho Springs we went through Berthoud Pass and stopped there for a little while. This is a huge ski resort and we could see the big ski lifts that take the skiers to the top of the slopes. We crossed the Continental Divide a little further on and found a nice mountain stream where we stopped to drink right from the stream. Next we drove on through Frazer and then on to Grandby. It was near Grandby that we stopped for a picnic lunch.

Our next stop was Grand Lake, and then our road took us through Milner Pass which has an elevation of 10,759 feet. Before long we were above timber line and arrived at Fall River Pass with an elevation of 11,797 feet. Everyone stops here for this is the highest post office in the United States, and in addition to a gift shop there is a large parking area where you can stop and take pictures of glaciers, mountain peaks, and views down, down, down to the timberline.

As we drove on ahead, still climbing, we were on what is called Trail Ridge Road where we rode for 4 miles above 12,000 feet. My, I'm so glad I wasn't driving and next time I might *even look* at the scenery with a little more ease! The top of the range was gently sloping down and then terrific drops, so I was most amused with one sign that said: "Please don't drive on the meadows." I wondered who in the world would ever want to leave that road and drive on the "meadows" anyway!

Wayne and Abigail and the children had driven up to the park several weeks before and enjoyed Bear Lake. This explained why Emily, Alison and Clark were so anxious for us to see the little chipmunks that live and play around the big boulders and are so tame you can feed them from your hand. Of course by late afternoon the little things were pretty well fed and not as interested in the bread crusts the children held as they would have been earlier in the day, but we did see some and a few *did* come up to the youngsters.

From there we drove to Estes Park and the children enjoyed a ride on the little train. We were all fascinated by the talk, in rhyme, given by the man who operated the train. You must have that experience yourselves someday. It was getting quite late by this time, so we drove down Big Thompson Canyon to Loveland where we ate our evening meal and then headed down highway No. 287 for Denver.

(Continued on page 18)



## WE'D LOVE TO VISIT WITH YOU

Tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning over the following stations:

**KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—9:30 A. M.  
**KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial—9:00 A. M.  
**KWBG** Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial—9:00 A. M.  
**WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:00 A. M.

Leanna, Lucile and Margery

### FANCIFUL FRAMING

By  
Elaine Derendinger

My "hobby for the house" is framing items that aren't usually framed, and hanging them throughout our home. They help add variety and interest to walls that would otherwise be bare.

A jewelry picture is simple to make: Obtain an 8 by 10 picture frame (antique is even better) and paint it with gold paint. You won't need the glass, but cut a piece of cardboard exactly the same size. Glue black velvet to the front of the cardboard and insert this cardboard in the frame, tightening with small nails just as you would a picture. Hang your jewelry picture in the bedroom, and fasten your scatter-pins, brooches, hat-pins, etc., to the velvet. It's handy to have and stunning to see!

My contribution to the living-room wall is a stamp-picture: Save approximately fifty colorful and interesting stamps—new issues, stamps pertaining to one subject such as farming, conservation, presidents, ships, buildings, etc. (I used those taken off letters from a Philippine Pen Pal.) A 10 by 12 frame is perfect for this amount. You'll need the glass, but not the cardboard. Cut a piece of white poster-paper the size of the glass, and arrange your stamps neatly in rows, leaving several inches space around the edge to form the mat. Glue stamps on each corner—lightly, in case you ever want to remove them. A plain black frame shows them up to best advantage, and this picture seems especially appropriate hanging over the desk where I write.

What child doesn't love maps! (And you can get them for free at filling-stations and travel-information bureaus.) I hang one or two of the gayest I can find in the children's rooms; the ones illustrated with tiny pictures of famous places, important crops and resources, etc., are especially nice. They not only learn from maps, but the boys like to play "travel" on them with their small cars, planes, etc. Since maps are large, and since they do play on them, I don't put these under glass: merely glue the map to poster-paper, tack narrow quarter-round around the edge, paint to match woodwork, attach two small hooks to top of frame and hang. They love them!

There is always, each year, a group of Christmas cards that I can't bear to throw away, such as the lovely winter scenes by famous artists. I frame

these in very narrow, black frames and hang in groups of two, four, or more. These can be hung stairstep fashion, in a straight row, a block of four, etc., and they are equally effective in any room in the house.

My husband's war-medals and ribbons were gathering dust in a drawer, but they attract attention on the wall. I chose a gold frame to bring out the gold on the medals. On the cardboard I glued dark-blue velvet and pinned the medals in the center with the ribbons surrounding them. It's a nice addition to his room.

With a little time and lots of thought, you can frame almost anything you fancy! Right now I'm considering a button-collection, pressed leaves and flowers, and even a favorite picture-puzzle.

**MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded**  
several pairs of shorts scooting down the slides.

We're going to have a busy, busy fall and winter. Don has decided to work for his Masters Degree in Engineering and it is my guess that it will indeed be work for he hasn't touched a text book since he graduated from Iowa State College in 1949. He goes to Indianapolis every Monday evening for a three-hour class and this will go on for six long years. I admire him for his desire to better his educational qualifications and I shall surely do my part by keeping the children out of his hair when he has to study.

I must bring this to a close and go outdoors and rake up the apples and plums that have dropped to the ground. We have almost a dozen apple trees and three plum trees in the side yard and they get 'way ahead of me if I don't pick them up daily. The bees and wasps are having a picnic swarming over the fruit that drops and breaks open and I'm afraid that Katharine is going to get stung if I don't keep ahead of those trees.

Ever sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

At the end only two things really matter to a man, regardless of who he is; and they are the affection and understanding of his family. Anything and everything else he creates are insubstantial; they are ships given over to the mercy of the winds and tides of prejudice. But the family is an everlasting anchorage, a quiet harbor where a man's ships can be left to swing to the moorings of pride and loyalty.

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## A LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

These days I'm boarding the school bus every morning for the drive to Chariton—I'm a sophomore this year. But school will go on pretty much the same until the end of May in 1959, so I'd like to tell you something about the wonderful trip I had in August with Aunt Lucile, Uncle Russell and Juli.

I was really excited when Mother drove me in our car to the junction of Highways 2 and 65 where Uncle Russell was to meet us—this saved them driving about 40 miles out of their way. I had all my luggage, of course, and then a big box of lunch that Mother fixed for us to have that first day. We set up a folding table and chairs at a little roadside park about 1:00 and had fried chicken, potato salad, sandwiches, bananas and date bars. This was outside a small town in Illinois.

After spending the first night in Chicago with Uncle Russell's and Aunt Lucile's old friends, we were up bright and early to take the Calumet Skyway that runs into the Indiana Toll Road. On most of the trip we traveled on turnpikes and it is really the safest and fastest way to travel by car.

The second night we stayed in a motel which had a swimming pool. It didn't take Juli and me long to get into our bathing suits. In fact, we were having so much fun we didn't even want to get out long enough to eat.

Our first glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean was at Belfast, Maine where we stayed in a motel which was situated right on the beach. We had fun exploring that evening and Juli found a baby starfish which was alive. It was the first one I had ever seen.

One of the things I really enjoyed was taking the boat from St. John, New Brunswick to Digby, Nova Scotia. Juli and I had fun watching the seagulls which followed the boat. There were big crowds of Scottish soldiers aboard who were all dressed in kilts. They were members of the famous Black Watch.

I thought Nova Scotia was one of the most beautiful places I have ever been. The lodge in Argyle where we visited Uncle Frederick, Aunt Betty, Mary Leanna and David, was way back in timber country on a quiet lake which was full of islands. While we were there we took a canoe ride, saw a beaver dam, took a motor boat ride around the lake, and took a rowboat out to the nearest island and explored it. One morning we saw a deer that had been down to the lake for a drink.

The day before we left Nova Scotia we went deep sea fishing for mackerel. This was an unusual experience and lots of fun. We caught quite a few and had the pleasure of eating them the next morning for breakfast.

It was so beautiful there that none of us wanted to leave, but we knew we had a lot of fun ahead of us and had that to look forward to. We liked the Maine scenery and enjoyed the trip down the coast.

One highlight of the trip for Juli



This group picture was snapped by Russell without a flash bulb at 9:00 in the evening. We are standing just outside the lovely lodge at Argyle, Nova Scotia where we spent such a happy, happy vacation. Betty said that it was the first time the Driftmiers and the Vernesses had been in a group picture since 1949—and she was right. The young people are Juliana Verness, Kristin Johnson, Mary Leanna Driftmier and David Driftmier. Behind them are Frederick and Betty Driftmier and Lucile Verness.

and me was our evening with the Kabat family in Rhode Island. They live right on the ocean and Juli and I had our first good swim in waves and salt water. Alexis and David Kabat, Juli and I took a hike along the beach before supper and had a good time talking and getting acquainted.

We spent a night with Jim and Mary Chapin in New Jersey and the next day drove into Pennsylvania Dutch Country. I liked this part of the trip very much.

Needless to say it has certainly been hard to get back into the swing of the school routine after such a wonderful trip. You'll be hearing from Juli next month and she'll probably have something more to tell you about our experiences.

Sincerely,

*Kristin*

## COVER PICTURE

All grandmothers who dream about getting a picture with their grandchildren may pick up fresh hope when they see this picture of my sister, Jessie Field Shambaugh, and seven of her grandchildren. Only one is missing—little Nancy Watkins who was just too tired at five in the afternoon to look at her mother's camera.

This picture was taken in Des Moines at the home of Jessie's only son, Bill Shambaugh. Ruth, Jessie's only daughter, stopped there with her family when they moved from the East coast to the West coast. During this time Jessie went from Clarinda to Des Moines and thus had an opportunity to be with all of her family.

In back are Joe, Christopher and Cinda Shambaugh. In front are Jennie, Heidi and Wendy Watkins, and Stacy Shambaugh.

—Leanna

## HALLOWE'EN FUN—Concluded

died of heart failure—my heart stopped one day when I noticed the crease had come out of my pants."

Naturally, the victim whose name was chosen for this ghost will be some person who prides himself on his good grooming. Another corpse might die of a fracture—he broke both arms while trying to pat himself on the back. A lady corpse might die of heart break—she didn't get her man; or she passed away from envy, envy of Judy's big blue eyes. Still another dies from noise—the noise of Jack's loud neckties, etc. Anyone in any group has some particular quirk or habit, so it shouldn't be hard to figure out enough "ailments" that caused the person to become a ghost.

## Refreshments

The age of your guests will pretty much dictate what you serve, but don't forget that the old classic, pumpkin pie, cannot be improved upon. If at all possible, make round individual pies (form pastry over muffin tins) and just before serving use whipped cream forced through a pastry tube, or the commercial canned cream, to make a grinning face on each pie.

Big round sugar cookies can be decorated quickly and easily with faces. Popcorn balls can be more than just popcorn balls if you have time. Form a round ball and then make features with red cinnamon drops, corn candy and slices of black licorice while the popcorn is still soft enough to retain candies pushed into it. A black witch's hat on each ball (easily anchored with Scotch tape) would certainly be effective. A large tray filled with such popcorn balls would make a fine centerpiece.

You can serve as many things as you like (depending upon all the circumstances involved) but do try and include the individual pumpkin pies mentioned above and the unusual popcorn balls.



**"IT DEPENDS UPON OUR MOOD"**

By

Esther Sigsbee

So much of our outlook on life depends upon the mood we are in. What looks like an unsurmountable problem at bedtime can turn into a mere pesky question after a good night's sleep. If we are coming down with a cold, the most thrilling development can be robbed of its glamour and if we get unpleasant news when we are tired, it can really throw us for a loop.

Women, especially, are subject to moods. It is part of our legacy from Mother Eve that we are emotional and changeable in our dispositions. A husband does well to remember this when he is figuring out what makes his wife tick and if he can remember to spring the right thing at the right time, he is truly a master in matrimonial relations. Men, on the other hand, are more even-tempered. They are ornery all of the time.

Let us consider for a moment some of the changes in opinion we gals have between the times we are feeling down in the dumps and when everything is in the pink. For example, when we hit one of those frequent weather changes we have in these parts.

When we are feeling o.k. we are apt to say, "That's what makes this climate so interesting—the abrupt changes in weather." When we are low, it's more apt to be, "This darned Iowa weather! One day it's summer, the next day it's zero. No wonder we get so many colds!"

If the husband is a fisherman and he brings home a nice string of fish when the little woman is in a good mood, he will be greeted with cries of joy at how much the finny creatures will do to pep up the family menus. If the wife cooks the fish while she is in a lower mood she is very apt to think, "\$10.00 for the gasoline, \$20.00 for the cabin, \$7.00 for the tackle, \$13.00 for the refreshments. At this rate, the fish dinner is costing us \$6.50 per pound!"

When Mamma is in a jittery mood—and this is true at our house, at least—the kids can make some noise while playing and the maternal parent will screech right along with them. When Mamma is in a more mellow mood, she reflects, "It's normal and healthy for the kids to be full of pep. When they start being too quiet, that's when I will worry."

Houses are sure to get messy when a growing family is living in them. Most of the time, we homemakers can take this in our stride. We consider that comfortable, lived-in rooms look quite normal and desirable. But there comes a time when we've suffered with insomnia until the wee hours or there's a day when nothing seems to go right and that "comfortable lived-in look" appears to us as a falling down hovel with nobody to set it to rights but Mamma.

Even the dog at our house comes in for her share of punishment when I am looking on the darker side. Then

Wienie drives me almost to distraction when she barks at the mailman or commits an act of incontinence on the floor of her back porch sleeping room. I have never laid a hand on her, but I certainly feel like beating her then. And when the good, cheerful spirits return, I admit that she is the only dog I have ever liked, she's a good and loyal pet and I'd be simply devastated if anything would happen to take her away from us.

When we go to the cupboard to take out a jar of peanut butter, the pessimistic view is that the jar is half-empty. The optimist says that the jar is half-full. When an optimist eats breakfast, she sees a nice fat doughnut; the pessimist sees only the hole. In fact a pessimist can be defined as one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better.

When a gal is in an optimistic mood, she appreciates a nice steady husband who stays home nights; when she is feeling more pessimistic, she wonders if her old man is only a stick-in-the-mud.

If Papa is the life-of-the-party and Mamma is feeling pretty gay herself, she admires the fact that he is an extrovert and says that he has a wonderful way with people. If she is feeling more on the sour-puss side, she claims her husband is a show-off.

If the husband comes up with an unexpected gift or a little unusual show of affection, the wife, if she is in a sweet-disposition phase, appreciates it as a token of devotion. If she's feeling mean and nasty, she wonders what shortcomings he is trying to amend.

The only thing husbands can be sure about is that whatever the wife's mood is, it is sure to change. The whole thing is governed by the phases of the moon, by the joints in the lower sacroiliac and by the peptic juices in the female digestive tract.

Husbands aren't supposed to understand it. They are just supposed to cope with it.

**ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded**

in to see two large holes in the ceiling, and smelled the acrid odor of fire and smoke. We haven't been able to learn anything further about the fate of the church.

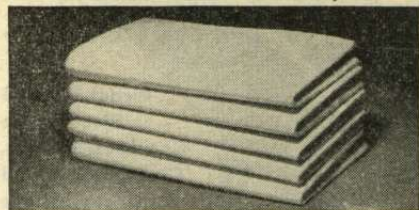
These are only a few of the many highlights of Leadville. The Chamber of Commerce has a map available which lists all the points of interest. I would suggest you secure one and visit as many as have particular appeal to you. Incidentally, there is a lovely picnic area about 4 miles out of town. Follow the highway on through Leadville, beyond Stringtown with its huge smelter, to the road turnoff marked Soda Springs. No one can know colorful Colorado until they visit Leadville!

Sincerely yours,

Abigail

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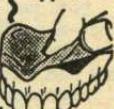
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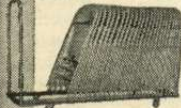
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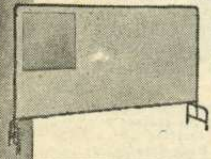
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Here's Grandpa's knife and Gran's hair net,  
And your magnifying glass I'll find, you bet.  
H'm—a package of gum, a pencil, and some thread,  
And the chain off the lamp from that spareroom bed.  
When Dad takes a nap and he thinks it's funny  
That his pockets are rifled of all loose money,  
I never said a word, but I know it's there,  
Where it slid, in the depths of the overstuffed chair.

—Carrie B. Grant.

Those who need advice the most, like it the least.

### GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

So many stories about shutins come to my desk that it is hard to know which ones to pass on to you. Think what it means to seldom, perhaps never, get out of doors or to the market or dime store! That is the life a shutin leads, along with suffering pain at which we can only guess. Will you do some little thing to cheer some of these grand people? Just a letter helps a lot.

Mrs. Carrie Carey, 226 14th Ave. NW, Mason City, Iowa is in her 80's. She is bedfast for her entire left side has been paralyzed for several years. She loves to get mail.

Mrs. Bessie Coddling, 2 Chestnut Hill Nursing Home, Greenfield, Mass. is 68. She has a broken hip and other troubles, is not able to see much and fears she will never walk. Please write her a cheering letter with black ink on white paper.

Miss Gertrude Daenzar, 115 N. 8 St., Sterling, Kansas will be 40 come December 15. She was stricken with multiple sclerosis four years ago. This cut short a promising career as a bookkeeper since she is bedfast and unable to write. Nearly two months were spent in a hospital this summer. Mail will be very welcome.

Mrs. Lottie Hidlebaugh, Brooklyn, Iowa is 75. In May she fell and broke her lame leg, so she will be in the hospital for some months. Please send mail to address given here.

Mrs. Minnie Idso, 6½ S. 2 St., Marshalltown, Iowa is in her 80's. She had a broken hip some years ago and since then has been pretty much handicapped, although she was able to care for her husband until his death. She is alone now and very lonely. She gets about the house with a cane but cannot get away from home. Mrs. Idso needs some cheery letters.

Mrs. Ben Koellner has been in University Hospital, Iowa City, Iowa for three months and will be there for several more months. Please send cards.

Mrs. Don McCauley, Yuba, Wisc. is a young mother who has been in bed six months with rheumatic fever. It looks as if it might be many more months before she is able to be up and care for her family. She has seven children ranging from 1½ years to 12 years of age. She gets pretty blue, so perhaps you could help with a letter.

Mrs. Edward Scott, Tower Park Nursing Home, Oskaloosa, Iowa has been very ill for several months. She has been in this Nursing Home for years, is not able to walk and cannot write. Mrs. Scott is lonely and wants mail.

Ward Shortslef, 268 West 2 St., Harwood Nursing Home, Oswego, N. Y. has been in bed nine years. He is 65, paralyzed and unable to write but needs mail. He likes cards.

Mrs. Jane Spead, 20 Lane St., Lowell, Mass. will be 68 come November 13. She has been sick a long time and had several operations. She is alone days, and mail would help.



This was an enormous boulder on the grounds of the lodge in Nova Scotia. Juliana and Kristin both said that if we had a rock of that size in Southwestern Iowa it would attract all kinds of attention!

### MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

The next day we called a halt on the sight-seeing and spent the day cleaning the house, washing and ironing. We had several nice visits with some of the neighbors in between loads of laundry. That evening Wayne got out his projector and colored slides of Colorado and we had a nice, quiet time.

Saturday morning one of the neighbors had a coffee party in my honor. She served a delicious fresh fruit cup, cinnamon rolls and coffee. After lunch Wayne drove us over to see the nursery and the nursery fields. We too had a ride on the little nursery car that you saw pictured in the magazine several months ago when Mother and Dad were visiting in Denver.

When we got back to the house Martin and I packed our suitcases in preparation for leaving. Wayne and Abigail took us to one of their favorite restaurants for our evening meal and then drove us to the station. On arriving we found that we could board the train immediately so we said our "Goodbyes" and walked down the long ramp to the train. The ride back was uneventful for it was a night trip and we slept almost the entire time. Oliver met us at the station in Omaha and before long we were home again.

Now we're in the fall routine. Martin is happy to be back in school and I'm looking forward to club meetings starting and seeing friends I haven't seen all summer. Our yard is so large and with the wet summer we had and the endless mowing and weeding, Oliver is probably happiest of all to see fall arrive.

I put the coffee pot on a few paragraphs back and now I hear it perking away. One of my friends is coming by for a recipe she wants to serve to some company this Sunday so I must stop and find it for her. Then we'll be all set to have a good visit over our coffee cups.

Sincerely,

*Margery*



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Esther K. Bjornson, Benton, Ark.

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

third floor and talked far too late! But in spite of this we were all up, packed, through with breakfast and ready to leave at 7:00 the next morning.

Only a few minutes later we were on the Calumet Skyway, a huge new elevated toll road that takes you above the city and eliminates a world of traffic grief. I've no idea how much property the city of Chicago had to buy in order to make this big elevated highway possible—you simply skim along for miles above factories, homes, railroads, etc. This Skyway leads directly into the Indiana Toll Road, and the Indiana Toll Road, in turn, crosses the state and leads directly into the Ohio Turnpike.

Right now I'd like to stop and say something about turnpikes or their equivalent—these huge new roads

which one can enter or leave only at given points. If you've never been on one you hardly know what to expect—I remember how uncertain Russell and I felt back in 1955 when we had our first experience with the Pennsylvania Turnpike. (At that time the Indiana and Ohio Turnpikes were not yet open and we had to drive across on "old-fashioned" roads to reach the Pennsylvania Turnpike.)

They are the safest roads in the world to drive. You can cover an incredible distance. Only with such roads could people begin to travel the distance we traveled in less than three weeks. You pay to drive on them, of course, but they save so much time and mileage that probably it's cheaper in the end. There are only two hazards to keep in mind: be sure you can move from one traffic lane to another without risk, and be sure you stop every two hours, get out of the car and stretch.

There is a tendency to get hypnotized by the drone of the motor and the never-ending flow of cars beside you. Since the road was engineered to permit high speeds even on curves or hills, there is no challenge in watching for the unexpected highway hazard. It would be my guess that the comparatively few turnpike accidents are caused by drivers who dozed for one brief and fatal second. This is why it is imperative to stop at regular intervals and relax.

When you enter a turnpike you are handed a ticket that is stamped with the point where you entered and also the time. Hang on to it! If you lose it, you'll be charged toll for the entire distance from the state border in the direction you came from. Be sure you ask for a turnpike map—they're free for the asking. This shows you all the points where you can leave and re-enter.

Turnpikes are marked wonderfully well. You have two miles warning before you approach any exit. You have two miles warning before you approach any service area where you can get the car taken care of and relax in a nice restaurant. Nothing ever suddenly appears on the turnpike—you know far in advance what to expect. This is important for many reasons, one of which is that you cannot stop on any of these turnpikes (aside from the Pennsylvania turnpike) except for emergency reasons. If you do have an emergency, help will soon be at hand because there are constant patrols day and night.

At the end of our second day we turned off the Ohio Turnpike to find a motel and discovered in short order that we'd made a poor choice of an exit for that particular day! We found ourselves in a resort area, the first nice weekend all summer, we heard later, and consequently drove almost 60 miles in bumper-to-bumper traffic on a highway 18 ft. wide! We were mighty lucky to find accommodations in a motel but it was 9:00 in the evening before we found a restaurant with enough food left to serve us. The manager told us there had been 35,000 people in that area so we understood then why we'd found such fierce driving conditions.

Meadville, Pennsylvania was the town where we spent that night, and the next morning we were on the road by 6:00 to see if we could beat the resort traffic. We did. By 8:00 we were through Erie, Penn. and approaching the New York Thruway.

Next month I'll pick up from there and continue the trip. I realize I haven't covered much ground in this, but I certainly wanted to pass on the word about finding a Chicago address in daylight, and since some of you may be planning a trip East and feel a little timid about your first venture on those big turnpikes, I wanted to reassure you on this.

Always your friend . . .

*Pucile*

## TEMPERANCE CAN BE A FAULT

By

Mary Alice Hart

Do you pride yourself on being a temperate person? I always did—until recently. I don't know what happened exactly to set me thinking about temperance. Unless it was thinking about intemperance.

We've all been taught for generations that intemperance is the fault. We've come to accept that as an axiom. But how are most people intemperate? Plainly, in seeking pleasure for ourselves. We over-feed ourselves, we over-dress, we constantly overdo in search of self-satisfaction. In reality, it is simply self-love and nothing else.

And how are we temperate? Well, we are careful not to let ourselves get 'too involved' in helping others; we are chary of giving praise; we 'hold back' in giving of our time, our talent, our money.

I thought here of the Bible verse: "Do all things as unto the Lord." This is not urging temperate action. It is telling us to be enthusiastic, energetic, eager, painstaking, and thoroughly engrossed in giving the best in us to our daily tasks. It is something the least important of us can do, as well as the most important.

We think of the great commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." And? "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

A temperate, lukewarm love? No, that calls for all stops out, and full steam ahead. It is when we hold back, when we make reservations in loving and doing for others, and in loving God, that temperance can be a very real fault. Don't you agree?

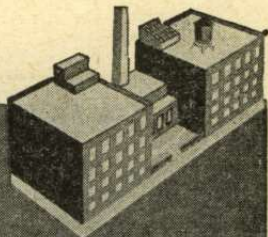
## THE QUESTION

"And must I be giving again and again?"

My selfish and querulous answer ran, "Oh, no," said the Angel piercing me through, "Just give 'til the Master stops giving to you!"



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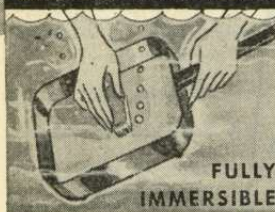


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