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Kitchen-Klatter

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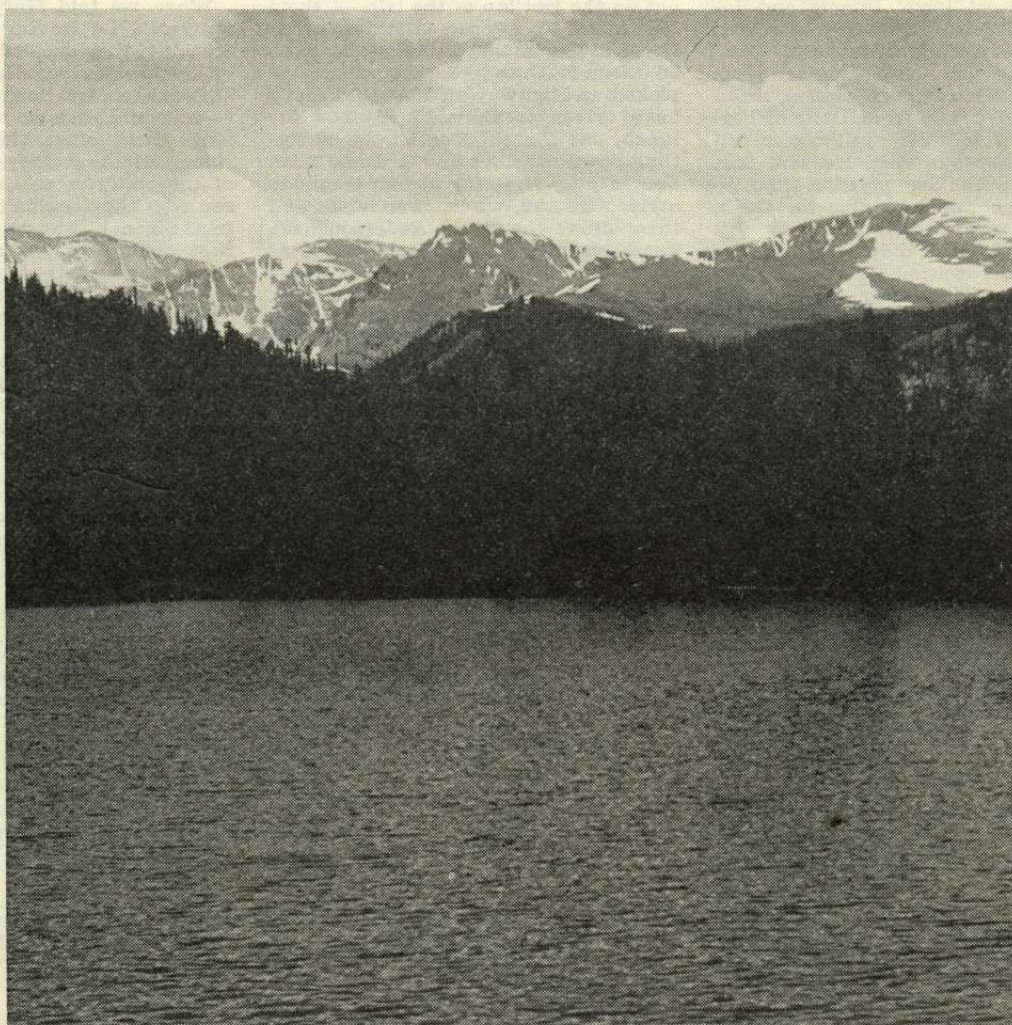


Photo by Strom



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

As I sit here at the dining room table this afternoon and reflect upon the beautiful summer we have had, I can't help but think of the lovely lines in the poem by Carrie M. Boring:

"For the God Who made the summer
Is also the God of the fall:

He never forgets a season

But has blessings for them all."

Indeed, we have had a fruitful summer and the crops looked so bountiful as we crossed Iowa, Illinois and Indiana on our trip to Anderson to visit our son Donald and his family.

No sooner had the September issue of Kitchen-Klatter been mailed, when we received a call from Donald, begging us *not* to wait until cooler fall days to make our visit. He said that this would be the perfect time to come for he would be able to take a week off now before his busy fall schedule started. It didn't take us long to make our decision. We packed our bags, called the children to tell them our plans, and struck out on Highway 2 across Iowa.

Our first lap took us as far as Dorothy's, where we stopped for a visit and rest before driving on to Keokuk. Along the highway, the Golden Rod and Wild Blue Asters made a colorful border for the fields and fields of corn. Truly, our midwest never looked more gorgeous in late summer—"He never forgets a season."

We stayed at the Knotty Pine Motel in Keokuk and when we crossed the street for our evening meal, it was as if we had been expected! It seems that only a few hours earlier, the manager had remarked to his wife that it was about the time of the year when the Driftmiers dropped in on their way to Indiana. Mart and I had quite a chuckle over that, for it hadn't occurred to us that these trips were becoming noticeably routine!

After an early breakfast the next morning, we crossed the Mississippi River and continued east on Highway 136. By noon, we had driven 181 miles and, although we felt we could have driven further, we stopped at Rantoul. We had promised the family that we would not exceed that much mileage in a day. Lucile and Russell had recommended the Redwood Lodge, so that is where we stayed. And the food at the Inn was delicious!

Rantoul, Illinois is the location of a very old air base. Our son Donald was

stationed there during World War II for some training in weather forecasting, so we were not entirely unfamiliar with the city. Since it was Sunday, there were many families at the motel with young children, obviously visiting husbands at the base. The children were enjoying the swimming pool and playground equipment while happy parents watched nearby.

The next morning, after breakfast, we packed our suitcases and started out on the last lap of the trip—a short 150 miles. We crossed the Illinois River at Covington, Indiana and passed through Crawfordsville, where we picked up Highway 42. We could easily have driven to Donald's in time for lunch, but the children would be settling down for naps and it would have been a *poor time* for grandparents to arrive! Instead, we ate our lunch and then drove on into Anderson. We knew reservations had been made at the Town House Motel, so we drove directly there, unpacked and rested a bit before driving on out to the house.

It is always a matter of great concern to grandparents, that the grandchildren might not remember them. We are no exception, for we gave it considerable thought as we pulled into the driveway. Katharine, we were sure, would remember us, but since Paul was barely two years old when they visited us this spring, we had resigned ourselves to the fact that he would not know us. How wrong we were! Paul, chattering like a little chipmunk, was as much at ease with us as Katharine! The only real changes we noticed in the two were that Katharine was losing her two front teeth and that Paul was TALKING!

The *biggest* thrill was seeing little Adrienne for the first time! She is an adorable baby—so healthy looking now, after the siege of illness that followed so soon after her birth in June. She has completely recovered and is gaining steadily. Her only requests from this world being to sleep, eat, stretch and grow, with many loving hands to tend to her needs.

Although Mary Beth had made plans for dinner, Mart and I knew what a treat it would be for her to "get out of the kitchen." We insisted that everything she had would keep and that we should all have dinner out. Mrs. Schneider is always eager to keep her little grandbaby so, after depositing Adrienne into her care, we drove

to Muncie, Indiana for a lovely dinner.

Our days in Anderson were blessed with beautiful weather, so we could visit in the yard as Don and Mary Beth put in some plantings we had brought them and also enjoy eating on the large screened-in back porch. While Mary Beth was busy making formula, sterilizing bottles, etc., I gave the baby her bottle, folded diapers and played with the children.

We were also fortunate in the weather in that we were able to take some nice drives around Anderson. We were amazed at the growth of the housing developments that were barely started when we were there last! This shouldn't have surprised us, for we observed it in every city we passed through. On one of these drives, we met the fine young man who is the new assistant pastor of the church Don and Mary Beth attend. He and his lovely family formerly lived in Kansas, had known that a Driftmier from the "Kitchen-Klatter Family" lived in Anderson, and was very pleased when he learned that they were members of the church he was to help serve. After this nice ride we had a delightful dinner at Mrs. Schneiders'.

When we told Mary Beth and Don that we'd be leaving early Thursday morning, they decided to take the rest of the week's vacation for a trip to Milwaukee. Mrs. Schneider and a lovely college girl, who has been helping Mary Beth since the new baby arrived, said that they could take care of the children, so there was no reason why they couldn't make this little trip. Since it was to be Mary Beth's first chance to get away for a few days since their trip to Iowa last spring, we're hoping nothing prevented them from leaving.

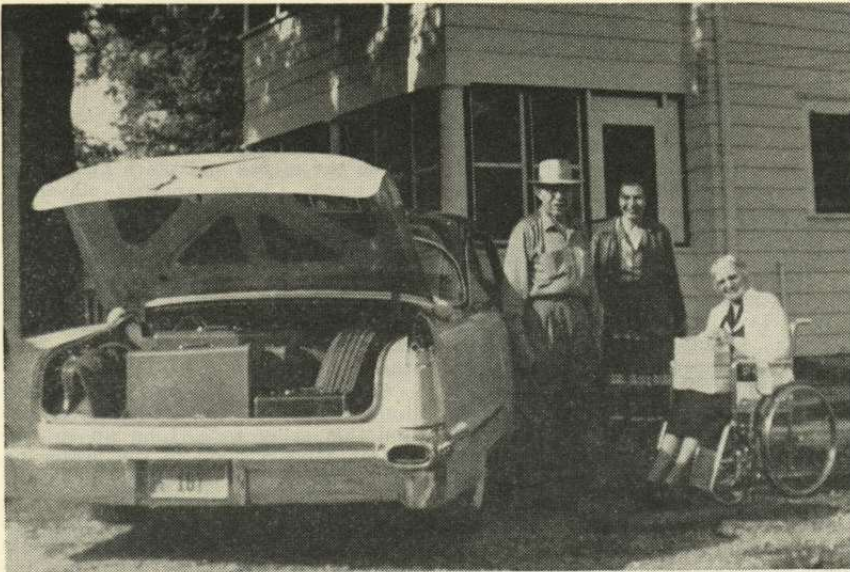
Our return trip was much the same, for we took the same highways back to Shenandoah. We had intended to stop again at Rantoul, but it was so early in the day that we decided to drive on to Havana. We stayed at the Ranch House Motel, operated by a couple named Johnson, formerly of Gowrie, Iowa. After we ate dinner at the adjoining cafe, the Johnsons and their son came to our room for a nice visit.

The next morning was foggy and cool. We were sure that rain had caught up with us, but soon the sun came peeping through and we had a pleasant day to drive on to Lucas.

Dorothy and Frank were surprised when we came driving in early that afternoon, for they hadn't expected us so soon. We spent the rest of the day with them and drove home the following morning. Margery and Oliver saw our car round the corner and turn into the alley, so they hurried down to the house with bread, milk and eggs. (This is routine on homecomings!) and Oliver helped Mart unload the car.

Since we got along so well on this trip, we're thinking of driving out to Denver a little later in the fall to have a visit with Wayne and his family. We found that we don't get the least bit tired driving only four

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Dorothy was in Shenandoah when Mother and Dad left for Anderson, Indiana to visit Donald and Mary Beth, so she rode with them as far as her home in Lucas, Iowa. This picture was taken as they were loading the car.

DOROTHY'S REPORT FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Once again the big yellow school bus is pulling into our gate every morning. I don't know where the summer has gone but Kristin is in the full swing of her last year in high school.

Her bus schedule is much better this year than it has been in all the years she has gone to town school. With the closing of the very last rural school in our immediate area there are enough children within a few square miles to fill a bus, and consequently it doesn't take the driver long to pick up his load and get to school. For years Kristin has boarded the bus at 7:15 so it has seemed like heaven to her not to get on until 7:50.

A thing that I had never given any thought to until Kristin started to school was textbooks. The years she attended rural school we had to buy all of her books, and we have rented her books all the years she has been in town school. This came as quite a surprise to me since I had never rented or bought a textbook until I went to college. Free textbooks were just something I took for granted.

Now I am not complaining about this matter of book rental—just curious. Is this common practice in the majority of schools? Or are the schools with free textbooks that I attended as a youngster in the minority group? If you happen to be writing to me in the near future I would like very much to know what they do in your town about textbooks. With only one child this has worked no hardship on us, but there is a family in our neighborhood with eight children in school and when I think of all the clothes it takes for school and lunch money, these parents must find it pretty hard to have to pay out a large sum of money for books the day school starts.

We were very happy to have Margery, Oliver and Martin spend a weekend with us before school started. There was only one thing that presented a problem—they brought their dog Nicky with them. Most people wouldn't understand how this could be a problem for Nicky is very well trained to stay in the house and doesn't cause any trouble, but so is our Tinker trained to stay in the house! Tinker is very jealous of any dog that infringes on his territory. We couldn't leave Tinker outdoors all night because he might run away and too, we don't like to have him roam the neighborhood. Nicky couldn't stay outside because we have three other dogs who would have fought with him all night! Every time Margery took Nicky out for a walk I had to go with her to keep the other dogs away. It ended that Oliver and Frank kept Tinker with them all evening on the front porch, while Margery and I spent the evening in the kitchen with Nicky. When we went to bed we put the dogs in separate rooms with the doors closed.

When the Stroms arrived, Kristin was in Allerton visiting her Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls. Martin was anxious to see her, and since Margery and Oliver had never seen Edna and Raymond's farm we decided to take Nicky and spend the day in Allerton. The Halls have a huge Husky dog but we decided it would be easier to keep Nicky away from one dog than four.

Kristin was very happy that her Aunt Marge could see all the work she had done on her room. (There were some pictures of this room in a recent issue.) After we had coffee and some fresh cookies Kristin had baked, Oliver looked over the farm with Raymond, while Marge, Kristin, and Martin went fishing in the farm pond. I helped Edna get one of her delicious meals on the table.

After dinner we all went fishing and caught quite a string of bullheads

and blue gills. Raymond taught Kristin how to cast and she thought that was a lot of fun. Margery and Martin both caught their first fish. There was a little brush around the edge of the pond, so Martin was delegated as a committee of one to wade in and retrieve the fish hooks wherever they got caught. That night we were all completely miserable with chiggers. I have never been bothered with chiggers until this year but it seems to me they have been awfully prevalent this summer.

Martin was the first person to sleep on our new front porch. He had brought his sleeping bag and air mattress with him so he could sleep there, and he reported that it was fine.

Frank's Uncle August Johnson who lives on a farm near us is a great fisherman. Every summer Frank's sister Bernie takes him to Wisconsin for a week of good fishing. This summer at the place where they stayed they became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Miller of Wellman, Iowa. When Mrs. Miller found out Bernie was from Lucas she wanted to know right away if she knew me. It seems she has been a Kitchen-Klatter reader for many years. It is a wonderful feeling to know that our little magazine reaches so many people that no matter where any of our family goes we always find friends.

This is the first letter I have written since Kristin and I made our trip to the Cherokee County Fair. We met so many lovely Kitchen-Klatter friends and had such a wonderful time in spite of the fact that it rained all day. I hope the storms didn't frighten away too many women who had planned to come and visit with us. My hostess for the day was Laurel Fuhrman, while Kristin had the company of Sandra Johnson. It gave Kristin quite a thrill to meet two of her little namesakes during the day.

On the way to Cherokee Kristin and I stopped for lunch at Ogden. We parked our car right in front of Mabel Nair Brown's Golden Rule Store. After we had eaten our lunch we stepped into the store and I wish I could have gotten a picture of Mabel as she came out from the back of the store and saw us standing there. I have never seen anyone so surprised! The last time I had seen Mabel was when Kristin and Juliana were five years old. Lucile and I had taken our girls and spent the day at the Iowa State Fair, and we had made arrangements to meet Mabel and her two daughters at the fairgrounds.

We were happy that Mr. Brown and Sharon were both in the store so we got to see them too. Mabel and Sharon showed us some of the new materials they had just gotten in, and they were so beautiful and in such gorgeous colors that it made me long for the time to sew!

Kristin and I spent two nights in Sac City with our good friends Kathryn and Hollys Duncan. The first night they took us to dinner in Lake City, and this was my first visit to a very pretty little town. The Duncans are such hospitable people that when

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A BLACK CAT PARTY

By
Evelyn Birkby

October is truly a fun time to have a party. The weather is cooler; enthusiasm is high. A black cat party takes one of the traditional Hallowe'en symbols but instead of adding the usual witches, ghosts, goblins and pumpkins it depends only on black cats for decorations and games. This lifts it out of the ordinary and into the unusual type of party which will long be remembered.

Invitations should be written on a cat cut out of paper. The following poem may give you an idea for your invitation:

The cats will get you if you don't watch out!

So come to (Mary's house) and see what it's about.

Dress as a BLACK CAT—or beware!
At (7:30, Oct. 31st.) we'll all be there.

Let your imagination run wild as far as the black cat design is concerned. Hang a row of cats cut from black paper onto strings which have been tied to a string or wire over the entrance door. If a bell is fastened to each string where it is tied to the cat, it will make a noisy jingle as guests push in through this "reception committee". Place a fierce cat in each window, let them walk up the curtains and on the lamp shades. In a basement room they may march menacingly up the pillars and posts. Various sized black cats may hang from the ceiling or dangle from twisted crepe paper streamers.

When the guests arrive they should be greeted by a black garbed host with a cat mask. His greeting, naturally, is "Meow". A paper sack may be made into an inexpensive mask. (In fact, you could have a quantity of such bags and the equipment to fix them into cat faces and have any guest who comes without a costume make one right on the spot! Whiskers made from drinking straws, a red paper mouth and tongue, perky ears made from light cardboard, a piece of black felt for a nose—all of these, can be glued to a paper sack to make a most attractive cat mask.

Inform the guests that until a bell is rung they must not speak in any word except "Meow". You can keep this restriction through the first game or two and then have the guessing of the identity of the guests before allowing them to speak normally.

Cat Word List: As the guests come in, give each one a sheet of paper and a pencil. Tell them to write down all the words they can think of which contain the word "cat" . . . catch, catalogue, caterpillar, etc. Either give a time limit or let the first players do the list as the late comers are arriving.

Cat and Mouse: This game is perfect to use while the guests are still allowed to speak by only saying "Meow". Before the party begins hide a small toy mouse. It must be where it can be seen without moving any object, and yet not too easily detected. Tell the

players to look for the mouse and before they see it they must sit down and begin to meow. Continue until all the players are sitting and meowing."

Cat Shadows: To guess the identity of each "cat" present, hang up a sheet with a light behind it for shadow pictures. Have two or three of the guests stand behind this while the other guests try and guess who they are. Repeat until everyone is identified.

A shadow screen may be used for another game or two while it is in place. Have several groups act out charades. Since this is a Hallowe'en party each group might act out a word connected with the holiday. Or you might want to present a scary shadow skit based on a famous ghost story such as "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

A guessing game is simply devised by hanging different objects on string and dangling them one at a time so their enlarged shadow will show on the sheet. You might dangle a cup, a marshmallow, a peanut, an apple peeling, pliers and, of course, end with a stuffed toy cat or a paper cut-out of a cat.

Cat Tales: Have the guests sit in a circle. (The floor is a perfect place for cats to sit!) Turn the lights low and begin to tell a very spooky mystery story filled with black cats, yowling, meows, etc. When the leader says "Stop", the person speaking must stop immediately and the one to his right continues the story. For example, the first person starts; "Henry, a fierce black cat, decided to go for a walk in the graveyard on Hallowe'en. He had just started to walk along the high fence when he saw . . ." "Stop!" says the leader and the next person continues telling what spooky Henry did.

Yowling Contest: Have each person around the circle take a turn at yowling. Decide which one "yowled" the best and present him with a prize. To conclude, have everyone yowl at the same time! (People with sensitive ears should clear out for this one!)

Cat Race: This is a contest which is sure to dissolve in laughter. Before the party cut a paper of pins into strips. Pull out the pins, place them in a bowl and save the paper strips. If you have a large party, choose as many people as you have strips to come to the center of the room around the bowl of pins. If it is a small party, provide a strip for each person present. Give a signal and the players take the pins from the bowl and put them into their original places in the strip of paper. The boys fumble and have a terrible time; the girls get silly and begin to laugh at the boys and find they are not doing any better. The one who first fills his strip with the pins in the proper place wins.

Since you now have plenty of pins around anyway you may want to play "Pin the Tail on the Cat" next.

Cat's Broom: Have a cat who is "it" stand in the center of the circle with his finger on top of a broomstick which is standing upright. Number off the players in the circle. The "cat" lifts his finger and at the same time calls out a number. The player whose

number is called must catch the broom before it falls to the floor. If the broom touches the floor first, the player who did not catch it moves to the center of the circle and becomes "it".

Catch the Mouse: Choose one player to be the mouse and place him inside the circle. Choose another player to be the cat and blindfold him. He then goes inside the circle. When the cat says "Meow", the mouse must say "Squeak". The cat tries to catch the mouse from the sound of the squeaking. When the cat catches the mouse they both choose new players to take their places.

Cat Catchers: Do you still own a hula-hoop? Get two of them to use for this relay race. Line up in two teams. Give a hoop to the leader on each side. At the signal he begins by passing the hoop over his head and down past his feet; then he gives it to the person behind him who repeats the act. The hoop goes down the line and the side that finishes first is the winner.

I Hear A Cat: Keep your two lines but face them toward each other from opposite sides of the room. Choose one person from each side to be a "cat" and blindfold these two people and place them in the center between the two lines. They may stand back to back, although their position is not too important, just so they are in the middle. Tell one side to be sure and pass to the right of the "cats" and the other line to pass to the left. One by one the people standing at the side try to tiptoe past the cats. If a "cat" thinks she hears a player from the opposite side trying to get across he says, "I hear a cat." If it is someone from the other side he must drop out. If the player made a mistake and it really was someone from his own side, then that player must drop out. The side wins which has the most cats left when they have all tiptoed to the other side of the room. (This game is more difficult to write than it is to do. It is great fun. The boy scouts play it by "whacking" the players they hear from the other side as they sneak across. It depends on the age of your group whether this variation is desirable!)

Artistic Cats: Give each person a sheet of black paper. He must hold the paper behind his back and with his fingers tear out a black cat. This may also be done by giving each player a sheet of paper and a crayon or pencil. Either holding the paper behind his back or shutting his eyes and holding it in front, he must draw a picture of a cat. After everyone has seen these masterpieces, have them passed to the next person to the left who is to close his eyes and try to color the inside of the picture with some degree of accuracy.

While you get the refreshments ready you may continue with the artistic game by giving several pipe cleaners to each guest and having him make a cat with them. These may be carried to the table and added to the decorations. If they turn out to be clever little animals you could present

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FREDERICK RECALLS EVENTS OF THIS PAST SUMMER

Dear Friends:

As I sit here looking out over the lake there is a touch of autumn in the air. In just a few days we must pack the cars from trunk to roof and make our way back over the country roads to our home and work in Springfield.

We always hate to leave the lake with the swimming and the fishing and the boating it provides, but still we are eager to tackle the jobs that await us at home. The children will start to school on the very day after we arrive, and I have several church committee meetings planned for that week.

The member of this family that finds it most difficult to leave the summer cottage is our dog Fritz. Here on the shores of Lake Wincheck he is free to run in the woods and to swim to his heart's content, but when he returns to Springfield he will be tied up day and night except for a thirty minute run in the park in the morning and again just before dinner in the evening. The first two weeks we are home he will grieve and cry a great deal, and then he will gradually adjust himself to his confinement.

One of the outstanding memories of this past summer has to do with the perfectly frightful electrical storm I experienced while driving late at night from our Springfield home to the cottage. I had gone home to call on the sick in various hospitals and was delayed in my departure until quite late in the evening. It was raining as I left the city and there was some electrical activity, but I thought little of it until the storm began to increase in its intensity. After leaving the main highway to cut across about thirty-five miles of back roads, I found myself in real trouble.

Through the years it has been my belief that lightning never strikes a moving car, and I was holding onto that belief with everything I had as I saw the lightning getting closer and closer. All of a sudden a lightning bolt struck into a pasture just off to the right of the road. For a moment I was blinded by the brilliant flash and had to stop the car. A second bolt landing on the other side of the road scared me into getting the car under way again. And oh! how it did rain! It was just as though I had driven my car under a waterfall.

I do not often panic, but I was close to it then. Unable to see anything but the white line down the middle of the road, fearing that any moment I would bump into some tree that had been struck down by lightning, and thinking that perhaps some of the little streams up ahead had gone over their banks and flooded the road, I decided to take refuge under a highway overpass that I knew was just up the road a mile or so. It was then that I made a wrong turn. I knew that I was somewhere completely out of the way, and so I stopped the car and waited for the next flash of lightning to reveal my whereabouts. Well, the lightning came in one quick flash



Frederick left the dinner table one Sunday to take this picture of his family. Betty says that David and Mary Leanna have grown "inches and inches" this year!

after another making it perfectly clear that I was sitting in the middle of a big cemetery!

Now if you can think of anything much worse than suddenly finding yourself right in the middle of a cemetery in a raging electrical storm, I don't know what it would be. A sudden bolt of lightning crashed so near that I was once again temporarily blinded, but somehow I managed to get that car out of the cemetery and on to the underpass. Once I reached the safety of the underpass I stayed there until the storm let up.

To make that period of so-called safety even more nerve-wracking, there was an electrical railroad crossing signal light and bell that had been shorted out by lightning, and the whole time I sat there in the underpass just a few feet from the crossing I waited for the train that, like a ghost in the night, never came.

The next day all of the radio news bulletins told of the number of people who had been killed or injured by the storm. Of course all the family told me that I was quite foolish not to have taken shelter somewhere along the way. Actually, electrical storms do not alarm me as much as they do some people. I must admit that that particular storm *did* make me a bit nervous, but never did I think that it was the lightning that would hurt me. I was much more afraid of running off the road or of bumping into a tree knocked down by the storm.

One of the memorable experiences of this past summer was the Sunday I conducted church services at King's Chapel in downtown Boston. You who have visited the old historic sites of Boston have seen King's Chapel at the corner of Tremont and School Streets.

The first religious service conducted in that building was 'way back in 1689. Every year more than 70,000 people visit the chapel, and a large congregation was present on the Sunday when I was there. Boston is only a three hour drive from our cottage, so I got up early and was in Boston a good hour before the service was scheduled to begin. I was pleased to

find several members of my own church present.

Last year we had a visit from my parents and sister Dorothy. This year we had a visit with Russell and Lucile. Russell was able to take a long tramp with Mary Leanna, David and me over a section of the original Appalachian trail that runs not far from our cottage. It is well marked for hikers, and vigorous young people able to scale steep bluffs and break their way through heavy underbrush could spend a whole summer following it down to the Smokies.

Betty and I also had a chance to give them their first experience in a sail boat. This boat has been a real pleasure to our family all summer, and I'm certainly glad that I didn't select a craft with any kind of a motor. It is extremely restful to be out on the lake without a sound aside from the wind in the canvas sail.

Even on vacation a clergyman finds an opportunity to preach and teach the Gospel. While sitting on the beach one beautiful summer day a perfect stranger began talking to me about his troubles, and in all of his conversation he let it be known that God was not treating him the way he deserved to be treated. He said what I have heard so many people say: "Surely my life is more deserving of happiness than of sorrow! When I am a good church member and live a decent life, why does God punish me with this suffering?"

I reminded the man that it was Jesus who said: "Come, take my yoke upon you and learn of me. I send you out as sheep in the midst of wolves . . . You will be hated by all. In the world you have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

When things go well with us and life is pleasant and good to us, then we think that we are too intelligent to believe that somehow or other God keeps account of our good deeds and pays us off now with rewards, or pays us later when we get to heaven. But then when things seem to go wrong, and life is hard, and the unexpected

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

As I sat down at this desk to write to you I suddenly had the giddy sensation that at least a full six months had slipped by since I had last visited with you. Generally I feel that I've only turned around—and lo! a month gone and time to write again!

I guess the reason it seems so much, much time has passed between last month's letter and this letter is because Russell and I took a business trip East and our heads are still reeling with all that we saw and experienced. We started out with the intention of lining up some wonderful premiums and we accomplished what we set out to do, but there have been such vast and incredible changes in the East since we made that trip with Juliana and Kristin two years ago that we were STAGGERED by what we saw.

Now I'm sure that people who live in all the hullabaloo back East are accustomed to it and take it for granted, but in loud and clear tones I want to go on the record as saying exactly this:

I'm glad I live in a small town in Southwestern Iowa! I'm glad Shenandoah is around 60 miles or so from Omaha, Nebraska—our nearest city! And I'm tickled to death that we can run down to buy groceries without fighting bumper-to-bumper traffic, that we can make it to the office in five minutes (lots of people in the East give up *four hours* out of every day just getting to the office!), and that we have room to breathe—and it's *quiet*. Believe me, I've done nothing but count my blessings since we returned from the East.

I truly don't know how anyone could ever begin to describe the vast changes that are taking place in this country today. I thought I'd kept up with things pretty well by doing a lot of reading, but somehow the full impact of all that's happening simply didn't come home to me until I saw it with my own eyes.

It seems to me that comparatively few Midwesterners know about what's going on in the Eastern section of our country, and I base this statement on the fact that after we entered the Indiana Toll Road at Hammond, Indiana we saw only two cars from Missouri, one from Nebraska, one from South Dakota, three from Iowa and one from Kansas. That is the total number of Midwestern license plates we saw on our trip going East and returning after we reached Hammond. In contrast to this, our expeditions when we drive West of Iowa give us the sensation that half the Midwest is out there! Two years ago we also noticed almost no cars with Midwestern licenses back East, so I've concluded that not many people have seen what's going on back there with their very own eyes.

Well, after driving 4,008 miles in about seventeen days I'd like to make one earnest suggestion just in case you do drive East to visit someone who lives in a big city—or anywhere



Howard and Mae Driftmier set out dozens of roses last Spring. Here they are admiring a lovely late bloom.

near a big city. Please ask them to come to a given point on the main highway you're traveling and guide you in. (Most men are real stubborn about asking directions or letting anyone think they don't know exactly how to get where they want to go. This is once you should INSIST upon being met and "guided in" even if it takes tears to get the job done!)

I am emphatic about the point because those of us who live in Midwestern towns simply aren't prepared for solid streams of traffic on highways and all of that traffic moving at a terrific clip. There is positively no way to slow down and study where you should be turning off. If you miss the right exit, all you can do is to keep going. There is positively no stopping, no parking, no turning around. If you're in the wrong lane when your exit looms up, then you'll have to keep going—no matter what. People who know these intricate clover-leaves and circular islands and exactly what lane to be in at a given moment can get you through the maze. Lean on them. Don't tackle it on your own.

Two years ago we could drive until 6:00 and get what we wanted in the line of a motel. This year we found that most places were filled by 5:00 and, in some cases, by 4:00 in the afternoon. One of the lowest moments of my life came at 3:45 on a blistering afternoon when I stood in line at one of the Ohio turnpike restaurants to get into a phone booth and call ahead for motel reservations.

It had taken us more than six hours just to get around Cleveland—a total of 80 miles. They're putting in one of these mammoth expressways through that area and all of the traffic was funneled into an 18 ft. road! All of the countryside is built up so densely that it took eight miles of approach just to get on to the turnpike—and by

"eight miles of approach" I mean the actual entrance to the turnpike, for we first saw arrows pointing to the turnpike when we were 80 miles away!

Russell was so exhausted from those 80 miles added to the 250 miles (most of it heavy traffic) we'd plowed through since morning that we turned into the very first service area on the Ohio turnpike to get coffee and catch our breath. When I saw the milling crowds at that hour of the afternoon I decided we'd better phone ahead for reservations at an exit 60 miles away, so I stood in line to get to the phone, as I said, and then placed two long distance calls and found that both motels (huge ones) were already filled.

At that point I asked the manager of the restaurant if he thought we could run the risk of driving another 60 miles without reservations and he told us firmly to get off at the very first exit (only a few miles away) and grab the first motel with a vacancy. Surely this gives you an idea of all the seething activity in the East!

Well, fighting all that traffic had its compensations. We managed to line up some wonderful premiums and we had a chance to see family and old friends.

In the Pennsylvania Dutch country we spent delightful hours with old friends, and then went on from there to Glen Gardner, New Jersey to see our cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin and her family. I don't know anyone who is busier than Mary! She has a large dress shop adjoining her home, and this is certainly a case of building a better mousetrap for her customers must drive over miles and miles of winding New Jersey countryside to reach her. She runs this without any help whatsoever—does all the buying, unpacks all the stock, waits on trade, keeps books . . . well, it looked to me as if she was doing the work of five people!

Then there is the house to keep up, meals to cook, laundry to tussle with—all of these things that have to be done all the time. Her older son, Elliott, is a freshman at Princeton this fall, but there is still Jeddy, fifteen, to get on the school bus every morning. Taking it all in all, Mary is a mighty busy woman.

From this point we drove 280 miles, every inch of it through the heaviest kind of traffic, to reach Frederick and his family at their summer cottage in Rhode Island. My! how much Mary Leanna and David have changed since we saw them two years ago! This is only to be expected, of course, but when you have in your memory a little girl and run into a beautifully poised young lady—well, *that's* a shock! David looks wonderfully healthy and well. No one would dream he had been so desperately sick for so many months last year.

The time we spent with Betty, Frederick and the children was such a happy time. If only they didn't live so far from us! We've gotten to see them only a few times in these last fourteen years, and now the children are almost grown up.

I had hoped to cover some specific

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DAD AND LAD SPORTSMAN CLUB

A Father and Son Banquet

By

Mabel Nair Brown

A father and son banquet has become an increasingly popular event on many church and club calendars. Though it is designated as "men's night," there are usually many feminine fingers in the pie; not only are they needed for preparation of the food, but for the extra frills as well. Even though such a banquet isn't on your schedule at present, file these suggestions so that at some future date, should you find yourself on a banquet committee, you will have some "starter" ideas at your finger tips.

The *Dad and Lad Sportsman Club* offers great leeway and variety in decoration and program details. You can easily shift these ideas around to suit your group and the facilities you have at hand.

Decorations

Huge murals depicting various sporting events (a mountain skiing scene, a sandlot baseball game, or a boat race) painted upon large sheets of heavy wrapping paper and taped upon the walls of the banquet hall, would be good conversation starters. Almost every community boasts at least one amateur artist who would gladly lend his talents for such an event.

Other wall decorations to consider would be enlarged replicas of sport programs, or headline pages from the sport section of a newspaper. Set aside one spot for displaying old photographs of local athletic groups of years past. (This would be hilarious fun for the oldsters who played on some of the ball teams.)

Glamorous basketball hoops could be fashioned from posterboard with heavy twine for nets. Brushed with glue and sprinkled with glitter, these would make sparkling wall decorations. Skis, baseball bats and other sporting equipment could be placed about the room for effective "atmosphere."

Follow the theme in table decorations with swimming pool scenes arranged upon large mirrors, miniature football fields with goal posts wrapped in banquet colors, or ski jump scenes made with cotton snow, evergreen forests, and skiers fashioned from pipe cleaners.

Program Booklets

Booklets cut in football shape with "lacings" painted in gold, would be very attractive. You might attach a gold "key to the Sportsman Club" with ribbon. (The keys could be cut from paper or heavy gold foil.)

The menu in the booklet might read something like the following: Home Run (roast beef), Ski Run (gravy), Scrimmage (potatoes), Soccer Balls (rolls), Base Hit (salad), Touch Down (dessert), and End Run (coffee or milk).

The program page could follow the theme thus: Game Called by Referee

(Toastmaster), Rules and Regulations (Scripture and Prayer), Broadjump (Salute to Dads), Intermission (Group Song by Cheerleading Lads), Discus Throw (Salute to Lads), Rooting Section (Introduction of Guests), Awarding of Honors (Gifts to oldest guest, youngest father, etc.), Heroes (Sextet number of high school girls dressed in football suits), Pep Talk (Main speech, if you have a speaker for the occasion), and End of Game (Closing song by the group, followed by the benediction).

Program

Welcome By the Referee: "Here's a health to you and yours, who have done such things for us and ours. When we and ours have it in our powers to do for you and yours, what you and yours have done for us and ours, then we and ours will do for you and yours, what you and yours have done for us and ours!"

"Dads and Lads, do I sound a bit confused? Well, I'm probably like the old farmer I once saw wandering around in a pasture in a lost manner. He was carrying a rope in his hand. I stopped the car and called out to ask him what was the matter. The old farmer scratched his ear and then said ruefully, 'Well, you see now, friend, I can't decide whether I've found a rope or lost a cow!'"

"I may be a bit confused right now, but things will straighten out for we have a fine program of events lined up for you, and there is no question about that!"

"We're most happy to welcome each one of you to our exclusive Sportsman Club tonight. Before we start our program we will hear our Rules and Regulations."

Scripture: (Read Luke 2:40-52)

"How shall we teach a child to reach beyond himself and touch the stars—we who have stopped so much? How shall we tell a child to dwell with humor, live and die for truth—we who have lived a lie? How shall we say to him, 'The way of life is through the gate of love'—we who have learned to hate? How shall we dare to teach him prayer and turn him toward the way of faith—if we no longer pray?"

"Our scripture has answered these questions by pointing out the way we truly grow in wisdom, truth and stature, and in favor with God and man. How wonderful that there is no age limit on real growth if we follow the rules in the game of life!"

Referee: "There are many things to learn about sports. For instance, I just found out today why a sportsman should wear glasses—it is because he can then be a SPECTacular player!"

"The first event on our sports parade is a Broadjump."

Salute to Dads: "Fathers are just as important as Mothers, yet glory of the family tree seems to shine on maternity. On Mother's Day the mailman's sack seems heavy enough to break his back; but the only letter that is paternal, is from the revenue man internal! Father's dough may fill his pocket, but Mother's picture is in the locket. And the only songs in every key are those of 'Mammy' and 'Mother Machree.'"

"What's this, can I be wrong? Is there a father's name in a song? No, mother's picture stands on the easel! It was only 'Pop Goes the Weasel!'"

"Too often we hear jokes and quips about 'poor old pop, the man who follows along to pay the bills, and the guy who works so that the kids can play.' But tonight we Lads want to change all that and we are all ready to stand up and be counted as thinking our 'pops are tops.' We want you to know that we are proud to be 'chips off the old blocks.' You, who have stood between us and the ruggedness of life all through our growing pains, are still ever ready to lend us the benefit of your wisdom and understanding."

"It's been said that children between the ages of 4 and 17 are at their mental peaks. At 4 they know all the questions, and at 17 they know all the answers. I know all you fellows have found out, like I did, that my Dad learned a tremendous lot between the years when I was 17 and 30!"

"My own words fail me when it comes to telling how we feel about our Dads, so I'll borrow some from an unknown author."

"Underneath a rough exterior, there I found a heart of gold; Often stern and yet so tender is the memory I hold."

Not too prone to show emotion, not too late to set aright,

When my wandering feet misled me or my judgment failed me quite.

But I knew he always loved us, toiled and wore his life away;

To provide and make us happy, gave himself his best each day.

'Tho uncrowned with fame and glory as the world would echo fame,

In the book of my immortals on page one is my Dad's name!"

Referee: "I love sports of every kind, don't you? Some people get confused about different sports. Some folks' idea of a good clean sport is swimming!"

"Now we will hear some nice teamwork from our Cheerleaders, without whom, no sporting event is complete."

Cheerleaders: (Lads sing for Dads)

Referee: "He is the person who is going to carry on what you started. He is going to sit where you are sitting, and when you are gone, attend to the things you think are important. That's your boy! Of course, there are times when we'd like to ignore them, and times when you've carefully explained to Johnny that you are only punishing him because you love him. Johnny pipes up with, 'I wish I were big enough to return your love!'"

"Now, let's get on with the Discus Throw."

Salute to Lads: "A small boy is a pain in the neck when he is around and a pain in the heart when he is not—a loveable bunch of impossibles! It's a bit difficult to describe a boy, so we just love 'im! When an old Chinese philosopher was asked what he found to be the greatest joy in life, he answered, 'A child going down the road singing, after asking me the way.' Probably a father's greatest joy is giving his son a little boost along

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MORE VACATION NOTES FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Last month I gave you an account of the first part of our vacation to Colorado and New Mexico. There were so many interesting things to tell you that it was necessary to break it down into two installments.

As you will recall, Oliver and I took a side trip to Cripple Creek, Colorado while Martin stayed with his cousins in Denver. This was perfectly agreeable to him for there was swimming, bike riding and a sleep-out planned for the children. Although he would have enjoyed the two-day jaunt, he was actually more enthused over spending this additional time with Emily, Alison and Clark.

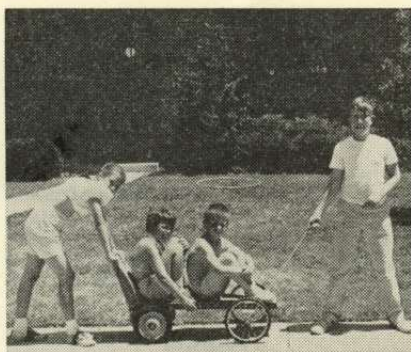
The evening we returned to Denver, we took Wayne and Abigail out to dinner. It had been pre-arranged that they'd scout around during our absence for an unusual restaurant. The final decision was a most happy one for we enjoyed a delightful dinner in a well-known Italian Cafe, Mario's of Aspen. The original Mario's was in Aspen and when it was moved to Denver it retained the name.

The decor was most interesting. It was designed and built by Mr. James Kenna of Denver. The green and gold arches are replicas of the original prosceniums of Colorado opera houses and theaters. The colorful drops are taken from sketches of La Scala opera set designs. It was beautiful! And as we ate delicious Italian food we enjoyed some exceptionally fine music. The singers are often called upon to perform at Red Rocks Park in the natural rock amphitheater.

When Oliver, Martin and I left Shenandoah, we hadn't planned precisely where we would spend the second week of our vacation. We anticipated that Wayne and Abigail would have a variety of suggestions, so the four of us sat down one evening and worked out a route that we felt would have the most to offer.

Leaving Denver on Saturday morning, we headed south through Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Wallensburg and Trinidad, and crossed Raton Pass. At dusk we found ourselves in gorgeous Cimarron Valley. We stopped at a roadside park which looked very inviting as it was situated between the highway and Cimarron River. We cooked our supper and then prepared for bed with that uneasy, lonesome feeling experienced by most first-night campers. No sooner had we settled down, when in the drive pulled a truck and several cars bulging with Boy Scouts! There was great activity as they set up camp and sang songs around a big fire. Their merry voices filled the darkness and with these sounds on our ears, we fell asleep, sleeping so well that we were hardly aware of their speedy, quiet departure at day break.

The following morning we drove on out of the canyon and suddenly there was lovely Eagle Nest Lake. We stopped at the little resort village for groceries and ice and then headed on



Emily, Alison and Clark Driftmier and Martin Strom enjoyed many hours playing with this home-made wagon.

for Taos, New Mexico. Abigail had been particularly taken with Taos and urged us to stop there.

Taos, the Sacred Valley! One could spend days there and someday we intend to return. We stopped only for what you might call a "quick glance", knowing that there was too much to see, even for a full day's stop. We marked it down in our books for a future vacation when we could give it the "full treatment".

Driving on to Santa Fe, we passed many beautiful old Catholic missions and pueblos. It was interesting to note that we were driving along Coronado's route and it was fun to imagine how the landscape must have looked if we had been with him! It was an exciting feeling we three shared together.

Early on Sunday afternoon we drove into Santa Fe. This city was a great shock to me! I don't know exactly what I expected, but I certainly was taken aback to see the city so *completely* Spanish in feeling. How we did enjoy walking all around the business district, seeing the Plaza, the Palace of Governors, the Sena Plaza, the Cathedral of St. Francis, Our Lady of Light Chapel, San Miguel Mission (the oldest church in the United States, and beside it, the oldest house), and New Mexico's unusual Capitol building.

We stayed at King's Rest Motel for the night and Monday morning, after more site-seeing, we drove down Highway 85 towards Albuquerque. We had hoped to visit friends there but learned that they were on vacation, so we took our time stopping to see various pueblos and then struck out northwest on Highway 44 towards Aztec, New Mexico.

It was in a little town of Cuba, about halfway to Aztec, that I decided a sore throat was getting the better of me and a visit to a doctor was necessary. I'll have that to remember about Cuba, New Mexico!

We drove through gorgeous country with few towns to break the scenery. I wished so much that one of our cameras was loaded with color film. Such beautiful rock strata formations! We oh'd and ah'd as we drove along the highway. It was late afternoon when we reached Aztec and Enchantment Lodge Motel, where we spent the night.

The purpose of our stop here was to see the ancient Pueblo ruins, a

National Monument. This preserves one of the largest pre-Spanish villages in the Southwest. It was excavated by the American Museum of Natural History and more excavations are planned nearby, where it is established that another such ruin is located. There is more history contained here than I could possibly pass on to you in a short letter. If I should start there would be no stopping! I'll confine myself only to a few comments.

We were thrilled beyond description to see this phase of the history of our great country. A few hours at the site of these excavations is an education that couldn't be achieved by hours in a classroom. Centuries melted away as we walked through the ruins and envisioned the Pueblo Indians as they lived there between 1100 and 1300 A. D. Since Martin's main interest this past year has been archaeology, it was difficult to leave. However, our next stop was to be the Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellings where we would see more Pueblo ruins, so he was pacified with that thought.

We drove north on Highway 550 to Durango and then west on Highway 160 to reach the park entrance. As we drove nearer the park, the long fingers of the mesas loomed ahead. Entering the park we were a bit unprepared for the drive we were to have. There were terrific climbs up mesas and down through canyons until we wondered how in the world the cliff dwellings had ever been discovered!

We had intended to camp in one of the several campsites in the park, but the weather was misty and too cool for one doctoring a sore throat, so we rented a cabin for the night. We had time before our evening meal to go through the museum and Spruce Tree House, one of the larger cliff dwellings. We also drove along the top of the mesa to see the surface ruins of an even earlier period. After supper we enjoyed the campfire talk by one of the park rangers, followed by some Navajo Indian dancing.

The following morning we drove to the Cliff Palace Dwelling which is also quite easily accessible. Again, I'm not going to get into the history of these dwellings. I can only say that it is fascinating and I would urge you to look up information about them in an encyclopedia or other reference material. After another trip through the museum to help correlate the facts we had gathered, we retraced our steps back to Durango, then on east to Pagosa Springs, heading north over Wolf Creek Pass to Del Norte. Our destination was the Great Sand Dunes National Monument.

The sand dunes are a real freak of nature and worth including in a trip to Colorado. They have been thousands of years in formation and are mentioned in the diaries of our earliest explorers. When we reported on them to Wayne and Abigail, they decided that they would try to see them very soon. Since my throat appeared to be on the mend, we camped at the dunes. There were many, many campers, but much, much room for camping. The rangers

(Continued on next page)

were very helpful and attentive and, all in all, it was a pleasant experience for all of us.

The next morning we rejoined Highway 17 and drove north to Beuna Vista where we stopped to service the car. It was here that I had an unexpected radio interview! While the car was being taken care of, Oliver suggested that we have coffee at a drive-in restaurant next door. We no sooner sat down and placed our order when there was a microphone in front of my face! A gentleman from radio station KURH was interviewing travelers. We thought it was amusing that I should find myself on radio while on vacation from radio! It was fun chatting with the young man about the early days of radio in Shenandoah and the Chamber of Commerce or the Department of Interior would have been very happy to hear how impressed we were with the beautiful, colorful state of Colorado!

Before returning to Denver, we made stops at Leadville and Fairplay, both old mining towns of historical significance. Abigail has reported on both towns so I won't give you details, except to tell you that we camped in the city park at Fairplay that night and the next morning went through South Park City, which is composed of actual old buildings moved from nearby ghost towns. When Abigail and Wayne were there it was just being started, so they were interested to hear what progress had been made since they were there.

We arrived back in Denver a short while before Wayne and his family returned from their camping trip to the mountains. As a matter of fact, knowing that they would be pulling up the drive any minute, I was just starting supper when they piled in the front door. We all had so much to tell about our various experiences that more than an hour passed before we could settle down to think about food.

We didn't intend to unpack our car, thinking that we would depart for home the following morning. However, the children put their heads together and when Martin learned that a trip to Elitch's Amusement Park had been planned for the next evening, there was nothing to do but stay over another day.

Elitch's Amusement Park is probably well-known to many of you for it is now in its 69th year, I believe. This is a very elegant amusement park—far removed from what you might expect. It is beautifully landscaped, the rides are out of the ordinary, and it is truly a fascinating, lovely place for old and young alike. I have heard it said that no visit to Denver is complete unless you include Elitch's and, having been there, I agree.

When we left the Denver Driftmier's at 9:30 Sunday morning, it was our plan to drive well into Nebraska and stop for the night, driving on into Shenandoah with a very early morning start. However, the day was extremely hot—around 100 degrees all day. With a forecast for a second day of the same, we decided to continue driving on in the cooler night air. Oliver and I alternate driving so neither felt too tired to continue. We

pulled into our driveway at two o'clock Monday morning and, without a thought to unloading anything but ourselves, we piled into bed.

As I stated in my letter last month, there were countless details I would like to give you but it would be impossible. Perhaps there will be occasion to enlarge upon certain points of interest in future letters. Naturally, we have more pictures of the trip to share with you too.

Martin just came in and announced that he has finished his home-work and is ready for pop-corn. Oliver was quick to second that motion, so I'll say good-bye and head for the kitchen.

Sincerely,

Margery

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR READERS

"There is nothing so restorative to the mind and body as working in the soil, for when you are next to nature, you are next to God.

"When I was only four years old I came across the ocean, seeing nothing but sky and water for weeks and weeks, and then when I saw the first sight of trees on Fire Island, it seemed like Heaven. We made our home in New Jersey for twenty years. The first thing I can remember was looking into a Morning Glory. I thought that no man could ever put those colors into a flower—only a Supreme Power.

"We rented a new home where there were no flowers. I hunted for wild ones so that I would have flowers around me. When we built our own home, my brother picked up some cuttings from the late General McClellan's rose garden a few blocks from our house. Then we had flowers!

"To see the beautiful sunsets, to watch the moon through the trees in rippling clouds, to see the fog-frozen frost making everything white, were sights that brought lumps in my throat.

"Religion, like good music, needs no defense but rendition. The Lord's Prayer contains the sum total of religion and morals. I'm sure we share the same philosophy of life, for I like to delve into the study of all of the interesting and essential facts of life and see if I can find what it has to teach. I would hate, when I died, to discover that I had not lived.

"I have had the greatest of pleasure and the deepest of sorrow. None of us completely escapes adversity—it is the common lot of man. Staying young isn't important—stay alive! The years might wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. My prayer has always been:

'Oh Lord, if need be, take away my health, my dole of wealth, my friends, but leave me my power of wisdom, that I might spin on fine threads of gold my fairest thoughts as I grow old!'

"I am sending in my subscription for Kitchen-Klatter for another year. I am 83 years of age now."—Mrs. T. L. R., California

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

For the past year and a half I have spent most of what little free time I've had experimenting with the recipes I send you in this column.

If you have been patient and long-suffering enough to read my kitchen musings from first to last you will recall that many months ago I spoke of the necessity for the scientific approach to the kitchen. With tongue in cheek I have come up with six basic principles. Perhaps I should call them the six basic laws for the creation and transmission of culinary knowledge. An even better title would be: "Basic Laws of Frustration For Recipe Creation."

1. If anything can go wrong, it will.
2. If anything just can't go wrong, it will anyway.

3. When things are going well, something will go wrong.

4. When things can't get any worse, they will.

5. Anytime things appear free to be going better, you have overlooked something.

6. If you explain so clearly that nobody can misunderstand the recipe, somebody will.

As the summer came to an end every little country church in Rhode Island seemed to be having some kind of a fair, auction or bazaar, and we attended some of them. At one of the several food tables we patronized, they managed to sell us some Apricot Desert Bars that were simply delicious. True to form, I got the recipe. I say, 'true to form' because since I have been writing this column I have never eaten anything special without finding out how it was made. The next time you feel like going out into the kitchen to stir up something nice for a desert, just try this.

Apricot Dessert Bars

2 1/2 cups cooked, drained apricots

3/4 cup sugar

1/4 cup apricot juice or water

Cook all of this together over medium heat about five minutes, stirring occasionally until slightly thickened; then cool.

Sift together two cups of flour, one teaspoon of salt, and 1/2 teaspoon of soda.

Cream 3/4 cup of butter, gradually adding one cup of sugar and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring. Blend in the flour, salt and soda mixture. Spread three cups of this crumb mixture into a 13x9x2-inch cake pan, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 10 minutes.

Into the cooled apricot mixture stir 1 1/2 cups coconut and 1/2 cup of nut meats. Spread this mixture over the partially baked crust. Sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture, return to oven and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes longer or until a light golden brown. Cool and cut into bars.

I hope that you have the same luck with this that we have had.

We do not stop playing because we are old; we grow old because we stop playing.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

MAIN DISHES FOR FALL

APPLE-RAISIN STUFFED SPARERIBS

- 2 matching racks spareribs (1 1/2 to 2 lbs. each)
- 3 cups toasted bread cubes
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 1/3 cup hot water
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- 1 cup finely chopped apple
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Brown ribs on both sides in roasting pan in very hot oven (450°) for about 30 minutes, turning only once. Meanwhile, combine stuffing ingredients in order listed. When ribs are brown, remove from oven. Reduce oven heat to 325°. Drain excess fat from ribs. Lay one rack of ribs in bottom of 9- by 13- by 2-inch baking pan. Cover center portion evenly with stuffing. Top with remaining ribs. Cover and bake in slow oven (325°) for 45 minutes. Uncover and continue baking for 45 minutes or until ribs are tender and stuffing is done. Baste once or twice with drippings in pan. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Apple-Raisin Stuffing is a natural for pork chops, too. Prepare the stuffing as directed in the recipe above.

FRUIT-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

Cut pocket between rib bones of 6 pork chops (1 inch thick). Season and fill with Apple-Raisin Stuffing. Brown chops slowly in hot fat over medium heat. Place in baking pan, cover tightly, and bake in slow oven (325°) for 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until chops are very tender.

BARBECUED RIBS

Here is one of our favorite fall dishes. I used to prepare ordinary spare ribs, but when we were in Denver Abigail served what she called "Country Style Ribs." I had never seen these "meaty" ribs in our market until recently. This is how I prepare them.

Cut the ribs apart and put them into a large flat baking pan, with the oven pre-heated to 350 degrees. As soon as the ribs start baking, brush generously with your favorite barbecue sauce. After a half-hour, turn over, and brush again with sauce. Repeat again at 15 minute intervals. By this time the ribs should be well-done, tender and delicious.—Margery

FRICADILLAS

- 1 1/4 lbs. ground beef
 - 1/4 lb. ground pork (not sausage)
 - 1 mashed potato (average size)
 - 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
 - 1 egg (beaten)
 - Salt and pepper to taste
- Mix the ingredients all together and add just enough milk to make it very soft. Form into balls about 2 inches in diameter. (Do not pack the balls but keep them as light as possible.) Roll in cracker crumbs and brown in butter. Steam slowly in a little milk for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. This recipe will make about 16 meat balls.

My friend, Margaret Ellen Johnson of Chariton, Iowa gave me this recipe. It is a meat dish that her church Guild has served many times at church suppers. I served Fricadillas to my family the other day and received their whole-hearted approval. —Dorothy

SPECIAL ROUND STEAK

- 1 lb. round steak, 1/2 inch thick
- 1 Tbls. fat
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 clove garlic, peeled, or 1/2 small onion, diced
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 cup water

Rub meat with salt and paprika. Brown the garlic or onion in the fat, then remove and brown the meat. Add the 1/2 cup water and the Worcestershire sauce. Cover and cook slowly for 1 hour. Add sour cream and the additional paprika and cook for 15 more minutes. Remove steak and add the flour and 1/4 cup water to make gravy. Serve this gravy over the meat.

This is an exceptionally fine way to serve less-expensive cuts of steak.

EVELYN'S MEAT LOAF

- 2/3 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef (or 1 lb. ground beef and 1/2 lb. sausage)
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 1/4 cup grated onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. sage (if sausage is used omit the sage)

Soak the bread crumbs in milk; add meat, eggs, onion and seasonings; mix well. Form into one large loaf or into individual loaves in greased muffin pans. Cover with the sauce and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 45 minutes. A single loaf would take one hour to bake.

Sauce

- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 1/4 cup catsup
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1 tsp. dry mustard
- Combine all the ingredients and spread over the top of the meat loaf (or loaves) before baking.

DOROTHY'S CHEESEBURGER LOAF

Here is a meat dish that your family is bound to enjoy!

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 3/4 cup evaporated milk or thin cream

- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 2/3 cup milk
- 8 slices American cheese
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley

Mix together the beef, milk, crumbs, onions and seasonings. Shape into a 3 1/2 x 8 1/2-inch loaf.

Cut shortening into the biscuit mix, add milk and stir with a fork to a soft dough. Beat a dozen strokes or so and then roll out into a 15 x 10-inch rectangle. Lay the cheese slices over the dough and place the meat loaf in the center. Sprinkle with parsley and then wrap the dough around the loaf, sealing well except for the ends which are left open.

Place on a baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 55 minutes. Slice cross-wise to serve. This will serve 6 to 8 persons.

TUNA HOT DISH

A delicious casserole to fix with asparagus.

- 1 8-ounce pkg. noodles, cooked in salted water and drained
- 2 cups cooked asparagus with 1/2 cup liquid it was cooked in
- 2 flat cans chunk style tuna
- 1 green pepper, ground or chopped fine
- 1 cup mild grated cheese
- 1 can cream of chicken soup

Put layer of cooked noodles in bottom of greased baking dish, then add all other ingredients alternately, with the exception of the soup. Make little wells here and there and add the soup. The last layer should be of noodles. Top with buttered cracker or bread crumbs and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

HAMBURGER-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. fine noodles cooked in salted water until tender
- 1 med. sized onion
- 1/4 lb. grated American cheese
- 1 lb. fresh ground beef
- 1 can tomato juice (2 cups)

Fry beef and onions together in skillet until beef is browned and onions are tender. Add this to the cooked noodles and stir in the cheese. Pour 1 can tomato juice over all and bake in greased casserole in a slow oven, 325 degrees, for 30 to 40 minutes.

This is an excellent dish for those busy days when you are busy with house-cleaning or the week-day wash and can't spend much time in the kitchen.

OCTOBER REFRESHMENTS**RAISIN COCONUT TORTE**

- 1/2 cup of raisins
- 4 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Rinse and drain raisins thoroughly. Chop lightly. Beat egg whites and salt until barely stiff. Gradually mix in the sugar, continue to beat until it stands in peaks but is not dry. Fold in the graham cracker crumbs, coconut, raisins and flavoring. Turn into a 9 inch layer cake pan with a removable bottom. (If you do not have a pan with a removable bottom use a circle of foil cut to fit the bottom of the pan.) Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 30 minutes. Cool thoroughly. Cut into wedges and serve with whipped cream. Makes 8 generous servings. This makes a delicious and different club refreshment.

LUSCIOUS ANGEL LOAF

- 1 pkg. (10 ounce) frozen strawberries
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup heavy cream

Mix hot water and gelatin, add berries and cream and whip for several minutes.

- 1 angel food loaf cake
- 2 cups heavy cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Split cake into 3 layers. Fill between layers with set gelatin mixture and let stand until time to serve; then frost with whipped cream. (This can be made also with a tube angel food cake, of course.)

PARTY REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 3 whole eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 lb. fresh vanilla wafers, rolled fine

Cream thoroughly the sugar and butter. Add eggs and vanilla and mix well. Stir in nutmeats and drained pineapple. Place layer of wafer crumbs in 7 x 11-inch buttered pan. Add layer of filling, then crumbs and filling until all are used, ending with crumbs on top. Let stand at least 2 hours or more; then serve with whipped cream. Serves 15.

I served this dessert to a group of friends who dropped in one afternoon and they all thought it was delicious and asked for a copy of the recipe. As you can see, it is very easy to put together and can be made the day before serving. It is just as good after standing several days as when eaten the first day. I hope you make it soon. — Margery

KOPPER KETTLE SUGAR CREAM PIE

Line pan with crust, dot with butter, and sprinkle nutmeg on bottom of crust.

Beat one egg, add 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 rounding tablespoons of flour, 1 1/2 cups milk.

Sift flour, sugar and salt together, beat egg, add milk to egg, stir in flour and sugar mixture.

Bake one hour at 350 degrees. For best results, heat mixture thoroughly in top of double boiler before pouring into pie crust.

HOT MULLED CIDER

- 2 qts. apple cider
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1-inch stick of cinnamon
- 3 Tbls. honey
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 5 whole cloves
- Maraschino cherries
- 1 orange, sliced

Combine all ingredients except cherries and sliced orange. Simmer for 20 minutes. Serve hot with the orange slice and cherry in each serving. (Of course, you will "fish out" the stick of cinnamon and whole cloves.)

ORANGE-DATE NUT LOAF

Cream together until light and fluffy:

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar

Add and beat well:

- 2 eggs
- Sift together:
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder

Add alternately with sifted dry ingredients and beat until smooth:

- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 3/4 cup milk
- Add to mixture:
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 - 1/2 cup chopped dates
- Pour batter into well greased 1 1/2 lb. loaf pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour.

DREAM DATE BARS

- Combine:
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar
 - 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- Place in a greased 9-inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes.
- Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Beat in 1 1/4 cups brown sugar, 1/8 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. baking powder, 2 Tbls. flour, 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.
- Fold in 1 cup chopped dates and 1 cup chopped nuts. Spread over the baked mixture.
- Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Cut in squares while warm.

FAMILY SPECIALS**APPLE PANCAKES**

Some morning in October when you get up a few minutes before the rest of the family, surprise them with these delicious pancakes.

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 2 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1 cup finely chopped apples

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Combine the egg, milk and shortening. Stir into flour mixture. Blend in apples and bake on ungreased griddle. This recipe will make about a dozen average sized cakes so if your family is of any size at all you might as well double the recipe for they will disappear—yes!—like hotcakes!

BEAN SOUP

- 2 cups navy beans
- Water enough to cover
- 1/4 lb. salt pork, cured ham or bacon
- 1 onion, quartered
- 1 stalk celery, diced
- 1 carrot cut into pieces
- Dash of pepper
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste

Soak the navy beans in water overnight or for several hours. Add enough water to cover. Add all the other ingredients and simmer until the beans are done. Remove the onion before serving.

SOUR CREAM BISCUITS

- 1 cup thick sour cream, whipped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 2/3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- (Add 3 Tbls. sugar when using for shortcake)

Add the sifted dry ingredients to the whipped sour cream, roll and cut into biscuits. Bake in a hot oven for 12 to 15 minutes. The secret of these biscuits is SPEED! Don't stop until you have them in the oven.

VELVET CREAM SALAD

- 1 box of lime gelatin
 - 1 1/2 cups water
 - 1/2 cup very heavy cream
 - 1/2 cup salad dressing (Miracle Whip)
 - 8 marshmallows cut in quarters
 - 1 cup crushed pineapple, thoroughly drained
 - 4 maraschino cherries (if you have on hand)
- Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Whip cream and add salad dressing to it in same bowl—beat until completely blended. Now stir in gelatin. Add marshmallows, pineapple and drained, chopped maraschino cherries.
- Turn into mold to chill. This is an exceptionally smooth, delicious and attractive salad.

EVERYTHING IS GOING WELL WITH OUR INDIANA DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

While some unexpected peace and quiet settles over this house I am going to grab at the opportunity to type!

Katharine has just left with her Grandma Schneider to go to Bible School. She isn't the active foot-thumping noise-maker that Paul is, but when she leaves, Paul seems to fold up. He won't go outside to play and usually carries his "security blanket" around tight in his arms unless I happen to have the time to sit down and get him interested in some activity. Unfortunately, that isn't very often these days.

The Presbyterian Church held their Vacation Bible School late this year because so many parents had complained that their children hadn't been interested in attending when it was scheduled immediately after the close of the regular school year. This is the first year that Katharine has been eligible to attend since their regular classes begin with the five-year-olds. She has thoroughly enjoyed going and looks forward each day to another session.

There are 31 children enrolled in the Kindergarten Department and in the entire school there are 125 enrolled, which seems to me to be a good number. In Katharine's class they are taking turns painting at the easel; learning Bible verses; and learning new songs and games. Their teacher, Miss Gehrke, plans to make a mural this week using the handiwork of the children and then on Friday evening, the last day of the two-week session, all of the parents are invited to come and see what their youngsters have accomplished.

If the enthusiasm and interest that Katharine has shown for Bible School carries over into regular school I shall have nothing to worry about. She has popped out of bed on the first call, dressed herself rapidly and has even had her bed made *before* I got breakfast on the table! All of this speed only goes to prove what I have always suspected: that her slowness and dawdling isn't the only tempo at which she is capable of moving. She even eats her breakfast without dreaming off into space for fives and tens of minutes.

The biggest surprise of all though is when she has time left-over to make Paul's bed for me. I have tried to impress on her that since we have a new baby and Mother is very much busier than before we should all try to do a little extra to help. I have agreed that this extra help is worth token pay, so every morning I give her a penny and she is as impressed with this pay as though I had given her a dollar. She has earned enough money over the summer doing odd jobs for me that she was able to buy herself a twenty-nine cent pair of sunglasses and was she ever proud of herself! She told the clerk in great detail that she had earned this money herself making her brother's bed and helping pick up



Katharine and Paul Driftmier enjoy playing with their new baby sister, Adrienne, while Mary Beth welcomes the opportunity to work "unassisted"!

dishes after a meal. I am very pleased that she is willing to help and that I don't have to prod her to see the need to help. I can only hope that all of the children will grow up with an equal willingness to help. Surely they will since Donald is such a willing helper on any jobs that need doing around the house and they will grow up seeing us helping each other in our tasks.

This week the four other girls whom I have recruited to form a car pool to drive to Kindergarten are coming here for coffee so that we can discuss which day we want to drive, and I intend to bring up for discussion the subject of automobile behavior and five-year-olds.

I consider that I am quite strict with my children in the car, but even so Katharine and Paul occasionally get very loud and rowdy in the back seat. It seems to me a potential opportunity for five children, plus the driver's own children under five who have to go along for the ride with their Mother, to get extremely loud and rough. I feel that we should have an understanding among ourselves about what should be expected from the children right from the start so there will be no tragedies. All of the people in our car pool are very nice and dependable so I am sure that they will all be careful drivers. There will be four girls and one boy in the group. My mother has offered to come out to our house on the morning that it is my turn to drive and will stay with Paul and Adrienne so I won't have the problem of bundling three children into snow suits and dragging them out into the cold with me on winter mornings.

Adrienne is continuing to be a joy and a delight to all of us. Her colic is definitely easing. In fact, I would say that it is practically gone. Our family doctor went away on a long vacation shortly after I wrote you my last letter and I was still needing advice so I decided upon taking Adrienne to a pediatrician. He is located well out from town and not having to fight the uptown traffic and hunt for a parking place has convinced me that I am going to continue taking the children to this new doctor. He prescribed some medicine that I give the baby every four hours and it has a very relaxing effect on her stomach and has positively eased the colic.

As soon as Adrienne started sleeping straight through the night everything began to run more smoothly. If I do say so myself, she is quite an

unusual baby! I have never seen a child who was so responsive to personal attention. She smiles broadly and willingly whenever we go close to her crib and if we hold her and talk to her she tries her level best to talk back. She wiggles her tongue and crinkles her nose and coos and shrugs her shoulders in an effort to communicate with us. None of the other children have been such responsive babies and I take great delight in seeing just how much she will talk back to me.

She is eating quite a variety of foods now. She has cereals and banana flakes for breakfast and then a vegetable and meat dinner for lunch and cereal again for supper. After a feeding at about 8:30 in the evening she goes to bed until around 8:00 o'clock the next morning and this is what I consider a splendid schedule.

Last Sunday after church Mother came out to our house and Donald and I had an outing all by ourselves! We hadn't been out to dinner together since long before the baby came and let me go on record as saying that I thoroughly enjoyed the excursion.

Donald took me to The Kopper Kettle in Morristown, Indiana. This is about 25 miles from Anderson and it was a delightful drive. The Kopper Kettle is located on U. S. Route 52, and Donald says it is the same road that goes through northeastern Iowa. If any of you are planning trips east and are driving on Route 52 be *sure* to plan to stop here for one of your meals. This restaurant was founded in 1925 and is recommended by Duncan Hines in "Adventures in Good Eating," Gourmet and triple AAA.

We had a choice of country fried chicken (which is their specialty), steak, baked halibut and french fried shrimp. I chose the steak dinner because chicken is pretty much an economy meat around here and I have had quite enough of it at home!

We started our dinner off with french onion soup; then the waitress left large bowls of pickled beets, cottage cheese, cucumbers in cream sauce, and mixed greens for us to make into a large salad plate. After this came our steaks which were *delicious* and the balance of the meal, except for the dessert, was served country style. We had bowls of corn, green beans and mashed potatoes from which to choose. For dessert we had sugar cream pie which Donald says is a specialty of Hoosierland—he professes never to have eaten it before he came to Indiana. I am including their recipe that the head waiter was kind enough to give to me when I explained that it was for a magazine. I explained about Kitchen-Klatter and how I knew everyone would enjoy getting a recipe that had come from the Kopper Kettle.

This meal out was an extra treat for Donald because he had been dieting for several weeks. He is trying to get back to the weight he was when he was 25 years old and according to him that was 175 pounds. He has lost 15 pounds and has only ten more pounds to go. By the time I write again next

(Continued on page 18)

THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS TOOK A REAL CAMPING TRIP

Dear Friends:

"How are you taking all the peace and quiet? And what are you doing to fill all those long lonely hours?"

I've heard these questions many, many times during the past few weeks. Those of you who also have had your youngest child enter first grade know the familiar sound of them. Frankly, I haven't been aware of unbearable peace and quiet and the hours seem neither long nor lonely!

Usually such questions are asked by friends who still have children at home. I remember quite clearly when I was in that position, thinking that once all the children were in school, I'd have loads of time for myself. But that simply does not work out. It's just that instead of spending time helping a pre-schooler wipe a runny nose, you spend it taking your school-age children to scout meetings, football practices, music lessons, etc.

September 6th, when our schools opened, did seem as if it ought to be a special occasion to the four of us in the neighborhood who had our youngest entering school full days for the first time. We planned several weeks in advance to spend that first day at home "enjoying the peace and quiet." The second day we planned to spend together having lunch and window shopping in downtown Denver, a section of the city we visit very rarely.

Well, the first day was hardly peaceful and quiet. All of us have friends with pre-schoolers who came calling to see how we were making out so our houses were still full of children! The second day didn't materialize either—every church, club, charity and P. T. A. group scheduled committee meetings for that day and none of us were free to go out for lunch and looking.

One last word of warning to those of you who are anticipating the "freedom" of the day when all your children are in school. When that day arrives, you become fair game for every committee and "good work" group that has previously let you off. I couldn't begin to list the number of times you will be told—"Now that your children are gone all day you can't say 'No' to doing"—this, that and a hundred and one other things.

My own personal plans for this momentous September included some really diligent digging into the by-passed nooks and crannies of our house, some serious and determined clean-up of our neglected yard and garden, and several special sewing and cooking projects. You all know the old cliché about "The best laid plans of mice and men . . ." and that is just the position I am in now.

The work about the house accumulated because of our trip late this past summer to Grand Teton and Yellowstone National Parks. We were more than a little dubious about taking off by ourselves for eight days of camping with our very limited experience. But the only way to learn is to try. We learned a lot although we have a



Howard Driftmier's large expanse of lawn kept him busy mowing once a week all summer long. Some of his rose garden can be seen in the background.

long way to go before we become expert campers.

The first day we drove from Denver to the campgrounds on Fremont Lake just a few miles out of Pinedale, Wyoming. We took U. S. 287 from Denver to Laramie, then turned off on Wyoming 130 west through the Medicine Bow National Forest and then north to U. S. 30 and on into Rock Springs. It takes about 30 to 45 minutes longer this way but the forest scenery is most refreshing. At Rock Springs we went north on U. S. 187 which goes all the way into Grand Teton via Jackson, Wyoming.

We had been cautioned that during the peak tourist season the good campsites in Grand Teton are all taken by mid-morning. This is the reason we did not drive the entire distance the first day. We managed to arrive at the Jenny Lake Campground by 9:30 the next morning and were very lucky to get a delightful campsite.

Before we left Denver everyone warned us repeatedly about the bears in Yellowstone Park and how it was essential to keep all food hidden in the car at all times. However, no one at any time said one word about bears in Teton. The first evening there we had planned to attend the Ranger program. Just at dark the dishes were washed and all of our cooking and eating supplies were stacked neatly along a low shelf constructed by one of our predecessors.

I was in the tent changing into warmer clothes when I heard my family shout "We've got a bear!" I thought they were teasing, but they certainly were not. There he was, big and oh! so *real*! None of us had ever seen a roaming bear before and we weren't about to give him any argument. After much banging and pounding he managed to open our ice-box and wooden food boxes. We just watched him as he feasted on half a ham, 2 pounds of bacon, 2 pounds of

wieners, 1 pound of butter, a quart of milk, 16 eggs, a sack of marshmallows and assorted other tidbits we had thoughtfully transported all the way from Denver. When he finally moved on, we expected to find our equipment ruined beyond use. But it was only scratched, dented and dirty. That smart old bear wasn't about to ruin them and his future meals.

After a restless night, during which Alison spent all of her sleep running away from bears, we decided to drive up to Yellowstone and look over the park and camping situation there. After seeing the hordes of bears and how they roam completely free all hours of the day as well as night, we decided that we did not want to camp in Yellowstone. We also decided to move from the Jenny Lake Campground up to the Colter Bay Campground which is still in Grand Teton but several miles closer to Yellowstone.

The Colter Bay Tent and Trailer Campground is new, one of the Mission 66 projects. It has some features our family found most welcome—in particular, the tile restrooms which even have hot water. Other facilities include a general store, gas station, cafeteria, and laundry and shower combination, all operated as concessions, as well as one of the park visitors centers. However, you must arrive there early in the morning if you are to get a campsite. We were fortunate again and our campsite was located up on a hill and away from the mosquitoes. We were on the outside of the circle drive and had a large area with a considerable amount of privacy.

The high point of our trip was the day we saw Juliana. That morning we had enjoyed a two-hour boat ride on Jackson Lake. After lunch we drove over to Crystal Springs Ranch to see Juliana. We were terribly happy to find her at the ranch for we knew there was a good chance she might be gone on a pack trip while we were in the area. We had thought we would spend the time just visiting with her, but right away she offered to take us on a trail ride. The children and I were delighted and Wayne even agreed to join us. (Horseback riding is not his choice for recreation.) The time with Juliana was far too brief to satisfy the children but we realized that she is kept mighty busy with ranch activity.

We did not spend nearly as much time in Yellowstone as we had originally planned. We found so much to do in Grand Teton that we spent most of our time there—and still much is left for a return trip. Wayne and I found Yellowstone too crowded for our liking and the children too young to appreciate the features of that fantastic area. They seemed far more impressed with the obnoxious odors of the springs and geysers than with the uniqueness of what they were seeing. We decided to return in a few years when they are older and when we would not be camping in a tent.

We drove all the way back to Denver in one day following U. S. 287.

(Continued on page 14)

KOPPER KETTLE INN

More than a century ago, muddy-booted farmers heaved their wheat and corn into the bins of the pioneer grain elevator by the rails of the new Junction Railroad at Morristown.

Then, for many a year, dusty travelers on the toll road between Indianapolis and Cincinnati, including spurred Union officers of the Civil War and tired "drummers" at the end of the day, quenched their thirst, supped and slept at the Old Davis Tavern where once the grain bins had stood.

Today, in the same building, whose oaken rafters and wooden pins are as sturdy as ever, soft music plays, candlelight gleams on silver, crystal and carved teak, and the fame of Hoosier fried chicken at the Kopper Kettle has lured guests from everywhere.

The original building has been twisted and turned, ells added, porches attached, stairways built, patios and gardens planned until it bears small resemblance to its former utilitarian use. The rough beams and floors are hidden by pier glass, murals and soft carpets. There are niches with alabaster statuary, Dresden china and Chinese chests.

Within twenty-five years, the Kopper Kettle has put Morristown on gourmets' lists from coast to coast, as a stop on Route 52 where travelers can get something good to eat.

The management believes that courteous, attentive service and pleasant, immaculate surroundings go hand in hand with good food. So, the large, quaint house is a full-scale art museum—not of any particular style or period, nor a hodge-podge, but a daring assortment of artistic things from everywhere, interestingly exhibited.

You can get Hoosier fried chicken to soft music. You are served by a dimpled Morristown girl in a peasant costume. You dine from fine English china and drink from crystal goblets while a Dresden china couple smiles at you from one side and an Italian-marble Greek Goddess smiles from the other. A New England brass candle snuffer lies atop a Chinese table, while solid silver gleams in candlelight from an Italian Renaissance cabinet.

Duncan Hines had only the food in mind when he lent his recommendation in 1931, but the American Automobile Association was thinking of food, quality of service and cleanliness when it included the Kopper Kettle in its tour guides.

It all began in 1849 when the farmers of pioneer Morristown got together to build a two-story grain elevator on the Junction Railroad, a 25 mile stretch of wooden rails with strap iron attached to the top surface rather than the standard iron rails that are used today. This railroad served the community from Shelbyville to Knightstown. Then the railroad fell on evil days when the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad put through its line. The grain elevator became as useless as a dry cistern when the Junction was abandoned in 1858.

It became first the Old Davis Tavern which was purchased and operated by Thorton Rogers, great-grandfather of Mrs. Vredenburg, the present owner, and after his death in 1884 it was run and operated by his heirs and was renamed the Valley House. (In the Morristown Sun, 1896, "13 well-ventilated rooms" were advertised.) A big porch and a salesman's sample room had been added. Mrs. Vredenburg bought the Valley House in 1923 and changed the name to the Kopper Kettle. On a trip east she had purchased an assortment of antique copper kettles and these kettles explain the name.

The hotel operation was discontinued in 1925, and by 1928 she had remodeled the kitchen. Almost every piece of furniture in the restaurant is an antique, not only in the guest portion but in the owner's living quarters upstairs. The kitchen though, is as modern and immaculate as the finest hotel could claim.

More than 140 guests can be served at one time. In recent years the menu has been expanded to include broiled steaks and certain sea foods. Each chicken order is pan fried separately in country-type lard over an open gas flame. Last year's guest and reservation books show guests from each of the 48 states and from 19 foreign countries!—Mary Beth

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

This route doesn't have as many miles of colorless, barren Wyoming desert as the one we took up. We particularly enjoyed the color of the Wind River country even though it is anything but lush and green. It is also somewhat shorter, but we never were able to find any public campgrounds listed along here. This is why we used it only on the return trip.

The next week was spent getting everything and everyone of us thoroughly clean again. There are two features about camping which really impressed Wayne and me. First of all, it is a very inexpensive way to vacation once you acquire the necessary equipment. Second, camping, even with hot water available, is very dirty. There are times when you despair of ever being clean again. But there are also times when you are overwhelmed by the delight of a clear beautiful night whose complete peace is broken only by a crackling campfire.

Most sincerely,
Abigail

Oh, praised be turnpikes, superhighways,
That get folks there in one-two-three.
(And clear the back roads and the byways
For scenery—happy, slowpoke me!)
—Marie Dearth

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings Will Make ALL The Difference In Your Cooking And Baking

Everything you fix will taste a lot better —

And they certainly will save you money —

These are the twelve **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you should be able to find wherever you shop. Be sure to save the cap liners. They'll make it possible for you to get in on wonderful premiums.

Banana	Coconut
Strawberry	Maple
Cherry	Burnt Sugar
Orange	Black Walnut
Lemon	Mint
Almond	
Vanilla (both 3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)	

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage. And if you'll send your grocer's name, we'll get in touch with him.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

Shenandoah, Iowa

OCTOBER FUN

By
Margery

The children are back in the swing of another school year, so let's have a taste of it ourselves! Our school work, however, will be in the form of games—a game for each subject. They would be suitable for entertainment throughout the year.

Current Events

Divide your guests into several small groups. Give each group a copy of the same issue of a newspaper, together with a list of about twenty items to be found in it. On signal, each group starts the search, tearing out the items as they are found. The first group to complete the list wins the game.

Don't make the list easy! Have some very obscure items that might require quite a good deal of searching. Include such things as tiny ads, an advertisement, as well as national, regional and local news.

Science

Just how many names of trees do you know? Here is a good tree-guessing contest with just enough difficult questions to make it exciting.

1. What tree is nearest to the sea? (Beech)
2. What tree will help to keep you warm? (Fir)
3. What tree is used to describe pretty girls? (Peach)
4. What tree is used by carpenters for securing straight lines? (Plum)
5. What tree is found in some churches? (Elder)
6. What tree is used in kissing? (Tulip)
7. What tree belongs to the sea? (Bay)
8. What tree is the emblem of sorrow? (Weeping Willow)
9. What tree do we offer friends in greeting? (Palm)
10. What tree will hold things? (Box)
11. What tree is used in a bottle? (Cork)
12. What tree is worn in Oriental countries? (Sandal)

Spelling

This game may seem easy at first, but give it a try yourself and you will find that it requires some pretty deep thinking! As a matter of fact, it might be wise to have the players work in partners.

The object of the game is to build a pyramid of words, beginning first with a one-letter word, and working up, adding an extra-letter word on each line. The couple with the greatest "base-line" pyramid is the winning couple. I will give you an example:

A
TO
THE
LINE
EIGHT
SPACED
ERASERS
COUNTERS

See how it works? Each additional word contains one more letter. As I said, this seems easy at first, but wait 'til you get to the BIG words and it becomes increasingly difficult.



Kristin Johnson sets up a game of croquet with Vickie Good, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Good, and Allen Swim, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swim. Kristin and Vickie helped at the camp for handicapped children in Chariton, Iowa this summer.

Arithmetic

This is a relay game, but quiet enough to be played in the house.

Divide your group into two teams. Fasten two sheets of paper on the wall, one in front of each team. On the word "go", the first players run to the wall and write down a two-figure number. In order, each player runs to add another number to the list. The last player must add the columns. The first side to come up with the correct answer wins the game.

Reading

After the game of arithmetic, you may think you belong in Kindergarten, so we'll put you back there right now with a game in Nursery Rhymes!

Before your party, make enough dunce caps for all. This is so easily done with newspapers cut in half-circles and stapled or pinned together on the straight edges. Each player, as her turn comes, must recite a nursery rhyme and there must be no duplicates! That is where the "rub" comes in—if she can't think of a different rhyme, she drops out of the game and must don her dunce cap! The first round should be relatively easy, but with the second, third and fourth rounds, contestants will fall out fast. Never-the-less, some "smarty" will come up winner and will certainly be worthy of a round of applause, and perhaps a little token for her super-memory!

Geography

Scrambled words are always fun! For your geography lesson it would be appropriate to unscramble states. If you have time, you could scramble all 50 of them, but that would require a lot of preparation, as you make a list for each guest. Perhaps you would want to have only 15 or 20 to unscramble. Some examples might be: Ralficoina (California), Raeladew

(Delaware), Chamgini (Michigan). The winner could be given a map of the United States.

Music

It is time for something a little lighter, don't you think? I hope there is a piano in the house, but if there isn't, you could use a phonograph for this game.

The object of the game is to have bits from songs played for the guests to try to identify. You could give musical notes (made from construction paper) to the persons who first guess tunes correctly. The one who collects the most notes wins the game.

History

You could have your history lesson in the form of a political quiz. Some of these answers will be known by all, for there are easy ones mixed in with the hard ones.

1. Who was known as "The Rail Splitter"? (Abraham Lincoln)
2. What father and son were both elected to the Presidency? (John Adams and John Quincy Adams)
3. What President died a month after his inauguration? (Wm. Henry Harrison)
4. Which President is known as the "Father of His Country"? (George Washington)
5. Who was known as the "Rough Rider"? (Theodore Roosevelt)
6. Who was our youngest President? (Theodore Roosevelt)
7. Which President had the most children? (Wm. Henry Harrison)
8. Which three Presidents were born west of the Mississippi? (Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower)
9. Which President was a bachelor? (James Buchanan)
10. Which three Presidents were assassinated? (Abraham Lincoln, James Garfield and Wm. McKinley)
11. Which state is called the "Mother of Presidents"? (Virginia)
12. Which President had a wife named "Dolly"? (James Madison)

Art

When I was in grade school, the last hour of the day was reserved for Art, so this will be our last game. The assignment is to draw a Halloween picture in three minutes. Everyone must have a sheet of paper and two or three crayons, and on the word "go", hurriedly prove his artistic talents to the teacher. Choose someone from the group to act as judge and award a simple prize for the best picture. We did this at a party once when, just for fun, the worst picture was chosen. If you decide to do the same, be sure that the "winner" would be a good sport about it!

Refreshments

When we had parties in school, we always finished with treats. Years come and years go, but this doesn't change! While the judge is making his momentous decision in the field of art, you and your committee could start serving.

School's Out

(It's been fun hasn't it?)

Lord, help me to keep from making up for the shortness of my stature by the length of my tongue.

YOUR RADIO CAN BRING US TOGETHER!

Remember to tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning—and if you have lonely friends and relatives who don't know about our daily visit, pass along the word.

These are the stations where you can tune in Kitchen-Klatter:

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

Kristin and I left we felt we had had a perfect time.

Remember about a year ago when Kristin's Uncle Raymond gave her six little runt pigs to raise on the bottle? Well, those pigs all grew up and went to market long ago. But the other day Raymond brought her four more. She lost one, but the other three are growing like weeds. Kristin has a regular formula for them that contains milk, egg and syrup. They get an ounce of this every two hours. When they were real small she got up every two hours all night to feed them. Now they've reached the place where they can get through the night without a feeding if she looks after them just before she goes to bed. Of course since school has started, Frank and I have had to take over the daytime feedings.

Kristin spent the last few days before school started shifting furniture around. When we moved into this house we gave her first choice of the bedrooms, and she happened to choose the one that has always been the hardest to heat. During the school year she spends so much time at her desk studying that she decided to ask us to trade rooms with her so she would be a little more comfortable this winter. We were happy to do it since we prefer to sleep in a cool room anyway.

Frank has been busy making himself a tool shed. When we had the storm a year ago the wind picked up the brooder house, carried it over a corn crib, turned it around and set it down again in between the crib and the wash house. We don't raise baby chickens anymore, so Frank was just going to finish tearing it down when he had the time. The other day he started on it and decided it was still in good enough shape to repair. He has put some new siding on one side and a new roof. When he gets it painted he is going to have a real nice tool shed, something he has needed for a long time.

It is time to start dinner now so this must be all for this month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

accident or operation or other personal hardship comes upon us, we forget all of our reasoned, rational religion and act like little children who had been promised an ice cream cone for being good and instead got sent to bed without any supper.

Too often most of us forget that when Jesus spoke of heaven, he spoke of it not so much as a reward for goodness, but rather as the *effect* of goodness. The daughter who stayed home and cared for her aging parents, denying herself many of the normal joys of life to be with them, and in their last days truly carrying at times a cross unbearably heavy, would have heaven not as a reward, but as a result.

Had she in her self-pity cried out: "But where do I come in?" she would not have come in at all. For heaven is to have outgrown selfishness and self-seeking. If in caring for her parents she had not outgrown the cry: "Where do I come in?" she would have found heaven intolerable, and would in despair have wanted to escape it.

This past summer I reminded myself time and time again that the greatest blessings of life come, not at the end of the trail, but in our walking along it with our own and others' burdens on our backs. Living with others along life's way, forgiving and forgetting, holding no grudge in the heart, looking up, not down; lending a hand to lift a load, trusting in the ultimate decency of things and in the love of God—this is heaven.

Sincerely,

Frederick

GOD'S WILL

It is God's will that I should cast My care on him each day (1 Peter 5). He also asks me not to cast My confidence away (Heb. 10). But oh, how stupidly I act When taken unaware; I cast away my confidence, And carry all my care.

—T. Baird

DAD AND LAD BANQUET—

Concluded

the road of life. I won't say that son always takes the help and advice singing!

"Sometimes we Dads get a little self-important in our job as parent, and are brought up short. A father was telling his son all about the good times he had when he was a little boy—sliding down a hay stack, wading in a brook, pulling a joke on the teacher, going on a hiking trip, and tying Mr. Jones' cat to the clothesline. The son sighed wistfully and said, 'Gee, Pop, I wish I'd met you earlier!'"

"I'd like to dedicate this bit of verse to all the Lads here tonight. To us Dads, I guess our sons will always remain 'little chaps' in our hearts, even after they've grown tall.

"I can't lay claim to anything as far as looks can go,

And when it comes to learning, I may be rather slow.

But there must be something in me more than other folks see,

'Cause I got a little chap at home who thinks the world of me.

To feel his hand in mine, so clinging and so warm;

To know he thinks I'm strong enough to keep him safe from harm;

To see his lovin' faith and trust in all I say and do—

It sorta shames a feller, but it makes him better, too.

After all, it's easier up the better road to climb,

With a little hand to guide you and help you all the time.

And I reckon I'm a better man than what I used to be,

Since I got that little chap at home. He's copyin' after me!"

—Anon.

The remainder of the program follows as scheduled earlier in program suggestions. The toastmaster would ask for all guests to be introduced, followed by the awarding of honors, the girls' sextet number and the main speaker. You might want to include some group singing before the benediction brings the evening to a close.

DAD

He is the one who shaves each morn,
And leads the breakfast prayer;
Then kisses all the family
And dashes down the stair.
He works all day in some big place
Upon a busy street.

At dusk he hurries home to bring
His little ones a treat.

He reads the paper, smokes a pipe,
And talks so very wise.

He drives the car, he mows the lawn,
And walks for exercise.

He never seems to have enough
To pay the bills on hand;

And yet he manages to meet
Each family demand.

His kindness and his goodness are
His every thought and deed.

He's always where he's needed and
He always fills the need.

—Unknown

Some men make difficulties; difficulties make some men.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

points about things on the road, but it looks as if I'll have to put this off until next month because I do want to touch on daily life at home base.

We're in full swing at home and at the office. Juliana had a grand time at Crystal Springs Ranch outside Jackson, Wyoming and is now deep in the routine of her senior year in high school. She has a heavy school load once again, but it isn't as bad as last year since her 5th subject is typing. I had hoped so much that this year she could join me on Saturday to visit with you radio friends, but that dream went flying out the window when she was appointed assistant editor of the school paper. Every Saturday morning she is out of the house at 8:00 and doesn't get back until 3:30 in the afternoon.

This experience in journalism will stand her in good stead no matter what she decides to settle on for her life work. (I had to concentrate on all the favorable aspects of this Saturday business when it meant that my fondest dream, to broadcast with her once a week during her last year at home, went up in smoke!)

I had some help with the housework when we first settled into our remodeled home, but now it is up to the three of us to keep things in order. Scrubbing floors and vacuuming have gotten too hard on me, so this part of the housework I no longer attempt.

I love to cook, to do experimental cooking, and this is such an extremely time-consuming thing that I don't get as much of it done as I'd like to do. No one can throw on a regular meal any faster than I can (if I do say so myself), but *testing* something is another bracket of cooking altogether.

There is one thing I've had to cut out completely: typing at night. If I even glance at the typewriter out of the corner of my eye after 10:00 o'clock, I'm headed for one of these awful nights of twisting and tossing until daybreak. That kind of a night certainly leaves you in poor shape to start a day's work, so I've disciplined myself not to look at the typewriter, let alone touch it, after 10:00 o'clock . . . no matter what. I'm finding, as everyone else has found before me, that we are forced to compromise as we grow older. It took me a long, long time to face the fact that I simply couldn't do all of the things I'd whipped off ten years ago . . . but I'm facing it now and making my peace with it.

Everyone seems to be busy all the time, but if you can write to us and share your experiences we'll feel that you've answered our letters. I love to read good long letters! I'm always interested in *anything* you can take time to write. At least with letters back and forth we can get a good steady feeling that regardless of all the dizzying news about Outer Space and endless Time and infinite Void, we have our lives anchored in *human* contacts.

Faithfully always,

Lucile

PERSPECTIVE

I know not when or whence it came—
This recent revelation
That shattered preconceived ideas
Of age's implication;
But as my years accumulate,
I see with lessening fears
That persons who are old in time
Have just been young more years.

—Margaret M. Buhrman

LEANNA'S LETER—Concluded

or five hours a day. We wouldn't want to undertake a very long trip alone at our ages, but at least we know that we can still manage a 600 mile trip in this fashion.

My sister Jessie is in California now. She went by train to Keddie to visit our brother Sol and his wife, and then continued down to San Mateo to visit her daughter Ruth and her family. She made the trip at this time so that she might attend the wedding of our great niece, Jeanne Alexander. After several weeks' visit with Ruth, she'll go back to northern California for another few days with Sol before returning home. We'll be anxious to hear about her trip and the family news from that part of the country.

Margery and Oliver bought a bushel of apples and brought a big sack full for us. Mart loves fresh applesauce, so that is what I'm going to make with most of them. Howard and Mae stopped by with some grapes, so I'll make jelly in the morning.

I don't can as much as I used to when our family was still at home, but fall just wouldn't be fall at this house, if I didn't put *some* things up for winter use. Our basement used to be bulging at the seams this time of the year! There were always bushels of apples at the foot of the basement steps, as well as a bushel or two of pears; row upon row of canned fruits and vegetables, catsup and chili sauce; grape juice, raspberry juice and a wide assortment of jams and jellies. Now, the shelves are almost empty and the pantry will hold what I have canned.

It's been a bountiful year. Your letters are full of reports on the fine crops you have had and the quarts and quarts of produce from your gardens. We have much to be thankful for, haven't we?

Yes, "He never forgets a season, but has blessings for them all."

Sincerely,

Leanna

LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

So many people have wanted to make this beautiful pansy quilt that Mother and I figured out a way to manage the pattern and directions. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

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For the Children—Collectors—Spoon Racks—Pen Pals. Historical Teaspoons of Lincoln, Grant, Jackson, Washington, Jefferson, Teddy and F. D. Roosevelt—all new, silver-plated, full-size. Example—Washington spoon shows his bust, his name, that he was 1st Pres., in office 1789-1797. In bowl is modeled picture of Mt. Vernon. Other spoons made same, with scene associated with each Pres. in the bowl. \$1.00 each ppd.

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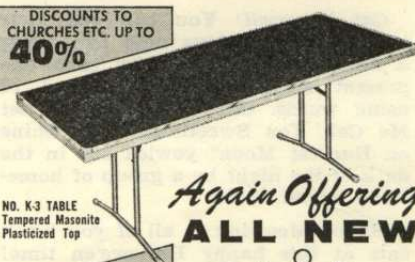
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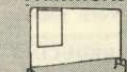
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BLACK CAT PARTY—Concluded

them to the children in a hospital or give them to a church school class for the children to enjoy. (For a children's party the youngsters would naturally take their own home.)

Cat Food: It would be most appropriate to serve milk at a cat party! You may want to plan your menu around black and brown foods as much as possible. Dark cocoa, chocolate cake, chocolate frosted doughnuts, gingerbread, chocolate popcorn balls, brownies, big fat chocolate cookies decorated with a cat face and the use of prunes and raisins will give you the dark touch you seek.

Small black cat baskets are easy to make by stapling a tiny cut-out cat onto crinkle cups or paper nut cups. Fill was black gumdrops, jellybeans and raisins. A plain white tablecloth is most effective as a background for cut-out black cats scattered here and there. Napkins can probably be purchased to fit in with the theme, but big cats colored or stapled to plain white napkins do very nicely.

Cat Farewell: You can end your party on a hilarious note by having a favorite song sung with each one present singing "Meow" instead of using words. Can you imagine "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" or "Shine on Harvest Moon" yowled out in the dark of the night by a group of homeward bound cats?

Happy Meowing to all of you black cats at this happy Hallowe'en time!

TO TURN IS TO RECEIVE

Say not God fails to answer prayer. Without Him, how could prayer arise? Without Him, could you pray? Be confident of that vast Care As powerful as good and wise, Which works in what you say.

To turn to God is to receive, But mortals seek and strive and call As on unwillingness.

Pray for a heart that can believe! Before you asked, He offered all, Eager and glad to bless!

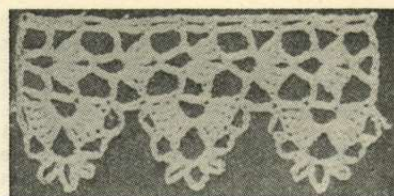
—Elinor Lennen

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

month he should be slim and trim! I'll let you know how he makes out.

This letter was written in several installments, so before I tuck it into an envelope I want to add that Mother and Dad Driftmier have been here these last few days. We were very much surprised and pleased when they telephoned about making the trip from Shenandoah for we had been afraid they weren't going to get here to see Adrienne until sometime during the fall. I'm so glad we got her all straightened out and in fine health before they arrived! Probably Mother will mention something about their trip in her own letter, so with this final installment I'll say goodbye until next month.

Mary Beth

**SIMPLICITY EDGING**

Make a chain of 12 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 4, tr in next st, ch 2, miss 3, tr in next, ch 3, tr in same st, ch 2, tr in end st.

2. Ch 6, tr in last tr made, ch 1,* 3 tr under 3 ch, ch 2, 3 tr under same ch, forming a shell, ch 1, tr in tr and top of ch, at edge.

3. Two tr in 2 tr (ch 3 for 1st), ch 2, tr under 2 ch of shell, ch 3, tr in same place, ch 2, tr in next tr,* 5 tr under loop of 6 ch at beginning of 2d row, ch 5, 5 tr under same loop, fasten in st with last tr of 1st row.

4. Ch 3, fasten in 3d of 5 tr, ch 3, then 2 d c, ch 4, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 4, 2 d c, all under 5 ch, ch 3, fasten in 3d tr, ch 3, fasten in next 3d tr, ch 4, and continue like 2d row from *.

5. Like 3d to *; turn.

Repeat from 2d row.

A simple and very neat trim for children's petticoats, towels and other articles. For an insertion to match begin with a chain of 13 stitches.

1. Like 1st row of edging, ending with 2 tr.

2. Ch 3, and continue like 2d row.

3. Like 3d row, ending with 2 tr.

Repeat 2d and 3d rows to length desired. The edging and insertion may be made wider, if desired by making 2 groups of trebles with 3 chain between and 2 shells, instead of 1.

COVER PICTURE

The road up Mt. Evans had been opened only a week when Wayne drove his family and us up to the summit. Although the road itself was completely clear of snow, there were considerable drifts to be seen at higher altitudes.

Echo Lake, which you see in this picture, is one of the most picturesque lakes in Colorado. It is much photographed, so perhaps some of you will recognize it. As you wind around the mountain drive to reach the summit, the lake is visible at several points along the way, and looking down on this crystal clear water, surrounded by tall pines and huge boulders, the view is breath-taking! Since the altitude is around 10,000 feet, the water is too cool for swimming, but ideal for fishing; we saw quite a few men with fishing gear.

A must for many Coloradians is to be among the first to make this drive after the road is opened for travel. The traffic was heavy and there were hundreds of people picnicking at the lake. As a matter of fact, it was difficult to maneuver into position to take this picture without including a few of them!—Margery

Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke the unused path.

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LOVELY 42" tubing pillow slips with lots of crocheting, \$4.75. Large embroidered dish towels, 6 for \$4.00; 7 for \$4.50. Cross-stitch gingham aprons, \$2.50. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

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APRONS—full - \$1.00; half - 80¢; cobbles - \$1.50. N. Danielson, 417 Grattan, Topeka, Kansas.

TWELVE cross-stitch patterns, \$1.00. Mrs. Duane Brown, Natoma, Kansas.

SHELLED PECANS, Pistachios \$2.25; Walnuts, Almonds, Brazils, Filberts, Cashews \$1.75 Pound. Postpaid, Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

OVERWEIGHT—lose 3 pounds weekly — no drugs, exercising—diets, formula \$1. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

FOR SALE—crocheted tablecloth \$30.00 Cross-stitch aprons, \$2.00. Pieced quilt tops. Mrs. Jay Haughtelin, Panora, Iowa.

GINGHAM APRONS, smocked, \$1.75. Cross-stitched \$3.00. Pretty cotton aprons, embroidered on ric rac trim, \$1.25. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

HOUSEPLANTS—ten different, rooted, labeled slips \$2.35 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

FOR SALE—embroidered pillow cases, crocheted edge, \$3.50 pr. Crocheted doilies, \$1.00 - \$3.50. Huck weaving pillow tops - 17" - \$1.00. Mrs. Mike Bennett, Arlington, South Dakota.

CROCHETED hairpin pillow slip edgings 42" - \$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edgings 47" - 2 strips - \$1.00. All colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

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CROCHETED—doilies, chair sets, table cloths. Quilt tops \$9.00. Hanky Aprons, \$1.00. Mary Wirth, Rt. 4, Newton, Iowa.

NICE SIZE trimmed print half aprons, \$1.00 Ad good any time. Mrs. William Schwanz, Vail, Iowa.

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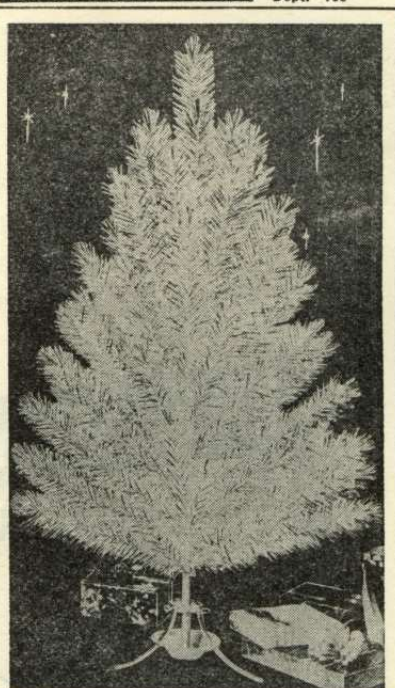
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