

TX1
K57x
C. 2.

1048

Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

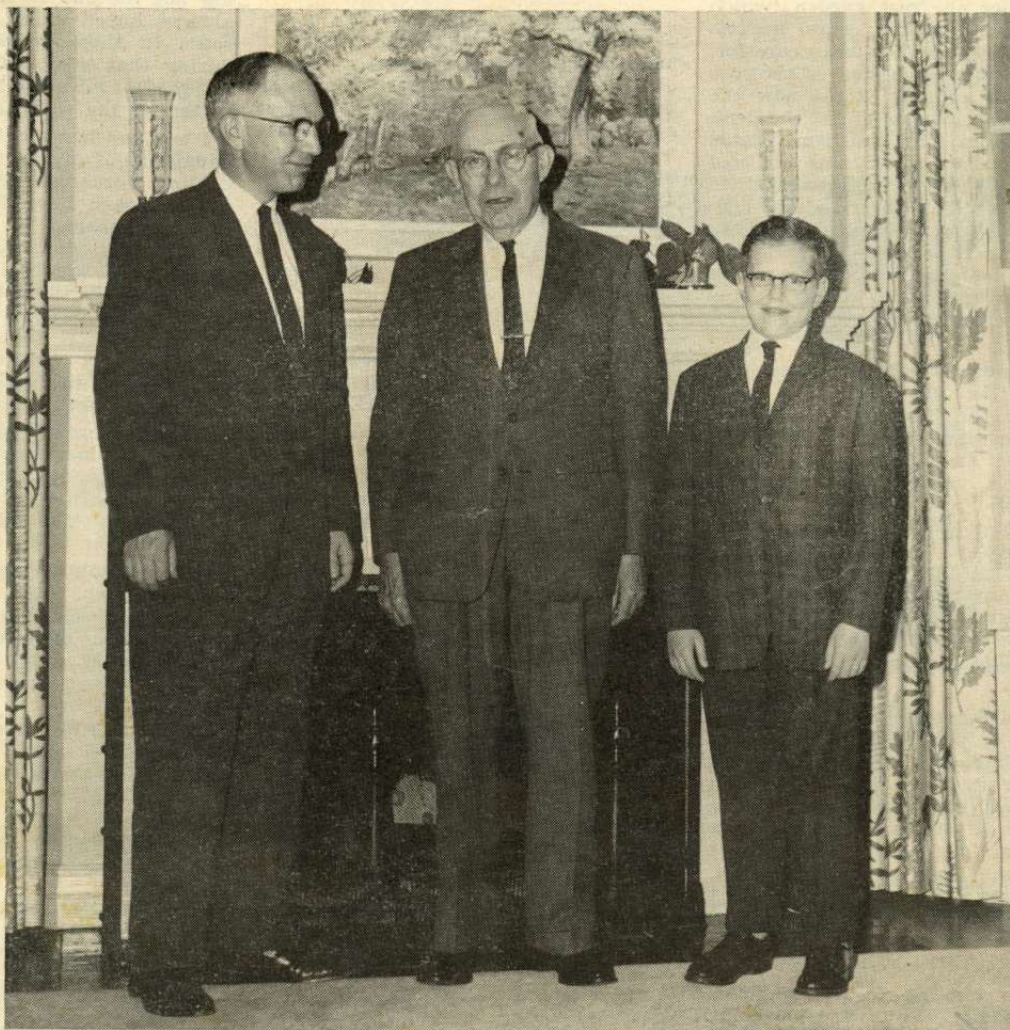
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 25

OCTOBER, 1961

NUMBER 10



MRS W E PEARSON NOV 61
302 HAMBURG AVE
ST JOSEPH MO



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.
Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

Copyright 1961 by The Driftmier Company.

Dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that it is time for me to write my October letter to you! These last months have passed so swiftly because they have been filled with countless pleasures. But I have only to look at the gardens to realize that Fall is well on its way.

I think that I have told you before that zinnias are my husband's favorite flower. Since our rose garden (which was enclosed by a low hedge) became increasingly harder for us to care for, we decided to replace most of the rose bushes with annuals. Right now the zinnias and marigolds are at the peak of their bloom. The late hemerocallis are gorgeous. Frequent rains and cool weather have surely agreed with them for the colors have never been so brilliant. We've had a wonderful season for growing things—no temperatures over 100 degrees, no hot, scorching winds and no "gully-washer" rains around Shenandoah. We feel very fortunate.

This has been the first summer in a long time that we haven't had to go down into the basement because of frightening wind storms. I'm reminded of the time when Dorothy was a wee baby and a violent wind storm hit Shenandoah very suddenly. In my scramble to collect Howard and Lucile to rush them to the basement, I completely forgot the tiny baby! At the height of the storm, I tore back upstairs to find her peacefully sleeping in her bassinet, oblivious to all of the anxieties that the rest of us were experiencing.

Mart's birthday falls in October and this year he will be 80 years young. His last birthday was celebrated in Denver when we visited our son Wayne and his family. Our seven children gave him a beautiful watch which runs on a tiny battery not much larger than an aspirin tablet. One of these little batteries lasts a year. It has kept perfect time and is still ticking away, and when it stops, a new battery will be installed.

We are planning to fly to Hales Corners near Milwaukee in a few days to visit our son Donald, Mary Beth and their three children. We've been waiting until they were nicely settled in their new home before making the trip. You might know how anxious we are to see them for these little grandchildren grow up so fast!

My sister, Jessie Shambaugh, spends many weekends with us and we have such good times together. Jessie loves to work in the flower garden and many mornings she slips out before Mart and I are out of bed. I can always count on fresh flowers in my vases—beautiful, unusual arrangements for which she has a special talent.

As some of you know, we live in an old established neighborhood where many homes are more than sixty years old. There are few changes in such a neighborhood, but this fall we have new families next door to us on the west and across the street. Mrs. Alexander, our neighbor on the east, gave a morning coffee party for them which was a lovely way to welcome them to our street.

By the time you receive this magazine, Juliana and Kristin will be in college. Kristin has been corresponding with the girl who is to room with her. There are so many important decisions to make before school commences—bedspreads, drapes, which shall bring a radio, which shall bring a record player. They already feel well acquainted by way of letter.

Donna, Howard and Mae's daughter, and her husband, Tom Nenneman, will be teaching in Shenandoah this year. The conditions under which they will work are quite a contrast to those of 1870 when my mother, Mrs. S. E. Field, taught the first school in Shenandoah. She came as a bride to the farm near town where my father had built a little two-room house. It was neither lathed nor plastered, but in no time at all, Mother made flour sack curtains and papered the walls with pictures and newspapers. That first winter she rode a pony over the hill to teach Shenandoah's first school. She wrote about it for the first annual put out by the Shenandoah High School and this is what she said:

"First, you must imagine a little house of two rooms standing all alone in the prairie grass—a family living in the west room and the east room, the school room, was but twelve by fourteen with but one window, a north one. There was a north and a south door, and a stove stood in the middle of the room. This first home of our schools held eighteen pupils at first, but as the little city grew, the number rapidly increased and by April

there were forty. The pupils were requested to bring chairs from home but in those days an extra chair or two, or three or four, was more than many a home could boast and so some brought boxes which were used both as seats and for holding books. One little fellow found a seat on a nail keg belonging to the woman who lived in the other room. The keg was half full of beans, which furnished our material for work along kindergarten lines, for all grades were represented from kindergarten to high school.

"Children were newcomers from north, south, east and west and had text books from all known authors. I was fresh from school work in Illinois and unused to such conditions, but I was young and happy, the bride of a month, and full of energy, strength, missionary zeal and love for children, and liked my task of laying aside books and teaching by the topic and lecture methods.

"I often think of those lessons taught, probably the first lectures ever given in Shenandoah. Whether any real educational advancement was made by those children that winter, I am not the one to judge, but I have always hoped that I planted some seeds in those bright young minds during that busy, happy school year of 1870-71, that made lives broader and better for the world and the Master."

I told you last month that the eight daughters of my brother Henry were holding a reunion. The party was a huge success. Josephine Field Nelson, who was hostess for the group, had spent days in planning menus and preparing food which she stored in her large freezer. With the main dishes and desserts ready for the entire week, Josephine knew that there could be more time for visiting. We will have a picture of the girls to share with you next month.

Looking through some of my favorite verses last night, I came across one that I would like to share with you this month for I have found this to be so true. It is entitled "Hills" and the author is unknown.

"The hills ahead look hard and steep and high,

Often we behold them with a sigh;
But as we near them, level grows the road,

We find on every slope, with every load,

The climb is not so steep, the top so far—

The hills ahead look tougher than they are!

And so it is with troubles, though they seem so great,

That we complain, and fear, and hesitate:

The journey is more pleasant than we dreamed,

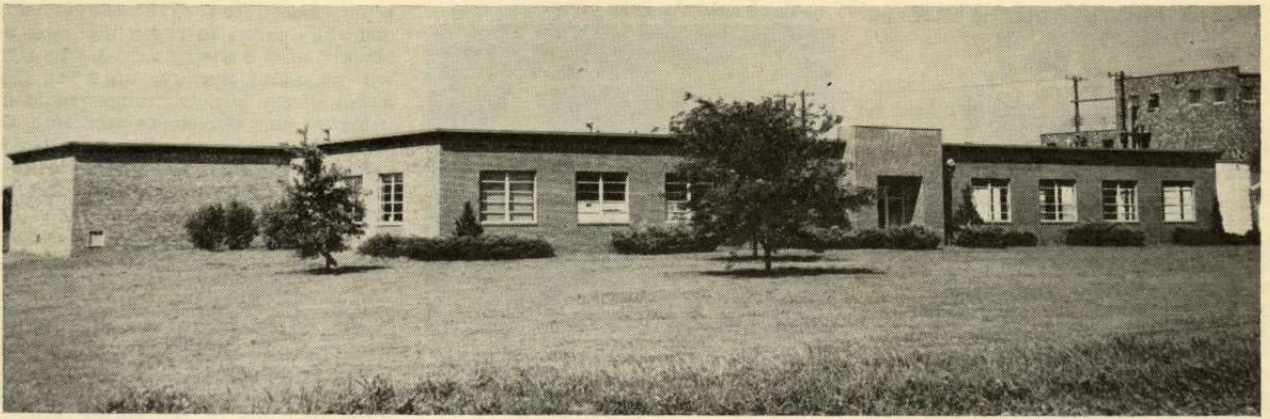
It cannot prove as hard as once it seemed.

There never comes a hill, a task, a day,

But nearing it, makes easier the way."

Sincerely,

Leanna



Here is the new home of our Kitchen-Klatter staff. It is a building impossible to photograph successfully because it's so spread out and rambling, but at least you can get a general idea. (The object at the right is the DeKalb plant—not an additional two story wing such as anyone would conclude unless he were told otherwise.) Our offices are at the front where there are many windows; our manufacturing and shipping are done in the wing at the left and throughout all the rest of the building that you cannot see in this picture.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello! Good Friends:

From the few snatches I've had of this day it has seemed to me golden and bright with a September sky as blue as a June sky, but even my hasty views do not deceive me: I'm a native Iowan and I know all the tiny and subtle hints that assure me summer is truly over and our Midwestern autumn is three-fourths around the corner.

The main reason I've had only snatches of this day is because we are packing all of Juliana's "stuff and junk" into the car in preparation for delivering her to Albuquerque, New Mexico where she will be enrolled at the University as a freshman. Tomorrow morning before the crack of dawn we'll be on our road—and a whole new world will begin.

Those of you who travel on U.S. highway 66 have probably noticed this university since it is smack on the highway and totally impossible not to see. I think most of us who travel with a destination in mind are extremely conscious of time and don't stop anywhere to "take in the sights." But if you go through Albuquerque in the future I'd truly like to suggest that you wrench out just a few extra minutes and drive through that campus. It certainly is not the least bit like any other college or university campus I've ever seen.

It interested me to learn that the finest buildings architecturally speaking, were built as WPA projects during the Depression. Southwestern architecture is completely different from the architecture found in other parts of our genuinely fabulous country, and in Depression days there was enough Time to construct adobe buildings with all the native beauty of magnificent carved wood in great beamed ceilings, doors . . . in fact, wherever wood was used. Such carving is totally prohibitive in price today and there are comparatively few of the wonderful craftsmen left. It would cost a tremendous fortune to duplicate any of this work in 1961, and since the buildings of a state university are constructed with taxpayers' money, it is necessary to utilize assembly line

techniques—and the final result is more or less what you see all over the country today wherever public buildings are constructed.

Juliana's generation can never have the slightest idea of all the furor and controversy that raged during the thirties whenever the very words "WPA" were mentioned. But those of you who belong to *my* generation well recall it. Unquestionably there was a lot of money wasted and scandalous abuse here and there; one phrase heard constantly was "they're paying men to lean on a shovel!"—(remember?). But on the other hand there were things accomplished that our country will enjoy and treasure for years to come. Some of the most beautiful picnic and camping sites in this country carry a bronze plaque that reads: "Constructed by the Works Progress Administration". And certainly the most beautiful buildings on the campus of the University of New Mexico stand as a lasting testament to the fact that the money involved was wisely spent.

By and large it has been an extremely busy summer in which Russell and I, plus all the people who work with us, kept our noses right to the proverbial grindstone. We're always hard at work, of course, and somehow always under heavy pressure (another general characteristic of our day and age), but things were doubly hectic this summer because we had the huge problem of moving all of our business under one roof.

It's bad enough to move a family and its household belongings, but moving a complicated business is *really* something. Yet our situation, business-wise, was exactly the situation of a family with one youngster moving into a five room house—plenty of room when you first moved in, but how about it when the family consists of eight or nine people and still the original five rooms?

Well, we found ourselves in the same spot and grabbed at every available inch; yet we lost a lot of time running between this place and that place, and eventually we burst the seams of every available place. People were almost standing on top of each other! I'd had to give up my desk at the Kitchen-Klatter office months

ago; no room for me at all. Russell's desk was the next to go—no room for him at all.

We couldn't keep up with orders for our Kitchen-Klatter products in the building where they were manufactured because there wasn't enough room to store them while we waited for trucks to arrive. Juliana worked down there for a while this summer, and one night she came home and reported that she thought we'd gotten to the end of the line—that it was pretty bad when people had to crawl underneath tables to get to things because there wasn't enough room to walk!

Well, no one could argue her point: it was pretty bad. So when the opportunity came to buy a building only ten years old that had been constructed originally by the Shenandoah Industrial Committee (almost every Midwestern town has such a committee today) for a St. Louis firm, we seized the opportunity. At long long last we could get everything under one roof—the whole kit and caboodle. Some interior remodeling had to be done to fit our specific needs, of course, and the minute one particular section was done we began moving all the equipment that was to be used in that particular section.

The very last thing to be moved had to do with this magazine. Dorothy addressed your September copy in the old, jammed up office; and the minute she was through and the truck came to get those magazines, we began moving all the files, the machines she works with, and everything else. If you think there wasn't a lot of rumpus and commotion mixed up with this upheaval you're badly mistaken!

We still have a lot to do, an awfully lot to do, but to compare all of this to moving a family—at least the beds are in and the stove is connected. But my! what a pressured and chaotic summer it has been. There were countless times when we wondered if we'd EVER get things all straightened out.

Yet we knew even at the lowest ebbs that it was all worth while because we're old-fashioned enough to believe that only when you make something yourself right from scratch

(Continued on page 18)

A SHARING HALLOWE'EN

by
Evelyn Birkby

If your community has ever had a collection for UNICEF as a part of its Hallowe'en celebration, I trust that you've had a chance to be a part of it. One of the most successful ventures I've ever observed was held here in my home town of Sidney, Iowa. As is true with most such projects, it took a great deal of cooperation and work from many people to make it such a satisfactory experience.

Starting several weeks before Hallowe'en, the Council of Church Women began approaching various civic and educational organizations about the project. This enlisted practically everyone in town. Once the decision to go ahead with a UNICEF Hallowe'en had been made an education program began. This proved to be more of an adult situation than child-centered! It seemed harder to convince some parents that their little ones would have just as good a time and grow in a sharing situation as if they went around and gathered an oversupply of goodies. Many in the community who had been getting a bad case of prejudice against the greediness generated by the usual observance wholeheartedly entered into the idea.

Letters sent home with school children went to each parent explaining the purpose of UNICEF and how we were going to handle the situation locally. Newspaper publicity was extensive. The local merchants were consulted, as they were directly affected by this change of pace in Hallowe'en buying.

Meeting places were designated for each age group. A couple had general supervision and planned a party and refreshments for each group following the solicitation. High school young people helped with the smaller ones.

Witches, goblins, cowboys, spacemen, ghosts, and all the other wild things which descend on this special holiday were out in full force when the big night arrived. Practically every child in the community gathered at his designated meeting place. Carefully supervised, planned to the last detail, each group went to the section of town especially set aside. (This kept any overlapping from occurring.) Where the porch light was on they knew they were welcome.

The children took turns knocking at a door and holding the collection box. When they had covered their territory they returned to their home base—some to church basements, some to school rooms. Here the children played games and concluded with refreshments. Tired, indeed, but happy from their exciting get-together, they reported an excellent amount collected. "Just think how much milk that money will buy!" Bob enthusiastically stated.

As I tucked my tired boys into bed that night I mentioned the fact that many little boys and girls all over the world go to bed hungry every night and how proud I was that they had done something to help them have food to eat. Perhaps because they shared their Hallowe'en treats some



Doesn't this call up memories of every Hallowe'en you've ever known? Evelyn is handing out tricks and treats to ghostly callers.

little boy would soon be able to go to bed with a satisfied feeling.

Anything we can do to help our children be less selfish and more thoughtful of the needs of others is worth all the effort it takes. Our attitude as adults certainly makes a difference in the way our children approach such an experience as the UNICEF Hallowe'en. I sincerely hope it becomes a program that will continue to grow through the years into a real tradition and one which many many communities will find it in their hearts to develop.

It may seem like a small drop in the bucket of world need, but every friendly act we do for others means more love, brotherhood and kindness in a world which needs these qualities desperately.

October is a wonderful month to share and to enjoy! I love it particularly after the first frost arrives to bring relief from hay fever and clothe the trees in their brilliant dress. Interesting activities go into full swing. Fall clothes are attractive after all the light materials of summer. Warm Sundays entice the family out for hikes and breathless picnics, knowing that all too soon the cold winds will halt such pleasant pursuits. Canning comes to a tapering halt and the joys of seeing the jars on the basement shelves and the squash, potatoes and apples in their baskets nearby brings a contentment which must go back to the time when the first man stored the first food in preparation for a day when he might not have any available.

One of October's frustrations, however, is trying to sweep the leaves from the front porch. Just as the broom coaxes several into a small pile and inches them toward the steps, a fractious breeze will gleefully move them back toward the spot from which they came. Leaf by leaf, square foot by square foot, the battle continues. Success seems near at hand when suddenly the wind begins to swirl round and round and leaves scurry to every corner of the porch.

Following the premise—if you can't lick 'em, join 'em—the broom coaxes the recalcitrant leftover bits of summer away from the steps and into the farthest corner. Now they have to be lifted bodily and tossed over the railing. At last the task is finished. The porch is cleared of leaves. As the screen door slams shut, an advance

scout from the tree above drifts stealthily down to begin the next onslaught of the enemy forces. The fight will no doubt continue until the final sweep of the last leaf makes room for bringing the Christmas tree into the house. Autumn leaves bring forth poet rhapsodies when hanging brightly colored on tree-laden hills. Autumn leaves bring forth exclamations of disgust when piled repeatedly on porches and steps.

With all the sweeping involved, I still prefer life in the country with the trees, falling leaves and all, than to live in a city apartment where such matters are of no concern.

Did you ever notice that the last birds to come in the spring are the first to leave in the fall? The martins fill the big apartment houses to overflowing in late spring and all of a sudden it is fall and they are gone. The happy, chattering busybody of a wren raised her brood in the tiny house swinging right over the chicken house door but one morning her bustling scolding had vanished. However, the bird families are not all gone as yet by any means. The blackbirds, which are quietly busy all summer, are now in their convention sessions preparing the plans for migrating south. The big tall cottonwood trees along the creek are their main meeting places. Such noise as they do make. And soon we'll waken to find them gone also. Thank goodness, the bright red cardinals and some of the other brave birds brighten our winter days by staying all year.

My vote for the most convenient situation still goes to the gulls who summer at Yellowstone Lake and winter in Florida. That's a real intelligent setup. Better than some people!

How To Get A Spooky Hallowe'en Atmosphere

To get a spooky appearance for your Hallowe'en party all you need is shelf paper, gray cloth and an electric fan! From the strips of white paper draw and then cut out witches, skeletons, goblins and cats about three feet long. Cover all the lights in the room with gray cloth. String the cutout witches, skeletons, cats and goblins from the ceiling. Place an electric fan out of sight, but in such a position that it will blow on the cutouts and keep them dancing.

(This decoration idea was sent in by Evelyn Witter.)

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

1. The value of time.
2. The success of perseverance.
3. The pleasure of working.
4. The dignity of simplicity.
5. The worth of character.
6. The influence of example.
7. The power of kindness.
8. The obligation of duty.
9. The wisdom of economy.
10. The virtue of patience.
11. The improvement of talent.
12. The joy of originating.

(Sent in by Mrs. L. R. Tiangco)

FREDERICK TOOK A GROUP OF YOUNG PEOPLE TO NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Friends:

We recently returned from the trip to Nova Scotia which I mentioned was on our agenda before the end of summer. In our church party there were ten youngsters and four adults. The young people had earned a Nova Scotia travel scholarship by excelling in their study of the life of Christ, and so you can well imagine that we had a choice group. Everyone was thrilled with the trip and we all had so much to do and to see that the days and nights passed all too quickly.

We drove all of one day to a little village just outside of Bar Harbor, Maine where we spent the night in a beautiful tourist home. Our party used every bedroom in the house, each room having two beds. If ever you should be needing sleeping accommodations in the Bar Harbor neighborhood, I most enthusiastically recommend the Open Hearth Motel of Elsworth, Maine. It is one of the few motels in that area where the rates are reasonable and the rooms most attractive.

Perhaps the biggest event in a trip to Nova Scotia is the crossing of the Bay of Fundy on the famous ocean-going ferry, M.V. Bluenose. How grateful I was for a calm day. Of course, there is bound to be some roll even on a calm day and two youngsters were a bit seasick for a short time, but long before the day was over and we were landed in Nova Scotia, they were running about the ship having a great time. I have made the Bar Harbor-Yarmouth crossing several times, but this was the first time that I had thought to take a private stateroom. I'm glad that I did, for it gave us the opportunity for privacy for our group that we never could have had in the big lounges crowded with tourists.

Our party stayed at Argyle Lodge, just off the south shore and to the east of Yarmouth. I have seen a great deal of this world and am sure that I've lived in some of the most beautiful spots, but I really believe the south shore area of Nova Scotia is as lovely as any place can be. There are about three hundred islands just of shore, and the lakes and rivers to the landward side are breath-takingly beautiful. Because of its hard winters, I wouldn't want to have a permanent home there, but oh, what a magnificent land to visit.

Argyle Lodge is privately owned and has some lakes and lovely streams on its own property, so we spent a good part of each day swimming and boating. The boys and girls liked to take canoes up the little streams that connect the lakes, carefully winding their way between fern-laden banks overhung with fir trees. One day we drove forty miles into the north woods to a large hunting lodge where we had a delicious luncheon and an afternoon of swimming and canoeing. I asked the manager of the hunting lodge how far we would have to travel through the woods before coming to the next human habitation, and he said, "The next house is just fifty miles away through the trees."



Frederick Driftmier and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier. This picture was taken in Frederick's home at Springfield, Massachusetts when the folks flew East to have a happy visit early in the summer. Incidentally, the object in Frederick's hand is an ancient relic from an Egyptian tomb, one of the many things that he brought back from the years he spent in Egypt as a teacher. Every member of our family has something very old and very beautiful that he brought as a gift, and in his own home he has quite a number of relics that his own two children, Mary Lea and David, have grown up with and come to love.

On two different days we went fishing out on the salt water, cruising in and out among the Tusket Islands. We had excellent fishing—forty fish one day, and sixty-four the next. I think that we had the most fun catching mackerel on fly rods. A mackerel caught on a fly-rod feels just like a trout, and what shouts of excitement the children made when they hooked one! When we stopped at a large island for lunch, we saw about fifty wild sheep. I'd seen the same sheep two years ago and had asked the children to be on the watch for them.

I'm not sure whether Nova Scotia should be called the "Land of Lakes" or the "Land of Churches". Never in my life have I seen as many little white-spined churches as in Yarmouth County. The fishing villages are very close together, and in each of them there is a church. We attended services on Sunday evening after having had our own bible class at the lodge that morning. The minister of the church told me that he conducted services in four villages, each village having either a morning service or an evening service every other week.

It was quite an event for that little church to have fourteen visitors from the United States, and since they knew we were planning to worship with them, they had prepared some special music and had reserved the entire middle section of pews for us. As we left the service, the new moon was coming up out of the sea—an impressive sight and beautiful climax to our evening of worship.

The only bad time we had on the trip was the day our son David and another boy, a bit older, got lost in the

woods. Now you know, the woods of Nova Scotia would not be the best place in the world to wander off the beaten path. Why the boys did it no one will ever know, but for some reason, they decided to take a shortcut through the woods. They were walking from the house at the edge of the estate where the boys slept, to the main lodge a mile away where we ate all of our meals. The two of them had gone only a few hundred feet into the dense forest when they became lost and started walking in a circle. When one of the guides found them a short time later, they were headed in the exact opposite direction from the one they should have been taking.

At the luncheon table that day, the guide talked to all of us about the dangers of getting lost in the woods. Let me quote a part of what he said, because this may come in handy for you or your children someday.

"If you are going to walk in a strange forest, be sure to take a compass with you. Know the direction you want to take to reach your destination and stick to it. If you do become lost, stop walking immediately. Stay right where you are until help comes. Your biggest enemy is panic. When people are lost, they panic and start running, first one way and then the other. If you'll keep calm and stay put, you'll eventually be found. Remember that the distress signal is three of something—three shots, or three whistles, or three shouts."

We had beautiful weather in Nova Scotia, much better than the weather we'd encountered on a previous trip

(Continued on page 17)

WAY BACK WHEN—

From "Mother's Hour Letter"
Thirty-Five Years Ago

If We But Wait

I've never known His mercies fail;
I've never known the wrong prevail;
As day will follow after night,
So every wrong will yield to right,
If I but wait.

Ay, when the shadows longer grow;
When midnight hides the way I go;
If I but kneel and pray for light,
An angel makes the pathway bright,
If I but wait.

What Makes a Home?

I asked my little boy, and this is what he said: "You, Mother, and when Father comes; our table set all shiny, and my bed; and, Mother, I think it's home because we love each other."

A Good-Recipe

In the morning take 2 lbs. very best self-control, 1 lb. justice, 1 lb. consideration, 5 lbs. patience, 1 lb. discipline. Sweeten with charity and let simmer all day.

Heard Over The Radio

If your windows rattle, put a little wooden wedge in at the side.

Never iron outing flannel but brush it thoroughly.

Pack away your silver in dry flour. Put a warm iron on an obstinate cover of a fruit jar and see how easily it opens.

Put a paper bag over the head of the food grinder when grinding dry bread to keep the crumbs from scattering.

Bake all pastry in which baking powder is used in a hot oven.

Clean tarnished silver by rubbing it with a piece of raw potato dipped in baking soda.

Add a cup of salt to bluing water and your clothes will not freeze to the line.

When ironing, put a thick rug under your feet and you will not tire so quickly.

(Editor's note: Many of our readers will remember using some of these household helps those many years ago and can truly appreciate what it means to have the modern equipment and products that are available today.)

From "Kitchen-Klatter News"
Twenty-Five Years Ago

The Housewife

Jesus, teach me how to be
Proud of my simplicity.
Sweep the floors, wash the clothes,
Gather for each vase a rose.
Iron and mend a tiny flock,
Keeping one eye on the clock—
Always having time kept free
For childish questions asked of me.
Grant me wisdom Mary had
When she taught her little lad.
—Catherine Cate Coblenz



Yes, this picture of Mother and Dad contrasted to the picture on the foregoing page, is evidence enough that many years have passed.

Leanna wrote in her letter in the *Kitchen-Klatter News* in October, 1936:

"I wonder if your household is like mine. I'm still waiting for things to 'settle down'. They have quieted down a little with Margery and Donnie Paul back in school (Margery is a Junior and Donnie is a Freshman). Frederick and Wayne are both in Tarkio College. Frederick will stay down in the dormitory this year but Wayne will drive back and forth with some other boys.

"Lucile is in Minneapolis this fall. She is assisting in the publication of a new magazine, 'The Mid-West.' She writes us that her story, 'For My Sister', is to be included in the O'Henry collection of best short stories of 1936. These will be made into a book.

"Dorothy is still working in the newspaper office and Howard at the mill. I don't believe I have left anyone out."

Ten Things For Which No One Has Ever Yet Been Sorry

For doing good to all.
For being patient toward everybody.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For being kind to the distressed.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For speaking evil of none.
For stopping the ears of a talebearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill-reports.

A Hiking Party

Meet at some home and divide into two parties. The first group starts twenty minutes before the other, dropping bits of paper to mark the trail which leads to someone's backyard fireplace, or to a nearby woods. After the second party has followed the trail and found the first group, a fire is built and supper cooked.

I Don't Want to Be Such A Good Housekeeper—

That I have no time to enjoy my children.

That I am too busy to be a neighbor and friend.

That my inner life shall starve and shrivel from neglect.

That my children's friends shall not be welcome even if they track in mud.

That an unexpected dinner guest will make me forget the true meaning of hospitality.

That I cannot find time to be a pal and a sweetheart to the Only Man in the world.

That my children shall ever have just cause to think I am hopelessly behind the times.

That I can become a still better and more efficient housekeeper by trying out new methods and labor-saving devices.

That I become near-sighted and fail to see that I have a housekeeping duty to perform in my community.

That a few specks on my window pane will blot out my vision of the stars.

That there is no time left to attend to my personal appearance—for surely it is as important that the keeper of the house be as neat and trim as the house itself.

From the Letter Basket

"Indoor meetings may be held one evening each month. Have group singing, short plays, and a pie social or oyster supper. A community sale always makes money. The members bring anything they have for sale — rugs, quilts, cakes, jellies, vegetables or fruits. Have an afternoon program. (I suppose they charged a small amount for this.) A small charge at the door admitted you to see the displays of old china or glassware, antiques, or quilts." — Madison, Mo.

"One Aid Society takes a pretty paper plate; types all the holidays around this plate, and in the center, the little rhyme —

'At each holiday time
Please place a dime
Under a golden Star, stick them
down fast,
And when the year is past,
Turn in the plates as they are.'

(On the back of the plate is pasted an envelope containing gold stars, large enough to cover the dime, and a piece of yarn is fastened to the plate to hang it up by." — Diller, Nebr.

"I have found that by doing my hardest work EARLIEST in the week and EARLIEST in the day, I have more time to do the things that I want to do. Following this plan I find my afternoons more free and an occasional day at the end of the week.

"Oh, I am not a No. 1 housekeeper, and many is the day that everything goes haywire, but if I stop and take inventory of the situation, I usually find where I have bungled things. And lastly, I have learned to count work accomplished not by the day, but more by the week, or even by the month. I find it helps."

THE STROMS TOOK AN INTERESTING VACATION TRIP

Dear Friends:

Well, we're off to another school year! This is a milestone for Martin, for he is a Freshman in high school and feeling mighty grown-up about it. Just before I sat down to the typewriter, I took a few minutes' time to watch the children walk past our house on their way back to afternoon classes. It was interesting to note the changes in these youngsters whom I have watched through the years. Last year one of the girls had long braids, but this year she entered junior high and I noticed that the braids are gone and short, curly hair has replaced them. I scarcely recognized one fellow, for he has grown at least a foot this summer! Time has its changes for all of us but certainly they are most noticeable in the teenagers. Remembering that the school shirts Martin bought last fall were size 16, I was simply staggered when he purchased size 20 this year!

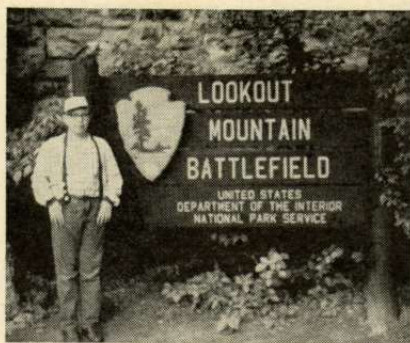
It was a pretty mad scramble to get organized when we returned from our vacation, for we had to cram a lot of shopping for school items in with the usual confusion that follows a vacation—laundry, cleaning, mowing, weeding, etc., etc.. Most of you know the story, so I won't bother you with the details of ours!

Now, I want to give you some of the highlights of our trip. There are so many things to tell that I know I can't possibly cover in this issue, so some of it will have to be carried over to next month's magazine. Mary Beth will tell you about the days we spent with them.

First, I might mention that we had previously decided to go west to continue some of the sight-seeing we had launched last year when we went to New Mexico. However, this being the centennial year of the Civil War, we changed our minds and decided that it was definitely the year to see some of the south. We didn't get into the *deep* south, but did take in some of the "border states". And, because I want to cover as much of interest as possible, I won't take up space with a detailed account of highways.

We drove to St. Louis, Missouri, via Kansas City and Columbia. It had been our intention to do considerable looking around in St. Louis but after a family discussion, we decided that we could very easily make a separate short trip out of that, and it might be a good idea to leave the following day for Mammoth Cave National Park in Kentucky.

To follow our route, we passed through the towns of Mt. Vernon, Illinois, Evansville, Indiana, Owensboro, Litchfield, Kentucky, and arrived at Cave City, stopping at a motel with a swimming pool. The pool was very welcome to all three of us after our long drive, and we took a swim as soon as the car was unloaded. This procedure proved to be such a pleasure that from that time on, we made it a point to stop at motels with swimming pools. After a nice dinner across



One of the purposes of the Strom's trip through some southern states was to see a few battlefields of the Civil War. They stopped at Lookout Mountain where this picture of Martin was taken at the National Military Park.

the street at Young's Restaurant, we enjoyed a game of miniature golf. This was the first time in many, many years that I had played the game and although Oliver and Martin beat me badly, I enjoyed the fun.

The next morning we drove north to Hodgenville to see Lincoln's birthplace. We make it a point to get up very early when we are traveling so as to see as much throughout the day as we possibly can, so we arrived at the national park just as it opened. How truly inspiring it was to see this famous historic site which we had heard of for so long! The log cabin is housed in a beautiful memorial building. Nearby are Sinking Spring, and the ancient boundary oak tree which was a landmark at the time of Lincoln's birth.

After touring over the grounds we returned to Cave City and on to Mammoth Cave. As most of you know, this cave is one of the world's largest, with miles and miles of cavern corridors beneath the 51,000 acres of the park. It is very rich in history as well as geology and natural beauty. There are a number of tours which one can take through the cave. We would have preferred to take the Historic Tour but it wasn't scheduled until quite late in the afternoon, so we took what is called the "Frozen Niagara Tour." We heard a colored slide lecture before the tour started which gave us a complete story of the cave in all aspects. I would advise that you do the same if you ever visit Mammoth Cave for it was most educational.

After lunching at the hotel, we left for Nashville, Tennessee by way of Bowling Green where Western Kentucky State College is located. Oliver and I feel that it is none too soon for Martin to see as many colleges as possible for it won't be many years until he is ready to start that part of his education.

At Nashville, we stayed at the Capitol Park Inn which is in the heart of the city and only one block from the Capitol Building. This was an interesting experience for us for usually motels are on the outskirts of cities. The parking facilities were on the ground level, very much like a city parking building, with the motel units above, facing a courtyard which contained a swimming pool, shuffle board court and other recreational features.

There was also a lobby and a lovely dining room.

Nashville is an interesting city and there are many, many things to see. We would have liked to have seen them all, but our time was limited so we had to select what we felt would be of most interest to us. The first thing we did the next morning was to walk the short distance to the Capitol. After a trek around the grounds, we entered the building and learned that guides were available for a tour. We were most fortunate in our guide for he had worked in the building for many years. It was *his life*, and he knew more history of Tennessee than I could accumulate in a lifetime of reading. Perhaps the biggest thrill for Martin was sitting in the very same seat that Davy Crockett sat in when he was a member of the state senate! Yes, the beautiful solid cherry seats are still in use. They made things to last in those days!

Another point of interest was our visit to "The Hermitage," Andrew Jackson's home. If I should start a description of this magnificent mansion, there could be no stopping, for everything in the home, the museum, and on the grounds is worthy of comment. I will mention, however, that most of the furnishings are the original items used by President Jackson and his wife. The family cemetery is in one corner of the beautiful formal garden which General Jackson had laid out in 1819 for his wife, Rachel. The tomb of General and Mrs. Jackson was built by Jackson in 1831 and was erected over his wife, with a vault for himself.

Our next stop was Murfreesboro where we saw Stones River National Military Park. This was the scene of one of the hardest fought battles of the Civil War. A huge military cemetery lies across the road from the scene of the battle and the oldest memorial of the Civil War is located just south of it. It was erected in 1863.

From Murfreesboro, we drove on to Chattanooga where we had made advance reservations at Chanticleer Lodge on Lookout Mountain. The buildings were of native stone and the furnishings were antique—a delightful place to stay. Meals were served to guests and I would like to add that the food was delicious. The lodge, which has been in operation for about eighteen years, was converted from a home when the owner of well-known Rock City, atop Lookout Mountain, saw the need for additional housing of guests who had come to see this tourist attraction and suggested to Mrs. Watkins that she might have the solution in her home.

Doubtless, many of you have seen advertisements for Rock City as you have driven around the country and perhaps you have been among the one-half million persons who stop each year to see this "Rock Fairyland". The trail, which is flagstone and engineered for walking comfort, takes you through a weird city of rocks with fantastic formations. Adding to the beauty are delicately beautiful mountain wildflowers, some of which were

(Continued on page 17)

ABIGAIL CONCLUDES HER REPORT OF THE TRIP EAST

Dear Friends,

As most of you know, Wayne and I traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific last summer. Nowadays, this can be accomplished in a few short hours by jet airplane. However, we chose to take longer for traveling and sightseeing and visiting. It will undoubtedly be far into winter before I finish reporting on all of it. I do hope this won't be tiresome for you since it is so pleasant for me to recall these wonderful sights and experiences.

When last I wrote, we had arrived in Washington, D. C. and the convention activities of the American Association of Nurserymen were about to get underway. The first event that Sunday afternoon was a tea for all the women. It was the traditional sort of affair with a reception line and the customary refreshments. There was one innovation which was most happily received. Instead of having the ladies either stand or sit in a stiff circle throughout the tea, the committee provided circular tables seating about ten. It was not only much easier to maintain control over your tea plate, but the atmosphere was more conducive to friendly chatter.

Following the tea, we were entertained for dinner in the Pen and Sword room of the hotel, then joined a welcoming open-house party for the entire convention. The latter was hosted by the Maryland and Virginia nurserymen and featured snacks and decorations associated with those states. As we were visiting with friends, Gretchen Harshbarger joined us for an unexpected and most pleasant reunion. We had not been aware that she would be one of the visiting garden editors.

On Monday, after the welcoming luncheon address, several of us joined a Gray Lines tour to the F.B.I. Building, the National Gallery of Art, the National Archives Building and the Capitol Building. The tour was satisfactory except for including the Gallery of Art which houses such a tremendous collection that it was frustrating to walk inside and have only minutes to spend there.

When we entered the Senate Wing of the Capitol, it was especially interesting to find a woman, Senator Maurine Neuberger of Oregon, seated as presiding officer of the Senate. Holding forth in a debate were Senator Smathers of Florida and Senator Kuchel of California.

That evening we had dinner at another famous restaurant, "The Occidental". While enjoying our lobster we tried to see how many of the autographed portraits that line the walls we could identify. On our return trip to the hotel, we detoured to see the Lincoln Memorial at night. Just as we drove up the skies opened and rain poured down and all our looking at this famous sight had to be done from the taxi through a curtain of water!

The next day found the women attending their second special event, a luncheon held at the Mayflower Hotel.

The program was given by a lady from Virginia whose subject was her business of drying and arranging flowers and foliage. Unfortunately, she spoke with a heavy Virginia accent making it extremely difficult for many of us to understand her. Late that afternoon, we were invited to a reception given by some of his nursery constituents from Minnesota honoring the Secretary of Agriculture, Orville Freeman. Following this, we were dinner guests at "Blackie's House of Beef" for another delicious meal.

On Wednesday morning Ruth Wilmore and I joined the long, long, line to tour the White House. We shouldn't have been discouraged by the length of the line; it moved very fast. Visitors were hustled through the White and Gold Ballroom, the Blue Room, Green Room, main entrance and reception hall. We thought the chandeliers and piano in the ballroom were magnificent.

Washington was typically hot and humid and upon learning there was a matinee performance that afternoon of "The Music Man", I gave up all thought of further sightseeing. We have played our recording of this Iowa musical time and time again. It was most enjoyable and especially nostalgic for those of us who hail from the Midwest.

The convention closed that evening following the Past Presidents' Banquet and Ball. What a happy experience it was for us.

We slept later than usual on Thursday because our train for New York didn't leave until noon. This trip took us through Baltimore, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Trenton and Newark, to mention only the major cities, before arriving at Penn Station. It was impressive to see the great factories where so many of the products we use are manufactured. The sheer magnitude of the concentrated industry of the East is unforgettable even though it isn't often beautiful scenery.

Our headquarters in New York was the Hotel Astor which is located at the busy intersection of Broadway and Times Square. Our room was quiet and cool in spite of the teeming throngs of people and a heat wave. The busy round of activity started that evening with a wonderful meal at Sardi's before attending "Camelot". The scenery and costumes are outstanding and the music quite lovely in this hit. However we did find the second act something of a letdown. After the final curtain we joined the crowds filling the broad sidewalks to walk along "The Great White Way".

Wayne and Scott Wilmore had arranged to inspect a very fine private collection of evergreens on Friday. Ruth and I planned to window-shop along 5th Avenue but after being given free tickets to see the television show "Camouflage", we decided to start out there. If you are interested in seeing a television program produced "live", it is relatively easy to secure tickets for the daytime shows. However, for the popular evening shows, tickets must be obtained weeks or months in advance.

After this delay, Ruth and I did manage to cover 5th Avenue from 58th to 44th St. Particularly outstanding was the special exhibit of Steuben glass. All of the pieces on display are owned or have been presented to heads of state throughout the world. Dessert and tea in the French cafe in Rockefeller Plaza provided a welcome rest to our hot, tired feet. There is so much to see along this famous avenue that women could entertain themselves indefinitely, but I imagine men would be bored by so much "just looking".

After dinner that evening at Jack Dempsey's restaurant, we went on to see Meredith Willson's latest success, "The Unsinkable Molly Brown", which has a famous Coloradoan in the center of the plot. We were very disappointed that Tammy Grimes, the star, was on vacation but the show is rousing good entertainment.

Saturday morning we boarded a vessel of the Hudson River Day Line for a three-hour trip around Manhattan Island. Our guide was very competent—most interesting and informative. We saw several large ships in port besides the buildings, bridges and activities of this great city. I was particularly impressed with the tremendous slum-clearance projects. At the conclusion of our "voyage", Wayne and I left the United States to step onto the only soil within our boundaries which does not belong to our country—The United Nations. Again, we joined a guided tour as we have found this to be the most efficient way to learn the special features of whatever we are seeing. This is a beautiful place, the activities within it are so important and the people are *fascinating!*

Several months ago, we were intrigued by an advertisement in a magazine for "The Westerner" restaurant. We were delighted with the food although it was surprising to find cowboy-dressed waiters speaking with Italian accents! From here, we went on to enjoy the tremendous vitality and warmth of Mary Martin in "The Sound of Music".

Our last day in New York started with a tour of Rockefeller Center. Wayne and I then boarded a commuter train to Hartsdale, New York, to visit two beloved cousins of mine. They gave us an extensive horticultural tour of two fine old estates. After a delicious dinner, there was barely time to catch the last train back to the city where we boarded our train for Chicago and then on to Red Oak.

Mae and Howard met us late the following evening and we had one of those beautiful clear balmy summer nights for the drive back to Shenandoah. The children could hardly wait to tell us about the wonderful time they had had during our absence. The family couldn't have treated visiting royalty any better! Surely, the memory of this happy visit will endure throughout their lives.

We visited in Shenandoah one day and then headed south and west to Kansas to drive back to Denver on U.S. 36. It was a weary group of five that climbed out of the car at home

(Continued on page 17)

A LETTER FROM THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

The sand-underfoot-season is almost behind me! I thoroughly believe in the sandbox as a good safe means of entertainment for little children but there are occasions when I shake my head in wonderment at myself for tolerating its presence. For instance, when I've worked my way through the house dustmopping and sweeping only to have our small boy kick off his shoes in the middle of his bedroom, scattering thousands of gritty grains from wall-to-wall, *then*, I wonder. And when I load the washing machine with such haste that a sandy pocket or cuff passes me by, and all of the clothing comes out a bit sandy, *then*, I wonder, too!

As the days grow cooler, the children's time outside will be less and less, and as a result, the house will soon begin to stay cleaner. As I've mentioned before, we've had the added problem of tracked-in dirt. Such is the problem of a new home and yard and next year, we'll have forgotten that such problems existed. But right now, we have dirt, dirt, dirt and more dirt. In fact, 56 loads of fill dirt were trucked onto our property so changing the topography that I doubt if the former owners would recognize their home.

Donald was really faced with a big yard to landscape and even though he had professional help with bulldozers to give the yard some rough shaping, he still had hours and hours of work to do single-handed. Because the house is of a split-level construction, the ground level immediately outside the kitchen door and the level down below at the family room door are totally different. In order to compensate for these two levels and hold the dirt back so that it wouldn't wash away, Donald decided to put in stone terraces. Sixteen tons of Lannon stone (or limestone, as we call it in Indiana) were trucked into our backyard. Thus far, Donald has completed two slowly curving walls that run parallel to one another. They form a slight half-circle about ten and fifteen feet out from the back door and they stand about five feet and three feet in height. Considering that he's an amateur, Donald has done a noteworthy job.

Since I wrote last, I've had what will probably be my last visit to Anderson, Indiana, our former home, until Christmas. We stayed with my mother, of course, and had a delightful time with relatives and friends. Donald was able to manage his work schedule so that he could make his regular visit to the Anderson office at the time I could go. I packed clothing for a four-day stay at the end of which Donald planned to return for us. However, things piled up in such a manner that Donald couldn't come for us for two weeks! Poor little Paul was thoroughly confused by it all for we had gone through such a stay at Mother's before when the result was that a moving van arrived. I'm certain that he was expecting this visit to end up with another move!



When we saw this new picture of Donald's and Mary Beth's three youngsters we were struck with the fact that all of a sudden Katharine seems very, very grown up! Certainly she looks like "big sister" when contrasted with her brother Paul and her baby sister, Adrienne. Paul looks like a carbon copy of his father at that age, but Adrienne is a carbon copy of her mother. (Mary Beth tells us that she didn't know what trouble really was when it came to taking pictures until Adrienne faced the camera! Katharine and Paul always "co-operated," but Adrienne "freezes solid" whenever anyone appears with a camera.)

Adrienne exercised her climbing muscles up and down Mother's steps and now that we're home again, she has nicely mastered our longer flights. I've tucked the gates back into the closet for she is determined to go with Katharine and Paul on their millions of trips up and down the steps. She is a perfect example of the little "tag-along" who tries to keep up with the older children. Despite the fact that Paul is three years younger than Katharine, he is muscular and manages to play with Katharine with very little lag, but Adrienne's predicament is too often pitiful. She insists on trying to follow them through the yard or about the house and the number of times she stumbles and falls, only to pick herself up and struggle to keep up with the "gang" are too numerous to count.

We had a very pleasant visit from the Stroms (Oliver, Margery and Martin) when they stopped by while on their vacation. Margery said that she would be writing about their trip, but that I should tell you this part for it was unlikely that she could get this far in her telling.

Despite the fact that we have a house which will accommodate guests, we don't as yet have enough beds. The problem was overcome, however, because the Stroms were aware of this and brought sleeping bags. We turned the lower level of the house over to them and unusual as the conditions were, we all seemed to have a fine time.

The first evening they were here, we drove north of Milwaukee to Port Washington where we ate at the nationally famous Smith Brothers' Fish

Shanty. It was a rewarding long drive across Milwaukee because the food was prepared perfectly and was served in a charming atmosphere. There were a few dishes mentioned on the menu for "the landlubbers who preferred not to indulge in fish" but none of us were so inclined. Fish dishes are their long suit and we would have been foolish to have ordered anything else. Donald, Oliver and Margery went on to a major league baseball game after dinner, while I returned home with the children. We had a big day ahead of us and wanted to steer the youngsters into bed as soon as possible.

Following breakfast the next morning, we packed a picnic lunch and went to the beach. By going far enough north of the city and the Milwaukee River, we were able to find water and a beach which held no worries of contamination from industrial wastes. As a matter of fact, beaches are marked along Lake Michigan as to whether swimming is safe or unsafe. We checked by telephone and learned that Doctor's Park, a part of the Milwaukee County Park System, was open for swimming. There was considerable hiking to deal with from the parking area to the water, but the beach was *beautiful*, so it was worth the walk.

Before lunch, Donald took Martin, Katharine and Paul into the water. I removed Adrienne's shoes and socks, thinking that she would enjoy the warm sand with her little bare feet, but she had noticed the others in the water and the minute I let her loose, she dashed toward the water as fast as her unsteady feet could carry her.

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes Tested

by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

SWEETS FOR THE LUNCHBOX

CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 egg
2 ozs. chocolate, melted and cooled
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 cup milk
1/2 cup nut meats
Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs, chocolate and vanilla. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Lastly, add nut meats. Form in rolls and wrap in waxed paper to chill thoroughly. Slice thin and bake for 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven.

BANANA OATMEAL COOKIES

3/4 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup mashed ripe bananas
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
1 cup quick oats
1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
3/4 tsp. cinnamon
Cream sugar and shortening. Add egg, banana and banana flavoring and beat well. Add oats and nuts. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheet and bake at 400 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

CHEWY BUTTERSCOTCH BARS

1/2 cup butter
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup nuts
Melt the butter and sugar together in a saucepan. Bring to a boil over low heat, stirring constantly. Cool slightly. Add the eggs one at a time and beat well. Add the flour, baking powder, flavoring and nuts. Pour into a greased 9 by 13 by 2 pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool and then cut into bars. This makes a very rich, chewy, fine tasting bar cookie.

SOUR CREAM OATMEAL COOKIES

1 1/4 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup nutmeats (optional)
2/3 cup rolled oats
Sift the dry ingredients together. Cream the butter and sugar, add egg, and blend. Add flavorings. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the sour cream. Lastly, fold in the raisins, nuts and rolled oats. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 350 degrees.
This is not a large recipe, but can easily be doubled.

BUTTERSCOTCH-PINEAPPLE COOKIES

1/2 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 cup butterscotch chips
1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained
2 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. soda (scant)
1/2 tsp. salt
Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and flavorings and mix well. Add chips and pineapple. Sift dry ingredients and add to mixture. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

BEST EVER CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

1 cup vegetable shortening
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups flour
2 tsp baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1 12-ounce pkg. chocolate chips
Cream together the shortening, brown sugar and white sugar. Add the eggs and vanilla and beat well. Sift together and add the flour, baking powder and salt. Lastly, stir in the chocolate chips. Nut meats may also be added at this point, if desired. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

This is a generous recipe and should produce about 5 dozen cookies.

PEANUT BUTTER BARS

1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
1/4 cup butter or margarine
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 cup flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt

Melt School Day peanut butter and butter or margarine in medium sized pan. Remove from heat and stir in sugar thoroughly. Add egg and Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add to the mixture. Blend very well and then pour into a greased 8-inch square cake pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and cut into squares. These were quick and easy to make. Martin and his gang of boys made way with them in no time at all.

COCONUT COOKIES FOR THE LUNCHBOX

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
1 cup vegetable shortening
2 eggs
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
1 cup coconut
2 cups corn flakes
Cream sugars with shortening, adding eggs and flavoring; then add dry ingredients sifted together. Lastly, add the coconut and corn flakes. Drop on lightly greased cookie sheet and bake in 350 degree oven 8 to 10 minutes.

MAPLE-DATE CAKE

2 tsp. soda
2 1/2 cups chopped dates
2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar
3/4 cup butter or margarine
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tsp. salt
2 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
Sprinkle the soda over the dates. Add the boiling water and mix thoroughly. Cream the shortening and sugar. Stir in the beaten eggs, and add salt, flour and flavorings. Add this to the date mixture and blend well. Pour into greased 9 1/2 x 13-inch pan. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake about 35 minutes longer.
This is good served either warm or cold with whipped cream. A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring added to the whipped cream is different and delicious.

HEARTY FALL DISHES**CHILI**

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 small white onion, chopped fine
- 1 green pepper, chopped fine
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 tsp. salt
- 6 stalks celery, chopped fine
- 1 tsp chili pepper
- 1/2 can tomato paste
- 1 can tomatoes (1 lb. 12 oz. size)
- 2 cans (1 lb. size) kidney beans

Brown onion in enough oil to keep it from burning. Add pepper and meat and brown. Then add salt, paprika, chili powder while meat browns. Add celery, tomato paste and canned tomatoes. Simmer for about 1 hour. Add the beans about 1/2 hour before serving and simmer over low heat. The longer the chili stands, the better it gets.

—Juliana

CHERRY SALAD

- 1 No. 2 can pineapple (chunks or tidbits)
- 1 No. 2 1/2 can bing cherries
- 2 boxes cherry gelatin
- Juice from fruit
- Coke or rootbeer or 7-Up
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 cup pecans

Drain the fruit and bring juice to boiling point. Measure the juice and add enough coke, rootbeer or 7-Up to make up the necessary 4 cups of liquid in which you dissolve the cherry gelatin. Add the Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring. Chill until the gelatin starts to congeal, then add the pineapple, cherries and pecans.

CHICKEN-CHEESE CASSEROLE

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 cups cooked chicken, diced
- 3/4 cup peas, drained
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/3 cup shredded cheese

Mix together the soup, milk, salt and pepper. Stir in the diced chicken and the peas. Pour into an ungreased casserole and bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes. While this is baking, beat the egg whites until foamy. Sprinkle in the cream of tartar and continue beating until the whites hold soft peaks. Beat the egg yolks and stir in the cheese. Lightly fold the yolks into the whites and spread over the hot chicken. Return to oven and bake about 40 minutes longer.

BEETS IN SOUR SAUCE

Add 2 tablespoons of flour to 1 cup of thick sour cream. Cook in top of double boiler until thickened, stirring constantly. Add 1 tablespoon of prepared horseradish and 1 teaspoon of vinegar. Salt and pepper to taste. Add 3 cups of sliced (or diced) cooked beets, drained. Reheat, stirring constantly. Serves 4 to 6.

HAM AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups coarsely ground ham
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 8-ounce package of noodles
- 1/4 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter

Cook noodles in salted, boiling water. Drain. Put a layer of noodles in a greased casserole. Then add a layer of ham and half of the grated cheese. Top with another layer of noodles, ham and cheese. Mix soup and milk and pour over noodles. Dot with butter and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes.

Baked ham is a wonderful meat to have when there is a house full of company around. The first meal is always delicious and the leftovers are useful and versatile for later appearances. Abigail sent this recipe and says that it makes a filling and delicious main dish with very little time and effort involved in preparation.

PEANUT BUTTER MUFFINS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup raisins, chopped

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in peanut butter until mixture is of consistency of corn meal. Combine egg and milk and stir into first mixture with raisins, stirring only until all ingredients are moistened. Place in greased muffin pans. Bake in hot oven, 400 to 425 degrees, for 15 minutes or until muffins are brown and done. Makes 12 medium sized muffins.

BEANS AND BARBECUED MEAT BALLS

- 1 pound ground beef
- 1/2 pound lean ground pork
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/4 tsp. onion salt
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/3 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 large can pork and beans
- Barbecue sauce

Combine all the ingredients except the beans and barbecue sauce. Form into small balls and brown in hot fat over medium heat. Place the beans in a greased oven casserole. Arrange the meat balls on top of the beans and cover with barbecue sauce. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes. Uncover and bake about 40 minutes longer.

Barbecue Sauce

- 1/2 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup chopped onions
- Few drops Tabasco sauce

Combine ingredients and bring to a boil. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally.

MELT-IN-YOUR-MOUTH BUTTER-MILK PANCAKES

- 1 1/3 cups flour, sifted
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1 1/3 cups buttermilk
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted

Sift the flour and salt together. Combine the buttermilk and soda. Add to the dry ingredients and mix well. Stir in the egg and butter. If you want an even lighter pancake, beat the egg white until it holds peaks and fold in gently at the very last. Bake the cakes on a hot griddle.

ELEGANT CHICKEN-IN-THE-OVEN

This is a delicious meat dish that requires very little attention. Chicken breasts are especially good, but other pieces may be used.

Brown the floured pieces in hot fat and then lay them evenly in a large casserole. Cover with the following sauce:

- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- 1 small can pimientos, chopped
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tsp. grated onion

When the sauce is well heated through, pour it over the pieces of chicken and bake for 1 1/2 to 2 hours in a moderately slow oven.

PEANUT BUTTER FRENCH TOAST

- 3/4 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2/3 cup applesauce
- 8 slices white bread
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup milk

Blend peanut butter and applesauce. Spread mixture on 4 slices white bread. Top with remaining bread slices.

Beat eggs slightly. Add salt, sugar and milk. Mix well. Dip sandwiches in this egg mixture and fry in butter or margarine until golden brown. Cut each sandwich in half and serve hot with maple syrup. Makes 4 servings.

EDNA'S PASTIES

This is one of those recipes in which you cannot list the exact amounts of ingredients. How much of everything you use will depend upon how many people you will be serving. I will just tell you how to make a Pasty.

Make up your favorite pastry for a two-crust pie. Line your pie pan with half of it as you would for any pie. Cover the bottom of the pan with a layer of round steak which has been cut up in small pieces. Salt and pepper to taste. Slice a medium size onion and put in a layer over the meat. Put a thick layer of sliced potatoes over the onions and salt and pepper to taste. Put the top pastry crust over this and seal the edges well. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for approximately one hour. This is easy to fix and with a tossed salad you have a delicious meal.—Dorothy

RECIPES OF THE MONTH

SPICY GINGERBREAD

2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
 1 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. powdered cloves
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 tsp. ginger
 3/4 tsp. salt
 2/3 cup soft shortening
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 egg, unbeaten
 1 cup molasses
 1 cup hot water

Heat the oven to 350 degrees. Grease and line a 9-inch square pan with waxed paper.

Sift together the dry ingredients. Cream the shortening and sugar, stir in the egg and beat well. When the batter is light and fluffy, beat in the molasses. Add the flour and hot water alternately, and stir just until smooth. Turn into the pan and bake 50 to 55 minutes or until done.

Remove from the pan; peel off the waxed paper and cool the gingerbread on a rack. Sprinkle with powdered sugar or serve with whipped cream. Nuts and raisins may be added to this mixture to make an excellent spice cake.

DOROTHY'S PUMPKIN CAKE

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

Measure dry ingredients and sift three times. Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating until light. Add flour alternately with milk, beating after each addition. Add pumpkin and nuts. Bake at 350 degrees 30 to 35 minutes.

GOBLINS

Melt a package of semi-sweet chocolate chips over boiling water. Insert a wooden stick into a marshmallow. Crush frosted corn flakes into fine crumbs. Dip the marshmallows into the melted chocolate and then roll in the crushed flakes. Let stand in a cool place until firm. Children enjoy mak-

ing these as well as eating them. If you do not have or want to invest in a quantity of wooden sticks, use a stick pushed into the marshmallow as you dip and roll it, then remove the coated marshmallow, put on waxed paper and use the stick for the next dipping process.

JACK-O'-LANTERN SANDWICHES

Cut slices of bread into rounds with a cookie cutter. Use three slices per sandwich. Put a sandwich filling between the first and second slices, then on top of the second slice and place the third round on top. Frost the top and sides with cream cheese which has been softened with a bit of cream and tinted orange. Use raisins and candies to make a face on the "pumpkin". Fillings such as School Day peanut butter and jelly, egg salad or ham salad are excellent.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
 Frederick

At our house, we are fond of the little picnic hams that you can buy in the stores; perhaps you call them shoulder hams. As a matter of fact, we consider this inexpensive bit of meat quite a delicacy, and I'll tell you why.

We cook the ham in ginger ale! Naturally, every ham has to have a few clove buds stuck into it, and it is the combination of the delicate clove flavor and the mild ginger flavor that makes a common, ordinary ham something fit for a king. The next time you fix a picnic ham, just add one bottle of gingerale to the cooking water and see what a difference it makes. It will be a subtle difference, but you'll notice it with the first bite.

How long has it been since you served a lamb roll to your family? An inexpensive cut can be prepared in a perfectly delightful manner. Only a man would think of doing this to a piece of lamb, but this is one for your book of favorite recipes.

Hawaiian Lamb Roll

4 lbs. lamb shoulder, boned and rolled
 2 8-ounce cans tomato sauce
 1 Tbls. onion juice
 1/3 cup lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 2 Tbls. dry mustard
 4 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 1 Tbls. soy sauce

Place meat on rack in shallow baking pan and bake for about 45 minutes at 325 degrees. Combine all other ingredients and pour over meat, basting every 20 minutes for the next 1 1/2 hours. In other words, allow about 40 or 45 minutes per pound for cooking, basting every 20 minutes. You may want to add a little hot water to the basting sauce.

If you like to experiment with sauces, you might make some changes in this one. The next time I try it, I'm going to add 1/4 cup of pineapple juice for that extra Hawaiian touch.

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

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Life has certainly been a scramble around this house for the past two weeks while we've been making final preparations for Kristin's departure for college. As I write this, she is still at home, but in a few days we'll be packing the car and heading southwest for Northwest Missouri State College at Maryville.

Letters have been traveling between Lucas and Kansas City, Missouri, where Kristin's roommate-to-be lives. Her name is Sue McDonald and Kristin has enjoyed her letters so much that she can scarcely wait to meet her. Frankly, I think I'm just about as excited as Kristin is! Excitement builds as the day draws nearer. Many details which seem so important to the girls have to be worked out by way of these letters, such as which one is to furnish the iron, hair drier, radio, record player and so forth. They decided that there was no point in cluttering up the room with two of everything, and this sounded plain sensible to me.

The college had written the girls that the walls of their room were pink. Kristin was over-joyed at this news for it is her favorite color! They are to furnish their own curtains, bedspreads, pillows and blankets, which the girls will buy after they reach Maryville so that they can make their selections together. Since I have on hand a new pink blanket, Kristin is taking it with her, eliminating that purchase.

We've been going over all of her clothes, shortening skirts, pressing here and there, and as an item is finished, it is hung in a large garment bag. Frank has put a rod across the back part of the car to accommodate the bags. This will be the most convenient way to transport the clothing with the least amount of attention required on arrival. Freshmen Orientation Week will be a busy one and if Kristin can be spared time consuming pressing, it will be a big help to her.

Several years ago my cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, gave me a beautiful piece of Amara wool which she had purchased with the intention of having a suit made for herself. Shortly after she bought it she found a ready-made suit to her liking so had never cut into it. It was such an exquisite fabric that I decided to store it away in the cedar chest until Kristin was ready for college. This summer she picked out a pattern, a two-skirted one, for there was enough material to make a straight skirt as well as one with unpressed box pleats. She is a very lucky girl to have so many nice aunts and cousins on both sides of the family who presented her with lovely gifts of clothing for graduation and her birthday, so there have been few new purchases in that category.

Have I told you about the excitement we had with birds this past summer? No, I don't believe I have. A few years ago, a pair of swallows

built a home on our back porch just over the kitchen window. They left at the end of summer, and for several years they didn't return. We decided that they were unhappy about sharing the porch with the dogs and cats. This spring, however, a pair arrived and raised a family of four. They have been a constant source of amusement, for everytime a dog or cat would come near the porch, they'd start "dive bombing" in order to frighten the intruders to their privacy. They would swoop down, almost touching the cat or dog, and then fly up into the air again. The same thing would occur if we appeared and it is a startling sensation to see a bird dive straight at you, then quickly rise into the air again without touching you!

When the day arrived for the little ones to leave the nest and try their wings, there was a great deal of commotion in the back yard. I'm sure that papa and mama bird must have recruited other swallows to join in the protection of their young for the air was full of swallows who kept up a continual diving attack, not only at the dogs and cats, but at us, too. This went on for several days. For awhile the mother, father and four young ones returned to the nest each night. (We don't know how they all crowded into that little nest, but they did!) Now, they've moved out and everything is quiet on the back porch once again.

For the past five years we've had a dog named "Grinny". She was named so because from the time she was a little pup, she actually *did* roll her lips back and grin everytime one of the family came near her. We have had a number of dogs and they each seemed happy to see us when we came home from town, but none of them ever welcomed us with a big happy smile such as the one Grinny always gave us. She loved to hunt and every evening about dusk, we would see her take off for the timber, or head down the road, always returning by morning. One morning, however, she didn't show up for breakfast and we haven't seen her since. Although we continue to look for her, we've about given up hopes of her return.

When I made my last "magazine trip" to Shenandoah, the days of work fell so that a week-end was included. Mother, Dad and I decided to fix a good Sunday dinner and drive to Lucas to spend the day with Frank and Kristin. Aunt Jessie Shambaugh was visiting the folks for a few days, so she went with us. We left Shenandoah early in the morning and were blessed with a beautiful day for the drive. We had a lovely day together and after a late afternoon lunch, started back to Shenandoah. This trip we sailed right through Mount Ayr without stopping. I kidded Dad, who was at the wheel, that he was afraid to stop for fear we would leave him at the service station. Perhaps you'll remember that this actually happened a short time ago!

Frank has his fall plowing done—at least all that he can do until the crops are harvested. The past few days he's been cutting weeds along the

road. I can't remember when the weeds have been as bad as they have been this year. When he cultivated the beans and corn for the last time, I remarked how wonderfully clean the fields looked—there just weren't any weeds at all. But now, when you drive along the road, it's hard to see the beans for the weeds! As I've driven through other sections in our vicinity, I've noticed that this is the general condition. He has also been cutting the volunteer corn by hand as he has time to spare, so we won't have *that* trouble when we combine.

I must share an embarrassing moment with you, for it is one which may very well have happened to one of you. This occurred on my last trip home from Shenandoah. When the conductor asked for my ticket, I handed him the envelope, which he opened and then said, "Lady, there's no ticket here." You can imagine my sensations! Then, I realized what had happened and had only myself to blame. The station agent and I are old friends, for I've taken that train dozens of times through the years. We had a nice chat as I purchased my ticket, and I realized that I had picked up my envelope and had not put the ticket into it, nor had it occurred to me to *look* into the envelope. Fortunately, I had paid for it by check, so had the check stub to verify that I had made the purchase, and didn't have to pay for another one. Instead, the conductor checked with the station agent, who remembered me, of course, and the situation was clarified. In all the years that I have traveled this train, this is the first time there has ever been confusion about tickets—a fine tribute to the railroad, I should say.

October is the month of jack-o'-lanterns and whether there are youngsters around the house or not, it is fun to have one around come Halloween. Whether you buy an artificial one, make one from a real pumpkin, or decorate a cake to look like a jack-o'-lantern, you can use little peanut pixies to make it especially festive. Have them crawling in and out of the eyes, nose and mouth and even place a few on top, struggling to remove the lid. We have used them in such a manner and everyone who saw them thought it was a clever idea.

There is a basket of ironing waiting for me so I must close and tackle it before lunch. Kristin is having a friend over for dinner this evening, so I want the afternoon free to concentrate on an especially nice meal.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

BITTERSWEET

Bittersweet twining an old rail fence

Where I climbed long ago,
Berries clustered in a low jade bowl

In a house I used to know;
Years have taken their toll,

But time can never cheat.
Autumn gives back my childhood
In memories bittersweet.

—Evelyn S. Cason

HAVE A GAY ADVENTURE

By

Maxine L. Sickels

Have you had a gay adventure this week? If not, why not? Lack of money is no excuse, neither is lack of time, nor lack of opportunity. Adventure requires mostly *imagination*. This one sentence fired mine with joyous results:

"Act as if the other person is sure to say 'Yes'". That one thought opened the door to the most interesting experiences for me.

My first adventure was with an acquaintance who lived between our home and the church. I had presumed that she would come to our women's meetings if she wished, so I really hadn't thought of inviting her until I read this magic sentence. When I asked her to go with me, she said, "I am so glad you called me. Today my husband had to use the car. I will be happy to go with you." She *had* said "Yes". With that adventure I have gained a friend and our women's group now has a new worker.

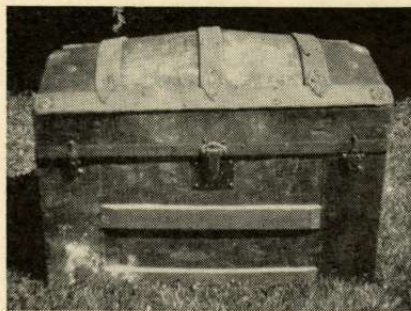
My second exciting undertaking began at my desk. I was mailing valentines to my church school class of five and six year olds. When I came to the end of the class roll, I had four cards left. Thinking of the idea of adventuring, without concern for anyone reacting negatively, I mailed the extra valentines to four of my senior citizen friends. The "thank you" telephone calls I received were worth far more than the 16¢ postage.

My third adventure was much closer home.

Surely my husband and I are not the only middle-aged couple who finds mealtime visiting difficult. Mealtimes, which were once a happy confusion of child-filled conversation, had become much too quiet. My subjects for discussion had settled down to news picked up at local club meetings and some "I saids" and "She saids". My husband's conversation contained interesting tidbits about the possibility of finding further broken gears in the tractor.

Analyzing the situation one day, it seemed to me that we might discuss articles relevant to our farming operations if I would hunt for them and bring them to the table. Farmers and many other business and professional people are just too busy to read half of the new things written for their respective fields. Talking about some of these fine materials would be one way to see that more of them received attention and also give me a topic of conversation to serve along with the food. Now we find that some of the most interesting discussions follow the after-dinner coffee right into the living room and have even impinged a little on the evening's TV programs. Better than that, this experiment has led to adventures in using new farming practices.

I dare you, I double dare you, to act upon your next idea with confidence that the other person will be sure to say "Yes".



AN OLD TRUNK WITH A FUTURE

by

Kristin Johnson

Trunks have always fascinated me. Even when I was a little girl, I loved to have Mother read me a story that had something to do with a trunk like *Far from Marlborough Street* by Elizabeth Philbrook. If you are familiar with this book, you will remember that Nancy finds the important blue teapot packed away in a dusty old trunk in the attic of her grandmother's house.

During the revolutionary times and in the pioneer days when stagecoaches and covered wagons provided necessary transportation, luggage consisted mainly of trunks and hatboxes. In case of a long journey the trunk was often shipped ahead and the hatbox, serving as an overnight case, was carried by the traveler. Of course, the trunk sometimes arrived at its destination several days late, but this was simply considered part of the difficult job of traveling.

A lot can be packed into a trunk, and it is no wonder that girls used them as hope chests. However, I had a somewhat different reason for purchasing mine. After four years of high school my room had become hopelessly crowded with souvenirs, newspaper articles, old research papers and notebooks, and other miscellaneous items which probably shouldn't have been saved, but just seemed too important to be thrown away. When I spied the old trunk in a second-hand store in Allerton, I knew immediately that it was the answer to my problem.

Surprisingly enough, it was in pretty good condition in spite of the fact that the two leather side handles were missing. The very first thing I did when I got it home was to remove the layer of dirt which had accumulated so I could see what it really looked like. Since the outside was metal and wood, I washed it with a Kitchen-Klatter Kleener solution, but I used the vacuum cleaner on the inside.

Then I dashed to the lumber yard to buy two cans of paint—mint green for the inside, and soft pink for the outside. The inside of the trunk had originally been papered instead of painted, and some of the paper was beginning to peel off; therefore, I repapered the inside first so the finishing job would be smoother.

The inside needed only two coats of paint, but the outside didn't quite suit me with two coats so I added a third coat to give it a nicer appearance. For

the finishing touches, I pasted a picture on the inside lid, painted the three locks and the key gold, and hung the key on a pink ribbon from the top of the trunk.

Although my trunk does not have a tray that lifts out, the lid has a built-in compartment which has a hinged door of its own. My guess would be that this compartment was used for either jewelry or love letters. (I pretend it held love letters because it's fun to think that it could have had a romantic past.) I wonder who owned it, and where it came from, but I know the history of my trunk will always remain a secret.

LETTER-WRITING WITH SCISSORS

By

Erma Reynolds

I do most of my letter-writing with a pair of scissors. There was a time when correspondence was neglected because I felt I had nothing of interest to write. Because of this I was fast losing touch with distant relatives and friends.

One day, while reading a magazine, I ran across an article on the subject of covered bridges, a topic which I knew greatly interested Cousin Grace. I clipped the article and mailed it to her with a few words of explanation. She reciprocated with a thank-you note in which she enclosed a recipe that she thought I would enjoy. Neither of these pieces of correspondence could be called a legitimate letter, but the important thing was that we were in touch with each other.

It was then that I decided to do much of my future letter-writing with a pair of scissors. I started keeping a watch for cartoons, articles, poems, editorials, news items about mutual acquaintances, pictures, and all manner of items that I knew would be of interest to relatives and friends.

The moment I clipped an interesting item, off it would go in the mail, without waiting until it was my turn to write to the person for whom the clipping was intended. A few lines of greeting or brief comments accompanied the clipping, and that was all.

This system of writing letters is fast catching on with my family and friends, and we are now in much closer touch with each other than we have been for years.

Why not get out your scissors and turn your letter-writing into a joy instead of a job?

THANKS FOR THE LITTLE THINGS

I would give thanks for little things,
For I would surely miss
The scattered toys I trip upon,
The sticky jelly kiss.
My clothesline would look desolate
Without white flannel squares,
So I give thanks for safety pins
And crumbs around high chairs.
At night, when every tousled head
Is filled with dreams, I creep
So quietly to tuck them in . . .
Then I give thanks for sleep.

—Ila Elizabeth Rose

A TRUE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT

by
Betty Carlson

"She impressed me as being a most unhappy person," an acquaintance said to me about one of my close friends. It was a true observation, but my friend's critic did not stop there. She recommended more Bible reading, longer prayers, fewer cigarettes, and a more cheerful attitude.

This person meant well. I'll give her credit for that, but there is a certain type of shallow Christian who gives all problems the same answer, and implies that a man need only smile his way through his difficulties.

I have come to see that the true Christian spirit is not that of perpetual smiling. His happiness is not a blanket type bliss where he walks around as if permanently billeted on Cloud Seven. No, this always smiling deal invariably leads to farce. Perhaps I should illustrate it.

Let us pretend in this illustration that I go to cross a busy street. I'm a little careless, and a two-ton truck runs over me. It quite flattens me. After six months in the hospital and another six months on crutches, I recover. In the meantime I have lost my job, been put out of my room because I haven't paid the rent in months, and I have no idea where my next meal is coming from. Yet I, the always cheerful one, never complain. I tell everyone, "It's simply divine being run over by two-ton trucks. I'm so happy for the experience."

End of drama.

My friend has been through some tragic experiences which make my two-ton truck episode seem like a happy children's story in comparison. What a mockery for me to try to talk my friend into being happy. We have to get our happiness in life on more solid ground.

I sincerely believe my friend will be happy again, but I'm not rushing her nor forcing her into something she is unable to bear. For a man to be happy is not the only sign that he is following hard after God. There is more to this total experience of being a Christian than happiness.

The Bible tells us that we are to rejoice in the Lord, not in two-ton trucks hitting us. This gives every man the opportunity for happiness—rejoice in the Lord, not in the changing, shifting, circumstances of life.

One can devote his entire life to pondering the "why" of trouble in the world—why my friend's life got off the track and plunged her and her loved ones into unhappiness—why my own life has had more "downs" than "ups". Frankly, I think the Biblical explanation is the best I've heard. There is sin in the world. And the only possible answer to this unanswerable problem is found in the same marvelous book.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

(Reprinted by permission of the editor of the *Rockford Morning Star* and the Augustana Book Concern.)



Emily Driftmier of Denver, Colorado and her grandmother, Leanna Field Driftmier. If you've been a reader of Kitchen-Klatter since Emily's first pictures appeared you will probably be hard-pressed to realize that the tiny baby with such a heavy shock of black hair has turned into this poised young lady. She loves to sew and spent many happy hours embroidering and visiting with her grandmother this past summer.

KEEP THAT SHIRT TAIL FLAPPING!

By
Martha Williams

A pleasant myth persists that wives of white collar workers have no budget problems. Ha! Most of us do try to look smartly dressed in public even though we must haunt the sales and spend hours at the sewing machine. Our husbands have good suits and lots of dress shirts. Many of us not only wash and iron quantities of shirts but we have to make them lead *nine lives* before they go into the rag bag.

Of course, I prefer to lay a pattern on crisp new material but on the days when money I've carefully budgeted for yard goods has to go for baby's shoes, car insurance or the grocery bill, I'm grateful to have a drawer of discarded shirts. I'm not a magician who can pull a new dress out of a shirt, but with a little tape and bright scraps I can come up with several "at home" necessities. Here are a few tricks I've used in salvaging shirts to make really useable items.

A 25¢ package of dye turned two white shirts into two brilliant sport shirts for my husband to use for weekend yard and garage puttering. I get rid of worn elbows and cuffs by hemming the sleeves six inches below the shoulder. After a season in the sun, whatever is left will go to make pastel rag rugs.

Kitchen or bathroom curtains can be made from the backs and fronts of shirts trimmed or lengthened with bright scraps, fringe or tape. The sleeves provide nice strips for crisp ruffles.

Dresser scarves and doilies are easy to shape from the less worn pieces of material. Extra napkins can be made from squares and trimmed with tiny rickrack.

Short kimonos made from white shirts and bound with tape or ribbon make soft garments for the small baby. One shirt will yield a simple slip or a nighty for a toddler. Bibs (line with plastic), doll dresses, aprons, small shirts, pinafores and bonnets can be made for the younger set. Be sure and starch these to a good crispness to give them a "new" look. The no-iron shirts save tremendously on ironing chores when made into youngster's play clothes such as boxer shorts and sunsuits. Patterns may have to be adjusted to avoid worn spots in the shirts, but at the rate most children outgrow their clothes, the garment made from the shirt wears out about the time it becomes too small for the child anyway!

Like many an expectant mother I've slipped on an old shirt when all my maternity smocks were in the ironing basket. With a little snipping of collars, sleeves, buttons and button holes and the addition of colored binding, the shirt becomes a smock suitable to add to a limited "waiting" wardrobe.

Right now I have my eye on one of my husband's pretty pastel shirts—I want to make it into a cobbler's apron. I can get pockets from the large sleeve pieces and bind them with some bright strips I've been hoarding.

Three years ago I made myself two pairs of pajamas for 98¢—the price of a remnant of lavender cotton. After I made two pairs of pajama trousers from the new material I had enough left to bind the neck, sleeves and front of two white shirts to make the tops. Surprisingly, those shirt tops outlasted the new material! They weren't glamorous but the orlon blouse I purchased with the \$4.50 saved was a honey!

The back of any shirt can make the basis of a tie apron with plenty of material left for ruffles. What difference does it make if you have to piece out the ties from the sleeves? You can create a nice crisp apron just begging for textile painted pockets or rickrack trim. You may even have an apron suitable for a friend's birthday you forgot to include in your monthly budget.

Don't take the shirt off your husband's back before you've done your utmost to make it pass his usefulness test—it'll reach the discard drawer soon enough, then you can create something useful from the firm material left in it. After every bit of good is squeezed out of it the apron or curtain you've made will be just as good for washing windows and polishing the car as the original old shirt.

COVER STORY

Three generations of Driftmiers are pictured for you on the cover of this magazine. Many of you know who they are, of course, but for you newcomers, we'll explain that they are Frederick Driftmier, his father, Martin H. Driftmier, and his son, David Driftmier. This threesome appeared on the cover of the September 1959 issue and we think you'll agree with us that the only one who has changed in these past two years is David.

NEVER GO BACK?

by

Elaine Derendinger

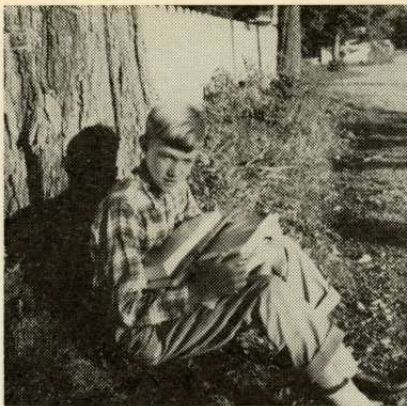
They say that after you've grown up and gone away you should never return to a scene of childhood happiness. It will not look the same, they say. The house won't really be as rambling as you remember; the steep hills you raced your bike over will seem like gentle slopes; the swimming-hole may appear as a mere puddle. It's true, a place won't look the same as you remember. It might even look better!

I often remembered the woods of my childhood, where a girl friend and I had spent so many hours. I had told my children of the things we did there, and they were sure that it was a fabulous place. It was! When we had an opportunity to revisit it, I decided to go, though I felt that nothing would look the same and it would surely be sad.

The hills of the woods were even more steep than I remembered; not a sign of *their* age, but of *mine*. Just at the foot of one hill, I had my first fond laugh, for here was the scene of our childhood cacti caper. My friend and I had been swimming and were wandering the woods in search of something new to do—or something old to do over. We found a sprawling prickly-pear cactus. We had never seen one and thought it a real prize. We dug some to take to our mothers for a surprise. My friend lived only a short distance from the woods so she carried hers by the root. However, I had two miles to walk so solved my problem by wrapping the prickly stuff in my towel. Mother was not the least bit delighted with our find for she was never able to remove the spines from the towel and eventually was forced to throw it away. My prickly-pear, which I planted carefully under the grape arbor, spread and threatened the lives of the other plants. Mother fought a losing battle with it every year. Finally, in desperation, she burned it! On this return visit I was pleased to see that my old friend had thrived in the woods. It had spread to form a bed at least six feet square. The children and I simply had to take a plant home and as my husband was digging it for us, his hand slipped so he, too, does not respect the prickly-pear!

We found the "ole-swimmin'-hole" easily. The children thought it was grand, especially because of the fat, old sycamore tree, whose limbs grew out over the water in a protective sort of way. I had forgotten this tree; or perhaps it was much smaller then. Nearby was the sandy bank where one day we decided to improve our appearance by taking "mud baths." But, alas, our appearance went unimproved, and our bathing suits never looked the same again!

Near the crest of a hill, we came upon "lookout rock." This large moss-draped rock juts out from the hill like a small brother to the "old man of the mountain." My friend and I used to sit here to eat our lunch when



Waiting for the school bus—not a Midwestern school bus but a New Jersey school bus. This is Jared Chapin, the younger son of our cousin, Mary Fischer Chapin and her husband, Jim Chapin. They have the same kind of a school set-up in New Jersey that we have out here, and Jared is gone from around 7:30 in the morning until after 5:00 in the afternoon.

we spent the day in the woods. Here, too, we sat to string acorns for necklaces. Our necklaces were nice, but we made the mistake of painting them the lazy way by merely dipping them into the can of paint and they were so heavy when dry that we could scarcely lift our heads. I marveled that acorns were still scattered around our rock, as though we sat there stringing only yesterday.

I always came to this woods to get our Christmas tree. Now, the trees that once were babies had grown to adults and their own babies were growing around their feet. The woods were thick with the sweet fragrance of cedar and the trees were trimmed with blue berries and cone-like seeds. To stand beneath their green branches seemed like Christmas and for the first time I *did* feel like crying—not because it was sad to see the trees all grown, but because it was so very beautiful.

The children were simply fascinated at the number of "puff balls" we stumbled across and picked some to take home to "study." I have no idea where they come from or where they go in winter, and I can't remember having seen such a crop in my childhood.

We met walnut trees everywhere and the ground beneath them was literally a walnut-lover's paradise. Some of the very large trees had been cut and would end in lovely walnut furniture but I hated to see them gone, even though there were plenty of young ones to take their places. I found the old "treasure tree" on the hill as always. Here, my friend and I used to bury "treasures" and return later to dig them up. We really didn't expect these items to mysteriously turn into something of value, but they always seemed more special for having been hidden from view for several weeks.

As a child, I took flowers for granted—especially the wild ones because were so plentiful. Now, they are becoming a rare sight so we felt that they were blooming for the benefit of my childhood memories. The children

gathered a few of each to transplant in their own gardens. Time will tell if they will grow for us or if they preferred their seclusion in the woods.

Leaving the woods, we followed the branch from its beginning trickle. Such wonderful flat rocks the children found in it! They were large enough to sit on. Now, I *know* the rocks hadn't grown, but I don't remember such giants!

I hated to leave the woods that day; we all did. I would have liked for time to stand still so that all of us could play in the sun or sit in the shade of the sycamores forever. But of course we couldn't; and as we left, I thought of the words of a favorite poem by Robert Frost which seemed to have been written especially for this day. "The woods are lovely, dark, and deep. But I have promises to keep—"

ARE YOU WILLING?

- To stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children;
 - To remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old;
 - To stop asking how many of your friends love you, and ask yourself if you love them enough;
 - To bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts;
 - To try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you;
 - To trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you;
 - To make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—
- Are you willing to do these things even for a day?

MY CODE

- I have to live with myself, and so I want to be fit for myself to know.
 - I want to be able, as days go by, Always to look myself straight in the eye.
 - I don't want to stand, with the setting sun, And hate myself for the things I've done.
 - I want to go out with my head erect; I want to deserve all men's respect: But here in the struggle for fame and self, I want to be able to like myself.
 - I don't want to look at myself and know That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
 - I never can fool myself, and so Whatever happens, I want to be Self-respecting and conscience free.
- Author unknown.

It is when we forget ourselves that we do things which are remembered.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

but what a wonderful time we each had enjoyed!

With only two weeks before our departure for California, there was no time to relax and savor our experiences in the East. Wayne pitched in day and night to catch up with his work at the nursery. After I waded through the laundry Wayne and I brought back (Marge and Kristin saw to it that the children left Iowa with clean clothing), there were the weeds, cultivating and trimming in the yard to fill the days. At night I sewed, making the sports clothing we would need for the West. Somehow, most of the essential chores got done and there we were again—packing and loading up to head for California!

The East was hot and humid; the West was hot and dry. All of that heat will be pleasant to remember on cold wintry days.

Sincerely,
Abigail

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

planted, but so carefully that the finished effect is as natural as if the seed had been scattered by Mother Nature.

A walk through "Fairyland Caverns" was like a walk into the pages of favorite childhood stories. It was enchanting! If you are ever in this vicinity, I recommend that you take your family through Rock City Gardens, for I'm certain that you would enjoy it as much as we did.

Next month I'll tell you more about our stay in Chattanooga, our drive through Smoky Mountain National Park, and the interesting stops we made in Kentucky enroute home.

Sincerely,

Margery

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

there. Of course, there was some fog in the morning but, except for one day, the fog always cleared up before noon. The one day that it didn't was the day I went to the airport to greet a photographer who had come up from Springfield, Massachusetts to take some pictures for us. His plane out of Boston couldn't land in Yarmouth because of the fog, and he had to be flown to another airfield six miles north. He finally arrived in time for a nine o'clock supper.

If you ever have spent some time in Nova Scotia you know what wonderful people these citizens of "New Scotland" are. They are a devout, hard-working, thrifty people. Their cost of living is very high, much higher than here in Massachusetts, and yet their wage scale is very low compared to ours. Most of the people I know there are either lobster fishermen, woodsmen, or merchants, and without exception they're having a hard time of it. The homes don't have all of the conveniences most of our homes have, but they manage to enjoy life. Their religious faith is strong, and it isn't unusual for them to walk several miles to church.

Just to give you an idea of how fine these people are, I should tell you that here in New England some of our best people have come from Nova Scotia. When I'm considering which workman to choose for some job at the church or parsonage, I invariably choose a Nova Scotian craftsman if there is one available. They are not only excellent workmen, but completely reliable.

It hardly seems possible that summer has come and gone. We're looking forward to another good year in our church, and we wish the same for yours.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Look for **KITCHEN-KLATTER** products on *your* grocer's shelves.

**MUSICAL CHRISTMAS APRON**
Bells jingle with every movement. Only 50¢

Why such a Big Bargain? Because we want you as a new customer. Adds Gay Holiday Touch. Bright and Colorful — so cheery. Attractive bow and bell design, with REAL tinkling Golden Bells that greet well-wishers with a merry, jolly "Hello". Handsomely tailored in gorgeous Holiday colors.

Name Glows in The Dark
Available plain (without name) for only 50¢. Artistically hand-lettered with name for only 15¢ extra. You'll be delighted. Not more than 2 Aprons to each person at this Bargain Price. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.** Add only 10¢ to each apron ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please.
Kennedy Co., 55 E. Washington, Dept. 201-AK, Chicago 2

PEANUT PIXIES

Everyone who sees these gay little fellows falls in love with them! They're unique—clever as can be to perch on plants or a table centerpiece, to add the unexpected and charming touch when you're wrapping a gift package, or to use for favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming **ONLY—12 for \$1.00, postpaid.** (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely hand-made, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

That's right — not a single Calorie!

Here is the No-Calorie Sweetener that really tastes **RIGHT!**

No bitter taste. No aftertaste. Just the natural sweet taste we get from sugar — and not a single calorie!

If you're watching your weight, **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** will be a priceless help. Now you can enjoy the sweet taste you crave without worrying about calories. And if a member of your family is on a diabetic diet, you can take a whole new lease on cooking.

Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener will never bake out, boil out or freeze out. Its delicious sweet taste is there to stay.

Buy a bottle of this wonderful new **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** today and see for yourself how delicious non-fattening foods can really taste.

You'll find **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** on the same shelf with our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Be sure to save the cap liners from each bottle so you can get in on the terrific premiums we offer with our **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

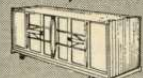
DIRECT FROM FACTORY

No. K-3 TABLE—
Finished
Masonite Top.
Stain-resistant.



**STEEL
FOLDING
CHAIRS**

**TRUCKS FOR
TABLES, CHAIRS**



**MOVABLE
PARTITIONS**



**FOLDING
RISERS**



**Monroe
CATALOG
in COLORS**

**MONROE
FOLDING
PEDESTAL
BANQUET
TABLES**

Churches, Schools, Clubs, and all organizations — **SAVE NOW** on famous **MONROE FOLDING TABLES** at our direct from factory, **LOW PRICES**. The leader for 54 years—still unmatched for quality, durability, convenience. Automatic locking legs. 94 models and sizes.

FREE CATALOG

Big, new 1962 catalog. Beautifully illustrated in full color. Shows full line of **MONROE** folding tables, chairs, platform-risers, table and chair trucks, portable partitions. **WRITE FOR PRICES**

THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St. • Colfax, Iowa



Juliana posed obligingly by the enormous sunflower that grew in our garden this summer. A bird dropped the seed and the first thing we knew this incredible sunflower suddenly appeared—it looked like a real Jack-And-the-Beanstalk and we almost expected to see Jack at any second!

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

can you be absolutely positive that it's exactly the way you want it to be. With our own eyes we can check all the chemicals that arrive for our Kleener and Bleach. We know that every box turned out is exactly the way it should be since we're right there from the beginning to the end of the process. The same thing is true of our Flavorings and Sweetener. We know exactly what's going into every bottle and we always will know.

Eventually we want to get up a sign that will enable you to drive by and look at this building where every single thing connected with Kitchen-Klatter will be handled. (I think of such a sign as something like getting curtains made for a new house where you're "getting by" with curtains from the old house. Other things have to come first). But lots of you folks travel through Shenandoah on your road here and there, and when you reach the intersection of highways number 2 and 59 at the south end of town you're only a skip and a jump from our new Kitchen-Klatter building, so a sign will give you an idea of which way to turn in case you can spare a little time to drive by and look it over.

We feel fortunate that extremely handsome plantings were put out when the building was constructed. They've been well cared for through these years and look very nice. There is a nice lawn in front and we'd like to put out some bulbs this fall, and a rose garden next summer. In short, although we manufacture products in that building, we're glad that it doesn't look grim and ugly in the way that so many buildings look if they're used for manufacturing. Before long we hope to get pictures to show you. But until then, please just take my word for the fact that it's an enormous relief to have enough room, and it's a

IT'S TIME FOR KITCHEN-KLATTER!

Can't think what to fix for the next meal? Lonesome for down-to-earth woman talk? Well, we're glad to slip in every weekday morning and keep you company, as best we can. None of us claim to be an expert on any subject, but our 30 minute radio visit every day does give us a chance to try and be a good neighbor.

ATTENTION! You can now hear Kitchen-Klatter on station **KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWAO	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 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.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 800 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

tremendous time-saver and nerve-saver not to have to run here and there constantly to check up on everything.

Back in August I *did* grab out five or six days to fly to New York City to look at premiums. This was the first trip I ever made entirely on my own without anyone to ease my way (anyone with a severe physical handicap will know exactly what I mean by the phrase "to ease my way") and I can report that I got along just fine—no complications whatsoever.

I know that millions of people live in the New York metropolitan area and seem to enjoy it, but the whole time I was there I kept breathing a prayer of gratitude for the fact that I lived in a small Iowa town. I've read many reports about our "strangled cities" and after seeing the incredible traffic jams, cars piled up bumper to bumper for miles, I simply couldn't see how anyone's nerves could take this day in and day out. Maybe if you're young you think nothing of sitting endlessly both morning and night just trying to get to work or to get home from work, but for people of my age who've come to think that Time can be spent to better advantage than simply sitting in a car motionless with horns honking riotously—well, huge cities are not for me.

Incidentally, I was sure that in New York I would find terrific new premiums, the kind of thing we just didn't have news about off in our corner of southwestern Iowa. Imagine my astonishment to find that nothing I was shown could hold a candle to the things we've offered and are now offering. And people looked at me as if I were "touched in the head" when I explained that we tried only to break even with our premiums—didn't want to make a penny on them. They'd never heard of such a thing and I'm sure they are still commenting about that "crazy woman from Iowa" who had such a peculiar notion!

One more thing about that brief trip: flying is wonderful when you have very little time and must get there fast and back again fast. But I'm never going to ENJOY flying as a means of transportation and I'm always thrilled to death to get back on solid ground. Russell and Juliana are

always a welcome sight, but they were extra welcome when my plane touched down at Omaha and I saw them standing at the gate.

This has turned into a long letter—I've been writing so fast I wasn't conscious of all the space these words will consume when they are set into type. Well, last month I lost out entirely due to all the commotion of moving into our new Kitchen-Klatter building, so perhaps the extra space I've used is justified.

Anyway, an Iowa autumn is almost with us, my only child is off to a whole new world tomorrow, and now that one big phase of my life is completed I must look to the future and see how I can best be of service to my fellow men. There must be some particular niche for each of us and my hunger now is to find my particular niche.

Affectionately yours,

Pucile

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

Her Aunt Margery walked her out to what she considered a reasonable depth of water (just over her ankles) but the entire time she was in the water, she was constantly pulling to go further. Margery called back, "I think you have a water baby!" Indeed, we felt so too, for Margery inched her out a little further so that the waves would splash on her a little higher and Adrienne squealed with delight and showed absolutely no fear.

That evening we initiated our indoor barbecue grill which is built into one wall of the kitchen. Milwaukee, you know, is famous for its elegant German food, so I bought some Bratwurst to serve to the Stroms. This is a combination of pork, veal and beef, formed into a sausage. It is simply delicious cooked over charcoal. This indoor grill is a feature in our home which we know will give us a great deal of pleasure the year around.

I hear the children at the back door so I must catch them to be sure that their shoes are *completely* emptied of sand.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

December ads due October 10.
January ads due November 10
February ads due December 10

Send Ads To
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD. Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

FREE CATALOG, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby or profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-KK Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

STONEGROUND CORNMEAL from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. BROWNVILLE MILLS, Brownville, Nebraska.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E-6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

RAISE RABBITS SUCCESSFULLY by knowing Facts, 48 Page Book, 38 Illustrations describing 25 Breeds. Housing. Breeding. Feeding. Markets and Marketing. Bulletin etc. 25 cents. American Rabbit Association 10 ARBA Building Pittsburgh, Pa.

SENSATIONAL new longer-burning Light Bulb. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee—never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merlite (Bulb Div.). 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-74K New York 16.

STAMPED LINENS FOR EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING. Buy direct from manufacturer and save. Send for FREE catalog. MERRIBEE, 16 West 19th St., Dept. 340, New York 11, N.Y.

BOOKLETS: Sewing Ideas; Handcraft Ideas; Items from coathangers; Jiffy made items; Catalog; 25¢ each. 5 - \$1.00. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Penna.

LOVELY LINEN HANKIES—Lover's knot edge, white or variegated, 2-\$1.50. Mrs. Carl Denner, New Hampton, Iowa.

A QUILT THAT is quilted as you piece. Fascinating new idea, directions only \$1.00. M. Stovar, Circleville, Kansas.

LOVELY ROSE SPRAYS of foam rubber for your TV set. Make wonderful gifts. Red or pink. Only \$1.98. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Nice ladies home made half aprons. Assorted styles and colors. Prints \$1.00; Organdy \$1.25. Wagner Supply Co., Hampton, Iowa.

LOVELY CROSS STITCHED gingham aprons, \$2.50; 6 large embroidered dish towels, \$4.50. Last ad for pillow slips, 42" tubing, crocheted medallions from pattern on front, hemstitched, \$5.00. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, Houston, Minnesota, Rt. 1.

18 CROSS STITCH patterns, \$1.00. Mrs. Vencil Hanus, Traer, Iowa.

LOVELY METALLIC wheel doily approximately 16", \$2.50. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton 8, Ohio.

FOR SALE: Boxed Cards on hand. Christmas, All Get Well, Birthday or Occasional. I am handicapped. Gayle Latta, Donnellson, Iowa.

MAKE beautiful rugs on barrel hoops, 35¢. Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colo.

FOR PENNIES SAVE DOLLARS on your food budget. Send \$1.00 for "Adventures With Soybeans." Jeannette Frederick, Sturgeon, Mo.

"UNUSUAL DECORATIVE embroider on bur-lap (or gunny sack), sample with instructions 50¢ Makes attractive, unusual shopping bag, chair sets, pillowtops. Easy to do. Mrs Duane Brown, Natoma, Kansas."

21 BIRTHDAY CARDS \$1.00; 21 Get well cards \$1.00. Mrs. Georgia Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha 2, Nebraska.

ALL NEW CROSS STITCH Border Patterns for aprons, dresses; turkey, maple leaves, acorn, squirrel, "south of the border," Colonial Lady, reindeer—\$3.00; Geometric borders 7-\$1.00. Descriptive catalog 7 of choice patterns—10¢ coin. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

CROSS STITCH linen samplers and gingham aprons, new designs, each \$3.00. Mrs. Carl Vought, Humboldt, Iowa.

SHELLED PECANS, Walnuts, Almonds. Brazils, Filberts, Cashews—\$1.75 pound. Peerless, 538B Central Park, Chicago 24.

HANKIES with beautiful crocheted edges. 50 cents plus 4 cent stamp. Mrs. Paul Kaiser, Preston, Nebraska.

RUG WEAVING: prepared balls \$1.25 yd., I'll prepare, weave \$2.00. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

WALNUT ANTIQUE "SETTEE," blue kidney back upholstered, excellent condition. Mrs. Milo Olson, Houston, Minnesota.

FOR SALE: SWEDISH CROSS STITCH aprons - \$3.00. Wool knit slippers - \$2.50. This ad good anytime. Mrs. A. Fernstedt, 910 Erie, Storm Lake, Iowa.

CROCHETED HAIRPIN pillow slip edgings 42" - \$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edges 47", 2 strips - \$1.00. On hand. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

GIFT IDEA: Beautiful hand made corsages of wood fiber flowers. State color preferences. \$1.25 postpaid. Mrs. Norris Emry, Allen, Nebraska.

HOUSE PLANT SLIPS 10 different rooted, labeled - \$2.35 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

PRETTY CROSS STITCH gingham aprons, swans in water \$2.50; kitchen aprons \$1.00; organdy tea aprons \$1.25. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

YOUR FAVORITE PRAYER, verse, motto, etc., professionally hand lettered 8 x 10 with appropriate art \$1.00. Suitable for framing. Veecee Studios, Box 1401, Downtown Station, Omaha 1, Nebraska.

LOVELY NYLONS - three pairs \$1.00, fully guaranteed.

OVERWEIGHT - reduce quickly, without drugs, exercising, dieting formula \$1.00 National K, 6709 East End, Chicago.

FILM FINISHING!
Jumbo Prints 6-8-12 Exp.

59¢

12 Exposure Rolls, 59¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

For an Honest Value **LINCOLN STUDIOS** Box 13 Dept. 117 Lincoln, Nebr.

FRESH PECAN HALVES

South's Oldest Shipper
Organizations Make Money Selling Our Pound Bags JUMBO HALVES and PIECES. Season starts First Week of November. We Prepay Shipments. You Pay us when Sold. Write for Details.

SULLIVAN PECAN CO.
CRESTVIEW, FLORIDA

GET THIS \$1.00 BOTTLE

FREE



WHEN YOU BUY THIS \$3.00 BOTTLE



13 VITAMINS all in One Daily Capsule

Pure Vitamin STRENGTH for Every Family—Every Day!

Feeling weak, over-tired, fatigued . . . because you fail to eat your Need daily in Vitamins? . . . "daily dozen" capsules contain All the vitamins normally needed each day, plus the natural factors of lemon-bioflavonoid. Vitamin Insurance daily this low-cost way—Less than 2c.

TAKE A CAPSULE DAILY . . . FEEL the difference!

Vitamin Division, Dwarfies Corporation,
Council Bluffs, Iowa. Mail me at once:

Date _____

(number bottles) \$3.00 size (120 capsules) daily dozen vitamins. I am to receive Free a \$1 bottle with each \$3.00 order, while this offer lasts.

Offer can be withdrawn without notice.

My Name _____

Street Address _____

City, _____

State _____

HALLOWE'EN GAMES

Tagging the Black Cat's Tail: Choose one player to be "it". Have all the rest of the players form into groups of four, each placing his hands on the shoulders of the person in front of him. The line of players represents the *black cat* and the last player in each line is the *black cat's tail*. The object of the game is to have the one who is "it" tag the last player in line. The black cat tries in every way possible to prevent its tail from being tagged. The line can twist and twirl about in an effort to keep the tagger away from the tail. As soon as "it" succeeds in touching the last person in a line, that player takes "its" place. The player who was "it" takes his place at the head of the line and the game goes on as before. If the line breaks, the one who lost hold must become "it".

Witches Sweep: Ask for three volunteers to participate in this contest. Each of the three is equipped with a whisk broom and a large sized cork. The stunt is to sweep the cork to the opposite side of the room and back. A cork, as you know, gets wider at the top and for that reason rolls in a circle and is very difficult to sweep.

It's Hallowe'en: Seat the guests in a circle and give each player the name of an article or thing appropriate to Hallowe'en—bat, black cat, witch, spook, ghost, broomstick, skeleton, etc. The same name may be given to several guests if the group is large. One person is left without a seat, he becomes the leader. The leader stands in the center of the circle and calls out two names, such as "Bats and Cats," at which time the bats and cats change chairs. The leader tries to take one of the seats left vacant. The person left standing becomes the leader and calls out another set of names. If the leader yells, "It's Hallowe'en!" everyone changes places.

Poison Pumpkin: A circle is formed about a pumpkin placed on the floor. Have everyone take hold of hands. Each person in the circle tries to pull the one next to him against the pumpkin. Whoever touches the pumpkin is out of the game. One may avoid touching the object by side stepping, jumping over it or by dragging someone else into it.

Pumpkin Relay: This is a very simple relay race. Divide the players into even numbered lines. Set a pumpkin or jack-o'-lantern about fifteen feet in front of each line of players. At the word "Go" the first player in each line runs up and around the jack-o'-lantern and back to his place, touching the one behind him and then sits down. The row seated first wins.

Superstition Game: Divide the players into groups of about eight players each. Allow them ten minutes to agree on how to act out a common superstition. (You can have prepared slips with the information about a superstition and give each group one of the slips with the instructions to act out that particular one.) Each group in turn presents their dramatization with the title unannounced.



KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH

BRAND NEW!
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!

ABSOLUTELY
DEPENDABLE!

Keeps white clothes snowy white. Keeps colored clothes sparkling bright.

Don't shorten the life-span of clothing, curtains, sheets, dish-towels — all the things we spend good money for — by washing them with dangerous chlorine bleaches. They'll stay "store new" and last much, much longer if you use our wonderful new **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

WHO DOES THE CLEANING AT YOUR HOUSE?

That's what we thought!

Most of us have to pitch right in and do it ourselves if it's ever going to get done.

But **Kitchen-Klatter All-Purpose Kleaner** can be the extra hands you need. Turn it loose to tackle every single cleaning job in your house where water can be used. It's a tiger for work, but as gentle as a lamb!

No so-called suds!

No froth!

No foam!

Don't waste anymore time fighting these three things that are breaking down water systems all over the country and damaging countless automatic washing machines. Be safe with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

