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# Kitchen-Klatter<sup>®</sup>

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

Vol. 26

August, 1962

Number 8



—Lee Fray Stud'os

W. E. PEARSON  
102 HAWTHORNE AVE  
ST. JOSEPH, MO.





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

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Dear Friends:

We're having typical "corn weather" in Iowa right now—hot, muggy days when evenings are not much cooler. We've also experienced some hailstorms. We weren't hit as severely as some parts of the Midwest, but one bad storm did considerable damage to housetops in our neighborhood. Our area hadn't had hail of this size for a number of years.

The season for county and state fairs has rolled around again. I suppose many of you are looking over your summer's efforts to decide upon entries. Even if you aren't taking entries, thousands of you will be joining the throngs to look over the displays.

Our children and grandchildren never tire of the story about my parents' first meeting which took place at the Stark County Fair in Illinois. Mother had volunteered to help cook breakfast for the men who were working with the livestock, and it was at breakfast that she met Father, who had offered his services at the fairgrounds, also. We Field children thought that the circumstances under which they met were very romantic, and Father, who had such a wonderful knack for telling stories, made it sound so exciting!

Since Mart hasn't been very well, we didn't plan any trips for the summer, so we've particularly enjoyed visits from relatives and old friends. Our son Frederick spent five days with us the latter part of June and my! we had a wonderful time. If you friends who enjoy his column. "There is a Man in the Kitchen", have ever wondered if he *really* likes to cook, I can tell you that indeed he does! He joined me in the kitchen at every meal to help with the preparation of our food. At home in Springfield, Massachusetts, he doesn't have nearly the time to "fool around" in the kitchen as he would like, but on this little vacation he broiled the meat, tossed the salads, and seasoned the vegetables with such efficiency that we were surprised at our son! Cooking is one of his hobbies and he takes great pleasure in it.

Mart felt strong enough during Frederick's visit to ride in the car, so every afternoon we took a short drive to call on aunts and uncles and a number of old friends and classmates who still live in the vicinity.

He'll give you other details about his trip in his letter.

Shortly before Frederick arrived, we had a pleasant week-end visit from my niece, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, Helen and Fred's oldest daughter. We were sorry that her husband, Clay, couldn't come with her but it was the very end of the school year at Iowa City where Clay is a busy professor, and he couldn't get away. Gretchen is the Midwest Garden Editor of *American Home* and travels a great deal so she isn't able to come frequently. We make the most of her visits, gathering as many of the family together as we can for a big family dinner.

Another visitor was an old school friend of mine, Mrs. Ella Nelson Ambrose, who lives in Berkley, California. We graduated in the class of 1905 and hadn't seen each other since then. When she moved away and married, we lost track of one another, and it wasn't until she visited a niece in the vicinity in late June and started reminiscing about old school friends that she learned that I live here. What a good time we had. It was too late to plan a class reunion, but the next time she makes a trip to Shenandoah, we'll have one, for there are several of our classmates living in this area.

So many of you mention in your letters that you like to know what my sewing projects are. Since I finished the lovely Flower Garden quilt, I've been making aprons. Dorothy spurred me onto this project when she was here last month. She said, "Mother, is this the *best* apron you have?" Before she left, we dug out some pretty print that I had bought several months ago and got down to the business of making some new aprons. Rather than putting them away for "company", I'm wearing them, but am being especially careful to see that they don't get tangled in the wheels of my wheelchair.

My next project will be embroidering a new cloth for the dining room table. It will be made of 20" squares, each square worked individually and then sewed together.

While I'm on the subject of handwork, I want to mention a beautiful handbag that came from Mrs. Paul Coleman who lives in Belvue, Kansas. When I first looked at it I couldn't decide how it was made. It didn't look like crochet, knit or lace, or anything

that I had ever seen before. Then a letter arrived from Mrs. Coleman explaining that it was made by tying knots, using cord that is used in making fishing nets! I've never seen such gorgeous, intricate work. I'm certain that it must be very complicated, requiring a great deal of time. Don't write to Mrs. Coleman asking for directions, for I'm sure that it could never be explained by letter.

When Frederick saw this handbag, he told us of visits to museums in New England where he saw such beautiful handwork done by sailors while on sea duty. They were such articles as made by crocheting, knitting, carving, painting, etc. I guess sailors were not always swabbing decks as I had pictured them!

I have another "Thank you", and that is to all of the friends who wrote in regard to my reference about the stories that I used to read to the children when they were young. We always referred to them as "the stories about the lady from Philadelphia". Now for those of you who were also interested, they are called "The Peterkin Papers", written by Lucretia P. Hale and published by Random House. Miss Hale was a sister of Edward Everett Hale and a great niece of Nathan Hale. They were published in 1880, I believe, but are still widely read and interesting to youngsters and "oldsters", alike. Maybe you can locate a copy in your public library.

One of grandson Martin's responsibilities during this hot weather is keeping our two birdbaths full of fresh, clean water, not only for the birds' use, but also to accommodate thirsty dogs. They have discovered this source for a cool drink on a warm day!

You won't find a letter from Dorothy in this issue. These are busy, busy days on the farm and besides assisting Frank as much as possible, she is hoping that they can finish the redecorating projects this month. Kristin, after much thought, decided to spend her summer vacation on the farm instead of working away from home. Her Uncle Raymond Halls offered her some baby pigs to raise, so she took him up on it, realizing that she could save more money for next year's college expenses this way. Frank and Dorothy were very happy over her decision, needless to say.

I must close now and when you can take a moment from your work, do write, for we look forward to your letters.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

### BEAUTY'S LANGUAGE

Beauty's language is a radiant part of dawn's panorama of God-wrought art,

And beauty speaks with a reverent tongue

When an oriole's vesper hymn is sung;  
And its words are sensed in the starry night

As a half-heard song of Heaven's delight!

—*Theilma Allinder*



## A LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

I'm writing to you this month from my mother's home in Anderson, Indiana. After some high-powered and hasty packing, the children and I piled into Donald's car and came along with him on a business trip to the Guide Lamp home office here in Anderson. I had been planning a trip home but had not intended to come at this particular time. However, the children were all anxious to have their vacation at Grandma's house, so when Donald found he had to drive down we quickly decided to come along.

Another reason we were so glad this unexpected trip came up is because we'll be able to attend a wedding. In December one of my dearest girl friends announced her engagement. She was one of the girls in our wedding party so Don and I were most anxious to get here for her wedding. She is the last to be married of a group of nine who palled around together in high school. We continued our friendship through college and many of us settled down to house-keeping right here in Anderson. However, over the period of ten years since we left college, many of the husbands have been transferred to offices in distant cities—just like the Don Driftmiers. This wedding will truly be the windup of weddings among my contemporaries. I suppose the next flurry of wedding and shower activities will be among the rapidly maturing younger generation. A few of the girls in the crowd have youngsters nearly thirteen years old!

It really is wonderful that Mother has the room to accommodate the five of us when we come for a visit. This is my summer vacation, and, except for some Saturday and Sunday excursions which Don and I plan to take with the children after we get back to Hales Corners, this will be the little sprouts' vacation, too. We have so much yard work to do that it will take all of Don's remaining vacation time to get it finished up—not to mention the expense!

The happy news concerning our patio is that it is *finished*! Don has worked and worked and worked in every spare minute that he could wrest from his busy schedule and finally, after nearly three weeks of concentrated effort, he completed the forms around the exterior walls of the patio. Then he worked out a design using lumber laid down on three inches of sand. Last week he was all set for the ready-mix concrete truck to come with many yards of concrete. With the help of two masons, the patio was *finally* finished.

Fortunately, we have had such a small amount of rainfall, the ground was hard as a rock. The big trucks which brought the sand and cement were able to drive right across the lawn without leaving a mark. Mother Driftmier had written to us that Iowa has had a good supply of rain when it was needed, but we found ourselves running the sprinkler to keep the grass from burning out. However, we were quite relieved to have the rain hold off until the big trucks had



When Donald Driftmier started on their new patio last spring, he had very enthusiastic helpers in Paul, Katharine and Adrienne. We're anxious to see pictures of the finished project.

come and gone. When we go home we'll be able to get the porch glider out of its dusty corner in the store-room and have someplace to sit during nice August evenings. I wonder, though, what on earth I'm going to do with the boxes and boxes of junk that are sitting on the glider at the present.

Between the time the patio was completed and we packed to come down to Anderson, we squeezed in a birthday cake and family celebration for Adrienne. She has hit the two-year mark and it has convinced her that she is at least seven years old! She tries so hard to keep up with Katharine that she *almost* manages to get a jump ahead of Paul. (The fact that girls mature more rapidly than boys might have something to do with this, also.)

I baked a Poppy Seed Sponge Torte for her birthday and, in the few hours it chilled after it was iced, she managed to flip open the refrigerator door and help herself to the whipped cream topping. She caught on immediately to the fact that this cake was in her honor and she capitalized on it as much as possible. I've never had a little one bold enough or always hungry enough to help herself to the contents of the refrigerator. I'm finding it a little disconcerting to walk into the kitchen and find the door standing *wide open*. I shall either have to teach her to shut the door when she is through raiding or insist that she *keep out*. Getting her to stay out *completely* will not be easy. She is extremely determined—or another way to say it, she is *stubborn*! While most two-year-olds have these stubborn streaks, it seems to me that Adrienne has a *bigger* one than either of the other children. I'm having quite a time teaching her that there are certain things in the world of grownups that she simply *cannot* do and she is resisting me every inch of the way.

With one girl's birthday behind us, Katharine is finding the time dragging very slowly until she has her *DAY*. The two birthdays are only twenty days apart but that seems like an eternity to Katharine. She is pleased to be having her cake and ice cream on Grandma's backporch. What Grandma does not have in the way of play equipment is more than made up by her screened-in backporch where we eat most of our meals. As far as the children are concerned, this is the next best thing to a genuine park-picnic. Grandma bought a lovely, big, outside tent today as her birthday gift to the girls, so as soon as Donald gets home from work tonight the children will have an exciting new place to play.

I hear Adrienne waking from her nap and I dare not leave her unattended in the portable crib. She has reached the *absolute end*, and I mean that literally, of this small-size baby bed. With very little effort she could pitch herself over the top of it.

So I shall close, until next month, with hopes that the remainder of your summer will be restful and safe.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

## COVER STORY

Did you ever see such concentration as is shown on the face of little Paul Driftmier? His parents, Donald and Mary Beth, say that whereas most little four-year-olds are more interested in cowboys and Indians, Paul entertains himself endlessly, loading and unloading trucks with crushed rock from the driveway. They have learned from experience that it pays to invest in very sturdy toys and have discovered an exceptionally fine line of trucks, manufactured true to scale, which can take all the abuse that an aggressive little fellow can give them.



## FAMOUS MUSEUM PARTY

By  
Mabel Nair Brown

### Decorations

Cut out the pictures of many famous celebrities, both past and present. Separate the heads from the bodies and then reassemble by pasting the head of one on the body of another. For example, paste the head of Eleanor Roosevelt on the body of Dinah Shore; the head of Chief Blackhawk on the body of Gary Moore, etc. Fasten these pictures on the wall. Have the guests try to identify these *mixed up* celebrities.

Fun decorations and entertainment go hand-in-hand when you arrange to have a *Famous Museum*. Most of this consists in labeling things on hand with humorous identification tags. The tag on a pillow might read, "George Washington slept here." On a rocking chair's tag write, "Just the right size for a president." Label a fancy sofa pillow, "Chief Sitting Bull would have loved this!" Other suggestions: tea pot—"The pot that started the American Revolution"; sewing machine—"Howe's idea of *busy work* for the little woman"; lamp,—Edison and Florence Nightingale should have been introduced". Just look around the house and see how many *historical pieces* you can label—all for fun.

### Recreation

**Passing Parade Quiz:** Place the following objects on a large table. Number each one. Give the guests pencil and paper and have them try to list the famous person represented.

1. A starched collar and a sign reading, "A chicken in every pot"—(Herbert Hoover)
2. Toy airplane and globe—(Eleanor Roosevelt or Jacqueline Kennedy)
3. Doll's rocking chair—(President Kennedy)
4. Baseball bat and a paper crown (Babe Ruth, King of Baseball)
5. Golf club—(Dwight Eisenhower)
6. Hatchet—(George Washington)
7. Cigar—(Winston Churchill)
8. Picture of a harp—(Harpo Marx)
9. Coonskin cap—(Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett)
10. Seven little dolls—(Snow White's seven dwarfs)
11. Picnic basket (Little Red Riding Hood)
12. Toy piano or music book—(Harry Truman)
13. Kite—(Benjamin Franklin)

This game can be adapted very nicely to the age group attending. The younger children would enjoy more of the story book people; the young people have their singers, movie stars and heroes who would fit in nicely; those who are parents and grandparents would probably enjoy Harold Lloyd, Al Jolson, and Charles Lindbergh.

**Artist's Day at the Museum:** Each guest is handed a sheet of black paper. At the leader's signal, each is instructed to tear out the silhouette of a famous American. See how many of them can be identified by the group. Or tell the guests the name of a famous person and have everyone tear out

a picture of the same celebrity. Give a prize to the one whose silhouette most resembles the individual chosen.

**Big Name Hideout:** Before the guests arrive, choose the names of three or four well-known people whose names have the same number of letters (or use the *very* well-known names of Jones, Brown and Smith!). Make up small cards upon which are printed letters used in the names. Be sure to have many copies of every letter. Hide these letters about the room. Tell the players the names which can be made from them. On a signal, the guests hunt the letters needed to spell out one of the names. The one rule of the game is that the player must pick up the letters *only* in the right order to be used in the name. For example, he cannot pick up the *m* in *Smith*, until he has first picked up the *S*. Each letter must be picked up in the right order to spell out the name. This game can also be played by giving only one name to each player and he *must* find the name assigned.

**Famous Tunes:** Play the melody of each one of these tunes as a clue. Give the guests pencil and paper and have them write down the names of the event or the person connected with the tune.

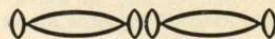
1. "Yankee Doodle"—(Revolutionary War)
2. "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain"—(Kate Smith)
3. "Hound Dog"—(Elvis Presley)
4. "God Bless America"—(World War II)
5. "Old Folks At Home"—(Stephen Foster)
6. "Dixie"—(Civil War)
7. "Blue Danube"—(Strauss)

**The Painting and Sculpture Exhibit:** Pass out slips of paper upon which is written the name of a well-known painting or the name of a famous person. Each guest in turn must then strike a pose which will be a clue to help the other guests guess the painting (or person) being portrayed. If the party is being held in a home, it might add interest to give the players five minutes to hunt some props to help in their "act". A few suggestions: Whistler's *Mother—Seated in rocking chair*; Washington Crossing the Delaware—*make a boat of newspapers and stand in it, peering into the distance*; Napoleon—*that's easy!*

**Crossing the River Nile:** Tell the players that they must travel along the Nile River to get to the oriental exhibits in the museum. Draw two lines about three feet apart on the floor, if your party is held in a basement room, or mark on the ground with sticks if the party is outdoors. If you are playing this in a carpeted room, lay string or twine to designate the winding bed of the river. Have the players march around in a circle in time to music. The circle will cross over the river in two places. Whenever the music stops, players must stand still *immediately!* Anyone standing in the *river* is out of the game. Continue stopping and starting until only one player is left—the *winner!*

**Preparing the Exhibit:** Tell the players that they are curators of the museum and must prepare the exhi-

bits. A picture of some famous person is needed to fill out the Wild West scene. (Buffalo Bill would be a good choice for this.) Give the first player a sheet of paper and a crayon. He draws the top of the head and then gives the paper to the next player. He draws the forehead, the next player outlines the rest of the head, the next the ears, then the nose, mouth, eyes, etc. right down the line. If you have a large group, several papers can be started at the same time. The final result may not look too much like the Wild West character suggested, but it is guaranteed to be fun!!



## PIN PARTY

(A Baby Shower)

By  
Evelyn Witter

Most of the girls in my group have given and/or attended so many stork showers that were very much alike that the novelty of them is beginning to wear off. But they can be just as exciting as ever, however, and lots of fun, too, if the shower is planned around a novel idea such as the one I went to recently.

The theme of this blessed event preview was "Pins", a mighty important accessory in any baby's life! As the guests arrived the hostess gave each one a necklace made of twelve safety pins. They were told that this was their fun equipment for the afternoon.

The first game was *Pin Charades*. Each girl had a chance to act out one thing that you do with a baby, such as bathing, giving the bottle, or weighing him. It cost each guest a pin to hazard a guess. The one who guessed correctly received a bonus of two pins from the actress player.

Another pin game which caused high hilarity was *Pin the Diaper Relay*. Two unclothed dolls, two pins and a diaper were placed on card tables at the far end of the room. The guests were divided into two teams. At the signal from the hostess, the first in each line went to the table, diapered the doll, carried it to the next person, who rushed back to the table, undiapered the doll, returning it to the next in line. The team finishing first was awarded a pin from each of the losers.

After this strenuous activity, a quieter game was in order. The guests were seated and given paper and pencils. The instructions were to write as many words as possible beginning with "pin", such as pinch, pinball, pin-to, pinafore, pinkie, pinkeye, and so on. The one having the largest number of correct words was awarded a pin from each of the others.

When refreshment time came, the hostess passed a bowl containing as many pins as there were guests. The pins varied in size from the biggest to the tiniest. These, she said, were our place cards. The guests were instructed to line up according to pin sizes. The one with the largest pin was seated first and so on, down the line.

The honoree's gift was done up, not in ribbons and bows, but in pins!



## MARGERY DESCRIBES SOME INTERESTING HISTORICAL SITES

Dear Friends:

How very much I've appreciated your letters in response to what I wrote last month about visiting the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home in Mansfield, Missouri. It was a delightful experience and one that I was happy to share with you. This was the first major stop on my trip and I promised to continue this month.

Leaving Mansfield, I drove west to Springfield. Although I didn't have much time to spend, it was possible for me to look up an old school friend who very graciously invited me to have lunch with her family, after which we took a long drive around the city. The azaleas were in full bloom and were much more vivid in color than I had expected them to be. I saw the National Cemetery and the lovely campus of Southwest Missouri State College.

Oliver had circled Wilson Creek Battlefield on my roadmap as a historical site of interest, so I drove there after leaving my friend's home. The gentleman who owns the land on which this Civil War battle took place gave me a detailed description of the engagement. He had a small museum, but said that state and federal funds have been appropriated to make this a national park and considerable improvements could be expected before long.

That evening, I stayed at Cassville where I had lovely accommodations at the Holiday Motel and a tasty dinner at Crow's Cafe. Incidentally, this cafe specializes in homemade bread, so delicious that I could have made a meal on it alone! Almost every table was filled with men and from the conversation around me, I soon understood why. Trout season was open and hundreds of fishermen were in the area fishing at Roaring River State Park. Leaving Cassville, I passed through the park and stopped briefly to photograph the fishermen who completely lined the edge of the river. We've never fished for trout but it looked like great sport.

My next stop was Pea Ridge Battlefield and if you are following me with map in hand, you will find it located along the Missouri-Arkansas border. This was a Mission 66 project and was recently dedicated. It was most interesting, as we have found all of the battlefields to be, and adequately marked so that one can follow the course of the battle. This engagement lasted for two days and the Federals won, whereas historians figure that the Confederate troops won at Wilson Creek.

South at Fayetteville, Arkansas, I visited the campus of the University of Arkansas. This is a very hilly town, and as I drove around it I was reminded of the time I spent many years ago in San Francisco. Since it was near noon, I ate at the cafeteria downtown and then drove out to see the National Cemetery which was established in 1867. Many of the casualties from the battle at Pea Ridge were brought here for burial.

Continuing on to Fort Smith I drove



The old courthouse, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

through some of the loveliest country I have ever seen. It reminded me much of our trip through the Smokies last summer. There was time after checking into a motel to visit the National Cemetery there and then on to see Judge Parker's Courtroom. This is one of the "musts" to see in Fort Smith, and if you are ever passing through this section of the country, do stop to see it as well as the other historical sites I will mention.

To give you a brief history, Parker was assigned to this court as a Federal Judge by President Grant. This territory was a "hang-out" for outlaws at the time. Parker's acceptance of the assignment hinged on one fact, and that was that his decision was to be final—no appeal to a higher court. Hence, it was called "The Court of No Appeal" and was the only such court in the United States. Parker was termed "The Hanging Judge" because of the numerous hangings—88, in fact.

The building itself was part of the old fort, although in later years it was added onto. The courtroom is furnished just as it was when Parker was the presiding judge. There are a number of glass cases which displayed fascinating items. I was so absorbed in reading some of the old newspaper accounts of the hangings (more descriptive than would ever be printed in today's newspapers) that I almost lost track of time. Directly under the courtroom is the jail, also interesting to see, and a short distance away, a replica of the gallows has been constructed.

The original fort was constructed of logs in 1817, or very close to that year. The big trees in the vicinity were turned into lumber with broadaxes and other hand tools which had been brought up the river in keel boats and canoes. It was named Fort Smith in honor of General Thomas A. Smith, commander of all military forces west of the Mississippi River and was constructed as protection from Indians. It was abandoned in 1824 and the garrison moved up the river to establish Fort Gibson. But the government ordered a second Fort Smith in 1838. This was a big, walled fort and it was completed in 1846. The first building finished was the block house and was used as a commissary. This is the only building remaining practically as it was and it now houses the Old Fort Museum. In it are some of

the old timbers taken from the first little log fort.

Some of the antiques which particularly interested me were the first piano in Fort Smith, the old organ that was used for religious services in the old courthouse during Judge Parker's term. (He insisted upon proper services and burial for those who met their end on the gallows.) Also, of interest to me, was a note written by Daniel Webster.

The next day I continued to Hot Springs, Arkansas where I drove down Whittington Avenue to see the I. Q. Zoo. If you've ever seen the educated chickens, ducks, rabbits and other small animals going through their tricks on television, they undoubtedly were trained at this zoo. A little further down the street is the Alligator Farm. All the "ugly monsters" were so motionless that I wondered if they could be real. The attendant informed me that they were sleeping off their dinners! They are fed once a week (on Sundays) and it was too early in the week for them to be very lively.

Driving back to the main street and Bathhouse Row, I parked the car and walked up to see the display springs. There are 47 hot springs, two of which are on display. The others are covered and flow into a collecting reservoir which supplies the water to all the bathhouses. At the National Park Headquarters, one can see interesting displays and receive information of all sorts. Since this is a National Park, a great deal has been written about it, so I won't go into more detail. I wish that I could have given more time to this area for there are miles and miles of beautiful drives through the Ouachita Mountains, beautiful Lake Hamilton, and countless other points of interest if one were to spend an entire vacation in this vicinity.

When I arrived at Little Rock, I did what I suppose most visitors do when they first enter a capitol city—drove out to see the capitol. After a tour through the building, I drove to another part of town to see the Arkansas Museum of Natural History and Antiquities. This building, incidentally, was the birthplace of General Douglas Mac Arthur. Next to it was the Arkansas Museum of Fine Arts. The traveling collection on display was James A. Michener's collection of American Paintings of the Twentieth Century. This was a special, unexpected experience and one which I thoroughly enjoyed.

The most important site to see in Little Rock, in my estimation (and I'm not alone in my thinking on this), is the Arkansas Territorial Capitol Restoration. It was a rare and historical discovery when the original old territorial capitol buildings were discovered. Often, in restorations of this kind, many buildings are replicas, but in this rare case, after tearing off additions and accumulated "improvements", there stood, in all their historic glory, the original buildings. They cover almost a block and include the Capitol, containing the Council (or Senate) Room, its Kitchen (separate building), The Noland House, (Noland was officially delegated to deliver the first Constitution

(Continued on page 18)



## FREDERICK VISITS IOWA

Dear Friends,

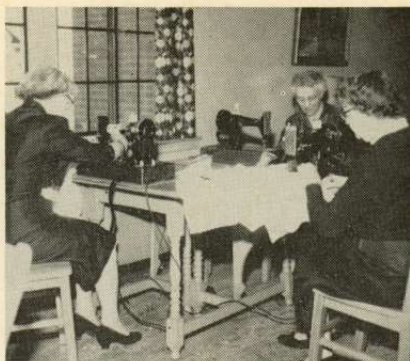
The next time someone comes into my study with a woeful tale of discouragement and despair, I know just the treatment I shall prescribe. I shall suggest an airplane trip across the great plains states of the Middle West. I did not need such a tonic when I made my air trip from Springfield, Massachusetts to Omaha in the latter part of June, but had I needed it, what wonderful medicine it would have been! As often as I have flown across the Middle West, I never cease to be thrilled with what I see. When flying over the mountains of the East, I rarely bother to look out of the plane window, but when I can look out and see the miles and miles of farms and the beautiful, patchwork quilt pattern of the fields, the whole trip takes on a new interest for me.

The sight of sixty large farms beneath my view at one time gave me a new sense of pride in America. What a rich country we have, and what a great history it has. Looking out of a jet plane window at the heart of America's farm land, it is hard to believe that a hundred years ago there was nothing down there but the wild prairie. From the air one sees the miles and miles of roads stretching in straight lines far into the horizon, and one marvels at the thousands of hours of hard labor it must have taken to create such a pattern of progress. Mankind's progress on this earth can be measured in terms of roads, beginning with the caravan trails of the Bible lands, the Appian Way of ancient Rome, the Cumberland Trail, the Santa Fe Trail, and now the John Glenn Trail through outer space.

As our plane flew over Iowa, I could look down and see the work that is being done on the new Inter-State super highway. In the eastern part of the state it is little more than a few broken tracks across the pastures and corn fields, but as one flies westward the highway takes on more characteristic marks of completion. One begins to see the tracks have bridges laid out—always two bridges, just alike and side by side—and as one nears the center of the state, the hard surface is laid and drying, and then in a matter of moments the speeding plane is over the finished road sections with trucks and cars in long lines of movement.

I flew to Omaha where my sister Margery and her son, Martin, met me and drove me down to Shenandoah for five fine days of visiting with the family. Betty and the children did not make the trip with me because our public schools in Massachusetts are in session right through the month of June. Next year when I have to represent our church at a large meeting in Denver, the whole family will be with me.

I left Iowa back in 1939, but when I return to my hometown I know that my roots are very deep in the good soil of the Corn Belt. One's childhood environment never completely rubs off no matter how far one may travel in latter years. As I drove through the countryside with my parents, I



Some of the ladies in Frederick's church meet every Thursday afternoon to sew articles for foreign missions. The day before he left for Iowa, his wife Betty entertained the group in their home with a luncheon.

was reminded again and again of similar drives in other years, and it gave me a thrill to see old, familiar landmarks.

Isn't it a heartwarming experience to be remembered by old friends who have not been seen in years? My work in New England and my travels abroad have often provided me with rare and unique opportunities to visit with some of the world's great statesmen, military leaders, and church dignitaries, but such opportunities never brought me more sincere pleasure than just being remembered and greeted by name on Main Street of my hometown. One of the most unpleasant nightmares I ever had was one in which I found myself in old familiar childhood haunts unknown and completely unremembered. I dare say that some of you have had just such a bad dream at some time or other, and you know the truth of what I speak.

And how about old treasures from the attic? My Aunt Jessie Shambaugh found an oil painting that was made of me exactly twenty years ago. I had lost track of the painting, and when I saw it again on this last trip back to Iowa, I was delighted. There is quite a story behind that painting.

In 1942 the war in the western desert of Egypt was at its height, and the number of prisoners captured by the British numbered in the tens of thousands. I was then the Director of War Prisoners' Aid of the International YMCA, and it was while working in a large prisoner-of-war camp that the painting was done. While visiting the prison bakery, one of the Italian bakers called me to one side and asked my help. He told me that he was a famous sculptor, and he actually showed me pictures of the King of Italy presenting him with a gold medal as the finest sculptor in all Italy.

What he wanted of me was a gift of some oil paints and canvas. He had been spending his spare time, when not working in the bakery, learning how to do oil painting. It was agreed that I would provide him with all the materials he needed in return for his teaching a class in sculpturing in the prison school that I had set up.

Soon the prison camp was decorated with sand sculpturing as dozens of

prisoners studied under this famous sculptor. And just about that soon, I was asked to pose for a portrait. Each week when I made my rounds of the prison camps, I would sit for the portrait. It was completed just a few days before I flew back to America. I remember packing it with all of my gear, but that was the last I was to see of it until Aunt Jessie found it in the attic. Right now it is safely at rest in the parsonage back in Springfield.

Have you ever noticed how familiar odors call back old memories? When we were driving from the Omaha airport down to Shenandoah, Iowa, I breathed deeply of the delightful fragrance of red clover. Why, I hadn't seen so much red clover since I was last in the Middle West some years ago. I wanted Margery to stop the car so that I could thoroughly enjoy it—acres and acres of it on both sides of the road. In a split second of time my memory flashed back to the summer when I was ten years old. My Sunday School class was raising money by tending a garden out on the edge of town not far from the present location of the Kitchen Klatter building. On both sides of that Sunday School garden were large fields of red clover, and in the clover and in the garden were thousands of bees. I loved the fragrance of the clover, but I hated the presence of the bees!

Speaking of bees reminds me of something I must do before we leave with our church young people for Nova Scotia. We have been advised to take a good supply of anti-bee serum just in case one of the youngsters in our church party happens to be allergic to bee stings. Only the other day I read in the newspaper that more people are killed by bee stings in the United States each year than are killed by poisonous snakes and all other poisonous creatures put together.

Food poisoning is not nearly as common today as it was twenty-five years ago, but there is another kind of poisoning that is every bit as serious. I refer to the poisoning of the mind by viciously suggestive literature. I am not a prude, and I am a firm believer in freedom of the press, but I am determined to use my pulpit and any other means available to fight against the cheap, vulgar, obscene books that are found in the book racks of drugstores and super markets from one end of this country to the other. You know very well that what goes into the mind has just as much effect upon our mental health as does the food we eat have an effect upon our physical health. Some parents are so careful about the food their children eat, and are so careless about the books their children read.

If you want your children to eat good food, you put the best in front of them. In the same way, if you want your children to read good books you must put the best in front of them. Sometimes it has been quite expensive for me to do so, but I can honestly say that I have never refused to buy a good book for which one of my children has asked. We

(Continued on page 19)



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Well, I'm back to the typewriter! And believe me, it seems mighty good to be here after two months running when *Kitchen-Klatter* went to press without my usual letter to you. In all these many years it's the first time I've been among the missing for two consecutive months, and the truth of the matter is that it seems like two years—not two months. I almost feel as if I should write what is known as a brief biographical sketch explaining who I am and what I'm doing in this issue!

After weeks and weeks of what could only be called wretched health I'm once again able to pick up daily life and carry through my usual routine. And you can see how endless my siege of illness seemed when I say that I find it downright exciting to get three meals a day, to grapple with the laundry, to go to buy groceries, to slick up the house—oh, just all the things that make up the usual routine of daily life. I am still wondering how I ever could have found that routine monotonous and irksome!

Yet it is a stark reality of human life that we forget hard things very swiftly, once they are over, and eventually the time comes when we take for granted what I have referred to as the daily routine. Right now I don't take it for granted. I'm just grateful for it!

Looking back on those long weeks of illness I can think of only one thing that struck me as funny. This was the evening when Russell came to see me at the hospital immediately after I'd managed to climax a dreadful spell of "back complications" by developing pneumonia and then, as if that weren't trouble enough, by breaking several ribs in a bad fall. (I would have told anyone at this point that my name was Job!)

Anyway, Russell said thoughtfully on this particular evening that he'd been remembering Longfellow's line to the effect that into each life some rain must fall and it was certainly very true and anyone who'd lived at all knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that it was true—BUT there was a vast difference between "some rain" and a *cloudburst*! This struck me as funny and it's the only thing I can recall that appealed to my sense of humor.

But I don't want to dwell on that cloudburst of misfortune, particularly on this beautiful summer morning when the air is cool and fresh and the familiar sounds of another day getting underway are all about me. It is 6:00 o'clock and I have brought my typewriter out to our small porch that overlooks the garden. This is my favorite place during the summer months and if it isn't drizzling and disagreeable I begin my days out here and end them here as well.

At this point in the summer of 1962 our family is all at home—Russell, Juliana and I. Russell is frequently out of town on business and much of the time I am here alone, but right now I can look forward to several unbroken weeks when we can sit down



Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson has always had a special knack for arranging flowers.

to breakfast together at 7:00 and line up the day's events.

Juliana wound up her freshman year at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and then drove home with her good friend, Robin Read, who was also a freshman out there this past year. These girls have been friends since they were four years old and spent summer afternoons in the sandbox! They went all through school together, graduated in the class of 1961, and then entered the University of New Mexico together last September. In this day and age of so much moving and shifting around it isn't too often that our children can continue friendships dating from the sandbox-snowsuit years, so it seemed quite remarkable to both girls that college found them still together. They will return to Albuquerque in September as sophomores, but this second year they won't be living under the same roof. Robin pledged a sorority and will be moving into her sorority house. Juliana didn't join a sorority and will remain in the dormitory, but these buildings aren't far apart on the campus and they'll continue to see each other frequently.

Incidentally, Robin is also an only child and thus her parents had the same adjustment to make last September that Russell and I had to make. If you have several children you're not faced with this adjustment until the last one leaves home and then it's just the same as if you had an only child—there's no one left to take up the slack. It leaves you feeling at loose ends and strangely dislocated until enough time has passed to enable you to adjust to a new order of life.

Juliana wanted to get a job this summer and had high hopes of lining up something, but jobs for college students were practically non-existent the country over. All of her friends had the same experience—their big expectations were dashed when they set out to find work. Juliana carries on a lively correspondence with these girls (she reminds me of myself at that age when I wrote constantly to *everyone*!) and until recently their letters were still hopeful as they went here and there to run down tips they'd gotten that so-and-so needed someone.

But now with half the summer gone they realize that only a very few jobs ever existed for the tremendous number who wanted them—and it has been a sobering realization. Probably a good many of you parents had about the same experience this summer, for as nearly as I can tell it's the way things are all over the country.

But if Juliana was disappointed in her search for a job, at least she has the gratification of knowing that she was really needed here at home base. Goodness knows I can always do with an extra pair of hands, but there are many, many errands she can run for her grandparents, to say nothing of being able to make out-of-town trips such as taking Frederick up to Omaha to catch his plane, going to Clarinda to get Aunt Jessie when she wants to come over here, meeting Dorothy's train at Red Oak—well, just a whole collection of trips that need to be made. No one could pretend that all of this is any kind of a realistic substitute for a full time job, but since Dad cannot yet drive his car it has meant a lot to our family to have Juliana here on deck. I should add that she is a very good driver and doesn't give any of us nervous fits.

I might as well confess right now that I have never gotten my driver's license. I can't even fall back on illness as a good excuse for there was plenty of time before all my trouble to stir around and take the test. The plain truth must be that I'm lacking in courage—nothing more and nothing less! But at least I *do* know how to drive and if ever we had a crisis of any kind on the highway I'd be able to get off the road, or even to the nearest town in the face of a real emergency. At an earlier time I'd paid so little attention to the mechanics involved that I couldn't have turned a wheel no matter how desperate the need, so even though I cannot go out by myself I'm not nearly as helpless as I was through all those years.

Incidentally, there's been much criticism in some towns about driver's training classes that are taught in our high schools, but this is one "frill" that seems to me downright sensible and worthwhile. I've observed that the young people who take this training are responsible when they're behind the wheel and are much less inclined to take risks of any kind. Respect for the highway is pounded into their heads. And since they're taught at an age when life-long reactions are formed they don't have a lot of careless habits to unlearn. If there had been such a class when I was in high school years ago I could have managed a car and probably would have been a pretty good driver in spite of my handicap.

One of the things I like about summer is the chance to see relatives and friends—there's always so much more coming-and-going in the summer than in the winter and there's nothing I enjoy more than getting a meal for company. It gives me real pleasure to cook a good meal, to set the table with extra care, to arrange a centerpiece of flowers from our garden and sort of give more than a lick and a promise to everything. Some people

(Continued on page 19)



## HISTORY CAN BE FUN

By  
Evelyn Birkby

For some reason I found history a very dull subject in school. But, since becoming an adult, I thoroughly enjoy reading the background of an early era of the world or the life story of famous individuals. I've discovered, also, that nothing is more fascinating than traveling to various places and discussing the history of its development. I am desperately sorry that my interest in such things came so late; my desire is to help our children see that history is primarily the story of people and their struggles in different environments. When history can come alive in the few simple places we visit, perhaps the broader, world-wide subject will be more exciting for them as they continue in school. I sincerely hope so!

Perhaps that is one reason we delved so deeply into the history of Michigan's upper peninsula. In a way, however, many of the things we learned came about because of a chance meeting with one man. But I am getting ahead of my story.

If you follow the shore line of Lake Superior east of Duluth, Minnesota, you will, sooner or later, come to the edge of the Michigan Peninsula, that piece of the state of Michigan which, incredibly, lops over the top of Wisconsin. Keep driving, stay near the lake, and you will finally reach a town situated some 20 miles east of the Porcupine Mountains. Bordered on the north by the full sweep of clear blue water, surrounded by green forests, the town is nestled on the east bank of a river. The water of the river, emptying into the lake through long centuries, has cut a bowl-like shape at its mouth. The Indian word, "Nan-ton-a-gon", which means *bowl*, was given to this river generations ago. Now the town, and the river as well, carries the name of Ontonagon.

When we first drove onto the main street of this rather quaint, quiet-appearing town, we saw a sign indicating a museum was housed in one of the store buildings. Just what we needed to extend our own knowledge of the territory and, as I mentioned, try to make history fun for the children.

As we entered, a tall, interesting-looking, friendly gentleman came forward and introduced himself. "I am Judge Willman," he said. "This museum is my pet project and I shall be most happy to explain anything to you about the exhibits and about our community."

We had thought the museum would be our most interesting find, but we were wrong. Our *gold mine* was Judge Willman! Personally, he had discovered, restored and collected many of the objects in the museum. He had studied into the background of the objects he had found and into the lives of the people who had settled around Ontonagon. With the visits we had with him, the material he shared with us, and an illustrated historical lecture which he gave at the campground where we were staying, we felt we had learned a great deal about this fascinating place.

The story of this section of our country goes far back before the era of the white man. Pre-historic miners had come, apparently during the summer months, to mine copper. They built fires on the copper outcroppings and then, when the areas were heated, poured cold water on them so as to cause cracks. Using heavy stone hammers tied to sticks with thongs, they loosened the ore and loaded it onto crude wooden runners to take to its destination. Diggings show where they followed veins of copper into the ground for actual mining operations.

Where these early miners came from, where they took the precious metal and what they did with it is a great mystery. Some authorities think they were the Mound Builders, others think they were the Aztecs who came up to gather the metal, and a few even feel that it could have been people like the Phoenicians, those best-of-sailors of the ancient world. At any rate, antique copper jewelry has been found in places in the world where no copper is mined. How it got there is another mystery of antiquity; perhaps there is a connection!

That these early primitive men could accomplish all they did is incredible! From the evidence uncovered, it has been estimated that it took 10,000 men a period of 1,000 years to do the work of mining the copper in the Upper Michigan Peninsula. For some unknown reason, all the work stopped about 1200 A.D. Strangely enough, the Indians who lived in the area when the white man arrived did not have any knowledge or legends of any kind about these early copper miners.

It was the story of a huge, pure copper boulder which attracted the white man to this section of the country. Yes, right in the center of the Ontonagon River, a few miles upstream from its mouth, lay 3,000 pounds of pure copper. The Chippewa Indians used it as an object of worship and did not want it moved or molested in any way. In spite of this hostility, many came and tried to move the huge boulder. The problems of engineering involved were tremendous; no modern equipment was available, no roads were built into the area, weather, forests, wild animals and jealous competitors added to the hazards already presented by the Indians.

One of the men who was drawn by the tales of the famous copper boulder was James K. Paul. He was born in Virginia in 1814 and had settled in Chicago some time before 1840. In May of 1843, he arrived on the shores of the Ontonagon River and, finding a Chippewa Indian village located on the west bank of the river, decided to settle on the east bank. He erected a small cabin and later built a place called "Deadfall Tavern", which became a rendezvous for trappers, traders, prospectors and voyageurs. Seemingly, this situation changed considerably when in 1849 Mr. Paul married a girl who had come out from Maine to settle in Michigan.

James Paul, his wife Amanda, and their adopted son, built and operated the "Paul House", a very respectable

hostelry where food and lodging were available, but *no liquor*! It was far more genteel than the famed "Deadfall Tavern". Surely, history would be *more fun* if we could read the chapter in the life of Paul between the owning of those two establishments!

Yes, it was finally James K. Paul who succeeded, after much difficulty, in removing the huge copper boulder from its resting place in the Ontonagon River. Today it can be seen in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D. C.

Travel in and out of the town of Ontonagon at that time was most difficult. Roads were very primitive. In 1859, a plank road was finally built between Ontonagon and Rockland, a distance of some 14 miles. It was possible to get to Wausau, Wisconsin, about 175 miles away, via a three-day stagecoach trip. The most common transportation was by boat, so it's easy to imagine how isolated this small community was during the winter months. Only a rare dog team could get through the snow for an emergency.

It was understandable that the arrival of the first boat in the Spring was cause for great excitement. The entire population of the village would drop whatever they were doing and gather at the dock to greet the travelers, get the *latest* news and collect fresh food and supplies from the *outside* world.

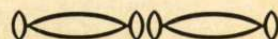
When the Civil War started, the need for a good road between the copper country and the central part of the United States created a situation which opened up Ontonagon to *normal* transportation. No longer was it dependent up on the passages of Lake Superior for its life line.

The village continued to grow. It had the grandest hotel north of Chicago, the five-story Bigelow House. A large match factory developed on the old site of the Indian village to the west of the river. Disaster came, however, as it has many times in the forest country, in the shape of a sudden fire which broke out August 25, 1896 in a swamp west of the village. A high wind was blowing and, in a few short hours, the entire town, many historic landmarks, the match factory, Bigelow House and, miraculously, only one life, were destroyed.

The town grew again after the fire. Harbor improvements were made, fine roads came into the area, tourists discovered the joys and beauties of its huge lake, rolling hills and green forests. Copper mining, which had declined, once again began to flourish.

All this, and more, we felt and relived as we walked through the museum. We saw many items which had gone through the fire, examined pictures of James K. Paul and other early settlers, and marveled anew at the courage and fortitude of our pioneer fathers.

Ontonagon is a fascinating place. Our thanks to Judge Charles Willman for helping make its heritage real to us. He helped prove to our entire family that history *can* be fun!





## THE DENVER DRIFTMERS EXPLORE CRYSTAL RIVER COUNTRY

Dear Friends:

The customary summer concert of power lawn mowers fills the air. The neighborhood is busy getting the yard work out of the way before the sun reaches its zenith. The sprinklers at our house are giving our parched lawn and borders a much needed drink after several days' thirst. The weeds that accumulated during our initial camping trip surely ought to be less reluctant to leave their homes if the dirt surrounding them is moistened.

Our new garden center and floral shop was completed later than originally scheduled. The grand opening coincided with our annual rose festival. The occasion was most successful and Wayne felt the need of a few days' change-of-pace from a long, long busy season. We rounded up our camping equipment, which had been stored for almost two years, then headed for an area of Colorado that our family had never seen before but about which we had heard and read much—the Crystal River country.

A few days prior to our departure we mentioned our plans to friends and suggested that their family join us. Not only are they delightful people, but their particular nursery specialty makes them most interesting companions in the mountains. They are growers and propagators of native Colorado plants, shrubs and trees. Their two sons and older daughter are Emily and Alison's ages and their younger daughter will enter kindergarten this fall.

Our particular Western Slope destination was Redstone Campground near the little resort community of Redstone. We wanted to see the town of Marble which was once the site of a huge marble-quarrying operation. Marble is not quite a ghost town even in the winter, but the increasing number of summer visitors has yet to equal the population that once marked this a thriving community. My particular desire was to get up to Crystal City, a ghost town that is reputed to have the most magnificent setting in Colorado.

It was 10 A. M. before we finished packing and drove away from our house. We had camp all set up and were ready for our evening meal at 6 P. M., so you can see it is a very easy one-day trip from Denver. In addition, we paused for a picnic lunch and made a number of brief stops along the way. The scenery along our route ranged from the spectacular to the quietly beautiful. Only a jaded appetite could have found it dull.

U. S. 6 was our highway from Denver west to Glenwood Springs. The two passes are Loveland, which is 11,992 feet, and Vail, which is only 10,603 feet. Loveland Pass is surrounded by ski areas but Vail Pass has always been relatively unspoiled by commercial development. This time, there were men and machines hard at work clearing ski runs through the timber and rocks. About 10 miles east of the junction of Highways 6 and 24 there is a very small camp-



Like most Coloradans Wayne Driftmier pans for gold on trips to the mountains

ground called Gore Creek. It was beside this rushing, tumbling stream that we ate our picnic lunch.

Evidence of the previous winter's unusually heavy snowpack was everywhere. Small mountain streams abounded in white water. The larger rivers were running bankful—far too high and roily for good fishing. The high water interfered with Wayne's camping pastime of gold panning too. He always tries a little of this, thus far without notable success. All along the mountain sides were streamers of broken trees, vivid testimony to the snow slides and avalanches that had occurred in large numbers.

At Glenwood Springs, we turned south on Colorado 82 as far as Carbondale where we followed Colorado 133 about 13 miles to Redstone Campground. Our campsite was in a thick grove of aspen, providing not only shade but also protection from the cold evening breezes. For some fortuitous reason the flies, mosquitoes, honey bees and wood ticks ignored us.

Our three boy campers had a hey-day chopping wood. They not only kept us amply supplied but left enough to last the next occupants three days! Unfortunately, their favorite chopping time seemed to be 5 o'clock in the morning. The Crystal River was too high and dangerous to permit them to fish except when accompanied by an adult and they were impatient to try their luck. But after an unsuccessful morning along the banks, they were quite willing to spend the afternoon exploring Marble.

The gravel road from Redstone to Marble follows along the Crystal River which is fed by mountain streams from high above. There are many beautiful and thundering waterfalls along the way. Several are near the road but more can be seen high on the valley walls. And it is just a bit unusual to drive along a road that is reinforced by huge blocks and chunks of white marble.

Not much of the town of Marble remains, but evidence of the periodic mudslides that have carried away most of the business district are prominent. Only the foundation and a few of the marble walls of the huge marble-cutting shed stand today. Commercial enterprise nowadays consists of two tiny pop stands operated by elderly ladies who are most willing to share their fund of history about the

area. It was a great disappointment to me to learn that the little road up to Crystal City was closed to all except the most intrepid Jeeps. A bulldozer had gone over the road to clear away the winter avalanches, but the ground was now thawing and the road was falling away from its narrow shelf. We had no Jeep so there was no alternative but to wait for a future trip to see Crystal City.

The popstand proprietress also told us that the actual marble quarries were quite breathtaking and could be reached by hiking four miles up the old railroad grade. The hour was late to start an 8 mile hike and the youngest member of the group had developed a suspicious cough. She had been exposed to measles some days previous and sure enough, the next morning red spots were popping out all over little Sally.

Her mother, one brother who wanted to fish, and Alison remained in camp with Sally while the rest of us each packed a sandwich, candy bar and pack of raisins. Stream water should abound along our trail and in such a remote location contamination is not a danger. Wayne and I tried to discourage Clark from attempting such a long climb but he was determined to join the group.

Clark's determination was almost exhausted at the end of the first 1½ miles. It was hot, the climb was steep, and we had yet to reach the first stream. Somehow he managed to keep on for another half-mile where we forded the first stream. In truth, all of us were more than a little refreshed by the cold water which completely recharged Clark. The streams then occurred about every 200 yards and each presented a problem in crossing. Once we were able to use a snow bank as a bridge but in all others leaping from rock-to-rock was the only method. (I wished I had gotten in a little hop-sotch practice sometime during the past 25 years!)

The old railroad bed ends where Yule Creek cuts a narrow gorge through walls of solid white marble. The stream roars over rocks polished glistening white by the surging water. I thought I had seen beautiful mountain streams before but never had anything been comparable to this.

The quarry caverns were still almost 200 yards above us and a very precipitous climb up over the marble rock talus. Now I have a real terror of precipices, yet to have hiked so far and miss the goal seemed a mistake, too. Pushing terror back I resolved to climb up—the others were already half-way there. The first time I stopped to gasp for air I took a hurried glance back down. Believe me, I didn't do that again on the other gasp-for-air stops! I just looked up and resolved that I would find another way back down no matter how long it took.

The quarry caverns are enormous and a little frightening when you look at the rotted scaffolding that still clings in a few places along the high sheer walls. The caverns are also deep and filled with ice of untold depth. We could not comprehend how the block of marble was removed that

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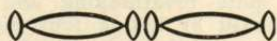


## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter

## Family



### RUSSELL'S FAVORITE SALAD

- 1 pkg. pineapple gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, broken into bits
- 12 marshmallows, cut in 4ths
- 2 cups boiling water

Pour the boiling water over the gelatin, flavoring, cream cheese and marshmallows. Mix thoroughly until well blended and then chill until it starts to congeal. Then add:

- 1 cup drained, crushed pineapple
- 1 cup finely grated carrots
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Lastly, whip 1 cup of heavy cream and fold into the mixture. Pour into a 9-inch square pan and chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce.

This salad is one that Margery prepared for a recent family dinner. Russell thought that it was the most delicious salad he had eaten in many years, hence it acquired this name.

### END-OF-THE-SEASON GREEN BEANS

- 4 cups canned or cooked green beans
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 3 slices bacon, cooked

Drain the cooked beans, reserving about one cup of the liquid. Cook the onion in the butter until a golden color. (Margarine may be used with 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.) Stir the flour until well blended. Mix in the bean liquid, vinegar and Sweetener. Stir constantly and simmer over low heat until the sauce thickens. Lastly, add the sour cream and the beans. Heat through and crumble the bacon over the top.

### PRETTY PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 small can pineapple slices
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 Tbls. mayonnaise
- Lettuce

Drain the juice from the pineapple slices. Combine the softened cream cheese, pineapple flavoring and mayonnaise. Frost the top of each pineapple slice with the cheese mixture. Put each one on a lettuce leaf. Garnish with maraschino cherry, white or purple grapes.

### HAY-HAND ROLLS

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 3 cups water
- 4 cups flour
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup shortening, melted
- 1 cup sugar
- 6 cups flour (approximately)

Combine the yeast and the 1 cup of lukewarm water. When this is dissolved, stir in the salt, 1 Tbls. sugar, the water and the four cups of flour. Beat this well until it is bubbly. Cover and set aside at room temperature for several hours or overnight.

After the sponge has set, add the beaten eggs, the melted and cooled shortening, 1 cup of sugar and enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out onto a floured bread board and knead. Place in a greased bowl and let rise until double in bulk. Knead down and place in the refrigerator. Punch down each day.

When you are ready to use, remove the portion of the dough desired from the refrigerator and let it stand for 1 hour at room temperature. Make out into rolls and put on a greased cookie sheet. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

This is a perfect recipe to use for cinnamon rolls which you want to prepare in the evening and bake in the morning. Make them up just like any cinnamon rolls, place in a greased pan (I like to put a layer of brown sugar in the bottom of the pan before putting in the rolls), cover with a clean tea towel and let stand at room temperature until morning. The small amount of yeast causes them to rise slowly enough to be the perfect recipe for this treatment.

These also make fine twice-baked rolls. After you have made out the rolls, let rise until 3/4ths as high as you desire (do not let them double in bulk as they continue to rise after they go into the slow oven). Bake at 275 degrees for 40 minutes. This sets the dough but does not completely bake it. Store in the refrigerator for a short time or, wrap well and freeze for longer storage. Thaw, if frozen, and bake at 425 degrees for 8 minutes.

### ORANGE EGGNOG FLOAT

(This is a refreshing punch to serve on a hot summer's day.)

- 3 eggs
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 1/2 cups ice water
- 2 6-oz. cans frozen orange juice concentrate
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 pt. vanilla ice cream

1 small bottle ginger ale, chilled  
Beat eggs and sugar together until light and lemon-colored. Stir in water, orange concentrate and lemon juice. Place scoops of ice cream in punch bowl; pour juice mixture over ice cream. Add ginger ale.

The orange juice mixture can be made up ahead of time. When the guests arrive and you are ready to serve, just add the ice cream and ginger ale. Serves 10

### BROWN RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup brown rice
- 1 can chicken broth
- 2 cups water
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 can cream of chicken soup

Cook the rice in the chicken broth and water until tender. Cook the onion in a small amount of butter. Combine all the ingredients and place in a buttered casserole. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes. If the mixture seems too thick, add a small amount of water.

### CATHERINE'S COMPANY DESSERT

- 20 chocolate wafers, crushed
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 20 marshmallows
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained and diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Crush the chocolate wafer cookies and combine with the melted margarine and butter flavoring. Pat this mixture into a buttered pie pan, reserving a little to sprinkle on the top. Put the milk and marshmallows in the top of a double boiler and set over boiling water. Heat, stirring occasionally, until the marshmallows are melted. Cool. Fold in the stiffly whipped cream, the cherry flavoring, the nuts and the maraschino cherries. Pour this mixture into the crumb-lined pan. Top with the reserved crumbs. Refrigerate for several hours or overnight.

This is a delicious company dessert. If you wish to make a larger amount for a club or church refreshment, triple the recipe and make in a 9-by-13-inch pan. This will make nice thick squares, just right to serve on a pretty paper doily.

### REFRIGERATOR ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

- 3 cups white sugar, less 2 Tbls.
- 1 cup vegetable shortening, plus 2 Tbls.
- 5 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 cups Kellogg's All-Bran cereal
- 2 cups Nabisco 100% All-Bran
- 2 cups boiling water
- 4 eggs
- 5 cups flour
- 1 quart buttermilk

Pour the boiling water over the Nabisco Bran. Cream the shortening and sugar and add the beaten eggs and milk. Add the Kellogg's Bran. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add to the ingredients. Fold in the soaked Nabisco Bran. Bake in greased muffin tins for 15 to 18 minutes at 400 degrees.

This batter will keep in the refrigerator in tightly covered containers for up to 6 weeks. When storing, don't fill the containers too full, for there might be a little expansion to the batter. Spoon out for muffins as needed.



**A MAN'S COOKIE**

- 2 cups raisins
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 cup nuts

Bring the water to a boil and add the raisins. Simmer for 5 minutes and then let them stand for 10 minutes. You should have about 1/2 cup of liquid on the raisins. If there is more, just discard it, for what you need is only 1/2 cup. To this liquid, add the soda and set aside.

In a bowl, beat well the shortening, spices, flavorings, sugar and eggs. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the raisin water to which you added the soda, and the nuts and raisins. Drop by tablespoon onto greased baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes, or until lightly browned.

**EXTRA-SPECIAL CHICKEN**

- 1 cup orange juice
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- Dash tabasco sauce
- 1/2 cup pineapple preserves
- 1 frying chicken

Brown the chicken, after flouring, until golden brown. Cover and steam for about 20-25 minutes. Blend together the cornstarch and mustard and add to the orange juice. Add the tabasco sauce and pineapple preserves. Pour this sauce over the chicken, cover, and continue cooking for 20 more minutes, or until chicken is tender.

**JELLY SURPRISE COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups plus 2 Tbls. sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- Stiff jelly or jam

Cream the shortening and sugar together, then beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture. With a teaspoon, drop very small amounts of dough onto a greased cookie sheet, and using a thimble dipped in flour, make a depression in the center of each cookie. Fill the depressions with a small amount of jelly or jam. Bake in a 425 degree oven eight to ten minutes, or until golden brown.

**SUNDAY SUPPER CASSEROLE**

- 1/2 c. chopped onion
- 1/4 c. butter or margarine
- 2 cups pre-cooked rice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 can pork luncheon meat
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. light cream
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 12 deviled egg halves

Saute the onions in the melted butter until light brown. Add the rice, salt and water. Cover and let stand for five minutes. Cut the meat into slices and mash with a fork. Add it to the rice mixture along with the pepper and parsley. Blend together the mayonnaise, cream and catsup. Add half of this sauce to the rice mixture, then spread it in the bottom of a greased shallow baking dish. With the back of a spoon, make depressions in the rice to hold the deviled egg halves. Fill the depressions with the remaining sauce and put the eggs in place. Cover and bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 minutes.

**CHOCOLATE MINT COOLER**

- 2 cups cold milk
- 4 Tbls. instant chocolate powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Scoops of vanilla ice cream

Combine the first four ingredients and chill well. Pour into glasses. Add a scoop of ice cream to each glass just before serving.

**BAKED PEACH DUMPLINGS**

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2/3 cup milk

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in the shortening and then stir in the milk. Roll dough on floured board and cut into circles, about 6 inches in diameter. You should be able to get 6 circles without difficulty.

Peel 3 fresh peaches and place a peach half on each circle of dough. On each peach, place 1 tsp. sugar, a dash of cinnamon and a small piece of butter. Fold the dough over peach, pinching the dough together a little. (Frozen peaches could be used.)

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Put these ingredients in a saucepan and bring to a boil and boil for 2 or 3 minutes, then pour around the dumplings in a baking pan and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

These are simply delicious served plain or with light cream or top milk while warm. The same recipe may be used with winter apples, using Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring in place of the Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring.

**ADRIENNE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE**

- 1 cup cake flour
- 6 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 6 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup poppy seeds
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Have all the ingredients at room temperature. Sift the flour, measure and then sift three times. Beat the egg yolks until thick and add the sugar gradually. Continue beating until thick and lemon colored. Stir in the vanilla flavoring and the flour and cold water, alternately.

Beat the egg whites until foamy and then add the salt and cream of tartar. Continue beating until the mixture stands in stiff peaks, but is not dry. Fold the egg yolk mixture into the egg whites with a wire whisk or a spatula. Fold in the poppy seeds. Pour into an ungreased 10-inch angel food cake pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour. Invert to cool. When the cake is cool, remove from the pan and cut into three layers. Fill with the following custard filling.

**Custard Filling**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the sugar, cornstarch and the salt. Add the milk gradually and cook over medium heat until the mixture boils. Simmer for 5 minutes, or until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Stir a little of the hot custard into the slightly beaten eggs, blend and then stir the egg mixture into the remaining custard. Cook slowly until the custard starts to boil. Cook a minute or two longer, stirring constantly. Cool and then add the vanilla flavoring. Spread the custard between the layers of cake. Chopped nuts may be added if desired. Frost with the following whipped cream frosting.

**Whipped Cocoa Frosting**

- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 4 1/2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 1/2 cups whipping cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine the powdered sugar and cocoa and sift. Stir into the cream and chill in the refrigerator for 2 or 3 hours. Whip until of spreading consistency. Fold in the flavorings. Frost the cake and chill well before serving. Keep under refrigeration until all is eaten. This time of year we must watch custards carefully to be sure they are kept chilled at all times. Serious illness has resulted from custards allowed to stand at room temperature during hot weather, so be cautious about any custard pies, fillings or puddings and keep chilled until ready to serve.



## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

If anyone says, "Why on earth would I take the time to put together homemade tomato soup?", my answer would simply be, "Try this recipe, prepare it for the table, present it to your family, and you'll have your answer!"

For years I have made up as much of this soup as possible—before I canned tomatoes, before I made tomato juice, before the chopped pickles were ground! *Never* have we had enough to last *all* through the winter months. We like it *that* well.

Try one "batch". It is my guess that you, too, will be making up as much as you can of this regal-tasting soup. It is, indeed, *fit for a king!*

### REGAL TOMATO SOUP

6 onions, chopped  
1 bunch celery, chopped  
8 quarts fresh tomatoes  
1 cup sugar  
1/4 cup salt  
1 cup butter  
1 cup flour

Chop the onions and celery and put in a large kettle with just enough water to start them cooking and keep

them from burning. While the onions and celery simmer away, wash the tomatoes, cut out the white parts and stems, and measure out a good 8 quarts. Add these to the kettle and continue cooking until the celery and onions are tender and the tomatoes are cooked through.

Put the cooked vegetables and juice through the food mill to remove the skins and vegetable chunks. Return this pulp and juice to the kettle. Add to this pulp the sugar and salt. Cream together the butter and flour. When this is *completely* blended, add to the boiling-hot pulp. Stir well and continue simmering until it thickens slightly. Cook it about as long as you would gravy. It thickens more as it cools. The color becomes rich and creamy.

Pour the boiling-hot soup into hot, sterile, pint jars. Seal immediately. I have had very good luck with the soup sealing and keeping well with this "open kettle" method. If you want to go one step further in preserving the soup, process for 10 minutes at 5 pounds in the pressure canner.

When ready to serve, open a jar of the concentrated tomato soup, put

into a saucepan, add two pinches of baking soda, heat slightly, stir in an equal amount of milk and continue heating until desired temperature is reached for serving.

This recipe makes 10 or 11 pints of concentrated, creamy, flavor-filled *regal*, tomato soup. —Evelyn

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By  
Frederick

When I have had to be in England on church business of one kind or another, I have observed that there is one common complaint that the Americans make about English food—it is *cooked too long*. The vegetables are boiled and boiled until there is no taste left, and one rarely sees a bit of pink in the beef. In Spain and Italy the Americans complain about the food being so highly seasoned that no one can guess what the main dish is, and in Germany the most common complaint is that the food is too heavy.

I personally can enjoy just about any variation in food preparation except that of *overcooking*. Many Americans are as guilty of this as are the English. In our Springfield parsonage we give vegetables the light touch. When frozen vegetables are used we *never* cook longer than the directions instruct, and we usually cut the time a bit shorter. There is one good rule to follow: keep your vegetables a bit crisp, potatoes being the exception.

Here are some hints for giving vegetables that "something special" flavor:

### Green Beans and Peas

Just before serving you may add in quantities to your own taste: butter, bits of crisp bacon, almond slivers, diced onion or tiny pearl onions, buttered mushrooms, mushroom soup, or a tiny bit of toasted sage dressing, and always a dash of McIlhenny's Tabasco sauce. Just a dash of tabasco will not be tasted as such, but it will work a miracle with the flavor of the vegetable.

### Summer Squash (yellow)

Just before serving you may add bits of crisp bacon, or bits of bacon and sautéed onions, thinly sliced water chestnuts, grated cheese, and always just a dash of McIlhenny's Tabasco.

At our summer cottage we have a very small kitchen with a very small stove. It is so handy for us to have "one dish meals". We can all go swimming while the casserole is in the oven. Here is one of our inexpensive favorites.

### Corned Beef Casserole

2 cups of fine macaroni  
1/2 pound of sharp cheese, shredded  
18 stuffed olives  
1/2 can of pimiento  
1 can of corned beef  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1 can cream of chicken soup  
Cook the macaroni and put it into a large casserole. Mix in the corned beef in small cubes, the cheese, the pimiento and the soup. Over the top put the stuffed olives and place in a moderate oven until heated.



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## THE COUNTRY STORE

By  
Elaine Derendinger

Our country store was set snug in a velvety, green valley where the sun simmered the day and the whip-poorwills called at night. There was a front porch of cement and a rippled-tin roof, held up by iron posts—so convenient for children to shimmy up and slide down, and to grasp with one hand and whirl madly around. (Only occasionally did one crash to the cement floor!)

On either side of the door sat a wooden bench. These benches were always occupied (except in the coldest months) by older men who alternately whittled, reminisced, or sat in satisfied silence.

The door—battered by heels and hands of numerous generations—opened to the smells long associated with a country store: leather and kerosene, pickles and cheese, cotton goods and overshoes, brown sugar and molasses, licorice and lemon drops. Our store had stood long enough to retain most of the good old-fashioned smells, yet there were newer ones too: cheese crackers and soda pop, ice cream and vanilla wafers, lunchmeat and bakers' bread.

The counters inside were long, dark and *probably* not very clean. But who cared? The walls had long since lost their original color, which was probably green; the floors were splintery and no good for sliding; an old grandfather clock ticked away the time, but very slowly.

A child, entering the store with his parents, would look hopeful. The storekeeper (I remember a fat, jolly one and a thin, jolly one.) just *might* hand him a peppermint stick or a fistful of jellybeans, after the trading was done, with a wink of the eye or a pat on the head. But we seldom left immediately.

The country store was a place to meet friends and talk about crops, weather and the condition of Uncle John's rheumatism. It wasn't hard for a child to wait around, chewing on his jellybeans and looking up to examine the horse collars and rope, garden tools and shovels hanging from the rafters. He could stare out the foggy window at the little doctor's office next door, and perhaps watch for the old gentleman to come out, clutching his black bag, climb into his Model T and drive off to cure the ills of the county. He could watch, also, for the train that puffed through the village with a roar, or the slow farm wagons pulled by mules which would plod along on an errand.

Just in front of the store stood two gas pumps for the convenience of the folks who had cars. The grocer tended to these. Before filling the gas tanks, he would pump the gas up so it could be seen through the top section. I liked the pretty orange color and its interesting odor.

Sometimes other children (looking hopefully at the jellybeans) came into the store with their parents. A great deal of time could be consumed just looking at one another—or making faces!

The supermarkets of today are indeed *super* and doubtless small children enjoy exploring them, but the country store held such appeal that even after I reached my teens, a friend and I would ride our bikes the four miles to the store and sit soaking up the sentimental smells and soda pop.

## THE FIRST OVEN

By  
Evelyn Witter

"What are you making?" the wife of the village baker asked as she watched her husband working with clay of the kind used in building.

"A baking chamber," replied the Egyptian baker, Latankhmen.

"Sire, this is foolishness, is it not?" laughed the woman.

"Why?" answered Latankhmen seriously. "Foolish because for century after century bread has been baked upon flat stones?"

"We shall see!" she chided him.

Latankhmen went on fashioning his baking chamber. He made a partition near the base, with a lower section for the fire box and the upper for bread baking. It was open at the top. When it was finished Latankhmen baked his bread in it and served it to his wife that very evening.

"Oh, Latankhmen!" she exclaimed, smacking her lips and turning to look at her husband with wide-eyed wonder. "This is the most delicious bread I have ever eaten!"

This incident is said to have happened over 4,000 years ago. Whether it happened exactly this way or not we cannot say. But authorities agree that an Egyptian baker of that period was the first person ever to make an oven.

## OVER THE COFFEE CUP

By  
Betty J. Stevens

Have you a teenager in your household? Have you ever said, "I wish I could understand that kid!" Stay with me; I think I've got news for you.

My husband and I had been asked to lead a discussion group for teenagers who were having a state convention at the Center for Continuing Education at the University of Nebraska. We were a bit apprehensive. When we got there we discovered Sen. Fern Hubbard Orme in the room to our left, and her topic was to be "Responsible Citizenship". Overhead was Dr. E. S. Wegner, leading a group discussing "A Doctor Looks at Alcohol and Narcotics". It was obvious that they were matching highly qualified people with the topics that were to be discussed.

So wouldn't you think we'd be given something like "How to Change a Typewriter Ribbon and Keep Your Hands Clean" or "Sharpening Pencils Can Be Fun"? Not so. The bomb they dropped in our laps along with twenty Junior High age young people was "Getting Along with Your Parents".

The only qualification we have for something like this is that one of our children is THAT age, and when she's not mad at us, and we're not mad at

her, we get along just fine. From this point on I don't know what my husband was feeling so I can only speak for myself.

I was shaken, but not defeated, for there has been something I've wanted to say on this topic for a long time. I have been fed up with, in everything you pick up to read, articles on understanding teens. Now "understanding", as I see it, is a two-way street. The point I tried to make was that it's high time teenagers tried to understand the worries, heartaches and frustrations that make life blah for their parents.

Well, I got just about that far when the roof caved in on me. I can best explain what happened to my theory by telling you some of the questions they asked.

"How can you possibly understand a parent who is completely inconsistent in granting and denying permission and refuses to explain why?" Or, "How do you get companionable with a parent, who, in the fifteen years you've known them, has never said one pleasant thing?" And this next caused me to desert ranks. "How can you understand parents, who, for the sake of a laugh with their friends, will betray your confidences?"

There was more—a lot more, and somewhere along the line they got me to promise that if I ever got a chance to talk to parents, I would pass on a message. This is it and it's loud and clear. What these teenagers want most from their parents is just the Common Courtesy the parents would extend to a casual acquaintance. That's not asking a lot, is it?

After an hour and fifteen minutes, these kids were just getting warmed up but it was past time to call a halt. They bounced out of the room, all twenty of them, anxious for whatever was next on the agenda. We just sat, two cubes, shelled, feeling our continuing education had just about been completed.

—Reprinted from the Sun, Lincoln, Nebraska

## NIGHT-ENCHANTMENT

The touch of night is gentle on the earth—  
As soft as velvet spread upon the hill;  
But crickets play their violins with mirth,  
And blossoms lift their chalices to fill  
Them with a sweeter essence pearled with dew;  
And there are shadows with fantastic shapes  
Beneath the shrubbery and stately yew  
Where night has silhouetted lacy scapes.  
The eye detects strange tableaux everywhere  
Beneath the myriad crystal-patterned stars;  
A visitor need pay no fee to share  
The wonders fashioned by the night;  
no bars  
Can be discerned around enchanting hours  
Where darkness has been given  
mystic powers!

— Thelma Allinder



## FUN IN "THEM THAR HILLS"

By  
Harverna Woodling

Have you ever visited the Black Hills of South Dakota in the month of August? No, your trip need not be in August but that is a wonderful month for a vacation. Much of the summer's work is done. School and the autumn rush have not yet started.

Several years ago when our daughters, Dale and Terri, were six and four respectively, we spent the entire summer planning for and anticipating a trip through the Badlands and The Black Hills.

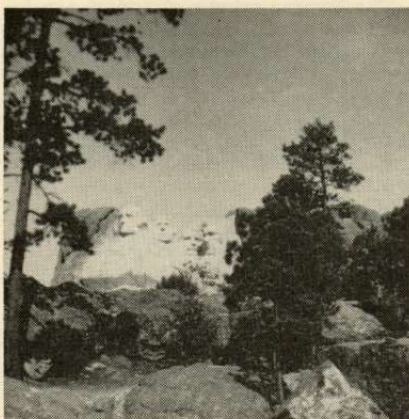
We were told that the weather in South Dakota during August was likely to be more agreeable than it would be either earlier or later. It was extremely hot in Missouri at that time, but we were cheered by a nice rain shower to break our drouth just before we left.

At 7 o'clock—one hour later than Leon had planned—on Monday, August 13, our little gray car was loaded and ready to start. We took our Collie puppy, Tippy, to Uncle Don's where she was to live while we were gone, then drove south down Missouri State Highway 139 for 13 miles, then west on Highway 36 through Chillicothe, Cameron, and to our first rest stop at the eastern edge of St. Joseph. I do not remember the name of the service station, but it was a marvelous place to stop for a few moments with two small girls. It had a small shady yard, chairs, and drinking water.

We spent that night with cousins who live in Mitchell County, Kansas, close to Hunter and Tipton and not far from Beloit. We had a fine visit, and the next morning they drove us to see the house on Carr Creek where my mother had lived as a Kansas ranch girl until she was 14 years old. We took to the open road again about 10 o'clock on through Kansas and into Nebraska.

We arrived at Hastings, Nebraska, in the afternoon and drove straight to the Hastings Museum, House of Yesterday. We walked and looked and wondered for two hours at the animal and bird groups; at the pioneer articles and pioneer store, the sod house; at the relics of various wars, including the leg irons that John Brown wore when he was executed; Indian relics, including (ugh!) skulls; antique china, wedding dresses; and oh, so many more things! Terri and I were entranced by the mother polar bear and her babies. They looked as if they could start playing at any minute.

We finally left and drove on to Minden, Nebraska, and the Pioneer Village. What a marvelous place! I wish that every school child in the United States could visit all the different buildings and see examples of many types of transportation—boats, cars, an aeroplane hung from the ceiling, a peddler's wagon, a gypsy wagon, a shepherd's wagon, locomotives—the old threshing machine, an authentic homestead cabin from which an Indian attack had been repelled, a country schoolhouse, a



Mount Rushmore is one of the most interesting sights in the Black Hills and it is doubtful that many tourists leave this area without photographing it.

pony express station, a building full of beautiful dishes—oh, we needed a week there! The people in charge told us we could look all we wanted to that evening and come back the next morning without any further charge. This we did and left, promising ourselves to come back again some future day.

We saw herds of grazing cattle that day and sometimes drove miles without coming to a town. Occasionally, we saw signs giving the names of various ranches and ranchers and telling how many miles from the road each ranch (headquarters, I suppose) was located. The girls did a lot of wondering as to where and how the children went to school.

We cooled off that afternoon in a wooded park at the foot of a very steep hill in Valentine, Nebraska, then on to Murdo, South Dakota, to spend a pleasant night.

When we left Murdo, we drove into a cool, misty day and soon entered the Badlands. Either you have seen this jumbled weathered, tortured desolation or you have not. I am glad that we did and I hope that we may again sometime. We drove and stopped and looked. We talked to others who were doing the same. It was cool and cloudy, and we wore flannel shirts. Other travelers told us later that we had been exceptionally fortunate since it was usually a terrifically hot area.

Besides looking at the scenery, we enjoyed watching the tiny rock chipmunks that flashed so swiftly over the tangled terrain.

Someone—I think it was Uncle Tom in one of the "Little House" books—said that the Lord took all the leftover scraps after he had made the rest of the world, threw them together, and created the Badlands. It seemed quite credible. We could easily understand why the Indians thought this place the abode of spirits.

We arrived at Wall in a shower of rain about noon. We had seen signs announcing Wall for miles and miles before we reached it but did not know what to expect. Wall Drugstore was quite a tourist attraction, and Dale, Terri and I loved it. There was a great assortment of souvenirs and western articles. After considerable

looking, we bought a couple of necklaces, some lunch, and moved on. I hated to leave, but if we had stayed in each place as long as I wanted to, we might not be home yet!

Rapid City was our next destination. In this friendly town, we contacted the Chamber of Commerce and were given maps and information. We spent several minutes in Dinosaur Park looking at the huge statues of prehistoric creatures.

At Mount Rushmore we gazed open-mouthed and awed at the carved heads of our four great presidents and marveled at the things man can accomplish. We also went through the administration building.

Had we known as much as we did later, we would have rented a cabin for the night and then gone driving through Custer State Park. In temporarily happy ignorance, we did just the opposite.

The big rocks, the dark pines—sometimes large, sometimes stunted—were an impressive sight. We shivered as we rushed through the occasional dark tunnels, each bearing a warning posted at each end, "Sound horn before entering." We met no cars in the black interiors but wondered each time.

About five o'clock we began to look for lodgings. Each place we stopped we were told regretfully, "I'm sorry. Everything is taken." The girls were too busy looking to worry, but we adults had visions of five people sleeping in the car.

One of the entertaining things we saw was the herd of little burros who had stopped cars on the road to beg for food. We just looked and kept going with thoughts of a chilly outdoor night in store.

In desperation we ignored our price range and stopped at the "Summer White House" where former Presidents Coolidge and Eisenhower had stayed, but even those sumptuous lodgings were occupied.

At last we reached a motel close to Custer and the obliging lady there phoned ahead to a friend who managed another motel and asked her to save a cabin for us. (She was another of the many friendly people we met.) When we arrived, we were delighted with the double cabin which had kitchen accommodations.

The next morning, behind the cabin, Leon found rocks containing mica and gave them to Dale, our little "rock hound". She still has them.

Our remaining days in the Black Hills went far too fast. We visited the Gordon Stockade and peered through the loopholes trying to feel as besieged settlers might have felt. The days of pioneers seemed close.

Sylvan Lake was beautiful, and we thought how lucky were the many campers whom we saw settled in various campsites.

We took the Needles Drive in a rain so severe that we were forced to stop at the side of the road until the storm abated. That would be a breathtaking drive at any time!

I must not forget Stratosphere Bowl which had been the scene of a balloon ascension because it has the right

(Continued on next page)



air currents. We found it accidentally and looked down, down, down into a beautiful cup among the mountains. Far at the bottom we could see a tiny house and a toy automobile, and wondered if the family stayed there in the winter.

Feeding a herd of mountain sheep was a great deal of fun. They had learned to ask for food and ran to the cars. They came right up to our car and as we fed them crackers through the windows, we observed that the big leader was very greedy. A ranger informed us later that the band was composed entirely of females and their babies, for the males stayed out in the hills at that time of the year.

We also enjoyed the zoo in Custer Park and visited the Wind Cave Park forest tower, puffing and panting as we climbed the steep slope to reach it. When I sat down to rest I placed my hand on a cactus. Ouch! Luckily, Leon was able to remove the spines. We saw a wonderful view, including a herd of buffalo, from the top of the tower. It was well worth the climb.

While driving through this national park, we stopped once so that Leon might get out and photograph a lone buffalo. The rest of us sat with our mouths and the car doors open, begging him not to go too close. A forest ranger told us afterward that this was probably an old herd bull that had been whipped and driven out of the herd by a younger bull.

We spent one night at Lead in a cabin at the foot of a towering cliff. Here Dale found some petrified wood for her collection. Lead is the home of the famous Homestake Gold mine.

In Deadwood, we visited the famous Boot Hill Cemetery and saw the graves of Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, and Potato Creek Johnny. We also went through the Deadwood Museum.

Leon, Terri, and Dale went through the Broken Boot Gold Mine to see how mining was carried on in early days. I paid the small fee and started with them, but didn't get far into the dark tunnel before I turned around and headed right back out to daylight. The family still teases me about that!

We visited Terry Peak and planned to ride the chairlift, but the day was foggy and the lift wasn't operating. However, compensating for this disappointment were the little rock chipmunks who were flashing around, eating oats that the ranger had put out for them.

Time grew short and we didn't get to see the Passion Play or visit Spearfish Canyon on this trip, for it was necessary to head for home.

Our adventure was over, but Missouri had received another nice rain while we were gone, and home looked wonderful!

Thank you for the kindness  
That you have shown to me  
For every act of thoughtfulness  
And loving sympathy.

For all the help you've scattered  
Along my happy way  
Has really, truly mattered  
Far more than I can say.

## THE SECOND FAMILY

By  
Helene Dillon

How many of you tend to shrink when the neighbor children try to be friends with you? I know you really like children, but if your own youngsters are grown and gone you may easily say to yourself, "Why should I help rear someone else's children?"

One morning I was out on the breeze-way, working at my typewriter, when out of nowhere came the faces of six little neighborhood children. Their noses were pressed to the screen. In a chorus came the question, "What are you doing in there?" I was annoyed! My first reaction was one of complete silence; I would just pretend they weren't there. But, as I continued to try and type bits of inspirational verse and philosophy, it became harder to ignore their questions. Somehow, I felt a softening within me.

Time turned back many years and I began to recall my own childhood. I recaptured the feeling of wanting to be friends with everyone, the eager questioning, and that wonderful state of being unhurried; *The Enchanted Days of Childhood* glowed in my mind!

Finding it impossible to continue working under these circumstances, I decided to try a plan of complete co-operation. I got up from my chair, walked to the door, and said, "We are going to have a *story hour*!"

From my grandson's stack of books I selected the stories of "*The Little Red Hen*" and "*Little Black Sambo*". With a plate of graham crackers, I stepped out to meet the waiting youngsters with a feeling of excitement in this new venture of dealing with the neighborhood children.

They vied with one another for a place to sit, a place where their soft young bodies could snuggle next to mine. All of them gave perfect attention. I shall never forget their excited cries, "Tell us again how many pancakes Little Black Sambo ate!" The cookies were passed. Not one child forgot his polite "Thank you".

When the stories were finished, I said, "If you have had fun, come back tomorrow and we will have another *story hour*." From that time on, the children were no problem.

One Sunday, when I had just returned from church, I heard considerable confusion at the door. Upon opening it I found my six little friends all dressed in their Sunday best. They began to sing, "Happy birthday to you," and, at the same time, presented me with a bouquet of wildflowers. Never have I been more thrilled. The children were dancing with the excitement of knowing that they had made me happy.

On that morning, when I decided to cultivate instead of ignore the advances of the children, I learned a great lesson: most mothers take time with their own little ones, but not everyone knows the joy of giving love to a *second family*.

## What do YOU want from a cleaner?



Do finger-printed doors haunt your house? Do greasy dishes make you dread the end of every meal? Or are grimy work-clothes your bugaboo?

Whatever your cleaning problem, from bathroom to basement, from front stoop to kitchen stove, the package at the left contains your answer.

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is especially formulated of expensive chemicals; each one selected to clean for you without burning your hands, without leaving scum or suds to dull finishes and add to your chores. Even hard water

turns soft when it's touched by the magic ingredients in **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

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You go through the motions . . .

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We decided, long ago, that we'd never put our name on a bleach that wasn't absolutely safe. We knew that harsh chlorine bleaches take the "life" out of fabrics, and we were determined to work until we came up with a formula that would do the work demanded of bleach without any possibility of damage—even to fine fabrics and synthetics, white or colored.

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is the answer. It's absolutely safe, yet it keeps daintiest things new looking and fresh, sparkling and bright. You can trust **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** . . . and you can find it at your grocer's now.

Try a box soon. You'll discover why so many homemakers wouldn't dare use another.

## Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

*We know it's safe! We make it!*

You save money and lots of jangled nerves if you have all 16 of the *Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings* in your kitchen. Your food will taste better than it ever has before.

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We give credit to organizations and reliable persons, so you don't tie up cash in inventory. Mail Coupon Today for Money-Making Plan, FREE CATALOG and Samples on Approval!

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421 Fifth Ave. South, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Rush FREE Catalog of more than 600 Money-Makers, FREE Profit, Bonus and Credit Plans . . . plus actual Samples on approval.

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City ..... Zone ..... State .....

### WHO SAID IT?

We talk about commercials and advertisements but do you really LISTEN to them? We had fun at our house the other evening trying to identify some of the most common ads. How many can you identify? This would be fun for a party quiz, too.

1. Does she or doesn't she?  
Miss Clairol
2. The best to you each morning.  
Kelloggs
3. More than just paper and ink.  
Kitchen-Klatter Magazine
4. Progress is our most important product.  
General Electric
5. Promise her anything but give her  
---- Arpege
6. Look for the jar with the star on top.  
Maxwell coffee
7. When it rains it pours.  
Morton salt
8. No rinsing—no wiping.  
Kitchen-Klatter Kleener
9. For those who think young.  
Pepsi
10. Ask the man who drinks it black.  
Butternut coffee
11. Designed with you in mind.  
Frigidaire
12. Babies are our business—our only business.  
Gerbers

—Mildred Cathcart

### OUR CARDBOARD WAR

By  
Ed Shannon

For ten years of married life, my wife and I have been fighting a continuous cold war over, of all things, empty cardboard boxes. The basic issue is this: my wife hoards boxes for various purposes, and I'm constantly trying to throw out or burn up the accumulated results. Such containers do come in handy, I'll admit, for such things as storage, throwing out trash, and moving and as I look back over the years, I can see why boxes of various sizes and shapes have been a chronicle of our family life. They have also served as the reason for our "cardboard war".

It all started with an automatic toaster we purchased when we were married. We had set up housekeeping in a one-room apartment, the best housing available in a town near the Army post where I was stationed, and since we planned to move as soon as possible, my wife saved the toaster box for this anticipated change of address. Those were the days prior to fancy packaging and I remember this particular black box very well. (In fact, we moved five more times before the little monster was finally filled with garbage and thrown out!) In the months to come it was joined by more and more boxes until my wife had a dandy little collection.

It's true we needed boxes at moving time (seven, to be exact) and each move meant using the boxes on hand, plus more, for the ever-increasing collection of furniture, books, clothes, and appliances, in addition to the things we meant to throw out, but which ended traveling with us.

Since several of our moves were temporary, we didn't always unpack everything. As a result, we had boxes stacked all over the place! Like many conscientious people, we started off faithfully labeling each as to its contents. When we ran short of time, however, we skipped the labeling business and when we needed some article—a baby bib or a spatula, for instance—there was a frantic search through the unlabeled boxes which added greatly to my feeling of prejudice against cardboard containers.

One apartment we lived in for several years was a small three-room affair, plus a smaller than average bathroom and a tiny room for storage. We unpacked everything, and despite my wife's protest, I took most of the packing boxes to the town dump. True to form, my wife soon converted the tiny store room into a fire trap with a fresh supply of cardboard. The only thing that stopped this collecting spree was the day she ran out of space!

Even though she hoarded very faithfully, we always seemed to be short of these essentials when moving time rolled around. I would end up canvassing the town for still more boxes. One of her great fears was having toys or clothing left over and no container for them.

I'm quite experienced in this box-hunting business. Most merchants regard empty cardboard containers as



trash and are glad to let someone other than the garbage collector take them away. Grocery stores will contribute boxes, even though many are used each day for carry-outs and deliveries. My *fool proof* source of supply, however, is clothing stores. I recall the last time I was sent out to scout for boxes. I went to a local clothing store and found that they had a whole basement full of empty cardboard cartons just waiting to be taken away. My wife would have *thrilled* at the sight!

There is another little detail I might mention and that is that anyone watching us move in or out must really have gotten an eyeful. Some companies like to decorate their boxes with prominent advertising. When we moved, we *advertised* anything available and we often remarked that we hoped we were never judged by the bright-colored lettering on the outside.

Why do I object so strongly to cardboard boxes? First, I consider too many boxes in one place a potential firetrap. I've seen those posters about fire prevention in the home and I take them seriously. As a result, we have a minor family crisis when I try to straighten up a closet or clean the basement. Second, is my wife's conservative attitude concerning trash boxes. As far as I'm concerned, a box full of paper or trash should make a one-way trip. On most occasions, however, my orders are to *bring back the empty box*. Third, is that cardboard boxes are just too plentiful; every merchant seems to have some to give away!

I hope that our moving days are over for we now own the house we occupy. You would think, under these circumstances, that my wife could forget about collecting them. Well, you would think so, yet, a quick inventory reveals that we have two empty orange crates (the old-fashioned kind), seven large empty boxes, and twelve which are filled or partly filled with clothes, toys, and a collection of odds and ends. My wife just doesn't lose her enthusiasm and every time I bring home groceries in a cardboard carton, she gets a certain gleam in her eye—"Aha! What a lovely box!"

So far I have mentioned our little cold war about boxes being hoarded for moving, storage, or trash disposal. Now I see a new reason coming up—our three small children! Despite an abundance of toys, they look upon these "cardboard monsters" as a means of stationary transportation (a make believe train or car) or as a flimsy, windowless house. Somehow, I'm overcome with the feeling that this "cardboard war" will never end!

## COURAGE TO WALK

Some people ride in buses,  
While others take a plane,  
Some much prefer to ride in cars,  
While others take a train.

Sometimes in clear, bright weather,  
Though all the world may mock,  
I bravely meet the taunting words—  
"You mean you're goin'a walk?"

—Stella Craft Tremble



Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson often mentions Frank's sister Edna and her husband, Raymond Halls. So we thought you would enjoy seeing a picture of their lovely farm home.

## FLYING THOUGHTS

Long before man could fly he thought, and dreamed, and planned to fly. Even the great painter, Leonardo da Vinci (famous for his paintings, "The Last Supper", "Mona Lisa", and others) had thoughts about flying through the air like a bird. He studied birds carefully, trying to find out the secret of how they could fly so swiftly.

Sometimes at night, when the light was too poor for painting, Leonardo da Vinci made sketches of wings which he thought would carry man into the air. What is astonishing to us today about these sketches that were made over five hundred years ago, is that da Vinci planned a *parachute*! He called it his "fall-breaker".

In sharp contrast to da Vinci's practical idea, there was a man who years later had a most ridiculous idea. His name was Damien and he thought he could fly with wings. Damien made plans to fly from Scotland across the North Sea to France. In preparation of his flight, he attached to his arms and legs, wings made of hen feathers. Thus equipped, he jumped into the air from atop Stirling Castle. Of course, his flight was not across Scotland, but straight down to the ground!

When people asked him why his flight had failed, Damien said he thought that if the wings had been made of feathers of a great bird like an eagle, instead of feathers from a lowly hen, he would have made it. But there is no record that the feathers of any bird took Damien anywhere.

There is another story that was supposed to have happened about the same time which tells of an unnamed man who rode through the air and up to the moon. The story says that his airship was made by harnessing together many large geese which had been trained to obey their master's commands. And when the master gave the order, they carried him up, up, up high into the heavens until he finally reached the moon!

Then another man, with thoughts of flying, came along. His name was Lana. It was Lana's idea to build an airship which would float in the air as a ship floats on water. He left drawings showing how it could be done. These drawings show that there were to be four large, hollow balls made of copper—thin copper, as thin



## GIVEN with Herrschner's Big, New

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as gauze—from which air could be pumped out. With the balls there was to be a boat in which the flyer could sit. Lana's theory was that these copper balls would be lighter than air and would therefore float. The plans were never tried—not that Lana didn't think they would work, or because he was afraid to try, but because he never could raise enough money.

Then in 1675 there was a man who really did fly through the air. He was a Frenchman named Besnier, who was a locksmith by trade. Besnier fastened cloth wings on the ends of two wooden poles and fastened the wings to his feet with cords. Holding the poles on his shoulders, he flapped the wings by moving his feet. It is stated by authorities that once he jumped from a window and sailed over the roof of a cottage, landing safely.

But it was hundreds of years before man found a way to keep himself up in the air for more than a few seconds.

—Evelyn Witter

## HANDS OF FAITH

Petal-pink fingers reaching,  
Twining about my heart,  
Inborn faith and love  
Right from the start.

In faith extended to her beloved,  
A youthful, slender hand,  
Radiant, happy and eager  
To receive the wedding band.

Aging hands clutched in mine  
As we go our way,  
Seeking comfort and strength  
For the day.

Praying hands reaching upward  
As the shadows fall,  
Faith that for His own  
He will Call.

—Helene Dillon





## We're Cutting Down on Calories . . . WITHOUT CUTTING OUT SWEETS!

There's no need to do without desserts and refreshing sweet drinks: simply substitute **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** for sugar! This miracle sweetener does the work of sugar without adding a single calorie to your diet. And, best of all, it has no "artificial" flavor, no bitter after-taste. It's colorless, calorie-less, and so handy to use in its "flip-top" bottle. One trial bottle will make a believer of you, no matter what you've decided after trying other sugar substitutes.

And here's a fine way to keep the children drinking their milk:

### SPECIAL SUMMER MILK MIX

Combine 1 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** with 4 tsp. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. Keep in a capped bottle until needed. Stir 1/2 tsp. of this concentrated mix into 1 cup of milk. Better keep several flavors on hand for those hot summer "milk breaks."

### Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

#### A LOVE CAKE FOR MOTHER

1 can of "Obedience"  
Several pounds of "Affection"  
1 pint of "Neatness"  
Some Holiday, Birthday and everyday surprises  
1 can of "Running Errands" (the willing brand)  
1 box of powdered "Get up when I should"  
1 bottle of "Keep sunny all day long"  
1 can of pure "Thanksgiving"  
Mix well, bake in a hearty warm oven and serve to Mother every day. She ought to have it in BIG SLICES!

#### UP THE HILL TO WORSHIP

On Sunday we go up the hill to worship  
Within a white, clean, quiet house of God.  
The joyous bell invites us from our labor;  
The stately steeple lifts us from the sod.  
How fine to climb toward beauty in the morning,  
To weld our hearts in worship with our friends,  
To sing the songs of reverent adoration,  
To feel the soul's outpouring of amens.

White churches in the sunlight call to worship  
At any time throughout this world of strife.  
They point the way to God, to joy, to peace,  
And beckon us to live His way of life.

—Alice G. Harvey

Your clothes will stay "store new" and last much, much longer if you use wonderful **KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH**.



Emily, daughter of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, is busy on a sewing project for 4-H.

#### MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

of the State of Arkansas to Washington, The Noland House Kitchen, Private Office of Mr. Noland, The Woodruff House (Woodruff was the founder of the Arkansas Gazette, the oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi River), Woodruff Kitchen, Office and Print Shop of the newspaper, Governor Conway's House, Milk House and Stable.

It was miraculous that these buildings were saved for history, for this block of old buildings had been condemned as an eyesore and a fire hazard. Mrs. L. Fairfax Loughborough, who served for twenty years on the Mount Vernon board, was originally from Little Rock and it was due to her vast experience in restoration that she sensed that there might be something of historical value in the buildings. She looked at the buildings with the eyes of an expert, noting their shapes, the ancient chimneys, and after prying off bits of old worn clapboard, discovered hand-made brick. After six months she felt sure that four houses and the Territorial Capitol did exist! From then on it was a matter of "selling" some businessmen and then the Legislature. She picked experts in many departments for assistance. Furnishings had to be located, and it will be of great interest to you to know that a great many of the original furnishings began to come home as descendants of the old settlers gave or lent them to the Restoration. It always seems incredible how furnishings are located. It is also amazing that the materials used in construction are still in such fine state of preservation. If ever it is your good fortune to see this Restoration, which ranks right along with Williamsburg, Sturbridge Village, and the like, I'm certain that you will agree with me that one of the finest things we can leave to posterity is the continuation of the preservation of the past. Maybe you have buildings in your own community which should be saved from demolition. If so, do what you can to help preserve them.

Sincerely,  
Margery

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**75¢ PROFIT ON \$1.25 BOX**

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4401 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 24, Ill.

Send samples on approval—mine to keep free with first order.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



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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.

October Ads due August 10  
November Ads due September 10  
December Ads due October 10

Send Ads To

The Driftmier Company  
Shenandoah, Iowa

**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-74X New York 16.

**SELLING YOUR COINS PROFITABLY?** 35¢ American. Box 663-KK, Kansas City 19, Missouri.

**CASH AND S & H GREEN STAMPS** given for new and used goose and duck feathers. Top prices. S & H GREEN STAMPS, free tags, shipping instructions. Write today! On used feathers mail small sample. Northwestern Feather Co., 212 Scribner, N. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD**—Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free Information. Rose Industries, Heyworth Building, Chicago 2.

**GRAHAM FLOUR** made with naturally grown clean grain, using only commercial stone burr mill in the mid-west. Also vitamins and imported health foods. Write for list. Brownville Mills, Brownville, Nebr.

**APRONS GALORE:** Print—\$1.00; Clobber—\$1.75; Organdy—\$1.50; Cross Stitch—\$2.00; Embroidered tea towels—\$3.75 a set. Embroidered pillow cases with crocheted edges, dresser scarfs, lunch cloths, and many other items. Mrs. Carrie Carlson, 400 North Osborn, Oakland, Nebraska.

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**"OVERWEIGHT?"** I lost 30 pounds in one month! No Drugs! No Exercise! No Starvation Diet!! Send \$1 for simple plan. GLICK, 1800KK Gillette Crescent, South Pasadena, Calif.

**DREAM BOOK:** 1000 dreams. Covers predictions, visions etc. \$1.00. George Tomisek, 3033 S. Homan, Chicago 23, Ill.

**A QUILT THAT IS** quilted as you piece. FASCINATING new idea, direction only \$1.00. Quilting pattern included. M. Stovar Circleville, Kans.

**ROLLING FORKS LUTHERAN Ladies Aid** Cookbook, 350 home tested recipes—\$2.15. Postpaid. Mrs. Leonard Nelson, Starbuck, Minn.

**CHURCH WOMEN**, we print Cook Books for Church Organizations and other groups for less than \$1 each, which sell readily for \$1.75 or more. Write for details. GENERAL PUBLISHING AND BINDING, IOWA FALLS, IOWA.

**BAKE BREADS** from unusual, fully tested recipes. Order Favorite Breads from Rose Lane Farm by Ada Lou Roberts. Letter from Lucile calls it "Down-to earth, practical, comforting". Send \$2.95 to Hearthsides Press, Dept. K 1, 118 East 28 Street, New York 16, N. Y.

**21 BIRTHDAY**, Get Well or Assorted cards \$1.00. Gospel Supply. Stratford, Iowa.

**TEN RELIGIOUS MOTTOS**, each on attractive 5x7 placard. Set \$1.00. Veecee, Box 1401, Downtown Station, Omaha 1, Nebraska.

**METHODIST** attractive loose leafed cook book, 600 home tested recipes. \$2.25. Shirley Pritchard, Faulkton, S. D.

**TRACY MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL AUXILIARY** 88—page Cookie Cook Book. \$1.10 postpaid. Allow two weeks for delivery. Mrs. Duane Knott, Walnut Grove, Minnesota.

**CUT WORK PILLOW CASES** \$5.00 pair. Order now for Christmas. Nellie Willey, Fairmont, Nebraska.

**SHELLED PECANS**, English Walnuts, Black Walnuts, Brazils, Almonds \$1.25 pound. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

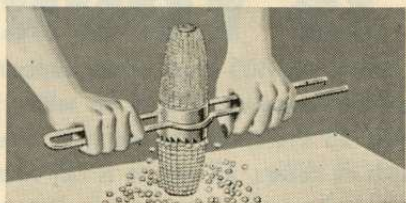
**LOVELY** 36" lunch cloths embroidered and fringed \$3.00. 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.50. 42" pillow slips with insets and edges pink and white \$5.00. Crocheted scarfs \$5.00. Pineapple doilies \$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, R. 1., Houston, Minnesota.

**INCENSE**—Delightful fragrance of Myrtlewood Tree of Oregon. \$1.10. Lindon's Gift Shop, 407 N. Broadway, Santa Ana, Calif.

**"POPULAR 14 1/2"** metallic wheat-pineapple doily \$2.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**X ANIMALS** on gingham cushion tops \$1.25. Nice aprons \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**BEAUTIFUL HALF APRONS**—Assorted. No iron prints. \$2.00. Mrs. Edward Drnka, Newbury, Ohio.



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Corn strips right off any size cob when you use this marvelous all-steel Kernel Kutter. Prepare all the corn you want for freezing, canning, cooking, or creaming in minutes—cut a whole year's supply in an hour. Self-adjusting; Kernel Kutter trims off clean, whole kernels without crushing or mashing a one! Money-back guarantee. Only \$1.95, postpaid. Walter Drake, 2508 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 9, Colorado.



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Use for party favors, decorations or gifts.

Send orders to

Dorothy Driftmier Johnson,

Lucas, Iowa.

## FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

have never had comic books in our home, except when some neighborhood playmate has brought them in. Actually, comic books are not nearly as viciously suggestive as are the cheap paperbacks, but I do not like them because of the bad reading habits they help to establish.

I want to thank you for the many good letters I receive. I do my best to answer your letters promptly, but you will understand if during the summer months the reply is a little delayed. At the church study I can dictate my letters to you so quickly, but at the summer cottage in the Rhode Island woods, I must do the typing myself. Come and see us sometime. I know that you will love to see our beautiful church, and we are very proud of our town of Springfield

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

find it a burden to "get ready for company", but if I'm feeling halfway decent I truly enjoy it. Today, for instance, I'll be busy getting ready to entertain old friends from New York who are driving through Iowa enroute to a vacation in California. We haven't seen them for several years and I'm really looking forward to getting everything fixed for their visit.

My watch says that breakfast should be on the table in about ten minutes so I must leave this little porch and hike to the kitchen. It's been good to visit with you again even though I had nothing earthshaking to report, and I hope and pray that from here on out I can be safely tucked in these pages every month.

Faithfully yours,

*Lucile*

## ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

was used for the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. It weighed 55 tons and getting it out required a year of work. Our timing was lucky for we were inside the quarry when the usual afternoon thunderstorm came along. When it passed on we started back.

No one else suffered qualms about clambering down that rock pile so I went exploring by myself. I found an old trail which was very muddy and completely hidden in places by the debris of a snowslide. But I'd rather slip on mud than on rock any day. There was no danger of my becoming lost since I could easily see the marble gorge of Yule Creek at all times. The return hike was easier because it was all down hill, but even so, it seemed like a good long way down. A tired group it was that brought their aching feet and legs back to camp.

I think I'll save any account of our return trip to Denver by a different route for another time.

Sincerely,  
Abigail



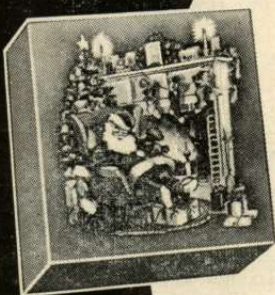
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CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
21 really deluxe cards.  
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**CHRISTMAS  
GIFT WRAPPING  
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20 gay, colorful  
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**WARM AND FRIENDLY  
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color. Stunning



**HOLY NIGHT  
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
21 reverently beautiful cards  
with Holiday sentiments  
and Scripture Verses.  
An outstanding box



**DAINTY REMEMBRANCE  
ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT**  
21 distinctive cards  
of rare beauty.  
Tremendous appeal

for selling only 100 boxes of our Radiant Splendor Christmas Card assortment, \$32.50 for selling 50 boxes, \$15.00 for 25 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time.

Everyone needs and buys Christmas Cards.

**Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below — mail it today — and free samples of personalized Christmas Cards and stationery — plus other leading boxes will be sent you immediately on approval. No experience necessary.**



Cut Along  
Dotted Line

IT COSTS YOU  
NOTHING TO TRY

Last year some folks made only \$25 to \$50 while others made \$150 — \$250 — \$500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year. Everybody buys Christmas cards.

**FREE  
SAMPLES  
PERSONALIZED  
CHRISTMAS CARDS  
and STATIONERY**

**CUT OUT ENTIRE  
BUSINESS REPLY  
COUPON AT RIGHT**

**FILL IN  
FOLD OVER FIRMLY  
AND MAIL TODAY**

**No Stamp or  
Envelope Necessary**

Cut Along Dotted Line — Fold Firmly — Mail Today

Postage  
Will be Paid  
by  
Addressee

No  
Postage Stamp  
Necessary  
If Mailed in the  
United States

**BUSINESS REPLY MAIL**

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY**

**Dept. F-23 White Plains, New York**

DO NOT CUT HERE JUST FOLD OVER AND MAIL — NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NECESSARY

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. F-23  
White Plains, New York**

**YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT**

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of Personalized Christmas Cards and Stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial and full details of your easy money-making plan.

*Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary*

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If writing for an organization, give its name here \_\_\_\_\_

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

**CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY  
Dept. F-23, White Plains, New York**