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Kitchen-Klatter[®]

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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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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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Dear Friends:

There is a real touch of autumn in the air this morning, and how I love this season of the year! We enjoyed very comfortable weather in southwestern Iowa this past summer, but one enjoys even more the crisp fall days of September and October.

The children who gladly said goodbye to schoolrooms and teachers in the spring seemed very happy to return to their classrooms. I am one who is in favor of a shorter vacation period, for children are happier when kept busy and their preparation for life is all too short. I realize that young people who live on farms can be a great help to their parents during the summer, but it's hard to keep children in town busy. It is the idle youngster who gets into trouble.

My! the shiny new bicycles we see on the streets now that school has started. One could just observe how many more children are riding down the streets at certain times of the day to know that school is under way. I feel that many parents don't take the time to teach their youngsters the rules that must be observed by all bike riders. As a result, we can scarcely pick up a newspaper this time of year without reading about a serious accident resulting from carelessness on the part of children. Many communities wage real campaigns in the schools, in newspapers and in other mediums to teach children the importance of obeying the rules and regulations. Actually, bicycle riders are required to obey every applicable law that governs auto drivers—including traffic signs and signals. Be certain that your children are well prepared before you turn them loose on our busy city streets.

Finally, at long last, we were able to spend a weekend with our daughter Dorothy and her family. They live on a farm about 125 miles from Shenandoah and my husband, who is recovering slowly and surely from a heart attack, has not been able to drive the car that

far. With a driver he made the trip very safely and we had a wonderful time.

While he and Dorothy's husband, Frank, visited on the screened-in front porch, I helped Dorothy in the kitchen. After everything was slicked up she would sit down and work on her pixies, for every day there were orders to mail and she didn't dare fall behind.

This was my first opportunity to see how Kristin managed her work with the little baby pigs she has been raising these past months. She wheeled me out to the pen where she kept them and while she fed and watered the older ones, I got to hold the bottle for the smallest baby. When I remarked that I thought it was fun, she said, "Well, Granny, it wasn't quite so much fun when I had ten on the bottle at the same time and had to get up every two hours every night to feed them!" I realize that it was hard work, but she stuck to it and when they're ready for market, she'll recognize some profit from her efforts. Of course, when she leaves for college, her father will take care of them for her.

Yesterday we talked by telephone with Frederick, in Massachusetts, and Wayne, in Denver. It is nice when your children live far away to hear their voices once in a while. Wayne's family was leaving for a several days' camping trip in the mountains and he wanted to be sure that we were fine before they left, for it might be hard to get in touch with him while they were gone. I was happy to report that we were well and still hoped to get to Denver this fall. Colorado rivals Massachusetts for beautiful coloring in October.

Frederick reported that they had had a fine summer and that they were happy to be back in the routine of church work. You'll read about their interesting experiences in Nova Scotia in his letter in this issue.

My sewing? Well, handwork was put aside for a while so that I could help Lucile and Dorothy get their girls'

clothing ready for college....and yes, lengthening Martin's school trousers, for Margery has had her hands full with the change in the magazine procedures which you'll read about in Lucile's letter. When Martin stopped by to pick up the things of his that were finished, he said, "Granny, I hope my mother makes as good a grandmother as you do." I told him that I hoped she would be as fortunate as I have been to have her family near her!

Now that these projects are out of the way, I've been thinking about lining up some interesting handwork for this winter. One thing I'd like to do is make some hooked rugs. I've admired those that my friends have made but I've never tried making any myself. Rug-making is a hobby that men as well as women enjoy. The other afternoon a man and his wife called on me. He works at highway road construction during the summer months and in the winter he makes rugs as a hobby. Not only does he make them for their own home, but also for their neighbors.

Speaking of neighbors, our next door neighbor's hobby is fishing and when he has good luck, he shares them with us. Another friend raises fine tomatoes as a hobby and sees that we are well supplied at the height of the season. Another neighbor has a beautiful vegetable garden and brings us crisp heads of cabbage and delicious, sweet, yellow tomatoes. She knows that Mart is especially fond of yellow tomato preserves. Yes, it's wonderful to live in a friendly neighborhood.

Before I head for the kitchen to make some pumpkin pies, I want to share this lovely verse with you. It reminds me of the verse that our granddaughter Kristin wrote, for this, too, was written by a young girl, Mary Margaret Trapp, of Saint Joseph, Missouri.

SUMMER BIDS ADIEU

She remembers the gem of emerald trees,
Now blazing embers set against the sky;
Smiles faintly through a tranquil breeze,
Knowing that her passing time is nigh.

She kisses each withered, dying rose,
Says farewell to locust and katyids;
Her joy is mingled with sorrow
As to her friends, adieu, she bids.

Sincerely,

Leanna

LUCILE SHARES A MILESTONE WITH YOU

Dear Good Friends:

With this particular issue of Kitchen-Klatter we have reached such a momentous milestone in the history of our little family magazine that I find my mind sort of staggering under the total picture all of the vast changes that Time has brought to us, as a family, and to this unpretentious magazine.

First and foremost, you are now holding in your hands an issue that has been put together from start to finish by our own efforts. Up until this very issue, every single magazine has gone to the printers, just as magazines ordinarily go, and the whole process of printing, of putting the pages together--just the whole works--has been done elsewhere. This issue, October, 1962, was printed and the pages were put together, right in our own building.

It has taken many months to prepare for this. We made many trips to look at the kind of equipment that was specifically suited for our needs. Many, many people came to see us with pictures galore of *their* equipment and figures that left my head awhirl. I'm not strong on figures anyway (after Juliana got out of the third grade I was of no help to her with arithmetic homework!), and one of these sessions, just one, left me feeling totally addled. I hope I didn't show it! I hope I looked sort of halfway smart and alert and comprehending, but if I *did*, that was the most masterful piece of acting that I've ever been called upon to perform.

At any rate, we finally arrived at a decision about all these different pieces of equipment and dates were set when they were to arrive from far-flung points all over this country. Then, of course, we had to tackle the problem of where to put all this stuff when it did get to town. (I might say right here that one of the more tense moments of this past summer was the day when one of the biggest hunks of machinery I've ever seen got to town a full two months ahead of schedule. We're so accustomed in this day and age to things being two months *behind* schedule that it never occurred to us anything would arrive *before* schedule. MY! That was a mighty nerve-racking day.)

As most of you know, we purchased a building on the edge of town last summer. That building looked so huge to my eyes that I couldn't imagine how in the world we would ever, ever put it all to use. Well, it was mostly an empty hulk when we bought it, so right from the outset we started building rooms in it where various kinds of work could be done, and lo! in no time at all we had the whole hulk put to use--and now



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) enjoyed helping Lucile and Dorothy with minor alterations on Juliana's and Kristin's clothes before the girls left for college.

comes the printing equipment!

We were determined to get this new stuff under the roof for we had had our fill of running from here to there to look after everything. In fact, one reason we bought the building to begin with was to save so much running around. So the new equipment had to be fit in someplace and this meant building new rooms within rooms and putting up a second floor storage area for paper and all the rest. It sounds so simple when I tell about it, but believe me, you have no idea how complicated the whole thing was.

There were a lot of details that made all the difference. For one thing, since we were moving up against a terrific deadline to get the machinery into the building, every single soul who works with us pitched right in to do things that ordinarily just aren't done. For instance the floor. Now you know how long it takes to get anyone to come and get a floor laid. There aren't many people left who do this kind of work and they're lined up with jobs for months and months in advance. Same thing is true of painters. If you want the outside of your house painted in 1963 it's not one second too early to line up the painters right now.

Well, with all this work that HAD to be done and done right now, the only earthly way it could ever be managed was for everyone to heave to and help. You can never express the appreciation for this kind of willing help that goes far over and beyond the bounds of duty.

So, with everyone pitching in and trying extra hard, the new rooms were built and finished and the equipment was installed and we had the tumult of printing the issue that you hold in your hands. I hope it looks all right to you. It's something comparable to a dressmaker who has labored far into the night for many nights on some particularly difficult dress (I guess the word "gown" would be more suitable), and then the woman comes and puts it on and oh dear! let's hope from the bottom of our hearts that it's all right!

Anyway, from here on out we'll be doing every single thing about this magazine from start to finish and if we have some rough times at the beginning I hope you'll be patient with us. We aim to get the whole thing printed and into the mail and then into your mailbox right on schedule, but if there should be some delays or if anything else goes askew, I hope you won't get mad and write us a mean letter! We're going to do the very best we can and if you'll just stick with us and understand, I'm sure that before long it will all be as smooth as velvet.

You know, I think back to the years when Kitchen-Klatter first came into being and my heart is filled with such a mixture of emotions that I cannot sort them out.

When all of this first began we seven Driftmier children were all at home right in the old family house on Summit Avenue in Shenandoah, and radio was a tremendously exciting new invention, and Mother was a vigorous, unbelievably hard-working, able-bodied woman. We were all so proud of her and excited when she went down to Uncle Henry's radio station every day after dinner and talked to you folks on the air. Brother Donald wasn't even yet in school, so he went with her and poked around into things while she broadcast. The rest of us went off to school, of course, but believe you me, we had those dishes done and the kitchen spotless before we ever set foot out the door. That was *our* way of helping to make it possible for Mother to do her broadcasting. We cleaned the kitchen!

Then she began "getting out" what was then called "The Mother's Hour" letter, and it said casually on the front page: "Published Every Little While". Doesn't that sound incredible in our hard-pressed world?

Things jogged along like this for quite a spell, and we grew up one by one and went out into the world, and then came the tragic day when the car wreck on a sunny morning in Arkansas changed everything forever. There is a long period through here that all of us brush around in our conversations and in our memories.

But eventually the day came when Mother needed desperately to have something more than the Air waves to bring her back into the world of bustling action, so once again the little magazine came trotting up from the past to serve as a family project--and this time a real life-line project since it could bring to her the world and, by the letters from readers, a lively sense of what other mothers were doing and what *their* problems were and how other women got from one day to the next.

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HALLOWE'EN HOEDOWN

No matter how many Hallowe'en parties you may have attended in your day, October is still the time to get out the black cats, bring out the witches and call out the spooks. Hallowe'en is fun! It is a perfect time for a party. If the youngsters attending are small, go slow on the spooks and the goblins and emphasize the cats, owls and pumpkins. If the guests are of school age or older, the sky is the limit as far as the scary decorations are concerned.

This party may easily be turned into an autumn or harvest party by adapting the games and decorating with the traditional cornstalks, plain pumpkins and autumn leaves.

Decorations

Make spooky lanterns from oatmeal boxes. Cut a scary face in the bottom of the box. Hold a flashlight inside. These spooky lights can be used at the door when the guests enter or as a part of a ghost walk through a hallway or corridor. Witches and black cat shapes can be cut out of the side of oatmeal boxes, the cut area covered with colored cellophane, and the resulting "lantern" hung over small light bulbs. These are especially good to hang over the open light bulbs in a basement or church room. Be careful to see that the bulb does not touch the box.

A recreation room can be effectively decorated with shocks of corn, pumpkins and crepe paper festoons in colors suitable for the party theme. Add a synthetic campfire and a big kettle for a witch's caldron. A wild-looking scarecrow can add just the right touch, so stand him in a corner of the room or prop him near the entrance with gloved hand outstretched to greet the guests.

Entertainment

Icebreaker: Several guessing games may be planned to occupy the first guests to arrive. Fill a small jar with either real corn or the candy variety. Set this on the table beside a small pumpkin, an apple and an orange. The guests guess the number of seeds in each. Later in the evening, assign two or three guests to open each one and count the seeds. Award the orange to

the person who guessed most nearly the number of seeds inside, the pumpkin, apple and jar of corn in like manner are given as prizes to those who guessed most accurately.

Hoedown Orchestra: When the invitations are sent out for this party, ask each guest to bring a homemade instrument. Naturally, these can turn out to be an old washboard, a broom handle with a piece of stretched inner tube for a "string", a spoon and a lid, and a comb covered with tissue paper. The host should have a few tin pans, spoons and bells on hand for guests who forget their instruments.

Have each guest play a "solo" on his instrument, then assemble the "musicians", choose a leader and present a united orchestra! A piano or a phonograph could be played to keep the tempo and give some semblance of melody. Neither of these is really necessary, however; get a good rhythm going and let 'er rip!

Cornstalk Hoedown: Select one of the guests to do a free-style hoedown, using a cornstalk for a partner. As the "orchestra" plays, the guest and the cornstalk perform. This could also be developed as a "Scarecrow" or "Spook" performance with someone dressed appropriately. Naturally, skill is no more needed for this than playing in the orchestra; it is the gay exuberance which makes it fun.

Ghostly Pin-up: Get one of the large, jointed, cardboard skeletons, ghosts, witches or scarecrows which can be purchased in most variety stores. Take the figure apart at the joints. Pass the pieces out to as many players as you have pieces. One at a time, blindfold each player and have him pin his part of the figure to a sheet, bulletin board or a large sheet of cardboard. The finished figure is guaranteed to be a far cry from the original shape.

Hallowe'en Bowling: Several variations of a bowling game can be used for this type of party. Three big pumpkins can be lined up at one end of the room. Using oranges for balls, have each player take a turn in bowling from a definite line, each one to hit a pumpkin earning a point. Onions or apples could be used to make the game more hilarious, as they are never perfectly round and tend to go off in queer directions.

Corncobs nailed upright to thin plywood or heavy cardboard squares make nice tenpins. Set these up in the usual bowling formation. Bowl with an orange or an apple to see who can knock over the most.

Spooky Objects: This game can be played with equal enjoyment by any age group. Have all players seated in

a circle and blindfolded. The leader passes from five to ten objects down the line. After all of the objects have been passed, the leader places them out of sight; tells the players to remove their blindfold and asks them to write down the names of the items in the order they were passed. You can see immediately the possibilities of such a game for a Hallowe'en party. Use such items as a peeled grape, a string of cooked spaghetti, an ice cube, a piece of raw liver and a wet glove. If you prefer to be less squeamish, use such things as a broomstraw, a nut, a maple leaf, an ear of corn, a round gourd and a green tomato.

Hide-and-Seek: Cut out small cardboard witches, owls, pumpkins, black cats and bats. Number each according to its value; witches could be worth 1 point each, owls 2, cats 3, etc. Have one scarecrow hidden in the room. Whoever finds him must subtract 10 from his final score. Give the players a definite time to hunt for the hidden figures. When the time is up, blow a whistle and have each player stop and count his score.

Hallowe'en Menu: Give each player a piece of paper and a pencil. Have each player print the letters of the word HALLOWE'EN down the side of the paper. Using each letter in turn, he is to write the menu for a meal. It could turn out to be something like: Honey... Apples...Lemonade...etc. You might give a point for each item on the menu which *actually* was planned as part of the refreshments for the evening. Naturally, this would be kept a secret until everyone had completed his menu and handed it in for the leader to read aloud.

Ghostly Pantomime: Hang a sheet with a light behind it for shadow pictures. This can be used for many different games and stunts. Have guests act out words which pertain to autumn or Hallowe'en and the audience guess which word is being portrayed. Choose several people to act out a ghost story on the shadow screen. Make a guessing game by letting players take turns standing with their profiles casting shadows; those in the audience guess who each is. Dangle objects behind the sheet and ask the guests to identify them: a banana, a cup, pliers, an apple peeling, a doughnut, anything which can be tied to a string and dangled for this puzzler.

Hoedown Quartette: This is fun to do just before refreshments are to be served; in fact, it could easily be a stunt to use while the hostesses go to the kitchen to put the finishing touches to the food. Choose four "good sports" from the group. Give each one the

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ABIGAIL REPORTS ON THE NURSERYMEN'S CONVENTION

Dear Friends:

Last month when it was time to write my letter we were rather overwhelmed by convention activities. That's in the past now and all of us who had responsibilities for this undertaking are as pleased as can be that the convention was a rousing success. The credit can be given to the various committee chairmen for each one, without a single exception, saw that his job was done and done *well*. When people function in this manner, almost any venture is bound to turn out successfully.

On the Sunday preceding our convention activities we drove Emily and Alison to an Episcopal girls' camp, St. Ann's-in-the-Hills. They had spent a week there last summer and diligently saved the money for two weeks this year. Nursery friends who arrived in Denver early for the convention kept our social life pretty full before Wayne, Clark and I moved down to the Denver Hilton Hotel on Friday. The general chairmen were requested to stay at the hotel two days prior to the official convention opening and throughout all the activities.

Never again do I expect to enjoy a more beautiful hotel room! The hotel is brand-new so the accommodations are very modern but what really gave me the greatest pleasure was the location of our room. It was on the very top floor on the west side. All day long there was a sweeping view of the mountains and at night the beautiful lights of the city. Clark had never stayed in a hotel before and he was terribly impressed by the luxury of it all.

The next day he and I returned home to pack the things for his two weeks at camp, Geneve Glen Camp which is private and non-denominational. A neighbor offered to take Clark when she drove her son because Wayne and I were both involved with the convention. We weren't at all sure that our boy could last for two weeks without suffering from homesickness, but he was *determined* to go. We bade him good-bye that noon, trying our best to be very casual with our farewells. Our worries were groundless although we heard not one word from him for the entire fifteen days. When we drove up to bring him home, he explained that he just had been too busy to write. He had had a *great time*!

While Clark was getting settled at camp, I was "chairmaning" the Ladies Reception and Tea. Petit fours, tea sandwiches, salted nuts, coffee and tea were served. The unique hit of the tea was the centerpiece—a large formal arrangement of the Sterling Silver rose.

Sunday night's entertainment enthralled the children and their parents. The



Following in her sister Emily's footsteps is Alison, Wayne and Abigail's younger daughter, who also plays the flute. This year the girls hope to learn some duets.

famous Koshare Indian Dancers of La Junta, Colorado, presented their program. This renowned troop of Boy Scouts performs authentic Indian dances from many tribes. The costumes are also authentic and very intricate, made almost entirely by the boys themselves. They perform all over the country and are certainly worth seeing if ever you have the opportunity.

Most of the people attending the convention arrived either Saturday evening or early Sunday. The Greeters Committee was garbed in colorful Western style—white straw cowboy hats and appropriate clothing. The men wore brilliantly colored shirts in a plaid of pink, lavender, yellow and blue and jeans. The women wore squaw or square dance dresses. Also providing a welcome in the lobby was a local "quick-draw" artist complete with a well-worn 10-gallon hat, buckskin jacket and sheepskin chaps. He carried an ample supply of blank bullets to liven up the scene.

Monday was a full convention business day, but on Tuesday the entire convention adjourned so that everyone could enjoy a day-long trip in the mountains. Twenty-two buses filled with conventioners, 3 nurses and 3 mechanics started loading at 7:30 A. M. Each bus carried a local guide to point out the horticultural, historical, scenic and other interesting sights along the route. Traveling via Berthoud Pass, the buses arrived for a barbecued buffalo lunch supervised by the Chamber of Commerce at Grand Lake. From here they went up over Trail Ridge Road to Estes Park and thence back to Denver. This is a long one-day trip but so lovely and spectacular. Many of the passengers were from the East and South and this

was their first experience with "real" mountains.

Wednesday the women enjoyed a delicious luncheon and entertaining musical program at the Brown Palace Hotel. This historic old hotel is still considered by many to be the finest in Denver. Each of the women was given a demitasse spoon with "Colorado 1962" engraved on the handle below an outline of our state flower, the columbine. The Denver Rose Society sent two of its members to arrange the charming individual tablebouquets of roses which had been picked that morning in the municipal rose garden in City Park.

Thursday was the final day of the convention which concluded with the Past Presidents' Banquet and Ball in the Grand Ballroom of the Hilton. A string orchestra played throughout the dinner which was delicious and somewhat different banquet fare—shish kabob. The dessert was truly stunning. All the lights were turned out and a long, long procession of waiters filed in carrying platters topped with lighted candles. "Bombe' Cardinale" is a frozen melon-shaped mold consisting of lime and raspberry sherbet covered with vanilla ice cream. It was delicious as well as beautiful. This banquet was a perfect climax. It was a very nice feeling to have something that you had worked on long and hard turn out well.

Wayne and I returned home Friday morning. One of the first things we did was to retrieve Lucky from the kennels. What a surprise it was to see him, too! We had taken over a very shaggy black puppy whose face was hardly visible and handed back to us was a sporty-looking, short, curly-haired gray poodle

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SUNSET HOME

by

Hallie M. Barrow

There may be much to criticize in these times, but one area worthy of praise is the increasingly better care taken of old people and the improved rest homes for them. A primary example in this field is the Sunset Home at Maysville, Missouri, now going on three years of operation and ranked by the state as one of its best.

Perhaps no county had a more acute rest home problem than DeKalb County in Northwest Missouri. With no licensed rest homes, the only recourse was to send elderly people outside the county and bear their expense or to the county farm. The county farm, formerly the poor farm, was a huge old frame structure, four stories high and in its eightieth year of survival. For some unknown reason, all bed patients were kept on the fourth floor! After several disastrous rest home fires in Missouri, the county conscience became so burdened that bonds were voted to build a modern rest home. It was to be fire-proof, all on one floor, and every consideration was to be given to the care of old folks.

Now the taxpayers in DeKalb County resist higher taxes as vigorously as those elsewhere, but all were aware that something about a rest home had to be done *and quickly*. The bond issue which seemed the best answer carried nine to one, adding a ten mill tax on the dollar and is to run for twenty years. From each of the nine townships in the county two persons, a Democrat and a Republican, were selected to form the Sunset Home Board. This kept it out of politics, and since it is not leased out, it is not run for the operator's personal profit.

Contrary to the opposition's opinion, the home is paying for itself. After the first two months, the 48-bed home has been filled to capacity with a waiting list in evidence most of the time. The financial committee of the Board was most proud to publish at the end of the first year a profit of \$5,000.

Pensioners are housed for their pensions. Correction please: as soon as it became evident they were self-supporting, upon the administrator's request, the Board charged the pensioners \$60 and returned \$5 so they might have a little spending money. (More about this administrator later.) Then if folks can pay their own way, they may have a choice of rooms on up to \$175....this being for a bed patient with a private room.

Another important feature about this paying-as-you-go system is that during the twenty years the bonds run, if the

Home is kept full, a million and a half dollars will have been taken in. Practically all of this will have been spent in the county for groceries, salaries, medicine, clothing, utilities, furnishings, and other supplies.

Even with this bright financial picture, however, failure might have resulted except for the wonderful couple engaged to supervise the Home. Mr. R. B. Sandgren is the administrator and his wife is a registered nurse, and together they have operated Sunset Home so that it stands among the top rest homes.

Just as the Sandgrens are the heart of Sunset Home, the column, "News from Sunset Home", which Mr. Sandgren writes each week for the county paper, *The DeKalb County Record-Herald*, is the life blood. After the flourish of putting over the bonds, followed by a lavish dedication, everyone predicted the public would lose interest and soon the home would be in the dreary rut most rest homes are with few callers, and the public not very interested.

Like many rural communities, the county paper is almost a second Bible. That column, "News from Sunset Home" is read first because most of its readers have relatives or friends at this home. And it's nice to see your own name there as having done some courtesy or kindness! All visitors are listed and usually whom they came to see. If a former resident who is back from California visits the Home, takes ice cream and pop for all, or takes one of the old gentlemen to town and buys him new shoes, it makes everyone happy.

The column lists the residents having birthdays the following week and how old they will be. This prompts folks to send them birthday cards. When Elwood Boyer received 73 cards, Mr. Sandgren congratulated him in the column and said, "Imagine having 73 friends....I doubt if I know 73 people!" Too, this birthday notice often makes people, clubs or Sunday School classes think it would be nice to take a birthday cake and surprise the old folks on their birthday. The Home, too, manages a birthday cake on the table each time there is a birthday.

Then, most important, all organization activities are given favorable notice. There must be an organization for every square mile in the county. There are seven small towns and each town has at least three churches and each church has a number of organizations: The Ladies' Aid, Young Married Peoples' Class, Choir, class clubs for every age; the school will have its P.T.A. and its class organizations and sports club teams. The

town will have civic, many lodge groups, veterans' organizations, etc; the farm territory in between the towns has its share with extension clubs, 4-H clubs, garden, federated, and art clubs.

All of these clubs have as a goal one worthy project each year. Formerly, they sent cookies to some children's hospital or orphan home in a distant city, but not since Sunset Home was started. And the nice things Mr. Sandgren writes about their club makes wonderful scrapbook material!

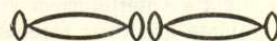
So many of the extension clubs asked for dates to come, give a program and serve refreshments, they had to be listed and given their turn! Same with religious services...each Sunday afternoon, there is a religious service. The Ministerial County Alliance took over this rush of churches wanting a date and the list is posted in the office and is already filled for six months ahead.

All gifts are acknowledged. When six feather beds were gratefully noted, it prompted Mrs. Ray Warrick and Mrs. Caroline Halstead of Clarksdale, to buy new ticking, and they made 50 pillows! The feathers were changed from old bed ticks to new ones via a vacuum cleaner and did a fine job.... even so, Mr. Warrick says there will be feathers in his basement the rest of his life!

Fresh vegetables all during growing season are received and publicized. When farmers butcher, they take in fresh sausage, lard, liver, head cheese, and pigs feet. They have received fresh apple butter, honey, jelly, back rests, bed lamps, books, magazines, carom boards, jig-saw puzzles....We imagine this is about the best-equipped home anywhere.

Another feature in this column is "Thanks" to folks who come and take the residents out for a day. The ladies love to go shopping around Christmas time and be in the gaily decorated stores. The men love to go to ball games and both men and women are thrilled with a fishing trip. Too, Mr. Sandgren suggests that people with cars see that some of the elderly folks get back to their home cemeteries near Memorial Day, get to the County Fair or an Old Settlers' picnic.

When credit is given to this column for the interest and attention that is showered on Sunset Home, Mr. Sandgren says, "The world is full of very kind people. Most of them would like to do something for residents in rest homes, but they don't know what is needed or what to do. The column just acts as the spark which sets their good intentions into action."



GRANDMA'S GARDEN

By

Katherine Epperson

Not long ago the newspapers carried an account of a recent survey which showed that there are at present 29,900 supermarkets in the United States. Last year these supermarkets rang up 35 billion dollars in sales. The average housewife made three trips weekly to these glorified reproductions of the old-time general store and spent an average of \$7.74 per visit.

In addition to the essential sundries, she loaded her cart with delightful labor-saving, ready-to-eat products, marvelous new cleansing agents, strawberries in January and fresh pork in July. She may have bought an Italian *pizza*, a *sopapilla* mix, or authentic Chinese foods.

No matter what the shopper bought, the contents of her cart would have overwhelmed Grandma. Having all these products at hand with no more effort than reaching to a shelf would have seemed like fairyland. Of course, there is the possibility that Grandma might have considered all this to be wholly frivolous, or perhaps, slightly immoral. For my grandmother, bless her heart, from the strictly agrarian culture in which she lived for nearly a century, carried with her to the day of her demise in her ninetieth year the firm conviction that thrifty housewives operated on one principle only, and that was to provide for themselves or do without.

And for Grandma, that meant, except for meat and eggs, dairy products, and the white corn Grandpa furnished for hominy and corn bread, that she, herself, was to grow the family's food in her own garden.

Grandma's garden was a year-round affair. In the fall, Grandpa helped bury turnips, cabbage, and certain other vegetables. They dug a sort of shallow pit, lining it with straw; and the vegetables to be stored in this way were put in, layered and covered with more straw, then several inches of dirt were thrown over the whole. Incidentally, they also kept apples in the same way. They were not always especially careful to fill in the pits where the apples had been stored, and for many years I believed an older cousin who told me that those strange depressions in the orchard were where Indians had been buried.

Early in the spring, when the family began to tire of winter meals, with their absence of anything green, Grandma would take some of the remaining cabbage stalks and set them in the ground over between the grapevine and the fence, where they would not

be disturbed when Grandpa plowed the garden. Given a few warm days and spring rains, the cabbage stalks would begin to develop branches with small leaves on them which were cooked like greens.

Even earlier than the cabbage greens, Grandma could dig the Jerusalem artichokes, which all the summer before had raised their sunflower-like blossoms above the herbs in the northwest corner of the garden. The edible bulbs, looking somewhat like knobby potatoes, were first boiled, then put into a solution of weak vinegar and a little sugar. In a few days they were ready to be eaten. They made a delicious complement to the crispy slices of salt pork which Grandma soaked out overnight on the back of the big black cookstove, then dipped in flour and fried quickly. As for the vinegar, Grandma made that, too. In all the sixty-five years she kept house, she never had a pint of store-bought vinegar, although a few times she did have to borrow some "mother" from a neighbor.

Along the north side of the garden the horseradish clumps put forth their leaves early in the season. A few of these were picked to be cooked with the wild greens that Grandma gathered in big pails as soon as they appeared. Today, when I hear farm women say they've never learned which plants are good to eat, I am thankful for that tiny Pennsylvania Dutch woman who let her little granddaughter skip along beside her when she went "a-greening".

We always found lots of sour dock and pepper grass along the road, just across the fence from the barn lot well; and down by the culvert was an immense patch of water cress. At the foot of the hill, where the old Evans place was, we always gathered carpenter's square, or "bonnet plant" as some people called it.

No buildings remained on the Evans place, but every spring, old-fashioned, yellow roses bloomed, and three magnificent pear trees cascaded showers of creamy-white blossoms into the yard where once children played. Even a little girl could be impressed with a sense of the brooding past which hovers over all such places, with their unmistakable evidence of lives long past and activities forever ceased.

Perhaps you are thinking that these places were not in my grandmother's garden. Well, to me, they seem a part of it. True, the wild greens were not encompassed by the tall chicken-wire fence necessary in those days when Grandma's brown Leghorns bore a closer kinship to their flying jungle sisters than do our modern earth-bound hybrid hens. Nevertheless, the ritual of gathering wild greens in these

places was just as much a part of Grandma's gardening activities as was spading the lettuce bed or planting the potatoes.

There were also the mustard greens. One kind, known as "black mustard" because of the color of the seeds, came up everywhere, like a weed. Black mustard had a stronger flavor than the white-seeded kind and had to be par-boiled to remove the bitter flavor. Whatever worries Grandma may have had about feeding her family, retaining the vitamins in the cooked food was not one of them; and the liquid in which vegetables were par-boiled was tossed out with no compunction.

In those days, when families ate consistently whatever was in season, and cooks had no suppressed feelings of guilt if they offered the same dish oftener than once a week, the greens were apt to appear on the table almost every day when the weather was right for the growth of the succulent leaves.

Soon after the greens, the rhubarb was ready to be used. Grandma had great bunches of it growing in the middle of her garden. Only she called it pie plant, a delightful word--with no connotation of something gone awry--calling up visions of rosy juices, bubbling through flaky crusts cooling on a window sill.

There were a number of plants to be found growing in odd corners of her garden which had uses other than to supply food: sage to make a tonic for digestion as well as for seasoning; horehound for cough syrup; catnip to make tea for colic; blackdraught for laxative purposes. And of course mustard seed for making plasters and emetics was always gathered every year.

There were two long rows of Concord Grapes and some currant bushes. Because of its high pectin content, currant juice was used in making other kinds of jelly as well as currant in those days before we could buy pectin in bottles and boxes.

Of course, the usual vegetables were grown in Grandma's garden, too. Nothing was canned except tomatoes, and they were sealed in tin cans with sealing wax. Sauerkraut was made in big stone jars; beans and corn were dried; and small fruits were preserved, jellied, dried, or made into fruit butter. Grandma did not have our modern hybrid seeds and fancy, named varieties, but the kinds of vegetables were tried and true, and she could rely on raising a crop, untroubled by the plant diseases and insects which now plague our efforts.

When I was a child, I imagined that Grandma's garden grew and flourished (continued on page 19)

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

As I write this letter to you, I'm recalling one of the most lovely views in the world. One day last summer I sat in a large Nova Scotia hunting lodge high on a hill overlooking a blue, blue lake dotted with islands. Beyond the lake were miles and miles of pine and spruce trees. There was a crackling fire in the fireplace and as I enjoyed the comfort of it on that brisk, late summer day, I watched the canoes with children and wondered if they were dressed warmly enough. This was the coolest summer on record in Nova Scotia, and we needed fires almost every day of our stay.

What a joy it was for us to entertain our church young people on this annual expedition to the north woods. It was an experience we would not have traded for the most deluxe summer travel anywhere, for there we got to know our young people in beautiful surroundings that could not help but bring out the best in a person. After morning devotions we spent the day tramping through the woods to the shores of several lovely lakes, swimming, boating, fishing, and taking an occasional auto trip to some nearby point of historical or commercial interest. After the evening meal, we gathered around the fireplace for a hymn-sing, and always I closed the day's activities with a bible lesson and devotional talk.

Off the south shore of Nova Scotia there are many little islands, and one thing we always do when the youngsters are with us is to take a boat trip around the islands, stopping on one of them for a picnic lunch. This year we took the tour in two boats, and I was at the helm of one of them. Before reaching the islands, we had to cruise down a tidal river for about an hour and that gave the children a new thrill. As you know, Nova Scotia has some of the highest tides in the world. When the tide is rushing in or out of a coastal river, it is just like the rush of Niagara.

It was the first time I had gone down that particular river, and as we churned through the rapids I wished that I had instructed everyone to put on a life jacket. As we went out, the river was just a rushing stream, but when we came back on the high tide, it was like the Mississippi in flood.

One day we took a drive along the shore, and the young people were amazed to see the ingredients for their favorite gelatin desserts stretched out along the road to dry. Irish moss, so necessary for the making of gelatins, cheeses, candies, etc., is an important commercial product in Nova Scotia, and after it is raked from the ocean floor at



Frederick leads a few of the youths of his church's scholarship class in a study of the Life of Christ at a summer retreat at Argyle Lodge in Nova Scotia.

low tide, it is spread along the roadside close to the sun-warmed pavement to dry. During the summer months, even the high school boys and girls collect the moss, dry it, sack it, and then sell it to the dealers for about eight cents a pound. Many of the men who spend the winter in lobster fishing, spend the summer months collecting moss.

One of the caretakers at the lodge has a job that keeps him busy during the winter months when there are no church young people to be entertained. He smokes fish---30,000 fish a year to be exact---and one day I took all of the youngsters down to visit his smoke house. It is some job just to catch the fish, but that is the easy part. The fish are netted as they come up the streams out of the ocean. The really big job is cleaning them, soaking them in brine, and then hanging them over wood fires in the smoke houses. Of course, it takes a lot of burned wood to smoke that many fish and all of the wood has to be cut to just the right size. The finished product has to be packed and then shipped by truck and boat to the Boston market, several hundred miles away.

On another afternoon I took all our guests down to the village to visit the sawmill. Timber that is cut in the woods is floated down the lake to a little sawmill that is over 200 years old. Can you imagine using one saw blade for a hundred years? The mill cuts the enormous timbers up into small pieces of wood used for the making of lobster pots.

Just a few doors up the road from the mill I showed the children something that I was sure they had never seen

before. In rural Nova Scotia the ox team is more commonly used than a team of horses. There are several farmers around there using oxen to pull their plows and carts, but very few farmers in the area use horses. And what beautiful oxen they are! They may move slowly, but they are very strong, and in the course of a day they can do a lot of work.

That evening my group of young people entertained the young people from the village churches. I say "churches" instead of "church" because along the south shore of Nova Scotia there is a village church every three or four miles. The local pastor cares for seven churches. I drove down to the village church to help transport the youngsters. After our evening devotions we had some fun playing various bible games.

On Sunday I took our children to one of the village churches for worship. Since the pastor serves so many churches, he has to have the services at a different hour in each village. The service we attended was at eight-thirty in the evening. While this does seem rather late for a service, we need to remember that in the north woods the days are very long in the summer. From previous experience, I knew that our young people would find the service most interesting. One thing they noticed was the number of hymns that spoke of the sea. When people make their living from or on the sea, this is reflected in their religion. Every time we worship with the village folk there, we're reminded that Jesus often spoke of the sea in one way or another.

(Continued on page 17)

MARY BETH HAS SOME NEW EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

The house is wonderfully quiet and I'm confident that the typewriter won't disturb the three sleeping children upstairs. One or two hours of undisturbed quiet in an early afternoon is a blessed balm for a noise-weary mother, but surprisingly enough I discovered not long ago that *too much* peace and quiet can be *deafening*!

Paul and Katharine went to visit their Grandma Schneider in Indiana via the railroad. They left on a Thursday afternoon with their daddy and returned on Saturday in time for supper. When bedtime rolled around, I felt two-thirds unhitched with just one wee chick to tooth-brush and bathe. Just before turning out the lights to go to bed I always check the children, and what a stab of lonesomeness I felt when I saw Paul and Katharine's neatly made beds standing silently in their rooms. All this on Thursday, their first day away!

The occasion for the train ride was an emergency trip that Donald had to make to Anderson to pick up a new car for us. Our dear old reliable automobile suddenly became most *unreliable* and it became necessary to replace it before Donald went out of town with his company car. I have a phobia about having him hundreds of miles away and me left out in the middle of suburbia with no emergency transportation.

Well, we have our new car and although it may not fulfill Detroit's specifications for a new model, it certainly satisfies us. We had an agreement with my mother that when the time came for us to change automobiles, we could buy hers if we wanted it.

We've had two nice jaunts since we got it and both were made to the Municipal Market in West Allis, a city within the limits of Milwaukee County. I had heard a great deal about this "Farmer's Market", as it is called locally, and wish now that I had availed myself of it long ago.

Perhaps you're familiar with the physical structure of such a building but I had never shopped in one so it was a great treat. The vegetables were simply beautiful! Such clean, dewy fresh onions I had never seen---all sizes and colors. I felt terribly ignorant asking what kinds the different varieties were and what their particular special use was. I found a new vegetable called Asparagus Squash or "Baby's Bloomers" because they resemble bloomers, and four sizes of these from which to select.

The farmers had brought in flowers, too, but I didn't buy any on either of my trips. My arms were so loaded down



Katharine Driftmier serves brother and sister, Paul and Adrienne, at "coffee".

with sacks of vegetables that I couldn't possibly have managed anything so fragile. The only frivolous items I indulged myself with were four bundles of herbs. They smelled so fragrant that I couldn't resist buying some to hang over the fireplace in our kitchen. I know they'll not last long there, but while they're fresh my kitchen smells positively aromatic. I have Thyme, Sage, Savory and Sweet Marjoram to pinch off and drop into my stews and sauces and this, indeed, is one of the joys of cooking.

Did I tell you about our attempt to teach Paul and Katharine to swim this past summer? One of the penalties of our hurried lives nowadays is that all too often we don't have the time to spend with the children teaching them such things as swimming. At least Donald wasn't home enough during the daylight hours to take care of it. To remedy this, we decided to take advantage of a twelve-lesson swimming course that was available in a community not far from our home.

Because Paul is often considered too little for most of the activities we allow Katharine to participate in, or too big for the baby-type pleasures for Adrienne we decided to enter him in the beginners' class---the three-to-seven age group. He had been in water only to the extent of wading in the various lakes, so you can believe me when I say that he had very little experience in water.

There was difficulty from the start. Paul was overly eager until he put on his tight under-the-arms tube and discovered that *like it or not* he was going into this immense pool. He showed his displeasure for the whole program in the only way he knows that is effective (correction: *was* effective).

He bellowed! He screeched and howled and roared in such a manner as to thoroughly convince *anyone* that he was being tortured, rather than simply put to float in reasonably shallow water.

The teacher finally had enough of his behavior and in a manner likened only to a top sergeant, she told him that although he might get away with such screeching behavior at home, he was *not* going to disrupt her class; he had to be still and listen to her. He complied, but not until she had been forced to dunk him to make him shut his mouth! He didn't ever learn to swim, but he got over his fear of water. I'll never forget the picture of him propelling himself lazily down the length of the pool, thoroughly enjoying his floating tube and grinning like a Cheshire cat!

I learned the most from the class. I saw that he *could* turn off the high volume that he directs upon all that oppose him. I saw no reason why he should be nicer to the *swimming instructor* than he was to *his own mother*, so he has ceased screeching at me, too!

Although we didn't approve of the teaching methods and felt that Katharine's class was much too large for the instructor to handle safely, she did learn the basic fundamentals of swimming. However, before the series of lessons was concluded, she developed a low grade throat infection so the classes ended abruptly. Donald has promised to *make* the time next summer so that he can continue their instruction himself, teaching them to swim adequately and for fun.

I must run now and prepare a chicken for the stewing pot.

Sincerely, Mary Beth

LUCILE'S LETTER—Continued

In those days Mother asked you folks to send a dime when the next issue was ready to go out and also a stamped, self-addressed envelope. It was our responsibility, and by "our" I mean the Driftmier children, to fold the magazine and stuff it in the envelope. None of us will EVER, EVER forget how wonderful it was when a good-sized envelope was sent; and how awful it was when someone sent one of these dinky-sized little envelopes such as you use to mail birth announcements. After all these years there isn't a one of us who can ever look at envelopes without thinking automatically; just about the right size to hold Kitchen-Klatter!

Every night after supper we sat around the dining room table and wrestled with these envelopes, and then the next day after school it was Brother Donald's responsibility to put all of those envelopes into a market basket (the kind we used to have without question for tomatoes, cucumbers, etc.) and tote it down to the post office. Things moved along like this for a long, long time.

But then another period arrived and we were all gone from home and World War II was heavy upon the world. There was no longer any question of handling all this mailing on the dining room table, so then Dad turned the garage into an office and the whole thing went on out there. This lasted until after the war was over and I defy anyone drawing the breath of life to produce a garage that had more stuff in it! Dad built on additions here and there (it's the craziest looking garage you ever saw) and all of it was a desperate move to gain space somehow to carry on right at home.

Then Time moved up on the folks too, and they wished to lay down some of the burdens they had carried for so long. That was when Russell, Juliana and I came back from California to pick up some of the reins, and Wayne came with his bride, Abigail, to pick up some of the other reins.

At that time the whole family was intact, the Fields, the Driftmiers and our own Driftmier family. We have pictures of family gatherings during that period and oh! what a sense of Time, of change overwhelms me when I look at those pictures. It seems but yesterday when I turned to Aunt Sue and said: "Where did you put those pickled beets?" or when we got just the right place set up for Uncle Henry so he could get sort of an overall idea of where it would be best to shoot a picture. He was a great one for taking pictures and I don't suppose many families have such a tremendous collection



Margery (Driftmier) Strom admires gift of Mexican bird figurines, made of polished ceramic in brown and blue.

of snapshots that date back to the beginning of this century.

One by one they have gone. Now, when we have a family dinner, only the folks and Aunt Jessie and Aunt Bertha (Uncle Henry's widow) are at the table. It gives me a curious sense of unreality, of disbelief, somehow, that seemingly only a few years could have wrought such vast and eternal changes.

Now, at the beginning of another whole new period of Kitchen-Klatter, I'd like to tell you how things are at this month in 1962.

Brother Howard is married and lives right here in Shenandoah just about two blocks from the family home. I live "right down the alley" and Russell and I try to keep things going. Our only child, Juliana, is nineteen and a sophomore at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque. (I still have all the cards of congratulation sent from you unseen friends when she was born in Hollywood, California.)

Sister Dorothy and her husband live on the old home place, the Johnson home place that Frank's father cleared before 1900, not too far from Chariton, Iowa. That's around 125 miles or so from Shenandoah. Every month Dorothy comes down on the Burlington train to address this magazine. During the summer months it just makes a nice little breather to drive up to Red Oak to meet her train, but during the winter months we're mighty nervous and study the sky intently when the time comes to go up and meet Dorothy. Dorothy, too, has an only daughter, nineteen, and as I write this, Kristin is making all of her plans to enter the University of Wyoming as a sophomore. This generation seems to be headed West just as their pioneer ancestors headed.

Brother Frederick is the minister of the South Congregational church in Springfield, Mass., and his wife, Betty, works right beside him holding up her share of his responsibilities. When I

realize how much Frederick is called upon to do I marvel that somehow he manages to get off a letter for you folks every single month. Those of you who are old-time friends have read his letters from Egypt, Africa, Bermuda. . . well, you name it—he's the traveler of the family. And he ALWAYS gets his letter written to you. His only daughter, Mary Leanna, is a student at Northfield, Mass., and his only son, David, is a sixth-grade student in Springfield.

Brother Wayne and his wife Abigail live in Denver. They spent the first ten years of their marriage in Shenandoah and their three children were born here, but when a wonderful business opportunity came to him five years ago he couldn't pass it by. And thus they moved to Denver and have been very, very happy as residents of Colorado. His daughter, Emily, is a ninth-grader in Junior high school (Do you remember her first picture in this magazine when she was six weeks old?), Alison is in the sixth grade, and Clark, the only son, is in the third grade.

Sister Margery and her husband, Oliver, and their only child, Martin, live just a couple of doors from the folks. Martin is a sophomore in high school and awfully good about stopping by all the time to see if he can run any errands for his Granny and Grandpa Driftmier. Margery has done an enormous amount of work to help make it possible for us to go through this big change in handling Kitchen-Klatter, and I hope you can drop her a line sometime to let her know that you're aware of how hard she has worked. I believe in giving credit where credit is due, and in these recent years when my health has been so miserable she has jumped right in and made things easier for me.

This accounts for all of us but Brother Donald, the baby of our family. He works for the Guide Lamp Division of General Motors and is a wonderful husband and father. Not that all of the boys aren't really fine husbands and fathers, but Donald has been extra-special in making life easier for Mary Beth since she has a severe physical handicap and those three active children to manage. They live in Milwaukee, Wisconsin—and love it. Katharine is in school all day, of course, and Paul and Adrienne are at home with mama.

And the folks? Well, we Driftmier children have been greatly blessed to have our parents still with us, and we are aware of this blessing. They are still right there in the old family home and their daily activities are very restricted because of Dad's health. After many months when both of them were totally housebound this last year, it was a great adventure when Dad

(Concluded on page 22)

YOUR MONTHLY LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

As I was enjoying a cup of coffee on the front porch early this morning, I noticed how much it is beginning to look like fall, my favorite time of the year. A few leaves are falling from the trees and the corn leaves are no longer dark green, but beginning to dry up and turn brown around the edges. Early morning is my favorite time of day. After we've had breakfast and Frank has gone out to do his chores, I like to take my coffee cup to the front porch just as I did this morning. If there has been a heavy dew, each blade of grass sparkles like diamonds in the morning sunlight.

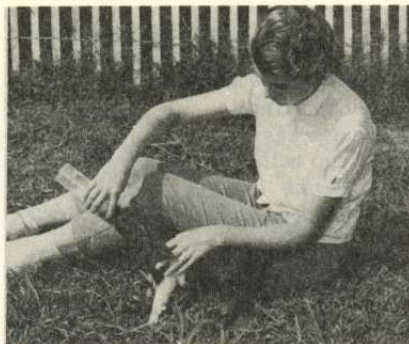
Little did we know when Kristin accompanied Margery and Martin on their summer vacation trip to Yellowstone Park that her plans for the coming school year would be changed. Frank and I met her train when she came home, and the first thing she said after we had piled her suitcases in the car and started for home was, "I have something very important to tell you and I hope you won't be too shocked. I want to transfer this year to the University of Wyoming at Laramie."

Although Frank and I were speechless for a minute, we actually weren't too shocked for she had written glowing reports about the country she had seen, and we knew she had fallen in love with the state of Wyoming. Kristin had asked her Aunt Margery if it would be possible to drive the little distance off their planned route so she could see the University, and this was the result.

Kristin procured a catalogue at the Administration building and inquired about housing. She learned that there was still room in one of the dormitories. She brought home all the necessary papers to fill out in order to apply for admission, and since we agreed with her decision, they were mailed in the very next day.

She had studied the catalogue carefully all the way home from Laramie and was very excited about the many courses offered in Special Education and English. She was so eager to transfer that I hated reminding her how late in the summer it was to seek admission to another college, but felt she should be prepared in case the University might not be able to accept her at so late a date.

Four weeks went by and she hadn't heard a word from Wyoming. One day, toward the end of the fourth week, Frank came in with the mail and told her she had a letter from Laramie but he didn't think it was the one she was looking for. It was an advertisement



Kristin Johnson feeds a baby pig with a bottle. It is one of twenty she is raising as a money-making project to help with her college expenses.

from a laundry and cleaning establishment directed to all "Wyoming University Coeds"! This gave her a spark of hope because they had to get her name somewhere and where else but at the University!

The middle of the fifth week she received a card from the Housing Office telling her what her address and phone number would be and what day the dormitory would open. This sounded as if surely she had been accepted. Finally, at the end of that week she received the letter she had to have to register--a letter from the Registrar's Office stating that she had been accepted and that all of her college credits would transfer.

Since then we've been in a flurry getting clothes cleaned, sorted and packed. There will be no frequent trips home this year for she'll be too far away. And as I write this, we're still undecided just how she'll get to school. Frank won't be able to make the trip for he'll be busy trying to finish fall plowing before corn-picking time. He's urging me to drive her out so I can see the University and help her get situated. If it is at all possible, I will.

Since Kristin won't be able to come home until Christmas, how happy we are that Denver is close enough to Laramie that she can spend a few week-ends with her Uncle Wayne and his family. It is comforting to know some of the family will be close by.

We had some unexpected week-end guests recently. I was at Frank's sister's home when Margery called the farm and said that she and Martin could come for a couple of days. Kristin knew that I would be returning very soon, so she told them to come ahead. Oliver drove down from Des Moines after his afternoon classes, and we all had a wonderful visit. Martin had brought his new BB gun so he could do some target practicing before he comes up to hunt with Frank this winter. He and Kristin put some tin cans on the fence posts and had a good time seeing which was the "best shot".

Margery had to return home on Sunday afternoon because of the broadcasting, but Oliver wasn't due back in Des Moines until late Monday morning so could stay over another night. Martin decided to remain over a few more days and return to Shenandoah with me when I went down for my "magazine week"

We decided to fish a while in the evening and have a late picnic supper. While Oliver and Martin fished, Kristin gathered the firewood. Frank started the fire, and I got the picnic things together. When Frank and I carried the food down to the bank, we got the report that fishing was good but the mosquitoes were driving them wild! We couldn't locate the mosquito repellent and the smoke from the fire didn't keep them away. We ate our picnic supper but it was the shortest picnic I ever attended!

How happy our family was when Dad felt strong enough to come to our house. I was in Shenandoah at the time, so drove Mother and Dad to our farm for the week-end and then back home again. This was the first trip of any distance they had made since last October. We called it "the trial run" and hope, since the ride didn't tire him, that he'll soon be feeling equal to a longer trip.

This must be all, so until next month,
Sincerely,

Dorothy

A GLORIOUS FAREWELL

Tall, purple asters, sentinels of Fall
Stand stiffly at attention near the wall,
Until a wanton breeze comes to evoke
Response, tinged with a golden, burnt-
leaf smoke.

These sights add Indian summer to
our days,
As far horizons mingle with blue haze,
While up above, the geese are flying
high,
As Nature bids another year goodbye.
—Alice G. Harvey

PEANUT PIXIES

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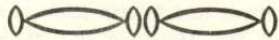
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Recipes Tested

by the
**Kitchen - Klatter
Family**



GARDEN-STUFFED PEPPERS

- 8 large green peppers
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 small onion, diced
- 1 1/2 cups tomatoes, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups corn
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
- Buttered crumbs

Slice off the top of the peppers and remove the seeds. Cook the peppers in boiling water for 3 minutes, drain and cool. Brown the ground beef, add the onion, salt, tomatoes, corn, parsley and monosodium glutamate. Remove from the fire and stuff the peppers with this mixture. Top with buttered crumbs. Stand the peppers in muffin tins and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Fresh tomatoes and fresh corn cut from the cob may be used in this recipe. Whole canned tomatoes and frozen or whole kernel corn, drained well, may also be used. These stuffed peppers freeze very well. Bake, just as directed, cool and wrap individually in foil. Freeze. Remove from the freezer and let stand at room temperature about 30 minutes, bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes and they are ready for the table.

MAPLE-NUT BREAD

- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 Tbls. salad oil or melted shortening

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Add the well beaten egg, milk, flavorings and salad oil. Mix only until moistened. Stir in the nuts and pour into a loaf pan. Let stand 20 minutes before baking. Bake one hour in a 350 degree oven.

PARTY DATE BALLS

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

2 cups Rice Krispies

Mix all ingredients except Rice Krispies in a saucepan and cook until dates are well blended and cooked. Remove from heat and add the Rice Krispies. Mold into balls the size of a walnut and roll in coconut. (The mixture should be cooled down until it can be handled with the hands, of course.) Store in refrigerator.

If you like, the coconut could be added to the mixture with the Rice Krispies for variation. I used about 1 cup of coconut.

LEMON CABBAGE

Cut a small head of cabbage into eighths and cook for 10 minutes in salted water. Blend 1/4 cup melted butter and 2 Tbls. lemon juice. Pour this over the drained cabbage and serve piping hot. Serves 4.

GREEN GODDESS DRESSING

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 3 Tbls. anchovy paste
- 3 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 clove grated garlic
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 1/8 cup parsley
- Pinch salt

Freshly ground pepper, if desired
1/2 cup heavy cream

If you like a dip for raw vegetables, omit the last ingredient. Without the cream it is thick enough to cling to all raw vegetables and a perfect complement it is, too.

SKILLET CORN

- 4 slices bacon
- 3 cups corn
- 1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1/4 cup onion, diced
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Cook the bacon until crisp, remove from skillet, drain on paper and then crumble. To the bacon drippings add the corn (fresh or frozen), the green pepper and onion. Cook until tender, about 8 minutes. Season with the salt and pepper. Turn into a hot vegetable dish and top with the crumbled bacon.

TOMATO POT PIE

Brown 2 or 3 onions, diced, in hot fat. Add 1 qt. tomatoes and a generous piece of butter. Season with salt, pepper and a tablespoon of sugar. Cook in a pan which you can tightly cover. Make up your favorite plain dumpling recipe and drop dumplings into the tomatoes. When done, add 1/2 to 1 cup of sweet cream just before serving.

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES (Mary Beth took these to P-T-A!)

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. hot water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 cup chopped nuts (optional)
- 2 large packages chocolate chips
- 2 cups raw oatmeal

Sift together the flour, soda and salt. Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add water and flavorings, then add sifted dry ingredients. Add nuts, chocolate chips and oatmeal. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cooky sheets and bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 12 minutes, depending upon the size of the cookies. This makes a very large batch of cookies, but they'll disappear in a hurry!

MAPLE-NUT ICE CREAM SAUCE

Mix 3/4 cup maple syrup and 1/2 cup heavy cream in a saucepan. Cook over very low heat for about 15 minutes, or until maple syrup thickens slightly or reaches 220F on a candy thermometer. Remove from heat and add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Beat for 1 minute. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped nuts.

This recipe makes about 1 cup of sauce that is delicious on cake as well as on ice cream.

CORN CREOLE

- 1 cup whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 4 slices bacon, fried and crumbled
- Salt and Pepper

Heat thoroughly on top of the stove and serve. Delicious!

DOROTHY'S PRUNE COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked rolled oats
- 1/3 cup sour cream
- 1 cup chopped cooked prunes
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and the sugar. Add the flavorings, sour cream, eggs and prunes and mix thoroughly. Stir in the oatmeal and the nuts; then add the rest of the dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake in a 350 degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

GOLDEN CHEESE SALAD

- 2 1/2 cups crushed pineapple, drained
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 5-oz. jar pimiento-cheese spread
- 3/4 cup grated carrots

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the salad dressing and the cheese spread. Beat well. Stir in the pineapple juice and the pineapple flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Stir in the pineapple and grated carrots. Unmold onto a lettuce leaf and garnish with a contrasting colored fruit--dark red Bing cherries or deep purple grapes. This salad is an excellent way to serve carrots to children who do not care much for them. If you grate the carrots very fine it is difficult to tell that they are in the salad.

A QUICK DESSERT

- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2 cups milk
- 1 pkg. instant pudding mix (vanilla butterscotch or chocolate)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Whip the peanut butter until fluffy (either the crunch or the smooth style) and add the milk slowly. Blend thoroughly. Stir in the pudding mix. Beat until creamy and smooth. Add the flavoring. Pour into serving dishes or into a baked pie shell. Chill. Top with a bit of whipped cream, chopped nuts or a maraschino cherry and serve with confidence.

CORN AND CHIPPED BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 Tbls. shortening
 - 1/4 cup green pepper, diced
 - 1/4 cup diced onion
 - 3/4 cup sliced mushrooms
 - 1/4 lb. (1 pkg.) smoked chipped beef
 - 2 cups medium white sauce
 - 2 egg yolks, beaten
 - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 2 cups drained whole kernel corn
- Put the onion, green pepper and shortening in a large skillet and saute until tender. Add the mushrooms and the chipped beef which has been cut into small pieces. Cook for about five minutes. Blend together the white sauce, egg yolks and mustard and combine with the beef mixture. Add two cups of whole kernel corn which has been drained. Pour into a greased baking dish and sprinkle with a little grated cheese and a dash of paprika. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

SPICY PUMPKIN CAKE

- 1 spice cake mix
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 cup pumpkin
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 - 1 1/4 cups chopped dates
 - 3/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- Mix well and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes in a large 9 x 13-inch pan which has been greased and floured.

Frosting

- 1/2 cup soft butter
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar
 - 3 Tbls. milk
- Cook these ingredients for a few minutes and then add:
- 3 cups sifted powdered sugar
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/8 tsp. salt

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix all ingredients together and cook slowly, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes after boiling stage has been reached. Cool, and serve over vanilla or butter brickle ice cream. This is also very delicious served warm over cake.

Special

Since chicken is usually a very inexpensive meat, we buy a lot of them and are constantly looking for new ways to prepare them. Here are two new recipes that we consider *most delicious*, and we're quite certain they'll meet with your approval, too.

OVEN CHICKEN FRICASSEE

- 2 (2 1/2 to 3-lb.) fryers, cut up
 - 1 cup flour
 - 1 Tbls. paprika
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1/4 tsp. thyme
 - 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
 - 1 Tbls. instant minced onion
 - 2 cans cream of mushroom soup (or cream of chicken soup, or one of each)
 - 1 Tbls. dried parsley flakes
- Wash and dry the chicken pieces. Combine the flour, paprika, salt, pepper, thyme and garlic salt in a paper bag. Add chicken--a few pieces at a time--and shake bag to coat pieces evenly. Place in a lightly greased shallow baking pan, sprinkle with the minced onion, then spread with the soup. Sprinkle the parsley flakes over the top and bake, uncovered, at 400 degrees for 25 minutes. Cover tightly with a lid or foil and bake an hour at 325 degrees. Uncover and increase the temperature back to 400 degrees to crisp. Serves 6.

ITALIAN CHICKEN WITH SPAGHETTI

- 1 3 1/2 lb. chicken, cut up (or 2 smaller ones)
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup cooking oil
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 chopped onion
- 1 green pepper, chopped fine
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 8-oz. can tomato paste
- 1/4 cup mushrooms
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. oregano

Dredge the chicken in flour. Heat oil and brown the chicken. Add remaining ingredients, which have been mixed together, and simmer over low heat for about 1 hour, or until tender.

Cook spaghetti in salted water until tender. Serve the sauce from the chicken over it and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Surround the spaghetti with the pieces of chicken. Delicious!

DINNER IN A SKILLET

In a large skillet put 2 Tbls. of shortening and 1 clove of garlic, cut up. When the garlic is brown remove it and add 1 medium diced onion and 1/2 lb. of ground beef. Cook until the beef is browned, stirring frequently. Add 1/2 cup of uncooked rice, 6 cups of water, 2 tsp. of soy sauce, 1 Tbls. salt and a dash of pepper. Simmer uncovered over very low heat for 40 minutes. Stir once in awhile to prevent sticking. Add 1 cup diced potatoes and 1 cup diced carrots. Continue simmering 20 minutes longer. If it seems too thick you may have to add a little more water before you put in the potatoes and carrots.

MONA'S CHEESE TIDBITS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 glass English cheddar cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 40 small stuffed olives

Blend all ingredients together as for making pastry. Drain the olives very well. I suggest that you drain them on paper towels so that the moisture will be absorbed quite well. Shape small balls of pastry with your hands and then push an olive into the center of each ball of dough, closing the dough well. Place on a cookie sheet and refrigerate over night. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes, depending upon size of balls, until very light tan in color.

These are delicious to serve for a coffee party or with a salad.

CRUNCHY PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening or margarine
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup School Day peanut butter (chunky-style, but cream-style could be used, also)
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the shortening and sugar thoroughly, then add the eggs, flavorings and peanut butter and beat well for about 5 minutes. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the mixture. Form into balls about the size of a walnut and place on an ungreased cookie sheet. Flatten with a fork in a criss-cross fashion. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes.

**HAMBURGERS WITH TANGY TOPPING**

- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 cup water
- Salt and pepper
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- Liquid smoke

Cook onion in butter in heavy saucepan over low heat until tender but not browned. Blend in chili sauce, catsup, sugar and paprika. Combine vinegar and water and blend into sauce mixture. Season to taste. Simmer, stirring frequently, for about 1 hour.

Shape ground beef into 8 patties and brush with the liquid smoke. Broil about 3 inches below source of heat until brown--about 5 minutes on each side. Top with the sauce just before removing from the broiler.

This sauce is also delicious over meatloaf, ribs, pork chops and chicken.

ORANGE PEARS

- 4 pears
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Few drops of yellow food coloring
Peel and cut the fruit into quarters. Heat the sugar, orange juice and water to boiling. Drop in the pears and simmer, covered, until the pears are tender, about 15 minutes. Remove the pears, continue simmering the syrup until it thickens slightly. Remove from the fire and stir in the orange flavoring and coloring. Put the fruit and syrup together in the refrigerator until ready to serve. This is excellent on white cake or vanilla ice cream.

APPLESAUCE COOKIES

- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup Kellogg's Krumbles
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine (If you use margarine, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup applesauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift together the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon and cloves. Stir the Krumbles and raisins into this flour mixture. Cream together the butter, brown sugar; add egg, applesauce and vanilla. Blend all of the ingredients and drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes. This makes 3 1/2 to 4 dozen cookies.

CRUMB CUSTARDS

- 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 3 cups milk
- 2 large eggs
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. soda

Add the crumbs to the milk and heat to almost boiling. Beat the egg yolks thoroughly. Add to this the sugar, salt and flavoring, and the soda which has been dissolved in one tablespoon of water. Stir this combination into the milk mixture. Fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered baking dish, or individual custard cups. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a 350 degree oven until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

For a chocolate pudding, mix and add 1/4 cup cocoa and 2 Tbls. sugar mixed in 1/4 cup warm water. Flavor with Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. For a coffee custard, add 1 1/2 tsp. of instant coffee and Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

COMPANY CORN

Cook 4 Tbls. diced green pepper and 3 Tbls. chopped onion in 3 Tbls. butter. Cook only until the vegetables are soft and the onion is lightly browned. Add a package of frozen corn and simmer in its own liquid for 5 or 6 minutes, tightly covered. Check once or twice to be sure there is enough liquid. Add a bit of water if necessary.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

The two weeks we spend in Nova Scotia each summer always add an inch or two on the waistlines. My! how we do eat: lobster, fresh sweet blueberries, tender wild blackberries, and every day fresh homemade bread. If any of you have spent much time in Nova Scotia, you know how famous their cooks are for oatmeal bread and graham bread. As a matter-of-fact, the Nova Scotians make so much of these two breads that the grocery stores sell molasses in large containers only. Not once did I see small bottles of molasses on the shelves, but I did see any number of shelves loaded with one-half gallon containers!

Getting these fine cooks to share their bread-making secrets was like pulling teeth, but here they are, and if these recipes turn out as well for you as they consistently do for those good cooks of Nova Scotia, you and your family are in for a rare treat.

OATMEAL BREAD

1 cup raw oatmeal
1 Tbls. salt
2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
2/3 cup molasses
1 pkg. dry yeast dissolved in
2/3 cup warm water
Flour
2 cups boiling water

To the oatmeal, salt and shortening, add the 2 cups boiling water. When this mixture is tepid, add 2/3 cup molasses and the yeast dissolved in 2/3 cup warm water. To all of the above add flour until the dough is firm enough to handle. (Dough should be stiff enough so that when you try to lift it with a spoon it doesn't separate into two parts.) Now let the dough rise until it is double in size. Mold with buttered hands and place in bread pans. Let rise again until double in size, and then bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

GRAHAM BREAD

2 cups graham flour
1 cup white flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup molasses
2 cups milk

Sift the white flour, soda and salt into the graham flour. Stir in the molasses and milk. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour, or until a testing straw comes out clean.

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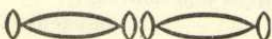
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FAIRY TALES DO COME TRUE

By
Evelyn Birkby

Did you ever, back in childhood days, dream of living in a beautiful fairy palace? Did your dreams contain thoughtful servants: immaculate valets, quiet waiters and an invisible fairy maid to fill your needs? Was a sumptuous feast spread for your dinner? And the palace itself, remember? It was all pink and white and shiny and decorated with heavy brocades, deep velvets and elaborate crystal chandeliers.

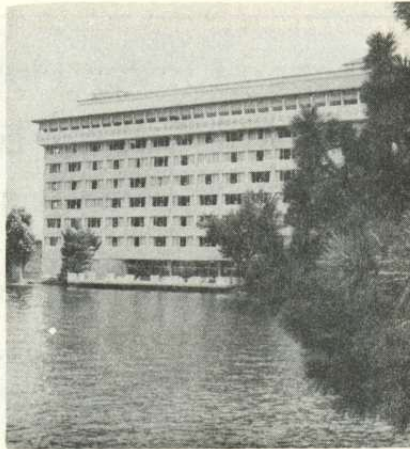
Could your dream palace have included a lake with graceful, white swans, buildings and extensive areas for all types of recreation, a glass-enclosed swimming pool, a delightful terrace and a miniature train plus much, much more?

Long ago, when my dreams were fresh and clear, an uncle drove me past the spacious grounds of The Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, Colorado. "How I would love to stay there someday," I sighed! For I knew that here, indeed, was a true fairy castle fit for the finest princess. At that moment my imagination could not conjure up a magic carpet capable of carrying out my wish. However, a recent national meeting of The Federation of Press Women provided just such a conveyance.

On a Saturday afternoon, along with the other members of the tour, I stepped into the lobby of the newly completed addition, Broadmoor South. I was greeted with a warmth and courtesy which was never once missing during my stay.

The room into which I was ushered was decorated in gold and white: thick carpets in shades from yellow deepening into rich gold, a heavy brocaded tapestry bedspread woven in Italy, a French provincial headboard finished in antique white and edged in gold. When the soft folds of the gold-and-white drapes were parted, a panoramic view of a crystal-blue lake, soaring slopes of Cheyenne Mountain and the snow-capped summit of Pikes Peak was framed for my enjoyment—a magnificent setting for a fairy castle. Gladly I could have stayed in that chamber, relaxed in the broad, comfortable chair, and enjoyed the window-picture, it seemed, forever.

No sooner had I unpacked than a "fairy godmother" called all Press Women to come to a party. Large buses loaded in front of the hotel, trundled up the side of Cheyenne Mountain, drove past the impressive zoo and continued on to a secluded, private, picnic ground. Here the court musicians were waiting; dressed in cowboy clothes and strumming their guitars, they filled the air with western-type serenades



National Federation of Press Women enjoyed the new Broadmoor South with its view of this lake and mountains.

throughout the meal and around the glowing campfire which followed.

A huge barbecue pit grilled long, succulent steaks. When they were perfectly done (as behooves such a magic place) they were served on a gigantic bun with potato salad, baked beans, potato chips, pickles, cabbage slaw, apple pie with cheese wedges and steaming cups of coffee. Never has such a glamorous aura been given simple picnic foods as in this fairy dell.

Unlike Cinderella, the spell was not broken when the buses returned, for, when I arrived back at The Broadmoor, I found it enchanting at night. Lovely, perfectly groomed ladies and their handsome escorts were enjoying a number of interesting places: the Mayan Room, which is a complete tropical garden within glass walls, the Terrace Lounge, decorated in the decor of an ancient Chinese dynasty, The Golden Bee, which is an authentic reproduction of Nineteenth Century England and a tranquil terrace, set with small tables, overlooking the lake with a delightful orchestra playing sentimental ballads. Twinkling lights, soft music, laughter and friendship were everywhere.

The following morning was spent in browsing around the grounds. Time was far too short to see it all, for at noon I had a special reason for hurrying back to the Broadmoor South and whisking to the ninth floor.

Stepping from the elevator, I was transported into a magnificent banquet hall. The chef, Mr. Edmond Johnson, was putting the final touches on the Continental Buffet, which is served each Sunday noon. Kindly, he answered my questions. Yes, he had been present to open the Penrose Room the preceding January. He was born in Norway and had also lived in France. Orphaned in 1918 he had gone to work for an uncle who was a cook in a restaurant. "I was hungry," Mr. Johnson explained,

with a far-away look in his eyes, "And I could think of no better way to get food than to work for a cook. My career as a chef began in just such a simple way." Trained in the intricacies of European cuisine, he has come a long way.

Mr. Johnson proudly showed me the extensive buffet table which was centered with two tremendous ice carvings—horses' heads curving gracefully over the display of foods from many continents of the world. It was a repast fit for any King, or magic princess: delicate soups, tasty bites of cheese and shrimp, great melon baskets filled with fresh fruits, salads built high and shimmering, whole hams and turkeys glazed and decorated with elaborate designs, hot, tempting fishes and meats, buttery vegetables, a dessert area to make the most sturdy quail at the need to choose between dainty French pastries, tender layered tortes and mountain-high meringues floating over fluffy chiffon pies.

Now I know the true meaning of the word *impeccable*, for the type of service which was mine during that fabulous meal could be described in no other way. My waiter filled every need before I was even conscious of a desire. I gazed out the window at the magnificent view of the mountains and lake, peaceful under a warm sun. I enjoyed equally the opulence of the decor of the Penrose Room: deep maroon velvet on the chairs, pink satin Austrian-styled curtains at the windows, gray and white stripes covering the walls and an ethereal, imported chandelier stretching its delicate arms over the scene below.

Reluctantly, at last, after lingering as long as time permitted, I left the banquet hall. I was grateful, however, to know that the dream palace of my girlhood really does exist and that for two fascinating days I was able to enjoy being a "Princess" within its delightful kingdom.



STARS SOFTLY BRIGHT

One Autumn morn at the ebb of night
I watched the day renewed;
And lo! the sky was lambent light—
Magnificent! Subdued!

Trim twinkling stars had left the sky
And in that space there hung
A million bulbs of light on high—
Soft, bright and widely flung.

How far, and yet how very near;
How lustrous and how gay;
How fair the moon; the sky, how
clear—

The birth of this new day.

—Eugenie O'Brien

EXCELLENT BAZAAR IDEA

"In one of the fairground buildings here in our city there is held a yearly *Next-To-New Sale*. The purpose is to raise money for some worthy cause in the community. There are always such items as toys, antiques, clothing of all kinds, furniture, stoves, refrigerators, dishes and a specialty shop for brand-new articles (anything new someone decided they didn't want).

"There is a place for homemade cookies, jars of jams, jellies, and salad dressings, cakes, desserts, breads and pies. The usual embroidered articles which are found at most bazaars are displayed.

"A snack bar features the soft cookies and bar-type sweets. These are sold across the counter with a cup of coffee, a cup of tea or a glass of milk for those who want a bit of refreshment. The crisp cookies which keep well are packaged and sold in the food booth for the buyers to take home with them.

"One year a complete Italian dinner, ready to carry home in a basket, was a feature of the sale. Every year the articles donated are different and the special features are varied. It makes it interesting to attend and a great deal of money is raised at this *Next-To-New Sale*".

Miss Z. R., Kansas

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

Following the children's visit, eleven of our adult church leaders were with us for eight days. The ship that brought the adult group to Nova Scotia took back our young people. That was an exciting day filled with fond farewells and joyous greetings. This was the third year for us to have church groups on a Nova Scotia retreat, and always the good Lord has given us His blessing. We have been blessed with new inspiration, with a new appreciation of the simple, rural life, and with a new and better understanding of one another.

Sincerely,

Frederick

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

not even remotely resembling our Lucky. But Lucky it was and no imposter. In that short time his coat had changed. The next morning he rode with me to collect the girls at camp where he was proudly, if somewhat dubiously, introduced all around. Since then, we've grown accustomed to his new face and appearance. All of us are very happy to be back home together again.

Sincerely,

Abigail

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I understand this offer is not good after October 29, 1962.

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STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1962.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa
Managing Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Business Manager, Russell Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa
Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa
Russell Verness Shenandoah, Iowa

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if none, so state.)

None

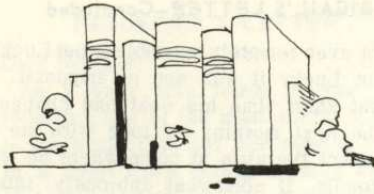
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 65,820.

Russell Verness, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of August, 1962.

Ivan Wilson, Notary Public
(My Commission expires July 4, 1963.)



"THE THINGS I WANT TO KNOW ARE IN BOOKS"

by

Armada Swanson

The title of this article is taken from a new book that we've been enjoying from our public library. Can you guess what person is responsible for the quotation? Abraham Lincoln. And the book? *A Picture Story of Abraham Lincoln* by Lloyd Ostendorf, published in 1962 by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., New York. (\$3.50). It contains over 160 drawings and photographs picturing the full life story of Lincoln, written especially to appeal to children. The text on each page is short but filled with information—just enough to hold a child's attention.

We were thrilled with the author's illustrations depicting the many interesting events in Lincoln's life. The author says his art teachers despaired that he would ever learn to draw people, because everybody he drew looked like Lincoln! He certainly has put that talent to good use.

Besides photographs from the author's collection, including scenes from New Salem, there are many from the Illinois State Historical Society, the Library of Congress and others.

If you've been planning a summer trip to "Lincoln Land," I feel you'd be interested in the book. Or, if you are fortunate enough to have already made the trip, this book would certainly help keep alive the memories of such a trip.

When our small daughter enters the library she heads for the children's section, sits down on the long bench made especially for little people, and proceeds to look for her favorites—"little" books. She seems to prefer those which are small in size. On one such occasion, she found *Love Is A Special Way of Feeling* by Joan Walsh Anglund. We had read this book when our neighbor's children received it as a gift and they shared it with us. How happy we were to read it again! Charming illustrations, the book gives us food for thought as we read:

"Love is a special way of feeling...

"It is the good way we feel when we talk to someone and they want to listen and don't tell us to go away and be quiet.

"Love is a happy feeling that stays inside your heart for the rest of your life."

A companion to the above book is *A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You* by the same author. Both books were published by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York. The price per book is \$1.75.

Listen—

"A friend is someone who likes you.

"Some people have lots and lots of friends ... and some people have quite a few friends ... but everyone ... everyone in the whole world has at least ONE friend.

"Where did you find yours?"

SOCIABLE SECURITY

by

Evelyn Witter

A feeling of security is a child's most important need. Satisfying this need is your job. It is up to you to make him feel safe, snug, and wanted. How? It can be done with companionship, sympathy, guidance and love.

Companionship with a small child means sharing experiences with him on his level, not dictating his activities from "away up there" on the pinnacle of authority. Take playing with building blocks for an example. Play the game according to his abilities just as you would play with a partner in a sociable game. When you sit down to play, don't you always ask an adult partner, "What are the rules?"

When you sit down on the floor with a tiny tot, why not give him the same consideration you give your contemporaries? Instead of monopolizing the game, you might ask, "What are we trying to build?" It is easy to take charge of the blocks and proceed to build a tower when all the time a youngster *thought* he was making a train! You've probably seen this happen and as a result the child was shoved out of the play and finally lost interest. No comradeship can develop in this kind of situation. If, on the other hand, the parent and child *shared* in the play, both had a wonderful time. This is "social-able" companionship.

Sympathy toward your child is the seasoning of security. Just as in cooking, too much seasoning *can* spoil the dish. Used with care and judgment, however, it brings out the good flavor. In the parent-child relationship the same is true. Too much sympathy can make a child a whining, clinging nuisance; just enough signifies love and understanding.

Your interest in a child's learning processes makes you sympathetic to-

ward his difficulties. For example, I remember when I was trying to teach our little Louise to feed herself. When she skidded the food all over her plate, herself, and the floor, I became exasperated and muttered to myself as I cleaned up the mess. She cried. Then she gave up trying to manage the awkward spoon.

"Here, I'll take over," my husband said.

He sat down beside Louise's chair and began talking to her. "Learning to hold the spoon is hard, isn't it, Honey?" He smiled. "I know just how you feel, *all thumbs!* That's the way I felt the first time I tried to bait a hook."

He manipulated the spoon and then gave it to her. Children learn by imitation. In this atmosphere of sympathetic understanding, Louise easily and happily learned the technique of self-feeding.

This leads us right to the third point of sociable security—*guidance*. When we, as adults, get into a quandary as to what is right and what is wrong, our child, too, becomes confused. We need to know just where we stand before we can give guidance to others. We must remember, also, that guidance is far more than chastisement for wrong doing. It means discussing, just as soon as a child is old enough to understand, *why* it is better for him to do certain things. This way he learns to develop his own judgment. A child feels secure with just, fair treatment; he feels insecure with unjust treatment.

One of the best ways to guide, of course, is through the use of praise. When a child picks up his toys and puts them where they belong, he should be praised. We all like to get credit for our accomplishments; we try harder the next time when we have received deserved praise. The snug, secure feeling we get when a good deed is recognized spurs us to do better.

The last, and the most important, ingredient of security is *love*. A child of any age senses and responds to love. Every day and in a variety of ways he needs to feel and be shown and told about your love for him. If you tell him you love him, you bolster his awareness of his place in your heart every time you say it.

COVER STORY

When Frederick visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, in Shendoah this past summer, his sister Margery got busy with her new camera and took a number of pictures. We thought this one was particularly good of all three.

HEART'S HOLIDAY

Today the clouds are silver
As they float across the sky.
Spanish Needles over the hill
Are a drift of gold to the eye.

Today is a day to wander,
To love the wind's embrace,
To find the shade of the forest
And know silent healing grace.

Tonight my heart will come home again,
Safe and loving and gay,
But even the home-loving heart
Must have autumn holiday.

—Harverna Woodling

AUTUMN TEMPTRESSES

Autumn nights are sirens
In dark blue velvet gowns
With filmy cobweb stoles,
Dew-diamond studded crowns.

Throaty low-wind whispers
Lone last-love trysts suggest;
Earthy, pungent perfumes
Stir man's soul with unrest.

—Mildred Grenier

STARS SOFTLY BRIGHT

One Autumn morn at the ebb of night
I watched the day renewed —
And lo! the sky was lambent light;
Magnificent! Subdued!

Trim twinkling stars had left the sky
And in that space there hung
A million bulbs of light on high —
Soft, bright and widely flung.

How far, and yet how very near;
How lustrous and how gay;
How fair the moon; the sky, how clear;
The birth of this new day!

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

If you *think* you can't succeed you
are probably right.—Anonymous.



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Bells jingle with every movement. Only 50¢

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Available plain (without name) for only 50¢. Artistically hand-lettered with name for only 15¢ extra. You'll be delighted. Not more than 2 Aprons to each person at this Bargain Price. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Add only 10¢ to each apron ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please.

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GRANDMA'S GARDEN — Concluded
in a sort of effortless fashion. Now, I know that a green thumb always has a sharp hoe attached, but I think there was something else there: Grandma had a love for the soil, evidenced by the tender care with which she nurtured the life that was in the seed she planted each spring, and by the faith with which she awaited the harvest.

Her life was tuned to the earth. She may never have heard of the solstices, or of the procession of the equinoxes, but she knew that seed time and harvest time did not fail. She bided her time and modified the activities of her life to conform to the demands of the changing seasons. I cannot help feeling

that those long, quiet hours in her garden must have contributed to the philosophy that gave her the fortitude to accept calmly the many vicissitudes and disappointments that came to her during her long life.

Like the plants she grew in her garden, her roots were sturdy. She recognized an order in the natural world with which she lived in close communion for so long. Those who knew her best found an analogy in the orderliness of the spiritual values which motivated the convictions by which she lived and directed the affairs of her family. In whichever area she worked, she cultivated well. She kept a clean garden.

FAT GIRLS' DIET

Tested practical ways to take off fat, rushed by
return mail in plain wrapper at special prices

- | | |
|--|---|
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If it's your stomach and waistline that's bothering you, here's your diet! 25¢</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> HIGH PROTEIN DIET FOR WOMEN PAST 35—
Excellent healthful diet for people of ALL AGES! Combines plenty-to-eat with rapid weight loss! Very popular! 25¢</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> "SECRETS" TO SPEED REDUCING—
Important "little things" discovered in 18 years reducing thousands. 25¢</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> 2-DAY "JOLT-OFF-POUNDS" DIET—
If you need to lose a few pounds quickly, this diet will do it! Also recommended for weight-standstills. 25¢</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> "SHRINK YOUR STOMACH DIET"—
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what unsafe bleaches can do to lovely, expensive things. Nearly every household has had an unhappy "accident" when a harsh bleach has come in contact with delicate blouses or underthings.

It isn't necessary to take chances! After all, clothes are expensive. And there's no need to ruin them to get them clean and pretty! **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** makes white things snowy, makes colors sparkle, and **at no risk.**



Save yourself this needless worry. Use the bleach that's made and backed by the people you know and trust. Depend on all-new, all-fabric **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach.**

We know it's safe! We make it!

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

She Does Her Work . . .

Then Disappears!

An old, old friend of ours (a real "lady" of the old school) once told us about an ideal servant she had. She described her in one sentence: "She does her work . . . then disappears!"



How well that describes **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner!** It doesn't "hang around" in the form of suds, scum or froth, to be rinsed or wiped away. It gets its work done, swiftly and efficiently, then it's gone.

And how it works! Fingerprints, heel-marks and grease spots disappear with a wipe. Greasy dishes seem to wash themselves. And hardest water becomes soft as rain when **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** touches it.

Shouldn't you be taking this short cut to easier housework? Remember:

You go through the motions . . .

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner Does The Work!



THE JOY OF GARDENING

By

Eva M. Schroeder

October is the month of beautiful autumn color and the time to garner in the remainder of the harvest. It's time to collect and store your gardening tools, clean up the flower borders, and do a myriad of gardening tasks before winter arrives.

Protect young fruit trees against possible injury from rodents by placing a cylinder of wire mesh around the base of the trunks, embedding it far enough into the soil so mice cannot get underneath. Last winter we lost several valuable young fruit trees because rabbits girdled the branches above the mesh collar on the trunk. The snow was very deep in the yard and orchard, making it possible for the pesky bunnies to feast on the tender bark of the trees. After it was too late, I learned that rabbits will not bother branches or shrubs that have been sprayed with nicotine sulphate. You might keep this tip in mind and protect your trees and ornamentals by frequent spraying with this pesticide.

Root vegetables such as carrots, beets, rutabagas, potatoes and parsnips must be dug and stored now for winter use. The key to successful storage of these crops is temperature. One that hovers just above the freezing mark (32 to 40 degrees F.) is ideal but not always easily obtained with our modern heating systems. Squash and pumpkin keep better if stored in a slightly warmer temperature—40 to 50 degrees.

Winter varieties of apples seem to have a better color and flavor if left to ripen on the trees. Light frosts do not harm them and the late-harvested ones seem to have better keeping qualities than those that have been picked too early. Pick apples that are to be stored carefully by hand (never use those that drop from the trees) and store in a cool, moist room.

Many times gardeners write in to ask what they can do about chrysanthemums that are just on the verge of blooming when cold weather arrives. If you want to enjoy their pretty blooms, dig the whole plant with a moist ball of soil around the roots, and pot it up to bring indoors. Chrysanthemums can be moved easily with little or no setback if placed in a cool situation indoors and kept moderately moist. Protect those that must be wintered outdoors by resetting the clumps in a cold frame after the tops have been killed by frost, or by mulching well with straw or marsh hay those that remain in the border.

THE HISTORY OF HALLOWE'EN

To find the origin of Hallowe'en we must go back a long, long way, clear back to prehistoric times when a group of people called Celts lived in the British Isles. Among the Celts was a religious order called the Druids. These priests were medicine men, sages and magicians as well as religious leaders for these prehistoric people. The Druids held a festival each fall called "Samhain", which meant summer's end. It was a time of feasting and was, in some ways, much like a harvest festival.

Now the Druids worshiped the sun god and built sacrificial fires in his honor. Naturally, when they had the big fall celebration, they built huge bonfires as a part of their worship ritual. The Druids believed that on Samhain the spirits, witches and elves came out to harm people. Their huge fires were, therefore, built to placate the gods and also to scare away the evil spirits. From these early superstitions came our present-day decorations of witches and ghosts and the tradition which many people still follow of using a huge bonfire in connection with a Hallowe'en party.

In the year 700, the Church named November 1st as "All Saints Day". Although it now became primarily religious, many of the old pagan customs were carried into the activities. When the observance reached England, the Church changed the name of the Samhain to "All Hallow Eve" and, eventually, it became known as "Hallowe'en".

In the early days of our country boys and girls began to play harmless pranks—perhaps with the subterfuge of witches' or ghosts' costumes to give the appearance of evil spirits doing the tricks. This finally got out of hand to the extent that many destructive and really dangerous tricks were being perpetrated. Today, community parties, collections for worthy groups and organized activities have solved these problems in most places.

Now we can enjoy the fun and frolic and symbols of this bygone era; fortunetelling, witches, black cats, jack-o'-lanterns, bobbing for apples, black and orange crepe paper, parades, owls, ghosts, dimly lighted "spook" walks and cornstalks have all become a part of our Hallowe'en observance.

We have, thankfully, gotten rid of the medieval superstitions and the frightening aspects of the early Druid Samhain. They have been replaced with a time of delightful fun without losing any of the mysterious flavor.

—Evelyn Birkby

SHE PASSED THE TEST

by
Armada Swanson

If you are anticipating the first trip to the dentist with your child, but have been putting it off because you're afraid it may be a *bit of a problem*, take heart, my friend, and listen to my tale.

The date circled on the calendar showed the dental appointment to be for 9:00 A.M. Both the children were to go at the same time—Jon, who was an old pro at going to the dentist and Ann, who had never been before. We hurried through our breakfast, dressed in our clean clothes, got into the trusty car and started off to keep our appointment.

When we arrived at the office, the dentist greeted us with a cheery, "I'm so glad to see you this morning," and proceeded to make the children feel at ease.

Son Jon climbed into the dental chair with great assurance. I had not worried about how *he* would act. This game was not new to him. Besides, I'd heard his father talking to him the night before about being a good boy. We have a wonderful father-son relationship at our house and I knew Jon wouldn't let his father down.

With Ann standing in the doorway and carefully watching the proceedings, the doctor took X-rays of Jon's teeth. As two cavities showed on the pictures, drilling was done (to get the "bugs" out) and the fillings put in the cavities. Then the teeth were cleaned and I heard, "Ummm, that toothpaste tastes good."

I admired the doctor's method of treatment. Before he used any of his instruments, he would explain in detail what he was going to do and what it would feel like. His quiet voice commanded attention and made me think he must have passed his psychology courses with flying colors.

When I made the appointment, I explained that this would be Ann's first trip. The dental assistant said that sometimes all that was done on the first visit was an explanation of the equipment and a few minutes to sit in the chair and get used to it all. Sometimes, if all is going well and the patient seems to be accepting it in a good manner, the dentist may do a small amount of work if he is sure it will be practically painless.

I want to explain to you why I was so extremely nervous about Ann's first trip and wanted so desperately for it to be a happy experience. My small daughter has a way of *attracting* trouble! In one year of her young life we made three trips to the emer-

gency room at the hospital—two within a period of two days. One trip was for stitches for a gash in the head, one for a burned ankle, and the third for the use of a stomach pump. In the two-day ordeal mentioned, the nurse took one look at Ann on the second day when we came and said, "Oh, no, not *you* again!"

So, you can see why I was wary of this dental project! I had visions of a filling being swallowed, the dentist losing a finger or, at least, yells heard all over the building!

As the dental assistant made ready for Ann, the doctor said, "Now, would you like to come and get in the chair just like your brother?" To my amazement she calmly walked up to the chair, climbed in, settled herself back and opened her mouth *wide*. I nearly fainted!

The doctor checked Ann's teeth and found two tiny cavities. He turned to me. "Ann is doing so well I would like to go ahead and fill these two teeth." I nodded and he turned back to his interested patient. He was careful to explain each instrument before he used it, and began gently to do the work needed. Not a *peep* came from daughter! When he placed the cotton under her tongue prior to putting the fillings in the cavities, a suggestion of a tear appeared in Ann's eye. When he saw she objected to it, he took the cotton out and did not use it again.

"Listen for a squeak when I put in the filling," the dentist said. It just took a minute. Then he cleaned her teeth and showed us how to use dental floss on her back teeth where wide spaces collect food particles.

"Now you are all done," the dentist smiled. "But I would like to keep you here to show all the other children and grown-ups how to act." Then, and only then, did Ann speak. "Oh, no!" she said, and hopped happily down from the big chair.

After a "thank you" for the new toothbrushes, we told the dentist goodbye and were on our way. As we drove home I kept thinking that Ann should be awarded a medal for being a good girl, the dentist one for being so kind and understanding, and a very special one should go to brother for his calm manner which paved the way for sister in her first important visit to the dentist.

We'll have no more dental fears, I'm sure. That night, as I straightened up the living room after the children were in bed, I noticed the small stuffed donkey had his legs bound with *dental floss*!

Life is like a mirror — you don't get more out of it than you put into it.

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

could actually drive again as far as the postoffice. Next June they will celebrate their Golden wedding anniversary, and we hope and pray that on June 25th, 1963, we can all gather together, from the oldest to the youngest, to pay our respects to wonderful, wonderful parents.

To those of you who have known us, by way of this magazine, since the very beginning, it may have seemed unnecessary to go over the whole family tree and account for everyone; but for those who may have become acquainted with us in comparatively recent times I wanted to get everyone straight. And then too, in making this big change of doing every single thing about Kitchen-Klatter with our own hands, I wished to go back and trace the history of this little family magazine and pay a tribute to a day that has vanished.

We have shared our lives with you. And you have shared your lives with us. It has been an extraordinary experience for a small town Iowa family to have this privilege, and already a new generation is coming upon the scene to participate in this privilege, to realize that folks are just the same everywhere, and to help pick up some of the reins that Time must wrest from those who have held them through many years.

My mind and heart have been so full with all these things, the seen and the unseen, that it is hard to get down to immediate facts. We *did* manage to get out to New Mexico between printing fits, and Juliana had college friends visiting her from here and there.

I have started having some of our office cohorts up for lunch, just three or four at a time and sort of making the rounds, and with next month's issue I want to have a regular feature called "Office Girls Luncheon". I've done a lot of cooking and had a real good time testing things and rigging up the table and fussing around. I just love to have company, you know, and it occurred to me you'd like to hear about these luncheons for the office girls. Maybe it will give you something to lean on the next time you're planning a meal for company at noon.

Now that we have our own printing equipment we have all kinds of ideas churning around in our heads for books of various kinds. I've always wanted to do a knock-down, drag-out book on cakes, and we've wanted to get together under one cover the best of the help we can get our hands on for church suppers, party entertainment.... oh, just all kinds of things. Right now it seems practically superhuman simply to get out an issue of Kitchen-Klatter, but you know how things go: what seems so overwhelming at first eventually gets all the bugs ironed out and sort of seems like second nature. When that day comes and if my health hangs together, I'd like to see all kinds of helpful things turned off these impressive looking machines.

Until now we've been so torn up all the time that we just couldn't ask people to come and look it over, but by the time nice days arrive next spring we should FINALLY be at the place where we can take you all around to show you the whole works. I think it would interest you to see how all of our Flavorings are bottled and how the Kleener

and Safety Bleach are manufactured and how this magazine is printed. At least I like to see how things are done and I figure most people have an interest in seeing what's-what. But as I said, we've been in such a torn-up stew all the time that we were in no position to ask people to crawl around over piles of lumber and to watch for wet paint and all the rest. By next spring we should be in apple-pie order and I, for one, will be thrilled to death. Between the house and the plant it seems to me that we've been torn up as long as I can remember!

So here it is, folks, the October issue of 1962, and may we all have a long and happy association in the years to come.

And may I ask all of you old, old friends to understand when I say that I write with tears in my eyes: Thanks, dear God, that Mother and Dad could live to see their dreams and their hard work achieved.

—As ever your friend...

Pucile

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Pink Mist

SMOKE TREE

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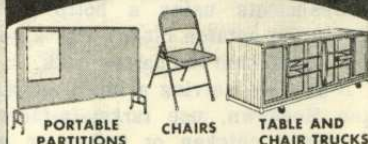
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HALLOWE'EN HOEDOWN—Concluded

words to the chorus of a *different* familiar song such as "*Home on the Range*", "*Clementine*", "*Waltzing Matilda*" and "*The Long, Long Trail*". With two or three members of the Hoedown Orchestra to accompany them, give a signal for the quartette to begin. Each singer sings his chorus as loudly as he can. When the *demonstration* is over, the entire group could chime in with some *real* group singing of fun-songs around the make-believe campfire.

Refreshments

Refreshments are as easy and as much fun to put together for an October party as the decorations. To make a pretty centerpiece, cut a well-shaped tree branch, strip it of any leaves, and spray it a shiny black. Sharpen the lower end and inset it into a big orange pumpkin. Small individual trees can be made also, using oranges or apples for the base. Get colorful autumn candies and tie these onto the trees with thread. Black and orange gumdrops may be pushed onto the end of each little twig.

Tiny paper or plastic pumpkins from the variety store make very effective nutcups and table decorations. Paper nutcups can be easily covered with orange and black paper and cutouts of Hallowe'en figures stapled to the sides.

A jack-o'-lantern salad may be made by hollowing out an apple and cutting a face unto the red skin on one side. A waldorf or mixed fruit salad can be in these cute little cups. Hollow oranges may also be made into tiny jack-o'-lanterns and used to hold a salad or candy and nuts.

Sandwiches can easily be made into funny pumpkin-like faces. Cut a round of white bread, butter it and spread with cheese filling. Cut a similar round of brown bread and into this cut eyes, nose and mouth. Put on top of the cream cheese layer. Do the same with a round of white bread only use a brown, peanut butter filling to show through the cut-out features.

Small children enjoy the very simple refreshments using a bottle of pop (wipe the outside clean) with a doughnut pulled over the narrow neck.

If you are serving a lunch as part of the Hoedown, use *turkey-in-the-straw* (creamed chicken or turkey on chow mein noodles), *jack-o'-lantern fruit salad* (served in the cut-out apple), and *haystack cake* (angel or sponge cake topped with whipped cream and sprinkled with bits of browned, shredded coconut).



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Yes, every day of the week (except for Sunday) you can tune in our half-hour visit and get "a breather" with members of the Kitchen-Klatter Family.

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But you're in the same boat aren't you? That's what we figure! And one of the nice things about visiting by way of radio is that none of this makes any difference. We'll take you the way you are and you can take us the way we are.

So . . . if you get lonesome for someone to stop by and break up the usual daily round that all housewives know so well, just remember to turn on your radio and let us drop in.

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KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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KSMN	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.