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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Mrs. Arthur R. Brase

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My Dear Friends:

How was it our grandparents started their letters? "I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well and hope you are the same." And are you fortunate enough to have among your boxes of keepsakes some of these old letters? I have a copy of the letter my father wrote to Mother's father, asking for "her hand in marriage". It was beautifully written, with his love for her expressed in such poetic prose.

Well, we have had a lovely wedding in our family since I wrote to you last month. Yes, the picture on the cover is of our granddaughter Kristin, who was married to Arthur Brase on August the 24th at the Sacred Heart church in Chariton, Iowa. The double-ring ceremony and nuptial high mass were celebrated by the Rev. Fr. C. J. Gaul before the candlelighted altar decorated with fan arrangements of pink and white gladiolus.

The soloist, accompanied by Ron Tharp at the organ, was Mrs. J. W. Cusack, who has a beautiful contralto voice. Both are from Chariton.

Kristin, escorted to the altar by her father, wore a gown of silk organza over taffeta. The bouffant skirt in princess style had a panel in the front trimmed with lace. The back of the skirt swept into a chapel train. The fitted bodice had a round illusion neckline, and the three-quarter length sleeves were of silk organza. Her fingertip silk illusion veil was attached to a crown of pearls with drop pearls, and she carried a bouquet of pink and white baby roses on a white Prayer Book. She looked beautiful!

Our granddaughter Juliana was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Mrs. Riley Harris of Kearney, Nebraska, a cousin of Art's, and a college friend of Kristin's, Miss Patricia Walton of Oelwein, Iowa. All three girls wore identical dresses of pink silk organza over taffeta, and their head pieces were pink net veils attached to jeweled combs. They carried bouquets of pink and white shattered carnations.

Riley Harris of Kearney, Nebraska, served as best man. The groomsmen were John and James Johnson of Sioux City, Iowa, cousins of the bride. Our grandson Martin and a friend of Kristin's, Tom Franks, were the ushers. Martin looked so tall and grownup in his new dark suit with a white carnation in the buttonhole that we could scarcely believe our eyes! This was the first wedding he had participated in and it was a big thrill for him.

The reception was held in the church basement. I was glad that there weren't many steps, for it was easy for the men to lift me, chair and all, down to the reception. The table was centered with a four-tiered wedding cake which was decorated in pink and white. Our daughter Margery and Mrs. Carl Johnson of Sioux City served the cake after Kristin and Art traditionally cut the first piece. Our son Howard's wife, Mae, presided at the punch bowl, and Frank's sister Ruth (Mrs. Frank McDermott), of Kansas City, poured coffee. Frank's sister Bernice (Mrs. Wade Stark), and Mrs. Hal Polser, both of Lucas, and Miss Edith Johnson of Omaha, a cousin, were hostesses. In charge of the gifts were Mrs. Raymond Halls (Frank's sister Edna), of Allerton, Iowa, and Mrs. Vern Brewer of Millerton. Howard and Mae's daughter Donna (Mrs. Tom Nenneman) presided at the guest book.

Margery and Oliver had gotten a large room at a motel, so as the rest of us arrived from Shenandoah, and friends and relatives came, we stopped there to freshen up before going to the church. This was very handy, for it also gave us a place to stop after the wedding to change clothes, as some of us did, before going out to the farm where Frank and Dorothy served a buffet lunch to the members of the wedding party and out-of-town guests.

After a wedding trip through the Black Hills, Kristin and Art will be at home in Laramie, Wyoming, where both are students at the University.

Now, I hope I haven't left out any

details. If I have, Dorothy will bring them to my attention, and I'll mention them next month.

Incidentally, Dorothy isn't writing a letter to you this month. She is busy packing up the wedding gifts to ship out to Kristin and Art, and has a hundred and one things to catch up on now that the big excitement is over.

We are all extremely happy about a new book which has recently been published. You'll find an ad for it in this issue. "The Very Beginnings" is the story of the very start of the 4-H movement in Page County, Iowa, by my sister, Jessie Field Shambaugh. She had the vision of organizing Boys Corn Clubs and Girls Home Clubs while teaching her first country school in 1901. In this new book by Faye Whitmore and Manila Chessire, Jessie tells of the growth of the idea. It contains many pictures of the early farm camps and happenings. Her daughter, Ruth Watkins, an accomplished artist, prepared the illustrations.

If any profit is realized from the sale of the book, it will be used to purchase Goldenrod School where Jessie first taught. It will be moved to a central point and maintained as a place of historical interest — especially for 4-H boys and girls.

Mart is still in bed practically all of the time and is cared for by three very kind and efficient nurses. Being in a wheelchair, I'm limited in what I can do to care for him myself. But there are many things that I can do. One of them is preparing foods to tempt his appetite. Another is to play his favorite records on the phonograph, which he enjoys so very much. We have a telephone beside his bed and he enjoys hearing the voices of our children when they call, which is very often.

We're expecting our son Wayne for a visit soon, so next month we'll have more news about other members of the family.

I see a squirrel digging a hole out in our parking. Thanks to a walnut tree in our neighbor's yard, there has been much storing away of food for the winter months. I hadn't seen our black squirrel for some time and was beginning to fear that he might have been killed, but Lucile tells me that she has been watching a black squirrel in their yard, so we hope that it is the same one — that he has just moved to a new location in the neighborhood.

Here comes Margery with the morning mail, so I'll close and read the letters and cards to Mart. This is the high spot of the day for us, and I thank you for your continuing interest and concern.

Sincerely,

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I guess it's really been only two months since I last wrote to you, but it seems like two centuries at least. When your whole world caves in on you, Time doesn't seem at all like ordinary Time.

Since this is my first opportunity to visit with you I think that I'll pay attention to all of the many cards and letters from you friends in which you said that you wondered exactly how I fell — and all the rest. Those of you who are far beyond the reach of our voices have no other way of knowing just what happened on that June morning, a day that began so normally and ended in such disaster.

Well, to go back to the beginning I'll explain that after our morning radio visit I went out on the back porch to have a cup of coffee and sort of unbend. We pour a lot of energy into Kitchen-Klatter and after we leave the microphones it always takes us a little spell to get unwound and ready to tackle the rest of the day. It was a beautiful June morning, precisely the kind of a morning the poets write about and I had a relaxed and happy half-hour as I drank my coffee and looked out over the garden. Everything was in full bloom and it was a joy to my eyes.

When I finished my coffee I decided to haul into the kitchen all of the cups that had accumulated because we'd gotten up at 5:00 that morning and we'd had several sessions with the coffee pot before it was time to broadcast. Now there was no reason why I had to pile up so many cups into towering pyramids in both hands, something Russell has pleaded with me not to do through all of the twenty-six years that we've been married.

"If you ever stumble," he always said, "you're not going to have a hand free to catch yourself. *Don't load up so much in both hands.*"

He was perfectly right, of course, but I've always been a great one to try and save steps because I'm badly handicapped, so I just piled up all the cups and saucers and headed towards the kitchen.

Just as I passed in front of the massive china cupboard in the dining room I stumbled, and that was the one place in our entire house where I could have fallen against a piece of furniture that could be so deadly. Not only is that cupboard made of solid walnut with heavy walnut doors, but the hardware on it is unusual — two brass lions heads for pulls. When I stumbled I didn't have a hand free to catch myself, and thus I spun around and



These two darling little boys with their big baby dolls are John (4) and Robert (3), sons of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Barrett of Shenandoah. Mrs. Barrett is one of the nurses who have so faithfully helped with Lucile's care since the day she fell and broke her hip.

crashed against that cupboard with terrific force.

The instant I fell I knew that I had broken my hip — what I call my "bad" hip since I have an artificial limb, a fact that made a tremendously complicated affair out of that shattered hip. I must have gone into shock almost instantly because I then did an incredibly foolish thing that simply could never have been done if I had had my normal wits about me. I asked the woman who was here helping me clean house to go to my bedroom and get my crutches so I could get in there and lie down.

The worst thing you can EVER do when bones are broken is to move, but somehow I got up on those crutches and dragged into my bedroom — quite a distance. I didn't even realize I had a severely sprained right arm (it's still giving me trouble), nor did I realize that where my head hit the hardware on the cupboard I had a concussion. Just imagine this much damage done in one split second right in my own dining room!

Juliana was upstairs and she came running down, and then almost at the same time Russell came home from the office, and instantly he called the doctor and the ambulance. Those nice men who operate the ambulance were very, very patient for they had to sit in the living room and wait for more than thirty minutes until the morphine given to me had "taken ahold" and I could be moved from the bed on to the ambulance stretcher. I was in such terrible pain that they tried desperately to get x-rays without moving me from this stretcher, but at the end of two hours there was no way to avoid moving

me on to the x-ray table and this was done.

As soon as clear plates had been developed, brother Frederick drove to Omaha with them so they could be studied by an orthopedic surgeon. There were a good many telephone calls back and forth and then the final decision was made for him to come to our Shenandoah hospital the following day to pin the hip. I was in surgery for two hours but I knew nothing about it (I never even laid eyes on the surgeon!), and then many hours later I awakened in my room with Russell and Juliana standing beside me along with what looked like an army of nurses and doctors.

Now the next three weeks are practically a complete blank in my memory because I was kept heavily drugged to avoid the ghastly pain. I really couldn't tell anyone what happened through that period and it's just as well, isn't it? There couldn't be any visitors, of course, aside from members of my family for just a few minutes at a time; but really, those three weeks didn't drag because I wasn't aware of Time.

When I could begin to take an interest in things once again I had some genuinely happy hours reading the wonderful cards and letters that you friends were good enough to send. Frankly, I just didn't know I had so many friends! And I just didn't dream that my accident seemed to make a real difference to all of you who were so good to take time out of your busy days to write notes on those cards and to write letters that were tucked inside so many of them. Long before I could have

(Continued on page 22)



Black Magic Jamboree

by
Mabel Nair Brown

The crisp hint of fall in the air, October's bright blue skies, the fragrance of woodsmoke from a campfire, all are gentle reminders that winter is just around the corner; so we had better enjoy the golden fall days to the fullest. What better way than to spin a bit of "black magic" and concoct a Halloween party, brimming over with bewitching fun and spooky good spirits?

Invitations: A simple invitation can be made by cutting cats with long tails from black construction paper. Use a white pencil, or ink, to write the invitation. A novel way is to write it clockwise around the outer edge, finishing on the tail.

Novel invitations can be made by cutting jack-o'-lanterns from orange paper. Mark in the features with a black marking pen. Cut out the inside of the mouth. Cut a long strip of paper (the tongue) slightly narrower than the hole in the mouth. Write the invitation upon the "tongue", then fold it in accordian pleats. Glue one end to the back of the jack-o'-lantern face in such a way that the tip of the tongue comes through the mouth. By pulling out the tongue, the recipient can read the message, which might read: "Sufferin' cats! There's many an a-mews-ing thing in store at our Halloween party, so plan to join the caterwauling chorus on October 31st at 8 P.M." (signed).

A Ghostly Atmosphere adds so much to the mood of a Halloween party that the extra work and time involved is well worth while.

Use goblins, cats, witches, bats, jack-o'-lanterns, owls, and skeletons lavishly in a variety of ways. These can be cut from the black and orange construction paper and suspended from ceilings, doorways, and light fixtures, on fine black thread. A concealed fan blowing upon them will set them in motion and cast weird shadows.

Add to the spooky atmosphere by cutting large skeletons from poster board, and painting them with luminous paint. Hang them in prominent spots. Use this same paint for signs (cut them in the shape of a hand, a foot, a cat, an owl, etc.) which read

"Graveyard Shift", "Spook Alley", "Rattlebone Road", "Skull Drive", "Skeleton Exit", etc. Fasten these signs to the doors or on the walls of the party room. If it's an outdoor party, fasten them to the trees, to a picket fence, or porch rail.

Feathers fastened to string and hung in a darkened doorway, or from tree branches, give one an eerie sensation as they flutter across one's neck or against the cheek! For the outdoor party, pieces of an old sheet hung among tree branches will sway in the breeze in a ghostly manner.

For a novel arrangement, fasten a sinister black paper cat and a witch to the rim of a phonograph turntable so that they stand upright. Put the phonograph on low speed and place a lamp behind it. As the turntable revolves, the cat and witch shadows romp weirdly across the walls, with the witch appearing to chase the cat!



Make a few large owls to perch on a curtain rod or on the porch rail. Use brown crepe paper to cover the basic body, which you can make by stuffing an old nylon hose with other nylon hose (tying a string around it to form the head). Use luminous paint to draw huge owl eyes, which will glow spookily in the dark.

Fashion the scariest scarecrow you can, and place it beside a shock of cornstalks near the front door. Or hang the scarecrow to swing from a tree limb, or a pole, near the door.

Favors, Nutcups, and Such: For an edible favor, make popcorn balls. Turn them into cat faces by giving them almond eyes, cherry noses, and raisin or candy corn teeth. For each one cut a square of cellophane paper and wrap around the popcorn cat, bringing the corners up to the top of the head and tying to form two perky ears.

For a witch favor, begin by making a cone base of black paper. Insert a large white marshmallow for the head over the tip of the cone. Mark the features with crayon or lipstick. Gather a short length of black crepe paper for the witch's coat, tying it around the neck. Add a peaked hat of construction paper. Use pipe cleaners for the witch's arms, and in one hand let her hold a broom made by fringing a strip of white paper, for the "brush", fastened to a pipe cleaner broom handle.



Peek-a-boo pumpkin carts make cute nut cups. These are in wheelbarrow style. For the cart itself, cut a four-inch square of construction paper. Cut this in half to form two triangles. Each triangle makes the "body" of a cart. Fold the triangle in half and cut one inch off the point of the cone thus formed. From heavy poster board cut a wheel and handle with leg on each handle (you'll need two of these wheel-handle pieces for each cart). Place one on each side of the cart with the wheel at the cut-off-point end, and staple through wheel and cart so that it closes up this front end of the cart. By stapling a side of the cart to each handle, it will stand. Have the legs cut long enough so that the wheelbarrow is at a slant to prevent contents from spilling out. Cut out a jack-o'-lantern from orange paper and fasten with a pronged paper fastener so that the head can be bent up and down to play "peek-a-boo".

Peanut owls and bats are easy to make. Use a peanut as the body, and, for the owl, glue on pointed black paper ears; big, round, black eyes with "pupils" of white paper; and paper wings and tail. By inserting a short length of pipe cleaner across the bottom, the owl can be made to perch on a cup handle, a water glass, or on a dessert plate. The bat has wide black paper wings glued to his back, and two small paper ears added. Ink in black eyes.

A Pumpkin Punch Bowl makes a delightful container from which to serve cocoa, punch, or cider, by simply placing a large mixing bowl inside a hollowed-out pumpkin. Arrange autumn leaves and small fruits around the base. It can have a jack-o'-lantern face carved upon one side if desired. Matching candleholders for this arrangement can be made by using large red apples as the holders. Core the centers to fit the candles. Carve jack-o'-lantern faces on the sides of the apples.

Goblin Oranges are simply oranges with whole cloves inserted to make the features, capped with black paper peaked hats for the goblins' heads. These are pretty to use on the table, or as tray favors.

Is pumpkin pie on your party menu? If so, make individual pies, and using whipped cream in a decorator's tube, make jack-o'-lantern faces on each pie.

If you are serving buffet style, make a jack-o'-lantern fortune cake by baking a cake in pumpkin shape and decorating it as a jack-o'-lantern. When you bake the cake put in a ring, key, thimble, penny, and button, foretelling to those who get each in his serving who'll have a speedy marriage, a new home, spinsterhood, great wealth, or bachelorhood.

Entertainment: Pussy Cat Prowl is a giddy take-off on musical chairs. If you have a pair of paper cat's paws to tape on each player's hands, it will add to the fun. Instead of chairs, use plastic bowls (pretending they are full of milk). As the music plays, the "cats" must circle the bowls, mewling like kittens. When the music stops they must dash to a bowl of milk. Remove one bowl each time so that some kitten is eliminated. The last player left is given a crown as King (or Queen) of Cats.

Sufferin' Cats: Arrange partners by matching black paper cats, which are cut out in matching pairs. Each couple is then supplied with lipstick, rouge, eyebrow pencil, black construction paper, scissors, tape, etc. At a signal, all race to see who can devise the most striking cat's face in ten minutes — each one doing her partner's face.

Category Quiz:

1. A head cold. Catarrh
2. A weed pussy loves. Catnip
3. They moo-oo-oo. Cattle
4. Bad for the eyes. Cataracts
5. Place for the dead. Catacombs
6. Loves the swamp. Cattails
7. For ordering by mail. Catalogue
8. Creepy and gives the creeps. Caterpillar

9. To ask questions. Catechism
10. Part of some musical instruments. Catgut

11. If you light a match to look in the gas tank. Catastrophe!
12. "Brings the bacon" to the party. Caterer

A-Mews-ing Cataloguing: Set the guests to counting cats which they find in the most unexpected, as well as expected, places. The hostess will have arranged to have the cats placed before the party guests arrive. They cavort on the lamp shade, are drawn upon a mirror with "snow", used as a paper weight, the picture on a calendar, on book and magazine covers, to decorate a waste basket, stickers on

doorknobs, on the clock face, etc. The one counting the most cats wins a candy cat.

Masquerade Buttonhole: This is a relay game for two teams. For each side you will need a large brown paper bag in which has been cut eyes, nose, and mouth, to make a hideous mask. Also, for each side, string five large buttons on a length of string, and tie one end to the back of a chair. A player holds the other end of the string. Push

the buttons up close to the chair. The first player for each team stands back of a string-holder. At leader's signal, the player must don the mask, run to push the first button along the string to the opposite end, then run back to push the second, etc., until all the buttons are at one end. The next in line must don the mask and push the buttons back to the chair, one by one, and so the game continues until the first team to finish wins.

ANOTHER HALLOWEEN PARTY



by

Mildred Cathcart



Invitations

Cut two pumpkins the same size. On one cut out eyes, nose, and mouth, but leave them attached enough to serve as "windows". On the second pumpkin write the time, place, and other information concerning the party. Paste the pumpkins together so that you can raise up the features of the top jack-o'-lantern and reveal the information written on the bottom pumpkin.

Fortunes

Telling fortunes is an absolute MUST at a Halloween party and you may choose the method best suited to your group.

Spinning the bottle is a fun way to tell fortunes. Draw a large circle on heavy paper and divide the circle into many "pie" shaped sections. In each section write an appropriate fortune such as, "Your future mate has one initial-C" --- "You will receive good news within the next two weeks" --- "Next summer you are going on a long trip". Each person spins the bottle and it will stop and point to his fortune.

A **Corny** fortune can be full of surprises. Have bowl filled with shelled corn and be sure to include some red grains. Just instruct each person to reach into the bowl and take some grains but do not stipulate any particular number. Fortunes may go something like this---you write them to suit your group. Have each person show the number of grains he took. An even number denotes that person will become wealthy. An odd number is a sure sign that person will enter politics. The person will marry in as many years as he has grains of corn. If he has chosen four grains or less, he will go on to college. If he has chosen between five and ten grains, he will live most of his life outside of the United States. Any person having more than ten grains will marry and have more than six children. One red grain denotes good news in the near future and more than one red grain

assures the person of success in any undertaking.

More Games

Besides fortune-telling, ghosts are always an important part of Halloween fun so why not play **Ghastly Gossip**. Each player is to be a ghost of a famous character either real or fictional. Pin the name of the ghostly character on the back of the guest. Each person tries to find whose ghost he is by asking questions of the other players. There might be two prizes — one for the first player who identifies his character and a booby prize for the pokiest ghost.

Musical Category: One player leaves the room while a candy mouse is hidden. Then the "Mouser" is called back to hunt the mouse. She is guided to the varmint by the "mews-ic" of the guests, who mew faintly when player is "cold" and louder as she comes closer to hidden mouse. The successful mouser may eat her catch.

Bobbing for apples or **biting an apple** suspended on a string is fun at a Halloween party. Treasure hunts are fun, too. Hide various Halloween items such as cats, pumpkins, witches, brooms, ghosts, and others about the room. Have each one count a certain score, such as one point for black cats, two for witches, and so on. The team or person having the highest score will be the winner.

Refreshments may be as elaborate and as varied as you wish to suit your particular occasion. However, jack-o'-lanterns will appeal to all ages and are easy to prepare. Use either raised doughnuts or cake for the base. Place a round scoop of ice cream on top and make the features with candy corn, chocolate chips, slices of cherry or bits of colored gum drops.

Plan your party and with the young people entertained, it will be a happy Halloween.

TWO RIVER QUEENS

by

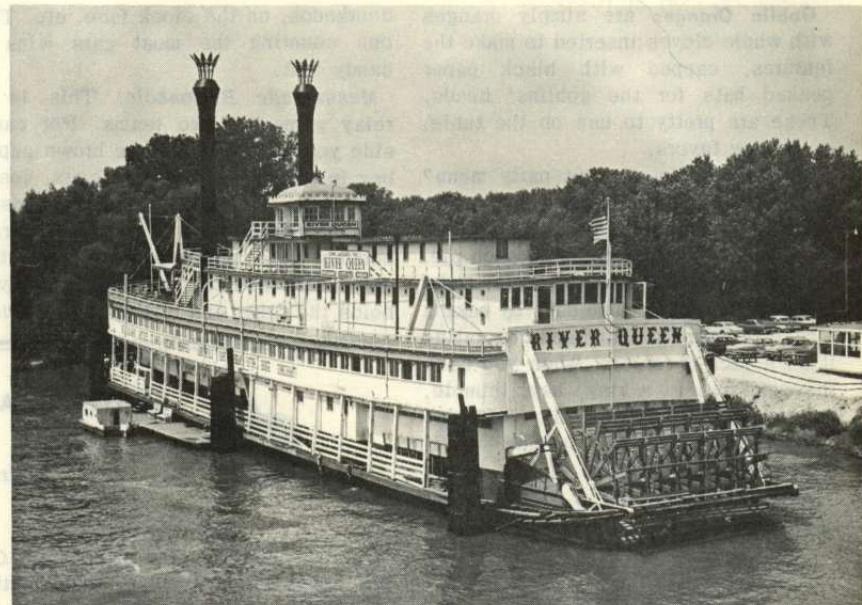
Hallie M. Barrow

If you should ever plan to make a pilgrimage to the American shrine at Hannibal, Missouri, to see Mark Twain's boyhood home, that famous board fence, and the caves along the bluffs of his beloved Mississippi River, leave the larger part of one day to spend on the historical, romantic tourist attraction added just last year.

An old river packet, the former *Gordon C. Greene*, has been restored to all its former palatial glory and permanently docked at the foot of the beautiful Mark Twain bridge over the Mississippi. The huge old stern-wheel will never turn again, but the boat is proud to be a floating palace and old river-life museum. It still extends gracious hospitality, for there is a restful lounge where the old boilers used to be, and where most of the talk runs to river lore. On the next deck the dining salon and cabins have been replaced by a large restaurant and sundeck. It was said that in Civil War times passengers took trips on the river packets solely to enjoy the wonderful Southern cuisine. The present day restaurant fully carries out this tradition.

The top deck is given over to a banquet room and a most interesting museum. There is an old plantation bell that used to signal the packet to stop at its wharf, to be answered by the mellow boat whistle; a segment of the pilot wheel of the old *Eclipse*; a chair with inlaid initials off the *J. M. White*, once the largest and grandest of all river packets. There is a most realistic large picture of that vivid race between the *Natchez* and the *Robert E. Lee*, with smoke just billowing out of the smoke stacks. There are the fuels they used to make the record runs between river towns and on their races — even to tubs of pure lard dumped onto the raging furnaces. Small wonder the life span of these packets was five years, and then loss was usually due to fire!

On several decks are comfortable chairs on the lounging decks, open or glassed in, where you may sit and watch the broad Mississippi roll majestically by, and browse through some of Mark Twain's books, particularly his *Life on the Mississippi*. Or you can recall the stories of pioneers who came to settle the West and found the Mississippi and its tributaries the only highway between the Appalachians and the Rockies. Historians say that half of American history was made along the banks of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Serving as guides last summer were five men who had



— Photo by Massie-Missouri Commerce

The River Queen, last of the famous packet boats, is now permanently docked at Hannibal, Missouri. As a tourist attraction it features a restaurant, museum, ball room and a theater.

never known any other life than on their beloved river. They were steeped in its exciting history from the time it was first used by the Indians, then the Spanish explorers, and finally the flat boats and river packets. They knew the very important part this river played in the Civil War and the present diesel towboat tonnage of today.

Never did a "senior river citizen" retire to a more appropriate rest home than did this old river packet. For the last 15 years of its active career this boat carried thousands of passengers on the Mark Twain cruises. Furthermore, in all her fresh paint and new glory, the old boat now bears the proud name *River Queen*. This is something of a coincidence to many old river folk, because it brings to mind the only real "River Queen" they ever knew . . . the late Captain Mary B. Greene, the only woman ever to hold a pilot's license on both the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Not only was she THE River Queen; she was also known as The Lady Pilot, Ol' Man River's Daughter, Ol' Man River's Sweetheart, and the First Lady of the Ohio. The one she preferred was Captain Mary B. Her life story is one of the most interesting accounts of *any* of our pioneer women, aside from her being the *only* woman in her chosen profession.

She was born on an island in the Ohio river. The first sound she was familiar with was the lapping of water against the boats as they came to her father's store to buy river supplies. It was one of the last sounds she knew. She died on her last boat, *The Delta Queen*, April 23, 1949, at the age of 81 years. The river had been her life.

She had had 59 years of steamboating, 52 years of which she was a captain and pilot.

She married a young riverboat captain, Gordon C. Greene, and went to live on his first boat. She was not lonely, since about 5,000 craft plied the river at that time (it was before the era of railroads, motor cars and buses, and paved highways). She spent much of her time with her husband in the pilot-house. Under his tutelage she was soon eligible to apply for her first-class pilot's and master's papers. She passed a rigid examination with an excellent rating. Her husband had added another boat to his fleet, and, to everyone's amazement, he put Captain Mary B. in charge.

She was the exact opposite of the Tugboat Annie type. She raised three sons in her cabin, two of whom became captains on the river, and did fine needlework when not at the wheel! She often hummed a little river chant when on duty:

"If once you ride behind two stacks,
you're doomed
To ride aboard a steamboat until
you're tied ed."

By 1935 freight and passenger traffic on the river seemed doomed. Most of the old river packets and freighters dissolved, except the Greene Line. Captain Mary B. refused to quit. The river was her home, her place of business, her hobby, her recreation — the river was her life blood. Even if modern transportation had taken over the old river business — well, she had weathered depressions before, and she came

(Continued on page 19)

MARGERY AND OLIVER VISIT WISCONSIN

Dear Friends:

Once again I've learned that it isn't wise to say I AM or I AM NOT going to do anything! No sooner had my letter been written for the September issue in which I stated that the Stroms weren't going to take a vacation, when the family put their heads together and decided that we needed to get away for a bit of rest! In a matter of hours we were on our way, having decided to head for Wisconsin "to see what we could see" in a week's time.

Our son Martin stayed at home because his plans had been made to attend a church camp the following week. Now that he drives the car, we knew that he could take over running the errands for the folks and, in general, help keep things running smoothly in our absence.

There isn't space to give you a complete "run down" on the trip, so I'll confine my report to some of our most interesting stops. And now, on with my story.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Dubuque and drove to Mineral Point to see the Cornish miners' homes which have been restored. These homes are located on Shake Rag Street. I was just as curious to know how the street got its name as you probably are! The men worked the lead mines on a high hill above the row of houses, and when the women wanted to call them home, they waved rags from their back doors. Those who arrive at this quaint little town at mealtime will find Cornish food specialties at Pendarvis House, although I believe that reservations are required in advance.

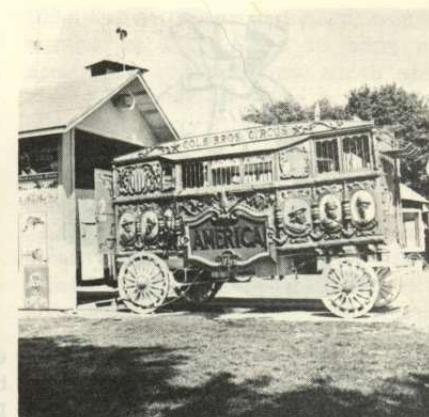
Not a great distance on we arrived at Little Norway near Blue Mounds, Wisconsin. In 1856, Osten Olson Haugen settled in this picturesque valley and built a homestead in the manner of large Norwegian farms — a number of buildings, each for a special use.

In 1926, Isak J. Dahle, whose ancestors were Norwegian, bought the place. The buildings hadn't been occupied for several years, so he hired Norse workmen to restore them. This was the perfect setting for his tremendous collection of Norwegian antiques, and in recent years many Wisconsin Norwegians have added their antique treasures to this museum.

In decided contrast to the original buildings is the Norway Building, constructed in Norway by the Norwegian Government for the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. It was modeled after the old *stavkirke*, the early Christian Norwegian Church, a



The old Norway Building near Blue Mounds, Wisc., was constructed for the Columbian Exposition of 1893.



The old circus wagons in the World Circus Museum were intricately carved and brightly painted.

peculiar style of architecture which dates back to the twelfth century. It was built in sections so that it could be taken down, shipped, and set up again, but so cleverly that one could never see where the sections are fitted together. The history of this building is in itself interesting, and I hope that some day you can see it too.

Heading north at this point, we stopped at Baraboo to see the Circus World Museum. Mary Beth had mentioned the magnificent circus wagons from this museum which had taken part in the big Fourth-of-July parade in Milwaukee when she wrote to you last month. Naturally, we were very pleased to note that we were going right through the town where they are now on display, as well as thousands of other interesting items from circuses. It is only right that this location was chosen for this was the birthplace of the circus. Here was where various circuses had their winter quarters, and where the performers trained, and where the animals were put through their paces in preparation for going on the road. I could fill this issue with interesting pictures, and a more detailed account of what we saw, but I'll confine myself to tell you that, although I'm not mechanically inclined, the most fascinating thing to me was seeing how the old steam calliope worked! This wild, weird music can be heard for 4 miles, and peering into it as it played was deafening!

We ate lunch at the nationally famous Farm Kitchen in Baraboo. The hostess, Rose Duesler, was very gracious and answered my many questions about this lovely restaurant. It has been in operation for 40 years and is a very lovely place, serving delicious food.

Our next stop was at Wisconsin Dells. For years we have enjoyed hearing vacation reports from the Dells, and have longed to see them ourselves. It is important to mention that one could spend an entire vacation in this

resort area, for there is a great deal to see. Since this was to be only a brief visit, we had to consider carefully what most interested us. Were you to go, you might choose to see some of the other things. We hope to make a return trip some day when Martin can accompany us and see the points of interest that we missed on this trip.

The first thing on our agenda was to take a boat trip covering the Upper Dells on the Wisconsin River. This trip is extremely interesting for the geological formations of limestone are magnificent and unusual. That evening we made the same trip again by boat to see the Indian Ceremonial at Stand Rock. One can also make this trip by car, but we have so few occasions to ride on a boat, that we chose to take advantage of the service.

The setting is a natural rock amphitheatre with wonderful acoustics, believed to have been used for centuries as a council ground of the Indians. Other tribes joined the Winnebago to give exhibitions of various dances and ceremonials. It was very moving. And particularly so when one realizes that today there are fourth-generation participants at Stand Rock. The children continue to learn the songs and dances of their forefathers.

We toured the Lower Dells in a "duck" — an amphibious vehicle used by the army in World War II. Some of the time we were in the water and other times riding along steep trails and deep ravines. This was of particular interest to Oliver for he had ridden in one when he landed at Omaha Beach shortly after D-Day.

We enjoyed visiting the Biblical Gardens where the life of Jesus has been portrayed in 12 sculptured scenes. Each scene and grouping is placed in an appropriate natural setting and they are beautiful to see.



FALL FUND RAISERS

by

Mabel Nair Brown

High on the "wanted" list of many organizations, comes autumn, are ideas for making money. Somehow treasures have a way of being at low ebb. At the same time, most groups have many plans and projects in the making, all of which require money to carry them through to completion. So some money must be made — but how? No group wants to use the same type of a bazaar, auction, or chicken supper year after year, so what can they do that's different — something that will revive the flagging enthusiasm of the members themselves?

Just remember to tailor your plans to your own community. There is little profit in trying to sell house numbers in a town where the streets are not named!

BAZAAR WORKSHOP: You can set up booths for many of the usual bazaar items (aprons, fancy work, baked goods), perhaps using the "Main street shop" theme, which always makes for an attractive bazaar. For variety try an English village, or an Oriental street theme, with appropriate decorations, and costumes to give the right atmosphere. But along with the bazaar booth, let some of the members set up *workshops* where visitors can actually see ceramics being painted, cakes being decorated, machine quilting being done, or plastic bag wreaths being assembled. Some of the finished products are on hand to sell, of course. Instruction leaflets might also be sold by the demonstrator. These could be mimeographed in advance.

"MY TREASURES" Show is a delightful way to raise money. Invite those interested outside your group, as well as your members, to set up small displays of their "treasures". You are bound to have displays of family heirlooms, antique dishes, Bibles, postcards, baby clothes, and other old clothing from family trunks, rocks, house plants, quilts, doll collections — there is no end to the variety you can assemble for such a show.

Be sure to give it plenty of publicity so that you get many exhibitors — and, of course, large crowds to buy tickets to see it!

It is important that you arrange to hold such a show in a building large

enough so that each "treasure" can be artfully and attractively displayed. If possible, have the owner near her exhibit, ready to answer any questions which might be asked. Be sure exhibits are well labeled with interesting data and the owner's name.

Oftentimes a beverage and cookies, cake, or doughnuts can be served at such a show. You might set up a pretty tea table if there is room. Most groups prefer to place a dish in a convenient spot for a free will offering for the refreshments. Others set the admission price a bit higher to include refreshments.

To give you an idea of some of the treasures to look for, here are a few we rounded up: Valentine collection, old phonograph records, newspaper file of the local paper, toothpick holder display, cookbooks over 150 years old and down to present time, paper weights, hat display, tie display, jewelry collection, shoe collection, and a display of christening dresses, some very old.

TALENT GOLD MINE BAZAAR: Instead of setting up too definite an outline of what is to be sold, announce that each member will be allowed to use her *best talent* for the bazaar. Thus, some may make candy; some will bake breads; some will sew; some will decorate fancy cakes; and some will provide ceramics. Another might make hats; another will make mints; and another, doll clothes, or children's clothes. Some may contribute paintings, or articles made in a woodcraft hobby. Some might even *sell* their talents, such as baby sitting, mending, providing a cake or hot rolls on request, etc. Surely if each member could choose to do that which she does best, she should be enthusiastic — and no complaints!

YOU ARE THERE LUNCHEON: What woman doesn't like to go to a luncheon in an attractive atmosphere, with beautiful table settings, especially if she gets a fine program, or show, thrown in?

To apportion the work more evenly, plan to seat the guests at bridge tables, or other small tables, and then make one or two members responsible for the table settings for each table.

These lovely table settings — some with antique dishes, some with modern will be a drawing card for the show, since each will be different.

For the program plan a Hat Show, a Wedding Dress Review, Shoes Then to Now, Baby Dresses through the Last Century, Family Bibles — whatever is available in your own community. Select attractive models, gay lilting music, and an enthusiastic commentator for the show. If you are setting up displays, have them neatly arranged on tables and well labeled.

Since the attractive tables will be a drawing card, make arrangements for those buying tickets to come half an hour early in order to view the tables.

GET-RICH-QUICK TEAM: Dress up two ladies in comic costumes and let them wear name tags as "Nip" and "Tuck". Of course, Nip nabs the victim, and Tuck tucks the money in the money bag.

You advertise in advance that everyone is to come "well-heeled" with pennies. Nip and Tuck have prepared in advance a list of things for which they are going to charge from 1¢ to 3¢ tax. The list might read: "Anyone not wearing high button shoes"; "Anyone wearing a wig"; "Anyone wearing red shoes"; Those wearing glasses". One could include those wearing lace trimmed slips, those with pockets in their dresses, combs in their hair, runners in their hose, or for not wearing rouge. The more ridiculous the reason, the more fun! The tax collector can wear a carpenter's apron, and in one pocket have a supply of pennies to sell to those who came unprepared.

THE LEISURE ROOM or THE LISTENING POST: If someone has a phonograph and many old records, set up a special room where, for a small fee, the customer can enjoy picking out and listening to some of the sentimental old records. Some of the young women might model gowns of different periods in this room for added interest and atmosphere. The room might even be decorated like an old-fashioned drugstore, with soda fountain, ice cream tables and chairs.

PIE WAGON: Have a pie wagon
(Continued on page 20)

THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMiers ENDED SUMMER WITH A TRIP

Dear Friends:

Everyone is out of the house as I sit down at the typewriter this morning. Donald is finishing up the last week of his vacation at home, and is busy today staining the rough cedar siding of the house and calking a few gaps in the window frames in preparation for the cold months ahead. This may seem like an unusual way to spend a vacation, but we had a lovely trip into the deep woods of northern Wisconsin recently which satisfied us all and staying right here at home and doing some little extra things is proving to be quite satisfying.

We didn't line up accommodations in the north, but simply started out in the car and went to an area called Lac du Flambeau which some neighbors had been to and found a cabin without reservations.

We started out bright and early one Saturday morning and by mid-afternoon we had reached this truly beautiful part of Wisconsin. The woods were the deepest I have ever seen and the fragrance of Cedar was exhilarating. Lac du Flambeau is the name of a town and a lake and an Indian Reservation. We were fortunate in locating a cottage directly on a large lake and there we settled down. The water was beautiful—positively the clearest I had ever seen. I mentioned to Donald that it actually looked clear enough to drink!

An interesting side note on these cottages was the information we gleaned from the proprietor. It seems that in the early thirties the cottages and the central lodge were owned by a Chicago mobster and every summer he and his gang of henchmen would come and live there very expensively but with great quiet. They maintained dignity in an effort to avoid calling attention to themselves. In fact, the well-known Frank Nitty lived in our cottage. However, lest you think we lived it up extravagantly in an ultra-deluxe summer cottage, let me hasten to explain that little has been done to them over the last 30 years. They were nice and had hot water, which many cottages lack, but it took considerable stretch of the imagination to envision the elegant places they must have been 30 years ago.

The children thoroughly enjoyed themselves, but after a week of swimming and loafing they were ready to leave. We packed our things and decided to finish our vacation at home, taking little short trips to places of interest not too far from home. This we've been doing and it has proved to be great fun.



When Donald was here last month, Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) packed a box of animal-shaped sugar cookies for him to take back to his children in Wisconsin.

One day we drove to Chicago, which is only 80 miles away, and covered many foot miles at the Brookfield Zoo and the Field Museum of Natural History. The next day we spent at home resting, but in the evening we drove to downtown Milwaukee for a very good dinner at the top of the Marine Building. This restaurant is a rather dress-up establishment and the children were very excited about dressing in their Sunday school clothes. Paul was the fellow who surprised us by insisting that he wear a belt with a pair of trousers that had a self-belt attached to them. His father tried to point out to him that it simply wasn't sensible to wear a belt with these trousers but *nothing* would do but that he wear his

OUR NURSERY

We have a lovely nursery
Upon our second floor,
We filled it with a hobby horse
And things that boys adore.
We planned it very carefully
Before he came to stay,
This was to be our baby's room
In which he was to play.

But where is our young darling,
And where are all his toys,
His fire truck and hobby horse
And things that make a noise?
They're right where every mother finds
Her baby likes to play,
He's in the room where mother is
Most every time of day.

Our furniture is getting marred,
Our baseboards are abused,
Who ever thought this home of ours
Would be so roughly used?
For we had planned a nursery
A room that was a MUST,
But we have found a nursery's
A room that gathers DUST.

—Loretta L. Ross

one pet belt. I finally suggested that despite the degree of "correctness or incorrectness" it would be simpler to allow him to wear the belt and by buttoning his sport coat no one would be the wiser. Paul's tears were dried and we were on our way, everyone feeling very special and excited over eating at the only restaurant in town on the top of a building which afforded us a view of all the Milwaukee lake-shore and surrounding city.

Everything went smoothly through the entire meal. Nothing was spilled and our three children behaved admirably. The evening was ended on a gay, wild, nearly hysterical note, however, when Donald and Paul were returning to the table from having washed their hands. Down the carpeted aisle of the restaurant strode one embarrassed daddy and one funny-looking stocking-footed boy padding along most unconcernedly! Unbeknownst to us, he had shed his shoes under the table. After a summer of barefootedness I imagine the shoes were a little binding — which all goes to prove that it is a *belt* that makes the well-dressed man, *not shoes!* There were several people seated near us who enjoyed the break from the formality of the restaurant and snickered over the sight that Paul presented.

The following day we decided to take a sight-seeing cruise of the Milwaukee Harbor and the river. We had originally intended to take the ferry boat to Muskegon, Michigan, but Donald felt it might be a little too long for Adrienne and Paul. The trip takes from 8 o'clock in the morning until its return in the evening at 10 o'clock. After much deliberating, we decided, instead, to take the scenic cruise of the Milwaukee area on a smaller ship which lasted only two hours. It was a wise decision, too, as after thirty-five minutes on board the boat Paul turned to me and inquired how soon we would be home! Later that evening, after everyone had been tucked into bed, Donald said he thought the trip to Muskegon was the wisest trip we had ever *not* made.

Our vacation is nearly over. Katharine is looking forward to school beginning, and of course Paul is excited over starting to kindergarten. I don't know what little Adrienne will do without her two good pals to chase after all day. I think it is entirely possible that she may relax a little and benefit from the rest of not having to try to keep up. She spends all of her waking hours competing with older children and I, for one, will enjoy having her being just her little three-year-old self!

Until next month

Sincerely,

Mary Ross



October Magic

by
Harverna Woodling

Tonight the golden moon rides high in the deep blue October sky. It is not the target for spacemen but the magical, mysterious moon of our childhood. Down on old Parson Creek the owls call and call and call again, plaintive and querulous. "Whoo-whoo-whoo?" A deep-voiced hound bawls lustily as he sniffs the trail left by our little black-masked robber coons.

Now each day is precious. At dawn and in the late afternoon we hear the haunting, questing cry of the wild geese as they fly steadily toward their winter home. Sometimes they are low enough that we can hear the beat of their great wings.

There are still late, glowing marigolds to bring in from the garden. We fill all the vases and revel in the burning gold and orange. We are always sad when frost blackens the bright color, though soon they will be replaced by the chrysanthemums that we watered well and often and coaxed through the hot, dry summer. Already these show faint traces of color as the tight buds begin to open ever so slightly.

We make farewell trips to the garden and gaze longingly at the sun-hot, red-ripe tomatoes. We wish we could eat every single one of them or, failing that, at least keep them to look at. But that is highly impossible.

October is a month of beauty but it is also a month of work. We know it is winter's forerunner. The leaves of our big oaks brown and drift slowly to the ground. This will continue for many weeks but still the yard must be tidied.

If there are minor painting tasks undone, it is time for Mom to attend to them. Tippy's dog-house needs to be touched up and her name repainted on the front. Next winter she will lie inside in cozy collie comfort and watch speculatively as the soft snow covers the ground. The exposed porches, too, will better withstand the ravages of winter if they have one more protective paint coat.

It is also time to straighten our cellar. When we have finished, we survey the shining jars of vegetables that our entire family helped produce. We are sorry to remember that the number of filled jars is much less than usual. This is due to the extremely cold, hot,

and dry weather endured at various times this year by our gardens and fields.

Another task that cannot be neglected is the digging and safe storage of our gladiolus bulbs. Red, white, rose, lavender, yellow, apricot. They were joy indeed for many weeks. Our Helpful Two share our enthusiasm for flowers so this will be a fine after-school task.

October is not a time just for work. There are community affairs, too. Perhaps there will be a hayride. Always there is a scary Halloween party in our church basement. This will be complete with creatures-that-never-were, food, prizes, and fun for young, old, and in-between.

There is family fun, too. On some evenings after everyone has contributed a share to the current projects, the girls will persuade Dad to build a fire close to the big east oak and we'll raid the freezer for weiners, bring out marshmallows and buns for an impromptu picnic.

Our daughters spend many free hours with their horses, Boots and Bay Diamond. The shortening days make this time precious. The horses hang their heads over the fence and wait eagerly for currying, brushing, riding and loving.

October is the month of all months to take a little trip into woodsy sections of the country. This is the perfect time to visit the Missouri Ozarks and if you have time, follow the autumn road on south into Arkansas.

Yes, a journey into the bright autumn Ozarks is truly a passport to enchantment, another shining segment in the magic of October.



OCTOBER MAIDEN

Lucious bittersweet, clustered crimson
in her hair,

Skipping merrily along in Autumn's
sudden flare,

Dressed in Autumn fineries, with
harvest colors laden,

A picture of Autumn counterpane is
October's gypsy maiden.

— Mary Margaret Trapp

WITH A TOUCH OF MAGIC

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

In the Fall it is always pleasant to take a hike down a country lane, across the city park, through the pasture, or along a seldom-traveled road. And chances are you will bring home some pretty autumn leaves, or weeds and grasses, to be used in winter bouquets.

But have you tried to keep your collections by using blueprint paper? This is an ideal hobby or pastime for the youngsters, and even the adults will find it a fascinating and rewarding experience.

Collect leaves, flowers, interesting weeds, or other specimens which can be pressed flat in a heavy book, and which will keep a pleasing design.

Blueprint paper can be purchased by the yard at most local book stores, and usually costs less than fifty cents a yard. However, you must remember this paper has to be kept in a dark room, and even when you cut it into "picture sized pieces", do so in a darkened room. After the paper is cut into suitable sizes, store these sheets in a magazine so that they are not exposed to the light.

Now that you are ready to make your picture, you must work quickly, so have everything in readiness before bringing out the blueprint.

You will need a two-hundred-watt light bulb hung in such a way that it will be about two or three inches above the picture. We find it handy to plug a cord in our kitchen outlet and let the bulb hang over the edge of our table above our picture, which has been placed on the floor. Choose one of your leaves and place it quickly on the smooth, shiny side of the blueprint. Place the paper directly under the bulb and leave it for ten minutes. Then remove the leaf and place the paper in a shallow pan of water.

As the paper becomes wet all over, your leaf picture appears as if by magic. Let the water run off the paper, and then place the sheet on a flat surface to dry smoothly. When completely dry, press the wrong side of the paper with a medium warm iron. Your leaf design thus remains white against a dark background.

You may choose any sort of pattern or silhouette, and these, in turn, can be used for wall hangings, scrap books, greeting cards, and so on. If you wish to label leaves or types of weeds, you can use white ink and print on your finished picture.

This "touch of magic" will provide hours of entertainment, and will be a fine idea for a family hobby.



Frederick refers to the lobsters caught around Nova Scotia. David and his friend display some.



One sport the youngsters particularly enjoy when they have their church retreat is canoeing.



David is happiest when he is near water — any water! He is an old veteran with a motorboat.

FREDERICK WRITES FROM NOVA SCOTIA

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter as I sit looking out over a beautiful lake in Nova Scotia. In other years I have written to you while on vacation here, and I have told you of the beauty of this quaint little land jutting out in the Atlantic Ocean 200 miles east of New York City, but I can never tell you enough. In all of the years that we have come to the summer home of Betty's parents, we have never ceased to wonder and marvel at the beauty of the north woods, the hundreds of blue lakes, and the many little ocean bays, harbors, and inlets.

For the past two weeks we have had one big house party with twenty-two guests from my church in Springfield, Massachusetts. During our first week here at Argyle Lodge we had ten of the officers from one of our three women's organizations in the church, and this week we have five couples who are prominent in church leadership. Each week we also have had a church guest for Mary Leanna and David — a boy for David last week, and a girl for Mary this week.

We came to Nova Scotia with our first group of guests, all sailing on the famous *Bluenose* on the same day. It was a dark, foggy day when we crossed the Bay of Fundy, but the heavy fog helped to keep the normally rough water quite calm. It was so calm, that only one of the group was seasick. Knowing how terribly rough that all day trip across the Bay of Fundy can be, we always are grateful for a calm crossing, even though it does mean fog.

One day recently the *Bluenose* had a very, very rough trip, but we had no guests coming to Nova Scotia that day. About five o'clock in the morning the wind came up, a full gale and the rain

came down in torrents, and I woke up with the awful thought that our big motorboat on the lake was being dashed to pieces on the rocks. Quickly, I jumped out of bed, put on some rain gear, and ran down the path through the woods to the boathouse. The boat was not yet in danger, but the wind and waves were about to smash it loose. I tried to pull it to safety, but it was too heavy for me to move alone. Through the woods I ran back to the house to get help. By this time the wind was up to fifty miles an hour, lightning was coming down on all sides, and the rain was so heavy I could not see. Slipping and falling several times, I got back to the boathouse with some help, and after securing the motorboat behind a stone breakwater, we carried several canoes up into the woods away from the rising water. Many inches of water must have fallen in a very few hours, for the big lake has risen steadily the past few days.

Our church people always have a perfectly delightful time in Nova Scotia, but the thing they like the best is the food. On the table every morning we have two large serving dishes of wild blueberries, and two large dishes of fresh red raspberries. Before we leave here, we may be having sweet, wild blackberries. Nowhere in the East are there bigger and better lobsters than in Nova Scotia, and we see to it that our guests have all the lobster they can eat. Out of the kitchen come loaves of fresh oatmeal bread every day, and after we have been tramping through the woods, or cruising out on the ocean, the aroma of fresh, home-baked bread is the most beautiful aroma in the world. You would think so to see the way that bread disappears.

You can appreciate how much it means to Betty and me to have our church people as our guests for two weeks. Around the fireplace in the evening we worship together, and

around the table at every meal we share our thoughts about the Church and God's will for it and for us. Yesterday we had a picnic lunch out on one of the hundreds of islands that dot the southwestern shore of Nova Scotia, and even there we had a most fruitful discussion about the Christian life.

What a joy it is for us to worship in the little village church. Because the pastor has seven little churches along the coast, the service in the one nearest us is an evening service, and while in Nova Scotia we always plan to be in church on Sunday evening. Sometimes our party of guests is as large as the congregation itself, and of course, it means a great deal to the local people to have us worship with them. Most of them are fishermen, and it is interesting to observe how many of their gospel hymns make some mention of the sea. They are good people, unsophisticated and strong in the faith, and to be with them on a Sabbath evening there by the sea is a real blessing for us.

I hope that someday you can see this beautiful country.

Sincerely,

Frederick



THE VALUE OF A SMILE

A smile costs nothing and creates much. It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

It cannot be bought, begged or borrowed and it cannot be stolen. It is of no earthly good to anyone until it is given away. So, if, in a hurry, you meet someone who is too weary to give you a smile, leave one of yours for no one needs a smile so much as he who has none to give.



Recipes Tested
by the
Kitchen - Klatter
Family



PECAN PIE

Make pastry for one-crust pie. Line pie pan.

Beat together with rotary beater:

3 eggs
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 cup butter, melted
1 cup dark corn syrup
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix in:

3/4 cup pecan halves

Pour into pastry-lined pan. Bake at 375 degrees until set and pastry is nicely browned. (About 45 to 50 minutes.) Serve cold or slightly warm. This makes a 9-inch pie.

CHIPPED BEEF IN BUNS

8 hamburger buns, hollow out centers of buns and toast shells lightly.

2 Tbls. butter
1 pkg. dried beef
1 pkg. frozen peas
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 soup can milk
4 hard cooked eggs, diced
Melt butter in skillet. Add dried beef and brown lightly. Cook peas and drain. Combine soup and milk and add to beef. Stir in cooked peas and chopped eggs. Heat to boiling. Fill toasted bun shells.

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

Wash but do not peel 6 tomatoes and cut slice from top of each. Scoop out pulp and lightly salt inside of tomatoes.

Mix together:

Tomato pulp
1/2 cup chopped, broiled or fried bacon

1/4 cup chopped celery
1 small onion, minced
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 cup grated cheese

Fill tomatoes with the mixture. Cover with additional grated cheese, dot each with 1 tsp. butter. Place in greased muffin tins or greased casserole. Bake about 30 minutes in 350 degree oven. Serves 6.

BUTTER FLAKE CINNAMON BISCUITS

2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
3 Tbls. sugar
1/2 cup shortening
A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2/3 cup milk
1/4 cup sugar
1 Tbls. cinnamon
Few added drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder, cream of tartar and 3 Tbls. sugar. Cut in the shortening. Add the milk and a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Stir with a fork until the dough makes a ball and follows the fork around the bowl. Turn out on a lightly floured board and knead gently for 4 or 5 turns. Roll 1/4 inch thick. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Combine the 1/4 cup sugar, the 1 Tbls. cinnamon and a few more drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Sprinkle this mixture over the buttered dough.

Cut the dough into strips 2 inches wide. Stack 4 to 5 strips high and cut into 2 inch lengths. Place, cut side down, in greased muffin tins. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for 10 to 12 minutes.

These are wonderful served hot with coffee. They go together easily but make a spectacular biscuit to serve to guests.

CARROT CASSEROLE

1 cup raw carrot - grated
1 Tbls. grated onion
1 cup grated cheese
1 egg, beaten
1/4 cup milk
1 cup cooked rice
Salt and pepper to taste
Mix all ingredients. Put in greased casserole and bake in pan of water at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

SILZ
(A jellied meatloaf)

2 pigs feet
1 calf bone
1 pork shank
2 lbs. lean beef
1 tsp. whole allspice
1 tsp. whole pepper
A few cloves
2 bay leaves
2 large onions
A few celery leaves
Salt to taste
1 envelope plain gelatin
Vinegar

Put spices in bag. Cover meat with water and boil, covered, until very tender. Remove meat from bone and cut fine. Strain stock; put in meat and add vinegar, a little sugar and salt to taste. Take 1 tablespoon plain gelatin and dissolve in a small amount of cool water and add to mixture and boil a few minutes. Put in pans to cool. Slice it thin for sandwiches or as an addition to a salad plate.

Remember my telling you about the old-fashioned meat market? Well, I found pigs feet there and I would guess those of you in the Midwest area will have no trouble finding the ingredients for this meat treat. My butcher makes it at Christmas time, too, only he adds sweet green and red peppers

- Mary Beth

BUTTERSCOTCH REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

2 cups brown sugar
1 cup shortening
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cream of tartar
Nuts, if desired

Cream together the shortening and the sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. A few nuts may be added if desired. Chocolate chips are also excellent in this cookie. Divide the dough into two parts. Shape into rolls, wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Slice and put on ungreased cooky sheets. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

This is a marvelously flavored butterscotch cookie. Use the flavorings as given and they will make this simple-to-prepare cookie an extraordinary one. The recipe may be doubled as the dough keeps very well for several days.

PINEAPPLE-CHEESE MOLD

1 (3-oz.) pkg. lime flavored gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup evaporated milk
 1 cup cottage cheese
 1 (1 lb. 4 1/2-oz.) can crushed pineapple, well drained
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1/4 cup chopped celery
 1/4 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Dissolve the gelatin in water. Stir in the remaining ingredients and pour into a 1-qt. mold; chill until firm. Serves 8.

BLUE RIBBON HARD ROLLS

1 pkg. dry yeast
 1/2 cup warm water
 2 Tbls. lard
 1 Tbls. sugar
 1/2 cup warm water
 2 tsp. salt
 1 cup flour
 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 3 to 4 cups flour
 1 egg yolk
 2 Tbls. water
 Poppy seeds, if desired
 Corn meal

Dissolve the dry yeast in the 1/2 cup warm water. While this is dissolving, put in a bowl the lard, sugar, 1/2 cup of warm water, salt and 1 cup flour. Beat well and add the yeast mixture, the stiffly beaten egg whites, and enough flour to make it knead easily. Knead until smooth and elastic, put in a greased bowl, cover with a damp tea towel. Let rise until double in bulk, punch down and let rise again until double.

Knead the dough and form into buns (make the long shape common to hard rolls). Sprinkle a cooky sheet with corn meal. Lay each roll on the sheet, 3 inches apart. Let rise until almost double in bulk. Brush with a glaze made by beating the egg yolk and 2 Tbls. water together. Sprinkle with poppy seeds if desired. Put a pan of *boiling water* in the bottom of a 450 degree oven and bake for 15 minutes. (Be sure to put in the pan of *boiling water* as these rolls bake at such a high temperature!)

HAM LOAF

1 lb. ground ham
 1/2 lb. fresh pork
 1/2 lb. veal
 2 cups corn flakes
 1 egg in measuring cup
 Fill cup with cream.

Mix and press into a loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. This was Donald's choice for his Birthday Supper.

**EVELYN'S SUKIYAKI**

1/2 lb. tender sirloin
 1 large onion, sliced
 2 bunches young green onions, sliced
 1 cup celery, cut
 1/4 cup soy sauce
 2 Tbls. sugar
 1 cup prepared bouillon
 1 5-oz. can bamboo shoots, sliced
 1 5-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, sliced
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 Tbls. water

Slice the sirloin very thin and cut into strips about 1 inch wide and 2 inches long. Brown in a small amount of butter. Add the onion, sliced in rings, the green onions cut into 1-inch pieces, the celery, cut in diagonal strips, the soy sauce, sugar and bouillon. Simmer for 15 minutes over low heat. Add the bamboo shoots, water chestnuts and mushrooms. Heat through and then add the cornstarch which has been dissolved in the small amount of water. Stir until the sauce is slightly thickened. Serve over hot, fluffy rice.

This is a simple version of a most delicious Japanese dish. The vegetables should be kept crisp, yet heated through. The Japanese do not cook their vegetables as long as we do. If you are unable to find the bamboo shoots and water chestnuts in your market, a satisfactory substitute may be made with the canned, fancy Chinese mixed vegetables.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

2 Tbls. shortening
 4 Tbls. flour
 6 pork chops, 1/2 inch thick
 1 1/2 cups water
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper

Put fat in frying pan. When hot add pork chops and sear to a golden brown. Place these in a baking dish. Make gravy of flour, fat from pan, water and salt and pepper. Pour over the chops, put on cover and bake in a slow oven, about one hour.

ORANGE-ALMOND ICE BOX COOKIES

1/2 cup butter
 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup white sugar
 1 egg
 2 3/4 cups flour
 1/4 tsp. soda
 2 Tbls. orange juice
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup blanched almonds, cut in strips

Cream sugars and shortenings. Add beaten egg. Add sifted flour and soda. Add orange juice, flavorings and nut meats. Shape into roll and chill. Slice and bake 12 to 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

If you cut down on the almonds, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring.

BUTTERSCOTCH TOPPING

1 cup brown sugar
 1/4 cup butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
 2 Tbls. corn syrup

Melt butter and then combine with the sugar and corn syrup. Place a teaspoonful of the glaze in each muffin tin, adding pecans if desired. Place one cut roll in each muffin tin. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake at 375 for 25 minutes or until rolls are golden brown and the glaze bubbles. Remove from oven and invert immediately on a baking sheet.

STRAWBERRY ANGEL CAKE

1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 cup ice water
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1 cup whipping cream
 1 cup marshmallows, diced
 1 box frozen strawberries
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 10-inch angel food cake

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add ice water and flavoring and chill until syrupy. Whip gelatin until fluffy. Stir in marshmallows, partially thawed strawberries and lemon juice. Fold in the whipped cream. Let set, then add between layers of angel food cake, or scoop out the cake and fill the cavity. May be served topped with additional whipped cream. (Fresh strawberries may also be used in place of the frozen berries.)

This is also delicious made with red raspberries and Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring. Try this for a nice variation.

COMMITTEE COOKIES

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 Tbls. sour cream
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. allspice
3 1/2 cups flour, sifted
3/4 cup raisins, floured
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar, add eggs, sour cream and flavoring. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the creamed mixture. When the batter is well blended, add the raisins which have been floured. You may chop the raisins if you prefer the smaller bits to the whole fruit. Chill. Shape into balls, press flat with a fork or the bottom of a glass dipped

in sugar. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees, for about 12 minutes. This makes about 5 dozen cookies.

Since I have used these a number of times to serve when committees were meeting at my home, the name Committee Cookies just fits. They are, naturally, good for any other occasion!

MINT MALTED MILK

4 cups cold milk
1/2 cup chocolate malted milk powder
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

A dash of salt

Vanilla ice cream

Combine the milk, malted milk powder, flavorings and salt. Beat to dissolve the ingredients. Pour into glasses and add scoops of vanilla ice cream to each glass. Serve immediately.

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KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

CHOCOLATE BROWNIE-AND-SAUCE DESSERT

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
3/4 cup sugar
2 Tbls. cocoa
2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup milk
2 Tbls. butter, melted
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1/3 cup sugar
3 Tbls. cocoa
1 cup water
Sift together the flour, 3/4 cup sugar, 2 Tbls. cocoa, baking powder and salt. Stir the milk, melted butter and flavorings together and add to the dry ingredients. A few nuts may be added if desired. Pour this batter into a greased 8-inch square baking pan or into 8 custard cups. Combine the 1/3 cups sugar and the 3 Tbls. cocoa and sprinkle this dry mixture over the top of the batter. Spoon the 1 cup of water over the top. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from the oven, cool for 3 or 4 minutes, run a knife around the edge and invert on a plate (or sauce dishes if individual custard cups are used). Serve plain or with whipped cream.

This mixture looks very queer the first time you make it. The water and dry mixture get together and form a fine pudding-sauce *under* the brownie.

— Evelyn

VIOLA'S GINGER SNAPS

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1/2 cup molasses
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 egg
1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
1 1/2 tsp. soda
2 1/2 cups sifted flour, approximately
1 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. ginger
1/2 tsp. allspice

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add molasses, flavorings and egg. Add soda to the vinegar and then add. Sift together the flour, salt, ginger and allspice. (I found that 2 1/2 cups of sifted flour about right, but Viola suggests that you test a few in the oven before adding the last 1/2 cup of flour. Ginger snaps should spread out, you know, and the batter must not be too thick or you won't have the desired results.) Bake near the top of the oven at 400 degrees.

SEE AND TASTE
At a Tasting Party

by
Hilda Gieseke

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating" and that also applies to casseroles, meats, salads, breads and desserts. A "tasting party" is a covered dish supper with recipes available for each dish on the table.

Each woman invited to the party may be asked to prepare her favorite dish and bring copies of the recipe to the party. This will assure a variety of attractive and delicious foods. The table is set buffet style with the recipe beside each dish.

Help yourself to any or all of the food displayed and ask for the recipe of any food you particularly like. Each request for a recipe is a vote for the popularity of that item.

A prize is given for the dish receiving the most votes in each category—meat, vegetable, salad, bread, dessert, and miscellaneous. The prizes may be pot holders, aprons, dish towels, measuring cups, measuring spoons, or a salad fork and spoon.

If your club has published a cookbook, this is an ideal way to launch sales of the book as the ladies may see and taste the various foods before they try the recipe in their own kitchens.

A tasting party will provide any group of women a chance to get better acquainted with each other and encourage them to try new recipes.

HOW TO PREPARE AND SERVE
CRITICISM—DAGWOOD STYLE

by
Ellen Rebecca Fenn

Sandwich each criticism between two thick layers of juicy compliments. Prepare the filling in such a manner as to make it meaty and appetizing.

Instead of dill pickles and tasteless, dull olives, combine your filling of choicest meats (not bull) freshly-scented soft boiled eggs (not solid rotten ones), and a sweet dressing to attract the compliment slices into a closer embrace.

Remember to sprinkle the filling lightly with garlic salt. This enables the criticism to remain longer in the digestive process. Add a few grains of celery salt for fast sprouting. Trim off all unnecessary fat globules which only detract from the delivered delicacy.

Deliver early in the day when the victim's mind is more receptive and more congenially framed. Do not overlook a plate of crisp, lettuce-green words to add attractiveness.

After delivery, await developments with patience.

SIMPLE SOLUTIONS

A real ironing short cut is yours if you hang on one line all clothes to be ironed. When they're dry, sprinkle with fine-spray garden hose, all at once.

Sprinkling small, flat pieces takes less time if all pieces of similar size are shaken out and placed in a pile. Sprinkle about every third piece, roll together, smoothing fabric as you go. Roll tightly.

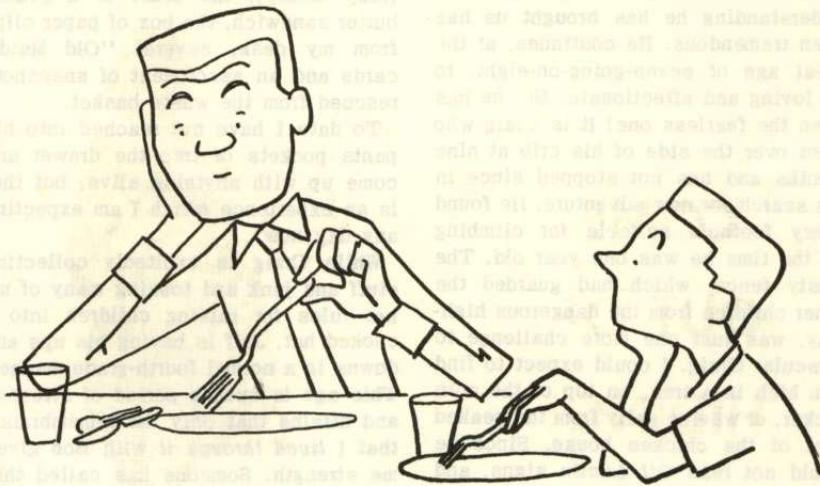
Large and long pieces, such as tablecloths, have a tendency to dry up quickly during ironing. To avoid this, pin a Turkish towel to the ironing board to act as an envelope. Place the long item in the Turkish-towel envelope and pull out as you iron.

To iron embroidery properly, turn it face down on a Turkish towel, then press on the wrong side. Brings out the depth instead of flattening it. Use the same method for braided trimming.

If your husband wants his trousers pressed in a hurry and you volunteer to do a professional job, get a knife-like crease by first using a damp cloth in the usual way. Then before the cloth dries, replace it with a sheet of heavy wrapping paper and again go over the creases.

When pressing woolen materials with a damp cloth, don't iron until the fabric is completely dry, for this causes shine. Press quickly, then allow the steam to rise. This brings up the nap marvelously.

MONOTONY



Here are sixteen fine ways to relieve dinner table monotony. Sixteen simple ways to add variety to salads, drinks and desserts.

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IT'S AN INTERESTING LIFE

by
Evelyn Birkby

That happy song, "Open Up Your Heart and Let the Sun Shine In", is particularly fitting today but I'd like to reword it a bit, "Open Up the Doors and Windows and Let the Sun Shine Through", for instance. Right at this moment the doors and windows are thrown wide to the warmth the sun is bringing. How I hope it will be warm for many a day, and several weekends so we can enjoy some fall family outings. So many interesting projects need to be done, so many excursions taken before winter arrives that we'll have to hurry.

A friend of mine remarked the other day that her fourth child was not so much an addition as an *experience*. Occasionally, I have exactly the same feeling about my youngest. It has been good to have Craig in many ways. The understanding he has brought us has been tremendous. He continues, at the great age of seven-going-on-eight, to be loving and affectionate. But he has been the fearless one! It is Craig who went over the side of his crib at nine months and has not stopped since in his search for new adventure. He found every foothold suitable for climbing by the time he was one year old. The trusty fence, which had guarded the other children from the dangerous highway, was just one more challenge to muscular Craig. I could expect to find him high in a tree, on top of the corn picker, or waving gaily from the peaked roof of the chicken house. Since he could not read *Off Limits* signs, and his safety was involved in this case, it took a firm hand applied with frequency in the approved area to keep him within bounds.

Craig has another quality which has grown through the years into enormous proportions--he is a veritable pack rat. Many are the stories I have heard about children who collected everything in sight. Up until Craig, my experience in that area had been limited. Bob, Jr. and Jeff have their hobbies and interests but they will go for days without adding one item to their pants pockets. In contrast, Craig will wear his jeans for an hour and they will droop from the load.

Craig also has a corner in his dresser drawer where he tucks his treasures (when his pockets begin to overflow). By actual inspection this morning I discovered: one small box with seven pennies, an old key ring with a big skeleton key, a new key ring with the tractor key which has been missing for several days, a red rubber gun, a small yellow ball, a blue top, a green top,



The three Birkby boys who make life so interesting for Evelyn are Bob, Jr., Craig and Jeff.

several Christmas seals, a black Halloween mask, half of a one-dollar bill (play money), the crust of a peanut butter sandwich, the box of paper clips from my desk, several "Old Maid" cards and an assortment of snapshots rescued from the waste basket.

To date I have not reached into his pants pockets or into the drawer and come up with anything alive, but that is an experience which I am expecting any day now!

While Craig is excitedly collecting stuff and junk and tossing many of my set rules for raising children into a cocked hat, Jeff is having his ups and downs in a normal fourth-grade manner. This age is such a period of stresses and strains that only the remembrance that I *lived through it* with Bob gives me strength. Someone has called this period one of *early adolescence*, and in many ways it does seem similar, just on a more modified plane. Jeff is asserting his independence, has many moods and stands pat with a bulldog tenacity that can tear me into little bits if I'm not careful. He is as intense in his *phases* as Bob is easy.

But we do have hopes with this middle child! He loves to read and will curl up in the corner with a book regardless of what else is going on. Then, suddenly, he galvanizes into action, probably from some suggestion he has read, rushes to the kitchen and begins working on some extensive experiment involving many jars and quantities of materials. I trust he's learning *something* from the havoc he creates!

Jeff has a basic sweetness in his personality which will hold him in good stead if he can just get it injected into his present tenaciousness. One delightful quality which is growing is his keen sense of humor. He can keep us in stitches with his wry remarks

and his unexpected statements. He may not make a professional comedian in later life, but at present he has the situation sewed up in Cub Scout Pack 77!

In reporting on this interesting life of mine I cannot leave out a run down on the busiest boy in the house. And it takes some running down to catch eighth-grade Bob. He dashes home following football practice, works *some* on the piano, grabs a bite of supper and goes to his room to study. He is a serious student, almost too conscientious, and he is really starting this last year of grade school at a gallop. I only hope he can hold out at the pace and goals he has set for himself. As I compare notes with other mothers, I learn that school work and activities grow in intensity as the high school years continue, so this may well be only the beginning!

We do try to keep some kind of a balance between study and recreation for Bob. With his band and physical education classes, school isn't *all* work. He continues to move ahead in his scout work with his eye on the coveted Eagle rank. (Robert has the theory that good work in various merit badges gives the boy a sampling of many potential areas for future life work.) At the present time Bob is whittling animals (for his woodworking badge), keeping a budget book (for citizenship in the home), and continuing the long period of volunteer work and study needed for the God and Country award in the church.

Being the mother of three lively boys makes life tremendously interesting. I feel greatly blessed as I watch the continuing process. They are teaching me far more than I can ever give them. I learn more each day about the value of the individual. I know now that a rule which works for one child may not be at all the one which will work with another. I have learned to *try* and divide the important issues — safety, moral and mental growth — from the non-essentials which are simply a passing phase. And if I can only increase that important quality of consistency in my attitudes and discipline it will help me be a better mother.

Raising a family has many demands and some drudgery, but it is a growing, developing and increasingly exciting "profession". As I go to shut the windows and doors against the cooling late afternoon breeze, I say a prayer of thankfulness that this life is mine.

Every day is a fresh beginning; every hour filled with unknown possibilities; every minute alive with the wonder of life and the thrill of new experiences.

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"For some people autumn is summed up in the magnificent drama of colored leaf. For me the most poignant, almost unbearably dramatic, thing about it is the passage of wild geese, southbound in a chilly autumn evening, over the farm."

So writes Rachel Peden in *Rural Free A Farmwife's Almanac of Country Living* (Alfred A. Knopf Publishing Co., \$4.95). Mrs. Peden writes popular columns called "The Almanac of Poor Richard's Wife" and "The Hoosier Farm Wife Says" for two Indiana newspapers. Published in 1961, the book began life through these columns.

Rural Free is divided into twelve chapters — one for each month of the year. The variety and events of the seasons on a farm are shown with rare insight and humor. Perhaps it is her account of gathering in the last of the garden produce on a fall day 'midst dry leaves, crickets, and green tomatoes. Or perhaps it may be the fence-building session with her husband. She says fence-building goes on all through a farmer's life, like the regrowing of skin.

Then there's the pink sky on a December morning that looks "like a cloth that has been dipped in pokeberry juice and hung up to dry". Or the words of wisdom of her husband that lots of things solve themselves if you just let 'em alone.

My thanks to Rachel Peden and the others like her who take the time to write similar folksy columns in newspapers such as "Up a Country Lane" or "Across the Back Fence" or "Country Talk".

Recently we enjoyed a fine book review on TV of *Corn for the Palace* (Prentice-Hall, \$2.95) written by Margaret Crary and Carroll Voss for children in the 8 to 11 age group. The title and synopsis proved interesting so we wrote the authors. Back came a letter from Mrs. Crary (proving again that writers appreciate fan mail) telling how she and her friend wrote the book about the Corn Palace at Mitchell, South Dakota. The Corn Palace is the city auditorium and also is used to tell the world of the fine crops grown there.

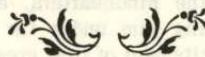
"I conceived the idea for the corn story when our Sioux City Public Museum launched a project among school children to raise corn and use it to build a replica of one of the old Sioux City corn palaces on the museum grounds. I thought of a modern day Indian boy raising corn for today's Corn Palace at Mitchell. Carroll had just finished a three-year stint of



The Corn Palace in Mitchell, S. D.

teaching in the Indian Boarding School at Springfield, South Dakota, and was in close touch with Indian families on the Pine Ridge reservation."

They chose the characters and plotted the book together about an Indian boy, Dallas Fire Wolf, and his family who go to Mitchell, South Dakota, to visit relatives. There Dallas meets the Indian artist who designed the panels of the Corn Palace. Dallas learns how the varied hues of corn are cut and fastened to the panels. The artist asks Dallas to raise some Indian corn for the Palace. Then begins the exciting adventure of watching the kernels grow. He encounters many obstacles but because he works and never gives up, his dream comes true.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

October, with its cool nights and clear warm days, seems to bring out a final burst of colorful bloom from pansies, petunias, snapdragons, verbena, stocks, scabiosa, asters and alyssum. Fall asters and chrysanthemums reign supreme in the border, and if the calendar didn't point it out, one would never know that winter is just around the corner. Sometimes a severe frost is followed by a week or more of mild weather. It pays to cover some of the choice flowers with newspapers, plastic sheets, or anything to keep them from freezing on real cold nights.

If you have a few clumps on chrysanthemums that are just on the verge of flowering when cold weather arrives in earnest, dig them up, disturbing the roots as little as possible, and pot them for indoor bloom. After they have flowered, set the containers in the basement and let the plants go dormant until spring. You may cut off the withered foliage and water the roots

lightly a few times during the winter months. A friend used to bring in sprays of budded mums which she placed in vases about the house. She often had pretty flowers to grace her Thanksgiving table as the buds would open slowly and last for several days before withering.

Last fall the row of scarlet geraniums around the east side of the little plastic greenhouse were aflame with color when frost threatened. St. Alfred couldn't bear to have them killed by a threatening freeze. Finding a deep wooden fruit crate, he carefully lifted the plants, fitting the roots as tightly together as he could in the box. He tamped soil in and around the roots and picked off all the buds and flowers. The box was carried to the basement and set on a work table near a window. The box was watered once a month. Some of the leaves yellowed and fell off, but the flower stalks remained firm. In late March when I started the little greenhouse going, I repotted the old geraniums and cut them back severely. We again had a row of pretty geraniums to set around the greenhouse after the weather became settled, and the blooms were more numerous and larger than the previous year.

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If you want the best of new tested recip- hints for making household jobs easier, or just long to hear some "woman talk", tune your radio dial each week-day morning to one of the following stations:

KSMN Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLICK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.

THE NEW PUPPY

by

Joseph Arkin and Dorothy Glazer

Is there anything lovelier than the look on a child's face at the sight of a puppy in a pet shop window? You can put that delight in your youngster's eyes by giving him a cute puppy, a never-to-be-forgotten present. And, in taking tender loving care of his new charge, a responsible child will make a giant step toward emotional maturity.

After the excitement of the gift subsides, you'll stop to wonder if you can give the new addition to the family the proper care. Getting a new puppy does present some problems.

Most "new dogs" are puppies from six weeks to three months of age. Even if they are adults, there are certain rules to follow.

The first is to bring your new pup home in the morning. The dog thus will have a chance to become familiar with his new friends and home before spending a long night by himself.

Use care in introducing your new puppy to the family. Everyone will want to pet and hold him but this is more excitement than the puppy should have all at one time. Make the introductions by easy stages.

Do not let anyone pick the puppy up by his front legs. This will stretch the tendons and may even injure soft bones. The proper way to lift him is with one hand under the hindquarters, and the other steady him under the chest.

After the excitement of first greetings, you should introduce him to his new bed. Try putting him there along with some piece of your own wellworn and unlaundered clothing. From this cloth-

ing, the puppy will get your odor. This will comfort him and make him less lonesome while he is getting used to his new quarters.

Successful - and quick - house-breaking depends upon your use of the dog's ancient den-dwelling instinct. As a den-dweller, the dog inherits an instinct to keep his bed clean. When puppy gets up from a nap (and he should have several during his first day in his new home), lift him from his sleeping area and carry him to a pre-arranged spot outside. He has to relieve himself, and probably will do so immediately. Praise him when he does. The next time you take him out, he will know that he's been there before. After a few times, he will get the idea why he is being taken to that spot, and will co-operate. Always remember to praise him lavishly when he does.

You can avoid house accidents if you'll remember that the puppy must go out when he gets up in the morning and from naps, after meals, and during the excitement of play. If you want to play in the house with your puppy, then take him out to his spot first. Take him again when he shows signs of disinterest in the game.

For the first couple of weeks, try to keep puppy off carpeted floors and confine his activities to linoleum or waxed wooden floors. If your puppy has an accident, clean the spot thoroughly with soap disinfectant and water, using at least one rinse - he has a sharp nose!

Puppies are usually weaned at about six weeks of age, just about the time they are ready to leave their mother for a new home. It is advisable to feed a newly weaned puppy four or five times daily until it is eight weeks old; three times a day until six months old; twice daily until 10 months old; then, once or twice daily, as you wish. Naturally, there are exceptions to every rule. Sick puppies should sometimes be fed more often. Follow your veterinarian's recommendations in this case.

Home formulas should be avoided, in feeding, since they are seldom, if ever, well balanced. Table scraps, too, can cause trouble as they may upset the scientific balance of the dog's ration from a reputable manufacturer of dog food. Usually scraps are given as "extras" and may become a reason for a dog becoming overweight or a "finicky" eater.

And don't forget a constant supply of readily available clean water.

If you haven't already selected your youngster's puppy, it is advisable to first learn all you can about choosing the right one. Your child's desires are most important in this, if they are compatible with family interests.



* * * * *

TWO RIVER QUEENS - Concluded

up with a new idea. She would operate a tourist cruiser!

She purchased a river packet, renamed it after her late husband, the *Gordon C. Greene*, and made it over into a luxurious pleasure craft. In fact, it was so luxurious that when the movie *Gone with the Wind* was being filmed, Rhett Butler and his bride, Scarlett, boarded the *Gordon C. Greene* for their honeymoon trip to New Orleans. It was used again in *Steamboat 'round the Bend* and other movies requiring the glory of river packet life.

She originated the Mark Twain cruises, one of the most thrilling being a three weeks' cruise to New Orleans during "Mardi Gras". Other trips were to St. Paul, Muscle Shoals, Hannibal, and other points of interest. So successful were these cruises that Captain Mary B. and her son, Captain Tom Greene, bought a much larger, more modern boat, the *Delta Queen* for tourist cruises which started from Cincinnati. Captain Mary B. spent her last days on the *Delta Queen*, for the *Gordon C. Greene* had become "unseaworthy".

The old *Gordon C. Greene* was dismantled, and tied up at several points on the Ohio to be used as a river hotel and restaurant. Then the old boat made a farewell trip down the Inland Waterways, not under her own steam. She was towed to a Florida resort town on the Gulf Coast. She was used for a showboat, restaurant, and night club. It didn't pay. She was towed to New Orleans for a tourist night spot. But the old boat was never happy in these various "rest homes"—nor even profitable. For a time she faced the ignominy of being scrapped and salvaged.

At an auction in May, 1961, she was sold to Arthur Krato of Hannibal and John Groffel of St. Louis, and towed back to Hannibal — a most fitting resting place. She was again completely overhauled, repainted, and refurbished to most of her former glory, and ready to receive tourists when the season opened in 1962. Some 50,000 tourists took the guided tour over this glamorized boat, now bearing the proud name *River Queen*. Capt. Mary B. left a precious heritage to the jet-bomber age which otherwise would have known of the thrilling river life only through books.

If the ghost of that real River Queen, Captain Mary B., should ever hover around that motionless pilot wheel, it would surely bring her a touch of nostalgia when the only other river passenger boat on the river now, her *Delta Queen*, passes under the Mark Twain bridge and salutes her. When

that low-pitched, sweet, musical whistle gives out its short-long-short blast in salute, marking the Greene Line boats, it would bring another poignant memory.

No two boat whistles ever sound quite the same, and the old river packet owners vied with each other to have the sweetest sounding whistle. Captain Mary B. waited for years until a competitor was dismantled, then bought that whistle. She enjoyed its mellow music many years on her old *Gordon C. Greene*; then it was moved to the *Delta Queen*. Ah, well, with no steam, Captain Mary B. couldn't answer back anyway!

But she left a life memory river folk will never forget. And her boat, *River Queen* lives again a life of grandeur during the tourist season. These are the two excellent RIVER QUEENS!


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Walter Drake 2510-19 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colorado

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.



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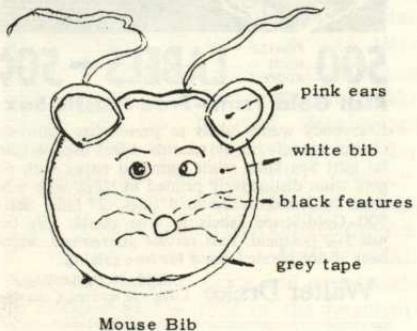
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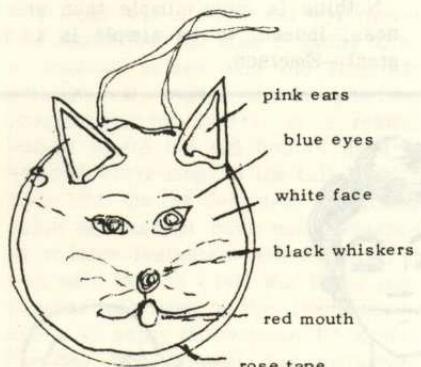
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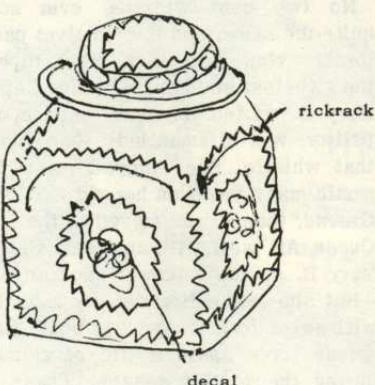


Mouse Bib

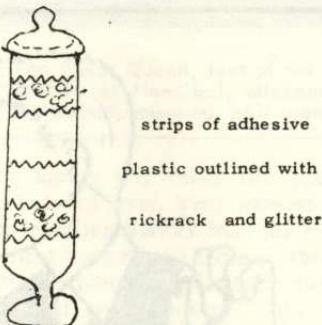


Kitty-Cat Bib

DECORATOR JARS WITH EXTRA EYE APPEAL: Round up unusual jars and give them an imaginative trim. You can even make matching sets.



decal

strips of adhesive
plastic outlined with
rickrack and glitter

FUND RAISERS — Concluded

moving about the room upon which are displayed 15 or 20 kinds of pie. Charge 25¢ for a choice of pie which the customer may take to tables provided, and where she will be served a cup of coffee to go with her pie. You might sell extra pieces of pie to take home, having them ready on small paper plates.

TO MAKE FOR BAZAAR: Plastic mits for protecting the hands when dishwashing, refinishing furniture, painting, or for handling nylon hose. Just outline your hand to get an approximate size for the mitten pattern.

Special Occasion Hangers: For the bride, white satin covered hangers, trimmed with a spray of artificial lily-of-the-valley. For Christmas, cover hangers with red satin and add a jingle bell or two tied on with a green bow. Baby hangers are covered in pastel blue, pink, yellow, green, or lavender, and have tiny ribbon rosettes for trim. Cut an inch off each end of a large wooden hanger to make the small ones. Make up packages of one large and one small one for look-alikes as mother-daughter combinations. Pad each hanger before wrapping with cotton made fragrant with a sprinkling of sachet.

QUARTER or "TWO BITS" BOOTH: Have all kinds of items selling at 25¢, including bread, cookies, candy, pot holders, etc.



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ANNA ELIZABETH WADE, Dept. 420HW, Lynchburg, Va.

ANNA ELIZABETH WADE, Dept. 420HW, Lynchburg, Va.
Please ship me 200 packages of your beautiful Christmas Carol Napkins by Freight Collect. Also include enough extra packages of Napkins to cover fully the Freight Charges. We agree to remit \$50.00 of the proceeds to you within 60 days.

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The old French-type log house which was the surgeon's quarters at Fort Winnebago in the 1830's.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

As we were driving back to the Del Rancho Motel where we were staying, Oliver noticed the sign for the Tommy Bartlett Water Ski Show, and since we had never seen water-skiing (except on television) we decided to stop and watch it. There were several of the group who held national trophies, which made it particularly fun. It was a combined program with an ice-skating revue and "dancing waters". The "dancing waters" is something quite new in recent years. Perhaps it is the only one like it in the country. Water is piped through a complicated system of small holes which is operated by a "keyboard" of levers. The operator can make the water streams "dance" to music as he uses his network of levers.

We enjoyed visiting with the manager of the motel, Mr. Warren Schultz, and his wife. This was their busy time of the year, the height of the tourist season, but they weren't too busy to tell us a lot about the area. When I observed how beautifully the grounds were kept around the motel and the pool, he said, "Yes, I have good help—my two fine boys!" They are Martin's age so I knew what he meant by "good help".

When Oliver and I travel, we follow the "Early to bed, early to rise" adage so that we can see as much as we can each day. So the next morning we were up bright and early to drive east of the Dells to the little town of Portage. There we went through the old Indian Agency House and the Surgeons Quarters, which is all that remains at the site of Fort Winnebago. It is believed that this old French-type log house was built between 1819 and 1828. The United States Government bought it for the home of the medical officers, but some parts of the house were used as a store. It was just outside the stockade area, and one can see the depression in the ground which was

once the old road up to the fort.

When this building was at last restored, after being used as a farm home for a number of years, some of the original old furnishings were found in the area. One of them is a piece once owned by Jefferson Davis when, as a young lieutenant, he was one of the first officers to be stationed at the fort. Another interesting item located was the very same operating table which was used at the time the fort was in operation.

There is much more to tell about the trip, but I mustn't take more space than this. I'll have to continue next month.

Sincerely,

Margery



I'M FINE

There's nothing whatever the matter with me,
I'm just as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees,
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape
I'm in.

Arch supports I have for my feet,
Or I wouldn't be able to walk on the
street.

Sleep is denied me, night after night,
And every morning I look a sight.
My memory's failing, my head's in a
spin,

I'm practically living on aspirin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape
I'm in.

The moral is, as this tale we unfold,
That for you and me who are growing
old,

It is better to say "I'M FINE" with a
grin,

Than to let them know the shape we
are in!

—Author Unknown

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

Folks think Sadie has antiques,
But each beloved treasure speaks
Of times and people she has known,
Of holidays and kids now grown.
Aunt Hattie owned that sadiron rest,
And cornmeal muffins taste their best
In Trudy's castiron baking pan.
Her Mary Ellen waved that fan
To flirt with Joe. The bowtie quilt,
Was pieced when Ida's house was built.
The ironstone platter's tale she'll tell,
While she brews tea and "sets a
spell".

Her family treasures, antiques? No,
Just places where her heart can go.

—Vivian Baumgartner



The most recent picture of our mother, Leanna Field Driftmier, and her sister, Jessie Field Shambaugh.

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by
Faye Whitmore and Manila Cheshire

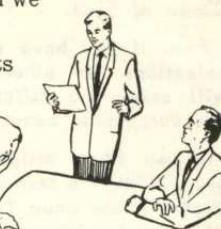
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TO GET - GIVE!

Success is not rare — it is common. Very few miss a measure of it. It is not a matter of luck or contesting for certainly no success can come from preventing the success of another. It is a matter of adjusting one's efforts to obstacles and one's abilities to a service needed by others. There is no other possible success. But most people think of it in terms of getting; success, however, begins in terms of giving.

— Henry Ford

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

visitors I passed some downright happy hours going through my mail.

Well, that's the exact story of what happened and I might as well go ahead and tell you that I'm in a wheelchair these days and I'll be in that wheelchair for a long time to come. We figure it will be about a year before I can try to get up on my feet again and then I'll have to learn to walk and there will be a lot of trouble involved. I'm a realist and I know I'm not going to have a bed of roses!

One of the things there's been a sharp difference of opinion about is which hip should have been broken — if I had to break one at all. About half of the people who know me say that I'm practically lucky to have broken my "bad" hip; the other half feel that this was a horrible misfortune and I'd be a lot better off if I'd broken my "good" hip! I can't come to any conclusion myself — am just still disgusted and mad to think I was so careless that I stumbled at all! And if anyone thinks I'm ever, ever going to walk with both hands full of stuff, he's much crazier than the maddest Hatter! From here on out I'm ALWAYS going to have one hand free. And frankly, this isn't such a bad idea even for able-bodied people. Many a person has saved himself from a disastrous fall simply because he could break it by grabbing on to something.

(And do you want to hear something really funny? Here I managed to do so much damage to myself, but nary a cup or a saucer was even chipped. How do you like that?)

I've had perfectly wonderful nurses — they've been SO GOOD to me. Next month I want to tell you about their training because it strikes me that a lot of people probably know as little as I knew originally about the background it takes to become a Licensed Practical Nurse — and this is a field where the demand is tremendous.

Now my space is gone and I've done nothing but talk about my troubles, but you said you wanted to hear details and I was perfectly willing to tell you

all about it. After all, there had to be some good reason for the fact that I was out of commission for so long, and unless I explained the complications you'd simply have no way of figuring out why Lucile was bedfast far longer than most people are when they break their hips.

And now once again let me thank all of you from the bottom of my heart for the wonderful outpouring of affection and interest that you showered upon me. I'm not a bit sure I deserved it, but it certainly made all of the difference to me, so thank you my good friends . . . thank you.

Always faithfully,

P
Lucile

BATTLE OF THE BOX BULGE

My family calls me a fanatic
For hoarding boxes in the attic.
I stash away what I can find
With packaging of gifts in mind.
I store them all, the large, the small
ones,
Flat ones, square ones, heart-shaped,
tall ones,
Wooden, cardboard, pasteboard, tin
ones;
Some are fat and some are thin ones.

Throughout the year I climb the stairs
Searching through my treasured wares
For one to hold a birthday cake,
A batch of cookies I will bake,
Or pair of bootees I have knit.
I rummage for a box to fit.
And though they range from huge to
bite-size,
Still I can seldom find the right size.

— Gladise Kelly

JEFFERSON'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have earned it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom report of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain evils have cost us that have never happened!
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak, if very angry, count a hundred.

"Little Ads"

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

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Send me _____ bottles \$3.00 size
DAILY DOZEN Vitamins, and a \$1.00
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Name _____
Address _____

Offer expires December 15, 1963.

500 GOLD STRIPE LABELS 25¢



CROCHETED VANITY set - \$3.00; 42" embroidered, hemstitched tubing cases, crocheted edge - \$4.75; 6 large embroidered dish towels - \$4.50; gingham cross-stitched aprons - \$2.50. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

SEPTEMBER HOUSEPLANT advertisement still good. Winkler, Hudsonville, Michigan.

SOMETHING NEW - pretty net Christmas card holders. Instructions \$1.00. Beautiful corn husk flowers, instructions and photo \$1.00. Dora Alice, 2214 West Second, Topeka, Kansas.

MACHINE QUILTING: Scalloped diagonal line design - \$5.00; diamond design \$10.00. Can furnish lining, filling and thread at nominal cost. Send stamped envelope if more information is desired. Mail quilts to Mrs. Horace Waltz, Route 4, Red Oak, Iowa. 51566.

God is no respecter of persons. He uses the best in the worst of us.

It is possible to have too much. A man with one watch knows what time it is; a man with two is never sure.

Money talks, but never gives itself away. Still, as of old, men by themselves are priced - For thirty pieces Judas sold himself, not Christ.

AUTUMN'S MIRACLE

The sumac banks of crimson splendor
blaze
Along the drowsy byways and ravine;
The graceful birch wears gold; and
purple haze
Enhances every hill and valley scene.
Wild asters add a dainty touch of blue
Or white as they befringe the country-
side;
Bright flame of maple trees on avenue
And woodland path is loved both far
and wide.
Round pumpkins match the hue of
ripened corn,
And sun-brown carpets weave through
orchard land
Where rosy apples and the pear adorn
The branches; southward routes of
birds are planned.
God's panoramic beauty passes by
As miracles beneath the autumn sky!
— Thelma Allinder

TO A MALLARD

A rainbow of color, you float in from
the west,
To settle on my pond, and ride its
crest;
The sinking sun lends its burnished
light,
Adding glamour to your graceful flight.
Let not the hunter, with dog and gun,
Vacate your place in the setting sun;
Rather, may He who guards us all
Guide your airways lest you fall.
— Pearl E. Brown

AUTUMN FIELDS

We always chose the autumn fields,
Beyond the leafless trees,
For jaunts where golden corn matured,
Or shocks stood like tepees.

When time permitted loitering
Along the rows of grain,
We watched the gayly feathered birds
Feasting . . . in sun or rain.

Those autumn fields where I have trod
And put aside my cares,
Now beckon me to come again —
Out in the fields with God.
— Gladys N. Templeton

LANGUID SMOKE

Autumn smoke twists its tendrils
Into the crevices of the mind,
As ghostly shadows of forgotten
yesterdays
Penetrate the even patterns of our
lives,
For the slow smoke of red leaves, and
yellow leaves
And the crusty, dry brown leaves
Has a haunting fragrance all its own
To soothe our hearts on mellow, hazy
days
At the twilight of each year.
— Alice G. Harvey

UMBRELLAS

by
Evelyn Witter



Umbrellas of every size, fabric,
and shape are so common that most
of us assume umbrellas have always
been in use. In comparison to
other paraphernalia, such as shoes,
jewelry, canes, etc., umbrellas are
comparatively new.

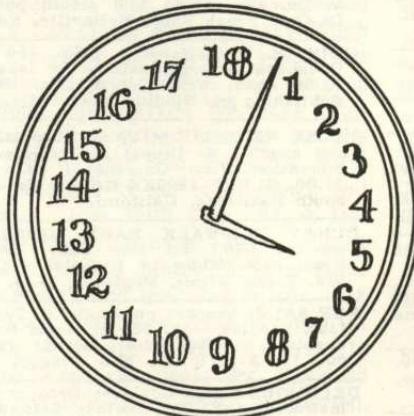
Early umbrella makers around the
year 1719 called their products "Rob-
insons". These umbrellas were called
such because they were inspired by
the story, "Robinson Crusoe". The
author, Daniel Defoe, pictured his
hero on a desert island, shading his
head from the sun with a large umbrella
covered with hides. This caused people
to think about the advantages of such
a covering, and as a result a few far-

sighted business men started umbrella
factories.

Then, in 1750, Jonas Hanaway, an
Englishman, invented a *folding* umbrella.
When he appeared on the London
streets with it, jeering mobs followed
him. Coachmen (who didn't like the
idea of umbrellas because people could
walk around in the rain without hiring
a coach) went out of their way to
spatter him with mud, and it is reported
that some even lashed out at him
with their whips.

But the idea spread to America and
a year after Jonas Hanaway appeared
on the London streets with his folding
umbrella, an American tried one on the
streets of Baltimore. It was a sensation!
When the umbrella was raised,
women fainted, horses ran away, and
several town watchmen were summoned
to bring the town to order.

For a long time after folding umbrel-
las were introduced in England and
America, people didn't accept them
very readily; carrying an umbrella
was a symbol of a "sissy". With all
this trouble in becoming accepted, it's
a wonder that umbrellas lasted at all!
Approval was a long time coming, and
that's why umbrellas are considered
by historians as "something new".



MORE HOURS IN THE DAY

Need more time for the family? For church and club work? No
need to steal time from important things; just cut down on chore
time with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

Because it cleans with a wipe, never leaving scum or froth to
rinse away, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** has helped thousands of
housewives cut valuable time from every cleaning job — even
hard, deep cleaning. Why don't you join these ladies who enjoy
this housework short-cut? Pick up **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** when
you grocery-shop. Remember:

you go through the motions...

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does the work!