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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

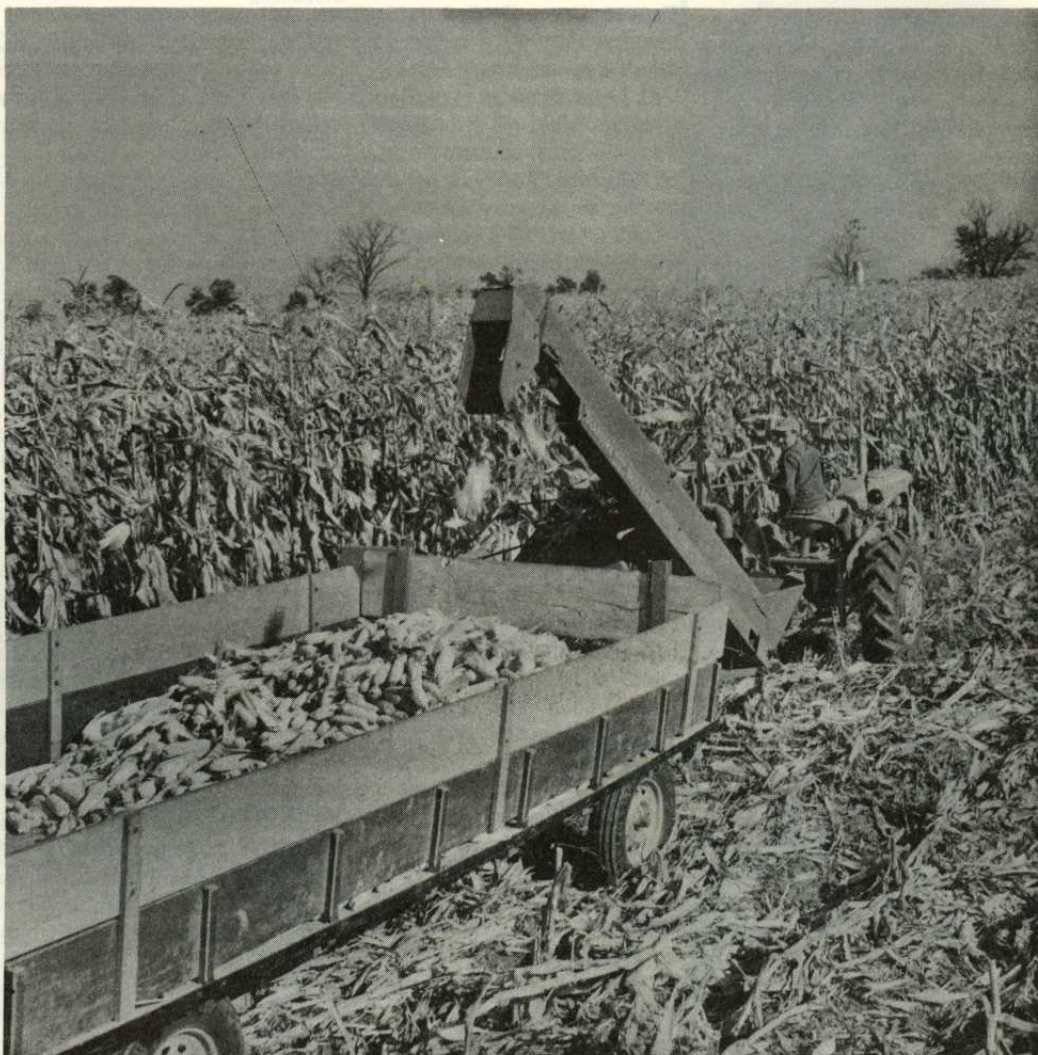
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— Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts





# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, both old and new:

I address you in this fashion because every month we add a sizable collection of names to our mailing list, and in our files these brand-new names are sandwiched in among names that have been there for as long as thirty-odd years. New readers say that it takes quite a spell to figure out who is who, so one of these months we'll have to sit down and write some sort of a family tree.

Since I last wrote to you I've had a trip, and in a few respects it was different from all the trips that I've made before. When Russell was with me we always traveled together, of course, but this time I started out with brother Howard and his wife, Mae. They had their annual two weeks' vacation from the May Seed Company where both of them are employed, so we decided to take off together.

Our first destination was Greeley, Colorado, where we were to see Tom and Donna Nenneman and their baby, little Lisa. We followed their road instructions for they'd tried quite a few of the highways that run west out to Greeley, and I'll pass on this information to you folks who may be contemplating a trip to Colorado — to the section around Greeley, I should add, for Colorado is a large state.

We picked up highway number 36 a short distance from Sabetha, Kansas, and followed this straight across Kansas. It lies just a few miles below the Nebraska line and runs across Kansas just about as straight as the proverbial crow flies. Most of the highway was in good shape and there was not much traffic to combat, so we made better time than we had expected. Our breakfast stop was at Marysville and our noon stop was at Oberlin. (Can someone tell me if early pioneers from Oberlin, Ohio, founded this town?)

That entire route was like looking through the files of your names because

all of it seemed so extremely familiar from reading your letters through the years. We didn't pass through a single town where I couldn't think of at least one individual! We went through areas where it was obvious that rain was badly needed, but on the whole these Kansas towns looked prosperous and busy; if they were in the doldrums we didn't see any sign of it.

At Saint Francis, practically on the Colorado line, we swung north on highway 27, crossed the very tiny corner of Nebraska, and then ran into highway 34. As we approached Yuma, Colorado, I couldn't help but contrast my situation with what it had been when I went over that highway in late February. At that time I couldn't ride an inch beyond Yuma and we put up there for the night, but I'd gained enough strength in the months since then to be able to ride straight through Yuma and on to Greeley. Of course, we had a two-hour change in time, but even so we reached Greeley around 4:30 in the afternoon; I've forgotten the exact mileage, but it's quite a haul from Shenandoah to Greeley.

Howard and Mae had been certain the entire trip that Lisa wouldn't remember them, but they were completely mistaken. When Tom and Donna brought her out of the apartment she went right to them and obviously knew exactly who they were. We had reservations at a motel not too far from the apartment, and after we had sort of gotten our breath from the long drive, Donna brought over a delicious meal that she had prepared. Unfortunately, their apartment was impossible for me to get into, so that's why the food traveled over to the motel and was eaten there.

The next day, Sunday, we all felt sufficiently revived to climb into the car again, so we drove up to Estes Park hoping to see very close Shenandoah friends who have a lovely home up there. This was my first trip up to Estes and I think that it's a beautiful

drive along Big Thompson (I believe this is the name of the river that dashes along the road for many miles). However, Sunday traffic at the height of the tourist season was very, very heavy and when we got into the town of Estes Park we were in a real traffic jam. Howard knew where to find the home of our friends (it is far away from all the commotion on Main street) and we drove up there, but we discovered that it looked very much closed and empty. (When we got home we found they had left at 9:30 that morning so we missed them by only a few hours.)

Monday found Tom in classes again — he got his Master's degree this summer — but in the afternoon we had a lovely drive up into a canyon north of Greeley. I found all of the countryside around Greeley very attractive and I agree with those of you who have said that you think Greeley is a nice town. It has the feeling of the West about it — big wide streets and the sensation of endless horizons all around it.

Wednesday found us having an early lunch with Tom, Donna and Lisa, and then Howard, Mae and I headed for Denver. Abigail and Wayne were expecting us and we had a grand visit with the family.

After a happy overnight stop with them we piled into the car again and headed towards my place in New Mexico. The only highway between Denver and Santa Fe that I was familiar with was number 85-87 and this isn't the most scenic drive in the world, so I was more than happy that Wayne and Abigail gave us detailed instructions for taking highway 285 out of Denver. I don't know how this highway would be during the winter months, but certainly it goes through some of the most magnificent mountain country I've ever seen, and I urge any of you who are headed toward southwestern Colorado or New Mexico to take it. The road is in excellent condition and so wide that even the driver can enjoy the beautiful country.

Howard was fascinated to be in New Mexico again for it had been forty years since he spent a summer there on a ranch. This ranch was on the eastern slope of the great Sangre de Cristo range and he said that as a boy fifteen years old he had often looked at those big mountains and wondered what was on the other side of them. Well, forty years later he found out! Both he and Mae agreed that the countryside where my place is located seems like another world entirely — "just like going to a foreign country", they said. I always

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## THE STROMS' VACATION WAS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

At breakfast this morning Oliver and I were discussing this long fall we're having and decided that perhaps, after all, it isn't so different from most years — just seems longer because the leaves started falling earlier than usual. All of our trees are American elms, as are most of the trees in Shenandoah, and at the first sight of leaves on the ground we were afraid they were infected with the Dutch elm disease which has moved into our vicinity. However, we're hopeful that the trees were only suffering from severe lack of moisture. The elms are doomed, nevertheless, unless something can halt the spread of the disease.

Oliver, Martin and I had a wonderful vacation trip before school started. We knew it would be lengthy and tiring, so we allowed the full weekend at home on our return to recuperate before going back to work. Rest up from vacation? Well, yes! You see we use our time for sight-seeing and try to cram as much as possible into a given period, figuring that we can rest when we get home! What we enjoy most is seeing new country, visiting historical sites and places of interest, and, above all, learning as much about this great country of ours as possible.

This type of vacation isn't everyone's "cup of tea". Some people just plain can't stand long rides in a car, driving several hundred miles each day to spend one or two hours at the scene of interest. They prefer to reach their destination as quickly as possible, settle down in one spot, and stay there. We've thought of doing this, too, but when vacation time rolls around we plan a trip such as I described in the above paragraph, traveling from early in the morning until late afternoon every day of vacation.

The first leg of our trip took us to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Lucile, Howard and Mae were already there and we spent several days of our vacation together. We made side trips to Taos, Los Alamos, Bandelier National Monument, and, of course, spent some time in the interesting shops in Santa Fe. Artists were working in the Plaza and Martin enjoyed watching them while the rest of us shopped.

We were so happy that Juliana could spend some time with us, too, for it was easier to see her there than at the University due to her class schedule. We stopped in Albuquerque, however, to have morning coffee with long-time



Margery poses beside the entrance sign to Bryce National Park in Utah.

friends from Shenandoah, Marilo and Bill Squire, before turning westward.

Our first major stop after Albuquerque was to see the Petrified National Forest and Painted Desert. These are now combined and share the same visitors' center. The sky was bright when we had our first view of the Painted Desert, but clouded over, unfortunately, and some of the spectacular colors we expected to see were lost to us. We were particularly fascinated with the geological history of the Petrified Forest.

After spending the night in Winslow, Arizona, we drove to Meteor Crater, the first proven meteor crater in the world, and certainly a stop worth making. If you're ever traveling west on Route 66, I hope you'll take this short side trip.

We had been in true desert country since leaving Albuquerque, but very soon the countryside began to change considerably and trees were once more a part of the landscape as we traveled a beautiful curving, winding highway to Williams, often called "The Gateway to the Grand Canyon", where we turned north.

What words have we to describe the Grand Canyon? We are prone to overuse the word *spectacular*, and yet, how else can one describe it? It simply is unbelievable that the little ribbon of water lying below could have cut this canyon — that is, not until you hear the thundering, pounding, surging Colorado River on the recording in the visitors' center!

We viewed the canyon from several

points along the south rim, and then headed back to our highway and on to Kingman for the night.

The next day we drove to see Hoover Dam, a truly overpowering sight, and we weren't the only tourists asking "How in the world did they manage to construct it?"

It was necessary to go over to Las Vegas to get a highway to Zion and Bryce National Parks, and this highway took us also through St. George, Utah, where Brigham Young had his winter home. The climate is much milder in winter than in Salt Lake City. At all stops I took pictures, and this was no exception.

We stopped at the visitors' center inside the Zion entrance before driving through the park. It is very important to view the displays and take in colored slide lectures first in order to get the most out of your visit. If there is time, it would be wise to make a second visit before you leave to better understand what you have seen.

Leaving Zion at the eastern entrance, we drove on to Panguitch to spend the night. The next morning we drove the few miles back to the entrance to Bryce National Park, drove through beautiful Red Canyon and into the park. Although Zion is beautiful, Bryce, we felt, was the more spectacular of the two. Erosion by wind and rain have left unusual formations. It looked like some sort of fairyland. Although these two parks are within close proximity of one another, they are entirely different in their beauty.

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## "The Greatest of These Is Love"

A Service for United Nations Day

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**SETTING:** Place a world globe in front of a grouping of United Nations flags. Encircle the globe with costumed dolls representing various nations of the world.

If you are unable to locate the dolls, print in large letters on a long narrow placard the scripture "And the greatest of these is love". Stand the placard at the front base of the globe.

**PRELUDE:** "In Christ There Is No East or West" (Continue playing through Call to Worship.)

### CALL TO WORSHIP:

"So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind;  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs."

— Ella Wilcox

"For who upon the earth can start a fire, and never warm a stone?

Or who could cheer another's heart,  
and not his own?

I stilled a hungry infant's cry, with  
kindness filled a stranger's cup,

And lifting others, found that I was  
lifted up."

**HYMN:** "God the Omnipotent", or  
"Peace in Our Time, O Lord", verses  
1 and 2.

**SCRIPTURE:** Matthew 5: 2-12

**A TIME OF DIRECTED MEDITATION  
AND PRAYER:** (Leader, with music of  
"Where Cross the Crowded Ways of  
Life" as background. Series of dots  
indicate pauses.)

Think of some person or of some  
nation you do not like . . . . Think of  
a minority group not liked by many of  
this community. . . . Think about the  
Negroes. . . . Think about the Indians.  
. . . . Think of the huddled masses of  
India, of Hong Kong. . . . What about  
folks on the other side of the tracks?  
. . . . What about the Mexicans? . . . .  
The Russians? . . . . The Japanese-  
Americans? . . . . Think of those who  
guide UNESCO and CROP. . . . Those  
who direct the destinies of nations. . .  
. . The UNITED NATIONS. . . . The  
president of our nation. . . . The  
teachers of our children. . . .

Let us remember these as we pray  
silently now. Place yourself and them  
before God, asking that He use both  
you and them to make this a better

world. Pray that you may learn to love  
each other. Pray that when God answers  
your prayer with a desire to do some-  
thing about bettering our world-wide  
brotherhood, you *do* it. . . .

"Eternal God, whose power upholds  
both flower and flaming star, To whom  
there is no here nor there, no time, no  
near nor far, No alien race, no foreign  
shore, No child unsought, unknown:  
O send us forth, Thy prophets true, to  
make all lands Thine own. Amen."

**HYMN:** "God the Omnipotent", verses  
3 and 4.

**SCRIPTURE:** I Corinthians 13

**MEDITATION:** "Lord make me an  
instrument of Thy peace" begins the  
beloved prayer of Saint Francis of  
Assisi. Peace can only come through  
people — through you and through me.  
UNITED NATIONS? Peace among men?  
It begins with me, with you.

The "love" chapter of the Bible,  
which we heard a few moments ago,  
gives us the key to unlock the door to  
"peace in our time". We can pray  
"peace in our time, O Lord", but what  
are we doing about it? What simple  
prescription can unite men and nations?

Someone has said that peace is God  
on both sides of the table in a con-  
ference. God is love! Think of God on  
both sides of the table, God sitting in  
at each lawmaking session, God among  
all men, be they red, black, yellow, or  
white, with hands clasped in love and  
understanding.

How do we put God's love into action?  
We do it by exercising patience and  
kindness when creeds and religions  
differ from ours. We do it by keeping  
open minds and being willing to listen  
and to consider both sides.

We do it by putting the power of good  
will to work in our own lives and thus  
in the lives of others. We do it by  
humbly acknowledging our mistakes, by  
showing courage to right our wrong  
doings, and by striving for courage to  
discard our prejudices and hatreds and  
replacing them with tolerance and  
friendship.

We do it by sharing warmth and under-  
standing with all men, holding fast to  
a strong faith in the essential goodness  
of men of all races throughout the world.

"Not what seems fair, but what is  
true;

Not what we dream, but what we  
do;

These are the things that shine like  
gems,

Like stars in fortune's diadem.

Not as we take, but as we give;

Not as we pray, but as we live;

These are the things that make for  
peace,

Both now and after time shall  
cease." — Anon.

**LEADER:** "O God of love, whose  
spirit wakes in every human breast,  
whom love and love alone can know,  
in whom all hearts find rest; Help us  
to spread Thy gracious reign till greed  
and hate shall cease, and kindness  
dwell in human hearts, and all the  
world find peace!"

**HYMN:** "Where Cross the Crowded  
Ways of Life", first and last verses.

**LEADER:** (Points to, or holds the  
United Nations flag.) I am many things.  
I am freedom. I am privacy. I am respect.  
I am honor. No man is too poor or too  
lowly for me to protect. No nation is  
too mighty to avoid my justice.

As I protect you, you must also pro-  
tect me. In order to enjoy your freedom,  
you must not deprive your brother man  
of his.

I believe in the right of the majority,  
but I do not believe that the minority  
has no right to be heard. I believe in  
the protection of homes and families  
everywhere. I believe in the education  
of every man, for his advancement and  
for mine. I believe that I am my  
brother's keeper.

I believe that he that loveth not,  
knoweth not God, for God is Love —  
faith, hope, love abide, these three;  
*but the greatest of these is love.*  
Through love alone can come "peace  
in our time" — love that knows no east  
or west, no north nor south. *I am the  
United Nations flag.*

**BENEDICTION:** Almighty God, who  
holdeth the nations of the world in the  
hollow of Thy hand, keep us always in  
Thy loving care. Grant, O Lord, that  
our hearts may grow in obedience to  
Thy will, that they may be filled with  
brotherly affection and love for one  
another and for all peoples everywhere.  
Grant us the courage to do justice to  
all men, and the understanding and  
humility to live in peace with our broth-  
ers the world around, in the name of  
Him who came with tidings of great joy  
and good will toward all men. Amen



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that the summer we longed so much to see has already gone! We did so many things and entertained so many people, and traveled so many miles, and ate so many wonderful meals! Once again we had our Nova Scotia house party for some of the active members of our church in Springfield, Massachusetts, and this year we entertained twenty-four of them. In addition, both Mary Leanna and David had some of their friends with us at lovely Argyle Lodge.

How fortunate we were with the weather. Just as in previous years, our arrival in Nova Scotia brought the first good weather of the season. Until we got off the boat in Yarmouth, the local natives had had only two days of sunshine between the first of May and the third week of July. We actually sailed across the Bay of Fundy in heavy fog and rain, but once we set our feet on land the sun broke through the clouds. For the next three weeks we had only three bad days. In Nova Scotia they are beginning to say that the summer begins when the Springfield church parties arrive.

What I have been saying about good weather should be tempered with some talk about the perfectly frightful electrical storm we had one Saturday night. Argyle Lodge sits on a high hill overlooking a large lake and miles and miles of forest. When the electrical storms come rolling and thundering in off the cold Atlantic Ocean, the lightning seems to give our hill its worst attacks. On this particular stormy night the lightning struck so close to the cottage where Mary Leanna and her guest were reading in bed that it knocked the electrical fuses right out of the fuse box, sending pieces of glass and clouds of smoke all through the cottage. The girls became hysterical and began to scream for help. Their shouts along with the crashes of thunder and the pounding of the wind and rain put me into quite a state of excitement, and I went dashing out into the storm without hat or coat or even a flashlight. I was relieved to find the girls unhurt, and I hustled them into the main house. I gave up my room to the girls, and I then moved out into their cottage. Never one to be frightened by lightning, I went right to sleep. It was not until morning that I learned there had been a second storm after the first one. While all the people in the house were worrying about me out in the little cottage, I was sleeping peacefully. It was several days



David Driftmier stands beside a monument to seamen which stands in Gloucester, Massachusetts. If you can't make out the lettering on the base, it reads "THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS. 1623 - 1923".

before our telephone service was restored, but we were able to get electricity restored within a few hours.

I realize that probably many of you *Kitchen-Klatter* readers have never visited Nova Scotia, and to you it may be just a name suggesting a foreign land of bleak Canadian coast and vast forests. Actually, Nova Scotia is one of the most picturesque, most quaint and most lovely lands on the North American continent. On a cold, bleak, foggy day, Nova Scotia is not inviting, but then, neither is any other land bordered by the sea. But give it just a little sunshine and the land of "New Scotland" (for that is what Nova Scotia means) becomes every bit as lovely as New England.

Loveliness in Nova Scotia has no special hour or particular location. Follow the seacoast and you will find it in the gay-striped and sun-bleached lighthouses. Through the looking glass of time, you may capture it in some quaint fishing village or by some dismantled stone building that still marks a beauty known long ago when the settlers first established their home in a land which reminded them so much of the Scotland they left behind.

We love to listen to our guests exclaiming about the beauty of the bluest water in the world. When the sun is bright and the sky is clear, Nova Scotia water in all of the lakes and rivers and bays is incredibly blue. Each group of guests is given a cruise out among the many islands which lie just off the shores of Argyle, and when they return in the evening after that day on the water, the conversation is always about the beauty of Nova Scotia.

I took fourteen people deep-sea fishing one day, but before we reached

our favorite fishing spot a few miles off the shore we had to turn back because of the rough water. My how that boat did roll and pitch! When I saw how worried some of the guests were, I told the boatmen to take us into the first calm and protected harbor they could find. We ended up doing our fishing in one of the most picturesque little harbors imaginable.

Someday Betty and I will retire in just such a place. We want to live by the sea where we can watch the fishing boats come and go and where the shore is lined with stacks of bright marker buoys and lobster pots, and where fishing nets are spread along the rocks to bask in the warm sun. Of course, we don't intend to retire anywhere but in New England, the land of my Grandfather Field, and the home of all Betty's ancestors for many generations. For several years we have thought that we would one day retire to live somewhere on the Rhode Island coast, but recently we have decided that just about the nicest fishing village in the East is the little town of Rockport, Massachusetts. Eighteen years from now I shall disclose in this *Kitchen-Klatter* letter where we do intend to retire.

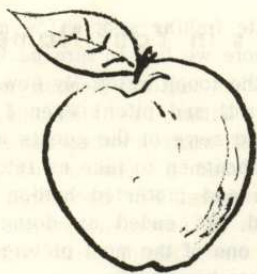
It is strange how we Midwesterners love the sea. Do you know that the area of the United States providing most of the men for our United States Navy is the Midwest? It is a fact! In every one of us there is some secret magnetism which pulls us inexorably towards the sea. As a compass needle swings towards the pole, our thoughts turn seawards, and many are the lads driving tractors in Iowa, Nebraska, and Missouri whose thoughts are of fast ships sailing over blue, blue waters. The soft accent of the sea lives dormant, awaiting expression, within all of us. I suppose that is why I love New England so much. When I first came East to live, I sensed with intuitive rightness that I had come home.

Mary Leanna has started her fourth year at the Northfield School for Girls, the fine school started by Dwight L. Moody seventy-five years ago. She will be the editor of their school yearbook, and that means a very, very busy year for her. Our David is in his last year of Junior High School. He attends an enormous school located about eight blocks from our house. Both of our children love school and church, and for that we are grateful.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*





## An Apple Harvest Luncheon

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

A friend told me of a delightfully different theme for a fall luncheon. I'd like to share some of her ideas, with a few of my own, knowing that there are always groups looking for something new to try in their community.

**INVITATIONS:** 1. Make a folder, using white construction paper. Sketch and paint a large apple on the cover. The invitation, giving time, place, date, etc., is printed on the inside.

2. Cut invitations in the shape of apples from white construction paper. Paint half of them. (Be sure you have a stem and two or three leaves on the apple for a contrasting green color note.) Staple one of the colored apples to the white one to make the invitation folder.

**PROGRAM FOLDERS:** You might use whichever invitation idea was not used for the invitation. How about cutting a folder in the shape of a cider jug from brown paper? Write the theme title, Apple Harvest Time, as the label on the jug. Decorate the label with a picture of a bright red apple.

**TABLE DECORATIONS:** Make miniature apple trees from small branches, tying on artificial apples. Pile a few apples beneath the trees. Place each apple tree on a bamboo mat. (If the mats are old, it would be effective to give each a coat of brown shoe polish for contrast.)

A few small wicker baskets filled with polished apples can be placed here and there on the tables and elsewhere about the room.

An attractive centerpiece, for the head table, perhaps, is made by using three large red apples for the holders of three tall tapers. Melt a little wax and drip it down the sides of the apples. Place the three candles on a grouping of colorful autumn leaves. A few cones and nuts can be added for extra eye appeal.

Perhaps you can locate some old-fashioned cider jugs and apple butter jars to use in the decorations.

If possible, arrange the tables in a large circle, and place a large tree in the center. (Use a Christmas tree stand hidden in a pile of autumn

leaves.) Tie real apples to the branches, and place a small basket of apples under the tree.

**FAVORS** might be real apples or marshmallow apples, painted lightly with diluted cake coloring. When dry, add a clove stem and two leaves. The leaves can be cut from green gumdrops or from green paper or felt, so that they will stand out perkily.

**WAITRESSES** might wear sunbonnets and pretty, full-skirted, gingham-check dresses.

**PROGRAM:** The toastmistress may aptly be designated "The Apple Polisher" for this occasion.

Someone might give a brief account of Johnny Appleseed. A brief story about Johnny, or one about the original Delicious apple, might be run off on a mimeograph and made into little apple-shaped booklets to give as favors to the guests.

Use the old ditty, "Sippin' Cider through a Straw", and the novelty duet number, "When Apples Grow on a Lilac Tree", as musical numbers.

Back issues of *Ideals Magazine*, and others, carry poems of apple harvest time, cider making, etc., which can be used appropriately at this luncheon.

### IN APPLE TIME

In apple pickin' years ago, my father'd say to me,

"There's just a few big fellers, Jim, away up in the tree.

You shinny up an' git 'em. Don't let any of 'em fall;

Fur fallen fruit is scarcely worth the gatherin' at all."

I'd climb up to the very peak of that old apple tree,

'N' find them apples waitin'. My! What bouncin' ones they'd be!

Then with the biggest in my mouth, I'd clamber down again,

'N' tho' I tore my pantaloons, it didn't matter then.

Since then, in all my ups and downs an' travelin' around,

I never saw good apples, folks, a layin' on the ground.

Sometimes, of course, they look all right; the outside may be fair;

## Halloween Fun



**Sad Sack Spooks:** Each guest is given a large paper sack and asked to cut out the eyes, nose, and mouth, and put the sack on his head. Guests pair off and color each others' faces with crayons, with prizes going to the one making the funniest mask and to the one wearing it.

**Flower Bob:** This is a variation of the apple-bobbing game for a boy-girl party. Float large mums instead of apples. The guests bob for them, and the girls wear them in their hair and the boys in their lapels.

**Good Fortune Toss:** For this you will need the largest pumpkin you can find. Carve the face with a huge round mouth. Suspend the pumpkin in a doorway. Each guest, in turn, tries to toss a large flower into the jack-o'-lantern's mouth from some distance away while making a wish. If he is successful, his wish will come true.

**Hidden Spirits:** When your party hits a lull, suddenly switch off the lights. In a loud eerie voice announce that you are opening the door to the next room, and will select one of the group to pass through the door to Spookland, after which the door will be closed. The room remains in darkness while the ghost in Spookland makes mysterious noises (groans, sneezes, hisses, etc.). The other guests try to identify the "ghost". You might do this with several different guests snatched into Spookland.

**Goblin Grinders:** Give each guest a lump of wallpaper cleaner or modeling clay and some shelled corn. Each one is allowed five minutes to mold and fashion a set of false teeth. Award a pair of red paraffin lips (such as children buy at the candy counter) to the one making the best set of teeth.



But when you come to taste 'em all,  
you'll find a worm hole there.  
But leave the windfalls all behind, an'  
the fruit on branches low,  
The crowd grows smaller all the time,  
the higher up you go.  
The top has many prizes that are  
temptin' you and me,  
But if we want to get 'em, we've got  
to climb the tree. —Anonymous





## That "Miracle Bean"

by  
Pearl E. Brown

Nearly 3000 years before Christ, written records told of a little "miracle bean" native to southeastern Asia. It had been cultivated in China and Japan long before these records were kept. Now it is the wonder of modern agriculture.

In the days of antiquity, the Chinese wondered about the "miracle bean's" supposed medicinal properties, and finally discovered its food values. It balanced their diet of rice.

In China and Japan it became a staple article of food. It is still used in these countries in various forms, some of which are soy sauce, oil, and sprouted seeds.

Missionaries returning from China in 1739 introduced the soy bean to France. It traveled to England in 1790, and into the United States in 1804. Since then, its development has been almost miraculous. Dozens of varieties are now grown in America.

Soy beans have become a major crop of great economic importance here. They were first grown in the United States as a forage crop and a legume to restore nitrogen to the soil. The plant belongs to the "pulse" family, and has the peculiar ability of utilizing nitrogen of the air through action of bacteria in tubercles — wart-like growths on the roots.

Today, there are many other uses of soy beans. They are a most nutritious food, with high content of vitamins B and C. Parched beans take the place of nuts. Delicious brown bread and other foods are made from their flour and meal. They are an important source of vegetable oil. Their oil meal is excellent feed for livestock and poultry.

The soy bean has, in addition, become a great source of manufactured products in the industrial field. It is employed extensively in soap-making; boiled and processed in a cobalt dryer, it is used in the manufacture of paints. It has also found a place in varnishes, linoleum, printing ink, plastics, and many other items.

Henry Ford, long ago, studied plastics, and envisioned a new age when entire cars would be made of plastics; harvests of the fields would become the new raw materials of industry. His first success in decorative plastics

was in turning the "miracle beans" into instrument-board clusters.

Agripol, an elastic, rubber-like material, has been made from soy beans. This product, realized from research in 1911 by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, was continued by Reichhold Chemicals, Incorporated, in co-operation with the government.

Because of its lack of tensile strength and wear resistance, Agripol is not considered good material for tires. It is said to be superior to natural rubber, however, for use in molded products and for insulation, shock-absorbing pads, and gaskets.

American farmers were quick to realize the value of crops of soy beans as a soil-building legume. By 1932 this crop was spread over 1,200,000 acres, according to government reports. By 1936 this had risen to 3,500,000 acres, and the crop totaled 39,000,000 bushels.

Figures kept spiraling. According to the Illinois Department of Statistics, Illinois in 1963 alone produced 164,462,000 bushels of soy beans, 23.4% of the U. S. crop, thus ranking first among the states. Iowa ranked second, with 109,290,000 bushels.

Scientists and farmers have found many ways of increasing the yield of "miracle beans". A very inexpensive method benefited my tenant farmer one year between 1937 and 1938, when I was owner and manager of two Iowa farms at long distance.

The tenant on the larger farm that year had just successfully combined and stored our oats when a terrific hail storm cut our fine growing beans to mere stubs sticking up out of the ground. He, a graduate of an agricultural college, and I both thought our bean crop was ruined.

Those "miracle beans", however, gave us a big surprise. The stubs sent out multiple branches upon which bean pods grew, and we harvested more beans per acre that fall than ever before. We considered clipping the growing beans the following year in order to produce like results, but never took the chance. It just might work.

A thousand mistakes can make for a well-rounded education—if you learn something from each mistake.

## What's in Your Name?

Ford means autos, Mennen means toiletries, Tiffany is diamonds, my dear — and many another name has been redefined by one of its more dynamic owners. For uncounted millions, Salk is now synonymous with polio vaccine, Hitler with ruthless dictatorship, Picasso with modern art, etc. But *your* name, though less famous, also means something — and probably did as far back as the 14th century.

At that time, most Europeans began trading in nicknames for surnames. It was then that people began moving away in large numbers from their birthplaces and seeking their fortunes in other towns and villages. Some means of sure, permanent identification became necessary — so Arthur the Baker became Arthur Baker and Red-headed John became John Reid (or Reed).

Maybe your 14th century namesake also had an outstanding trait — Small, Brown, Loyall, Waring (watchful), Frazier (curly-haired). Kellys were fighters, Cassidys inventive, Nolans well-known — but Doyles were dark strangers and Drummonds were lovers!

It might have been his trade that named him — Smith (blacksmith, goldsmith or coppersmith), Clark (a clerk), Prentice (apprentice), Wright (a craftsman), Bailey (a sheriff), Meyer or Spencer (a steward), Marshall (a stable groom), Baxter (a baker), Warner (a guard).

Or his social position — Kents were lordly, Franklins small farmers, Burgesses town officials, Ludlows humble folk.

Perhaps it was his location. He might have lived near a forest (Shaw, Wald), a mountain (Mont, Berg), a broad river crossing (Bradford), a cold spring (Caldwell), a seacoast (Morgan). Maybe he lived in a big city (Fulton) or a hilltop town (Hamilton). He could have taken his name from a specific city — Lincoln, Cleveland, Berlin. Or perhaps he just wanted to be known as the son of his father — Anderson, MacDonald, Jones (Welsh for "son of John"), Ivanovitch. The Irish O' signified membership in a clan or tribe.

Some names are even older, some much more recent. The Romans had both a family and a tribal surname 2,000 years ago. But less than 100 years ago, American slaves had no second names. They were known by their master's family name, and usually kept it as their own after they were freed.

(Continued on page 18)



## A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful day, the kind of day I would love to spend sitting on the banks of our bayou fishing, but this is something I rarely find time to do. In fact, the extent of my fishing is walking down to check my pole once in a while when I need a breath of fresh air and a chance to stretch my legs after I've been sitting a long time making Pixies. Our fishing spot is so close to the house that I can walk to it in one minute. I'm more fortunate than most people — I can fish and get my work done without wasting any time.

Our little picnic-fishing area is looking very nice these days, and I don't know of another place where one can fish in such comfort. Frank took time the other day to mow all the weeds, and with nice comfortable lawn chairs to sit in, it looks as nice as our front yard.

After Frank got the new fence built along the east side of our yard, it looked so nice he decided he would have to get busy and rejuvenate the white picket fence on the south side. At one end of the fence there was quite a jungle of wild plum trees and other tree sprouts, so he took the fence down and cleared all of this out. He reset the posts and put the fence back up, adding a new gate. It has to be painted some day, when we can find the time, and then all the fences around our yard will be in good shape.

Mother is always looking for a new sewing project, so last month I asked her to make me a few everyday aprons. They didn't have to be at all fancy, just half-aprons with a good generous pocket. I have three beautiful aprons (gifts from Frank's cousin Carolyn) which I like to keep clean to wear when I have guests, but I was mighty short on the "everyday" variety. What I'd been wearing around the house had red spots on the front where the melted sealing wax had dropped while making Pixies. Mother was delighted to have something different to work on, and made three for me. Now I feel I'm well supplied with aprons again — plain and fancy.

It has been a long time since I've had my sewing machine out to do any sewing, but the other day I tackled something I'd never done before. In a trunk on Mother's sleeping porch I found an old baby teeter chair that Margery said used to be Martin's. Many babies have used it through the years so it was in a pretty dilapidated condition. I decided to take it home and



We think this is an especially good picture of Dorothy, taken in her sister Margery's home.

see what I could do in the way of fixing it up for my little grandson. First, I bought a small can of yellow enamel and painted the stand. Then I tackled a new cover. The back, seat, and toy tray were made all in one piece, and slipped over a steel frame, removable for laundering. It was made of oilcloth and was very badly worn. Using the original cover for a pattern, I made a new one of blue and white striped ticking, bound with navy blue bias tape. Much to my surprise it fit beautifully, and is strong enough and sturdy enough to withstand many, many washings. I'm proud of my results!

Mother has also been making something for Andrew. When Frank's sister Edna came home from her last trip to Kansas City, she brought a kit containing the stamped material and directions for making a stuffed toy, an elephant. Her first thought was to send it out to Kristin to make, but then decided that she probably would never have time to put it together. One day it struck her that this might be something that Mother would like to do, so she mailed it to her. Mother writes that she has finished it, and that it is simply darling!

As I write this, we're still anticipating a short visit from Kristin, Art, and the baby, and expect that they will be coming very soon. They are waiting for a long weekend when both of them can get away at the same time. Art is manager of all the banquets held in the University cafeteria and has to plan a time when no banquets are scheduled. Kristin is working more hours in the library now. She was working only in the afternoons, but when one of the girls had to have surgery, they asked Kristin to work full time if she could arrange it. Art's mother was taking care of Andrew while Kristin worked and that meant lugging lots of paraphernalia back and forth every day from their own little house. When Kristin started

working full time, they all thought it would be much simpler for everyone if they all lived in the same house. Mrs. Brase lived alone in a large house with plenty of room, so they moved in with her.

Kristin gets up early every morning, gives the baby his breakfast, and gets him ready for the day before she leaves for work. Art's working hours are from 1:00 to 9:00, so he is there to help with the baby in the mornings. When Kristin gets home at 5:00, Andrew has just awakened from a long nap, so she really gets to enjoy the nicest part of the day with him. She gives him his bath in the evening before he goes to bed for the night. From all reports, he is an exceptionally good baby. The weather has been so cool in Wyoming that we're hoping it won't be too hot here in Iowa when they arrive.

Kristin says they will probably drive as far as Shenandoah and stay all night with Granny and Grandpa so everyone will get a chance to see Andrew. Also, they want to pick up Kristin's old crib which has been in an upstairs bedroom at the folks' house for years. Martin, Emily, Alison and Clark all used the crib, and when they were through with it Mother decided to keep it upstairs at her house so she would have a place for babies to sleep if any of the children came home for a visit. It has been used for that purpose many times through the years. Now it is going to be Andrew's crib.

By next month I should be able to give you some first-hand information about our little grandson. I know one thing I'm going to do: Kristin says he has outgrown all of his first infant clothes, so Grandma is going to have lots of fun picking out some new ones!

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

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## ABIGAIL DESCRIBES A NEIGHBORHOOD PICNIC

Dear Friends:

Fall is hanging so crisply in the air this morning that it is a vivid reminder and warning to us all. Summer was just around the last corner and winter lies dead ahead.

Late this past summer our family got around to making a Colorado trip that Margery and Oliver had enjoyed a few years before. Wayne was scheduled to attend a meeting of the Colorado Nursery Association in Colorado Springs so we decided to take the long, long way to get there and make the trip a 2-day vacation. Our first night's destination was Cripple Creek, Colorado. We wanted to spend the night at the restored Imperial Hotel and take in the melodrama that is presented in the hotel's theatre.

Instead of leaving Denver on the 4-lane speedway that leads directly to Colorado Springs, we selected U.S. 285. Although not 4-lanes wide, it is a fine highway and we drove it as far as the town of Jefferson. Here we turned off on the gravel road that follows along Tarryall Creek. One of the campgrounds along the creek provided a diverting picnic spot for lunch. The gravel road joined U.S. 24 which we took for a few miles to Florissant. Here we turned off on the back, graveled road to Cripple Creek.

We checked into the hotel and had planned to spend the remainder of the afternoon walking around Cripple Creek. At the turn of the century almost 40,000 people lived in and around Cripple Creek. Now less than 800 call this city home. The remnants of the city's former population are fast disappearing. But instead of exploring the deserted buildings we watched a spectacular rain and hail storm from the security of the hotel. Residents said it was the most violent and lengthy summer storm they could recall. After the brunt of the storm subsided the county's snow removal equipment got a workout removing the mud and sand which had washed into the streets.

All five of us enjoyed the dinner, the melodrama and the novelty of spending the night in this historic hotel. I won't go into detail since Margery wrote about this a few years ago.

Before the storm we had planned to take the scenic Gold Camp Road from Cripple Creek into Colorado Springs. This is another one of those refurbished (for autos) old abandoned railroad grades. However, we were



Howard, his wife Mae, and sister Lucile stopped briefly in Denver in late summer to visit the Denver Driftmiers. It looks as if Howard's responsibility was to see that Emily, Alison, Clark and a friend did a thorough job husking the corn for dinner. Oh, yes, Lucky, the poodle, was an interested spectator!

advised to leave only on the black-top highway if we wanted to be assured of a reliable road following such a severe storm.

We decided to head right for Colorado Springs in order to arrive in time to tour "The Trianon". The latter is a magnificent home which has been the center of much controversy in recent years. A smaller version of the palace at Versailles, it is furnished with treasures of elegance and taste. Far too costly to maintain in this day as a private home, it was about to be dismantled and torn down, its art treasures and furnishings to be sold. However, a last-ditch attempt to "Save the Trianon" is being made through the operation of the home as a museum. Many of the moneyed neighbors have fought the location of a museum in their exclusive neighborhood and thus the controversy.

The city of Colorado Springs provides many attractive picnic sites in the nearby canyons. We took advantage of one such spot for our picnic lunch. Our children spent the afternoon at the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo while Wayne and I attended the C.N.A. meeting.

Dinner that evening introduced us to a sort of local specialty — the chuck

wagon dinner served at the Flying W Ranch. We were most impressed with the speed with which more than 800 people received filled plates. Following the meal a program of western music and Indian dances was presented. We were tired so we left before the end of the complete program for the drive back to Denver. It had been a most refreshing two-days' vacation.

In a recent letter I mentioned that I had to rush along the closing because we were co-hosting a neighborhood picnic for almost 50 people. It was a family party so this number included children also. Possibly some of you are considering something similar on a fall weekend and would be interested in a few details. We managed to keep everything as simple and easy as could be.

The menu was sirloin tip roast (cooked over charcoal), ranch-style beans, fruit gelatin salad, tossed salad with a choice of dressings, garlic bread, Bavarian Mint pie, ice-cream cones and pop and coffee.

We purchased three sirloin tip beef roasts which totaled in weight about 18 pounds. These were marinated 24 hours, then wrapped in heavy aluminum foil and cooked over the charcoal about 3½ hours. Near the end of the cooking time, the foil was removed so the roasts could absorb some of the smoke and charcoal flavor.

The ranch-style beans are a commercial product which has a chili-type seasoning added. These were merely heated and served. Thinking the children would prefer the fruit gelatin salad, we made up two of the large-size boxes, adding canned fruit cocktail, canned mandarin orange slices and fresh, sliced bananas. For the tossed salad we made French, Italian and Blue Cheese dressings and let each person select and add his own. I made a triple recipe of Lucile's Bavarian Mint pie filling, first lining my spring-form pan with the crumb crust mixture. It was very easy, then, to unmold it and cut thin slices for the adults. The children were served ice-cream cones.

We used paper plates and napkins but used china cups for the coffee. There was practically nothing to do at the last minute because we had deliberately selected a menu where most of the food could be prepared well in advance.

Tonite the family wants dinner early so we can make the high school football game in time for the kick-off. I'd better get busy in the kitchen right now!

Sincerely,  
Abigail

### BEAUTY

My heart shall be attuned to loveliness  
Although north winds may prowl the  
taupe-toned hills;

For if the very thought of beauty thrills  
My inner being, then the Lord will  
bless

Me with rich harvests of His wonder-  
ment

Throughout the year, and I shall be  
content!

—Thelma Allinder





## Parents On Guard

by  
Joseph Arkin and Claire Rudin

"Do as I say and not as I do!" How often do our words say one thing to our children, while our deeds tell them something entirely different.

"Be honest and obey the law," we preach, and then we practice such small deceptions as juggling income tax figures, ignoring speed limits and signs, disobeying rules and laws in a dozen different ways.

Too often parents forget that they are on display before their children, that their actions and attitudes are showing. Children not only reflect the morality, but the entire character of their parents. A home in which adults have a healthy and outspoken respect for the law is rarely a home in which juvenile offenders live.

Yet the causes of juvenile delinquency are very complex. Juvenile delinquency, like a disease, can strike any time, any place, anywhere. Parents who try to understand the causes and symptoms have the best chance of saving their children from harm.

Traditionally, crowded slum neighborhoods of large cities produce three times as many youthful offenders as do other areas. However, it isn't poverty which causes delinquency. Many fine people come from impoverished homes. Family conflicts and parental neglect growing out of extreme want are one root of youthful crime.

But neglectful parents are not only found among the poor. Indeed, some of the worst offenders are comfortable middle- and upper-income parents in whose busy lives there is too little time for their own children. As a result, recent studies show, there has been an alarming increase of delinquency in suburban communities, small towns, and rural areas over the past few years. This increase has been continuing at a faster rate than in the large cities.

An over-indulged youngster in a well-to-do home, without parental affection and guidance, may be ripe for delinquency before he reaches his teens. The job of preventing and curing delinquency early falls squarely on the parents' shoulders. Your child's schools, community centers and youth clubs will help, but they cannot replace YOU and your own love and guidance and vigilance.

A practical set of rules to guide the average parent has been suggested by the National Council of YMCA, along with some answers to specific questions parents have asked.

1. Know where your children are at all times.
2. Know what they are doing.
3. Meet their companions.
4. Make sure they keep regular and reasonable hours.
5. Know how much money they have — and how it is spent.
6. Announce that school and police authorities have your support.
7. Use firm but fair discipline always.

Q. Is the juvenile delinquency problem really as serious as some make it out to be?

A. Yes. Even though it is estimated that not more than 5% of all youths ever get into trouble, the number of arrests of youths under 18 has doubled in the last ten years. In auto thefts alone, youthful offenders account for 64% of all arrests. And they represent 52% of arrests for burglary, 49% for larceny, and 26% for robbery.

Q. How many youngsters are juvenile delinquents?

A. Each year, about 2 million youngsters commit known acts of juvenile delinquency. Approximately 3/4 of these cases are handled directly by the police and family. The rest are taken to court.

Q. Are there special problems when both parents work?

A. Yes. Children left alone may feel rejected and uncared for. When both parents must work to provide for the family's needs, family activities in leisure time must be given special attention. Picnics, sightseeing, hobbies, sports — anything which brings the family together in an agreeable atmosphere — should be planned.

Q. Can a child be given too much freedom by his parents?

A. Yes. Every child needs guidance and discipline. He must be taught he has no right to harm himself or others, or to damage or take the property of others.

Q. Can a parent "drive" a child too hard?

A. Yes, perhaps unwittingly. Don't set unreasonably high standards of achievement — or force a child into your choice of profession when his talents lead him elsewhere. Such demands often breed rebellion in children, which may turn into delinquency.

Q. How can community recreational facilities help curb juvenile delinquency?

A. During the critical, formative years of their teens, youngsters need organized athletic, educational, and spiritual activities. These help develop lasting values of wholesome character, and an appreciation for finding pleasure and fun in decent and honorable ways.

Q. What can I, as a parent, do about juvenile delinquency?

A. Show your youngster he is wanted and loved in the family circle. Take a personal, kindly interest in all he does. Share his hopes, dreams and fears.

All the best schools and new churches and shiny athletic equipment in the world; all the noble preachings and good intentions that parents proclaim, are without meaning if parents fail to set the right example for their youngsters to follow. While you're keeping watchful eye on your offspring, remember that his eyes are on you, too. Make sure that he sees in you the kind of person you want him to be.

## PRETTY PUPPETS

Do you always burn the rollers after your paper towels and waxed paper are used? I did until I discovered the many ways to use them to entertain my grandchildren.

To make hand puppets, cut the paper rollers into circles several inches wide. Also needed are some old socks, buttons of different sizes and colors, rubber bands, cotton for stuffing and some yarn. Stuff the sock toe with cotton to form the puppet's head. Insert the circle of cut cardboard for the neck and fasten around the outside with a rubber band. Cut small holes in body of the sock for fingers of the puppet operator (the fingers make the puppet's arms). Sew on black or brown buttons for eyes, red or pink for the mouth, and colored yarn for hair.

It's best to make several of these while the puppet material is together because each child will expect one for his own.

— Evelyn Pickering



## THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS ATTENDED A CHURCH FAMILY CAMP

Dear Friends:

Now that assorted summer vacations are over I can't help but be amazed at how interesting plain ordinary housework seems. There is absolutely no medication so effective for a weary "housefrau" as a little time away from the house.

We finished up our summer's trips in August with a week's stay at Green Lake which is near the town of Ripen, Wisconsin. This was the annual Congregational Family Campers Week at Camp Robinhood. This is the eighth year that a group of families from our Wauwatosa Church have gathered together to vacation with their children at Camp Robinhood. There were twenty-one couples, and with all of their children it brought the total number to eighty campers. We had such a delightful time that we are planning to go back again next year.

The nicest feature of the camp, as far as all of the mothers were concerned, was the freedom from any kitchen duties. We gathered at a rustic main lodge for all of our meals prepared by a woman known to us only as Marybelle and, as luck would have it, she was an exceptionally good cook. We were seated in individual families, the food was brought to each table in large serving dishes, and when the meal was over the children, or "hoppers", as they became known, cleared away the dirty dishes. From that point on the kitchen employees took over the washing of the dishes and silverware. These little "hoppers" from each family really did quite a job. After clearing the tables, they wiped the table tops with soapy sponges kept in containers of warm sudsy water in one corner of the dining room, and then proceeded to reset the table for the next meal. In addition, each swept the floor around his particular table.

At the beginning of the week, several of the parents pitched in and cleared the tables just as they had at home, but as more and more of the small fry began to help, the feeling seemed to infect all the children and soon even the little tots were helping. Mothers and daddies were sitting and watching in appreciative amazement! That old spirit of competition rose up and each child tried to outdo the other to see which could clear, clean, and reset the quickest.

It was announced at the first meal that, of course, "visiting" guests



Donald and Mary Beth's children had fun riding old Bonnie at the Johnson's farm this past summer.

could be entertained at any table at any time, and for those of us who were new, that was a little puzzling. Soon the mystery was resolved because one by one our children were invited to be guests at another family's table. We would then fill the empty places at our table with someone else's children. Katharine and Adrienne were the most willing visitors in our family, and it was not until Family Camp was almost over that we were able to get Paul to accept an invitation to eat with someone else. I thought this was an inspired idea on someone's part because it gave the children an opportunity to use the manners that we parents had drilled at so consistently without actually getting too far from the nest. And, as in Paul's case, he wouldn't have been extrovert enough to go off by himself. This way, the children became nicely acquainted early in the camping week, and soon none of them were strangers to each other.

The third day we were in camp the regularly scheduled activities began and this is what sold the little Driftmiers on Family Camp. Every morning at seven o'clock sharp the Polar Bears had their swim — this was strictly voluntary for those hardy individuals who wanted to take a dip in the cool of the morning. After breakfast and devotionals there was a Bible school type class held for the different age groups — all except babies who went to the sandbox with teen-age counselors. About an hour or so before lunch, there was a swimming period which had almost 100% attendance. The week we were at the camp was the very hottest of the summer and, as a result, the temperature was perfect for swimming.

After lunch the little children were supposed to rest, which they did almost to a man because there was mile after mile for them to cover within the limits of the camp itself and they were

all ready for a rest. After this came a period of supervised crafts, and the camp was almost as quiet during this period of the day as during rest time. The adults in charge of crafts had bought from a tannery many, many huge sheets or yards of "seconds" in leather, and from this they helped and instructed the children in the cutting and lacing together of beautiful moccasins and sleeveless vests.

There was a period of quiet when the parents were able to meet on the lawn, and during this time we had a discussion of a booklet brought to the camp by a minister. It was a collection of excerpts from letters written by Frank C. Laubach, Ph.D., while he was a missionary in the Philippine Islands.

Before suppertime there was another supervised — again by volunteer parents — swim period, again attended by every child and parent still able to drag himself across the camp grounds and down to the pier. I am proud to announce that in addition to having a delightfully good time and eating like a glutton, I walked off five big glorious pounds. All this in spite of finishing off every evening at the lodge with the other parents, after bedtime for the kiddies, by eating scrumptious big gooey sweet rolls that the cook put out for refrigerator-raiding type adults. These rolls, plus a large container of fresh coffee, kept many of us up in the evenings discussing events of great and small importance.

The funniest sight which I did not get a picture of and shall surely regret was the picture of the daddies of the very smallest kiddies — the ones who could not handle the heavy shears and leather punches that were required to cut out the moccasins — at work. The men would sit around the enormous round table in the lodge, while we relaxed mammamas stuffed ourselves on goodies, and punch holes in the leather and lace parts together. Some grew so enthusiastic that they traced patterns for their own feet and proceeded to cut beautiful moccasins for themselves. This was surely good therapy, but if we girls had tried to get them to take up handwork at home, these ideas would have fallen on deaf ears.

Our week at Family Camp was certainly a vacation and change of pace for every member of every family, and one which I would heartily recommend to any of you who have such programs in your denominations. And I might add that it was an excellent way for the Driftmiers to get better acquainted in their new church.

Until next month,  
Mary Beth



# Recipes

Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### SOUR CREAM SPICE-NUT CAKE

- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in the butter flavoring, vanilla and egg yolks. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour cream, beginning and ending with the dry ingredients. Stir in the chopped nuts and the black walnut flavoring. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold in last. Bake in layers for 30 to 35 minutes, or as one large cake for 50 minutes, in a 350 degree oven.

### HAM HAWAIIAN

- Slice ham, 1 inch in thickness
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 5 Tbls. brown sugar
- 6 slices pineapple
- 6 marshmallows

In the butter, brown the ham lightly on both sides. Add mixture made of the pineapple juice, vinegar and pineapple flavoring. Cover and bake slowly for about 20 minutes. Uncover. Brown the pineapple slices lightly in butter and lay on ham. Sprinkle with brown sugar and lay marshmallow in center of pineapple slices. Return to oven until marshmallow is soft and lightly browned.

### TWO UNUSUAL CHICKEN RECIPES

Frequently we find that chicken is just about the cheapest meat in the counter. It's always good just fried, but since it is cheap and we do serve it often, we've experimented with various recipes to make it more unusual — particularly when we're serving it for guests. These two recipes may sound "wild" and most certainly they are a far cry from just plain fried chicken, but the people who ate these things at my house all went back for seconds — and then called the next day for the recipes.

#### Patio Chicken

- 1 (8 1/2 oz.) can crushed pineapple, lightly drained
- 1/4 cup cooking oil
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1 3 lb. frying chicken

Combine oil, pineapple, lemon juice, lemon flavoring, corn syrup, soy sauce, salt, pepper and ginger. Arrange chicken in shallow baking pan and cover with this mixture. Bake in a 375 degree oven basting frequently and turning pieces once. When tender, place pan briefly under broiler until chicken is brown.

(We doubled this recipe for five people and didn't have a single piece left!)

#### East Indian Curried Chicken

(This is an authentic recipe from India and, as you can see at a glance, is very highly spiced. Do not serve it to people who shy away from spiced food. The people who ate it at my table enjoyed it tremendously, but — they enjoy very highly spiced food!)

- 1 5 lb. chicken, cut in serving pieces
- 1/2 cup butter or cooking oil
- 4 medium-sized onions, chopped
- 3 cloves minced garlic
- 4 bay leaves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 6 whole cloves
- 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and quartered
- 1 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 3 Tbls. curry powder
- 1 Tbls. paprika

Brown chicken as if you were going to serve it "plain" fried. Heat butter or cooking oil in a heavy skillet, add onions and garlic and brown. Then

add bay leaves (broken into small pieces), cinnamon and cloves and cook, covered, for 5 minutes. Add remaining ingredients and stir frequently. Then pour over the chicken, cover tightly, and cook until tender.

The recipe said that this would serve six people, but four got away with every morsel. Serve this sometime when you're sure your guests enjoy highly spiced food. — Lucile

#### CEREAL-DATE BARS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 cups corn flakes

Cream the shortening, butter flavoring and sugar. Add the eggs and vanilla and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt, and add to the first mixture. Add the dates, nuts and black walnut flavoring, then add the corn flakes. Mix well. These can be baked in an 8-inch square pan and cut into bars when they are cool, or they can be baked as a drop cooky. In either case your oven will be at 400 degrees — 18 minutes for bars, and 10 minutes for drop cookies.

#### EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 3/4 cup finely grated carrots
- 3/4 cup chopped cabbage (we used red cabbage)
- 1 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk, chilled

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, add vinegar and chill until it is syrupy. Beat in salad dressing and then fold in vegetables. Whip the completely chilled evaporated milk and add to rest of mixture. Pour into a mold or square pan.

This recipe from a friend in St. James, Minn., first struck us as "just another" vegetable salad, but when we made it up we were hit by the fact that it was truly different — and absolutely delicious. Don't eliminate any of the ingredients no matter how they may strike you. — Lucile



**BROCCOLI-CAULIFLOWER SUPREME**

(New, unusual and delicious vegetable recipes are hard to come by. We consider this a great "find" and urge you to try it.)

- 1 bunch fresh broccoli (around 2 lbs.)
- 1 medium-sized head cauliflower (around 2 lbs.)
- 6 slices bacon, chopped
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. cider vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

First, trim green leaves from cauliflower, leaving the head whole. Cook in salted boiling water until just tender. Drain thoroughly. While cauliflower is cooking, cut broccoli flowerets from stems, cut lengthwise into very thin slices and cook in salted boiling water until just crisply tender. (Do not overcook.) Drain thoroughly.

Fry bacon until crisp, remove and drain on paper. Pour drippings into a cup, measure 3 Tbls. of drippings back into pan and cook onion until it is just soft. Stir in remaining ingredients and simmer for 3 minutes.

Place cauliflower in serving bowl; arrange broccoli in a ring around the edge. Then pour hot dressing over all, and top cauliflower with crisp bacon.

The contrast of color in this dish, plus the delicious flavor of the dressing, makes it a real stand-out. Don't fail to try this.

— Lucile

**RED RASPBERRY WHIP**

- 1 pkg. frozen red raspberries
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar (or Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, using as directed)
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or powdered whipped topping)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

- 12 large marshmallows, cut (or 1 cup miniature marshmallows)

Remove raspberries from freezer and put in bowl to thaw. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in sugar, or Sweetener, and raspberry flavoring. Drain juice from thawed raspberries; add enough water to make 1/2 cup and add to gelatin. Let cool until slightly congealed and whip until light and fluffy. Whip cream or powdered topping and fold into whipped gelatin. Fold in marshmallows and raspberries. Pour into 8-inch square pan and chill until ready to serve. This cuts into very nice squares. It would be lovely served on a doily with a dainty cooky for club or church refreshments.

**SUPER BAKED BEANS**

- 2 strips bacon
- 1/2 cup onion, minced
- 2 cans pork and beans (1-lb. size)
- 2 Tbls. barbecue sauce with tomato base
- 2 Tbls. dark corn syrup
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 tsp. dry mustard

Fry the bacon strips and put them aside to be placed on top of the beans before baking. Remove half the grease from the skillet, then put the onions in the skillet and brown them lightly. Combine in a casserole the beans, onion, barbecue sauce, dark corn syrup, Worcestershire sauce and dry mustard. Place the bacon strips on top and bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour. This amount will easily serve six people, and if you want to fix them for a large group, the recipe can be safely doubled or tripled.

**BEEF MARINADE**

(Used for sirloin tip roasts at Wayne and Abigail's neighborhood party.)

- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup salad oil (or olive oil)
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 crushed clove garlic, or 2 tsp. onion juice

We used this marinade because it is not so highly seasoned as to interfere with the natural good taste of the roast — yet there is enough seasoning to provide zest and moisture during the cooking.

— Abigail

**MONA'S SAUSAGE CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. bulk sausage
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 small can water chestnuts, sliced
- 1 cup raw rice
- 1 can consomme soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- Grated sharp cheese

Brown sausage and onion in skillet. Add remaining ingredients, except cheese, and stir together. Place in a casserole large enough for the rice to expand in baking. Cover with grated cheese. Bake, covered, in a 350 degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. Serves 6.

— Margery

**CHERRY SQUARES**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 3 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Cream butter, margarine, sugar and butter flavoring. Beat well. Add eggs one at a time. Add vanilla and almond flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add gradually to creamed mixture. Beat until smooth. Save back a little more than one cup of the batter. Spread the rest in a large 11- by 17-inch greased pan. Combine the pie filling and cherry flavoring. Spread over batter in pan. Spoon remaining one cup of batter in small "islands" over the cherry layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar. Cut in squares when cool.

This can be baked in three bread pans. Cooled and wrapped in foil, they freeze very nicely. Remove from freezer, thaw and warm in the oven just before serving. Various other fruit pie fillings may be used to vary this delicious recipe.

**SUGARY APPLE MUFFINS**

- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 1 cup apples, finely chopped
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Combine the last three ingredients and set aside for a topping. Sift the dry ingredients together. Cream the shortening and sugar until well blended. Add the well-beaten egg and continue beating. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk and flavoring. Fold in the apples. Fill well-greased muffin tins (or use the little paper liners) about 2/3 full. Sprinkle with the sugar and spice mixture. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve while still warm.



**TURKEY OR CHICKEN CHOW-MEIN**

2 cups broth  
 1 cup chopped celery  
 1 can broken mushrooms  
 1 can Chinese vegetables  
 2 Tbls. soy sauce  
 2 cups (or less) cooked turkey or chicken  
 Tiny sprinkle of salt  
 1 Tbls. cornstarch to thicken (Be sure to dissolve in a little cold broth so it won't lump.)  
 Serve hot over Chinese noodles. Serve additional soy sauce for those who prefer more.

**EASY PEANUT BUTTER ICING**

1/2 cup scalded milk  
 1/2 to 2/3 cup powdered sugar  
 2 heaping Tbls. cocoa  
 Pinch of salt  
 2 heaping Tbls. School Day peanut butter  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 Blend together the powdered sugar, cocoa, salt, peanut butter and flavoring and gradually add the scalded milk. Add more sugar if necessary to make a good spreading consistency. This is an especially delicious icing.

**LEG OF LAMB MEXICAN**

This is a recipe that sounds "wild" and "dangerous", but I can assure you that the results are absolutely terrific. If you have sufficient courage to break away from the run-of-the-mill leg of lamb with mint jelly or mint sauce, I feel confident that you'll be more than delighted with this recipe.

5 or 6 lb. leg of lamb  
 1/2 cup water  
 1/2 cup vinegar  
 1/2 cup orange juice  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1/4 cup chili sauce  
 1/4 cup water  
 1 Tbls. chili powder  
 2 Tbls. olive oil  
 1 medium onion, finely chopped  
 2 cloves garlic, minced  
 3/4 tsp. dry oregano  
 1 tsp. cumin seed, crushed  
 1 Tbls. brown sugar  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Ask the butcher to bone your leg of lamb and then place it in a glass or enamel pan. Combine all of the remaining ingredients and pour over meat, letting it stand in the refrigerator for at least 24 hours and turning it every time you think about it.

When ready to cook, remove meat from the marinade and let drain. Then roast in a very hot oven (450 degrees) for 15 minutes; reduce oven to 350 degrees and continue cooking until meat is done — probably around 2½ hours. Baste very frequently with the marinade. If juices cook off too quickly, add a few tablespoons of boiling water after meat has been removed, stir briskly, and then pour over meat when it is served.

NOTE: I have fixed this meat dish in two different ways — in the oven as described here, and on the rotisserie that was a gift to us two years ago from the people whom we work with at *Kitchen-Klatter*. It is much, much better fixed on the rotisserie! Those of you who do a lot of "cooking out" in the summer months would find this recipe wonderful for your purposes, but keep the heat down (to avoid excessive shrinkage) and resign yourself to basting frequently.

—Lucile

**SPICED CARROTS**

Steam or boil sliced carrots until tender. Combine 2 Tbls. vinegar and 2 Tbls. sugar. Add 1/4 cup butter and 4 or 5 whole cloves. Simmer gently for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove cloves and pour sauce over cooked carrots.

— Margery

# WHY ARE YOU DIETING?



As a general rule, a person goes on a sugar-free diet for one of two reasons: he's been told to do so for health reasons, or he's decided to lose weight by cutting down on calories. Fortunately, calorie-cutting is now easy to do, without giving up the sweet drinks and desserts so many of us crave.

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## KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER



## Apple Butter

by

Edith Harwood

When John Keats became lyrical about autumn he called it "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness". Translated by the women of my mother's generation, "season of mellow fruitfulness" meant long hours of washing, scraping, paring, coring, seeding, straining, cooking, and bottling whatever of the fruitfulness was at hand at the moment. In August the tomatoes were pretty well taken care of; in September it was likely to be peaches and grapes, spicy pickles, and chili-sauce.

But in October, when the real "season of the mists" arrived, it was *apple butter*. My mother made good apple butter. When we came home from school, my two brothers and I, the house would be fragrant with spices and apple pulp simmering on the back lids of the coal range. And at suppertime, when the finished product was piled thick on hot soda biscuits, it was excellence unparalleled. To all, that is, except my father. Now Father was not ordinarily hard to please when it came to cookery, but on the subject of apple butter he had what in the vernacular of a later generation might be called a *thing*. There was no apple butter like the apple butter he remembered from his youth, and every autumn we listened, while the subject was current in the household, to the saga of "how we used to make apple butter when I was a boy at home on the farm".

First, there were the apples themselves — russets — of a variety seemingly as legendary as the unicorn. Once we thought we'd found them, the year we lived on my grandfather's farm — big, golden apples freckled with brown, named "russet". But, no. The ones Father had in mind were small and brown skinned.

He was vague about the actual preparation of the fruit, this being outside his province as a male, but he thought they were washed, peeled, cored, and quartered. Then, and this is the important and inimitable part of the operation, they were transferred to huge iron or copper kettles slung over outdoor fires. These had been placed near the cider mill, and to each had already been brought twenty to thirty gallons of fresh cider which had to be boiled down to just the right stage before the apples could be added. This mix was then stirred, and stirred, and stirred with wooden paddles attached at right

angles to ten-foot-long poles, which insured the stirrer against scorching. Sweetening might be sugar or sorghum, not too much. Nor were there too many spices. The taste of the sweet cider must not be too much obscured. He thought just a touch of sassafras bark went into it!

It was a neighborhood as well as a family project. Men and boys brought wood for the fires, stoking and banking them to keep just the right degree of heat for "slow boil" and "simmer". The women prepared the apples and tested the boiling cider. Everyone took a turn at the paddles, stirring slowly back and forth, while the more experi-

enced women checked ever more closely for color, consistency, and taste, until it was finally pronounced *done*. It was a true festival of autumn, with lunch and sometimes supper eaten under the trees in the crisp air filled with fragrance of wood smoke and steaming apple ambrosia.

This, then, is apple butter such as no one of my generation or yours could ever hope to taste or smell or see. It was a way of life all wrapped up in one confection, a memory cherished over the years, a rite of harvest not to be repeated. Think about it when next you select a jar of "Grandma Somebody or Other's" at the store.



## WHAT A FRUIT TREE!

A fruit tree bearing pineapples, cherries, coconuts and oranges would be quite a novelty, and real fun to have in the garden. Unfortunately, plant breeding hasn't progressed quite that far yet.

But you can have the next best thing: a cabinet full of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. And these cheerful bottles are a lot handier than the mixed-up tree would be. Just a few drops will add delightful flavor and fragrance to whatever you're cooking. Cakes, pies, custards, salads and drinks all come up with new personalities when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** (and a little imagination).

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## IT JUST ISN'T THE SAME

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Last Sunday afternoon Robert suggested to the boys that they go for a hike in the bluffs near Knox, just a few miles west of our home in Sidney. It did not take the younger members of the family long to indicate that *this* was a wonderful idea. My assignment was to stay home and prepare a *big* pancake supper for the hikers. With our black and white collie, who goes by the ridiculous name of *Wheels*, they piled into the pickup and drove off into one of the most beautiful fall days we've had.

The loess bluffs (a fine-grained, yellowish-brown, extremely fertile loam deposited by the wind) run parallel to the Missouri river for many, many miles to form a breath-taking part of the western Iowa landscape. They are rugged as mountains in places, though not as high. The mounds and ridges are covered, for the most part, with grass. Stretches of timber reach back in many places. Enterprising, far-sighted pioneers built their homes in protected areas. Enterprising, far-sighted people of today are building their homes high on the bluff tops. Rolling and swelling, dropping and rising, the view is varied and magnificent.

As the pickup crossed the few miles which separate our home from the bluffs, Robert told his sons about his own childhood in this area. When he was one year old his parents moved to a small, white frame house nestled warmly under one of the protective bluffs in the community of Knox. Since the main highway from Sidney to Nebraska City went right through the town it was, indeed, a thriving center of trade. It boasted a general store which sold everything from machinery to dress goods, from groceries to kerosene lamps. A gasoline station, a blacksmith shop, a frame church which held services once a month, a brick schoolhouse and church (this one had a service *every* Sunday) were just around the curve in the road, and scattered here and there were clusters of houses which made it a bustling center of activity.

The boys were interested in every detail: the gas engine which was very difficult to start but which was essential for pumping water out of the deep, bored well, the washing machine powered by another gasoline engine. It took Grandma *all day* to wash the family's weekly allotment of clothing. Farming was difficult and not very



Craig grew the Birkbys' pumpkins this year. Here he is with his brother Jeff, cleaning out the insides of two for making the scariest jack-o'-lanterns in the neighborhood!

profitable for the little family. The hogs contracted cholera and died. The crops flooded out on the bottom corn land year after year. (Since that time a drainage ditch has been built to prevent such constant devastation). Many a winter the corn crop was barely sufficient to feed the horses, not a very satisfying amount, for the family needed feeding also.

Probably the most exciting experience which Robert related to his boys on the ride was the one which pertained to his running away. He was only four years old, not nearly old enough to go off by himself. His mother was busy washing when she noticed he was nowhere to be found. She called. No answer. She called again. *Still* no answer! Frantic now, she rushed to the road to see if he might have wandered down the lane to the highway. No sign of him there. She had no idea which direction he might have gone.

Getting help was her only thought now. Pushing back into the timber she located her husband and father-in-law sawing wood. They joined in the search. In the meantime, Robert, oblivious to all the commotion he had caused, was wandering through his beloved woods, down into gulleys, and up onto the peaks where he could look far out over the flat reaches of land. Stopping to pick wildflowers and watch a brilliant butterfly, he was humming a little tune to himself when his grandfather finally, by sheer accident, saw him. *Lost?* *Him* lost? My goodness, *no!* He knew where he was all the time.

Never has Robert's love for the rugged bluffs or the wildlife which inhabits them diminished. If he could have purchased the spot of ground he preferred, his new home would have been built on a spot high on a hill overlooking that great sweep of land to the west.

Into this magic land Bob, Jeff and Craig were taken by their father. Knox is almost deserted now; only a house or two remain and the road which still goes to Nebraska City but which has long since been superseded by a highway running near Waubonsie State Park.

After spending the afternoon hiking, running and chasing *Wheels*, the boys came home radiant and ready for the big supper awaiting them. *Wheels* arrived draggin'-tired with her heavy coat full of burrs and seed pods. Robert came in completely disappointed.

"My boys couldn't possibly have as much fun as I used to have in the bluffs, no matter how hard they try. It just isn't the same!" he exclaimed. "The timber used to be beautiful. Where my grandfather went to cut his winter's supply of wood there are now only fallen trees and acres of brush. The dogwood is so thick it is practically impossible to get through. Wild gooseberry bushes, poison ivy, sumac, buckbrush, seedlings and the clutter of fallen limbs have made it a junk woods. The stream that I knew is now a deep, ugly, eroded gully. It almost looks like a canyon."

We sat over our cups of tea long after supper was finished and talked about the many changes which have come in recent years. Can we find someplace to put the blame for the way in which the once lovely timbers have become so neglected?

A desire for an easier way of living has had something to do with the debris left in the forests. The old coal range and wood heating stoves are no longer used and gone with them is the need to chop wood which, in turn, clears the timber of sticks and brush.

Robert reported that the immediate area around their hiking spot had four vacant farm houses. No foraging animals are raised now to clear out the small rubble. Who can say if the demise of the family-type farm has meant the difference? If it were still in existence would the hills and timber be as beautiful as in our childhood?

To our boys we can only plead "guilty" for our generation for not checking more closely on these, nature's beautiful corners. God created perfect playgrounds — trees, streams, flowers and nooks for animals. Many of these we have not protected or preserved. In many parts of our country our children are already paying for our carelessness. We should be thankful for far-sighted men who are trying to preserve our natural treasures and help them in any way possible.



## Still Growing Up

by  
Margaret Aamoit

I feel that I grew up a little today, although I was supposed to be an adult many years ago.

For some time I have felt the need for more room for everything in our little home. Shelves, cupboards and drawers always seem bulging with too much of this and that.

For one thing, one dresser drawer had been filled for years with bath and face towels received as gifts or purchased for their beauty from time to time.

Today, when I washed clothes, I made a decision which, I think, is only one of a whole new series. I decided to take all my old everyday (middle bare) towels, put them in the stack used for shampoos and foot baths, etc., and empty the dresser drawer by putting all the towels into regular use. The old stack which had been used for shampoos, etc. also went through a sorting. Bad ends were cut off and I hemmed a whole stack of smaller towels for use to wipe hands when baking. What a luxury! It made me feel rich. I took some with badly worn centers and cut a fair-sized washcloth from each of the four corners and hemmed them. Then from the center, I made two double dishcloths and sewed around the edge with the machine. There are so many uses for this type of soft cloth around the house at cleaning time and I have a nice fresh stack now.

For some antiquated reason, I had, as of old, kept back something for best and for emergencies, illness, etc. Towels and other things were kept in reserve. Now they are going to be used regularly and rotated on the shelf so that all will be kept in good condition.

There is no longer a fear of them getting gray with modern wash-day aids, so I need have no qualms about bringing out the regular towels at any time for company or emergencies.

Besides, now I have a whole drawer for bed linens, which I badly needed. (Come to think of it, I have a reserve of them, too.)

I am sure that by giving up a few more of my "reserves", living and housekeeping will become easier and not only that, when it is time to replace these things, I will have more beautiful colors and patterns to choose from as modern times march on.

The trouble is that so many of us are saying: "The trouble is . . ." and not doing anything.

## Figure Out How Old

### You Are . . .

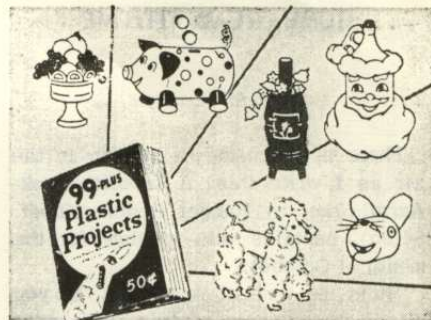
Youth is not entirely a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not wholly a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, or supple knees. It is a temper of the will, quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life. It means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, or an appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up interest wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair — these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whatever your years, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, childlike appetite for "what next", and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place of your heart, there is a recording chamber; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, and courage, so long you are young. When the wires are all down, and your heart is covered with the snow of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then — and then only — are you grown old.

— General Douglas MacArthur



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## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

There is a feeling of autumn in the air as I write this. A favorite book, *Rural Free*, by Rachel Peden (Knopf, \$4.95), contains this wisdom for the month of October:

"It is the time of year when, as you sit by the window reading, your page is likely to be darkened by small, hurrying shadows; and you look out of the window to see whether it was a flock of small summer birds migrating south or a flock of hurrying leaves with the frosty wind nipping their heels."

Yes, I've been "sitting by the window reading" a perfectly wonderful book of true adventure — the biography of *Dr. Bessie* as told by Bessie Rehwinkel (Concordia Publishing House, \$3.00).

Planned as a family record for children and grandchildren, it soon became evident that it contained much historical material of church and national importance. This book should serve as encouragement to missionaries, pastors, ministers' wives, and heroic women who have given unusual services to the church. Perhaps it will spur others on to tell their stories.

Dr. Bessie, born in Galesburg, Iowa, became a doctor in the early years of 1900. After practicing in Hinton and Merville, she moved to Wyoming for a

new start because of the panic of 1907. She, along with three orphaned nieces, learned of the struggles found in pioneering a new country. Her adventures as a lady doctor in the horse-and-buggy days make fascinating reading. The dangers of prairie weather and night driving in the wilderness on a trailing path made for physical hardship, and, at times, disastrous results.

A new chapter began in her life when she patched up the badly-injured leg of a young preacher. On September 28, 1912, Dr. Bessie gave up her medical career to become the wife of a pastor in rural Canada.

The Canadian West was being opened for settlement by the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in 1885. Free homesteads of 160 acres were offered. Settlers came from many European countries, with no guidance for their spiritual care. The Lutheran bodies in the United States inaugurated a mission program for that area, and Dr. Bessie's husband, Dr. Alfred Rehwinkel, became one of these ministers. That the Lutheran Church in Canada is well established is a living monument to the courage and sacrifice of the pioneer ministers and their wives. Dr. Bessie later saw her husband become president of a ministerial college and a seminary professor in St. Louis.

The best-selling novel *Convention* (Harper and Row, \$4.95) by Fletcher Knebel and Charles Bailey II is timely. The plot concerns Charles B. Manchester, obvious choice of the national

convention, and his opponent, Bryan Roberts. Because of a candid statement by Manchester at a press conference, the odds suddenly changed. The convention that began quietly became politically riotous. It provides suspenseful reading and exciting moments as we learn who is selected — on the first ballot — as the mythical nominee for President.

The *Little House* books by Laura Ingalls Wilder continue to fascinate youngsters and oldsters alike. If you have not yet become acquainted with them, do make an effort to read them, beginning with *Little House in the Big Woods* (Harper and Row, \$3.50). Here Laura recalls her first years in a log cabin in Wisconsin in the late 1860's.

A letter from my friend Roberta suggests a novel way for entertaining. She writes, "We asked my parents to 'break bread' with us recently. The boys wanted me to cook an old-fashioned breakfast. They read in *Farmer Boy* (the story of Mrs. Wilder's husband, Almanzo, as a boy on a farm in New York State a hundred years ago) all the makings for such a menu, and that is what we had to eat. We enjoyed it, too, but did feel we needed to cultivate 40 acres to work it off!"

I checked the breakfast menu in *Farmer Boy* (Harper and Row, \$3.50) by Laura Ingalls Wilder and here it is:

"There was oatmeal with plenty of thick cream and maple sugar. There were fried potatoes, and the golden buckwheat cakes, as many as Almanzo wanted to eat, with sausages and gravy or with butter and maple syrup. There were preserves and jams and jellies and doughnuts. But best of all Almanzo liked the spicy apple pie, with its thick, rich juice and its crumbly crust. He ate two big wedges of the pie."

Would anyone care for a second helping?

### WHAT'S IN YOUR NAME — Concluded

Many newcomers to this country had their names Americanized by immigration clerks who couldn't spell the original names, and substituted their own version on official records. Asked the English equivalent of his complex first name, one German immigrant replied "Fergessen" — which means in German, "I forget". The clerk entered him as "Ferguson" — and to this day he is known as Ferguson Himmel.

True success is measured not by dollars, but by service and character, understanding, and work. These are the elements of each individual's success.

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For those who have enjoyed the *Little House Books*, there is a later publication entitled . . .

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## Pet

...  
or Pest?

by  
Mike Butkiewicz

Hasn't everyone known times, just before leaving on an errand, when your mother says "Now, wouldn't you like to take little Joe (or Jane) with you?"

The idea isn't appealing but Mother has already decided so your arguments are wasted. The chore is yours!

Getting yourself ready is simple. Little Joe might be outfitting for a polar expedition, the time he takes. Mother is insisting on neat, clean clothing but he's well-pleased with something Pete, the tramp, would discard. Jelly and peanut butter on the face isn't dirt — it's Indian war paint.

Finally you're ready to go. Sometimes, pretending both are marching soldiers will get you nearly a block away before a favorite gun is remembered. A quick promise of bubble gum and looking through any plane down (heaven forbid) on the ground will prevent a quick return trip.

Plan to enroll in a course of sidewalk suburbia as seen through the eyes of a pre-schooler. Expect subjects to be something like a dead bird, broken tree limbs, street repairs, Diesel trucks, or rescue squads. Have ready an enormous supply of patience and answers to varied questions.

Progress enroute is an unpredictable matter. You have to walk slowly enough so these sights are seen — and preferably touched. However, allow too many such inspections and you'll never get home.

Become all eyes and ears upon reaching your destination. All desirable objects are to be avoided so there will be no breakage or shoplifting — either extremely expensive. Keeping the child right by you is important, too, or he's apt to become lost (oh, happy day). All this requires careful handling or you might have to start home early.

If a stop at the library is scheduled, don't count on it too much. The books (all your card permits) that you take out will be of the pre-school type. Hope several picture books have to be scanned thoroughly right there if you absolutely have to study or do some research.

The return trip will have to be made a little faster unless you want to carry Joe, library books, and other objects. Tact and wit are necessary more than ever since he is tired.

Increase your patience and humor. (What humor?) That dog doesn't really want to chase him. Walking around a mud puddle is better than splashing through it. Plan only a quick greeting to any friends you meet. Have extra gum handy in case Joe lost his when he tripped. The handling of these situations will determine whether you reach home with a happy or howling child.

While he naps, then, and you relax with several cookies and a glass of milk, think back over that whole trip. Next time you could sneak out before Mother knows there was an errand planned, leaving Joe working on a sandbox Indian village.

Perhaps, though, you will decide to take him along again. Some of those incidents were really funny. You had forgotten how interesting life was at that age. Too, weren't you proud to be the big person in his life — and even more so as he bragged to Mother about his great adventures?

### YOUR TIME — PRICELESS

None of us can truly appreciate the value of time — the opportunity we have each new day to live.

As one grows older, the hours become more precious. We realize time passes quickly, and only in memory can any of it be recalled.

The greatest of all wastes is the waste of time.



When your husband starts to rake those leaves, you realize that it's time to start fall housecleaning.

We'll have some good menus and recipes for those busy days, as well as some helpful hints to make your cleaning easier.

Listen to the Kitchen-Klatter radio visit each weekday over one of the following stations:

KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
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### THE TOUCH OF FLOWERS

"I'm not much for flowers," the old man said  
With a rueful shake of his silvery head,  
"But these were HER flowers, and these I will tend  
Though my fingers are clumsy and my back slow to bend.  
She loved them so, they brightened her life —  
A wonderful woman, Sarah, my wife."  
Bravely smiling though his sad heart grieves,  
He tenderly touches begonia leaves.

— Lula Lamme



### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
*Eva M. Schroeder*

October is the month for cleaning up the garden, planting fall bulbs, and enjoying the last few days of glorious fall weather. Indian Summer usually arrives in October, giving us a few days of warm, hazy weather. Take advantage of these golden days when the sky is clear to do the last of the gardening chores. Garden tools ought to be collected, scoured in oily gravel, and placed in a dry shed. The lawn mowers can be cleaned, emptied of oil and gasoline and stored for winter. Alfred usually removes the spark plugs

from the motors and pours in a teaspoonful of fine oil. This lubricates the cylinders, he says, and makes for easy starting in the spring.

Drain the garden hose and put it in a dry storage place. Plastic hose becomes brittle in cold weather and breaks easily, so is best put away when still warm and pliable. Lawn furniture should also be stored out of the weather elements. If you have a warm storage place, winter is a good time to repaint and repair your gardening equipment.

Some gardeners do not remove the frost-killed foliage of perennials or annuals in the garden because they feel the dead material acts as a protective mulch and also collects and holds snow for added moisture. In many instances this debris serves as a breeding place for insect pests and may harbor diseases. It is better to gather up all dead material and either burn it or place it on the compost heap.

Except in the extreme Northern sections, it is too early to cover plants for winter but it might be wise to lay in a supply of winter mulch such as marsh hay, evergreen branches or any coarse non-matting material that is cheap and available.

A nurseryman told me that most young evergreen trees are lost the first year because they go into winter too dry. If it doesn't rain often, soak the soil around these plants thoroughly once a week right up until the ground freezes. Pile or mound soil to a depth of ten inches around hybrid tea, floribunda and grandiflora roses. Then place a collar around each plant and fill it with dry leaves. You may have to put wire netting over the leaves to hold them in place. Roses so protected have always come through our Minnesota winters in fine shape.



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## Character Dolls Made from Apples

by  
Mildred Bromley Grenier

Adorable character dolls made from apples are fascinating, simple, and inexpensive to make, and are delightful gifts to give or sell.

To make the heads for these dolls, select medium-sized, defect-free, firm apples; a slightly green apple is fine to use, and Jonathan apples make very good heads. Peel the apple thinly, around the apple. Stick a metal meat skewer up through the core from the bottom of the apple, and hang by the skewer to dry. Hang the apple where there is good circulation of air and do not allow the hanging apple to touch anything that may cause it to dry in misshapen form.

Allow the apple to dry out thoroughly — for at least two or three weeks. After this length of time, you will find that the apple has become hardened, and, in drying, has shriveled to form natural features for the face of your dolly. You will have fun looking the apple over closely, and deciding whether the features will make a better man, woman, boy, or girl doll. Then you must decide where the features must be. When you have decided where the nose will be, glue a black, brown, blue, or green bead on each side, at the top of the nose, for the eyes. Glue one red bead or two or three very small ones to form the mouth or lips. Unless the doll is to be a bald-headed man or a very young baby, unravel black, brown, or yellow yarn and glue to the top of the head for hair.

Now you are ready to make the body. A pipe cleaner can be twisted around the skewer and the ends extended to form the arms of the doll. Bend the tips of the pipe cleaners back to form the hands. Wind strips of white gauze or other cloth around and around the skewer until you have made the body the thickness you desire; secure the end of the cloth strip with needle and thread. You can make pipe-cleaner legs and feet for the doll in the same manner that you made the arms, carefully pushing a pipe cleaner or wire through the lower part of the body, and bending down the ends to form the legs, with the tips bent back to form the feet. However, if your doll is a girl or woman doll, you can dress her in a full, stiff skirt and she will stand without benefit of legs or feet.

You can make or buy the clothes for your dollies. Complete their outfits with hats, caps, or bonnets. There are

many little finishing touches that you will think of to make your dollies even more lifelike. For instance, I have seen them wearing tiny strings of beads and other jewelry, with miniature pipes stuck in the men's mouths, and with purses, hoes, rakes, or brooms in their hands. One can make entire families of apple dolls, from grandma and grandpa down to wee babies. It is an enchanting hobby.

## HUNTING COWS

With roving eyes,  
Quick short steps down the hill.  
With tired feet I walk  
Nearing my goal.  
In green thickets  
I look and call and look some more,  
Then,  
I see them grazing there;  
They stamp at biting flies.  
Their heads they toss and then  
The homeward trek begins.

— Letha B. Reames



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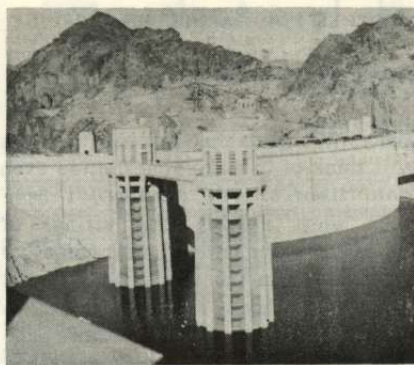
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A view of Hoover Dam.

**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**

It was such a thrill, upon arriving in Salt Lake City, to learn that we could be present at the Mormon Tabernacle when the choir presented its Sunday morning broadcast. The choir is recognized as one of the finest in all the world and we are pleased to have most of their wonderful recordings in our home. Yes, we drove out to see Great Salt Lake, but didn't take a swim.

Heading north, still, we drove through Cache National Forest and arrived at one of the most beautiful of lakes, Bear Lake, half of which is in Utah, and half in Idaho. Our destination was Jackson, Wyoming, and we arrived in late afternoon. I described this area two years ago when Martin, Kristin and I were there, so I won't go into detail again.

Up bright and early, as we were every morning on the trip, we drove north through Teton National Park and into Yellowstone National Park. Oliver had never visited Yellowstone, so he much enjoyed the drive through the park, seeing its many wonders. It was late when we returned to Jackson, simply exhausted. It isn't advisable to try to see all of Yellowstone in one day as we did.

We drove south to Rock Springs, and across the state of Wyoming to Laramie. This was really the high spot of our trip for we saw Kristin and Art's baby son for the first time, and what a thrill it was! I just couldn't get enough of holding him, and the only reason we could pull away was because we are expecting them back in Iowa any day now. You can be sure my camera will be ready for pictures when they arrive.

And now I must close until next month.

Sincerely,  
Margery

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

find it hard to refer to this New Mexico place for Russell bought it as a retirement home for us, and now it is so extremely difficult to know what to do about it. I'm sure that many of you have faced variations of this problem and know how hard it is to arrive at some kind of a decision.

On Sunday we had quite a crowd at the table for Margery, Oliver and Martin had arrived, and Juliana had come up from Albuquerque with a friend. We had a big pork roast dinner in the early evening, and somehow with this many members of our family at the table I could almost imagine that we were back in Iowa!

Juliana was in summer school while we were there, but she managed to get up twice to see me for good visits. I was much impressed by her efficiency in the kitchen! I just hadn't realized how speedy she'd gotten, how well organized she was, what a good cook she really is! We had several delicious meals while she was there and I can honestly say that I had very little to do with getting them on the table.

There is more that I could say about my trip, but space is limited and I want to come back to the present and tell you how thrilled we were when Kristin, Art and little Andy stopped by for the night. They had only two days in Iowa, but all of us were grateful for even the short time they could spend with us because we had our first chance to see the baby. He is a darling! I just hope that Marge was able to get some pictures that do him justice. If this weren't the very last page going on the presses, I couldn't have gotten this bit of news into the magazine. Dorothy will tell you about their visit next month.

Other than this things have been jogging along in the same way. Now we are into autumn and I can only say what everyone else seems to be saying: whatever happened to summer?

Faithfully always . . . . .

Lucile

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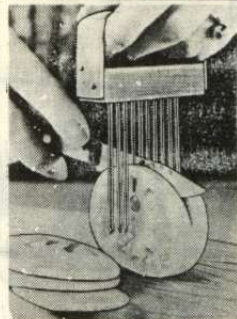
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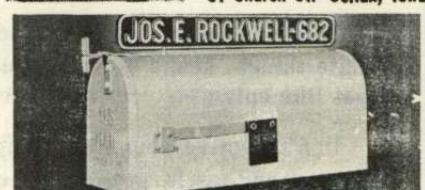
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## A Hobo Hootenanny

by  
Virginia Thomas

Chilly mornings, haze on the horizon, the first falling leaves — all these and other signs signal cold weather just around the corner. So let's take to the woods for one last picnic around a campfire. A Hobo Hootenanny should fill the bill.

### Invitations

If written invitations are used, write them on autumn leaves cut from colored construction paper. Decorate each one with a miniature hobo knapsack made by using a twig to which a tiny square

of red bandana has been tied. Sketch in a few musical notes.

The invitation may read something like this: In hobo garb you're asked to come to a Hobo Hootenanny and join the fun. A coffee can you're asked to bring, and lots of enthusiasm for our sing. Meet us at the gate of Greenwood Park on Tuesday eve, just at dark. (signed)

### Refreshments

The coffee can will be used for a bowl to hold "hobo burgoo" or "mulligan stew", served from a large kettle hung over a campfire and ladled out by the king of the hobos at refreshment time. If your group is one of genuine

campers, let each fill his coffee can with layers of sliced potatoes, onions, carrots, hamburger, and seasonings, wrap securely in foil, and bake over the hot coals while the gang takes part in the hootenanny and games.

With this coffee-can main dish serve crisp rolls, pickles, with doughnuts or apples for dessert. Cider, coffee, milk, or cocoa can be offered as the beverage, depending on the tastes of the crowd.

### Entertainment

Almost everyone enjoys an informal song fest, so choose a good song leader to be master of ceremonies, pull all the stops, and have fun! So many folks nowadays have taken up the ukulele, guitar, accordeon, or autoharp that you should have no trouble finding someone to be accompanist. If not, a portable record player can be used. If you have a good leader and plenty of enthusiasm, you can sing without any accompaniment at all, which is perhaps the most fun.

Often the leader can follow the whims and suggestions of the group as to what to sing, but it's wise to have some song ideas in mind — western ballads, folk songs, and hymns — in case no tunes are volunteered.

Choosing, by popular vote, a King and Queen of the Hobos could be a fun-making event for the party. Drape the chosen queen in a burlap sack or horse blanket for her "royal robe". Their crowns should be anything from a short length of stove pipe, to braided corn-husks, or a wreath of seed pods and nuts — anything for laughs.

The royal couple might hold a kangaroo court, making those not singing, or not in costume, pay a forfeit.

If you have four in the crowd who like to "ham it up" on occasion, make arrangements ahead of time for them to do a hobo version of the popular Beatles at some time during the program. Be sure to tip off the song leader to give them a big build-up before their appearance. Other personalities, well known to T.V. viewers, might be impersonated equally well.

"Mixer quartettes" is a singing game to add spice to the hootenanny. Before the party the hostess will write the verse and chorus of a song on paper plates — a different song on each plate. She cuts each plate into four jigsaw pieces. Later these pieces are tied up in a large bandana, leaving a hole so that each guest can reach in and draw out a piece of a plate. At the leader's signal the players match the pieces, and each group sings its song. A prize might be awarded to the best quartette.



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