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— H. Armstrong Roberts



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Today I am writing to you from my home north of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and since my typewriter is set up on the dining room table I can look out over desert and mountain ranges — so very, very different from what I look out on in Iowa that it seems like another world entirely. I hadn't been out here for several months and I'd forgotten the details of the landscape.

This trip out was certainly not like any of the other trips I've made here in these past five years. Russell and I used to cover the ground in a day and a half, and I'll admit that this didn't allow for any loitering around! In contrast to one night on the road, my friend and I took it slow and easy from the time we left Shenandoah and at least some of the highways we traveled were not familiar to my eyes.

The first day out we turned west off the big new Interstate south of St. Joseph and went over to Leavenworth, a town not at all familiar to me. I knew, of course, that Fort Leavenworth was a big army post but I certainly hadn't realized how huge it is until we drove all around it and covered practically the whole thing. I cannot make an honest claim to being familiar with military bases of any kind, but Fort Leavenworth surely looked enormous to me.

We turned south at Leavenworth and drove as far as Fort Scott, our destination for the night. This town was of particular interest to my friend for she had lived there for a year or so when she was about fourteen, and if you've ever gone back to a place after forty years or more you know how many memories are associated with old landmarks, and how startling it is

to see entire new sections built up in what you recalled as open country. It took her quite a time to find the house where they once lived and the reason was clear enough when she finally discovered it: the place had been completely remodeled.

From Fort Scott we drove to Pittsburg and I certainly thought about you radio friends who listen to Kitchen-Klatter over station KOAM! We found a comfortable motel right at the edge of town and actually spent two nights there — and I say "actually" because never before in trips back and forth to New Mexico had I ever spent two nights at any one point. Pittsburg has a fine state teachers college and we had an opportunity to learn about its growth and programs when we were entertained at the home of a faculty member who teaches in the English department. He and his wife have been there for sixteen years and they've seen tremendous changes in the school and in the town.

After we left Pittsburg we headed for the Oklahoma turnpike, and the country this traverses is amazingly beautiful; it reminded me in many places of New England because of the green woods that extended for miles. If people haven't seen that section of Oklahoma since the Dust Bowl days they simply wouldn't believe their eyes.

It had been our intention to do some sight-seeing in Tulsa, but the traffic was sufficiently heavy to discourage us, so we got through there as quickly as possible and took the turnpike again for Oklahoma City. We expected to pick up U.S. 66 at Oklahoma City, and this brings me to one piece of advice that I'd like to pass on. If you are taking 66 west of Oklahoma City be positive that you get into the left

lane and stay there. The traffic in that section is terrific and if you don't squeeze into the left lane and stick right in it, you're sunk. Three years ago Russell and I had trouble at this point because the traffic was so heavy we couldn't get into the left lane for turning off at U.S. 66, and after having more trouble at the same point I made a mental note to warn you friends that it's imperative to get into that left lane at the earliest possible moment and to stay right there, no matter what.

If you friends have traveled on Highway 66 you know that it is mighty busy, to underestimate the situation, and we were driving on it at the climax of the summer vacation period. I think that every other car was hauling something — in fact, we felt almost conspicuous without having a trailer or a boat attached to our car. By 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon we observed that all of the motels looked alarmingly full, so we left the road at Clinton and stopped at a very big motel that was just taking its final vacancies. If we had gone beyond Clinton I'm not a bit sure that we would have found a place to put our heads that night.

Incidentally, at Clinton we saw four Chihuahuas traveling with their owners, and in all of my trips I had never before seen a Chihuahua at any motel. Three of these dogs were of the same breed as my Jake, a breed known as a deer-type Chihuahua. The fourth was most startling, to put it mildly, because it was pure white with one brown stripe down its back and two big brown ears. I had never before heard of a white Chihuahua.

The next day we idled — you really couldn't call it anything else. We left the road at Tucumcari about three in the afternoon and settled in at a big new motel, one that had opened for business since I was last on that highway. It seemed very early to leave the highway, everything considered, but when we came back from dinner around 6:30 that place was full and it had 100 units. You get the sensation that the entire country is on the move when you see license plates from all over the United States.

I think that most people who travel on 66 stay right on it until they reach

(Continued on page 22)

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Now that the summer is just a pleasant memory and before the demands of my church work get me so involved that I forget some of the things I promised to tell you, I want to "fill you in" on a few of the delightful events of recent months. In spite of the terrible drought in the Canadian Maritime Provinces, our family lodge in Nova Scotia had plenty of water. Our neighbors were out of water, and by the end of the summer many of the forest streams that provided emergency supplies had gone dry, but our three wells held out.

Have you ever heard of the old Indian custom of putting a live trout in a well to help keep the water clean? Until this past summer, I had not, and one day when I went to measure the water in the well and my flashlight picked up the outline of a large lake trout swimming about in our drinking water, I gasped with surprise. The caretaker of the property told me that the trout had been in the well for several years, and that it would be in there several more years before being replaced by a younger one.

You folks who have a home in a deeply wooded area, know what it is to fear forest fires. Believe me! we had our fears in Nova Scotia this past summer. I had never seen the woods so dry, and one bright, sunny day a strong wind off the ocean made the fire danger very great indeed. At the breakfast table that morning I had said: "By the sound of that wind, I hate to think what would happen if a fire started today!" Fifteen minutes later when I went out of doors, I heard a fire siren blowing way off in the distance. Dashing back to the house, I called the telephone operator and asked where the fire was. My heart jumped into my mouth when she answered: "Dr. Driftmier, that fire is on the road from your lodge down to Eel Brook Lake, and the way the wind is blowing I hope they get it stopped right away!"

It is with fervent prayers of gratitude that I tell you the fire was stopped in the first fifteen minutes. The village fire chief told me that had the volunteer firemen not arrived on the scene when they did — had they been just ten minutes later — all of our woods would have gone, and probably the barns and cabins would have gone too. As a matter of fact, had the fire not been stopped we would have had



In her letter last month Mother told about the dedication of Gold-enrod School, where the great 4-H movement was started by Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, as a historical site. In this picture Aunt Jessie is cutting the ribbon reopening her school. Ed Fulk, treasurer of the Page County Historical Society, is shown with her.—Photo by Clarinda Herald Journal.

to escape in boats across the lake, for the fire would have burned in a sweeping path across our one road of entry and exit.

On our way home from Nova Scotia we stopped in Maine to visit with friends, and just before our arrival they had a terrible fire scare. One of the firemen came in to call and to tell us about the fire a short time later, and he said that our friend's home was within minutes of being caught in the flames. There again it was a case of volunteer firemen being able to stop the fire before it really got started. The firemen said: "When we got there we knew we had just five minutes to get that fire under control! Just five more minutes, and this house and all these woods for miles around would have gone up in smoke!"

Except for the fire scares, our summer was a happy one in every detail. The young people from our church had a fine time fishing and sailing. Counting our own son, David, we had thirteen boys and girls of high school age with us in Nova Scotia. After the bible class in the morning, they would be off to the boats or down to the beach. In the evening we would worship together in front of a large fireplace. One night we had as our guests all of the young people from the village church, and then on Sunday

evenings we would attend the village church service.

If you want a fishing thrill, just catch a shark on a light trout rod. Several of us did catch sharks on light rods. As a matter of fact, we caught so many sharks that we almost despaired of catching anything else. One shark fought so hard that he snapped my rod in two! The most exciting fishing in the world is tuna fishing on notorious Soldiers' Rip. The Soldiers' Rip is claimed to be the roughest and stormiest bit of water on the North American coast, and after one day on the Rip, I could believe anything about it. Tuna fish on the Rip usually run between 400 and 900 pounds, and when one of those fighters takes your bait, you know it!

Whenever we take guests on a fishing trip, we arrange to have some of the fish caught served for breakfast the next day. This was a good year for catching tinker mackerel, and in one day we would catch as much as 200 pounds of mackerel. We fried mackerel in bacon fat and served them hot off the stove. My mouth waters as I think of it! Sometimes in the evening we would have baked haddock or baked blackfish and that always made a big hit with our guests. On Saturday evenings we had boiled lobster, and on Sunday evenings we would have cold lobster salad. Nova Scotia is a great place for seafood.

One day when Betty and I were down at the pier to meet some friends who were arriving from the United States on the famous Nova Scotia ship, The Bluenose, we saw a big tour bus with an Iowa license. In a few moments I learned from the bus driver that the bus was from Des Moines and was soon to board the Bluenose for the return trip to the United States. Several of the women passengers on the bus were listening to my conversation with the driver and soon one of them asked: "Are you by any chance Frederick Driftmier from Shenandoah, Iowa?" Well, you can guess what happened then — we were surrounded by *Kitchen-Klatter* friends. Some of them asked us to pose for pictures, and we had lots of fun joking about that. On the night before, I had seen some of the people on that tour in a hotel dining room, and had I known then that they were from Iowa, I would have invited them over to our place for a visit.

When I returned to the church after a wonderful summer vacation, I was heartsick to learn how much of the

(Continued on page 22)



BRIDGE FOR TOMORROW

A Service on Being a World Neighbor

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Second Reader: *He said unto him, what is written in the law? How readest thou?*

First Reader: *And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.*

Second Reader: *And he said unto him, Thou has answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.*

First Reader: *But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?*

In Unison: (If possible, have copies so audience may join in this part.) *And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: And when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: And when he saw him he had compassion on him. And he went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said to him, Take care of him: And whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?*

Prayer Poem: Lift up our hearts, O King of kings, to brighter hopes and kindlier things; to visions of a larger good, and holier dreams of brotherhood. Thy world is weary of its pain, of selfish greed and fruitless gain, of tarnished honor, falsely strong, and all its ancient deeds of wrong. Almighty Father, who dost give the gift of life to all who live, Look down on all earth's sin and strife, and lift us to a nobler life. Amen

Setting: Before a grouping of flags of many nations, place an arrangement of odds and ends of short pieces and blocks of lumber. You might use children's building blocks.

Quiet Music: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" for prelude and as background for reading of opening poem.

Leader:

THE BRIDGE BUILDER

An old man going a lone highway, Came at the evening, cold and gray, To a chasm vast, and deep, and wide, Through which was flowing a sullen tide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,

The sullen stream held no fears for him;

But he turned when safe on the other side

And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near, "You are wasting strength with building here."

Your journey will end with the ending day;

You never again will pass this way; You have crossed the chasm deep and wide.

Why build you this bridge at even-tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head; "Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,

"There followeth after me today

A youth whose feet must pass this way.

This chasm that has been naught to me,

To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.

He too must cross in the twilight dim. Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

—Selected

Scripture: Two readers, reading responsively.

First Reader: *And behold a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?*

Music: A recording of "He's Got the Whole World in His Hand", or other appropriate music.

Meditation Thoughts: THINK ON THESE THINGS. Today, mankind is constantly threatened by the whirlpools of hate in a sea of misunderstanding, suspicion, and tyranny. All around us are pessimists who dare to tell us that the future holds no hope. There has always been war and there always will be, they tell us.

Thank God, there are also in our midst the optimists; those who have the vision to see the dim outlines of a new world! Wherever they are, they keep before themselves, and others, this vision of hope. Sound thinkers are searching for the building stones of the future out of which can be erected a stable civilization that will endure and that will provide all men the ingredients of lasting harmony — building a bridge for tomorrow, for those who follow.

THINK ON THESE THINGS. WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING? Listen to another challenge.

When we see a cow or a horse reaching over a fence to obtain grass growing on the other side, even though standing in a grass-carpeted pasture, we may comment about the dumbness of animals. However, when we humans do some reaching over the fence, we are always careful to label our efforts "ambition".

The yearning for greener pastures arises out of dissatisfaction with things as they are, or from envy, pride, desire for power, or intolerance. They all have a way of confusing the issue, and start us hunting to gain our desires the easy, selfish way, with no thought for our brothers or the common good. The itching sensation some people mistake for ambition, is merely inflammation of the wishbone, or selfish infection of the heart. Where do our personal ambitions lead us? THINK ON THESE THINGS.

People who look to governments for security, and to administrations which glibly promise it, are seeking that which will never come to pass. Man was promised his living by the sweat of his brow. Spiritually, physically, socially, nothing of value comes without work; the work of the hand, or the labor of the heart.

Think of the pioneers in our own land. They met the wilderness on its own terms and pushed it back. Men and women worked together to build their homes and to rear their children with what the land had to offer. AND THEY HELPED ONE ANOTHER. To (Continued on page 21)

THE NORTHWEST ENCHANTS OUR DENVER FAMILY

Dear Friends:

By the time the postman delivers this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* to your home, we'll be settled deep in the routine that is an integral part of having school-age children. At this point it seems hard to believe that only a few short weeks ago our family was scattered across several hundreds of miles.

I'll leave it to Dorothy to tell about farm life with a young teenager on the premises once again. Alison had a marvelous time living with Frank and Dorothy throughout the weeks of mid-summer. I'm sure she must have grown at least six inches and changed personality five times during this period and since she returned.

Clark repeated his enthusiastic response to camp. He particularly enjoyed the over-night hikes and leather craft. It rained much of the second week he was there. I had carefully preserved a supply of worn-out clothing to send with him. I can't tell you what sheer joy I experienced when, upon confronting those mud-saturated sox and jeans, I just dumped them into the trash can.

Wayne, Emily, and I spent a packed fifteen days conventioning in Portland, Oregon, and returning to Colorado via western Canada. This is far too short a time for such a trip. But all three of us enjoy just seeing the scenery as we drive along, and there certainly was an abundance of that.

We drove out to Portland by way of Salt Lake City, Boise, Idaho, and Pendleton, Oregon. Never having traveled the area from Salt Lake on, we found we had had some real misconceptions about the country-side. The green fields of southern Idaho and the semi-aridness of eastern Oregon were a genuine surprise. But the biggest surprise of all awaited us when we arrived at the Columbia River and found it flowing in what seemed a desert. All of us expected Oregon all along the river to look as it does around Portland — lush and verdant.

The convention of the American Association of Nurserymen was held at the very new Portland Hilton Hotel. We were most pleased with the service and accommodations there. The one unusual convention activity was an all day bus trip. Traveling along the Columbia River up stream as far as the city of Hood River, we made stops at Multnomah Falls, a state fish hatchery, and Bonneville Dam. Hood River is a port and commercial canning

center, and we enjoyed a delicious "salmon bake" there. Besides the really fine fresh-baked fish, we were treated to the most elegant bing cherries I ever hope to eat in my life.

After lunch the buses turned up the beautiful Hood River valley, where local orchardists boarded each bus to explain their thriving fruit-growing operations. At the end of the valley the highway continues on to climb the slopes of lovely Mt. Hood — but we didn't get to see the summit. It was hidden by rain, snow, and fog, a not uncommon occurrence. Emily was impressed when she learned there is year-round skiing on Mt. Hood.

Portland is a beautiful city. We were particularly impressed with the handsomely landscaped attractiveness of the new freeways. The weather was delightful, both there and throughout our entire trip. Any nursery convention has so many residents of Shenandoah in attendance that it is just like "old home week" for us.

The day following the end of the convention we three drove northwest into the state of Washington. Our destination was the Olympic Peninsula. Both the ocean and the Olympic rain forest were magnets drawing us there. And now I would be sure to add the Olympic Mountains. The residents of this section call it the "Last Frontier". It was one of the last areas of the continental United States to be explored, and even today is very sparsely settled. Fishing and lumbering are the principal industries. The salmon fishing has been particularly rewarding this year.

Undoubtedly we experienced an unusual situation when we visited the rain forest. We must have picked the one time of year when there is very little rain. The plant life was unbelievably tall and dense overhead, yet the ground was dry and dusty. Very little direct sunlight reaches through the foliage, so the daylight has a rather greenish-yellow cast. It gives one the feeling of being in a Walt Disney-type enchanted forest.

It is only a few miles from the rain forest to the snow-covered peaks of the Olympic Mountains. They are quite rugged and appear to be much taller than they really are. We could hardly believe that we were standing at timberline at only about 5400 feet — the elevation of our home in Denver. In Colorado the timberline is at 10,500-11,000 feet. The abundant rainfall also produces quantities of wild flowers at all elevations.



Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, aboard the large ferry for a trip to Victoria, British Columbia.

Port Angeles, Washington, certainly has one of the most impressive natural settings that anyone could imagine. Behind this small city are the snow-covered peaks; in front spread the gentle blue waters of Puget Sound. Here we boarded the large ferry for the trip to Victoria, British Columbia. What a beautiful picture there was behind us as we headed away from the United States! It was the first time Emily had been aboard anything much larger than a row boat, and this all-too-brief ferry ride was a real thrill for her.

While Victoria may lack the spectacular natural setting of Port Angeles, it is a beautiful city in which to arrive. The renowned gardens of the Empress Hotel and the government buildings front right on the harbor. This was a fitting introduction to the beautiful lawns and flowers we saw everywhere we went in Canada. Victoria is the site of one of the most famous gardens in the world, the Burchart Gardens. So many things that one has heard about for years turn out to be a bit disappointing — not the Burchart Gardens. They are exquisite and well worth seeing at many times the fee charged for admission. I would think that even those most indifferent to flowers would reconsider after a walk along these paths.

Victoria is situated on the rather sizeable Vancouver Island, and to get to the mainland of Canada it is necessary to take another ferry — a distinct asset as far as we were concerned. The night before we were to leave Victoria, we totaled up the miles that lay ahead and the days that remained. One result of this arithmetic was that we decided to by-pass the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, and head immediately for the Rocky Mountains of Canada.

Sincerely,
Abigail



Amusing the Stay-in-Bed Child

by
Edith G. Pierce

"The doctor says Bobby has a mild case of rheumatic fever," wrote Mary Lou. "He says we are not to worry, but to keep him in bed and quiet for six weeks. Thinking he would be more comfortable in the big four-poster in the guest room, I established him there and left him while I went to do the dishes. I came back to find him trying to climb to the top of the smooth maple posts! Keep him quiet, indeed!"

The admonition to keep a child in bed and quiet has filled many a mother with consternation. "Active" is the middle name of every normal child, and to sentence him to even a short term of bed rest is comparable to a life sentence for a criminal.

Nor can the busy mother ignore all of her other duties to stay constantly at the bedside to see that the order is obeyed. But if ever the old saying "While the cat's away, the mice will play" were true, it is in these cases.

If that much-dreaded ordeal does overtake one, it is unnecessary to panic. It is wise, however, to take inventory of the situation and plan for a cheerful, if seemingly long, convalescence.

First, decide where the child can be located to make him the most satisfied and for you to be able to care for him with a minimum of effort. No one, knowing the circumstances, is going to be critical of a bed's being placed anywhere on the ground floor, be it living, dining, or family room, if no first floor bedroom adjacent to the family living quarters is available. No child can be comfortable completely isolated from his family, and only in cases of contagion is such isolation necessary. If the regular sleeping rooms of the family are on the second floor, the small invalid can be carried to his own bed at night and brought back in the morning. He should, however, have a bed to himself.

Select a spot for the bed where the child can see out into the yard or street. Even if he cannot go outside, the sights and sounds can be available to him.

If your window has a flower box, you will have some amusement supplied without effort, as the bees, butterflies, and hummingbirds come to visit the blooms. At any store selling supplies for caged birds, you will find plastic bird waterers for a small sum. A red one, filled with a solution of three

parts water and one part of sugar, will entice the hummingbirds for the entire summer. (You will need to refill, of course.) It could be suspended from a wire bracket attached to the outside of the window. Indeed, the whole family will enjoy watching the lovely little visitor with the ruby throat.

Bird feeders, filled with a variety of seeds and hung or fastened just outside the window, will attract many small-winged visitors both winter and summer, and a good narrative bird book will furnish much information that will add to the interest and education of the little patient.

A small aquarium with a few goldfish and snails is good for a lot of watching. A turtle in a bowl, with only a small amount of water in the bottom and a rock upon which it can climb, is fascinating.

One mother has what she calls the "sick box". Into it go small items that accumulate about every household — empty spools, the empty adhesive-tape case and spool, the Scotch-tape holder, small plastic and metal boxes. Bits of ribbon or lace and scraps of material delight the doll owner. A cardboard tube or a round cereal box have endless possibilities. Big buttons, pipe cleaners, odd bottle tops, small plastic bottles, all find a haven in the "sick box", to be brought out only when some child must stay in bed.

A visit to the dime store can provide many items that will shorten the hours. But do not offer all of your purchases at once. If there is medicine to be taken that is objectionable, the promise of a new object will make the swallowing easier.

A couple of hand puppets will delight most youngsters. Encourage the imagination by inventing a conversation between the two heads, and soon the young imitator will himself have the puppets talking.

Modeling clay, either from the store or made at home from salt and cornstarch, can convert to beads or many small, although strange, objects. Inch-long magnets can be bought in quantity to build numerous animals.

Paper doll cutouts are always good, and old catalogs or magazines, with a pair of blunt scissors, and some shoe boxes to make into rooms of houses, can occupy many hours.

The ten- to twelve-year-old girl will

enjoy learning to sew, knit, or crochet, while the boy of that age can spend hours putting together model cars, airplanes, or boats.

Card and board games that other members of the family can (and should) play with the young invalid, can be of both amusement and instruction.

If the child is of school age and is missing school, your doctor willing, consult with his teacher and set aside a certain amount of the time every day for regular lessons. If the mother reads the lesson aloud and then discusses it, even briefly, the patient will absorb much of the content. The teacher can likely loan you a catalog of materials from which you can order items that aid both in amusing and in educating children of all ages.

One mother whose child was poor in reading chose easily read books from the library, and sitting where he could also see the words, read aloud to him. The idea was that his eyes would follow the print as she read.

"It amazed me," she said, later. "At first I'm sure he did not recognize many words. But soon he began to watch more closely and sometimes I intentionally made an error, and Tom was quick to correct me. He would take the same book and read it all over again by himself. I saw a big improvement in his reading, and since that will mean improvement in all of his work as well, I certainly can't say that the time in bed was wasted."

So, Mother, do not despair if your doctor informs you that the safe thing is to keep Johnny or Sally in bed for weeks. Plan ahead for their comfort and amusement and for your own welfare. You, too, will be a shut-in. You will take many extra steps, and no doubt your patience will be worn thin. But keep your chin up and smile, remembering that it is a severe punishment for an active youngster to be confined to a few square feet of space while his whole world goes on, outside, without him.

WHAT AM I?

I am a little thing with a big meaning.
I help everybody.

I unlock doors, open hearts, dispel prejudice.

I create friendship and goodwill.

I inspire respect and admiration.

I bore nobody.

I violate no law.

I cost nothing.

I am pleasing to all people.

I am useful every moment of the day. Many have praised me, none have condemned me.

I AM COURTESY!

A Bewitching Witch's Party

by
Mildred Dooley Cathcart



A bewitching party is adaptable to all ages and to any size group you may wish to entertain for Halloween.

Your invitations can be printed on a witch's broom cut from construction paper. Include the following poem with your invitation:

Jump astride this witch's broom
And perhaps you'll fly away to the
moon;
But first of all fly to my home
And we'll have a party before you
roam!

Decorations

In decorating you cannot improve much on the traditional Halloween decorations of orange and black streamers, black cats, owls, or cornstalks. You can, however, make a witch and her cauldron the high point of your decorating scheme. If you can inveigle a friend to masquerade as a witch and stand by the witch's pot, she can help you welcome the guests and aid in other ways. Or, you can make a dummy and dress it in witch costume, or cut a large witch from cardboard and paint it black or cover it with black paper and stand it near the cauldron. This witch's kettle can be an old-fashioned black kettle, or a hollowed-out pumpkin can be covered with black crepe paper.

If your party is a masquerade, line up all the guests for a "Witch's March" around the cauldron before you give prizes for the best costumes.

Games

For a game of "Witch's Cat" you might explain it thus:

The witch had a cat that rode on
her broom;
But it disintegrated when they came
to the moon;
To reassemble the cat would be a
real art
But look about the room and find
each part.

Each cat must have a body, head, tail, and four legs. The players hunt for the hidden parts, and when time is called each person sees how many whole cats he can make with the

pieces found. The one with most complete cats is winner.

Fortune-telling is a must at Halloween time, and to tell your fortune you: Reach into the witch's kettle
And select some witch's candy;
The witch will tell your fortune;
Her answers are just dandy.

From the witch's kettle each player will select one piece of candy which will predict his future. If he selects a candy cane he will be a hobo; a Life Saver — a life guard; a peanut — an elephant keeper at a zoo; candy corn — a farmer or farmer's wife; divinity — a minister; mints — a millionaire; candy kiss — world's greatest lover; red and white stick candy — a barber; gumdrop — a dentist; orange slice — an orange grower; butterscotch — a milkman; a jawbreaker — a prize fighter or lady wrestler; a jellybean — gardener.

These fortunes will be more fun if the hostess goes to a little extra work and writes a jingle for each one.

Following are some examples. In this case, colored pieces of paper can be used, colored gumdrops, or a bit of colored paper in a capsule. These colored fortunes can be combined with those mentioned above so that no two get the same fortune.

Gray is the color of dust along the
road,
You'll be a hobo with a sack for
your load.

Blue is the color of the beautiful
sky;
You'll fly a plane and go fast and
high.

Yellow is sunshine, days sunny and
bright,
As a clown you'll spread sunshine
in a circus each night.

Green is the grass that grows under
your feet,
You'll be a farmer and put up hay
fragrant and sweet.

Red is for apples so good for all,
You'll be a teacher and get apples
each fall.

White is for purity — spic and span;

You'll be a nurse or a veterinarian.

Black is for a robe so you surely
will be,
A missionary who goes to lands
across the sea.

Purple is for royalty, a crown that
glows,
You'll be a ruler — a king of the
hoboes.

"The Witch Is Coming" is a Hallowe'en version of the old favorite, fruit-basket-upset, and begins:

The witch will chase you on Hal-
loween

So guard your life with care:
When you hear "The Witch Is Com-
ing"

Seek safety in a chair.

Each player is given a name pertaining to Halloween; such as ghost, goblin, cat, broom, pumpkin, treats, owls, masks, or bats. "IT" tells a story, and as each person's name is called, that person follows the leader about the circle of chairs. When "IT" calls "The Witch Is Coming", each player seeks a chair. Since there is always one less chair than player, the last person to have a chair is winner.

For a quiet game now, give each person paper and pencil and these instructions:

There are many things that you have
seen

To remind you oft of Halloween;
All you do to play this game
Is see how many you can name.

The person who has the longest list
in a given time wins.

Refreshments

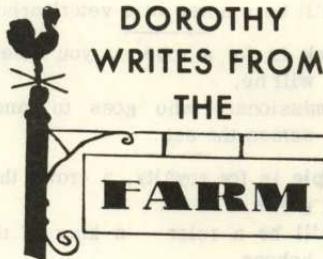
When it is time to eat, call your guests by saying:

The witch has prepared refresh-
ments.

She has cooked her food with care.
Let's go to the witch's cauldron
And see what she has to share.

Have a large black kettle for a centerpiece to hold sandwiches, popcorn, doughnuts, or whatever you choose to serve. Any type of food you serve will be more "Be-Witching" if each gets a witch favor. Lollipops form the basis for the favor; the candy part is the witch's face when you add the features and some straggly yarn hair. The stick part is the body to which you attach pipe cleaner arms. Make a simple witch's robe by gathering a strip of black crepe paper. The hat is made from black construction paper. Twist the pipe cleaner arms around a tiny lollipop for the broom, letting the stick part be the handle and the cap part resemble the broom. Cover the

(Continued on page 19)



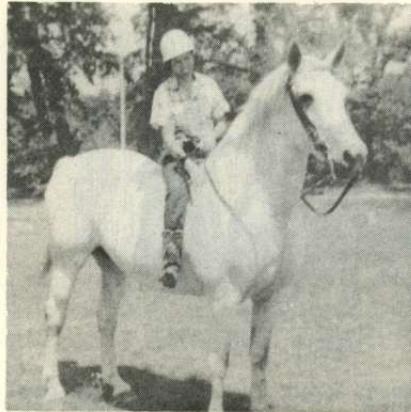
Dear Friends:

The Johnson farm was a mighty lonely place when we came back from Ottumwa after putting our niece Alison on the train for home. She had been with us for almost six weeks, and having a young teen-age girl running in and out of the house and enjoying everything about the farm as Kristin did, made us feel almost as if our own girl was back at home again. I told you in my letter last month that I would devote this letter to telling you about our summer activities with Alison.

As I told you, she accompanied me home from Laramie. We had to change trains in Omaha and had a layover of several hours. To Alison it seemed as if we waited for days because she was so terribly anxious to get to the farm. She was just four when she made her last trip to our house and couldn't remember very much about it except that she had ridden Bonnie and Little Champ. She has always loved horses and this was the main thing which prompted us to invite her to spend part of the summer.

When we got off the train it was pouring down rain. I might add that this was the last rain we had until the middle of August. Both of our horses needed their hoofs trimmed, so just as soon as it stopped raining Frank and Alison took the trimmers and went to work. I think old Bonnie was really happy to have someone on her back again, for when Alison rode her around the meadow that first day she was really frisky and showed us how much spirit she still has.

Although Alison got Kristin's saddle out and spent one entire evening cleaning it up, she seldom used it because she preferred to ride bareback. All of her riding in Denver is with English gear since she has been taking lessons in jumping, and since she decided she wanted to teach Bonnie to jump she didn't use a saddle. Frank fixed up two posts in the meadow with pegs on them for a pole to rest on, and it wasn't long before Bonnie knew what was expected of her. I got a lot of enjoyment sitting on the front porch and watching them.



Dorothy took this picture just as Alison was lining up old Bonnie for a run across the pasture and over a jump.

By the time Alison went home she had Bonnie jumping a little over two feet, and considering that Bonnie is past twenty years old and had never jumped before, we thought this was pretty good. Most of the time Bonnie would go over the jump, but once in awhile she would get foxy and gallup right up to it then dart around it.

Alison had her 14th birthday soon after she arrived. We invited some of the Johnsons for a chicken dinner to celebrate. I had the same girl who baked and decorated my birthday cake make one for her. I had told her that horses were Alison's first love, so the cake was centered with the head of a sorrel horse which looked just like Stardust. Alison thought it was the prettiest birthday cake she had ever had. I gave her a pair of jeans and a couple of plaid shirts, and Frank's gift was a cowboy hat and a beautiful tooled belt with a sterling silver buckle. The rest of the family gave her money to buy what she wanted, so she thought her birthday so far away from home turned out to be pretty nice.

Alison was a big help to Frank when he put up the hay. Frank was a little reticent about letting her drive the tractor because he was afraid she might get hurt, but I told him I was sure she would be careful and I knew what a thrill she would get out of doing it, so he let her do the driving while he picked up the bales. When they got to the barn or the hay stack, she pulled the bales off the rack and Frank stacked them.

Alison loves to fish, but she had only been fishing a couple of times and that was for trout in the mountain streams. Every evening would find Alison and Frank down by the bayou fishing. When it got dark they would leave their hooks baited and go down with their flashlights to check them a

couple of times before bedtime. One afternoon Alison was fishing by herself and came to the house with a fish all cleaned — she had done it herself and it was the first one she had ever cleaned. I told her she was one up on me because I had never cleaned a fish — but I also told her I thought this was the biggest mistake she had made all summer because Uncle Frank doesn't like to clean fish and I was afraid that from now on she had a job!

While she was with us, Alison made the remark that she wished she could have an animal back here she could call her own. One morning Frank came in and said they were going to be gone for awhile. When they came back Alison was carrying a little black goat named Sadie. When she put Sadie down on the ground, our dog Tinker went right over and investigated this strange new animal, but he didn't stay long because Sadie promptly butted him back into the house. But Sadie is the cutest thing — a real pet. She would run and jump and play with Alison just like a puppy dog, and would follow her everywhere. We soon discovered that unless Alison was right with her all the time we would have to keep her chained up. We used a long chain which would give her a lot of room to romp, but would also keep her away from the yard because her favorite greens were the rose bushes and flowers. Alison bought her a bright red collar with metal trimmings, and had "Sadie" engraved on the name plate. I'm sure she is just about the best-dressed goat around these parts!

I'm sure of one thing: Alison has a wonderful record to keep of her summer on the farm for she was always taking pictures. I don't know how many rolls of film we took in to be developed. Practically all of her pictures were of the livestock — cattle, horses, and Sadie. She was so in hopes a baby calf would be born while she was here, and wouldn't you know it, one arrived just two days after she left. It was just about dusk when Frank was moving the cattle in to another lot for the night when he realized one of the cows was missing. He started out to look for her and it was long after dark when he came back carrying a tiny and weak little calf. He was so weak he couldn't stand up to get any milk. Frank had tried to hold him up but that didn't work either. He called the veterinarian to see what kind of a formula he could mix up and give to the calf from a bottle. I fixed

(Continued on page 22)

COCOA

by

Mildred D. Cathcart

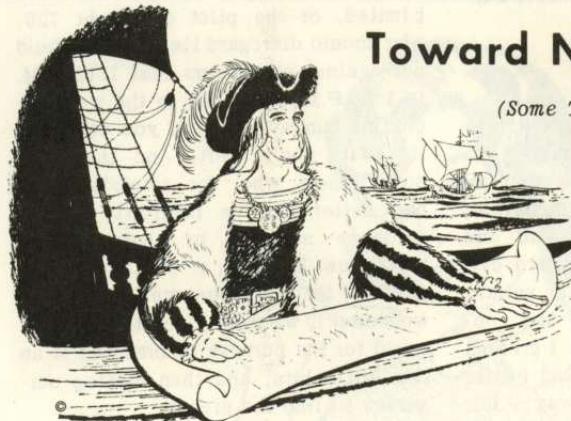
Can you imagine what it would be like if there were no fudge, brownies, chocolate cake, or steaming mugs of hot chocolate? For many years cocoa, in some form or another, has appealed to most people.

When Cortez conquered the Aztecs in Mexico, he also secured the secret of a famous new beverage. To the Indians, cocoa was more than just a drink: to them it was a God-given food. The cacao bean was used as money and a good slave was worth about one hundred beans. When the Aztec ruler entertained the Spaniards, he served them chocolate in golden cups.

When the Spaniards returned to their homeland, they would not tell how the chocolate was taken from the cacao bean. Only the very wealthy could afford this luxurious beverage. And when the drink was introduced in England, chocolate houses became popular.

The cacao trees, found in Central America, flourish where the tropical climate stays above sixty degrees. However, these trees have been transplanted to various parts of the world where a tropical climate and suitable rainfall are favorable. They grow to a height of about twenty-five feet and the leaves remain green the year around. The blossoms are a lovely pink color and are clustered close to the trunk or branches. A tree may produce more than five thousand blooms a year and it is a common sight to see one tree bearing blossoms and pods of various sizes at one time. Each bloom could produce one pod, but usually only about one per cent of the blossoms yield a pod. An average tree will produce approximately thirty pods per year for harvesting, and each pod will yield about one and one-half ounces of dried beans.

The pods of the cacao tree are thick and shaped something like a fat cucumber about seven inches long and are filled with double rows of beans about the size of a lima bean. The pods are gathered and dumped in huge piles where the natives come with sharp knives and open each pod. The beans are covered with a kind of white pulp, but they turn brown almost as soon as they are exposed to the air. Fermentation is necessary to bring out the best flavor and must begin



Toward New Horizons

(Some Thoughts on Columbus Day)

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Week after endless week the three little ships were tossed helplessly upon the maddened sea, whose angry waves had never before felt the weight of such a boat.

Inside the buffeted ships the men warred among themselves and against disease and despair. Then came mutiny, and half the crew ended up in irons. Time and again Columbus had to pit his indomitable will and boundless courage against those remaining to man the storm-tossed ships. They wanted to turn back to Spain; they thought Columbus a fool. His will and courage never faltered as he repeatedly gave the order, "Sail on! Sail on!"

Someone has said that his greatest asset was that he could gaze in only one direction — forward!

It is said that when that long-awaited moment came — when he at last gazed upon the shore of a land far exceeding his own imagination and expectation, he burned with impatience to rush ashore to the first European to set foot on this land and to plant the cross and flag of Spain in the sand. But he paused to gaze in silence and planned to give to the act of taking possession of this land the solemnity and honor he felt it should have.

immediately. The beans may be placed on plantain leaves on the ground or in boxes while fermenting, but they must be turned often. After six days of fermentation, the beans are placed in the sun to dry.

When dry, the beans are sent to various factories throughout the world. There they are cleaned and then roasted in cylinders. When exactly right, they are cooled very quickly and put into machines to be broken into bits called "nibs" and to have the shells removed. The nibs are pressed and the cocoa butter is released in a rich dark brown liquid form. This liquid is the basis for the items made from the cacao bean such as cocoa, baking

He put on all the insignia of his office as Admiral of the Ocean, and wrapped his purple cloak about him. In his hand he clasped the flag embroidered with a cross and the initials of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, the letters interlaced like their two kingdoms, and surmounted by a crown. He entered his boat and headed toward the shore, followed by the boats carrying his two lieutenants.

As he stepped ashore he fell to his knees, kissing the ground in humility and thankfulness to God who had brought him safely to this new land.

Then, according to historians, Columbus raised his head to heaven and gave this Latin prayer, "Almighty and eternal God, who by the energy of Thy creative word hast made the firmament, the earth and the sea; blessed and glorified be Thy name in all places! May Thy majesty and dominion be exalted forever and ever, as Thou hast permitted Thy holy name to be made known and spread by the most humble of Thy servants in this hitherto unknown portion of Thy empire."

The new land he called in the name of Christ — the island we know as San Salvador.



chocolate, sweet or milk chocolate.

Perhaps we would find it easier to diet without the fruit of the cacao tree, but we are indebted to this bean for some of our most delectable desserts.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST

I have embroidery work on hand,
And there's that letter I had planned
To write today. I want to store
The summer clothes, so I ignore
The dishes piled up in the sink,
The shirt that has that spot of ink,
The mending basket full of socks,
The dirty clothes in the laundry box.
The things that need to be done worst,
Aren't necessarily done first.

—Gladise Kelly

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

by
Edith Harwood

Sometimes on a cool rainy day I try to fool myself into thinking that I am going to clean the attic. I gather all the paraphernalia: broom, dustcloth, dustpan, towel around the head, old coverall. There is every outward evidence that I am going to do valiant service among the cast-offs and cobwebs. But I know it isn't so. I pretend for a little while. I hustle and bustle and I don't even look their way — but all the time I am aware of the piles of old magazines against the wall under the eaves, and eventually persuade myself (knowing full well that they are in order) that I must sort them as to years. And after that I do just what all the time I knew I was going to do. Hidden away from all the distractions that wait below stairs, accompanied by the sound of rain on the roof so close to my head, I am going to dip and delve and "ruminate" to my heart's content, while time passes by, unnoticed.

Did I say TIME? Here, in an old 1938 issue of *Life Magazine*, someone is making Mr. Einstein's "Theory of Relativity" relatively simple by quoting him in a single sentence: "There is no such thing as *absolute time*. One observer on the moon and another on earth may give different time values to the same event and both be *relatively right*."

Hm-m. Very good ruminating material. I'm off! This is a premise which should be treated as sheer sophistry by the



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engineer of the rocket or the California Limited, or the pilot of Flight 726, who should disregard its logic and hold out against all comers that 1:12 P.M. is 1:12 P.M. every day in the week including Sunday — and if you don't believe it, you're left. And there are some others who, for safety's sake, had better believe implicitly in the evidence supplied by their Elgins, Hamiltons, Bulovas, or whatever.

But for the rest of us, well, I've often wondered if we were given time in this world for the purpose of breaking it up into little bits, and then making ourselves fit into the pieces.

When I was a child I made for myself a mental picture of my days. They came in groups of five separated by two, and each one of the five looked like a door: the crosspiece at the top represented the time between getting up and going to school; the top panel was morning school; the crosspiece in the middle was going-home-for-lunch time; the lower panel was afternoon school, and the crosspiece at the bottom was the time after school until bedtime. The image still persists, although the panels that once meant "school" now mean "work", and there are no plain blank slabs for Saturday. Sunday is still a half-door. Millions of people own days constructed according to this pattern, marching endlessly through the years, and it seems rather sad that civilization can offer no more than this: that in order to live we must have all spontaneity regimented out of the hours we live, even to the point that eventually we cannot find ourselves at all in days bereft of the familiar patterns.

As against this rather dreary speculation, consider the delightful possibilities inherent in Mr. Einstein's simply stated theory.

For the superstitious who have inadvertently started on a journey or undertaken a new project on an ill-starred Friday, one moment of reflection upon its meaning can waft Friday as a corporate entity right out of existence. As for the dreaded thirteenth day of the month, just reckon by the moon, Mars, or Venus on that day, and then try to find anything other than a fine, large, harmless twenty-four hours without reputation as without name or number.

For those overburdened souls who have set themselves a task to complete within a certain time, and work how they will find themselves behind schedule at the appointed hour, consider: in the vast areas of uncharted time, day after tomorrow may be of just as much value as a finishing point as

day before yesterday. Indeed, from certain vantage points it may be day before yesterday, and you with plenty of time to amble along at your own gait, and who cares anyhow?

Or take anniversaries. Suppose you are about to become thirty years old, or forty, or fifty, or sixty. And you don't look forward to your next birthday with any pleasure, because you don't like this getting old so fast before you've done the things you planned to do. Then skip it. The day before the anniversary assume a vantage point on whichever handy planet gives the right perspective, and put yourself beyond it (without, however, passing through it). You can easily put yourself clear over into next month with no harm done. You can't have a birthday if you can't find it, and can remain twenty-nine, thirty-nine, or fifty-nine clear to the end of the chapter. (Watch it! this may be purely mental exercise for you — but your grandchildren? They may just actually do it!)

Even the time of death becomes inconsequential when viewed from the heights of relativity. A week sooner, or later, — a year, a decade, in the immensity of time in which a thousand years is but a day — what matter? Perhaps from some far distant points as yet uncharted, unimagined, out there in the dark, all that has happened since the beginning of what we call TIME is perceived in the bright light of NOW. And all that ever will happen. Then there is no PAST — no FUTURE — only an ETERNAL NOW. Then what we call death is indeed naught but seeming. How far does a finite mind dare travel along this road of infinity? Better come back. Rain is drumming on the roof; dust lies undisturbed on the old lamp shades and picture frames. The town clock is striking noon.

I carry my broom and empty dustpan down the stairs. I'm not surprised. This is the usual procedure on attic-cleaning mornings at my house. Time clocks and employers, I'm thinking, might be a little hard to convince as to the relative unimportance of eight o'clock as against eleven, viewed from some however-correctly-chosen other planet. And the dentist with whom I have an appointment at half past three on Thursday next would not take kindly to the idea of the Monday following doing just as well, even if the logic of the premise were explained to him with the utmost patience. What would happen if the individual cogs of the town clock's wheels were suddenly to embrace relatively disparate views as to the exact moment to signal what's

(Continued on page 23)

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Last month I promised some details about our new house, but in the meantime something unexpected and delightful came up which I must tell you about, so we'll save house-talk until next month. I'll be able to go into even more detail then.

While I sit and write this, Donald is busy at the kitchen table making a boat; not the type of boat one begins at seven o'clock and polishes off by bedtime, either, but a long-winter-evening's type project that might possibly last for two winters. The children gave their daddy a Cutty Sark wood ship model for his birthday which we celebrated last weekend, and it catered to a hand-work knack that Don thoroughly enjoys. The pieces all have to be carved with the exception of the basic hull; the sails must be cut out and sewed; and the rigging must all be installed. It looks far more complicated than the most difficult of puzzles. He seemed pleased with it but begged our indulgence that he not begin it until after we had moved, which was perfectly all right with everyone. But somehow he glanced over the directions one evening, and before long he was gently smoothing the hull with fine sandpaper. Before he realized it, he had carved out one piece and was busy with the special glue.

We thought of this gift for his birthday because he was threatening to begin the construction of a real-for-sure sail boat. This is a story in itself which I want to share with you. Despite all of our economical plans for staying at home all summer with our new house to supervise, things came to such a feverish pitch that both Donald and I saw the need to get completely away from Milwaukee.

In less time than I could have imagined possible we made all the necessary arrangements. Like so many spur-of-the-moment projects this was great fun and proved to be a perfect break from all the tensions that were mounting on all sides.

To begin with we phoned a couple who run a simple but adequate series of cottages in Traverse Bay, Michigan, and, as luck would have it, they had received a cancellation on a cottage. Even more fortunately, it was at a time when a couple from Anderson, Indiana, were planning to be there.

In an effort to cut down the driving for Donald, which for a traveling salesman is a big consideration, we



With cool weather coming on, Mother (Leanna Driftmier) will be spending more time inside working on her embroidery projects.

decided to take the train ferry across Lake Michigan. We had only seven days that we felt we could spend away from home, and taking the ferry across the lake saved us almost two entire days of traveling by car.

This train ferry proved to be a vacation in itself, and I would heartily recommend it for anyone going from one section of the country to another even if it means driving miles out of one's way to get to the dock. We left at 3 o'clock in the morning, and I had anticipated difficulties routing the children from their beds early enough to be at the dock in time for the attendant to drive the car onto the boat. (This has to be done before the railroad cars are loaded on the boat.) However, the children were so enthusiastic over a boat trip that they rolled out of bed and were dressed in jiffy time. Paul even commented that he guessed I would be happy that he wasn't dawdling — which proved once and for all that he does hear and he does understand what I mean when I accuse him of not doing his best when I ask for a little speed.

The trip across the lake was beautiful. Automobile space on the ferry is limited to 25-50, depending on the number of railroad cars that are waiting to be loaded, so we had to make reservations a week ahead. It takes six hours to cross the lake, and there are facilities to eat either picnic fashion, from vending machines in the lounge, or in the spic-and-span dining room. This ferry is run by the C&O Railroad, and the dining room very much resembles a dining car on the railroad proper.

I've never been on an ocean liner, but this enormous steamer trip was the next best thing. Out there in the middle of the lake, where no shore line is visible, one could imagine

that he was indeed on the ocean. We went up on the upper deck at 5:15 a.m. and watched the sky turn from velvety black to grey, to pink, and then within twenty minutes the sun rose right up from the edge of the lake and bathed the entire picture in color. I don't know when I have seen anything so utterly beautiful in my life.

The week at the lake cottage was therapeutic for all of us. These cottages are located north of Traverse City in deep piney woods. We were miles and miles away from any roads, and the woods were so deep that everything about us smelled like a huge cedar closet. The children were free to run and run and run with no danger from cars or any of the normal hazzards that keep a mother on her toes in a city or suburb. The youngsters enjoyed the freedom as much as I enjoyed having them free to run. The beach was beautiful and sandy, and the slope into the deep water was so gradual that the children had more than one hundred feet of shallow water to play in before they got into dangerous depths.

Our friends from Anderson were Don and Adrienne Badgley (the same Adrienne for whom our little daughter was named) and their four delightful children. There was Betsy, who is our Katharine's age; Tucker, less than one year older than our Paul; and Barbara and Lucy sandwiched in between them in age.

At the end of our week we were all rested, not necessarily ready to leave, but grateful for the week we had enjoyed, and ready to drive back to Ludington, Michigan, to board the train ferry back to Milwaukee. On the trip back we came across the lake during the daylight hours. This is a marvelously restful way to come home from a vacation. We drove 150 miles to board the boat and got off in Milwaukee just fifteen miles from our driveway.

Let me add before I forget that all that they say about northern Michigan's being a sinus sufferer's haven is true in all respects. The children and I couldn't believe that there could be such a change in air from one side of the lake to the other. Apparently, by the time the prevailing winds have blown themselves out over the lake and have reached Michigan, they are free and clean of any pollen or dust.

I have many packing boxes staring me in the face connected with this move of ours into our new house, and next month I'll tell you all about it.

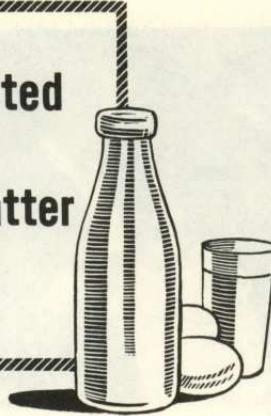
Sincerely,
Mary Beth



Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms
 1/4 cup butter
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 1/4 cup flour
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1/2 tsp. curry powder
 1 tall can (1 2/3 cups) evaporated milk
 1 cup cooked diced chicken
 1 lb. fresh (or 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen) cut asparagus, cooked
 1 can (3 oz.) chow mein noodles
 1 cup shredded cheese
 Drain mushrooms, reserving liquid. Melt butter, add mushrooms and onion, and cook over medium heat until onion is transparent. Remove from heat, blend in flour, salt, pepper, and curry powder. Add water to mushroom liquid to measure 1/2 cup. Slowly add to mushroom mixture, and heat, stirring constantly. Blend in evaporated milk. Cook and stir over medium heat until thickened. Add chicken, cooked asparagus, and noodles, tossing lightly to mix. Turn into buttered 1 1/2-quart casserole. Top with shredded cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes, or until mixture is heated through and cheese is melted.

—Mary Beth

SHRIMP HOT DISH

2 cups egg noodles, cooked in boiling salted water
 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 1 can shrimp, drained
 1 canned pimiento, diced
 2 cups white sauce
 1/2 tsp. celery seed
 1/4 tsp. paprika
 Salt and pepper
 Toss ingredients together lightly and pour into greased baking dish. Sprinkle with crumbs (cracker, bread or corn flake crumbs) and bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven, about 350 degrees.

PINEAPPLE-APRICOT BARS

1 cup sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/2 cup shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup rolled oats
 2/3 cup drained, crushed pineapple
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1/3 cup chopped dried apricots

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Add the rest of the ingredients and beat until well blended. Bake in a 9-inch square pan in a 350-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. —Dorothy

HAM-ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

1 cup cubed, cooked ham
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1/4 cup milk
 4 hard-cooked eggs, diced
 3/4 cup grated American cheese
 1 10-oz. package frozen asparagus
 1 1/2 cups buttered bread crumbs
 Blend the milk and soup in a bowl. Add the ham, eggs and cheese. Stir until well mixed. Place in a buttered casserole and arrange the asparagus over the top. Cover with the bread crumbs and bake, uncovered, in a 375-degree oven for 45 minutes.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Boil new potatoes in skins until done. Peel and slice into bowl. Add dressing and toss lightly.

Mix together and bring to boil the following:

1 Tbls. salad oil
 4 Tbls. vinegar
 Finely chopped onion
 Crumbled cooked bacon
 Salt and pepper

These are the basic proportions of oil and vinegar as well as the seasonings. The quantity should be increased according to the number being served and size of the potatoes. —Abigail

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT PIE

1 baked pie shell or graham cracker crust
 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 1/4 cups hot water
 1 pint strawberry ice cream
 1 pkg. frozen strawberries
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 pkg. powdered whipped topping Prepare pie shell or graham cracker crust. In a large bowl, combine gelatin and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add ice cream, stirring until melted. Fold in strawberries and strawberry flavoring. Spoon into pie shell. Refrigerate until firm. Make up powdered whipped topping. Sweeten with Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener and add a little Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring. Top pie with the whipped topping. Keep refrigerated until time to serve.

This is a beautiful company pie. It goes together very easily and is practically "fool-proof". A little red food coloring may be added to the topping if you want an all-pink pie. As pretty to look at as it is to eat!

—Evelyn

VARIATION FOR HAMBURGERS

1 lb. ground beef
 1/4 cup chopped ripe olives
 1/4 cup shredded sharp cheese
 Salt and pepper

Make your hamburger patties large, about 5 inches in diameter, and very thin. Put a spoon of chopped ripe olives and a spoon of sharp grated cheese on half of a patty, and fold over like a pocketbook, pressing edges together to seal in the olives and cheese. Brown well on both sides and serve with buns.

ROUNDUP BEAN CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground beef
 1 can kidney beans
 1 can butter beans
 1 can pork and beans
 1/2 cup ketchup
 3/4 cup brown sugar
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 2 Tbls. vinegar

Brown the ground beef in a small amount of shortening. Season with salt and pepper. Combine with all the rest of the ingredients. (The standard 1-lb. size can for the beans is just right for this amount of meat.) Put in a casserole and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. This is a large amount and serves 10 to 12 generous portions. It actually was used to feed a group of men during a cattle roundup, hence the name.

SCHOOL DAY PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

1 3/4 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup buttermilk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Sift flour, soda, and salt together. Cream sugar and peanut butter. Add well-beaten egg. Stir in flavoring. Add flour mixture alternately with buttermilk; blend well. Bake in a greased loaf pan in a 350-degree oven for 50 minutes. Cool to lukewarm before slicing.

SUPERB SALISBURY STEAK

2 lbs. ground beef
 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1/4 cup minced onion
 4 Tbls. chopped parsley
 Slices of bacon

Mix well the ground beef, seasonings, onion and parsley. Shape into 6 large patties. Wrap bacon slices around the outside edge of the patties and secure well with 3 or 4 toothpicks. Broil 3 inches from heat. Brown well on one side, about 8 minutes, then turn over and brown on the other side. Naturally, broiling time will depend on the size and thickness of the patties.

When I prepare plain everyday hamburger in this way, my family thinks they are getting a real treat.

—Margery

BAKED LIMA BEANS

2 cups dried lima beans
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup mild molasses
 1/4 cup barbecue sauce
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 1 medium onion, sliced
 1 cup diced cooked ham
 3 bacon strips

Put the lima beans and salt in a kettle, add about a quart and a half of water and cook, covered, until tender. Drain the beans and reserve 1/2 cup of the liquid. Combine the molasses, barbecue sauce, vinegar, mustard and the liquid from the beans. In a 2-quart casserole make two layers each of the beans, onion slices and ham, then pour the molasses mixture over all. Lay the bacon strips over the top and bake, uncovered, about 1 1/2 hours in a 325-degree oven.

FRENCH APPLE SQUARES

2 1/2 cups flour
 1 cup shortening
 2 Tbls. sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 egg yolk, beaten
 2/3 cup milk
 1 can commercial apple pie filling
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 Tbls. butter
 1 beaten egg white

Mix together the flour, shortening, sugar and salt. Blend in the beaten egg yolk with the milk. Roll out 1/2 of the dough to fit the bottom of a jelly roll pan. Spread with the apple pie filling to which you have added the lemon flavoring. Dot with butter. Roll out the remaining dough and place it over the layer of apples. Brush with beaten egg white. Bake at 375 degrees for 35 minutes. Glaze with a thin powdered sugar icing if desired. Cut into squares to serve. Easy and so good!

MYRT'S FIG SALAD

1 can (1 lb.) Kadota figs
 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup syrup drained from figs
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 1/2 cup chopped celery
 1/3 cup slivered almonds

Drain figs, saving syrup. Add gelatin to boiling water and dissolve. When cool, add remaining ingredients and chill in refrigerator until firm. Garnish with salad greens and a few sections of mandarin oranges. Serve with the following dressing: 1/4 cup chutney, 1/4 tsp. curry powder, 1 cup dairy sour cream. Chop chutney, combine with curry powder and sour cream. Chill. Very good on other fruit salads as well.

—Lucile

OVEN-COOKED RICE

2 cups boiling water
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup white rice, washed
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring
 (See below.)

Combine the boiling water, salt and uncooked rice in a baking dish. If this is to be eaten with the meal, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. If you plan to make a dessert with the rice, add 1/2 tsp. of the Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring of your choice and sweeten it to taste. Cover and bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees.

This is a simple way to prepare rice when you are planning an oven meal.

APPLE CAKE DESSERT

2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 eggs
 2 cups flour
 2 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. salt
 4 cups chopped apples
 1/2 cup nuts
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream together the sugar and margarine. Add flavorings to the eggs and beat well into the creamed mixture. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Stir in the chopped apples, nuts and black walnut flavoring. Spread mixture in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 degrees and continue baking for 25 minutes. When done, serve with the following warm sauce.

Sauce

1 cup sugar
 1 cup light cream
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cook until "buttery" and somewhat thickened. Serve warm over apple cake.

PAN FRIED CROQUETTES

1/4 cup butter
 1/4 cup flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1 cup milk
 1 tsp. minced onion
 1 tsp. parsley
 2 cups minced or ground cooked meat
 Fine dry bread crumbs
 1 egg
 2 Tbls. water
 1/4 cup fat

Melt butter; blend in flour and seasonings. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Stir in onion, parsley, and meat. Spread mixture in an 8-inch square pan. Chill for several hours. Cut into 8 triangles by cutting mixture from corner to corner and side to side. Coat each triangle with bread crumbs. Let dry for 2 or 3 hours. Mix egg and water; dip each piece in mixture and again in bread crumbs. Let dry again for 30 minutes. Pan fry in moderately hot fat until delicately browned, about 2 minutes on each side.

—Mary Beth

CRAB MEAT APPETIZERS

(makes 20)

20 bread rounds, about 2 inches in diameter
 2 Tbs. soft butter
 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 1 can (7½ oz.) crab meat, flaked and chopped
 2 egg whites, beaten stiff
 3 strips bacon, finely diced
 20 stuffed olive slices
 Toast bread rounds on one side. Spread butter on untoasted side of bread. Fold cheese and crab into egg whites. Spoon mixture on buttered side of bread. Sprinkle bacon on top of each and place an olive slice on each. Broil until cheese is delicately brown and bacon is crisp.

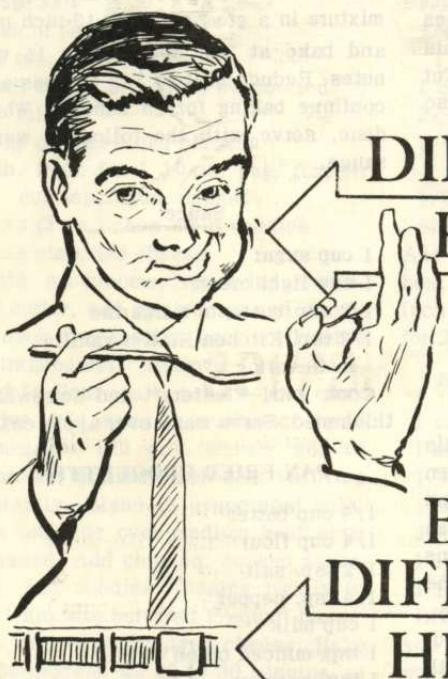
—Mary Beth

MINCEMEAT APPLE BETTY

4 apples
 1 cup mincemeat
 1 1/2 cups moist bread crumbs
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 1/2 Tbs. butter
 1/3 cup water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Pare, core and slice apples and place half of apples in a buttered casserole dish. Cover with mincemeat, then layer of crumbs, sugar and cinnamon combined. Add remaining apples. Top with butter. Mix lemon flavoring with water and pour over all and bake for 45 minutes (or until apples are tender) in a 350-degree oven.

—Leanna



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WEE GOBLINS IN BLANKETS

(Children will love these!)

Make up your favorite biscuit recipe, or you may use biscuit mix. If using the mix, put in the bowl all at once 1 ½ cups of the biscuit mix and ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon of milk. Stir dough lightly with a fork, about 20 strokes, and then turn onto board dusted with a little of the biscuit mix. Work dough gently with hands forming into a ball.

Whether your own recipe or a mix, roll the dough into a 10" by 12" rectangle. Mark the 12" side every three inches and the 10" side every two inches. Cut along the lines so you will have 20 pieces.

Separate links of tiny party-size frankfurters. Wrap each frankfurter with a piece of dough, letting the ends peep out. Pinch dough together where it meets. Bake seam side down on a baking sheet about 12-15 minutes at 450 degrees. Serve piping hot.

—Mabel Nair Brown

MINT DAZZLER

2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 3 eggs, slightly beaten
 2 squares chocolate, melted
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
 1 pkg. miniature marshmallows
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Peppermint stick candy
 Combine vanilla wafer crumbs, melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Pat into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cream together powdered sugar and 1/2 cup butter or margarine. Beat in eggs, chocolate and burnt sugar flavoring. Spoon over crumbs and place in freezer.

Beat cream or prepare whipped topping according to directions on package. Fold in marshmallows and mint flavoring. A little green food coloring may be added for color if you like. Spread over the frozen chocolate layer. Crush peppermint stick candy and sprinkle generously over the top of the whipped cream. Return to freezer until time to serve.

This makes a very glamorous dessert which can be prepared a day or two ahead of time. In fact, it will stay frozen for some time very nicely. It is delicious as a company dessert or to serve for club refreshments. —Evelyn

Days That Grandma Missed

by
Carole Hefley Reese

I used to think grandma led a difficult life before the invention of electricity and all the wonderful things that go with it. But who knows, maybe it wasn't all that bad. We depend so completely on electricity in our life now, that when it fails us things really get complicated!

It was noon one day when I discovered the magic had disappeared. But I didn't give it much thought. After all, it was daylight so who needed artificial light to see?

Quite efficiently — I thought — I cleared the table and filled the dishwasher. I shut the lid and turned the dial with the usual smug sense of satisfaction. Nothing happened. After a puzzled frown that no doubt aided the process of forming another wrinkle, I realized why my modern miracle wouldn't do its duty.

Now there's a problem grandma would not have had. She would not have been caught with a day-and-a-half's supply of dirty dishes! But at least they were hidden so I dismissed the matter.

Glancing at the crumbs under the table, I grabbed the electric broom. I put it back just as quickly, thoroughly disgusted at my stupidity. I could visualize grandma grabbing the straw broom and having the floor clean in three minutes. I began to ponder about where I could put my hands on my straw broom. Was it in the basement? The garage? The prospect of searching for it seemed too dreary so I decided to forget the crumbs on the floor along with the dishwasher full of dirty dishes. I would just have to hope that no one came visiting and viewed my dirty floor.

About this time my young son decided he should watch television. A lengthy explanation was required about why he couldn't. After that I realized I was missing my favorite music on the radio. However, I soon had second thoughts — I could listen to the transistor radio!

The sound of the music raised my spirits. Now I could concentrate on my work again, so I went to the laundry room. I had washed and dried some clothes that morning so I decided to iron.

I connected the iron and went to get myself a drink of ice water. The dark interior of the refrigerator sent me



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defeatedly back to unplug the iron. Grandma would have whipped out the flatirons and put them on the wood stove and sallied on with her work!

Just then I looked at the clock on the wall but the sight of its second hand

suspended helplessly in space sent me into despair. It seemed as if hours had passed but nothing had happened. My wrist watch was broken, and while there was a windup clock upstairs I

(Continued on page 20)

PITY MRS. NOAH

by

Evelyn Birkby

As the years go by my sympathy and understanding for Mrs. Noah increase enormously. Just *imagine* trying to keep house in an ark filled with animals! So many, and such a variety and in a comparatively small space without yard or pasture would tax the patience of a saint.

The few unusual specimens of wild life which have made their way into this household have been small indeed compared to Mrs. Noah's situation. Nevertheless, I've found my patience strained and stretched on a number of occasions.

The fact that Robert was a Boy Scout executive when we were married catapulted me immediately into the broad world of the out-of-doors. Driving along a beautiful mountain road in Arkansas on our Ozark honeymoon, Robert suddenly slammed on the brakes. He reached in the back seat for a milk carton left from our picnic lunch and leaped from the car. Scooping something up from the side of the road he turned proudly and presented me with my first gift from the wilds — a tarantula spider!

Robert assured me that the wild, hairy, long-legged thing was not poisonous, but it looked ferocious so I asked him please to shut it tightly into the trunk of the car before we continued our drive.

This should have warned me of things to come. (I wonder what kind of warning Mrs. Noah had!) On a later excursion to the Ozarks, Robert caught another tarantula and proudly carried it home to our three sons. They, equally proud, carried it off to school. I stayed away from school for a time after this educational contribution; it seemed wise.

"Hairy George", as the spider became known, did not live long in captivity, but we learned much about the creature and its habits during his brief stay in a large glass jar.

Another odd pet which was brought in from the field one day was a half-grown bull snake which the boys promptly christened "Blackie". (Mrs. Noah had boys. Did they name all the animals in the ark?) Now bull snakes are much prized by farmers — alive, not dead! They are excellent helpers in keeping rats and mice under control. They do grow large and are comparatively homely, but on most farms strict orders go out to leave them alone.



Alison's pet goat Sadie had to be left at the farm when she returned to her home in Denver, but her Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank promised to take good care of her.

It took a sturdy cage to keep Blackie confined and he obviously resented every minute of captivity. After observing him for several days and reading all the stories we could find about snakes, friendly and unfriendly, Robert took him back to the field to go his helpful way. I was the only one *honestly* glad to see him go.

Sammy came along soon to fill the void. The five of us were spending a pleasant afternoon hiking in the bluffs west of Sidney when the line of marchers ahead of me suddenly stopped. (As usual, I was bringing up the rear.) In the center of the path was a hole. Sticking his head out of the hole in complete amazement at these sudden callers was a sleek black and yellow salamander.

Quicker than you can say "Be Prepared", the boys went into action. Bob whipped out his knife, cut a stick from a tree with a forked end and sharpened it. Jeff and Craig stood poised on each side of the hole to keep the animal from escaping. With a quick motion, the stick descended onto the neck of the still motionless creature. He was ours!

Sammy lived in a dishpan on the back porch for over two years. The boys fed him insects and bits of hamburger and small balls of cottage cheese dangled from a broom straw. He became docile and interesting to observe. He did get out of his pan once or twice. We found him on one occasion going around and around the brim of a straw hat Jeff had tossed casually in the corner as he came in for supper. Why Sammy chose a hat as an exercise track we'll never know, not being salamanders.

Next came Little Fellow. He was a cute golden hamster, and much fun.

He was a great deal like a chipmunk, tucking seeds into pouches in his cheeks until he could hardly wobble over to hide his treasure under the soft bedding. He cleaned himself like a kitten, licking his tiny paws and then rubbing his face and ears meticulously. He sat up on his hind legs like a squirrel to beg or nibble on a sunflower seed.

Just when I thought life was going to settle down to the common run of dogs and kittens and hamsters Craig came up with the request for a pet skunk.

"A skunk?" I almost shouted! "Wherever did you get the idea you wanted a skunk?"

"I don't remember when I first thought of it," Craig turned a pleading look my way. "But they do make nice pets, a lot like a cat. If I can locate one may I have it?"

Finding a skunk seemed so far from possibility I promptly dismissed it from my mind. I should have known Craig would not forget. A local farmer found a baby skunk and before I could yell "Help" we had a de-scented, rabies-treated, cute little black and white skunk named "Sniffles" living in our basement.

Craig and his dad spent several happy evenings building a sleeping cage for this new pet. Sniffles liked it just fine. He does like to get out and roam around the basement. So far I've refused to allow him upstairs unless Craig has him firmly on a leash. The books assure me that skunks can be trained, but since Sniffles can't read and I don't have the time or patience to cope, he'll just have to settle for the basement and Craig can train him there.

Craig and Sniffles are quite a pair outdoors. Sniffles ambles along, or gallops, or stops and looks around for insects. Our big black collie takes a very dim view of this creature. The skunk, who is small enough to make one mouthful for the dog, stamps his feet, plumes out his tail. The dog whiffles her nose a bit and retreats with cautious disgust around the corner of the house.

Pets teach parents and children both. Ours have brought us close to nature. By both observation and study we have learned to appreciate even the most homely. Caring for them helps youngsters grow in taking responsibility. It helps mothers develop more patience and understanding. We have all gained more reverence for God's creatures. I wonder if that is what held Mrs. Noah steady through that long confining voyage?

THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

Summer has slipped away leaving breath-taking scenery everywhere we look: the red and orange of the trees on the distant hillside; the pure gold of the hickory and walnut trees; the pattern of the scarlet vines entwined around the brown tree trunks. A few patches of green grass peeping through the brown leaf blanket — a little gust of wind and a bright-colored leaf comes twisting and turning earthward. A squirrel is scurrying about hiding nuts for his winter fare. Fleecy cloud-patterns are moving slowly across the pale blue sky. Yes, Summer has slipped quietly away and Fall has moved in.

* * * * *

The roadside stands may be a traffic hazard but they are most colorful and interesting at this time of the year. Squash, Indian corn, and gourds present a delightful mosaic. It's such fun to plan your "fallish" table decorations as you wander from basket to basket picking out a "warty" gourd or selecting a choice ear of corn from the display string.

* * * * *

So much is said of the glory of the sunset — you can't match the beauty of the sunrise; the promise of a new day to mold to your liking, to bring you a little closer to some goal you have set.

* * * * *

A bit forlorn is the sand pile with the large umbrella opened — it protected the little ones from the summer sun. The plastic swimming pool is now deflated and hung by for another season and the lawn furniture is stacked ready for storing.

* * * * *

Fall is drawer-cleaning time. Yes, it is a consuming task! Out come the contents of the drawer and you find yourself pouring over old clippings, photos and books. You grow weary of standing and decide to sit down and fill your lap with the junk. Do you discard any of these things? No, very little — you end up putting most of it back in the same drawer. But, you are a bit happier for the experience and the drawer is in order. Yes — drawer cleaning is a time for pondering and reliving many pleasant experiences.

* * * * *

Some of the late-blooming flowers are the most beautiful. Could it be one last fling before slipping quietly away into a period of rest?



One of the happiest surprises we had this summer was a visit from two of Uncle Henry Field's daughters whom we hadn't seen for several years, Faith (Field) Stone, left, and Hope (Field) Powak, next. Beside Hope is Aunt Jessie Shambough, and at the right is Aunt Bertha Field, Uncle Henry's wife. In front are Dad and Mother, Mr. and Mrs. M.H. Driftmier.

There is something homey about a fall bouquet in a brass bowl, a container of polished apples on the coffee table and an open book with your "specs" to mark the place.

* * * * *

The last fly of the season is always the most persistent and "zoomiest" of all.

* * * * *

Does Fall bring to you a feeling of schedule? A feeling of planning your winter's projects, and does your enthusiasm "ride high" — it's a good feeling, isn't it?

* * * * *

The tapestry soon
Will lose its glow . . .
Winter will come,
Autumn must go.

NOTE TO A CHILD

You visited with me when goldenrod
Adorned the lanes,
And starry asters blued the roadside
sod
Of browning plains,
And seemed like silent lyrics wrought
in flowers
For shortened days.
They offered beauty through the waning
hours,
While purple haze
Became a subtle mellowing caress
Upon each hill.
While we admired the gypsy loveliness
In autumn-skill,
Stray sunbeams wove a bit of magic
thread
Within unribboned curls upon your head!

—Thelma Allinder

AUTUMN

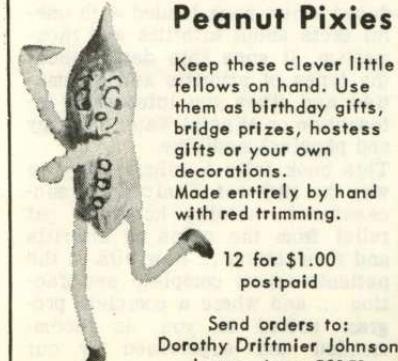
IS HERE!

We know you're very busy with fall housecleaning, putting the garden to bed, and tackling all the special jobs that fall due in October. Listen to *Kitchen-Klatter* every day for good menus and recipes for those busy days, as well as some helpful hints to make your housework easier.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The house is quiet. The hour is early as I write. A certain substitute paperboy has just slipped out the door to deliver morning papers. This special time is mine before the busy day starts, so I pick up *Thoreau on Birds* (McGraw-Hill Book Company, \$7.95) by Helen Cruickshank. A gift book to our public library, I should like to thank the donor for a wise selection.

Today Henry David Thoreau and his works are read and discussed more than any time since he began writing. By simplifying his life, he was able to spend time in observation and writing around Concord, Massachusetts. Excerpts from *Walden*, his *Journal*, *Excursions*, and other works reflect his love for nature and especially birds. Helen Cruickshank, a well-known naturalist, has, in this handsome volume, brought the most interesting passages about birds from all Thoreau's writings.

Thoreau's love for the thrush is shared by many. The first song of the robin, the drumming of the partridge, the easily-imitated call of the screech owl, the return of sweet-singing bluebirds to Concord — all are discussed and recorded in strong prose by Henry David Thoreau.

Thoreau on Birds by Helen Cruick-

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shank makes fascinating reading for nature lovers.

For the junior bookshelf, there is *Walt Whitman's America* (World Publishing Company, \$3.95) by James Daugherty. The author first read Walt Whitman as a sixteen-year-old student at the London School of Art. While reading *Leaves of Grass* Mr. Daugherty became engrossed in Whitman's America and vowed to return to his country. Strong drawings by Daugherty in the book complement exciting samplings from *Leaves of Grass* and *Portraits of Lincoln*, including Whitman's report on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

It was Mr. Daugherty's hope that these selections would "expand the spirit toward wider horizons along new and unexplored paths," and certainly we cannot help but be stirred by their power.

A story of country America is *A House of Many Rooms* (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, \$4.95) by Rodello Hunter. A rollicking and touching memoir of a wonderful Mormon family, the Woodrows, the story takes place at the turn of the century in a small Utah town.

The book is so named because it showed the financial state and growth of Papa's family as the house was added on to, room by room, "until it grew from a large, one-room log cabin into the white sprawls and peaks that all of us loved."

The book is packed with events and anecdotes — some happy and some sad — just as happened to other families. There is a firmness about Papa and Mama, well, Mama believed in raising a happy family but also that "Children should be seen and not heard." The author observes that this is important. As children, although they "were always praised for our good qualities and chastised in private for our bad ones, an adult, any adult, came first."

Rodello Hunter, in *A House of Many Rooms*, is touched by the completeness of her parents' lives together, as they had known it all. "Pain enough to appreciate the sweet, sorrow enough to appreciate happiness."

And now, the paperboy has returned with, "I like to be outside in the early morning," and the family is gathering for breakfast. Will the discussion at the table be on Thoreau's early morning hikes, or perhaps "the heritage of going without" left by the Woodrow parents? Anyway, it should be interesting!

One man may teach another to speak, but none can teach another to hold his peace.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

You are going to be plenty peeved at yourself next spring if you don't plant some bulbs now. The real success of the spring garden depends on your planting tulips, hardy varieties of narcissus, crocus, scillas and grape hyacinths. The earlier the bulbs (with the exception of tulips) are planted, the better they will be rooted before winter begins.

Sandy loam is really the best soil, but if you have a heavy clay type it can be lightened by incorporating some organic matter into it. Coarse compost, leaf mold or peat moss are good conditioners for compact soil. Last fall we had a bag of vermiculite left over from insulating the blocks used in the greenhouse foundation. I used it freely in the soil where the new daffodils were planted and what a grand display they made last spring! We attributed their large size and big husky stems to the fact that the soil was loose and friable, making it easy for the roots to reach out and assimilate food.

Bone meal at the rate of about 5 lbs. to each 100 square feet of bed area is all the fertilizer bulbs need. Don't make the mistake of planting bulbs in heavily manured soil, and if you must apply commercial fertilizer, be sure it is low in nitrogen (the first number in the formula indicates the nitrogen content).

Bulbs give the best effect when planted in groups of 5 or more, rather than stringing them out in single rows. Don't be afraid of deep planting. I always plant them two inches deeper than recommended on the planting charts. If the soil is moist and conditions are right, bulbs will start putting out roots soon after being planted. The roots will continue to grow as long as the soil is not frozen below their depth. If they are planted in a poorly prepared site with insufficient moisture to start growth, the bulbs will rot and be a total loss.

Some gardeners complain that their tulips come up with only one leaf in the spring and do not bloom. As soon as a tulip is through blooming it begins to form buds and leaves for the next year. If growing conditions are poor the bulbs go down hill and will become worthless in time. If this happens to your planting, dig up the bulbs in late summer, replant the larger ones



The folks' little great-grandson
Andrew runs to the hose for a drink whenever his mother, Kristin Brase, waters the garden.

and discard the small ones, or line them out in a nursery row to develop better. Foliage on all spring-flowering bulbs should be allowed to ripen naturally.

OCTOBER IS NEARBY

I saw October coming
Across September's land,
A final flame of blossom,
Like a torch held in the hand.

I heard October coming
In a whir of southwest wings,
The whisper of falling leaves,
The songs of hidden things.

I smelled October coming
In the smoke of evening's air,
The scent of windfall apples,
Wild grape and mellow pear.

Yes, October is nearby,
But is there need to tell it?
For all who love October
Will see and hear and smell it.

—Anonymous

WITCH'S PARTY — Concluded

candy with bits of yellow yarn or construction paper to resemble the brush part of the broom. Make the witch stand upright by placing the stick body in a large gumdrop, in a bit of modeling clay, or in an empty spool.

And when your party ends, I am sure your guests will be reluctant to leave, but they will "bewishing" you a "bewitching" good night.

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Emily Driftmier got quite a thrill out of riding the large ferry across the Strait to Victoria.

DAYS GRANDMA MISSED — Concluded

decided I wasn't that curious about the time!

Grandma would not have been concerned about the time because she would have been busy getting her work done. Oh well, I decided, I could cook, so I walked hopefully to the freezer. There was another modern miracle lost without its spark of life!

As I lit the gas oven I thought about my recent admiration of an electric stove. My husband and I had discussed buying new chairs for the living room, but I had gleefully announced that I was going to buy an electric stove and let the company sit on the floor.

Perhaps I had better give that idea a second thought, I decided, as I put the roast in the oven, triumphant that I had finally accomplished something!



THE SPOOKY TIME MOOD

Goblin Goblets: Use white paper drinking cups, or you can use clear water glasses if you use washable poster paint, and on the side of each glass mark in the features of a weird spook (wide grinning mouth with scraggled teeth, crossed eyes, etc.)

Spook Snack Sack: For a different way to serve lunch at a party, or just to please the kiddies as a surprise, mark goblin, or jack-o'-lantern faces on brown paper sacks. Pack individual lunches in each bag. Fasten by gathering top into two big "ears" held by rubber bands.

Jack-O'-Lantern Dessert: Remove the orange pulp from the number of oranges needed (save for a salad later). Cut faces in sides of the oranges. Fill with orange sherbet. Place the cap back on the orange shell and put in the freezer until serving time. (If preferred, the faces can be made using cloves and small candies, put on with a thick icing.)

Popcorn Spooks are simply your favorite popcorn balls with the syrup tinted orange. Use chocolate chips and cinnamon candies to make the faces.

OLD MISTER JACK-O'-LANTERN

Old Mister Jack-o'-Lantern, you can't frighten me,

'Cuz you're just a pumpkin as yellow as can be!

I watched my daddy carve you; in fact,

I helped him some;

He took a knife and I a spoon — my, it was fun!

Your eyes are slits, long and thin; your nose is round and wide;

Your mouth is just a triangle with crooked teeth inside.

And when we light the candle that stands inside your head,

I like to sit and watch you before I skamer off to bed.

You DO look fierce and ugly, but I'm not one bit afraid,

'Cuz you're just a jack-o'-lantern that me 'n Daddy made!

—Author Unknown.

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How to Select Stories

by
Evelyn Witter

Storytelling is one of the keys to companionship with your child. That's why mastering the storytelling technique is important to every mother.

What makes a good story? To the child a good story is one which is interesting from beginning to end.

But the mother can be more specific, using a yardstick such as this:

1. A good story should ring true. The people in the story (like actors in a play) should create the illusion of realism by what they say and do.

2. Stories should contain elemental truths that children experience in everyday living. If the story problem is within the realm of the child's own experience, it is in the realm of his understanding and interest. Avoid stories that are not.

3. A good story has plenty of action. In stories, as well as in their own lives, children like to have plenty going on.

4. A good story holds interest by action that is developed in a natural series of events to a logical climax. Almost any time-proven children's story, when carefully analyzed, shows good plot structure.

5. No story is a good story unless it is written with apt words and phrases. The stories that have survived for generation after generation all have "good word choice" in common . . . rhythm and picture words. "Cinderella" is an example of such writing.

BRIDGE FOR TOMORROW — Concluded each was given a different talent, but to all the richness of the new land. Theirs must be the will and effort to produce. No government can produce what people do not in themselves create.

BRIDGES FOR TOMORROW? Think about these words by Drummond. "The kingdom of God is a society of the best men, working for the best ends, according to the best methods. Its law is one word — loyalty; its gospel, one message — love." What powerful bridges

we can build if we use the right materials!

HOW MANY OF US ARE BUILDING WALLS INSTEAD OF BRIDGES? INDIFFERENCE? Envy — pride in self, race, or nation — these can become walls so dangerously high that they eventually tumble down and bury us under our own selfishness and thoughtlessness!

There is a Chinese proverb that says: "If there is rightness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be love in the home. If there is love in the home, there will be order in the nation. If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the

world." **THINK ON THESE THINGS!**

Hymn: "Lord Speak to Me" or "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind".

Prayer: Almighty God, teach us to build bridges to others whom thou wouldst have us willingly aid, to share the many blessings so freely given to us. Grant us, heavenly Father, the eyes to see the urgent need of the world around. Give us a bridge of faith, and love, and trust, to bridge the space which would separate us from those who are hungry, in need, or lonely. Amen.

There would be less confusion on earth if people prayed as often as they shouted.

We just finished checking our market's shelves, and found liquid cleaner selling for 49¢ for a 15-ounce bottle. We think you can make your own solution . . . using water from your kitchen tap . . . for a lot less money. and, by using **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, you get a hard-working, efficient cleaner that never leaves scum or froth. That means you cut *your* cleaning time in half when you don't have to rinse. Since *you* mix the cleaner and water, you determine the exact strength you need for the job at hand. And you aren't paying a quarter for a cup of water. Makes sense, doesn't it?

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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

their destination at some point in the West, but if you're not in a big hurry and want to see a beautiful part of New Mexico, take highway 104 out of Tucumcari. This is a good road with virtually no traffic whatsoever, and it skirts the edge of Conchas Dam where there is a lake that is highly popular with New Mexicans. Even-

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Juliana Verness, Lucile's daughter, lives in an apartment and does a great deal of cooking.

tually you come out at Las Vegas, but you've certainly seen some magnificent country before you reach that point. Then from Las Vegas it is only about 60 miles to Santa Fe.

Juliana was here to greet us when we arrived, and she had fixed fresh flowers and made the place feel home-like. They've had a very "unusual" summer here with an unheard of amount of rainfall and overcast days. (When I sat down here to write to you friends it was a brilliantly clear day. Now, a short time later, it is raining!) I thought I had left a lot of weeds in Iowa, but by comparison with what I see out here it was a puny collection!

By the time you read this I'll be back in Shenandoah, printing schedules being what they are, and taking up the usual routine of down to the office and home again. There are two subjects very much on my mind that I'd like to discuss with you the next time I write, so until then I'll wind this up by saying once again....

Most faithfully yours,

R. W. L.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
building repairs were yet to be completed. We had hoped to have all of our renovations and repairs completed by the time church services began in September, but such was not to be the case.

There is nothing modern about the architecture of our church, and I am glad about that. In all of our renovations we have spent extra sums of money to preserve the traditional character of our building. I am sure that many of you have reacted to some of the modern church architecture in the same way that I have. A few years ago, a group of us visited one of the most modern churches in Sweden. It was so unlike any building any of us had ever seen before that we had to be told it was a church. We were informed that the altar was directly beneath the large cross, but, in the confused masses of mortar and pieces of structural steel, we could not find the cross until it was pointed out to us. This windowless structure was meant to be a religious symbol, showing the desire of man to seek shelter from the world without. Some of you may have seen one or more of the post-war church and synagogue structures in this country which break with every tradition of ecclesiastical architecture in an effort to reflect divinity in a culture of fear, jazz, and speed. Perhaps I am just too conservative for this modern age, but I still hold to my love of the traditional in church architecture.

God bless you all, and please do write to me when you have a break in your busy schedule.

Sincerely,
Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

it up for him and Frank said the calf really drained that bottle in a hurry. We gave him another bottle in the morning, and by afternoon he was strong enough to take his mother's milk. He is fine now and frisky as can be. How Alison would have loved giving that little calf its bottle.

Alison is back in school now, but I hope she has lots of happy memories of her summer on the farm with Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank. I expect her English teacher will know all about it because Alison said she certainly had gotten a lot of ideas for the themes she would have to write in school. If she had half as good a time as Frank and I did, then she had a happy summer.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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

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RELATIVELY SPEAKING — Concluded o'clock? Nuts and bolts all over the place instead of the usual bongs? What star-time does the *Saturday Evening Post* observe that it consistently reverses a previous Tuesday's mail?

"I'm sorry, but it's just soup and sandwiches for lunch today. You see, I've been cleaning the attic (relatively speaking, that is!)".



Autumn Day

by
Dorothy Shumate

We were where we might have been found most any nice Saturday afternoon, my husband and I, lazily fly casting in a tiny stream in the beautiful Missouri Ozarks. I had been fishing without so much as a strike for over an hour. Tired from wading in the swift current, I decided to fish from a nearby rock. After seating myself carefully, with water-clad feet dangling several inches above the clear water, I became aware of my peaceful setting. And, soon forgot to cast my line . . .

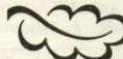
The very stillness that is Autumn caused the whole scene to come sharply into focus. I was surprised to notice how many trees were wearing fall colors. A few were even stripped of their foliage — already prepared for the long winter rest. Away from the current, the bed of the stream was covered with a soft blanket of brown leaves; while patches of bright green watercress dotted the surface of the dark blue water.

I knew by this time Don was probably boasting a nice string of pan-sized fish, and the one bass on my stringer looked awfully little bobbing up and down in the water in front of me. Still, I couldn't seem to move from my beautiful resting place. Although there was a chill in the air, my rock was within a pattern of sunshine, and the warmth was comforting. I was completely relaxed in the natural beauty that is God's, yet mine too — for the understanding.

A sudden scratching sound caused me to look across stream. I saw a gray squirrel with an acorn in his mouth scurry up a large oak. He darted into his home, and as quickly reappeared. While descending the tree, this busy little fellow stopped long enough to scold a neighbor I couldn't see, and then, as if he hadn't a moment to waste, rushed on down the huge trunk.

This little drama I had witnessed caused me to look again at my one lonely fish. If I didn't get busy I surely

wouldn't catch my share! Reluctantly, I climbed down from my comfortable perch. I could see my husband fishing some distance downstream. And, wading slowly toward him, I realized that while each of us had been communing with nature after his own fashion . . . we were equally in tune.



CREATION

The valley carpet of bronze and gold,
A fabric spread from ledge to ledge
Beyond the lowly cattail sedge,
Reveals an art of poignant power.
In tracerу against the blazing sky,
Leafless oaks and maples stand —
Poems of the Great Creator's hand,
Rhythmic epics of symmetry and grace.

—Pearl E. Brown

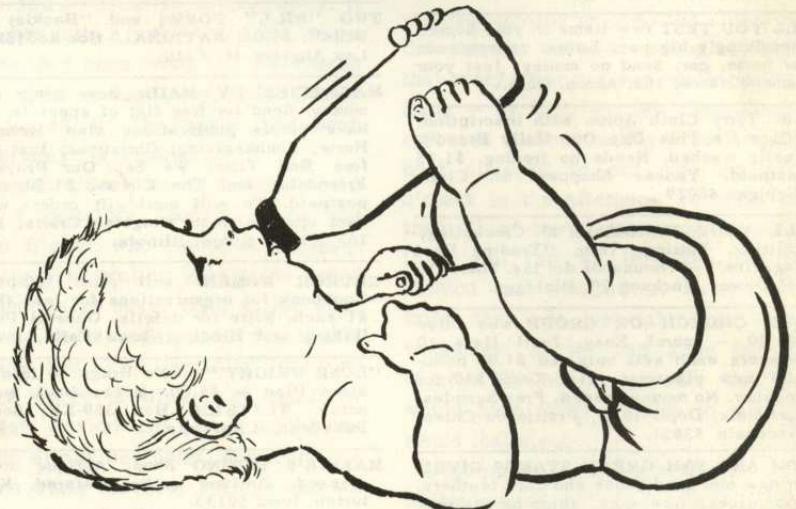


OCTOBER REVERIE

On the banks of a slow river
On a soft October day,
Haze curls slowly like a curtain
In a long-forgotten play.
Hark — the echo of the water
On a slender bark canoe
Of a painted Indian warrior
As he cautiously slides through
The reeds and tender tree shoots
For an autumn rendezvous.

Always in gold-burnished autumns
It is easy to dream dreams
Of the days not too-long distant
When these paths saw other themes
Of a life so strange and simple
Of different race of men,
Sowing, rowing, fighting, hunting,
Then shortly moving on again,
Back and forth across the prairie,
Where life was elemental then.

—Alice G. Harvey



SPECIAL HANDLING

The diapers and other clothes you put on that young acrobat do need special handling: you must be sure they're sparkling clean, sweet and soft. Come to think of it, your clothes need the same care, don't they? That's where **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** comes in! For this miracle powder keeps white things white and colors bright, yet is perfectly gentle to all washables because it contains no harsh chlorine.

For everything you wash, from diapers to dacron, you can depend on



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