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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

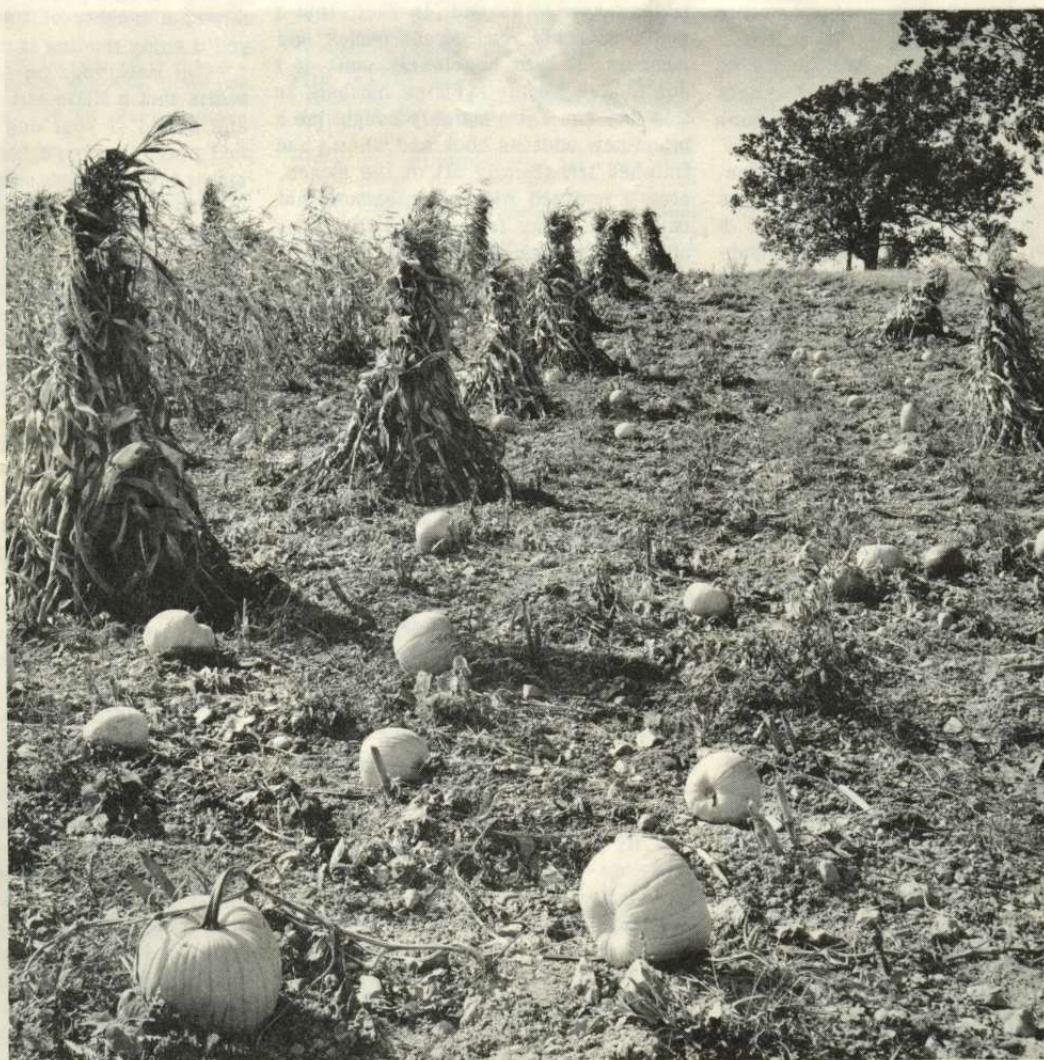
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-H. Armstrong Roberts



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Every year at this time we hear the same constantly recurring phrase: "Well, WHERE did the summer go?" Everyone asks it but no one ever seems to have the answer . . . voices just trail off and people look baffled and mystified. I can't think to save my life WHERE this last summer went, but I do know that signs of autumn are on every hand and even with Daylight Saving Time the days seem much, much shorter.

School is going full tilt, of course, and our young people are conspicuous by their absence. In the early part of September our local newspaper published a complete list of students who are now in college and I was startled by the number and the tremendously wide range of schools where they are enrolled. According to this account we have 441 students from the Shenandoah area enrolled in 105 schools located in all parts of the United States from coast to coast and from border to border. Just contrast this number and geographic spread with what it was only a few short years ago. It seems unbelievable.

Well, in our own family we have Juliana at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, Martin at Doane College (Crete, Nebraska), Emily far away in Costa Rica, and Mary Leanna at Middlebury College in Vermont, so this represents a great variety in location and also in the kind of school.

Juliana has gotten into the full swing of her practice teaching and says that she loves it — had never dreamed that teaching could be so stimulating and rewarding. Her assignment is at a junior high school in Albuquerque where there are over 1300 students and, of course, with such a big enrollment there are many, many teachers whom she is enjoying getting to know. In a letter that came this morning she said that only one other teacher was unmarried, and those of us who can remember back when no married teachers were

hired and just getting married constituted grounds for immediate dismissal can certainly see how things have changed in this particular field.

Speaking of changes . . . one day last week I rummaged around and got out an old address book that I've had for the last six or seven years. It was in terrible shape — so bad, in fact, that I could scarcely read street names and numbers. (I feel hopelessly sunk if I don't have people's phone numbers in this day and age.) Margery bought me a brand-new address book and when I had finished transferring all of the names, etc., I realized with astonishment that only four of my friends had the same address that appeared in the old beat-up book. I knew there had been a lot of moving around but this really brought it home to me.

I had company off and on during the summer months, yet from reading many of your letters I feel almost guilty by saying that I had company! One woman said that with the single exception of a week in August they had people coming and going from the end of May to the first of September. She said: "I'm awfully tired and feel like going away for a vacation." This seems to me a very subdued comment! You need excellent health and very good nerves to stand up under that kind of a siege.

You've noticed, I'm sure, that things always break down just when they are needed the most. Here in Shenandoah we went from a very cool, late spring right into terrific heat — just plunged into it, you might say. When Russell built our house he had it virtually sealed, for all practical purposes, and air conditioning installed. Well, all of a sudden we went into scalding temperatures, as I said, and of course I turned on the air conditioning. Nothing happened. It took three weeks for something to happen because it seems that lightning had hit the unit last fall and burned out the compressor, so I sweltered in that house while a new unit was ordered and finally installed. If we had had just one unseasonably hot day

last fall I would have discovered it then, but things never seem to turn out that way. Years and years and years ago someone summed this up by saying that you never miss the water until the well runs dry.

Ruby Treese, Dad's loyal and faithful nurse, has made some new coats for my little Jake and they were done just in the nick of time for he was tearing around in rags. All of these coats are flaming red and Ruby gave them a very special dash by sewing on mink collars! (She has a big sack of mink scraps that she digs into when she knits for Jake.) I'm convinced that these bright red outfits are the only thing that has preserved him since he is very tiny and persists in crossing streets and, worse yet, running right down the middle of them. I'd never blame any driver who hit him if he didn't have on his bright red coat because you simply couldn't see him.

This reference to Jake reminds me of a letter I received that I have read and reread a number of times, and I think you'd enjoy reading it too.

"You mentioned on one of your radio visits that a little girl came to the door and asked if your dog could come out and play. I enjoyed hearing you tell it, and it brought back memories of a similar experience that I had.

"When I was about twelve, my father took a temporary post as a civil engineer which required us to reside for several months in a very small, quiet, dusty town in western Kansas — the flat, open free part of Kansas the newcomers love or hate on sight and ever after. (I loved it.)

"For sure this town wasn't a vacation spot or ever bothered by a main highway; consequently, motels were nonexistent and apartments were rare. About the only concession made to transients (locally known as "drifters" one and all) was a series of long, barracks-like apartments near the edge of town, where all ten to twenty of us nomad families could live together.

"The children in this tiny community all lived under the fair and hard rule of seniority. The youngest, newest child had a hard time for a while, but he was stronger by the time a new — and VERY welcome — family with children moved in. One of these children was a slender, lonely boy who must have been eight or nine years old. He owned a pocket knife, and my father taught him how to play mumblety peg. The boy's father was never in evidence; the mother had to work and she and the boy lived there alone. He was a normal, cheerful all-boy, very dear.

"Every once in a while — and not infrequently, he would knock on our screen door on a hot, sunny Saturday

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## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

"All days are alike for a clock, but not for man. There are days that stand out against the background of life like mountain peaks against the sky."

I don't recall where or when I first read these words, but certainly they are true. Our days can become very routine, especially for those who find it necessary to live by a rigid schedule, and just when we start commenting about the monotony of things, something comes along that stands out like "mountain peaks against the sky". In my case, they *were* the mountain peaks, and the days that stood out were the days of our vacation spent in New Mexico in the Santa Fe area. Many mornings Oliver and I had our breakfast on an open patio facing the magnificent Sangre de Christo mountain range, appreciating the beauty before us. Since our return we have commented a number of times about the beauty and interest of the things we enjoyed on this trip. Special days, such as those we spend on a vacation, stand out in our memories to be enjoyed and appreciated for many years.

One of the beautiful pictures I'm carrying in my mind is my first view of Conchas Dam State Park northwest of Tucumcari. Lucile had suggested that we swing north of Highway 66 when we reached Tucumcari to take the lovely road through this interesting scenic part of the state to the dam. As we approached the lake we stopped the car so that we might fully appreciate the scene before us. Under the bluest sky I've ever seen, and nestled among the high purple mesas (and they are truly purple in color), was a lake that lay as a jewel. Oliver and I decided that it was surely one of the loveliest spots in our great country. There are campgrounds around the lake, and those of you who camp would find this a most restful place for a vacation.

When we arrived in Las Vegas, New Mexico, we stopped for coffee and from our friendly waitress learned a bit of the history of the town. Actually, there are two towns of Las Vegas, one on one side of the river and one on the other, with separate city governments. In the old town we found the plaza and antique churches of interest.

A few days after arriving in Santa Fe, we drove to Albuquerque to meet Oliver's sister and her husband, Nina and Robert Lester, from Rockford, Illinois. We had invited them to join us for a few days. This was their first trip to the Southwest, and they were greatly impressed with every-



Martin Strom had his first experience with live lobster in Nova Scotia this past summer.

thing of scenic and historic interest. We spent several days in Santa Fe taking in all the points of interest, such as the St. Francis of Assisi Cathedral, the San Miguel Mission, the Miraculous Staircase of the Loretto Academy, the museums and, of course, the charming restaurants. Like most women, we particularly enjoyed looking through the shops, while the men preferred sitting on the white decorative iron benches watching the people go by, and always of interest, watching artists at work on portraits of tourists.

We took side trips to Chimayo, famous for its weavers and two unusual churches, to San Ildefonso Pueblo, famous for Maria's black pottery as well as the art work of her son Popovi Da, and on up the mountains to Los Alamos. We also visited Bandelier National Monument to see the pueblo ruins, both surface ruins and cliff dwellings, finding it again fantastic that archeologists were able to uncover and preserve this part of our nation's history which dates back to the 12th and 13th centuries.

On another day we drove north to Taos. This is a gorgeous drive, for it takes you into a more mountainous region. We visited the Taos Pueblo, and since this was the height of the tourist season, there was a great deal of activity. The last time we were there we just drove in, turned around and drove out. This trip some of the residents had little gift shops set up in their homes with Indian handwork to sell. We heard the sound of drums coming from one of the homes, and stepping in found a little eight-year-old girl doing the traditional Hoop Dance, accompanied by her father. In the corner sat the old

grandmother who had made the items for sale which were displayed about the room.

Taos, like Santa Fe, has many gift shops. It was the perfect opportunity to look for presents to take home. We picked out a lovely turquoise ring of an unusual design for Martin, a dainty turquoise pin for Mother, and a handsome key chain for Dad.

When we drove down to Albuquerque to meet Nina and Robert, we had an opportunity to have a good visit with Juliana. Her work with the Head Start program had just ended, so she was free to show us around. We saved some of our looking around for the day we returned to see Nina and Robert off at the airport. We spent several hours in Old Town, which we found fascinating. The board walks with roofs over them, the specialty shops with such interesting wares (we particularly enjoyed the candle shops), and the beautiful old church facing the plaza were of special interest. We ate lunch at the famous La Placita Restaurant. All of us ordered Mexican food, and it was a special thrill for me to be taken on a tour of the kitchen after we ate.

Oliver and I left for home the day after we saw Nina and Robert off on their plane. We returned via Highways 66 and 54 to Wichita, where we picked up the Kansas Turnpike. Although we had done a lot of "going" during our two weeks, we did spend a great deal of time resting, so we had a well-balanced vacation, coming home refreshed and ready to tackle our jobs again.

Martin had returned from Nova Scotia in our absence and started making preparations for his second year of college. He is at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, again this year. The new dormitory isn't completed yet, so he and his roommate are staying in a private home for the time being.

Just before school started we made a quick trip to Minneapolis to attend the wedding of our niece, Devona Anderson, daughter of Oliver's sister Emma and her husband, Rev. Elder Anderson, who serve a church at Stockholm, Wisconsin. Their home had been in Minneapolis until just recently. The wedding took place at the lovely chapel at Fort Snelling, followed by a reception at the University Womens Club. Devona and her husband teach at the university and are both candidates for their doctors degrees. We had quite a gathering of the Strom clan, for most of the family members were there. After Sunday morning breakfast served at the hotel in New Prague, Minnesota (chosen  
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# G-R-O-W Toward World Brotherhood

*Program for United Nations Day*

*by  
Mabel Nair Brown*

**Setting:** On a tall upright standard such as a yardstick covered with crepe paper and anchored to a firm base attach placards which have been lettered in large black letters thus:

**Go  
Right  
On  
Working**

Beneath this place a large arrow pointing to the opposite side of table where another standard holds a placard with the word "PEACE". The United Nations emblem might be used behind peace placard with small United Nations flags below and in front.

**Prelude:** "Battle Hymn of the Republic". (Continue softly throughout reading of opening poem.)

## **Opening Poem:**

We live in deeds not years;  
In thoughts, not breath;  
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.  
We should count time  
By heart throbs when they beat  
For God, for man, for duty.  
He most lives  
Who thinks most,  
Feels noblest, acts the best.

—Bailey

## **Vocal Solo: "I Believe".**

**Leader:** Our yesterdays are like the hills man cannot alter if he wills; but our todays are like the wide, green meadows on the leeward side. With the background of our past we keep the meadows green and grassed, for hope and deeds are fertile seeds that bring forth fruit instead of weeds.

An athlete was never made simply by instruction, nor a mechanic by the mere study of his manual. Both had to practice their skills. It is not the hearers, but the doers, who know the satisfaction of accomplishment. We must go forward, not stand still and wistfully wish.

Our deeds must keep the seeds of peace growing, as we ourselves continue to GROW in the spirit of true world citizenship. To GROW we must GO RIGHT ON WORKING to bring about that of which we dream and to increase our own knowledge and understanding.

We might think for a few moments, then, on GROWTH, remembering that all growth depends upon activity.

**First Speaker:** What steps must we take to grow toward a greater world citizenship?

First, we must be AROUSED to the point that we see that we are educated to the needs of our world brothers. We would remember that education is the torch that enlightens the world — banishing ignorance and opening the door to opportunity.

Second, we must EXPECT peace and brotherhood — enough to work, pray, and live for it — even sacrifice for it.

Third, we must SELECT and ELECT persons to put in the proper places to see that our visions are carried out. We must ELECT to give of ourselves in "blood and sweat and tears" if need be.

Fourth, we must ENCOURAGE those who are doing good in the field of world citizenship, and ENCOURAGE others to strive harder and to *stand up and be counted!*

Fifth, we must EXERT our every effort to attain the goal of the world we envision.

**Leader:** GROW! GO RIGHT ON WORKING! But what if the results we desire are slow in coming? We know full well that we all fail often in our endeavors — we all face discouragements.

One poet says: Have you come to the Red Sea place where in spite of all you can do, there is no way out, there is no way back, there is no other way but through? Then wait on the Lord with a trust serene, till the night of your fear is gone. He will send the wind. He will heap the floods. He says to your soul, "Go on." Yes, to GROW is to GO RIGHT ON WORKING.

**Second Speaker:** There is an old legend of a general who saw that his troops were disheartened. He believed it was because they did not realize how close they were to the other divisions of the same army on account of a dense growth of small trees and bushes. He therefore gave the orders



to "Cut the underbrush." When it was done they could see that they were not isolated, but a part of a great army, and they moved forward to triumph.

Perhaps we, too, need to cut the underbrush of prejudice, distrust, envy, and hatred that we might see all that we have in common with our world brothers. Let us watch the underbrush be burned away in the glow of love, understanding, education, tolerance, and friendship.

We need TEAMWORK! Together we stand; by ourselves we fall flat. Whatever we do, or whatever we plan, we can't stand alone, even the best of us. We must share our gifts with our fellowman.

It is a challenging fact that brotherhood is no longer simply a religious idea, but a challenging fact; for there is no peace but universal peace, no enduring prosperity that does not comprehend all mankind. In other words it takes "the everlasting teamwork of every bloomin' soul" to bring it about.

Let us resolve to be an active part of the team of workers who are working toward a better world citizenship. Grow — Go Right on Working. As Edward Markham wrote, "When you are the anvil, bear; when you are the hammer, strike."

There are four verbs we should remember as our cue words to ACTIVE GROWTH:

**I CAN:** the power to act and the will to accomplish.

**I OUGHT:** the power of conscience; the imperative of right.

**I WILL:** the power of will; loyalty to justice; consecration.

**I SERVE:** the power to be useful; devotion to your cause.

**Leader:** Pray, do not find fault with the man who limps or stumbles along the road, unless you have worn the shoes he wears, or struggled beneath his load.

Don't sneer at the man who is down today unless you have felt the blow that caused his fall, or felt the pain that only the fallen know. You may be strong, but still the blows that were his might cause you to stagger, too.

**Third Speaker:** Somebody said it couldn't be done, But he with a chuckle replied, Maybe it couldn't, but he wouldn't Be one to say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in with a bit of a grin,  
He took off his coat and went to it.  
He started to sing as he tackled the thing  
That couldn't be done, and he did it!

**Leader:** "The world is full of problems, there's much to cause distress;

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## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I just looked at my watch and saw that it was time for me to lock up the church for the night and go home, but before I do that, I do want to get this letter off to you. This will be the fourteenth letter I have written to-night! The other thirteen were "birthday letters." I always write a personal letter to each member of this church on his or her birthday, and tomorrow there are twice as many birthdays as usual.

I must tell you what Dr. Frank C. Laubach, the famous missionary, said about growing old. Now that Dr. Schweitzer is no longer living, I suppose that Dr. Laubach is the world's most noted missionary and the man who personally receives the credit for having taught more people to read than any other living man. Our church was honored to have Dr. Laubach speak at a church service, and while he was here, I had a good visit with him. He just passed his eightieth year, and of that event he said: "The first eighty years are the hardest! The second eighty, so far as my experience goes, are a succession of birthday parties. Everybody wants to carry your baggage and help you up the steps. If you forget anybody's name, or forget to fulfill an appointment, or promise to be two or three places at the same time, or spell words wrong, you can explain that you are eighty. If you spill your soup on your necktie or fail to shave one side of your face, or if your shoes don't match or you take the other man's hat by mistake, or carry a letter around in your pocket a week before you read it, you are eighty. So you can relax with no misgiving, for you have a perfect alibi for everything."

Dr. Laubach then went on to say: "When you are eighty, nobody expects much of you. If you act silly, it is your second childhood. Everybody is looking for symptoms of softening of the brain. It is a great deal better than being sixty-five or seventy. At that time, they expect you to retire to a little house in Florida and become a discontented, grumbling, limping has-been. But if you survive till eighty, everybody is surprised that you are alive, surprised that you walk, surprised that you can talk above a whisper, surprised if you reveal signs of lucid intervals. At seventy, people are mad at you for everything; at eighty, they forgive anything. If you ask me, life begins at eighty!"

It has been my personal observation that some of the brightest and keenest



Frederick Driftmier points out landmarks along the coast of Nova Scotia to his nephew, Martin Strom, as they stand on the deck of The Bluenose, a ferry steamer that crosses the Bay of Fundy between Bar Harbor, Maine, and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

people I know, are people nearer ninety than eighty. That is a fact! Only a few days ago I went out to call on a member of the church who will be 100 years old in just a few months. She was most interested in every detail of my summer holiday, and when I told her about the miles and miles of green forests in Nova Scotia, she didn't just smile and say: "Well now, isn't that nice." Not at all! What she said was: "What are the major differences between the forests of Nova Scotia, and the forests around your summer cottage in Rhode Island? Are there as many maple trees in Nova Scotia as we have around here?" The questioning mind! How I love it, and oh! how much difference it makes when it comes to growing old. Where there is a questioning mind, people live to be far younger than their years, and where there is no questioning mind, the people are actually dead and do not know it.

This subject leads me to think of something very, very old that my father-in-law showed me the other day. A young man down in Peru, South America, gave him a large shark's tooth that leading authorities say is almost two million years old. The tooth is about the size of your hand with very sharp saw-like edges. The boy found it when he went to visit the site of that big landslide which took off the side of a mountain in Peru three or four years ago. I remember reading about the landslide at the time, but never did I think that one day I would see such a rare and valuable archeological specimen found as a result of it. In years past I have written to you about some of my own personal findings like the

clay lamp I discovered in the ruins of the ancient city of Crocodileopolis. And, of course, I have several rare objects found in the tombs in Egypt.

I wonder what people will think about our civilization when they uncover the ruins of our cities two thousand years from now? What do you suppose will puzzle them the most? Surely it will be the popular music of our day! Can't you just imagine their bewilderment when they try to understand why we listened to such wild, loud, raucous screaming records while at the same time cherishing the most lovely music of the ages?

I have been having a little trouble with my eyes lately, and it has made me so aware of the preciousness of eyesight. My doctor was telling me some fascinating information about eyesight the other day. He said that at the time of birth one's eyesight is virtually non-existent, and at the end of the first year a baby's vision is only one-tenth of normal. Actually, we do not get our best vision until we are four or five years old. The fact that I found the hardest to understand is that eyesight is as old as it ever will be at age fifty-two. At age fifty-two so-called "old sight" which begins in the middle forties with a gradual loss of ability to focus on close objects, reaches its peak. If the doctor is right about that, none of us should have to have our glasses changed too many times after our fifty-second year. That is good news to me, because I have had to buy at least five pairs in the last three years.

Speaking of eyesight reminds me of something. Did I tell you about the nice blind girl that our church has helping lately? During the summer months she worked as a receptionist in our church office, and our people became so fond of her. She is a student at one of our local colleges, and it is absolutely remarkable what she can do. While I was away from the office, I mailed in some electronic records of dictation for her to transcribe onto paper, and even though she was unaccustomed to an electric typewriter, she did a beautiful job of typing. What courage and faith a blind person must have, and how wonderfully cheerful most of the blind are.

With both of the children away at school, Betty and I are having to adjust to a new way of life. For the first time in all our married years, Betty is free to join me for lunch downtown on occasion. Even more important to the success of our church

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## ABIGAIL DESCRIBES NEW FAMILY ROOM

Dear Friends:

A few of the cool crisp nights of these early fall days would have been welcome relief during the long hot summer that so recently characterized much of this country. But those frequent hot days did bring smiles to the faces of people engaged in the many tourist-related businesses located here in Colorado. Wayne and I were in Estes Park one weekday evening early last August, and at 10 p.m. there were so many people on the sidewalks of main street that it was somewhat of a chore even to window-shop.

Wayne and I snatched about 30 hours out of the hectic summer to acquaint ourselves with the two golf courses located in the magnificent scenery near Rocky Mountain National Park. One golf course is located at Estes Park and the other at Grand Lake, Colorado. Both are available to the general public. This was most of our celebration of one of those milestone wedding anniversaries, the twentieth. At least it seems to me that a twentieth anniversary is somewhat comparable to voting for the first time or turning forty or drawing your first social security check.

Alison and Clark were in Iowa visiting on the farm when this auspicious anniversary occurred so we should have been just as footloose and fancy free as we were back in 1946. But with construction under way at our house, contract signing on the new church building "hanging fire", and no acceptance received yet from the minister called to serve our church, we were just as tied down as if we had a houseful of little children. Frank and Dorothy must have found the sounds and activities emanating from their home during August rather drastically increased. Our two younger children arrived just as Kristin, Art and Andy were completing their visit. Wayne and I didn't know of the Brase's visit at the time or we never would have let our visitors start out so soon. This is just exactly why Dot didn't tell us too. Doubtless the Johnsons were quite surprised at the radical changes evident in the younger generations. Alison and Clark change so rapidly that even Wayne and I can't predict what they will be like from one week to the next. We just try to roll with the changing tides and that isn't always easy or possible.

Our constructions here at home is a somewhat more sizeable project



Two visitors at the Johnson farm this summer, Alison and Clark, children of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, enjoyed riding the horses, especially Nancy.

than just the word "family room" might imply. It's been called "The Fortress" ever since the concrete men were here. They commented many times about the amount of iron and cement that went into the foundations. They reported it involved more of both items than they were required to use in building bomb shelters or swimming pools! Obviously, our addition is built to last a century! The new room opens to the east, off the dining room. The entrance occupies the position previously devoted to the window. It and the large raised patio to the south of the new room are on the same level as the rest of the house. This, of course, is because our family is so acutely aware of the problems which even one or two steps can bring to anyone with a disability.

Occupying the main long wall directly opposite the door is a brick wall which houses a raised fireplace with cantalevered hearth. Just to the right of the fireplace is a built-in charcoal grill. The fireplace is the result of a strong life-long desire of both Wayne's and mine to live with one, especially one that could be used with ease and informality.

The hearth and the barbeque opening are finished with a buff-colored quarry tile. There is, of course, a hood with a large-size fan over the charcoal grill. It would be a genuine hazard otherwise. Immediately to the right of the barbeque is a built-in cabinet with a heat, cold and stain resistant top and drawers and shelves beneath.

The shorter south wall, overlooking the patio, is filled with two windows and a door, leaving only enough wall space to "park" the draperies when they are open. One of my pet peeves is "opened" draperies which cover

up half a window. Because the patio is almost entirely roofed, we don't need to use the draperies for daytime light control. There is sufficient space in this area for a family-size table whenever we wish to eat a meal in here rather than the kitchen or dining room.

Immediately to the left of the entry to the new room is an open stairway to the basement underneath the new room. We have only a crawl space under the original house. Since discovering how nice and dry basements can be in our region, we wanted to add this amount of basement to our home. It houses the furnace for the new addition and has roughed-in plumbing for a future bathroom. It has a finished ceiling and a door at the bottom of the stairway which closes off all of this space from the main floor. Additional finishing will wait for the future except that we would like to add asphalt tile to the floor this winter.

Occupying the remaining portion of the north wall is a built-in bookcase extending from floor to ceiling. The lower portion has doors but the upper shelves are open. Our "library" has gone largely to paper-back editions and even these had long since overflowed our pitifully inadequate shelf space. For this reason we had never unpacked most of the books we shipped from Iowa when we moved to Colorado way back in 1957.

Immediately to the right as you enter the family room a fixed window overlooks an architectural feature that I have difficulty in describing so as to convey an accurate picture of what it is. The outside wall of the new room makes a right angle jog and creates a cubicle or planting area surrounded on three sides by the house and on the fourth by the patio. Our main bathroom window opens out into this space. At the time our architect was designing the addition he said we had a choice. This bathroom window could be walled in and a fan added, or we could have this cubicle and possible planting area. With this kind of unusually well-protected location we can plant something that would ordinarily never grow outdoors in Denver.

Construction ruined the lawn along the entire south side of our yard and, naturally, created entirely new and different landscaping situations. But that is too much to get into now when it is already past time to prepare lunch. Goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

## MAKE A WREATH FROM NATURE'S LEFTOVERS

by  
Shirely M. Wenzel



How many of us see what we look at?

Every roadside, unless it be a super-highway, is a treasure store. It is open season the year around for gathering from Nature's storehouse. Each kind has its own season, so by keeping your eyes open you will notice the plants developing seeds, pods, or cones that take your fancy.

You must be on guard to pick this bounty at the very time it is at its peak of perfection in color and texture, before it has a chance to become too weathered looking or too ripe. When a plant's seed pod becomes over-ripe, it has a tendency to lose its seeds, as you may already know if you've brought cattails or dock inside.

Cones can be gathered when they are green. They will dry, open, fade, and thus take on a beautiful patina.

On a walk in the woods or a trip to give lunch to your men folks, pick up a paper bag as you may find some interesting bits of nature to collect.

Making these wreaths isn't difficult, but it isn't quick or easy, either. Here is how I proceed.

In making decorative items from pods, seeds, and cones we must remember to groom and clean thoroughly the materials to be used.

Nature has provided for all things that creep and crawl, and these seeds and cones happen to make very good homes. After picking, and before "baking", you may feel safer if your bounty is stored in a metal container with the lid secure.

In order to get your materials free of excess moisture, insect life, and to prevent seeds from germinating and, perhaps, becoming pests, you should "bake" your gleanings in a 200-degree oven for several hours.

Some of the cones and pods you find may have darkened from age or moisture. Do not discard them. Plan to bleach them by dipping in undiluted chlorine and rinsing immediately in warm water. Do not soak. Don't be shocked if your cones close tightly; just put them in to "bake" in that 200-degree oven, or in another warm place to dry, and they will re-open beautifully. A longer period in the bleach can be used for some nuts. Black walnuts will turn nearly white.

Here are some of the items you might find usable in your wreath: okra pods; bits of milo; pits of peaches, dates, and plums; acorns; dried gourds; milkweed pods; horse chestnuts; rose hips; yucca pods; iris seed pods; trumpet vine seed pods;

strawflowers; sycamore balls (dipped in shellac); Kentucky coffee beans; and nuts from your grocery such as pecans, Brazil nuts, and peanuts.

Almost all cones — white and blue spruce, white pine, pinyon pine, and Norway spruce — are adaptable.

Styrofoam bases for wreaths can be found in circles measuring 10 inches, 12 inches, and 14 inches in diameter. Your wreath will be more attractive if you spray it with a shade of greyed green or gold paint made especially for styrofoam.

Many cones, pods, or nuts can be attached to the base by simply putting it in a bit of Tuff-Bond (a general purpose adhesive found at hardware or floor covering suppliers) and placing it on your styrofoam. However, some of them must be especially prepared in order that your wreath will be durable.

The white pine cones you have conditioned, and that you may want to use for the outside border of your wreath, need special attention. Pick off the natural stem as it would break off later anyway.

Take an extra rigid pipe stem cleaner and twist it around a few cone petals above the base, twist and pull down, fashioning a one-half inch stem for your pipe cleaner if it doesn't seem quite secure.

Some other pine cones, black walnuts, pecans, and seed pods are easily attached by drilling a small hole with the quarter-inch electric drill your husband may have handy. Snip off one-inch pieces of pipe cleaner to insert in the hole and then into your base. Secure at both places with a dab of glue. When these are prepared ahead of time, they will be dry by the time you are ready to arrange them by poking them into the base.

A needle-nosed plier will help you hold your cones and pods and push them into place on the styrofoam base.

Plan your wreath as a whole design. You might use a piece of paper approximately the size of your wreath and place objects around according to your plan.

Try to place several similar objects

together to form groups. Repeat two or three groups at intervals around the wreath if you'd like to get a repetitious effect.

Choose a focal point, perhaps at the top or bottom, and work from both sides of this. For a focal point, you might use a cluster of okra pods, some artificial fruit in scale (grapes, apples, cherries) or a large cone cut apart and placed so the bottom surface shows and produces a rosette or zinnia effect.

Try to keep your pods and cones at interesting angles in order to get a full, rounded effect, and not a flat appearance. Be careful to cover all stems and "mechanics" with the materials you use.

Avoid the sin of overcrowding by not using too much or too varied material.

You may want to spray your finished wreath with a clear, plastic spray. It does not give too shiny a finish, but helps to brighten some of the duller materials.

Would you like to give your wreath a festive finishing touch? Fashion a bow, wire it, and tuck it in around your focal point material, leaving the streamers different lengths. You would need at least 3 yards of two-inch taffeta or velvet ribbon, depending upon the size of your wreath. The larger wreaths call for a fuller bow and longer streamers.

Do persuade yourself to make one of these wreaths and you'll enjoy the pleasure of creating something lovely and yet durable. You will find your wreath will make a handsome wall decoration, or as a table centerpiece when used with a candle or flowers in the center.



## OCTOBER FROST

Jack Frost was out  
With gay colors last night,  
Made opalescent pearls of the dew,  
He kissed the leaves  
With paint on his lips  
And fastened a jewel on you.

He pinched the cheek  
Of the dahlias so proud,  
Then left them in their plight,  
Waved a salute  
To the canna so grand,  
Disappeared in the dark of the night.

He stealthily wandered  
Down to the brook  
Where Summer relinquished her crown  
For a headdress of red,  
A gay paisley shawl  
And a stunning spangled gown.

A silvery lace veil  
Draped the top of the grass,  
The gardens, the roofs and the trees,  
The frost sprites  
Gayly shimmered and shook  
As they danced to the tune of the breeze.

Then he hid away  
To his home in the North  
Where he locked each purling stream;  
He'll be back again  
Some other day,  
In search of a gypsy queen.

—Mary E. Boyles

# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

There is a nipiness in the air tonight that makes us realize that summer is almost past and fall is being ushered in. In our section of Iowa we are hoping that Jack Frost won't visit us for awhile because our late corn isn't ready for him yet. Most of the corn wasn't planted until June, and those who did plant early in May had to replant because of the continuous rain and cold weather we had all spring. We have been much more fortunate than many farmers in the Midwest. After we did get the corn planted, we had no severe weather, and managed to get just the right amount of rain at times when we needed it. The crops look good in Lucas County, Iowa.

Frank and I had made our peace with the fact we weren't going to get to see Kristin, Art, and Andy this summer since they couldn't find time to make a trip to Iowa. So we were surprised and happy when we got a call from Kristin saying they had decided on the spur of the moment to come back for a visit, and Art even then had gone to have the car serviced. She was throwing things into a suitcase and as soon as he got back they were to start. Art's mother rode with them as far as Nebraska, where she stopped off to visit relatives.

Kristin didn't know exactly when they would get to the farm, and told us not to look for them until we saw them coming. I had decided I would mow the yard while I waited, but Frank said the mower blade would have to be sharpened before I could even start. I dashed to town to have it sharpened and when I got back their car was in the yard. Before I had even gotten out of the car a tall little boy came out to meet me — a little boy I wouldn't have recognized as the baby we had seen just seven months before. He had grown at least a foot (or so it seemed), and had lost his baby fat and his Prince Charles hair cut.

Andy was big enough this time to enjoy investigating everything. The first thing he wanted to do was sit on Grandpa's tractor, and whenever it wasn't in use he was content to sit in the seat and play with the steering wheel. He didn't want to



Two-year-old Andrew seemed to sense that the little new pony on his grandparents' farm was his very own, and when his mother, Kristin (Johnson) Brase, took him for walks he headed straight for the pasture to see "my horse"!

take a ride on it because it was too noisy, much preferring to ride in the wheel barrow.

Kristin was tickled when she saw that there were hay bales to be brought in. She always did love to help her dad with this job and really had a workout this trip. When I saw them coming in with a load I took Andy out to meet them so he could ride to the haystack. When they were ready to go for another load Andy rode back to the field on the hay rack with Kristin. I followed behind with the car to bring him back to the house because Frank was afraid he might get hurt.

Andy has been too little to realize that he has a pony at the farm, and no one had even mentioned it to him this time. When Kristin took him out to see the horses and the little pony came up to the fence looking for a piece of candy, Andy reached up and petted her and said, "I like this horse. This is Andy's horse." After that whenever we went for a walk he wanted to go to see "Andy's horse." Next summer he will be old enough to ride her.

The two other things which fascinated him the most were the cave and the pump. He was always wanting someone to "go up and down the hill" with him. He loved the pump because he likes to play with water. Knowing of this love for water I got him a little plastic wading pool, and since it was so hot at that time I thought he would have fun playing in it. We found out he liked to play *with* it but not *in* it. After we filled it with water he spent hours taking it all out with a little cup and pouring it on the grass. Kristin said they put his bathtub in the back yard and left the hose on just enough for a bare trickle and Andy would spend all

morning filling a little cup at the hose and carrying it to the bathtub.

Kristin, Art, and Frank did some fishing. Art had pretty good luck, catching some nice bullheads. Frank and Kristin tried their luck at catching some of the big carp they had seen swimming around in the bayou. None of us care to eat carp, but it is a great sport to fish for them. Kristin caught one big one which made quite a feast for the cats. Andy had never seen a big fish swimming around, so Art and Kristin filled the sink with water and put one of the big bullheads in it. He had fun watching it for a few minutes until he wanted to put his hands in and pick it up. This we couldn't allow since he might get stung.

We drove to Shenandoah one day and home the next day. This gave the relatives a chance to have a visit with Kristin and Art, and an opportunity to see Andy.

We had several family get-togethers at our house and at Frank's sister Bernie's. They stayed ten days and we enjoyed every minute of it.

After you have had a child around for that long, the house seems terribly empty when they leave. We were fortunate to have something to help alleviate the lonely feeling when they went home. The day before they had to go, I drove to Creston to meet the California Zephyr and picked up Alison and Clark, who came to spend ten days with us. Alison and Clark are brother Wayne's children in Denver. Alison had spent six weeks with us on the farm last summer, and we had been eagerly anticipating their arrival.

During their visit their time was occupied playing with Sadie the goat, riding horseback, helping Frank with the hay, and various other things. We also made a trip to Shenandoah so they could have some fun with their cousin Martin, and see their grandparents and other relatives there.

After our three weeks of company the house seemed awfully quiet and it took us a couple of days to settle back down to our regular routine. I have done a little sewing for Lucile, and helped Bernie and her friend get started on some fall sewing they wanted to do. Although both girls have sewn before, it was many years ago and they think they may be asking me for help and advice often, but I doubt it.

This just about brings you up-to-date on happenings at the Johnson farm, so until next month—

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



## WHY NOT START A NURSERY SCHOOL?

by

Jodie Carrell

If you like children, have a sense of humor and a good set of nerves, you might be interested in starting a nursery school in your home as a part-time job. I prefer to call my little school for children from three and a half years old to five years old a "preschool". It can be named a "play school" also. Some of you might be interested in a day nursery where you keep the children all day while the mother works. My school meets two mornings a week on Tuesday and Thursday mornings from 9:30 a.m. until 11:30 a.m., and I charge \$10 per month per child.

Each state has its own laws governing the licensing of nursery schools and day nurseries. You can write to the Department of Social Welfare in your state capital or talk to the county welfare representative for an address, and so find the specific qualifications and conditions that are needed in your locality. This may sound rather difficult and complicated, but it really isn't at all. The education of the preschool child is not a part of our public school system, so this is the reason it is under the social welfare department.

Most homes can be arranged to meet the state requirements for space, lighting, bathroom facilities, sanitary conditions, and exits with very little trouble. Our basement playroom where I hold most of my nursery school activities is L-shaped and of average size. One year I had a larger class than I had planned (I had promised a few extra mothers the year before and forgot to write down the names), so the representative from Des Moines suggested fixing another room in the basement with the sand table and painting equipment to give more room. The main alteration involved was more light, and this problem was easily solved. I also was able to consider the living room, where the children entered and where the piano is located, as part of the classroom space.

When my youngsters arrive at 9:30 (the mothers work out car pools) we have show-and-tell, a few songs and finger plays, and maybe a story if it seems to work in at this time. I then

take the children downstairs to the recreation room where we have tables and chairs, play equipment, a house-keeping center, puzzles, paints, etc. The children are free to choose from a variety of things to do. My assistant and I try to have a "listening ear" to step in with a few suggestions or nip an argument before it gets out of hand.

We have a quiet time about 10:30 with a small glass of juice or milk and a cracker or cookie. We enjoy the informal conversation and there are many ways a teacher can help children during this time. We also celebrate a child's birthday or a special holiday during this tea party time. If we decide to make something special in the home-making area (instant pudding or cereal cookies are fun), they are sampled at this time.

Sometimes I find that my tentative plans for the morning are not at all what the children want or need, so we make changes. Remember, if you do decide to teach a nursery school, to have many plans and ideas ready whether you need all of them or not. If it turns out to be a rainy day and the children are restless, this might be the day to learn a new song about boats or ducks, or use soap bubble pipes with plenty of towels and paper cups handy. Talk about how much fun we have with water, find some books, make a big chart with magazine pictures pasted on wallpaper showing how we use water in our everyday activities, or play an active game like charades, acting out various ways water is used. Remember to keep this on the four-year-old level with short, spontaneous activities.

All of the children will not enjoy working with their hands and fingers and sitting at the table for the same period of time. Many little boys and some girls are too restless and immature to stick with any activity very long. They need to move about frequently, use their big muscles, and not be too disappointed when their attempts at coloring, cutting out, putting puzzles together, and painting are messy and unattractive to our eyes. They can have the fun of experimenting with these things, and then if they find it more rewarding to use the blocks, trucks, or other toys, maybe they will want to try their luck at table work some other day. Many mothers want their children to "make pretty pictures" or they make the mistake of asking the child, "What is that picture supposed to be?" It is better to say, "Would you like to tell me about your picture?" To a small child just the fun of the big paintbrush and the pretty color and the funny paint drips

are enough to satisfy him. Later he might decide it can be a red barn when it is turned one way and a big red fire when it is turned upside down.

At 11:15 we have our clean-up-and-put-away time, often accompanied by singing or skipping or marching as we do this together. We then come upstairs again for a few minutes until they go home at 11:30.

In winter, of course, we have all the outdoor clothing to put on and take off. I make adjustment for the weather. We like an outdoor play time if possible or maybe a nature walk when the leaves are turning, or in the spring, or in the beautiful snow. We often take a trip to one of the several small parks here in Shenandoah for an outdoor play time if the weather is nice. With our long, cold Iowa winters, we find that an excursion to the bakery or the fire station or a supermarket will be what is needed to add interest.

It is fun to have pets visit the school. There are always stories, songs, games, and pictures about these pets. Children are wonderfully curious and interested in everything. It is fun to watch an ant hill, but how about digging up one and putting it into a big glass jar to have your own ant farm?

Have you ever noticed what a child can do with an empty cardboard carton? Go to the stores to get different sizes for as many different activities. These can be decorated or colored or cut out in many ways to form houses, trains, rockets, or boats. Keep an old suitcase of dress-up clothes and several old purses with a few odds and ends.

Have a play hospital sometime with cereal pills and sick dolls. Include a short lesson on what we can do to stay well and how our doctors and dentists are our friends!

A rhythm band can be made from many old cast-off things from the kitchen. Use coffee cans for drums, tie foil piepans together with little bells, or have beans inside a baking powder can.

When you teach children to listen, feel, smell, taste, and see a variety of things, they have so much fun that you will too. Why not make a touch-and-see scrapbook using sandpaper, plastic sponge, slick plastic wrap, shiny foil, a piece of wool, silk, cork, fur, etc. Or maybe the children would like to make individual scrapbooks from these things to take home. Have them bring the items and let them make many of the suggestions.

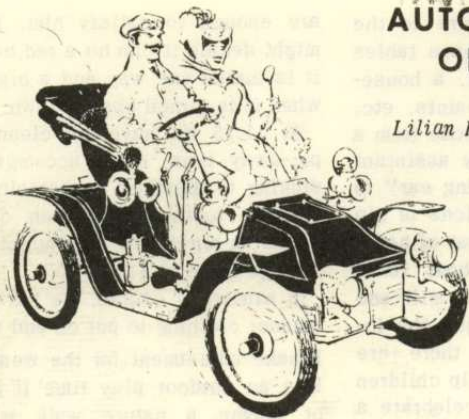
You might feel that you haven't had

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## AUTOMOTIVE FIRSTS OF YESTERYEAR

by

Lilian Rothman and Joseph Arkin



With 62,000,000 cars on its roads, the United States has earned the title of a "nation on wheels". In these days of the two — and sometimes three — car family, the automobile is such a commonplace item that it's difficult to imagine that time when it didn't exist.

Nevertheless, it was once non-existent and it took hundreds of inventors, and probably as many innovations, to develop the automobile as we know it. In the process, new businesses were established, new laws enacted, new jobs created — in short, our very pattern of living was affected by this "modern invention".

Actually, the automobile had its start more than three centuries ago, though no one knows for certain when man first began thinking of ways to move vehicles without the use of animal or human power.

The first "automobile" of which there is a record was produced in the year 1649 by a German clockmaker named John Hautzsch. The motor-carriage that he built worked like a wind-up top. It could inch along at a speed of one mile per hour, and the great clock spring that propelled it had to be rewound every few minutes. They say that Prince Karl Gustav of Sweden was sufficiently impressed with this contraption to buy it for the sum of \$500.

A steam engine maker by the name of Oliver Evans is credited with having built, in 1805, the first successful steam-driven car in America, although as early as 1655 a steam-propelled car which was intended for indoor use had been devised by one Father Verbiest, a Jesuit missionary in China. Evans' invention was actually a scow on wheels which somehow managed to travel under its own power despite the fact that it was 30 feet long, 21 feet wide, and weighed 20 tons.

80 years later, the first gasoline

engine was patented by Gottlieb Daimler, a German engineer. Sharing honors with him was another German technician, Karl Benz, who worked on a similar machine at the same time. The companies formed by these two men were to be united in 1901 to produce the well-known Mercedes-Benz.

In September of 1893, Frank and Charles Duryea drove their self-propelled vehicle on the streets of Springfield, Mass. This was America's first successful gasoline-powered car. The famous 1893 Duryea, now in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, is said to have attained a speed of 10 miles per hour.

Two years later, the Duryea brothers formed the Duryea Motor Wagon Co., which bears the distinction of having been the first company organized in the United States to manufacture and sell gasoline-powered autos.

The first battery-powered carriage was the result of the inventiveness of an Englishman, Sir Davis Salomons. In America, the first electric car was operated in 1888. Though electricity was a major source of energy used to power self-propelled vehicles when motoring was in its infancy, it was doomed to be discarded later on — along with the steam-driven car, in favor of the gasoline-powered auto.

During the closing years of the 19th century, automobiles were considered such a curiosity that Barnum & Bailey featured one as an oddity in its circus parade of 1896. But the first law regulating the legal speed of these vehicles had been enacted 31 years before when England passed a bill known as the "Red Flag Act".

The law limited "road locomotives" to a speed of four miles an hour in open country, and two miles an hour in the city. It declared, furthermore, that a man must walk before such vehicles carrying a red flag by day and a

red lantern at night.

Here in America, the first speed limit for automobiles was set in 1898, when speed over five miles an hour in settled areas and ten miles an hour on open roads, was prohibited in most places. The state of New York used policemen on bicycles to pursue "speeding motorists". Registration fees were also instituted at that time, varying from one dollar in most states to ten dollars for the privilege of passing through St. Louis.

That same year, the Winton Motor Carriage Co. — former manufacturers of bicycles, had a production schedule of 25 cars and displayed them in New York in the first automobile sales room. They sold the entire lot, making their initial sale to Robert Allison of Port Carbon, Pa. It is claimed that this was the first *recorded* sale of a gasoline-powered vehicle in America.

It was in a Winton, too, that the first cross-country trip in an automobile was made. As there were only 144 miles of paved road on which to drive, it took the driver, H. Nelson Jackson, 34 days to complete the journey.

At the turn of the century, only 8000 cars travelled the roads of America. Mass production, of course, made it possible for the automobile to become a common convenience for the majority of the people, rather than the prized possession of the wealthy few.

Contrary to popular belief, it was not a "Ford" that came off the first assembly line. In reality, it was the Oldsmobile that was the first low-priced gasoline car to be produced in quantity. And it all came about purely by accident.

In 1901, a fire destroyed the Oldsmobile factory, but an alert employee managed to save one car. Two days later it was dismantled and new drawings and patterns of all the parts were made. Within a matter of hours, the necessary specifications had been completed and sent out to various machine shops, which then supplied the engines, bodies, etc. The Olds Motor Works hastened production by assembling the cars on wheeled platforms which were rolled to the workmen who added various parts until the cars were completed. This was the real beginning of mass production in the automotive industry, to which Henry Ford would add the moving assembly line technique in 1913.

The fact that the automobile was growing more popular by leaps and

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## MORE ABOUT ST. LOUIS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Last month I told you about the first part of my trip to St. Louis. Now I want to take you out to Forest Park, a truly exciting and varied area where a family could spend several days.

Forest Park was the location of the 1904 World's Fair. After the fair was over the Art Museum, the Pavilion, the Bird Cage and the statue of St. Louis were turned over to the city and the fine Jefferson Memorial Historical Building was built with the left-over money.

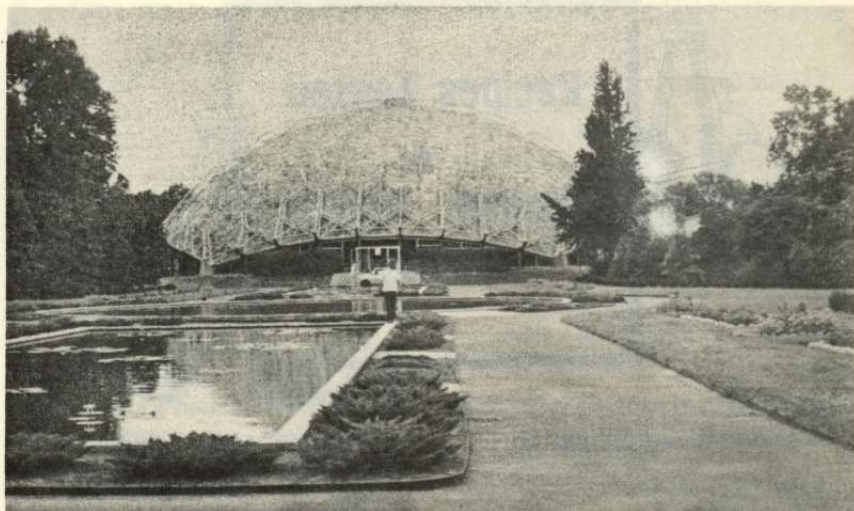
The Historical Museum is a delight to visit. First is an exhibit of the Mound Builders, pre-historic Indians who first inhabited the area. Next are scenes of the development of St. Louis with displays of actual objects owned by the earliest settlers, including the 1786 wedding clothes of founder Auguste Chouteau and his bride. A Lewis and Clark section displays the actual telescope Lewis and Clark carried with them on their explorations and a beautiful camp chest presented to Clark by Lafayette.

The Lindberg room reflects the humble attitude and the great spiritual stature of this heroic man. Included are objects the famous flyer carried to France, the actual flying suit he wore, and many lovely gifts, trophies and honors he received. Lindberg's qualities of greatness have not diminished through the years.

The River Room of the museum has a fine collection of river transportation from the dugout through the elegant paddle-wheeler. A pilot house is situated so anyone with such an inclination can climb aboard and go sailing down imaginary rivers. Children love it!

The next stop in Forest Park is the Jewel Box, a tall, rectangular, palatial "greenhouse". It presents a waterfall and rock-lined walks interspersed with seasonal flowers. Ferns, caladiums, begonias and coleus were on display the summer day I visited the lovely interior. In the fall the flowers are gay, showy chrysanthemums; in winter, bright poinsettias; in spring, clusters of Easter lilies. The setting for the Jewel Box is a quiet reflecting pool and six acres of formal rose gardens!

Forest Park includes a new planetarium, a fine art museum and the world-famous zoo. The special animal shows were of the most interest to me. Seeing lions and tigers jump through hoops of fire is startlingly exciting!



The Climatron in Shaw's Botanical Garden in St. Louis is a new idea in greenhouses. It contains jungle plants and flowers in amazing numbers.

Elephant acts and an exceptionally fine monkey show are also presented. A schedule is published so visitors can plan to attend the shows of their choice. The animal houses, large outdoor pits and artificial mountains with their interesting occupants are well worth a lengthy stop.

For years I have heard of Shaw's Botanical Garden and wondered just exactly what it was. Only fifteen minutes from downtown St. Louis, it is easily reached by car, bus, or sight-seeing tour. Surely no one would be disappointed in this magnificent area of grass, trees, formal gardens, greenhouses and Mr. Shaw's home, "Tower Grove", now a museum restored with many of Mr. Shaw's possessions.

Henry Shaw moved to St. Louis from England in 1819 and became an early St. Louis merchant. He purchased land far out in the country (it is now completely surrounded by city!) and built his beautiful country home to which he retired at the age of forty. Mr. Shaw had the time and money to develop his land. He loved gardens and brought from England a Mr. James Gurney of the Royal Botanical Gardens of London to help set out his own gardens. The magnificent area was willed to the people of St. Louis and thousands each year enjoy its beauty.

A huge new building, the Climatron, was built in Shaw's Garden in 1960. It is a geodesic dome "greenhouse" built for the research and display of tropical and semi-tropical plants in their natural environment. When the Climatron was being built, Russell Verness (Lucile's late husband) watched the newspaper reports of its development with great interest. Lucile asked me especially to go and see the results of the years of work. As I

walked along the paths and saw the intriguing growth of jungle plants and flowers, I was saddened that Russell never had the chance to see it. Surely it would have surpassed his expectations.

The Climatron is filled with exotic plants from faraway islands and jungle lands. I walked along winding paths, past tropical pools and waterfalls and stopped breathless with wonder on a portico with graceful pillars. Especially eye-catching were the gorgeous orchids of all sizes and colors (some tinier than my fingernail), the gay hibiscus flowers from Hawaii, the coffee tree with its small black beans growing at the base of each leaf, and the Bo-tree from India, which is considered to be the tree under which Buddah sat and meditated for six years.

St. Louis is an exciting city and many people helped make my visit there a most successful venture: the newsman on the corner who pointed out an oncoming bus I needed to take, a man in the camera shop who struggled with my ineptness with a borrowed camera, patient waitresses who told me of the origin of a number of the fine restaurants of the city, the gentleman who explained the new Busch Memorial Stadium and the intricacies of the Cardinal baseball team, cousins Carl, Laura and John Clay who drove across the river from Collinsville, Illinois, and aided in rapid transportation between several far-flung areas of the city and insisted that I attend the Municipal Opera performance of "The Desert Song", Russ David who interviewed me on the KSD Playhouse Party (a most unexpected treat and a chance to tell the exciting story of the

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**IMPERIAL SHRIMP SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 cup cooked shrimp
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1 Tbls. green pepper, diced
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1/2 tsp. onion, minced

Combine gelatin and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Whip cream or whipped topping, and combine with salad dressing. Fold into slightly thickened gelatin. Whip with beater until blended and light and fluffy. Fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into 9- x 5-inch pan and chill. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaf.

This is an absolutely marvelous salad! Served with crispy crackers or finger sandwiches it makes a lovely luncheon or club refreshment. Serve with hot rolls and fruit for dessert for a refreshing menu.

The friend who sent this recipe also makes it using shredded corned beef as well as shrimp. My family likes shrimp so well I tested it with that ingredient. I used the large canned shrimp.

—Evelyn

**STUFFED LIVER ROLLS**

- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. thyme
- 1 lb. thinly sliced liver
- 1 cup water

Combine the crumbs, butter or margarine, onion, parsley flakes, salt, pepper and thyme. Spread on the liver slices. Roll these up and fasten with toothpicks. Dredge in flour and brown in fat or salad oil. Add the water and cover. Cook slowly 20 minutes, or until tender.

—Dorothy

**STRAWBERRY DESSERT**

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 pkg. frozen strawberries, or sweetened fresh berries (when in season) crushed somewhat for juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- Few graham cracker crumbs for top, if desired

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add berries and flavoring and chill until mixture starts to congeal. Spread the graham cracker crumbs in 7 x 11 cake pan. Cream the powdered sugar and butter. Add the egg yolks and beat until creamy. Spread this over the crumbs. When the gelatin mixture begins to thicken, spread over the creamed mixture. Chill for several hours. Whip the cream and sweeten slightly. Spread over the dessert before serving. Sprinkle with a few additional crumbs, if desired.

—Margery

**ONE-MINUTE CHOCOLATE FROSTING**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Combine all of the ingredients with the exception of the flavorings. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil for exactly *one minute*. Remove from the heat. Cool to lukewarm *without* stirring. Add the flavorings (a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring may be added if margarine is used) and beat well. When spreading consistency is reached, smooth onto cake. A bit of cream may be added if the frosting hardens too rapidly as it is being beaten.

**COLLEGE BOY'S SOUR CREAM COOKIES**

(Martin requested a batch of these to take back to school.)

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 egg beaten in a cup and fill cup with
- Sour cream
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup coconut

Mix together the sugars and shortening. Add egg, sour cream and flavorings. Sift and add dry ingredients. Lastly, stir in the coconut. Drop by teaspoon onto lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake about 10 minutes at 375 degrees. This is a very rich cookie that spreads out quite thin as it bakes. It appealed very much to Martin and his friends.

—Margery

**HOMEMADE SALAD DRESSING**  
(Makes about 1 cup.)

- 1 beaten egg
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 3 Tbls. sour cream
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt and pepper to taste

Add the vinegar and sugar to the beaten egg and cook until it boils. Remove from fire and add the sour cream, mustard, salt and pepper. This dressing is handy because it is so quick to prepare, makes a small amount and keeps well in the refrigerator.

—Margery

**OLD-FASHIONED SPOON BREAD**

- 2 2/3 cups milk
- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 3 eggs
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In top of double boiler scald 2 cups of milk. Moisten corn meal with the remaining 2/3 cup. Add the corn meal to the scalded milk. Stir until thickened and remove from heat. Add butter, salt, sugar, baking powder, and egg yolks. Beat the egg whites and fold into the mixture. Pour into greased shallow pan (7 x 11) and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until set in center. Serve hot with butter.

**BERKSHIRE MINUTE STEW***(A recipe from Frederick)*

- 1 lb. hamburger (good and lean)
- 2 cups of water
- 3 onions, sliced
- 4 potatoes, cubed
- 1 pkg. frozen carrots and peas
- 1/8 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- Salt to taste

Form the hamburger into small balls and brown in a pan. Add the water and all the other ingredients and cook for about 20 or 30 minutes, or until all the vegetables are tender.

This is a good one for the cook who is in a hurry and on a thin pocketbook.

**DELICIOUS CORN SOUFFLE**

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups whole kernel corn
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 egg whites

Make a white sauce with the butter or margarine, flour and milk. Beat the egg yolks; add the corn. Combine the sauce, corn mixture, cheese, salt and pepper. Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry, and fold in. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in a 350-degree oven 45 minutes. Serve immediately.

**SUPERIOR APPLE CAKE**

- 2 heaping cups chopped raw apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup cooking oil
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

When preparing your apples, do not chop them too fine, and leave the peeling on. Place the apples in a bowl, add the one cup of sugar and let stand for awhile to form juice. In a larger mixing bowl sift together the flour, salt and soda. Combine the cooking oil, beaten egg and flavorings and add to the dry ingredients. Mix in the apple-sugar mixture and the nuts, and stir gently. Do not beat. Bake in a greased and floured 8- x 10-inch pan in a 350-degree oven 40 to 45 minutes.

A caramel icing is delicious on this cake.

—Dorothy

**LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE**

- 3 pkgs. frozen lima beans
- 5 slices bacon, diced and fried
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 1 pkg. dry Italian salad dressing mix
- 2/3 cup shredded American cheese

Cook the beans in boiling salted water until done and drain. While the beans are cooking, fry out the bacon and remove from grease. To the bacon grease, blend in the flour, then stir in the milk. Cook until mixture thickens and add dressing mix. Add beans to this sauce. Pour half of the bean mixture in an 8- x 12-inch pan. Sprinkle with the bacon pieces, then the cheese, and then pour the remaining bean mixture into casserole. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

This is an excellent vegetable casserole to take to pot-luck suppers.

—Margery

**CHOCOLATE ALMOND BARK**

- 1 lb. dark sweet chocolate
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1 cup roasted almonds, chopped  
Shave and melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Cool slightly. Stir in flavoring and almonds. Spread out in thin layer on cooky sheet lined with waxed paper. Use a table fork, stroking back and forth to create tree bark design. Cool for at least 2 hours. Break or cut into pieces.

—Evelyn

**LUSCIOUS ICE CREAM CHOCOLATE PIE**

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 2 cups vanilla ice cream
- 1 cup milk
- 1 pkg. instant chocolate pudding mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine graham cracker crumbs, butter or margarine, butter flavoring and powdered sugar. Press into 9-inch pie plate. Chill.

For filling, combine rest of ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat well until smooth and well blended. Spoon into chilled graham cracker crust. Refrigerate until firm.

This is delicious served just as it is, but it may be garnished with whipped cream or whipped topping and a little grated chocolate.

**SCHOOL DAY CELERY STUFFING**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- Celery stalks

Combine cheese, peanut butter, milk, and soy sauce. Beat until well blended. Use as filling for celery.

A spicy mixture can be made by using 3 Tbls. catsup in place of the soy sauce. It makes a nice variation to this mixture.

—Evelyn

**ECONOMY LEMON ALLSPICE CAKE**

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 6 Tbls. evaporated milk
- 6 Tbls. water
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Cream together the shortening, butter flavoring and 1 cup sugar. Beat the egg and add. Combine the milk and water. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Add the lemon flavoring. Pour into a greased 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan. Mix the 3 Tbls. of sugar, allspice and nut meats. Sprinkle on the batter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 50 minutes. Cool 5 minutes and cut in squares.

—Dorothy

**OATMEAL CRACKERS**

- 1 cup lard
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 cups quick rolled oats
- 2 tsp. milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream lard and sugar together well, and then add the egg and flavorings. Stir in the oats and milk. Sift together the flour, salt and soda and add to the creamed mixture. (You probably will have to use your hands to work in the dry ingredients thoroughly!) Shape into rolls, wrap in waxed paper or foil, and store in the refrigerator. When ready to bake, slice thinly and bake on a greased cooky sheet at 375 degrees until lightly browned.

—Margery

**SPICY APPLE MUFFINS**

- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 cup melted shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup finely chopped raw apple, sweetened with
- 1/4 cup sugar

Sift together the dry ingredients. Blend egg, melted shortening, flavoring and milk and stir into sifted ingredients. Add the sweetened diced apple. Bake in greased muffin tins for about 20-25 minutes at 425 degrees. —Margery

**MOCK SQUAB STEW**

- 2 lbs. pork shoulder
- 3 medium onions
- 2 Tbls. fat or salad oil
- 4 tart apples
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- Few grains of cinnamon
- 2 cans condensed consomme
- 1/2 cup flour

Cut the pork into 1½-inch cubes. Slice the onions and brown with the pork in fat or salad oil. Place in a baking dish. Dice the apples and add. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and cinnamon. Blend the consomme with the flour and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until thickened. Pour over the pork mixture. Cover and bake in a 350-degree oven 1½ to 2 hours. If you wish, you may cover the top with 3 cups of hot seasoned mashed potatoes and put it back in the oven until brown. Serves 8.

—Dorothy

**BAKED HAM WITH FRUIT SAUCE**

- 1 10-lb. ham
- 1 cup honey
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups pickled peach juice
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 6 whole cloves
- 1 cup diced oranges
- 1 cup diced pineapple
- 1 cup cut and seeded grapes, white grapes preferred

Wash and place ham fat side up in the roaster. Stick in the 6 cloves. Pour the vinegar and peach juice over the ham. Rub with honey and then the brown sugar. Bake at 300 degrees uncovered for one hour. Cover and bake for 2 more hours, basting every half hour. Add the diced fruit and bake 1 more hour or until ham is tender. Serve the sliced ham on a hot serving dish surrounded by the fruit sauce.



In response to many requests, here is a picture of Lucile's kitchen.

**BURNT SUGAR DATE JUMBLES**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup thick sour cream
- 3 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped dates

Cream together thoroughly the shortening and sugars. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Blend in remaining ingredients, adding the nuts and dates last. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheets and bake 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This is a soft cookie.

—Dorothy

**DATE & NUT BREAD**

- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup cut-up pitted dates
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

With fork, mix walnuts, dates, soda, and salt. Add shortening and water and let stand 20 minutes. Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease loaf pan. With fork, beat eggs; beat in vanilla, sugar, flour. Mix in date mixture until just blended; turn into pan. Bake 1 hour and 5 minutes, or until done. Cool in pan 10 minutes; remove. Cool overnight before slicing.

—Margery

**LEMON BARBECUED CHICKEN**

- 1 2½-lb. frying chicken
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 small clove garlic or 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 Tbls. minced onion or 1/2 tsp. onion salt
- 1/2 tsp. salt if garlic salt and onion salt are not used
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup lemon juice

Dip the chicken pieces in mixture of the flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Melt butter or margarine in a shallow pan at 400 degrees. Turn chicken pieces to coat with butter and bake skin-side down in a single layer for 30 minutes. Turn the chicken over and pour remaining ingredients, which have been mixed together, over the chicken. Continue baking for 30 more minutes, or until tender. Serves 4. (We usually prepare the "meaty" pieces of 2 chickens, saving wings and backs to make chicken and rice soup.) —Lucile

**SOUTH AFRICAN BEEF AND RICE**

- 3 lbs. stewing beef
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 2 tomatoes (7½-oz. can)
- 1 small green pepper, diced
- Water
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 1/2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. apricot jam
- 4 or 5 potatoes (optional)
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. cold water

Brown meat in a little cooking oil. Cover with water, add salt and pepper and simmer slowly until tender. (This may be done in the pressure pan if time is at a premium.) Brown diced onion and pepper in small amount of oil; stir in tomatoes. Combine curry powder with vinegar. Stir in apricot jam until a smooth paste. Add to fried onion mixture. Add to meat. Add potatoes if desired. Simmer until tender. Blend cornstarch and cold water until smooth. Stir into broth and continue cooking until it thickens to a gravy.

This can be served over rice. The friend who sent the recipe received it from the mother of a South African exchange student who was living in their home. The original recipe said to serve it with bananas, coconut and chutney on top. We did test it with the bananas and coconut and found it delicious!

—Evelyn

## KITCHEN SUPERSTITIONS

by  
Erma Reynolds

Do you avoid walking under ladders? Do you rap on wood? Do you wish on the first star of the evening? Let's face it; you're superstitious. Though most of us disclaim a belief in signs, almost everyone has one or two favorite mumbo-jumbo beliefs. Superstitions have been associated with almost everything at some time in history, and here are a few that particularly concern kitchen doings.

According to a Pennsylvania superstition, a housewife<sup>\*\*\*</sup> should always stir the cake batter the same way and her work will never be undone. Another superstition from this same locale advises the housewife never to give away anything from her kitchen if she wants to avoid bad luck.

North Carolina homemakers have several cake superstitions: the baking should take place while the sun is coming up; the eggshells should not be thrown away until the cake is baked to avoid bad luck; and to bring good luck, the clock should be stopped while the cake is baking.

In the serving of cake, if a piece should tip over on its side it supposedly predicts bad luck.

According to kitchen superstition, when you see a housewife stirring batter from left to right you may know that she's a good cook, while if she stirs from right to left it is a sign that she's a poor cook.

When making pies, if the cook, after putting the crust on the plate, trims it all around without changing hands, it symbolizes that she will be wealthy. Should a girl, while trimming pie crust, have the scraps of dough fall over her hand, she may take it as a sign that she will marry young.

In Maryland a superstitious housewife will never allow a human's breath to blow on the soup she is preparing or it won't "make".

In olden days if a girl, while preparing peas for a meal, found a pod with nine peas in it she would place the pod on the doorstep of the kitchen. Then the first man to cross over was destined to be her future love. The onion was highly regarded by the ancients who believed that this pungent vegetable could keep all evil spirits away and ward off disease.

Spilling salt is considered bad luck unless the spell is broken by throwing a pinch of it over the left shoulder.

Knock over the pepper box and superstition has it that company is coming, with the direction in which the box falls indicating the direction from which they are coming.

Should you want a guest for tea, just allow the lid of the teapot to stand open.

A superstitious housewife is careful not to drop her apron, for this action has all manner of interpretations, most of them unlucky — marriage to two husbands, an illness, early death, lots of children or no children at all, or spinsterhood for the unmarried.

Dropping a dishcloth also has superstitious meaning, signifying that something special is going to happen. In

Alabama some folks believe that a dropped dishcloth predicts the approach of a sweetheart, while in other locales it can be taken as an omen of impending quarrel, or a dinner guest.

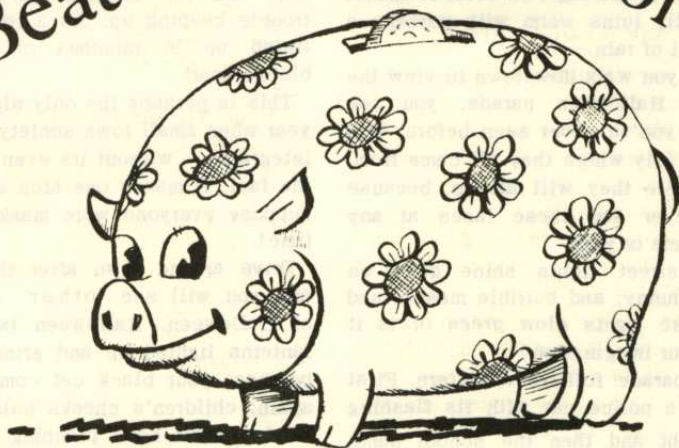
In Maine they have a verse pertaining to dishwashing:

"Wash and wipe together,  
Live and fight together."

Feed yourself and you fill your stomach; feed others and you fill your soul.

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And isn't that the whole idea?

## KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER



## Halloween In A Small Town

by  
Elaine Derindinger

The day of Halloween may seem like any other day, but with the advent of darkness, the atmosphere changes abruptly. If the day was calm and warm, the air suddenly turns cool and little darts of wind blow in the bushes. If the day was cool, it almost magically turns warm with perhaps a soft fall of rain.

When you walk downtown to view the annual Halloween parade, you see people you've never seen before. You wonder idly where they all came from, and where they will all go, because you never see these faces at any other time of year.

The street lights shine down on weird, funny, and horrible masks; and do those lights glow *green* or is it only your imagination?

The parade follows a pattern. First comes a police car with its flashing red light and then the school band, majorettes stepping high. (Every year the members of the band seem younger!)

The masked marvels are always alike, in a way, and at the same time amazingly different. Two large ladies dress as man and wife in long underwear with hideous faces and much padding and patches. They sway down the street, pinch each other, play chase-around-the-parking-meter, embrace, and rarely fool anyone as to their identities.

Several children wear boxes representing popular packaged products. You wonder, vaguely, if folks on other planets are made thus — box-like with long legs and arms and wild faces?

One or two docile dogs are dressed each year, and as they walk down the street with their small masters the alley dogs appear to give them long and disdainful looks!

Mothers carry children too small to walk. The children are masked, but the mothers aren't. They wear a "wish-I-weren't-parading-down-main-street-in-my-own-face" expression.

Older children parade in costume, stealing glances at each other from time to time. Although each one feels sure that another costume is "uglier"

or "funnier" or "prettier", since prizes are offered in these categories, each cherished a faint hope that this year he *might* win — or next year he *surely* will.

The band steps along in lively fashion, and the masked marvels have trouble keeping up. As a result, they finish up in bunches or scattered blocks apart.

This is perhaps the only night of the year when small town society is really integrated — without its even realizing the fact. It makes one stop and think. Suppose everyone wore masks all the time!

Drive around town after the parade and you will see other evidences of Halloween. Halloween is jack-o'-lanterns lighted up and grinning from porches; your black cat coming home again; children's cheeks bulging with candy; small boys planning all sorts of "horrific" pranks that their mothers will not let them perform!

Halloween is my ten-year-old going out to Trick-or-Treat — falling off a porch into a rosebush — the man behind the door on which she had just knocked pulling her out, patching her up, and filling her bag with goodies.

Halloween is my youngest son — short for his age of 13 — wearing my old fur jacket which gives him a "Frankensteinish" gait; and going with an older friend to my sister's home in the country for a far-away Trick-or-Treat. (In this case it is likely to be Trick-AND-Treat.) She invites them in where they talk, eat cookies, and drink pop. Since the tricks are not destructive, it is all fun, and gives a 13-year-old a most adult feeling of being included with the "older" boys.

Halloween is parties for the teenagers — too old for Trick-or-Treat, but wishing they weren't. These parties are like most other early-teen parties — half fun, half sad, with the boys and girls not quite agreeing on what a good party is. They still grope for a common ground of entertainment, these shy boys and the more poised girls.

Halloween is my son, accompanying nine girls and two boys to a rare midnight show, where they talk of the terrible things they *could* do to teachers who assign so much homework. The witches really walk that night.

Even adults like to get into the act, but the adults are more likely to talk than to act. In fact, fathers may expand to such an extent on what *they* did when *they* were young that mothers rather wish they wouldn't. (Why suggest pranks that dad would be the first to condemn?)

Halloween is the time of year, when, though it may still be warm, you want to wear a sweater and wool skirt, bake a pumpkin pie, and start a blaze in the fireplace.

Halloween is not the end of a season — nor the beginning of one. It is one night suspended in all the year that is completely different from any other.

## HALLOWEEN HILARITY AND SUCH

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Broom Nut Cup:** Use a green pipe cleaner for the broom handle and tie fringed orange and tan crepe paper or orange yarn to one end of the handle. Add a green ribbon bow to the other end. Staple the witch's broom to the side of a green nut cup.

**Spook Stabile:** Bend a length of copper wire or a coat hanger into a weird shape, with plenty of loops from which to suspend black paper cats, bats, owls, and witches, hanging them with black thread. Place the stabile in a narrow-necked bottle filled with sand, or attach to a small pumpkin so that it will stand upright.

**Orange Sherbet Pumpkin:** Cut a thin slice from the bottom of a thick-skinned orange. Cut a slice from the top to use as a hat. Scoop out the pulp of the orange. (Save the juice from the pulp to drink.) Make jack-o'-lantern faces on the orange shell, using raisins, cloves, and chocolate chips for features with icing to "glue" them in place. Fill the shell with orange sherbet. Stick a small green gumdrop to a toothpick and insert it in center of the "hat" and set on top the sherbet at a jaunty angle. Freeze until ready to serve.

**Apple Punch:** Mix well and chill: 1 1/2 cups orange juice, 1 quart apple cider, 1 cup pineapple juice, 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour into large punch bowl and add 1 quart ginger ale and ice. Float small shiny red apples on

(Continued on next page)

**HALLOWEEN - Concluded**

top the punch along with slices of orange. (Why not serve this in a "pumpkin punch bowl"? Fit a container inside a hollowed-out pumpkin.) Encircle the punch bowl with fall leaves, nuts, and bittersweet.

**ENTERTAINMENT**

**Pumpkin Carry:** Each contestant must walk a straight line from one end of the room to the other and turn around and come back to starting point, carrying a small, very round pumpkin on his head. The elbows are to be held closely to the side and no hands allowed to touch the pumpkin. The smaller and lighter the pumpkin, the harder to balance on the head.

**Apple Pin:** Apples are placed in a tub of water and players try to spear them with a straight pin. They will really have to TRY this one.

**Spook Scramble:**

1. Latarenncokj Jack-o'lantern
2. Lpape Gbbnoib apple bobbing
3. Swtihec witches
4. Kcsnrtalo cornstalk
5. Cwoerrcas scarecrow
6. Wnehalole Halloween
7. Nkelseto skeleton
8. Dcier cider
9. Tcoumes costume
10. Mkipnu pumpkin
11. Moorb broom
12. Sgtoh ghost
13. Hitweebcd bewitched

**Spook Hunt:** This is simply a scavenger hunt, but what is more fun on a crisp fall evening, especially if the scavengers all wear masks, or dress in ghost sheets? Here is a suggested list for the teams to find:

- A black and white chicken feather.
- A live bug.
- A grey hair net.
- A hair out of a horse's tail.
- An egg autographed by the mayor (better tip him off in advance).
- A button hook.
- A black walnut in the shell.
- A local paper that is over ten years old.
- A jar rubber (used in canning).
- A pair of false eyelashes.

**Goblins A'waiting:** Cut a variety of Halloween figures from black paper. Have players form a circle and march around in circle while music plays. When music stops suddenly, the players rush to hunt figures. When music starts they must immediately join circle until music stops. Then they may hunt again. This continues until the hostess blows a whistle to end the game. The person holding the most figures wins.



After printing the picture of Alison with the ribbons she won at the horse show, we asked her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier, if they had one of her riding. They did and here it is.

**REFLECTIONS**

(While taking prairie pictures)

Methinks the Red Man hardly knew  
How vast, uncluttered was his view  
Of blue-domed prairie, rolling wide,  
Like some broad inland beige-tone tide,  
Of shadowed valleys, brush-etched knolls,  
Minus road signs, wires, poles!  
—Inez Baker

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# ANNOUNCING

We are happy to announce that the **KITCHEN-KLATTER** radio visits are now being heard over station **KSO** in **Des Moines, Ia.**, at 10:00 each weekday morning. You can locate this station at 1460 on your dial.

The complete list of stations over which you can listen to **KITCHEN-KLATTER** are:

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| <b>KSO</b>  | Des Moines, Iowa, 1460 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.  |
| <b>KVSH</b> | Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.    |
| <b>WJAG</b> | Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KSMN</b> | Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.   |
| <b>KCFI</b> | Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.  |
| <b>KWPC</b> | Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KWBG</b> | Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.        |
| <b>KOAM</b> | Pittsburg, Kans. 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KWOA</b> | Worthington, Minn. 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.   |
| <b>KFEQ</b> | St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.     |
| <b>KLIK</b> | Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| <b>KHAS</b> | Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.    |

All times listed are Central Standard Time.





## COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

To her large and faithful following of readers Gladys Taber offers her new book *One Dozen and One* (J. B. Lipincott Co., \$4.95). Mrs. Taber likes to write about what happens to people who are meeting life on a more or less reasonable basis. This delightful collection of short stories, most of which have been published in magazines, will be appreciated by her fans. Sub-



When Martin Strom arrived in Nova Scotia, he was welcomed, along with other visitors, by a young man in traditional Scottish dress playing bagpipes.

jects range from family stories to romance, to tragicomedy, to good dog stories. In "Letter to the Dean" a mother writes of her daughter's health and ambitions for college as she recalls precious memories. An Irish setter mourns the loss of his mistress in "Portrait of a Gentlemen". "Dear Bachelor" tells in a series of letters of a young widow's problems with her children and with a man who wants to marry her. We agree that *One Dozen and One* is a book to be sipped contentedly as a cure for blues and boredom.

"Stillmeadow" is Mrs. Taber's vintage 1690 Connecticut farmhouse which readers have come to love and know through her books *The Stillmeadow Road*, *Another Path*, *Stillmeadow Sampler*, *What Cooks at Stillmeadow*, *Mrs. Daffodil*, *Stillmeadow Daybook*, and *Gladys Taber's Stillmeadow Cook Book*.

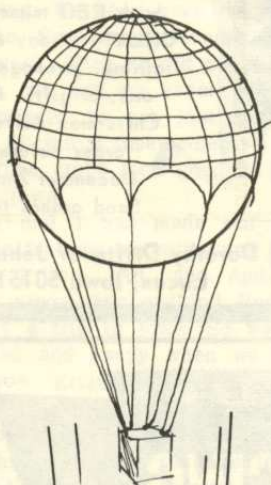
"In the new code of laws," wrote Abigail Adams in 1776 to her husband at the Second Continental Congress, "I desire you remember the ladies and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors." Thus begins *Remember the Ladies* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$5.50) by Emily Taft Douglas, a story of the women who helped shape America. More than a century was to pass before women in the United States were to receive the rights with which the framers of the Declaration of Independence believed "all men" to be endowed. *Remember the Ladies* is called a book of profiles in women's courage. Emily Taft Douglas, wife of Illinois' Senator Paul H. Douglas, has written of the contribution of women to the democratic ideal. Anne Hutchinson defied those who sought to suppress freedom of conscience; Dorothea Dix was interested

in public welfare; Jane Addams' chief campaign was against child labor; and Emma Willard roused the country to the need of education for girls. Says Mrs. Douglas, "Young men are literally reaching for the moon. Young women can perform at least as high a service by reaching for higher standards of human excellence. Together with their various gifts, they can make a better world for all."

One of the many communities located in the valley of the Connecticut River is Amherst, Massachusetts. In 1814 with the founding of Amherst Academy, then Amherst College and the University of Massachusetts, academic life came to this town. Many literary figures are associated with the town's history including Noah Webster, Helen Hunt Jackson, Eugene Field and Robert Frost.

One who truly belonged to Amherst is the poet, Emily Dickinson. The gentle life of this fine poet is told in *Emily Dickinson Her Letter to the World* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$3.50) by Polly Longworth. Emily Elizabeth Dickinson was born December 10, 1830. Emily's father was said to "lean away from his emotions" although he loved his family deeply. When Emily was seven he wrote while serving in the state legislature: "... I want to have you do perfectly right — always be kind & pleasant, & always tell the truth, & never deceive. That is the way to become good..." She attended Amherst Academy where the study of botany stimulated in her a love of flowers, especially wildflowers. Further education was at Mount Holyoke Female Academy. Emily began to write some verses hoping to become a poet and "hugged the idea close to her as a golden dream, and at night worked at her writing table to make it come true." As her writing progressed, her subjects became friendship, nature and death, and the poems were put in booklets and placed in her bottom bureau drawer. During a period of emotional upheaval, Emily began a gradual withdrawal from society and started the unusual habit of wearing white dresses. Experiencing much sadness in her life, she poured out her thoughts in poetry, although her works were never published before her death. After her death in 1886 her sister Vinnie found the hundreds of verses in the bureau drawer. "This was," writes author Polly Longworth, "Emily Dickinson's 'letter to the world'."

Do not confuse education with wisdom. Education is dependent on books; wisdom, on judgment.



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### THE GOING OF THE OLD ELM TREE

Today as I went by  
the old home place  
I thought I'd cry,  
for on the ground  
in even blocks  
of wood, I found  
the OLD ELM TREE.  
You see, my dolls lived there  
on all the good days of the year.  
I set them out on chairs  
in pretense to say their prayers  
beneath the OLD ELM TREE.  
The limbs were hung  
with leaves so low,  
if bright sunrays came  
it didn't even spoil my game  
beneath THE OLD ELM TREE.  
I know that I am grown  
and joys of youth  
so long have flown,  
but still my heart  
aches painfully  
at memories of  
THE OLD ELM TREE.

—Ethel Tenhoff

Refill with oil because someone may start the machines without checking in the spring. Next, take out the spark plugs and squirt in a few drops of fine oil (I use sewing machine oil). Replace the plugs and next spring the motors will take off right away. A mechanic told me to do this and it really works — with our mowers and tiller, at least.

Last spring I planted a packet of the new zinnia called WHIRLYGIG. The flowers are delightful and I thought I should mention them while they are fresh in my mind. Unlike many novelty zinnias, these have a refreshing two-toned color and are pretty for arranging purposes. Keep them in mind when you order seeds for next spring's planting.

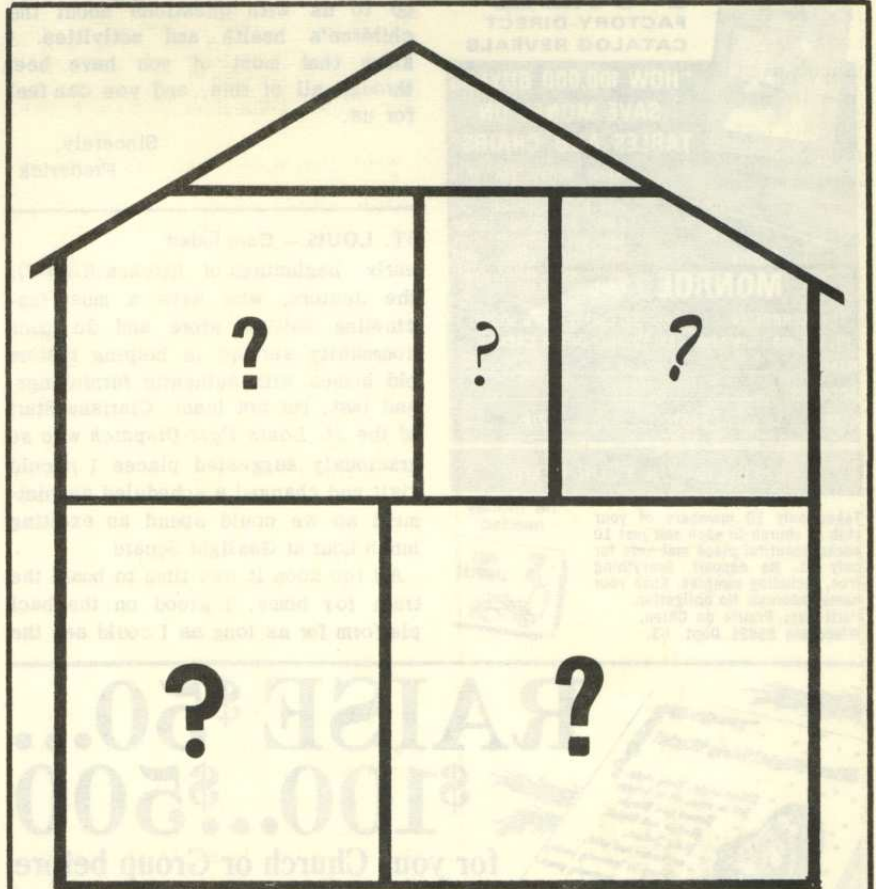
### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Did you plant some tender rose bushes last spring? The floribunda, hybrid tea, grandiflora, and climbing type roses are considered "tender roses" in the Midwest area and this means they must be prepared for winter. Just before the ground freezes for winter, hill soil in cone-shaped mounds over the bushes. If your roses are planted quite close together it is best to bring soil in from another part of the garden as there is danger of exposing the roots if soil is taken close by the plants. Hill the soil to a height of 8 to 10 inches. If the rose canes are long and scraggly, cut them back to about 18 inches of their base. Canes of climbers should be taken down from their support on a warm, sunny day and carefully laid along the ground. Heap soil over them to a depth of 6 inches. You may need to anchor the canes in place with wire "hairpins" before covering.

Don't forget to pick up garden hoses and wind them while they are still flexible. It's also that time of the year when garden tools and equipment are no longer needed. They should be cleaned and stored out of the weather. If you have trouble starting your power tools such as the lawn mower and garden tiller in the spring after they have rested during the winter, try this method. Drain out all the old oil and gas from the tanks in the fall.



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When I really miss the children the most is on Sunday! Not to have the children in church with us is a heart-ache. Our church people miss them too, and every Sunday people come up to us with questions about the children's health and activities. I know that most of you have been through all of this, and you can feel for us.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

early beginnings of *Kitchen-Klatter*), the Jesters, who have a most fascinating antique store and do much community service in helping restore old homes with authentic furnishings, and last, but not least, Clarissa Start of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* who so graciously suggested places I should visit and changed a scheduled appointment so we could spend an exciting lunch hour at Gaslight Square.

All too soon it was time to board the train for home. I stood on the back platform for as long as I could see the

arch lifting into the sky, symbolic monument of the gateway to the west. At last it disappeared into the horizon, but I know the arch is still there reaching gracefully, strongly, glowing in the sunlight, with its feet planted firmly in historic ground.

enough training to be a teacher — and please don't belittle this group by saying *just* a nursery school teacher! Some of the most wonderful teachers I have known have had very little college or formal training in teaching, but they were enthusiastic and warm-hearted and made wonderful Den Mothers, or 4-H leaders, or Sunday school teachers.

If you really get a big kick out of working with youngsters, why not go to your local library to find some books on nursery schools? Help in the church with some preschool children to get the feel of it, and talk with a kindergarten teacher to see if you can get some interest started in a nursery school. You might want a friend to help you in this project with whom you can share expenses and ideas — and grins. It really isn't a big money-making project, but you can carefully utilize and substitute many materials and equipment to keep expenses down. The first year I barely broke even and still used many toys that were handed down from our four children. You will have to keep records, have an accurate idea what it will cost you, and then decide what you need to charge. If you have more than seven children you will have to have an additional woman to help you. Remember this is not just a baby-sitting situation; neither are you trying to be the kindergarten teacher.

The Headstart Program has done a great deal to bring the importance of nursery schools to the attention of the public. Many children start to kindergarten and first grade with few really satisfying experiences to help in their physical, emotional, intellectual, and social growth. They need so much more than the TV, a disinterested baby sitter, or a tired, over-sensitive mother with a new baby as a companion. The preschool child is developing basic attitudes toward himself and people around him as well as the world he lives in. The attitudes may strongly affect his behavior throughout his later life. He is developing his language ability, his motor skills, and setting patterns of emotional behavior. In a good nursery school a child will find many wholesome and constructive ways to express himself with children near his own age.

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—Mrs. I.W.C., N. Miami Beach, Florida

**OCTOBER DEVOTIONS – Concluded**

we are all bowed beneath the cares that daily round us press. There's only one solution, 'tis simply thus: a little less of you or me, a little more of US." This is growth through teamwork.

"There isn't much that I can do, but I can share my bread with you, and I can share my joy with you, and sometimes share a sorrow, too, as on our way we go – together.

"There isn't much that I can do, but I can share my hopes with you, and I can share my fear with you, and sometimes shed some tears with you, as on our way we go – together." This is GROWTH.

An old Chinese proverb states: "If there is righteousness 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."

World brotherhood – the real UNITED NATIONS – must start in the heart – your heart and mine. We must continue to GROW and to Go Right on Working.

**THE BEAUTY OF A****"GOODIE" CAN**

by Mary M. Kennedy

Everyone likes candy, cookies, cakes, and other goodies, and especially so when the goodies come in colorful, decorative tin cans because such a container can later become a useful and decorative object.

These tin cans come in all sorts of sizes and shapes and as many different colors as an artist can mix. Being not only useful and decorative, they are, once in use, treasured.

There is a place for these attractive cans in every room of the house. In the kitchen they can be used as cooky jars, canisters for dry beans, rice, raisins, salt, pepper, and cereals. The cans are handy for matches, toothpicks, coupons, string, and rubber bands. On a desk they can be letter holders, pencil holders, and a container for the multitude of little things such as paper clips, stamps, and erasers.

In the bathroom they are ideal for hairpins, rollers, soap, dusting powder, and nail polish bottles. In the bedroom they are attractive for jewelry, gloves, and handkerchiefs. These cans are useful for pill holders, cotton containers, and first aid kits.

They are pretty as vases and flowerpots: but when used in this way, a separate container should be placed within the can to hold the water for fresh flowers and plants. Otherwise, an oasis or flower frog will do. When the lid is removable, it can be attrac-

tively placed beside the arrangement for that "extra special touch".

These cans are pretty in cupboards, open shelves, window sills, tables, dressers, or fireplace mantels. Their usefulness is limitless, and their beauty is lasting.

**WE'RE ALL BACK HERE**

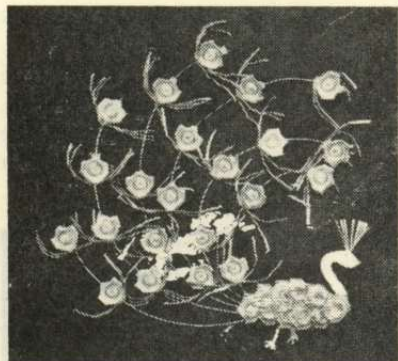
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Courtesy is simply a recognition of the rights of others.

**AUTOMOTIVE FIRSTS - Concluded**  
bounds did not escape the notice of astute business men who, naturally, began to cater to the motorist. Way back in 1899, two auto repair shops opened - one in Boston and the other in New York City.

The National Automobile Show made its debut at Madison Square Garden in November of 1900, with 34 makes of cars on display. The high lights of that show were hill-climbing demonstrations on an outdoor ramp on the roof, and steering contests on an indoor barrel-strewn obstacle course. One of the cars on exhibit was a mud-covered racer which had been driven from Cleveland to New York at an average of 21 miles an hour and served as "an abject lesson on what some vehicles could stand in the way of rough usage". The success of that first exhibit established it as an annual event.

While we mobile Americans consider the automobile a necessity, along with the telephone and refrigerator, it was not always thus. Seventy years ago, during the first American track race for motor vehicles, jeering onlookers yelled, "Get a horse!" . . . thereby instituting still another "first" in the history of the automobile.

### MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

because of their excellent food and the close proximity to the Anderson summer cottage on a lake nearby), we had a real picture-taking session. Candid snapshots are always fun to have for family records.

But back to the wedding, one terribly funny thing happened that wasn't really so funny at the time. There are

several huge interstate highways that meet right at Fort Snelling with a maize of cloverleaf turnoffs. I happened to be at the wheel when we drove from the hotel to the wedding, and do you know that it took me twenty minutes to find the right road to get to the chapel. We kept passing right by it and couldn't find how to get to it. After several passes the relatives who recognized our car started waving frantically! We were literally going in circles back and forth, in and out, over and under, each time trying a different turnoff. Well, we finally hit the right one and made it in time for the wedding, but it was a group of pretty shattered people who got out of the car. When our nerves quieted down, we had a good laugh over it! It is with a sense of relief that I've heard endless stories from people who have had the same experience. I don't feel quite so stupid!

It is the end of the working day here at the office, so I must cover my typewriter and head for home.

Sincerely,  
Margery

### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

morning, and when I went to the door he would ask: "Can your daddy come out and play?" And the two of them would squat outside our door, flipping the pocket knife into the dry earth. All of this went through my mind as you mentioned Jake and the little girl who asked if he could come out and play, and I just wanted to share it with you."

You can see why I wished to share this with you too, because many a night I've thought about that little western Kansas town and the lonely small boy. Somehow you just don't forget such a letter.

Things go along pretty much the same with Mother and Dad. It was good to have Donald come by even though his visit had to be so brief, and Wayne's trip earlier in the summer was much enjoyed. Mother had one week with Dorothy and Frank on the farm. They made a trip to Des Moines, but aside from this Mother said that she just "sat in the sun and watched the cats play and had a good rest."

I've been glued to a routine that has very little variation, but I do hope to make it to New Mexico in October. It's been a year now since I was there and I'm lonesome for the mountains and those blue, blue skies that are so wonderful in the autumn.

All of your letters are so very, very much appreciated. Your friendship brings the world to us . . . and we are grateful.

Faithfully yours,  
Lucile

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## INTERPRETATION

I walked today within the wood  
 Where oaks in Autumn splendor stood  
 Below the misty azure sky,  
 Uplifting fervent arms on high.  
 I saw a pheasant stalk a field,  
 Enjoying Nature's golden yield;  
 With lofty sweep of brilliant train,  
 He paused to gather fallen grain.  
 I noted, too, a squirrel's care  
 As he put by his winter fare;  
 His innate wisdom, we behold,  
 Will nourish him when days grow cold.  
 These varied scenes my faith renew;  
 They form a satisfying view,  
 For field and forest and all about  
 God's presence fills We cannot doubt.

—Pearl E. Brown

## THIS AND THAT

by  
 Helene Dillon

OCTOBER is here and is spreading a poignant loveliness everywhere. Trees clothed in red and gold stand at attention on every side, and Indian summer lies quiet and breath-taking over the land. Autumn has come in on little cat-feet and will as quietly steal away to make room for Winter.

\*\*\*\*\*

Goldenrod has been called "spilled sunshine"—unless you are a hay fever victim.

\*\*\*\*\*

Many hunters will tramp all day through the cornstalks and crawl for a great distance through a duck swamp but become paralyzed at the mention of putting up a single storm window.

\*\*\*\*\*

A kitchen picture! The pendulum clock ticking the minutes away — Gigi, our feathery, white poodle twitching and yipping in her dreams — cups and saucers out for that "spot" of tea if a neighbor drops in — and I'm sitting here at the kitchen table with paper and a poised pencil trying to conjure a poem about my LOVE of the kitchen.

\*\*\*\*\*

Things I like. Tiny lacy-edged pancakes floating in maple syrup — the old-fashioned coal oil lamp, chimney etched with a few fall flowers flanking the base, that our daughter used for a centerpiece in her Early American dining room.

\*\*\*\*\*

I used to go hazelnutting with my father and it was such fun to pop the satiny little nuts from their cases. Later, when the nuts were ready for use, Grandmother would cradle a flat iron between her knees and crack them

for candy making. Simple joys but remembered with great enthusiasm.

\*\*\*\*\*

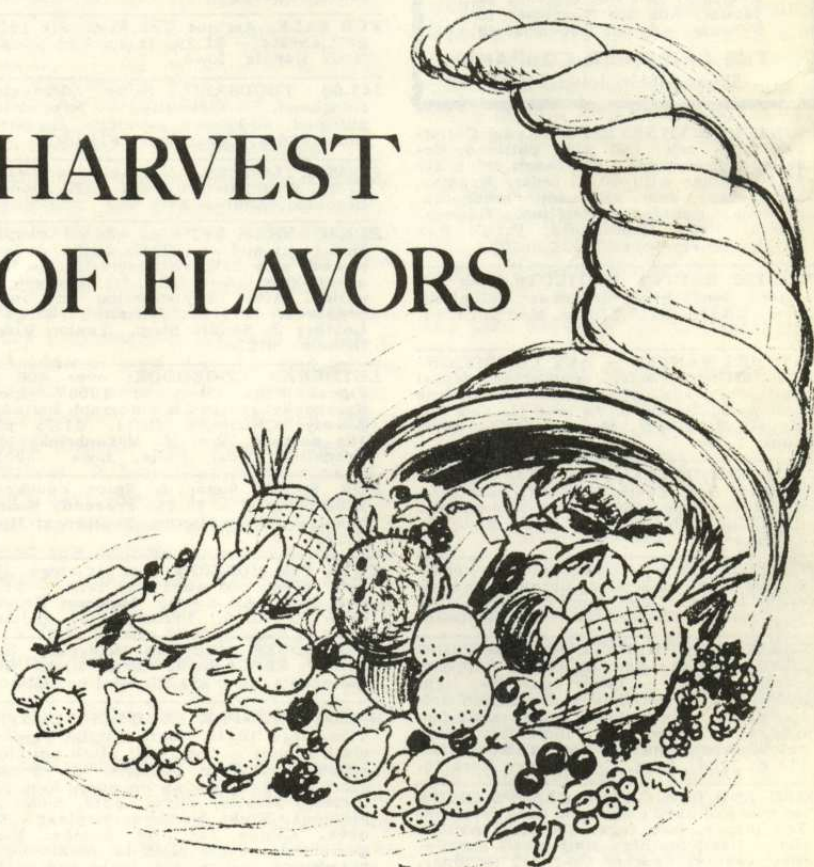
We have a lovely antique, rose-decorated plate with this inscription on it, "Give us this day our daily bread...", and I have it hanging where I am reminded many times a day to be thank-

ful for little things. Yes, even our "daily bread".

\*\*\*\*\*

To me, Fall seems to mean a garden of beautiful ageratum and my mother standing knee-high in it holding her newest grandchild, our daughter. What does it mean to you?

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