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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, One and All:

Although I've been back in Shenandoah long enough since Juliana's wedding to be totally and thoroughly adjusted to everyday routine, I find that I'm really not settled down at all, so if this letter reflects my state of mind (and no doubt it will) I guess I'll just have to ask you to bear with me.

My turmoil actually began a full three weeks before the wedding since I had such a frantic time trying to find someone to drive me down to New Mexico. One plan after another fell apart and always for wholly unexpected events that concerned other people. I wrote to Jed's mother back in Massachusetts just five days before the wedding and told her that I *still* didn't know how I was going to make it to Albuquerque, and after this letter I dropped by to see Mother and told her that I'd done everything in the world that I could do and there was nothing left to do but put it in the hands of Fate and hope for the best.

Less than an hour after this conversation with Mother I had a phone call from Juliana's very dear friend, Chris Schettler Crouse up in Madison, Wisconsin, and she wanted to know if she could ride down with me if she took a plane to Omaha (and thence to Shenandoah) the next day. *Ride with me?* My! She could not only ride with me but she could be at the wheel, so in this way my three weeks of nerve-racking uncertainty was settled at one fell swoop — and by the *only* person whom I hadn't contacted in all of my scurrying around. I'm always hopeful that these miraculous solutions will teach me a lesson, but it's awfully easy to forget them from one crisis to the next.

At any rate, Chris arrived in Shenandoah right on schedule with the only unexpected event being the fact that her luggage had gotten shuffled

on to the wrong plane at O'Hare airport in Chicago, so the next morning we had to make that time-consuming trek to the airport in Omaha and pick up the luggage before we could actually get underway.

All of this put us so far behind that we couldn't make it to Liberal, Kansas, where I had made motel reservations, so we pulled off the road for the night at Greensburg, Kansas. Incidentally, the Jayhawker Motel at Greensburg is such a comfortable place and under such pleasant management that I'd like to get the fact down in black and white for those of you who are going across Kansas on U.S. 54.

The next day we had to drive from Greensburg to my place north of Santa Fe and that made for too many miles at one whack, but it was something that just couldn't be avoided. When we arrived at the house we found Juliana and Jed, plus Jed's mother and two sisters who had flown out from Boston the day before, and in less than ten minutes I felt that I had known the Lowey family forever. This was a most happy sensation and I can only wish that other people might be as fortunate.

About dusk Mr. and Mrs. John Meenan arrived very hot and tired from a long trek across Kansas. These two young people are teachers in the Fall River Mills Elementary School at Fall River Mills in California, and they were to "stand up" with the bride and groom on Monday morning. I'd met John before because he used to drop Juliana off on his way to visit his parents at Rock Island, Illinois, but this was the first opportunity I had had to meet his wife.

Nine of us sat down about 8:30 that evening to have one of Juliana's block-buster meals: grilled sirloin steak, baked potatoes with three different sauces, corn on the cob, an enormous tossed salad, piping hot sourdough rolls, relishes of all kinds

and watermelon for dessert. Whenever I express astonishment to Juliana that she does so much cooking she always looks at me and says: "Remember where I grew up? Remember who set the example?" Those days seem so far away to me that I forget them until she reminds me.

After dinner we sat around the living room and visited and it gave me such a homey feeling to see Jerry Meenan embroidering away on towels that are to be Christmas gifts, and Juliana hard at work on pot holders. She explained that she was very low on pot holders and simply had to get some made for the new apartment. All of us were entertained by the goings-on of our indulged pets, and this means my Jake, Juliana's Punky and Jerry's Michael, a beautiful miniature poodle. They watched each other jealously to be sure that one of them wasn't going to be fed some special tidbit, but all in all they cavorted around on surprisingly good terms.

The next day after church we had another one of Juliana's meals, this one served on the terrace, and then everyone began getting organized for the trip down to Albuquerque, approximately 85 miles from my place. Juliana and Jed were *STILL* moving and had more stuff to haul to the new apartment, so they left first with Jed's two sisters, Carol and Beth. Then Jerry and John left, and lastly Mrs. Lowey, Chris and I put things into the car and got underway. We ran into a very heavy rain on the road to Albuquerque and it was still raining when we reached our motel. I only hoped that it would let up before we all went to dinner — and it did.

All of us had reservations at the same motel and it was a happy surprise when Chris' parents and her sister Eleanor arrived — they'd driven all the way up from Roswell for the wedding. This made twelve of us to go out for a most festive dinner at a good restaurant in Albuquerque, and I remember that evening with much pleasure. I love to visit with people and when Juliana and Jed got up at 11:00 and said they had to move another load of stuff I could hardly believe that we'd been talking for several hours. I think that all of us were pretty much keyed up.

The next morning at 9:20 all of us left for Newman Center where the marriage was to be performed. Although this building is right on the campus I could never recall having seen it before, and although my nerves were pretty shaky I *did* notice that it is a handsome building — and not one single step! Saint Thomas Aquinas Chapel is lovely — very simple and

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## FREDERICK'S ACCIDENT COULD HAVE BEEN SERIOUS

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you while seated in my stateroom aboard the famous Canadian ship the *Bluenose*. It is a large ocean-going ferry carrying 600 passengers and 150 cars, buses, and trucks. Right at this moment we are in the very middle of the Bay of Fundy on our way from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to Bar Harbor, Maine. With me is a party of 13 guests, all of them from our church in Springfield. As I sit here feeling the roll of the ship and listening to its enormous foghorn blowing once every ninety seconds, I am reminded that my summer vacation will soon be over.

What a wonderful summer it has been! It probably was the most glamorous and thrilling summer I shall ever know. The trip around the world with Betty and the children was the high mountain peak experience of all my many travels abroad. To finish the summer with three weeks of fishing, boating, and hiking in Nova Scotia was like adding frosting to the cake.

You who have been reading my letters for many years are well acquainted with the Driftmier custom of entertaining our church members at the family lodge in Nova Scotia. This year we had another 27 guests over a three-week period, and as in every other summer, we had a most satisfactory time.

Like all the eastern seaboard, Nova Scotia had the foggiest, darkest, wettest summer on record. The big foghorn at the entrance to Yarmouth harbor set a new, all-time record for continuous hours of blowing. Just imagine a foghorn so loud that it can be heard twenty miles!! We are 24 miles from the horn, and yet we can hear its deep, resonant sound when we listen for it. I say; "When we listen for it," because one can become so used to hearing it that it goes unnoticed. Because of the damp weather, we had a hard time convincing our guests that most summers our biggest problems have had to do with a shortage of water. For several years we have had trouble with wells running dry, with blowing dust off the roads, and with the danger of forest fires. Not so this year!!

Only last month, there was completed a lovely new boathouse down on our lake front, and for the past ten days the water has been so high that there has been an almost constant danger of flooding. As a matter of fact, if the wind had come up last night, the waves would have slapped over the doorsills and onto the wall-to-wall carpeting in the boathouse bedroom. Actu-



—Photo by Francois Martin of Geneva, Switzerland  
Frederick just received this picture and sent it on so we could share it with you. After flying the Atlantic Ocean, the Driftmiers were greeted in Geneva, Switzerland, by Mr. Charles R. Oden of Swissair. Frederick (with the camera) took many, many pictures on their trip around the world. We're looking forward to seeing them on his next visit to Iowa.

ally, the high water greatly improved our boating, and now that the danger of flooding seems to be past, we are grateful for it.

The fog and rain brought us something more than a flood concern — it brought the worst plague of mosquitoes in the memory of any Nova Scotia natives. We have been summering in Nova Scotia for nine years, and we never have known the mosquitoes to be so bad. While walking in the woods, we would have swarms of them around us, and without a good protective lotion or spray, we would have been eaten alive. Great big ones would bite us right through our clothing.

With all of the bad weather we did have a few warm and sunny days this past week, and we made the most of them going on picnics and fishing trips. On one expedition, I had a bad accident that could have been a tragic one. I ran off the road and into a ditch. We were not hurt — not even bruised — and the car was only slightly dented, but why we were not all killed will always remain a mystery. The accident happened when I drove onto the shoulder of a gravel road in an effort to avoid a bad pothole in the road. The rain had undermined the shoulder, and it gave way, throwing the car down a steep embankment. As we went over the edge, my foot slipped off the break and onto the gas pedal, sending the car hurtling across a small stream. Believe me, I have said some prayers of gratitude about that escape. As I get older I have to confess that I am not as good a driver as I once was.

One of our most popular forms of entertainment on long Nova Scotia evenings was looking at the hundreds of pictures I took on our trip around the world. As usual, I took some pictures that were not very interesting, but these I very carefully set aside so that future audiences will not be bored with them. Also true to form, I had a breakdown in my equipment near the end of our stay in Japan, and so some of my most interesting pictures did not come out at all. The one good thing about all my photography was the fact that I took nearly 1,000 pictures so that out of all of them I have quite a few truly first-rate spellbinders. I wish that you lived close enough to come see them. Unlike many world travelers, I do not intend to show my pictures publicly other than at my own church. The more I see of the world, the more I realize how unqualified I am to talk about it. Because I took so many pictures in the early part of the summer, I took very few in Nova Scotia this past month. More and more I am beginning to realize that the best pictures can never be captured on anything other than the human eye. As beautiful as are my pictures of the fabulous Taj Mahal in moonlight, they do not even begin to show the true loveliness.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

To take care of yourself, keep your head; to take care of others, keep your heart.





# ONE WORLD UNDER GOD

Program for United Nations Day

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Make a stabile using coat hangers or buy some small copper tubing and bend it to any free-form shape you desire, so that it curves and bends above and around a globe placed just in front of the stabile base. Cut hands from red, yellow, black, brown, and white construction paper. Suspend these hands, representing all nations, by black thread to hang from various angles of the stabile so that they encircle the globe.

**Prelude:** Medley of music from various countries. This may be a solist on piano, organ, or other instrument, or a record player might be used.

**Call to Worship:** *Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near. Let the wicked forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts.*

**Hymn:** "Once to Every Man and Nation".

**Scriptures:** (Two voices, reading responsively, or chorally by a group.)

**First Voice:** *For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was in prison and ye came to me.*

**Second Voice:** *Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee hungry and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?*

**First Voice:** *And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

**Second Voice:** *Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.*

**First Voice:** *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

**Second Voice:** *Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.*

**First Voice:** *Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.*

**Second Voice:** *Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the earth.*

**First Voice:** *He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire!*

**Second Voice:** *Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among*

*heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.*

**Prayer:** Our loving heavenly Father, we confess that we have not always shown love and tolerance for each other, and we ask Thy forgiveness. Our Father, guide us all in better human understanding with those who differ from us in ideas, in nationality, in color of skin. Teach us to live together in happy fellowship — that this might truly be one world on earth.

We give special thanks this day for the concern in the hearts of men that has caused them to form organizations through which we may work to show our compassion in this troubled world. We ask Thy blessing, Father, on the United Nations and those who work for it and through it.

Grant us an awareness, O God, of the needs of our world brothers and then give us the love and the courage to do that which needs to be done that this might become one world, one brotherhood in love. Amen

**Hymn:** "God Send Us Men".

**Leader:**

"I dip't into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all wonder that would be;  
Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled  
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

How big is your world? Is it your home — bounded on the north, east, south, and west by walls of family ties? Is it your town? Your community? Your nation? Your nation and all other nations?

How many centuries have gone by with people still struggling to develop the idea of ONE WORLD!

How big is your world? Perhaps you are thinking in terms of geography, but the size of your world depends on the size of your heart. Now — think again — HOW BIG IS YOUR WORLD?

**First Meditation:** "There is a destiny that makes us brothers. None goes his way alone. All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own." (Markham)

A happy homelife depends on co-operation and sharing. World brotherhood depends on nations' recognizing each other's needs and sharing — sharing love, skills, knowledge, ideas, and material things.

We must think, speak, act in the affirmative — knowing that what we will to do we can do. "I am only one,

but I am one. I cannot do much but I can do something. What I can do I will do and what I ought to do, with God's help, I will do." Only when we have such will and determination can we have the one world, the peace for which we long.

**WHAT IS THIS PEACE WE TALK SO MUCH ABOUT?** (Read slowly, pausing after each statement.)

"Peace is a way of life and a state of mind . . . Peace means being able to live a good life on fertile land . . . Peace means having a place to live without the dread of disaster . . . Peace is a means of new homes for the homeless . . . Peace is being able to grow in wisdom and health and in favor with God and man . . . Peace is a chance for education and the sharing of knowledge . . . Peace means a chance to live as brothers, regardless of race or creed . . . Peace is a means of worshiping as we choose . . . Peace means hope for many to share in the future . . . Peace means nations working together with love and understanding . . . Peace is all of us helping the United Nations to speed great changes in the lives of people that they might know security and freedom . . . This is the way to Peace." (Adapted from church bulletin.)

**Leader:**

"Build the road of Peace before us,  
Build it wide and deep and long;  
Speed the slow and check the eager,  
Help the weak and curb the strong.  
None shall push aside another,  
None shall let another fall:  
March beside me, O my brother,  
All for one and one for all!"

**Second Meditation:** *For you shall go out in joy, and be led forth in peace.* (Isaiah 55:12) If we look at the lives of those who have accomplished great things and wrought important changes in the world, we will see that they did not do it by merely dreaming and wishing!

This month we honor Christopher Columbus. Columbus was seeking a direct route around the world. He didn't have much money, but he spent what he had trying to interest others in his plans to find this new route. People laughed and people scoffed at his ideas, but he believed in his cause enough to devote his time and energy to it.

First, Columbus *believed*. If we are to make the most of our lives and our plans we must believe in our dreams — believe enough to work for what we want.

Second, Columbus *acted* on his belief. How the astrologers and philosophers must have laughed at Columbus! Oh, to be sure some of them might have had a vague idea that the earth

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## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

How quickly the pages of the calendar are turned! I was just remembering the morning in May when I circled the date that Martin would finish his last exam and arrive home for summer vacation. Now summer is over and he is back at Doane College for his third year.

It was a busy summer for all of us and, of course, there is nothing like work to make time pass quickly. Martin started working at the Kitchen-Klatter plant the day after he arrived home from school and didn't miss a work day until we left on our vacation in August. He worked a few more days after we got back and then took time off to get ready to leave for college. The last week was pretty much devoted to sorting, packing, dental appointments, eye check and what have you.

We were very grateful that we could arrange to have a vacation trip together, and with all three of us working, this wasn't easy! Chances are that this was our last trip together as a family, for Martin is considering going to summer school next year, and after college graduation his path might take him who knows where.

I believe it was Oliver who first suggested going to Glacier National Park. A long detailed letter from a radio friend describing their recent trip to Glacier as well as Banff and Jasper Parks in Alberta, Canada, convinced us that this was an area we must see. We sat down at the kitchen table with maps spread out before us, counting miles and days and decided that a two-week trip to this part of the country could be managed.

It was about this time that Juliana and Jed announced their wedding date. We decided to change our plans and go to the southwest so we would be in Albuquerque in time for the wedding, but Juliana and Jed said that it would be such a small wedding and over so quickly, that we needn't change our plans for it, but rather, come visit them at a later date when they were all settled in their new home and they would be around to entertain us. At that point Lucile was pretty certain of someone to drive her to New Mexico, so off we went.

We took Interstate 80 across Nebraska and then headed northwest. We stopped to see Ash Hollow and Chimney Rock, important stops along the Oregon Trail, and Old Fort Laramie, where we spent over an hour going through the old restored and reconstructed buildings. After this



When the snowmobile reached a certain area on Athabasca Glacier, we were permitted to get out and walk around on it.

tour and visiting with the park ranger, we felt we had a vivid picture of life on the old military forts along "Emigrant Road" west.

The next major stop was at Custer Battlefield National Monument. Knowing that we would be visiting this historical site, we read up on the battle and Custer before the trip.

We followed the Yellowstone River from Billings to Livingston and Martin began to recognize some of the countryside from his camping trip to Montana with a church group several years ago.

Our destination that night was Polson, Montana, which lies at the southern end of Flathead Lake, the largest fresh water lake west of the Great Lakes. We couldn't get over the inactivity on the lake, for such a beautiful body of water in the Midwest would be crowded with boats of all descriptions and cottages would be built roof to roof around the shore. It was as quiet and peaceful looking lake as we've ever seen, and simply beautiful.

It was a short drive from there to Glacier National Park. We took the main drive through the park, which doesn't take long, and stopped only to take pictures and to eat lunch. We were impressed with the beautiful mountain peaks, waterfalls and numerous lakes. We looked for wildlife but saw none. Perhaps we would have seen some had we brought our binoculars with us. We regretted that oversight in our packing. Should one spend time in Glacier Park, there are numerous things he could take advantage of such as nature talks, boat trips on the lakes, etc., but we were just passing through, heading further north, so we didn't participate in any of these activities.

We stopped at Waterton Lakes, the Canadian part of Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park, and then drove north to Banff. We called ahead

for reservations through a travel bureau and were delighted with our accommodations at Elkhorn Lodge, operated by Mrs. Margaret White.

Now, here I must tell you about an amazing coincidence. About a week before we left Shenandoah, we learned that Oliver's sister Emma and her husband and son were going to Banff about the same time we were. There was only time to exchange one letter about our plans — only to say that we would hope to run into them, but without advance reservations and no address to give them, this would seem doubtful. Would you believe such luck? The first evening we were there, while Martin and I were looking around in some of the shops (they are open evenings during the tourist season), Oliver decided to walk up to the travel bureau to see if by any chance they had arranged lodging through their office, and he spotted Emma, Elder and Bruce sitting in a restaurant. Had they not chosen the very first table which was situated right in front of the window, he would never have seen them. It didn't take long to track down Martin and me and we spent the rest of the evening visiting and arranged to meet the next evening for dinner.

There are many things to do and see in Banff, and we tried to take in most of them in the short time we were there. We attended an Indian parade and celebration and went through the very fine Indian museum. We enjoyed a swim in the sulphur mineral springs, visited and photographed the fabulous Cascade Rock Gardens, and Oliver and Martin took a ride on the gondola lift to the top of the mountain. I foolishly was afraid to go!

The trip up to Jasper and back can be made in a day. We left early in the morning and drove back after a delightful lunch at Jasper Lodge. This included a long stop at the Columbian Ice Fields where we took a snowmobile ride on Athabasca Glacier. We also stopped to see and photograph the magnificent glacier-covered mountain peaks at many points along the way. We thought that the Athabasca Falls and the Sunwapta River Falls were the most beautiful we'd ever seen. Martin took some tremendous colored slides of them.

The further north you go, the more beautiful the mountains. In other words, we were *very* impressed with the Canadian Rockies. And, although you take the same highway back from Jasper to Banff, you don't realize that you are retracing your steps for the mountains look different from another angle.

We returned to the United States by

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## Mother's Helpers

by  
Cora Ellen Sobieski

Looking through the family album is a pleasant pastime. What memories the treasured photographs and snapshots kindle! Baby in a beautiful bonnet! I recall how I always used pinking shears to pink the edges of any ribbons on bonnets, kimonos, nighties and such to prevent raveling of the ribbon edges.

Diaper days — all recorded in pictures! I used a bar of soap as a handy holder for diaper pins. The soap seemed to make the pin glide into the diaper cloth more easily. I always was very careful keeping this soap pin holder high on a top shelf out of the reach of little hands.

A toddler in white shoes — a favorite picture. But keeping those shoes white is a chore as any mother knows. If white shoes are badly scuffed and don't seem to take polish, rubbing them with a piece of raw potato before applying the polish will make them shine almost like new.

When my son first began to walk I sandpapered the smooth soles on new shoes before he wore them and it saved him many a fall. The soles of new shoes are sort of slippery for ones who are taking their first steps and this trick was a big help to me. It saved me many anxious moments.

Later on, when my child wore saddle shoes, I found a way to polish them without a trace of brown polish on the white. Instead of using the dauber, which I found bulky to polish neatly with, I used my son's little water color brush. The thin brush eliminated the usual messy overlapping of polish.

Pictures with favorite toys! My son always played his games over and over so to save the wear and tear of games that were made out of cardboard, I gave them a coating of shellac.

A picture of my sister's little girl with her doll house! I recalled the contribution of mine to her doll house. I used caps from toothpaste or shaving cream to make unique little doll house flower pots. I filled the caps with modeling clay and placed a pretty, perky bit of artificial flower or sprigs of green leaves in each. These little pots brought many compliments.

Snapshots taken on vacation! While traveling with children take along on the trip a squeeze bottle filled with tiny slivers of soap (a good way to get rid of bits and pieces of soap) and water. A few shakes and you'll have nice soapy water and a few squirts of it will easily clean sticky hands. Kiddies don't seem to balk at handwashing if they have the fun of using a squeeze bottle to do the job so it's a good idea to keep a filled bottle at home in the bathroom too.

A shoe bag taped to the back seat of the car will hold an assortment of toys and keep the little ones playfully occupied on a long trip. This idea can be put to use at home too. Hung in the child's closet it will hold an array of little items and neatly sorted also. I don't know how I'd have managed without shoe bags — my son had an assortment of small cowboys, Indians, etc., and they all went to bed at night in their pocket in the shoe bag before he did. I think a shoe bag for little items encourages neatness; it beats being jumbled together in a box.

I still have pictures of my son's paintings. Most children like to paint and at times the paint brush is too small and therefore tedious and slow. Children like to see results fast, even if it means using their fingers. An empty liquid shoe polish bottle and dauber makes an excellent paint set for children. Wash the empty bottle and dauber well — soak awhile if necessary to remove all traces of shoe polish. Then refill the bottle with water colors. The dauber is handier for little hands to use than a slender brush and pictures get painted faster which children love.

A snapshot in the first pair of long trousers! To encourage small boys to hang the trousers up, a kitchen towel rack with three swinging rods hung within the boy's reach will help do the trick. A small boy has difficulty reaching the closet pole and a rack hung at arms' length will enable him to hang his trousers and thereby promote the habit of neatness. I'm certain you won't miss seeing them

draped over door knobs or hung over chairs!

Mirrors hung where a child can see himself easily will also encourage neatness. Hair can be kept combed, faces washed and teeth brushed without standing on stools to reach the grown-up mirror.

Lots of snaps in blue jeans — a child's daily "uniform"! And don't the knees always seem to wear out first? Forever ironing on patches? If you place a piece of aluminum foil under the area to be patched and another piece over it before ironing with a hot iron, the patch seems to stick to the fabric better.

Children grow so quickly. If the child is getting tall and the jeans are getting short there's a way to get some extra wear out of them by sewing bands of plaid flannel wide enough to make cuffs on the jeans. A colorful plaid will give the jeans a little individuality too. My son always liked his "extended jeans" better than a new pair because of the patterned effect.

An ordinary wire hanger can be used to hang up little girl's dresses if the ends are bent down into two underhooks making it little girl size. Sashes, ribbons, belts and such can be hung on the underhooks.

Pictures out playing in the snow in a snow suit! At times the cuffs will wear out while the snow suit has still a lot of play in it. The worn cuffs can be replaced with the good ribbed tops of worn socks. The foot part always seems to wear out first while the top is still usable. Fold the sock top so it is doubled and sew onto the snow suit after removing the frayed worn knit cuff. This method of using sock tops can also be used on pajama bottoms if those cuffs show wear.

If a child ever has to spend some time in bed a dinner bell to ring when he needs you will keep him happy. But to prevent running needlessly, work out a code — one ring means "need water" — two rings can mean "hungry" and so on.

As I close the album, which reminded me of all these helpful things I used to do for my child, I hope my comments will benefit others, and that all will have a happy time looking again at their treasured pictures also.

And that reminds me — all of my child's pictures are kept in one album, not mixed with other pictures of friends and such. This makes the album his very own. A lot of children will want their childhood pictures when they grow up and it seems a waste to take them out leaving a patched-up album. That's something I just can't picture!



# Dawn at Sunset

by  
Blanche Baldwin

It was the summer of 1956. I was sixty-nine years old. I had spent over fifty years in this small North Dakota community, and my husband and I had been happy for the thirty-six years in the home where we had raised our family. Then one night death entered, and I found myself alone in a house that had been a home with neither the finances nor strength to maintain it. Thousands of people, the majority of them women, have faced the same situation daily, but now it had happened to me; it was my problem and I was lonely and heart broken.

Yes, I have children — two lovely daughters and a fine son — all living in California with homes and families. They are loyal to me, but they are not the complete answer. They have their own lives to live. They came and were a great help and comfort when I needed them most, but, of course, they could not stay long. Before my daughter left for home I went into surgery, and as soon as I was able to travel we turned the key in the old front door and boarded a plane for California and her home.

Among the three homes, where I was made most welcome, I spent the winter. My husband and I had wintered there before so the surroundings were not new. It was my life that had changed; no plans, no incentive. However, after the holidays I began to feel stronger, and the old "urge to live" again surged up.

I shall never forget a Sunday morning when I penned the following lines and made a definite decision.

In the orange groves the mockingbirds  
are singing;

The sun shines in a blue and cloud-  
less sky.

Not far away the chapel bells are  
ringing

And I watch the many people walking  
by.

There seems to be so much to make  
one happy,

But in my heart I long for something  
more:

I want to see some old familiar faces;  
I want my friends to knock upon my  
door.

So, I am going back to North Dakota.  
When spring comes to the prairies, I'll  
return.

Life will not be the same as once I  
knew it,

But I shall find some things for which  
I yearn.

One morning I mentioned my day-  
dream to my daughter; namely, I want-

ed to go back and open a shop of some  
sort in my home. Aprons! Yes, I could  
make them and I did, thirty of them,  
some dressy, some plain.

The fact that I had enjoyed some ex-  
perience as a saleslady in my younger  
days gave me courage, and with my  
daughter's unlimited cooperation I de-  
cided to add a line of yardage to my  
apron stock. We finally located a job-  
ber in Los Angeles and the result was  
that with an investment of two hundred  
dollars I went back and opened a yard-  
age and apron shop in my living room  
in the spring of 1957. My old friends  
rallied to my support. Business was  
better than I had dared to hope, and I  
took on a line of millinery on consig-  
ment, eliminating any expenditure.

However, I soon realized with the  
approach of fall and winter that my lo-  
cation was not good. It was too far  
from other business places, and an-  
other major decision appeared. Could  
I give up this home, and if so, where  
would I live? About this time a young  
man with a family approached me in re-  
gard to buying my home. Reluctantly I  
decided to let it go and proceeded to  
dispose of the many furnishings I  
would no longer need. No one can  
know without a like experience what it  
means to break up a home where one  
has lived so long, but as the summer  
wore away I completed the task. The  
money received from the sale of the  
home I placed in a savings account  
and as of now I have used only the in-  
terest. That will be a reserve fund  
when I can no longer work.

With the home gone, my next step  
was to find a place to live and operate  
my shop. After seemingly exhausting  
every possibility, I persuaded a young  
couple I had known for years to rent  
me a large vacant room that had been  
an implement dealer's office. They  
were reluctant at first, and later I  
realized that they feared I would not  
be satisfied in such different surround-  
ings. But a coat of paint, floor cover-  
ings, and drapes at the large south  
windows gave it a completely new  
look. I screened off a small corner for  
my kitchen, bought a day bed, and  
with little touches from the old home,  
it became a new home for me as well  
as a shop.

I kept it open until close to the holi-  
days and then closed it to spend the  
winter with my children, returning in  
February with new stock and new am-  
bition. This I have continued to do  
each year. The vacation is pleasant  
but I am always glad to return to my  
work and my friends, especially the  
people from whom I rent, who have an  
apartment in the building. I board with  
them and we enjoy each other. Not  
liking to be alone, I find that this ar-  
rangement eliminates loneliness, and

yet I still have my own home, so to  
speak. My income is small, but I have  
a nice living and interesting work day  
after day among people I have known  
most of my life. It keeps one young at  
heart, to say the least.

My little corner is not just another  
shop; it is a place where young and  
old meet, not only to try on hats and  
examine material, but to discuss the  
happenings of the day or maybe rest a  
bit on the way to the grocery.

Let me say that I have been granted  
a new lease on life through this little  
adventure, and I recommend similar ex-  
periences to others. Great concern is  
being shown, and much is being done  
for senior citizens, but the most re-  
warding solution is to do all we possi-  
bly can for ourselves.

I have shared my experience with  
you, hoping that even one lonely,  
useless-feeling person may take heart,  
pick up the loose threads, and create  
a new pattern, even in the sunset  
years.

## FALL

So quickly, it is autumn and my time  
of year. The ivy still holds, but oh!  
what glorious colors. The old rugged  
chimney is literally burdened with its  
loveliness and, too, this is the time of  
silence on the high plains. Sounds  
carry far through its quietness. I hear  
a turkey gobble, a dog bark and stream-  
liners fill the deep night with a thun-  
derous roar.

Through the sun-scorching summer I  
long for fall, but when I get up one  
semi-dark morning, close the doors  
and light a fire, it's like shutting out  
far-off loved ones or close neighbors.

Now I see old landmarks: a far yon-  
der house and a dozen old smoke-  
stacks poking their sultry old noses  
right into my deep blue sky. I do tol-  
erate them knowing their city value.

I would love to hear some walnuts  
fall, a cowbell in the stalk field and  
the baying of a lonesome hound; these,  
however, are in my past but the loveli-  
ness of an autumn prairie is so spa-  
cious.

Going on a long golden day's drive  
westward across the Arapahoe plains  
feeds one with pure enchantment.  
Grain elevators, dead white, rise up  
miles away, their distance unbeliev-  
able. A drift of smoke hangs for hours  
splotching the fields with shadow. Kil-  
deers scream a welcome and the air is  
like a dry white marsala, very unlike  
my native Ozarks with their warm  
gorgeous colors. Our cottonwood and  
American elm trail around for weeks in  
pure gold.

It is no secret that fall is my favorite  
child of the year!

—Annie P. Slankard



## NEWS FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

One of our nation's newest and most popular attractions is the John F. Kennedy Space Center in Florida. Television coverage of the many missile launches from here has made this scientific center a real lure for thousands of people. As a result our government has made arrangements for conducted bus tours of the public facilities of this sprawling series of launch complexes. Needless to say, this was one of the "must" stops for our space-age children on our family's trip to Miami Beach, Florida.

The only building that we were actually permitted to enter is the now out-moded Mercury Control Center with which all of us became familiar during the television coverage of the early space flights. Next, we were driven to the "Apollo" area. The enormous size of the buildings and equipment readying our "moon shots" is simply fantastic. My mind simply cannot operate in such a manner as to appreciate really even a fraction of what is involved in these preparations.

Besides wanting to be on hand when Emily returned to the States, our other reason for traveling such a distance was for Wayne to attend the annual convention of the American Association of Nurserymen. The site this year was the Americana Hotel in Miami Beach. This is a handsome, modern hotel with the facilities and service necessary to handle such a group. We were continually impressed by the beauty and cleanliness of the Miami metropolitan area. Everything looked just as attractive in reality as it does in pictures. The view from our hotel rooms was across Biscayne Bay to the city of Miami in the distance. Each time we drank in the view the city was literally sparkling white under a blue, blue sky.

There was one day when Wayne had no required convention meetings to attend. We seized this opportunity to make the drive down to Key West. This is a lengthy round trip for just one day, but that was all the time we had available. We figured that since it had taken us so many years to reach Florida this first time, we had better go all the way to the tip. It may well be as many years before we return again. It was quite a treat for us landlubbers to drive a considerable distance surrounded by water and "hopping" from island to island. During the brief time we were in Key West we took a glass-bottom boat about five or six miles out to the coral reef. Wayne and I thought this a delightful and interesting expedition, but Alison and Clark had a few other thoughts when they experienced a



The smiles of Clark, Emily and Alison Driftmier tell how happy they are to be together once again.

siege of seasickness. Apparently we encountered one of the trips when the ocean waves were unusually active.

Having driven along the eastern Florida coast on our way down, we chose to take the longer way home and travel along the western coastline in part. So we departed from Miami on U.S. 41 for the trip across the tip of the state. The route traverses part of the everglade country. The northern boundary of Everglades National Park follows along a section of this highway and there is a turnoff which affords a scenic trip into the park. Here we saw our first alligators living in nature.

Our only other sightseeing stop of this day was in Tampa. We had planned to see all of Busch Gardens but the glaring sun and hot temperatures put a damper on our plans. Instead, we took only the air-conditioned monorail tour of the zoo. Incidentally, this is the only way to see the animals. They roam freely in large fields and the people are caged in the monorail. There is a large collection of birds housed in the garden section — all of which we'll hope to see on a cooler day of the future.

The next day we drove from Cross City, Florida, to New Orleans, Louisiana, with but one tourist stop. Battleships are few and far between when you live in Colorado. So in Mobile, Alabama, we stopped to tour the *U.S.S. Alabama*, which is now permanently anchored in the bay there. Boys especially appreciate this tour and the opportunity to maneuver some of the original armament. For the most part, though, our thoughts were concentrated on the following day, when we expected to greet Emily after her year's absence in Central America.

It had been some time since we received word from Emily since she was spending a week traveling to Panama, Columbia, and Jamaica on her return to the United States. Wayne, Alison, Clark, and I waited eagerly and with growing apprehension outside the Customs Room as one pas-

senger after another departed from the flight she was supposed to be aboard. The large jet was filled to capacity, and you can guess who was almost the very last passenger to heave into sight.

With an entire year of talking to catch up on, we decided to spend the afternoon driving around the city of New Orleans. It was a gorgeous day and amazingly cool and sunshiny for July. That evening had been set aside for some weeks for a "splurge" dinner and tour of the French Quarter. We chose one of the famous restaurants, which proved to have a great deal of atmosphere, excellent service, high prices, and food that was good but hardly up to our expectations.

Both before and after dinner we walked about the French Quarter, which is almost the only way to travel its narrow streets. We were surprised by two things: first, the actual size of the area (it encompasses a great many more blocks than we anticipated.); and second, the sheer openness and great number of "girlie" shows and the like. The blatancy with which this type of "entertainment" operates really surprised Wayne and me.

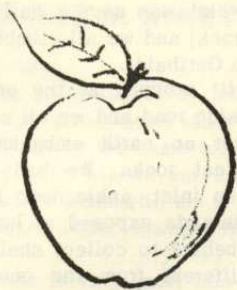
The next night's dinner was eaten in Memphis, Tennessee, and here we enjoyed the elegant, superb meal we had expected in New Orleans. Wayne searched the restaurant columns of the papers and came up with "The Four Flames." Upon arrival we discovered it to be a lovely converted mansion. From beginning to end the dinner was a delight and the service excellent. I do hope this establishment is able to maintain its fine standards and that many of you will be able to enjoy a meal there.

A good many extra hours of driving above our daily quota brought us all the way from Memphis into Shenandoah. We spent only one full day visiting with the relatives there. We knew other members of the family were due in shortly. (There was a steady parade of us through Shenandoah all year.) And we were most anxious to get back to our own home again.

Emily spent a grand total of three and one-half days catching up on a year's changes before she was off again. But this time it was only as far as Boulder, where she enrolled in the second session of summer school. Employment opportunities here were non-existent, even for the most menial work, so she decided to catch up a few University credits for the future. Boulder is so close that it seems much like another metropolitan suburb, so we were able to keep in close touch with her.

Sincerely, Abigail





## Apple Award Night

FOR TEACHER

by

Virginia Thomas

Early October, after teachers have become somewhat acquainted with their pupils, is a fine time to have an "Apple Award Night" in recognition of those giving the best teaching performances — the teachers in your school. By waiting a bit later for the teachers' reception the teachers will be better able to associate parents' names with those of their pupils.

As each person arrives pin on a large red apple cut from construction paper with a green leaf glued on for a name tag. Provide black marking pens so that each guest can print his name in large letters on the apple.

As the guests enter the reception room, probably the school gym, inform them that it will be to their advantage later if they try to get acquainted with as many guests as possible.

Suggest that they also remember the decorations for future reference. Have two or three couples of parents act as hosts to give out the above instructions to guests.

### DECORATIONS

Have huge cutouts of apples fastened to the walls. On each, print humorous rhymes such as found in school autograph books, with plenty of the kind that aim a quip at the teacher. Here are samples of some autograph "literature". (Dig out someone's old book for additional suggestions.)

"Don't worry if your job is big  
And your rewards are few.  
Remember the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you."

"Books are new;  
Seats are not plush;  
Flunk now  
And avoid the rush."

"Slam! Bang!  
My heart goes plunk!  
When I think of you  
And that algebra junk!"

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Fun Time:** Begin with a get-acquainted game as an ice breaker. Divide the crowd into groups, having 12 to 15 to a

group. Each group chooses a person as pilot. The pilot must stand outside the circle of his group, with his back to the group. He can choose any place as destination for his flight and starts the game by saying, "I am ready for the take-off to (destination) and I'm going to take these people with me." He then names as many people as he can remember having seen in his group. The people named form a line behind the pilot as their names are called.

When the pilot has called as many names as he can remember, he starts off with his passengers at a trot (flight) around the gym, with pilot and passengers all making the "buzz" sound of a plane motor. They keep in flight until all groups have a plane in flight. Then the leader uses a whistle to call them into the airport to check who has the biggest list of passengers. The pilot who has called off the most correct names wins a score for his group. Each pilot then chooses a person from his group to be the pilot and the same procedure is followed. After this is done several times, you will find that the names are becoming more familiar. Award big red apples to the winning group.

**Polishing the Apple:** Divide the group into as many small groups as there are teachers present, placing a teacher with each group. Give everyone except the teachers paper and pencil. Each one must now write a sentiment, in rhyme, for teacher's autograph book. When finished, let the teacher of each group, choose 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place winners in his group. Let these be read aloud. They may be judged, if desired, to see which teacher has won the best autographs — winner to get an apple. Each teacher might like to have his group's autographs for a souvenir.

**Award Time:** Have ready a huge apple sawed from inexpensive wood. Cut out a hole large enough for a person to stick his head through to have his picture taken with a Polaroid camera. The hole should be in the center just below the apple stem. The apple should be painted red with a bright green stem. A big leaf would add a realistic touch. This apple will be used for photos just as vacationers find a Paul Bunyon silhouette or a bucking bronco, where they can have their photos snapped as souvenirs.

As each teacher is "formally" introduced (let there be plenty of humor here, too) he must step up and put his head through the apple for a picture. Then the teacher is presented his "award" — a big polished apple. Each teacher is given his picture as a souvenir.

The centerpiece for the refreshment table might be a tiered arrangement of polished apples.

## THE ELUSIVE MOUSE

by

Martha Dudley Smith

Did you ever have a mouse you couldn't catch?

You buy the extra-sensitive traps that go off with the least quiver of the mechanism. You firm the cheese in position. You distribute the traps to advantageous places. Yet, the mouse frolics around carefree.

He dashes across the floor in the evenings, sitting up for the late TV movies. At six o'clock next morning he streaks through the kitchen as you read the newspaper and sip coffee. During dinner preparations he busies himself with cellophane. Boy, what a racket!

You start the washer and he's off and so are your nerves! You feel the whole house is mousey. How can it be clean with a mouse at large?

You suggest friend husband grab the mouse in one of those lightning-like springs, while he figures out how to do that; you rebait the traps with the sharp cheese. This time you use the rubber gloves so no "human" smell will offend the mouse. You set the traps in paths he takes most frequently. They are undisturbed — even ignored!

Friends offer sympathy and advice, reminding that in 21 days the mouse could have a family to strengthen his ranks. They inquire if you have just one or a pair? Lovely thoughts!

You are really browbeaten. Is the mouse smarter than you? How can you whip this problem now? In desperation, you'd try almost anything. It's truly embarrassing to be outwitted by a mere mouse!

As every glimmer of hope seems to be fading, you hear dear husband tell someone the mouse sprints the same course each morning.

Ah! Ha! The same course! And that leads into the hallway. The opening is not too wide; how about placing the seven traps end to end and letting a box fill the rest of the space?

Surely the mouse couldn't miss all the traps at the speed he travels. Even the family doubts that the "clever mouse" would fall for such an obvious trick.

Consequently, each family member picks the trap "most likely" to do the job. We all lose and win at the same time. The mouse chooses his own and sets off two other traps in the scramble. But he is caught!

Everyone is so relieved. Each has regained his self-respect. The mouse is discarded without inspection. Who knows, he may have been a very rare highly intelligent type, a real scientific find!



## THE GREAT PACIFIC

by  
Evelyn Birkby

"There it is!" yelled Craig as the station wagon went around the final curve in the mountainous road between Portland and the Pacific Ocean. Great rolling waves reached out to the horizon as the rocky Oregon coastline came into view.

The first view of the ocean is a wonderful experience. Seeing it together with every member of the family is *marvelous*.

We turned south and went past Cannon Beach where an early shipwreck caused a cannon to break loose and wash to shore. Our destination was Arch Cape, a lovely area of private homes, secluded coves and quiet stretches of land.

We pulled up in front of a beach house, the home Robert's brother, Jack Birkby, owns. It was a delightful place with a full kitchen, bath with *hot water*, a lovely fireplace and a surprisingly large number of sleeping areas which expanded mightily when guests arrived with families and sleeping bags! It is truly a complete home, not a vacation cabin. Jack's wife, Dorothy (always called Dort) and three daughters, Virginia (Ginny), Jackie and Debra (Debbie), have stayed the last two summers in their beach home with Jack spending as much time as his work permits in this lovely place.

As soon as we could get things put away in the house we all hurried along the path with Jack guiding the way over silvered wooden planks and down a giant step to the beach.

"Listen," Robert cautioned as his shoes pushed into the sand, "it makes a squeaking noise!" Sure enough, with each step we heard a high-pitched sound.

"Those are *singing sands*," Dort explained. "This is one of the few places in the world with sand so constructed that a sound is made when the grains are pushed together."

Soon the men of the family were tugging and pulling on large logs until they had pushed enough together to make a shelter.

"It's a fort," Jeff insisted.

Really, it was a windbreak, for the wind off the ocean was blowing cool. A fire in the center of the enclosure helped warm us and soon we were dividing our time between beachcombing and drying wet socks and heating chilly hands over the blazing fire.

"Look, here is a shell," Craig ran over with the first of many treasures found along the tide line. Soon the logs which held up the fort were lined with clam shells, seaweed, crab



Robert Birkby and his son Jeff are concentrating on the problem of digging butter clams on the tidelands of the Pacific Ocean near Geribaldi, Oregon.

shells, barnacles, and volcano shells.

Life is relaxed and informal at the beach. Some people arose early and combed the shore at dawn. Some slept long so they could stay up late at night and watch the fire burn low in the log enclosure. When the boys grew tired of tramping the sand, climbing on the rocks or wading in the mountain stream which met the ocean just south of the log fort, they made sand castles. The soft, moist sand molded easily into fantastic buildings, forts, bridges and other imaginative shapes.

Meals were a get-as-you-wish until time for a large evening meal. Then we all sat down together and ate such succulent food as turkey charcoaled slowly on a rotisserie, broiled salmon, steamed butter clams and fried chicken.

Most of the supplies came from a grocery and bakery, but the seafood came fresh from the ocean. Jeff caught the big steelhead salmon which provided such excellent eating. He had waded into the stream near the rocky outcropping which makes the cape so beautiful. A salmon came leaping upstream over the rocks. With a great jump Jeff grabbed that large salmon by the tail, pulled him high in the air and ran to show us his prize. It was a glorious experience for a boy who had been trying to catch a fish every since we left home.

The butter clams came from Geribaldi, some fifty miles south of Arch Cape. We had a most exciting day in connection with their gathering.

It was a rather cool, cloudy morning when Jack announced that if we hurried we could make it to the tidelands in time to dig butter clams. Out came buckets, clam "guns" (which are really sharp, narrow shovels) and clothing suitable for wading, grubbing, squatting and protection from the wind. Out came "Ethel" (Jack's beach

buggy which was once a mail carrier's panel truck) and we all climbed in and drove to Geribaldi.

"Ethel" stopped at the edge of a narrow side road and we all clambered out, over an earth embankment and down great rocks. We had to wade across an inlet, ankle deep in water, to the islands exposed at low tide. I lagged behind to collect shells which were different from the ones to be found at Arch Cape.

By the time I caught up with the others they were digging down the six to eight inches through porous soil to find the clusters of small clams. These clams grow in beds so where one is found there are always a number of others. They do not move from their beds so are not like razor clams which quickly dig deep into the sand when disturbed. It did not seem long until the buckets were bulging. I wandered back over to get a few more oyster shells and discovered the water in the inlet was up to my knees.

"The tide is coming in!" I shouted.

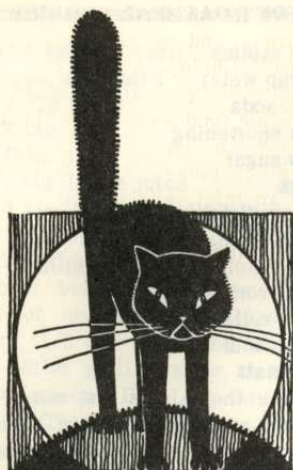
Quickly the diggers grabbed up their pails and shovels and waded back across the rapidly rising water. Later when we passed this spot on the way home the tidelands where we had been digging were completely covered with water.

The afternoon was excitingly spent touring two huge dirigible hangers near the town of Tillamook. These hangers were built and used during World War II to house reconnaissance dirigibles. Upwards to thirteen were stored in each at one time. Nine football fields with bleachers and spectators could be maintained inside one of those buildings, they were *that big*! Now one holds a lumber mill and the other a plywood mill. I walked through the interior; I looked high into the roof and far to either end, but it is still difficult for me to believe such great wooden structures *really exist*!

We stopped at a cheese factory on the way home (in the center of the Holland-like dairy country) and bought great slabs of cheese. "Ethel" hurried now, for we wanted our prize clams home and into the pot for steaming. With baked potatoes, tossed salad, tomatoes and French bread it was food to be remembered. Dort couldn't interest anyone in Danish apple dessert until almost midnight when we came back into the house after sitting contentedly around the fire in the fort on the beach.

As we left the beach a glow seemed to hang over the water. Now that I am home, remembering, the glow is still with me. I could not bring the great Pacific Ocean back, but the memory of our time spent there will always be mine.





## When It's Time for a Scared-Y-Cat Scamper

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Halloween means it is time to swing your imagination and your sense of humor into full gear. The spookier, the more mysterious, the sillier — all the better for loads of fun, my dear!

### DECORATIONS & FAVORS

**Sugar-Coated Spooks:** Use pumpkins or oranges, tangerines, or big yellow apples for the heads of your spooks. Make the features and the hair with various colored icings and a cake decorator tube. You can include whiskers or a mustache if you wish. You will soon see that every spook can have a different face and a different personality. White icing shows up well on the orange pumpkin, but an orange or chocolate icing will contrast better for the yellow apple. Use these spooks as decorations or as favors or even part of the refreshments, depending on what you use for the head, of course.

**Puffy Pussy Cats:** These are sweet favors and can also be used in decorating in various ways.

Using large marshmallows, place two with the flat sides together. Fasten with a toothpick. Use another toothpick to attach the third marshmallow for the head, one flat side of which will become the cat's face. Use bits of gumdrops to make the eyes, nose, and mouth; slivers of jelly beans for the ears; short lengths of toothpicks for the whiskers; and a piece of jelly bean for the tail. Give the kitty toothpick legs. For a sitting cat use two marshmallows fastened together edge to edge, giving pussy a curved sliver of jelly bean for a tail, or use a short length of chenille bent into a curved tail.

These Puffy Pussies can be used to decorate a plate of doughnuts. How about a sitting pussy in each doughnut hole? Or they can be perched on a jack-o'-lantern, beside a nut cup, as a tray favor, to decorate a plate of cookies or a cake, or they may encircle the punch bowl. A hollowed-out pumpkin used as a punch bowl, with another container inside, encircled

with these pussy cats is most attractive. Do add a few cornhusks and perhaps a small ear or two of Indian corn in the arrangement around the bowl.

**Beau Cat Mask:** Make a cat face of black construction paper. (Each face will be about as large as can be cut from one sheet of the paper.) Cut a bow tie from bright orange paper and outline the edge and the knot with white or black crayon. Fasten a string at each side of the face after you have cut out eyes, nose, and mouth, outlined them in white crayon, and marked on white whiskers. Each child can tie the cat mask on for a Black Cat parade or a march to music. Perhaps there can be prizes for the "highest stepper" in the march or the best "meower". (For a pattern cut newspaper the size of the construction paper and fold in half so that you cut only half the face. Unfold to get whole face and you'll come up with an easily made pussy mask.)

**"Punkin" Pounder** is a noisemaker the children will enjoy as a party favor, and it is one they can make themselves. For each "pounder" you will need two small foil pans such as frozen meat pies are sold in, a clothespin, some large dry beans, and clear mending tape. Place the rims of the pans together after placing the beans inside and tape them in place. Snap the clothespin to the rim as a handle and tape it well to hold it securely. Decorate the bottom of each piepan by gluing on cutouts of cats, bats, jack-o'-lanterns, or witches.

**Be-Witching Favor:** Make a large round sugar cookie for each favor base. On it place a cupcake which has been iced and decorated as a jack-o'-lantern or witch's face. Place a pointed ice cream cone on the head for the witch's hat, using a fluting of cake icing around the brim. Lacking the cones, you can make hats of cones of paper.

**"Snap" Bat Favors or Decorations:** Paint snap clothespins black, using one for each bat. Cut bat wings from heavy black paper and glue to clothes-

pin body. Snap these to a tray, to a glass, on the curtains — anywhere you want the spooky touch.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Poke the Pipe:** Divide the group into two teams, lining up each team before two jack-o'-lanterns placed on a table or chairs. One player on each team is blindfolded, turned around two or three times, handed a pipe, and told to place the pipe in "Jack's" mouth. When a player is successful, the next person in the line takes a turn. The first team to have all players successfully place the pipe in Jack's mouth wins the prize.

**Whack a Witch:** Give each player a sheet of black paper and a pair of scissors. Allow five minutes for the players to cut freehand a silhouette of a witch to see who is the best artist with the scissors. Variations would be to make a cat's face with cut-out eyes, nose, and mouth, or a freehand goblin.

**Shiver and Shake:** All players form a circle and join hands. They chant this jingle:

Shiver and shake, shiver and shake.  
Witches and goblins make folks quake.  
An old witch screeches "Who, who, who!"

Turn quickly (name), she's after you!

All players form a circle with the leader in the center, the players moving clockwise as they chant. When they say "Turn quickly" they pause and the leader points to one of the players, calls the name, and finishes the verse. The player named must then turn and face the outside of the circle, still joining hands with the rest as they again sing the verse. When the whole circle has been turned "inside out" the game is over.

**Pumpkin Bell Toss:** Tie a string in a doorway to which has been tied a small bell with a tiny pumpkin glued on two sides of it. Have players take turns throwing a small rubber ball at the pumpkin. Players get five points each time they ring it. The first person to score 25 wins.

**They're All Batty:**

1. To cover the hatch. (Batten)
2. Flattering on some ladies' dresses. (Bateau neckline)
3. Quite hostile. (Battle)
4. A quantity. (Batch)
5. Producer of energy. (Battery)
6. A large number of persons. (Battalion)
7. A way of decorating. (Batik)
8. A speciality of the conductor. (Baton)
9. A fine fabric. (Batiste)
10. Not on the team but with it. (Bat boy)







### MANDARIN ORANGE SALAD DESSERT

- 1 pkg. orange tapioca pudding mix
- 1 pkg. vanilla tapioca pudding mix
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 can mandarin oranges
- 1 can pineapple tidbits (13½ oz.)
- 2 bananas, sliced
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Drain the juice from the oranges and pineapple. Add enough water to make 3 cups liquid. Combine with the puddings. Bring to a boil and boil for 1 minute. Stir in the flavorings and the gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water. Chill until cool before adding the fruits. Pour into a pan and chill until firm.

—Margery

### DEEP DISH APPLE PIE

- 6 tart apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Pare the apples, core and slice, and put into a baking dish. Mix the sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg and sprinkle over the apples. Dot with butter or margarine. Cover with the following pastry and bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, about 45 minutes.

#### Cheese Pastry

- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup grated American cheese
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cold water

Make the cheese pastry by cutting the shortening into the flour and salt with two knives or a pastry blender. Add the cheese and mix well. Add the water and mix with fork to form a ball. Roll out dough, 1/8 inch in thickness, on a lightly floured board; shape to fit your baking dish. Cut a design in the center to allow steam to escape while baking.

### LIGHT AND AIRY BUNS

- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 2 envelopes dry yeast
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine or lard, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 3 1/2 cups lukewarm water
- 8 to 10 cups flour

Put 1 cup lukewarm water in a bowl. Add 2 tsp. sugar and yeast. Let stand for 10 minutes. Into a large bowl put the 1/2 cup sugar, margarine or lard which has been melted and cooled slightly, flavoring, salt, vinegar and water. Add yeast mixture. Stir in flour. Turn out on floured board. Knead until elastic and not sticky. Add more flour if needed. Grease bowl, turn dough once so as to grease all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Knead down and let rise again. Pinch into buns the size of large crab apples. Place on greased cooky sheet. Let rise until double. Bake in 400-degree oven 15 or 20 minutes, or until nicely brown.

This can be made into 4 loaves of bread if you prefer. Baking time would be 40 to 50 minutes for loaves (or until brown) and have a hollow sound when thumped.

—Evelyn

### HARVARD BEETS WITH RAISINS

- 1 large can of diced beets, drained
- 3/4 cup beet juice
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup raisins
- Juice of 1 orange
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine beet juice and vinegar in saucepan. Mix sugar and cornstarch together and add to liquid. Add orange juice and orange flavoring. Cook until thickened. Add raisins and drained beets. Let stand for several hours for flavors to blend. Reheat and serve.

### SOFT OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt

Combine the raisins and water in a saucepan and cook for five minutes. Drain, reserving five tablespoons of the juice. Combine this with the soda. Cream the shortening and sugar until fluffy. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Stir in the oatmeal, salt and raisins. Add the juice and soda mixture. Stir in the flour. Drop two inches apart on a well-greased cooky sheet and bake for about 10 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

### ESCALLOPED SPINACH

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 #303 can spinach

Beat the egg. Stir in the mayonnaise and mix until well blended. Add the vinegar, sugar and salt. Fold in the spinach which has been well drained. Pour into a buttered quart-size casserole and bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

### GREEK CHICKEN

- 1 frying chicken
- 1/3 lb. grated cheese
- 1/2 lb. butter
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 1 lb. spaghetti
- 1 lemon
- 1 can tomato paste
- 1 small onion
- 1 stick cinnamon
- Salt and pepper

Cut the chicken into pieces. Wash, season with salt and pepper and squeeze juice of lemon over it. Let stand a few minutes. Heat olive oil and butter in frying pan and fry chicken until brown. Remove chicken and add chopped onion to fat and cook until tender. Dissolve tomato paste with 1 pint of water. Add cinnamon stick, cooked onions and strained fat from skillet. Boil for 10 minutes. Put chicken in. Add more water if necessary to cover chicken and cook until tender. Cook spaghetti in salted water. Drain and arrange on platter in following order: Cheese, spaghetti, melted butter, tomato paste sauce. Repeat until all are used. Serve with chicken.



**LEMON REFRIGERATOR PUDDING**

- 1 cup crushed vanilla wafers
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream

Cover bottom of freezer tray with half of crumbs. Cook together egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar and salt in double boiler until mixture is thick and coats spoon. Beat egg whites stiff; add 2 Tbls. sugar, lemon juice and flavoring. Fold into hot egg mixture, then add 1 cup heavy cream which has been whipped.

Pour over crumbs. Cover with remaining crumbs. Freeze at least 8 hours before serving.

**EVELYN'S TENDER HOMEMADE NOODLES**

- 1 cup flour
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. butter
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 2 Tbls. milk

Put the flour in a bowl. Shape a well in the center of the flour and drop in the remaining ingredients. Mix with a fork, or with fingers, until the mixture forms a stiff dough. Roll out on floured board until *very thin*. Let stand 20 minutes. Roll up and slice into strips, shake out and let dry at least 2 hours.

Drop into boiling chicken broth, beef bouillon, etc. Cook 10 minutes, or until tender.

Extra amounts freeze beautifully. Our church ladies used this recipe and made up large quantities of the noodles when eggs were plentiful and froze them in plastic bags to cook with stewed chicken for the church bazaar.

Recently a friend wrote that she makes up the recipe and drops teaspoonfuls of the dough into the boiling broth for a delicious dumpling.

(This is a repeat recipe, brought back by request from 8 years ago.)

—Evelyn

**CHIPPED BEEF DIP**

- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese (room temperature)
- 1/4 lb. chipped dried beef, minced
- 2 dill pickles, chopped fine
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 to 3 tsp. horseradish
- Dash of lemon juice
- Dash of pepper

Combine all ingredients thoroughly and serve with corn or potato chips.

**PEANUT BUTTER REFRIGERATOR COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats

Cream together the shortening and School Day peanut butter until smooth. Add the sugars and beat well. Add beaten eggs and flavorings. Sift together the salt, baking powder and flour and add gradually, beating well. Blend in the rolled oats and knead with the hands if necessary until well mixed. Shape the dough into rolls and wrap in waxed paper. Chill for several hours. Cut in thin slices and bake as needed on a lightly greased cookie sheet for 8 minutes at 400 degrees.

**BEANS-AND-GREENS SALAD**

- 2 cans red kidney beans, drained
- 1 can cut green beans, drained
- 1 can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 4-oz. can pimiento, drained and diced
- 2 cups sliced celery
- 2 Tbls. capers
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup commercial Cheddar cheese and red wine salad dressing

Combine all ingredients in a large salad bowl and toss to mix. Chill thoroughly before serving on salad greens. Serves 6.

**CURRIED RICE**

- 1 cup rice
- 3 cups hot water
- 1 cup tomatoes
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup onion, diced
- 4 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. curry powder

Wash rice. Place in casserole. Pour hot water over rice. Let set 45 minutes. Add remaining ingredients. Bake in 350-degree oven for 1 hour, stirring occasionally, until liquid is absorbed. This is quite *soupy* at first.

This dish may also be prepared on top of the stove in a heavy saucepan or an electric skillet. Simmer, stirring often, until liquid is absorbed.

Curried rice is a delightful accompaniment to lamb, ham, pork or chicken. The flavor is just right — not too pronounced, but delicious. This rice dish freezes well.

—Evelyn

**MEXICAN CASSEROLE**

- 1 can enchilada sauce
- 1 can tomato sauce (8 oz.)
- 1 small onion
- 1 can red beans
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 pkg. corn chips (medium size)
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 pint cultured sour cream

Brown the hamburger in a little oil. Add sauces, onion, red beans and half of the corn chips (lightly crushed) and half of the Cheddar cheese. Pour into a large casserole and bake for about 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Top with sour cream and edge with the remaining crushed corn chips. Sprinkle remaining Cheddar cheese over top. Return to oven for 10 minutes.

**POTATO CHOWDER**

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup onions, sliced
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 to 4 cups hot milk
- 5 to 6 potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup carrots, shredded
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. black pepper
- 1/8 tsp. monosodium glutamate

Brown onions lightly in butter and butter flavoring. Add flour and blend. Add milk and keep hot but not boiling.

Combine potatoes, celery, carrots and water and simmer until just tender. Combine with hot milk mixture. Season. Continue cooking, stirring, over low heat until mixture thickens slightly.

This is the finest potato soup recipe I've ever tried. It is rich and tasty.

—Evelyn

**COCONUT SOUR CREAM COOKIES**

- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 2 cups flour
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/3 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup coconut

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add eggs, flavorings and sour cream. Beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and stir in. Add the coconut. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes about 3 dozen. —Margery



**MODELING CLAY**

- 2 cups salt
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup cornstarch
- 2/3 cup cold water

Combine salt and 1/2 cup water in heavy saucepan. Heat through, stirring constantly. In a bowl combine cornstarch and cold water. When dissolved, spoon the hot salt mixture into the cornstarch mixture a little at a time.

When well mixed, return to pan and heat just long enough to make of modeling consistency. Remove from fire and divide into containers. Color with food coloring, powdered tempera or poster paint.

This hardens if left out to dry. If you want to re-use it, or keep it for any period of time, store in a plastic bag in a covered container in the refrigerator.

The finished, hardened shapes can

be painted very nicely with enamel paints. It shapes nicely into flowers which can be finished with a gleaming coat of fingernail polish.

This is the same recipe some people call "Magic Goop". It was given to us by a friend who works with the physical therapy department of a mental health institute. It makes a fine, inexpensive play material which is safe for small children and useful for many purposes, both recreational and educational.

—Evelyn

**RAW APPLE DESSERT**

- 2 cups diced apple
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nuts

Prepare the apples. Cream together the sugar, margarine, egg and flavoring. Sift together the flour, cinnamon, baking powder, soda and salt. Add sifted ingredients to the creamed mixture. Add apples and nuts. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees in a greased cake pan. Prepare the following sauce to serve over the pudding.

**Sauce**

- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup boiling water

Blend sugar and cornstarch. Add butter, flavorings and boiling water. Cook until clear and serve hot over the baked dessert.

—Margery

**OLD-FASHIONED POTATO SOUP**

- 8 slices bacon, diced
- 4 medium potatoes, diced
- 1 large onion, diced
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 3 cups milk
- 2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced parsley

Combine diced vegetables and water. Cover and simmer 45 minutes or until done. Rice vegetables, or put through a coarse sieve, and return to the water in which they were cooked. Add milk, salt and pepper. Reheat. Cook bacon until crisp. Just before serving, float parsley and crisp bacon on soup. 6 servings.



# trick AND treat

Treating the family with new and different taste surprises is easy when you combine two ingredients: **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring** and imagination. Every recipe, new or old favorite, can be sparked up by one of these full-bodied, fragrant flavors. Think for a minute how a coconut pie or cake could be tricked up: with banana flavoring, maybe, or pineapple? How about blueberry or raspberry in the waffle batter? Think of all the places maple or burnt sugar or black walnut would be welcome!

See how easy it is? Just line up those sixteen delicious flavors and let your imagination go! Here's the whole list:

Pineapple	Butter	Mint	Cherry
Blueberry	Raspberry	Orange	Almond
Maple	Banana	Black Walnut	Burnt Sugar
Coconut	Lemon	Strawberry	Vanilla

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

## KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



## NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

I dislike prefacing every letter with the fact that all my news isn't fresh as yesterday but by the same token I cannot pass over all of our day-to-day activities. So bear with me if some of this month's letter sounds still summery!

The house is very quiet this evening because everyone is away. Whenever possible Don takes the children swimming after supper and since I am a less than mediocre swimmer I stay home, usually to bask in the peace and quiet. In fact I am far happier at home where I can't see what they are up to. Our little Adrienne has fancied herself to be quite the championship diver and she thinks nothing of bounding off the three-meter board, which causes me numerous watchful moments when I am present. Hence my absence. Katharine is quite a dependable swimmer and Paul has improved far beyond our fondest hopes.

Our long-awaited vacation in Traverse City, Michigan, was every bit as pleasant as we had hoped. The weather was perfect — cool enough in the evenings to make a roaring fire in the field-stone fireplaces mighty welcome, but hot and dry enough during the day to make the danger of sunburn more than just a possibility.

Don insisted that Paul swim alone to the raft this year or else stay in the water around the dock. He didn't want him in the six- and seven-foot deep water, even though he was only sitting on the raft, unless he was able and unafraid of handling himself in water of that depth. So under the pressure of seeing the boys his age out on the raft he forced himself to take the plunge, and with Don's swimming in a parallel line to the raft during his solo swim, he made it with greater ease than he expected. What he needed most was a little extra self-confidence and after his initial swim he made many, many trips to the raft.

I'm sure I must be repeating myself when I describe these cabins where we go, but this year Don was more than ever delighted with the lack of pressing city living. These cabins are made from the pine trees felled by the owner right on the property. The living conditions are adequate but not luxurious. They are such that we have to fall back on that rapidly receding quality of self-reliance. (I do indulge myself the luxury of taking my own coffeepot. I admit to being spoiled by preferring the coffee my pot makes.)

For instance, the cabins don't all have measuring cups, so when I made pancakes I used a coffee cup and a teaspoon for measuring the oil in the



Donald Driftmier with his three children, Adrienne, Katharine and Paul.

recipe. Sometimes the proportions were great and the next day not so good. But there were *no* telephones, *no* televisions, *no* newspaper unless someone wanted to drive to town to buy one, and no one had the time to take away from swimming or reading or just drinking in the beauty of East Traverse Bay.

Don asked me one evening if I could live out the rest of my life on a built-in bunk in a one-room house. The kitchen-living room-bedroom are all one right angle area, while the children's area is separated by just two walls off one corner. We had one dresser, but we managed happily. We had silverware enough only for the five of us, so we had to wash dishes after each meal, not just tuck things away in the dishwasher. Granted my dishwasher is the greatest friend I have in my household, but the children are *not* learning much about the fine art of washing a dish, so this gave them many, many occasions to get some experience.

It was with considerable trepidation that I answered his original question about living in a one-room rustic cabin forever and forever, because I was beginning to wonder if I could get him to go home when the time came. Incidentally, I told him I could adjust very ably to this relaxed kind of living. It took only one hour to clean the cabin from top to bottom and that included sweeping out half the sandy beach from under the youngsters' beds.

However, the day did come to pack our belongings and head for the Ludington Ferry and a restful six hours crossing the big lake. We landed in Milwaukee and within the hour were home! So I didn't have to come home and close up our house and move into a one-room cabin *a la* Laura Ingalls Wilder, but I think that way back in Don Driftmier's mind is a yearning to be a backwoodsman.

When we got home I realized that I had very little time to get ready for

our French girl, who has by now turned into a young miss from Switzerland. Needless to say I was appalled by what I saw when I took a long, objective look in the closets. What is acceptable clutter for one's own understanding family doesn't always look so excusable to an outsider. One closet led to another. By this time I have one closet left to clean and they will all be in apple-pie order; all the dresser drawers are in order because in our shifting to make room for Francesca Demicola, I gave up my converted dresser-sewing table and you can just imagine what was stuffed into these six drawers. I haven't figured out yet where I shall do any sewing with my portable machine, but we'll make do, I'm confident.

This unexpected spring house-cleaning (wow) kicked into a cocked hat our long-hoped-for plans to visit the Johnson farm. I haven't even had time enough to write Dorothy to thank her adequately for inviting us for a second summer, and to again have us unable to get there. It's too bad life is such a hurried thing that so many of the things we would most like to do go undone and unsaid.

I'll have lots to tell you next month about our foreign-exchange teacher. We have received a number of charming letters from her, written, I'm happy to report, in English, so we're not concerned with a language problem developing. She speaks German as her native tongue with French and Italian thrown in for good measure. We should all be much wiser by the end of this year.

The family is home from swimming now and they'll be hungry as usual. I have some leftovers earmarked for tomorrow's supper that may require protection, so I'll dash to the kitchen to make some peanut butter sandwiches. Good night. Until next month I remain

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



## There's One in Mother's Basement

by

Marjorie Fuller

"Ouch", I groan to an abrupt stop as my knee makes sharp contact with an old copper wash boiler just inside the door to Mother's basement. Painfully I grope a step or two further then hesitate, squinting to scan the piles of *stuff* for the least hazardous route to where the search will begin for whatever it is that I'm looking for.

A darting glance might reveal to my startled eye an early day Indian anvil (part of the memorabilia Mother has collected as a writer of early Oklahoma history), Grandmother's orange doll trunk, some 1926 *Saturday Evening Posts*, or perhaps the pair of ice tongs draped around the neck of Mother's old dress form. Further scrutiny could

disclose an old notebook bulging with my *Tillie the Toiler* paper dolls, a musical toy from my brother's childhood, or the stretch exerciser Dad ordered when he was approaching middle age. Whether we need a 1932 calendar or a blue vase, we know there's one in Mother's basement. The problem is to locate it while the need is active!

Sagging wistfully, the old wash stand is partially obscured by stacked cans of leftover paint, pushed against the old foot locker which is balanced on end, and slightly bowed with naval uniforms. Weary with age the round top trunk holds period clothes. Perhaps at night the high lace shoes slip through the broken clasp into a ghostly waltz with leg-a-mutton sleeves, while the fringed satin cha-cha-chas to the silent Victrola, now eased into a corner.

Shelves Dad originally built for

canned fruits and vegetables are reminiscent of a thriving hock shop displaying an accumulation of everything from broken jewelry to World War II combat boots.

Hanging from the rafters six seatless dining chairs dolefully cast shadows across a broken lamp, resting in an old chair slightly tilted, as one rocker rides a doll bed.

Layered in dust, lumber and brick stand ready for miscellaneous repairs. Three light globes, relics of the roaring twenties, parade across a top shelf. Close by a large porcelain washbowl flaunts a yellowed scrap of paper with an old Indian recipe for homemade soap.

On second glance, and reconsidering, I decided it best to go back upstairs and change into some old clothes before trying to wend my way through cartons and cobwebs lest I snag my clothing on a nail or a spear.

Each spring and fall we urge Mother to discard a portion of her fifty-eight-year accumulation, but our pleading is in vain. Her philosophy remains the same. Never throw anything away. "Some day I'll take time to straighten things up", she'll say. "I never like to throw anything away; someone may be able to use it."

And you know, *she is right*. Just the other day her D.V.M. grandson-in-law dug deep enough to unearth the birdcage he needed. Then he patiently jostled around and out, the 1880 desk bookcase for Pat, who used to rummage through her grandmother's basement by the hour.

---

### MY HOME

I know a house so glad it smiles  
From the ceiling to the floor,  
And folks are filled with pleasant  
thoughts  
As they come through the door.

And sunbeams find this precious place  
And stop here to caress it.  
Happy peace stays in this house  
For loving hearts possess it.

—Evelyn Witter

---

### IT SNOWED ON HALLOWEEN

The goblin's nose was dripping,  
The witch's eyes were red,  
The ghost had scarlet earmuffs  
Upon his sheet-draped head.

The hobo wore a snowsuit  
Atop his faded rags;  
Small hands were gloved or mittened  
That carried Trick-Treat bags.

Costumes were all covered,  
From Skeleton to Queen,  
Because this year it happened . . .  
It snowed on Halloween.

—Inez Baker



NOT  
A  
WORRY

This young lady isn't afraid of "bleach rot". What if harsh chlorine bleaches *do* ruin her blouse, or slip or dress? She doesn't care.

But you care! If rough liquid bleaches ruin your clothes, you have to put out good money for more. And, if you use a "lazy" bleach, even almost-new things look old too soon.

Better depend on **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**! Because it contains no chlorine, you can bleach any washable fabric with complete safety — even the new synthetics. Though **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is gentle on fabrics, it's hard-working when it comes to brightening (both colors and whites!). Get it at your grocer's.

Remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

## Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

unostentatious. I could understand how countless numbers of Roman Catholic students felt very much at home in that building and in that chapel. It is a comforting place.

I know it's customary to go off on to all kinds of details where weddings are concerned, but Juliana didn't have that kind of a wedding and when I returned home and the family asked what she had worn I had to stop and think. (Actually, she wore a plain white dress that she'd gotten earlier in the summer, a white lace mantilla to cover her head, and she carried a half-dozen white rosebuds tied with turquoise ribbon. Oh yes, her turquoise slippers matched the ribbon!) Jed had broken down and bought himself a very handsome dark suit, something that college students don't find an absolute necessity — except when they're being married.

Father Shimek, a most sincere and dedicated young priest, read the marriage service and I concentrated on every word that he said for I found it most painful to be there without Russell beside me. Only those who have gone through the experience of being alone at a beloved daughter's marriage can possibly understand how I felt. But Father Shimek read a beautiful service, and his brief sermon was deeply moving and inspiring. It was a great help to me in time of dire need.

Then, suddenly, both of the young people had completed their vows, had turned to leave the altar looking absolutely radiant — and it was all over. I really don't have a clear memory of leaving that chapel and getting back into the car for I was speaking to people automatically and doing things automatically. At times of great emotional stress it's a blessing that we can carry right on as if we know exactly what we are about! Psychologists call this a "conditioned response" and I can only say that it comes in mighty handy.

All of us said our "goodbyes" at the motel, and then on the road out of town Chris and I stopped to see the new apartment. The last load of stuff had been brought over just that



Leaving the chapel following the wedding ceremony are Lucile, Juliana, Jed and Mrs. Lowey.

morning, but even so I was surprised by the degree of order that had been achieved. This apartment is one of four in an old adobe house that looks like a private home and the rent is so low that I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw wall-to-wall carpeting, a wood-burning fireplace, and a kitchen complete with a dishwasher and garbage disposal. And there is air-conditioning too, something that is now just about a necessity in Albuquerque where the climate has changed so drastically. I must not forget also the fact that the oven actually works and Juliana said it would take quite some time to get used to this luxury since her oven for the last 2½ years would heat only at 500 degrees! And the frosting on the cake, so to speak, is the fact that they are only two short blocks from the buildings on the campus where Jed has his engineering classes. This eliminates the terrible problem of where in the world to park the car.

Incidentally, all of the extras in the apartment are due to the fact that the owners of the place made it their home until just recently when they moved to a new house. Juliana and Jed were simply plain lucky to stumble on to it — and it was the very first place they saw when they started apartment hunting.

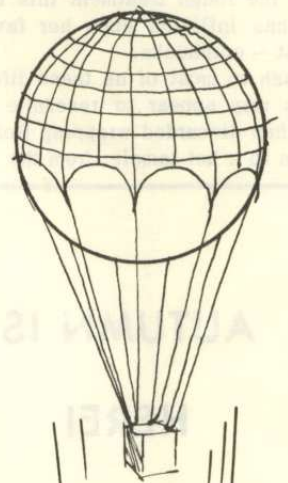
Well, all of this letter has been devoted to just one subject, but I never again will have such an event

to tell you about and thus I decided to tell you all of the details and to let other things go until next month.

To all of you who sent Juliana letters and cards of congratulations, our warmest appreciation. She told me that she felt very close to you Kitchen-Klatter friends because you've followed her progress since she was born — and that was twenty-four years ago last February. So...now she is Mrs. Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and a whole new world is opening up to her. There is a time and a season for everything, and this is her season for happiness and re-joining.

Until next month I am always faithfully your friend —

*Paula*



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**ALWAYS A HEADBAND TO MATCH!**

Would you like to have the fun, beauty, and fashion of a matching headband with every outfit?

This fashion trick can be accomplished in a few minutes and for very little cost.

Take a plastic headband (available in most variety stores). Use a scrap of material from blouse, skirt, or dress which you want to match. Cut material 1/4 of an inch wider than the headband

and also 1/4 of an inch longer than the band.

Now all you have to do is apply the material to the band with double-face paper tape, also 1/4 inch wider than the band. To do this apply the tape to the band; then apply the strip of material to the tape, and tuck the material around the band.

If you do not have scraps of material, velvet or grosgrain ribbon in the desired color works equally well.

—Evelyn Witter



## A SLIGHTLY CORNY SUBJECT

by  
Evelyn S. Cason

Remember the old-fashioned husking bee? If you do, you know that many hands did make light work; and the pleasant conspiracy of jollity, socializing and heaped-up good food turned task-burden into an event. For a strange reason, Mrs. Rose Stumbaugh of Annapolis, Missouri, could wish to recall these events in more than just time-mellowed memories.

Certainly, when the corn picker wrote farewell to these social occasions, no one regretted the manual labor so deftly replaced by machine. But Mrs. Stumbaugh, though she appreciates modern conveniences as gratefully as the rest of us, does mourn the rough treatment this transition has inflicted upon her favorite harvest — cornhusks.

Though to most of us these lifeless scraps may appear to resemble little more than discarded wrapping from ear of corn to a hot tamale, from the corn-



Craig Birkby is an enthusiastic gardener. Squash and pumpkins are two fine crops he produced this year. Soon these pumpkins will be jack-o'-lanterns.

husks and a lively imagination Mrs. Stumbaugh fashions clever dolls, purses, and even a likely replacement for the straw hat.

The dictionary lists these wrappings from the ear of corn as husks, but to an Ozark farmer they are simply

"shucks". This by-product of the native corn crop was no novelty to Mrs. Stumbaugh, but since the modern mattress has more comfortably replaced the old-fashioned cornshuck tick, and other utilitarian uses have become outmoded, even the dictionary offered no hope for this item which had simply become a nuisance around their Ozark farm.

Late in the 1950's, while on a trip to Hardy, Arkansas, Mrs. Stumbaugh learned of another side to the cornshuck story. Miss Maud Buford, owner of a shop in Hardy, needed someone to make the novelty cornshuck hats which she sold. Mrs. Stumbaugh learned how to make them, and after returning home produced a steady supply for Miss Buford's shop. Once the gates of imagination were opened, she began to expand her ideas for cornshuck creations. By trial and error, she found she could create dolls, purses, sunbonnets, door mats, and even cornhusk roses.

Although her original success had not been limited by imagination, her production quota has now become hampered by the process of mechanization. The corn picker mutilates the greater part of the husks beyond salvation for her purpose, and each year it becomes more difficult to find the needed shucks for little corn is picked by hand.

The Stumbaughs have now retired from the farm but have some friends who still harvest small patches in the old-fashioned manner and after the corn is harvested, she makes her raid for the shucks, working with "crossed fingers", that the supply will suffice to fill requests for dolls and hats for her customers and for gifts.

Though she enjoys her cornhusk dolls, as well as the thought that she is continuing her early education to "use it up, wear it out, make it do". Mrs. Stumbaugh does not wait with hands folded for the yearly fall harvest but keeps busy with knitting, crocheting and making quilts. And as she is occupied with these activities she reflects on the husking bees, red ears of corn, and friends gathering to warm hands and hearts with the special spirit of good will that has not yet been replaced by a mechanical corn picker.

## AUTUMN MORNING

Awake!  
Like stepping stones, the hilltops rise,  
Islands in a drifting sea  
Of fog. Now set fire by the sun,  
It turns to autumn smoke and drifts away.  
Wood smoke, fog smoke, smoke of distance  
Turn the far-off hills to blue.  
Cold and sweet the morning air.  
Sweet to quaff it deeply, slowly,  
Like a cold, clear drink of water  
On a lazy summer noontime.  
Gift of heaven, best beloved,  
Morning and another day.

—Mary T. Rauth

## AUTUMN IS HERE!



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

Our radio visits can be heard each weekday over the following stations:

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

"Whoso draws nigh to God one step through doubtings dim,  
God will advance a mile in blazing light to him."

This expression on faith could well have been Lillian Trasher's motto in *Lady on a Donkey* (E. P. Dutton and Co., \$4.50) by Beth Prim Howell. Through a friend's recommendation, the shelves of our fine church library revealed this book concerning Mama Trasher, godmother of Egypt. The author states, "To me she is a John Wesley, a St. Francis of Assisi, an Albert Schweitzer . . ."

While working at the Faith Orphanage in North Carolina, Lillian Trasher learned to trust Someone beyond herself for her needs. In 1910, a strange series of events shaped her destiny to become a missionary to Assiut, Egypt. Farieda, a starving baby, put Mama Trasher to a test of her future and then the realization: "She had come to found a Christian orphanage for homeless Egyptian children." With faith, she did. The reader will marvel at her sobering experiences. How often she must have prayed with fervor, "Give us this day our daily bread." Her great job was to teach the Gospel to hundreds of children, to teach them the standards of right and wrong and the principles of Christian faith.

Presented to our church library as a memorial gift, the inscription is true: "This book is almost unbelievable."

(This book, published in 1960, is still available. Perhaps your local bookstore can order it. The publisher is E. P. Dutton & Co., price \$4.50.)

A happy book by an interesting, nature-loving person is *The Shape of a Year* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$4.95) by Jean Hersey. A dedicated gardener, previous books are mainly about gardening. Mrs. Hersey enjoys the pleasures and duties of daily living in the country — of winter nights by the fire with books and handiwork and summer days in the garden.

Some gleanings from the book: On advice of her doctor, she and her husband began daily walks, a minimum of a mile a day. A whole new world of beauty and wonder developed for them on these walks. Walks and bicycle rides are enjoyed by my husband and me, also. A sense of peace and leisure comes on a walk. On camping, Jean Hersey says it develops your ability to adapt. In your closeness to nature you care about your fellow man.

An excellent personal narrative, *The Shape of a Year*.



Mother (Leanna Field Driftmier) and one of her grandsons, Martin Strom, prepare to cut the cake at the traditional family gathering for Sunday night supper.

Auren Uris, author of *Keeping Young in Business* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$6.50), advises, "Four critical areas determine the ability of men and women in the business world, regardless of joy, company, industry, and so on, to function effectively. The first involves attitude — the psychology of youthfulness, the second has to do with personal efficiency, the third, physical fitness, and the fourth, professional obsolescence. In order to stay young in business, regardless of chronological age, you must conquer these four areas."

"The world of business is exciting, challenging, rewarding. Make the most of it, not only while you're in your thirties, or forties, or fifties, or sixties, but for as many years thereafter as you like. The fact is, life holds limitless promise, challenge, and reward for us, at all stages, wherever we live, and at whatever level. Youthfulness is the quality that makes these satisfactions available to us and equips us to achieve and enjoy them for as long as we live." Uris concludes.

Thanks to my friend Elizabeth in Missouri, I've become a reader of the Charlie Brown comics. Many fans appreciate the philosophy of the *Peanuts* characters. Two previously published books are: *Charlie Brown's All-Stars* (World Publishing Co., \$2.50) and *A Charlie Brown Christmas* (World Publishing Co., \$2.50) by Charles M. Schulz. A new book to be published this October is *It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown* (World Publishing Co., \$2.95). Charles M. Schulz writes entertaining reading for young and old alike as Linus and Charlie Brown's sister Sally have a pumpkin watch and Charlie writes a letter to the Great Pumpkin. The cartoon and comic strips of Charles M. Schulz are syndicated in more than five hundred newspapers all over the world.

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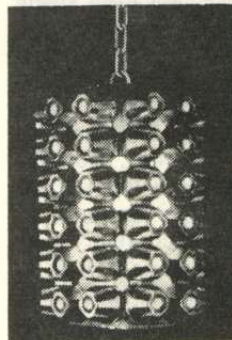
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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"Last spring I was given a little plant with pretty white-veined leaves. It grows very low and has a tendency to creep so I placed it in a planter on the coffee table where it seems to be very happy. Visitors who see it often hint or ask outright for a start of the plant but I hesitate to disturb it for fear it will not be so pretty. Can you tell me its name and a source of it commercially?"

To answer this letter, the plant probably is a silver-veined Fitonia and usually can be purchased at any greenhouse that has a bench featuring small plants for dish gardens. Occasionally I have found them at plant counters in larger stores but a greenhouse is the most likely source. Eventually the plant will grow too large for a coffee table and will need to be pruned back. When this happens, it is time to give cuttings to the friends who coveted the plant. Short branches, and even single leaves, will root readily if dipped in a rooting hormone and then placed stem down in damp vermiculite. Cover the container with a plastic bag to maintain moisture while the cuttings form roots. When this happens, pot the plants up individually using a rich, humusy soil. Fitonias are not fussy as to light but do require constant moisture in the air about them as well as in the soil. If this is not provided the leaves may brown and curl under at the edges. They are fine plants for terrariums because of their low growth and love of moisture.

Some of the house plants that have been brought indoors from their summer in the border should be given a rest. That is, they should be watered only lightly and set in a cool location

for several weeks. Most of them will shed their foliage, but this is of no concern as they will send forth new leaves when the days begin to lengthen in late winter. Check all of them for insects, such as aphids and mealy bugs, at regular intervals. These pests have a way of hiding and then suddenly out of nowhere come forth to infest house plants. Black Leaf 40, when used according to directions, will give good control.



### RAIN WITHOUT, FRIENDS WITHIN

Falling rain  
transient crystal beads  
upon the window pane.  
Caressing a leaf-strewn  
ground and barely heard.  
Quite like a friend  
of a friend, who comes  
not knowing if there will abide  
a welcome around the fire's side,  
but listens to conversation —  
intelligently adds a nod  
not saying much,  
so comfortably adds  
the quiet touch.

—Ethel Tenhoff

### I WALK WITH THE WIND

I walk with the wind, a vagrant wind  
That teases the Autumn trees;  
It flirts 'til the maple blushes red,  
Then drops to a gentle breeze.

It swoops through the valley pushing  
mist  
From hill to hill, then away;  
The sun unveiled casts a golden glint  
On cottonwoods as they sway.

The joys of the road through early  
Fall  
And Indian Summer haze  
Renew my strength, lift spirits high,  
As I follow the wild wind's ways.

—Inez Baker



### THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

OCTOBER is the nostalgic month — the month for both reflection and expectation.

We have stashed away pleasant summer vacation memories; we have renewed our once-a-year friendships; the children are now well settled in the school routine and we have time to get our breath and think on the many pleasant holidays coming up within the next few months.

October, the golden, nostalgic month in the year!

\*\*\*\*\*

Pick a bouquet of marigolds and arrange them in an enameled, pewter or brass teakettle. Stand back and admire your efforts. Isn't it lovely?

\*\*\*\*\*

A swirl of leaves can make quite a stir before settling down for a long, quiet winter.

\*\*\*\*\*

The shy little chickadee hops into the window feeder, eyes the kernels spilling from the cracked nuts, makes his selection, and with a flip of his tail says, "Chick-a-dee-dee", which when translated means, "Thank you!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Words can be much like jewels, beautifully colored and very precious. "The trees were outlined against the pearl-washed sky of an autumn sunset laced with gold and fading away into the merest whisper of a blush."

\*\*\*\*\*

### HALLOWEEN

'Twill soon be time for trick or treats! They'll play pranks unless you give them eats, Ghosts, pirates and hoboes, too, Knock on your door and say, "Howdy-do."

Invite them in with much august — To identify is a must.

After passing apples — and candy, too, Away they go, 'mid much ado.

\*\*\*\*\*

I like: The last rose of summer . . . the odor of burning leaf piles . . . steaming coffee served in heirloom china . . . receiving the first Christmas catalogue.



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**OCTOBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded**

was round, but who'd go out on a limb and risk ridicule, let alone money and time, to try to prove it? Why, the man was crazy!

Columbus was willing to stake his all, to risk his life and reputation, to face laughter and scorn for what he believed, willing to "go out in joy" to make his dreams a reality.

Peace and world brotherhood will not come through dreams and wishing. Do you, do I, BELIEVE?

Will you, will I, ACT?

**Prayer Hymn:** (Sing to tune of "America"). Provide copies so that all can sing.)

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night.  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies,  
On Him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the state.

Not for this land alone,  
But be God's mercies shown  
From shore to shore,  
And may the nations see  
That men may brothers be,  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.

—Author Unknown

**Prayer:** God of the measureless universe, Creator of men's conscience, to Thee, in this our fervent prayer for peace, we lift our voices in unison.

We, people of every faith and creed, join together, pleading for truth, justice, and charity among men. We pray for Thy omnipotent aid in this hour of imperiled civilization; that Thou shalt cast out forever from human thought the flaming intolerance which makes for war and breeds bloody aggression; that the advocates of war shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

We pray to Thee for restoration of concord and amity among all peoples of the earth; that all persons recognize the liberty due religion, and for renewal of the way of life that is fruitful of great and good works.

This, O Lord, is our fervent prayer, and this is our mingled tribute to Thy everlasting mercy. Amen

(This prayer, written by John Golden, in 1951 received the approval of Protestant bishops and Jewish rabbis alike, and has been distributed world wide by the United Nations.)



Mary Leanna was interested in the afghan her Grandmother Driftmier was working on when she was visiting in Shenandoah with her parents.

**HOUSE FOR SALE**

Hello, folks, I'm so glad you're here!  
They told me you would call.  
So glad you liked the outside view  
Enough to see "me-all".

Here you could put a little chair  
For seeing roses bloom;  
This wall is great for stereo,  
Has built-in writing-room.

The kitchen's near a family "den"  
So play and nap are heard;  
A fireplace makes a spot where dreams  
And embers could be stirred.

I do feel better, now you're here;  
This emptiness will go.  
I hope you need a house like me  
Because I need you so!

—Irene Rose Gray

**This time isn't wasted.**

The days are always too short, aren't they? Seems like we never have quite enough time for the things we need — and want — to do.

Here's how you can pick yourself up some extra time every day, every week: use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** for all your cleaning, all over the house.

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The costumes the Indians wore in the parade at Banff were beautiful — soft leather elaborately embroidered with beads.

## MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

way of Fort McLeod where we stopped to see the first home of the Royal Mounted Police, and Cardston, called "The Temple City", for it is the only town in Canada with a Mormon Temple, a beautiful building.

At this point we had to decide which route to take back to Iowa and were in agreement to drive down through Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks and then cross over to Laramie to visit my niece Kristin, Art and Andy. We stayed at a motel across from the University campus, and so had a good view of the new buildings which have been constructed in recent years. Kristin and Art were winding up some summer courses and looking forward to their work in September. I do believe that little Andy thinks he is a University student! Kristin had found it necessary to take him over one morning when she was without a baby sitter and he has talked about nothing since!

From Laramie we drove to Denver to spend a few days with my brother Wayne and his family where we enjoyed some wonderful meals, some

interesting trips around the Denver area, and had our usual good time with them.

And now we are settled down for fall and winter when we'll pretty much be following a routine schedule. Next month we'll bring you up to date on the visitors we've had and some of their interesting activities.

The mail just arrived bringing letters from Martin and Juliana so I'll pour myself a cup of coffee and see what the young people are up to.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

## TRY A FALL ARRANGEMENT

by

Alyce Ersland Anderson

This is a project that uses imagination rather than money, but the result looks great.

I use an old salad bowl for the container. If in bad condition spray paint will cover nicely. Next, a piece of styrofoam is cut to fit same. In my collection I have yarrow, which I grow in my garden. I do not want it all the golden yellow, so I use food coloring to get some green, and orange crepe paper soaked in a small amount of water for the dye to make a rust color. I also use dock, wheat, oats, cattails, and all sorts of other weeds. I use dry moss taken from trees to cover my base. Floral clay secures the base to the container. When arranged to suit, spray with hair spray.

Our woman's group at church had a project in which each woman was given \$1.00 and we were to make things with the money and watch our money grow for a worthy cause.

I made six assorted arrangements and sold them for \$2.50 each. What a surprise! I could have sold many more.

What a joy to bring beauty into the home, with a small cost and little talent necessary.

## BRIEFLY

Bridges must be built and men  
Who build the bridges — hard hatted,  
Well shod with steel-toed boots — must  
Go where bridges are, even men with  
brides.

And so she visits, laden down with curlers,  
Mending to be done and company P.J.'s.

Like two familiar book ends on the  
Couch, we face each other talking,  
Her body snuggled deep in pillows that  
Are friends. With her bare feet as large  
As mine, placed there upon my lap, she's  
Just a little girl again.

But then a tap comes on the door. I turn  
my  
Head to see grey eyes alight with  
Pride of ownership. I look and lo —  
The girl is gone! All woman now and  
wife!

Car lights flicker down the drive and Dog,  
Momentarily displaced, disgruntledly re-  
sumes  
His customary place.

—Leta Fulmer.

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## Autumn Reflections

I look upon the wooded hillsides curving along the river with the brilliant autumn foliage glowing in the bright October sun — a spectacular mosaic showing God's fingerprints in splashes of rich crimson, gold, and brown. My soul is stirred.

Who was it that said "Fall takes a tired summer to her breast and rocks with gentle rhythm — singing harvest songs amid the rich ingathering which comes from out beginnings born of sun and dew--"?

A squirrel scurries among swirling leaves to stash away one last hoard of nuts before the snow flies. In the distance a tractor hums in a to-and-fro rhythm across the field, heaping the hopper high with golden grain. Near by, along the fence row, a heap of

pumpkins foretells the spicy goodness of the mouth-watering "punkin" pies to come.

In the orchard hang the russet, the scarlet, the yellow of fall apples, and from the old press down in the corner comes the tantalizing fragrance that says "it's cider-makin' time"! Across the way the last of the grapes hang thickly in clusters of purple sweetness.

In the yard apple butter bubbles in Great Grandmamma's huge iron kettle as the wood smoke from the fire below it drifts our way to tantalize, to beckon.

Overhead cotton-puff clouds float lightly across the perfect backdrop to nature's panorama of harvest — the blue, blue heavens.

My spirit soars! Then comes a chill wind of thought — soon all this beauty will fade and be gone. Rebelling, my mind cries, "Ah, no! I cannot bear to lose you. Stay on; stay on!"

Like the faintest of whispers the message comes to my resisting heart, "Peace, my child. You will have the memories. Better yet, new beauties will be yours as the days unfold." My heart is comforted.

Life is not all a radiant harvest time. Even as nature gives over its autumn glory to the look of winter, it takes on a beauty of its time and season. So it is with the contrast of man's days. The poet Towne said that both sun and the rush of rain did beat upon his windowpane.

The memory of this autumn day will make glad many moments of the days until the seasons of harvest come again upon the land. But these scenes will be followed by other scenes of beauty; and so, too, do our own days move from day to day, year to year, to new development, new growth, new dreams, new hope. This is God's plan and it is good!

—Virginia Thomas

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