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Kitchen-Klatter®

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Magazine

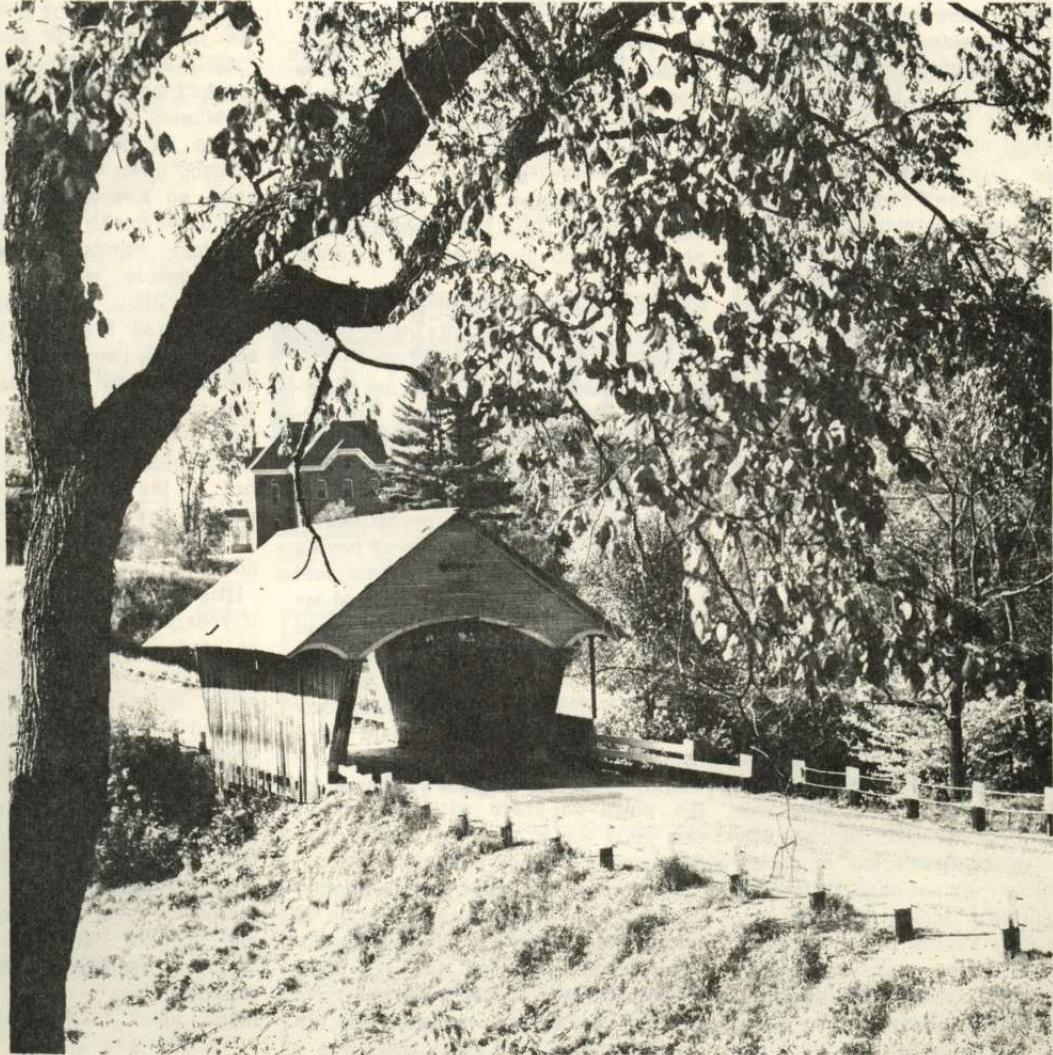
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-H. Armstrong Roberts

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Just before I started typing this letter to you I ate a peach, and since this is so utterly commonplace I must tell you at once why I mention it at all.

About ten or twelve years ago Russell planted a peach tree in our garden and for a long time it bloomed beautifully in the spring but never once, not once, did we ever have any fruit. Since it never did a thing but look lovely we came to regard it simply as an ornamental planting.

One late August afternoon around six years ago Russell came in from the garden with a single peach in his hand and explained wonderingly that he had picked it from our tree. I had visions instantly of a fine peach crop but he dashed this notion at once by saying that it was the one and only peach on the tree. We divided it and thought we had never tasted fruit more delicious.

Well, from that year on the tree has produced exactly one peach and if this sounds outlandish to you I can only say that it sounds outlandish to me too. I haven't the faintest idea how to explain such a thing. But today Anita went out and picked the peach of 1968 and that was what we just finished eating. If anyone can account for such a thing I would certainly be glad to hear about it.

Around here everyone is commenting about our fruit crop this year. We had a disastrous drought in the adjoining countryside that virtually finished the corn and the soy beans, but evidently the conditions for a huge fruit crop were absolutely ideal. No one can remember ever seeing before such an abundance of apples, plums and peaches. It was also ideal for watermelons and cantaloupe; they've never been as sweet and delicious as they are this year. We've kept them on hand now for several weeks. (Tomatoes and grapes didn't fare well — just the fruit I've mentioned has been superlative.)

One of the things I've accomplished recently has been to get the beautiful crewel work wall hanging Juliana made for my birthday properly framed and up on the living room wall. She had never done any embroidery before she started doing crewel pieces and it seems to be something that she enjoys tremendously. In addition to this very large wall hanging she made two for Jed's mother and her Grandmother Driftmier. These first pieces were stamped designs on linen but now she has purchased the same kind of linen and is going to experiment with her own designs. I spent so many happy hours doing handwork in years gone by that I'm pleased to see she has found an embroidery interest of her own.

However, for some time to come this interest will probably be pushed aside, for the big news at her end is the fact that she and Jed have purchased their first home and are terribly busy getting moved into it. They decided that they wanted to make Albuquerque their permanent home, and under these conditions it didn't make much sense to keep paying rent on an apartment. As Juliana said to me on the phone when she told me about buying the house, they had nothing to show for their first year of marriage but a stack of rent receipts and when they looked at them they thought how much this would have helped in raking up a down payment.

Eventually we'll have pictures of the place to share with you, but I can give you a few high lights from her letters.

Their house is adobe and is located in the North East Heights section of Albuquerque. They are only two blocks from the Freeway and this will make it easy for Jed to get back and forth to the University campus for his final semester. Just today there was a floor plan of the house and a drawing of the yard, so for the first time I could visualize the place.

The house has a living room, a den, a very nice big kitchen with loads of

built-ins, three bedrooms, two baths and huge walk-in closets complete with built-in drawers and chests. Juliana said they had lived around piles of boxes for so long that she didn't know what to do with such a wealth of closets and storage space.

But if she is ecstatically happy about the house I believe she is even happier about the yard. She inherited her father's love for all growing things and she spent endless hours beside him in the garden when she was a little girl.

The drawing that she sent accounts for a pear tree, peach and apricot trees and an enormous willow that has a tree house built in it! There are many beds of flowers, and just outside the covered, screened-in patio there is a fish pool with little waterfalls that are managed with a recirculating pump. There is bamboo around the pool. Then there are handsome hedges exactly like the ones her father planted in our garden, so you can see why she is as happy about the yard as she is about the house.

Well, since word of this milestone reached me I'll give you one guess as to what I've been doing. For generations on end it's been the custom to hand down what is no longer being used, so I've been combing the house and basement to see what I can spare. The only things they had in the line of furniture were an old-fashioned rocking chair so Juliana could rock James, and his crib. Oh, yes, they also had two tables that Juliana bought several years ago at the Good Will store and refinished. This grand total of four pieces of furniture is the beginning and end of what they had in the line of furniture. It's no wonder I've wracked my head to think of what I could get together to send down.

(It's much easier to hand down things if your young married people are close at hand, but that doesn't happen very often these days and I'm sure many, many other mothers have scrounged around to see what they could truck to distant parts of the country.)

I know more about Juliana's and Jed's place than any of the others, of course, but it has also been moving time for two other members of the family. Donald and Mary Beth are now settled in their new home in Anderson and from the first pictures we've had it looks wonderfully sound and comfortable. They're bound to have many happy years in that house, although I should add in the same breath, unless Donald is transferred again. Dorothy tells us that Kristin and Art have bought a new house, too, so it's been moving time for members of the family. I shudder at the very

thought of ever trying to move out of my house and have no intentions of ever, ever contemplating such a thing.

At this particular time I feel sort of dislocated because I'm the only member of the family now in town. Mother and Ruby have gone to spend several days on the farm with Dorothy and Frank, Howard and Mae are spending their vacation at my place in New Mexico, and Margery and Oliver are in Minneapolis for a brief visit with Oliver's family. Before long everyone will be back again and then we'll swing into our familiar autumn routine.

At least I'm going to get to enjoy autumn this year after missing out on spring and practically the entire summer. It seems to me, looking back over the past months, that I went directly from winter into very late summer, so it will be a relief to have this autumn to enjoy. Sometimes I think it's my favorite season of the year. I know for a fact that it was Dad's favorite season and one of my most vivid memories in days long gone by was when he started out to load up the basement for winter. He always felt easier about the approaching winter if he had the storage rooms and shelves literally groaning with food. Mother canned tremendous quantities of food and I can never whiff cooking chili sauce in the fall without remembering how we came home from school anxious to see what the day had produced in the line of fruit jars.

This fall we have several of our young people back in college hard at their books. Martin is now a senior at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska. Emily is at the University of Colorado, Mary Leanna is at Boston University; and although we surely cannot classify Kristin with our young people, I should add that she is working on her Master's degree at the University of Wyoming. Dorothy and I never dreamed that our girls would settle down in Laramie and Albuquerque respectively, but that's the way it turned out.

Our little James continues to change very swiftly. When I called Juliana on Saturday I talked with Jed who said that she was over painting the bathroom at their new place and he was baby-sitting. I heard James bellowing in the background and I told Jed that even his crying sounded very different since he was here a month ago. He's discovered his feet now and manages to get his toes in his mouth! He is also fiercely determined to sit bolt upright and isn't content to lie back and cuddle unless he is being fed. Juliana says he's eating all kinds of things now and finally had his vegetables sufficiently mastered that he could progress to fruit. (He



Once James spotted some beads his Great Aunt Margery was wearing, he forsook his rattles and staked his claim on the beads. Yes, they went on to Albuquerque!

still refuses to have anything to do with peas and you wonder where they get such notions.)

I see that I've used all of my space and more too, so for this month I'll say goodbye. May it be a happy, happy autumn for all of you.

Affectionately yours —

R. Webb

GRANDMA TALKS BACK!!

A bore to hear a grandma speak
Of small ones and their antics?
A chore to listen to us boast
Of blue eyes fringed with lashes
'Black as midnight' — and downy
Hair and shiny brand-new teeth?

Wars forgotten, riots too, bills
Unpaid and overdue! — all take second
Place right now — while kids,
Compared and scrutinized, take top
Priority in loving conversation.

You'd rather grind your teeth perhaps,
On talk of violence, of evils,
Immorality, the scourge of hate
That fills a sickened world?

Well, I say "Good for Grandmas" when
In this age of strife have found
A glowing promise in precious bits of
Life. Who glimpse in every toothless
Grin, the shine of Heaven's sun. And
find on

Pudgy fingertips a hope for days to
come.

We grandmas are so lucky, We are a
Favored crew. We have so much, the
Tender touch of love — real love — one
Gem of shining innocence to brighten
up

A jaded world!

—Leta Fulmer

CULINARY CHAOS

by

Mrs. Bruno Butkiewicz

All right, you ladies who have never had a cooking failure, stop right here. Turn quickly to some other article because this will be of no interest to you. In fact, you might even sniff with disapproval at us "muddleheads".

My teenage daughter is branching out a little in cooking. She becomes discouraged when something doesn't turn out as the illustration shows. We older cooks also learned by trial and error. We still occasionally cook up a "flop", but can usually disguise it so the family doesn't know. Maybe a few of these mistakes would relax and comfort new cooks.

My earliest was a soda cake. Surely, if a teaspoon of soda makes a cake rise, several would have it as light and airy as meringue. It didn't, and, besides the family, a neighbor's hired man was there for dinner that day!

Twice salt had been used instead of sugar in cookies and brownies. They mixed and handled like a dream. The taste was in the nature of a nightmare. To make matters worse, the chickens found some of that dough and died after eating it.

Mother said do-it-yourself medical care caused some flavoring woes. An aromatic liniment was used by mistake instead of vanilla. (I wish someone would tell me how *that* tasted.)

A younger brother gleefully tells one and all that I thought coffeecake was flavored with the dry, ground coffee, and then made it that way. I insist he "cooked up" that story.

Once in a while, female members of my family have carefully prepared meat for company meals, to find it still warming in the oven when said visitors are long gone.

My favorite story concerns the young farm wife who was determined to please her husband. He told continually of the delicious baked beans only his mother could prepare. His bride couldn't resist this challenge. Recipes, beans, seasonings, procedures, she never gave up trying for that "perfect" dish. One day everything went wrong. Rover bit a salesman, a hawk swooped away with the nicest fryer, pigs broke out of their pen, and the power line was broken for a while. It was a weary, ashamed wife who put supper — main dish, baked beans — on the table that night. Some of the beans were scorched; some were underdone, with the seasonings just thrown in. One taste and hubby whooped, "Honey, you've done it. These taste just like Mom's!"

There, girls, are your mistakes worse than these?

NO HANDS BUT OURS

A United Nations Day Program

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: A world globe, a set of United Nations flags, a pair of ceramic "Praying Hands" — any or all of these would be appropriate to use for this program.

Opening Poem: ("Ram Dhum", a prayer by Gandhi)

O, Divine Master, Oh great God
Uplifter of the downtrodden,

Mother, Father God

Ishvar of Allah, all thy names Lord,
Give us of Thy love and Thy understanding, God.

—Translation by Althya Youngman

Leader:

Today

A wonderful thought

In the dawn was given,

And the thought was this:

That a secret plan

Is hid in my hand;

That my hand is big,

Big,

Because of this plan.

That God,

Who dwells in my hand,

Knows this secret plan

Of the things he will do for the world

Using my hand!

—Kagawa

Meditation: In England, just after the close of World War II, a devastated city began the heartbreaking task of cleaning up and restoring. Before the war a large statue of Jesus, with his hands outspread in invitation, had stood in the old city square. On the base of the statue these words were carved: "Come unto me."

Master artists and sculptors undertook the task of restoration of the statue. The figure was finally reassembled except for the hands. Nowhere were they able to find any fragments of the hands. Finally someone suggested that perhaps one of the sculptors should make new hands, but the public protested. "No, leave Him without hands."

So today the statue stands once again in the public square of the old city without hands, and on the base are carved these words: "Christ has no hands but ours!"

Leader: Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.

—Proverbs 3:27

Jewish Prayer: As we convene to observe the birthday of the United Nations, we thank Thee, O Lord, for having sustained, preserved, and privileged us to participate in this auspicious occasion. As we join hands with our brothers of differing faiths and creeds, show us how to be at one with each other, how to disagree without being disagreeable; teach us to think with our hearts and to feel with our minds; inspire us to emphasize our agreements and to minimize our differences; imbue us with the assurance that when we show love for our fellow men, we please Thee most, and when we become sensitive to their wants and needs and pains, we are drawn even closer to Thee. Amen.

Leader:

Lord because I am unlearned

In science and astrology,

And cannot add equations,

Nor explain psychology;

There's little left for me to do,

For I'm common as the sands.

Then I heard God say to me:

"Child, did I not give thee hands?"

Hands with which to minister

To those in need and sore distress —

There is nothing quite as useful

As hands with which to bless.

There's much that only hands can do;

(Words are empty without deeds.)

Arise and bless the anguished —

With thy hands supply his needs.

—Author Unknown

Meditation: Anxiety and the desire for peace among men, joy and the discouraging echoes of pessimism, freedom and stagnancy in creating equal opportunities for all men, offering of love and the pitiful contempt for the rights of others — these are the paradoxes that confuse our endeavors for the establishment of world peace and understanding, and small wonder! An Eastern Orthodox prayer expresses the thought that each of us must conquer hardship with patience, despair by hope, fear by courage, hate by love, misunderstanding by mutual esteem, suspicion by trust, provocation by tolerant calmness. No hands but ours! The sooner we realize that plans for

abolishing hunger, disease, and ignorance, and establishing civil rights and equal opportunities begin with *us*, the sooner can we hope to see our dreams and visions become a reality. *They* aren't going to do it! Failure cannot be blamed on *them*. Let us wake up! Let us be aware! We are the ones to act. *Ours* must be the hands that *do*! Wrongs are going to be righted "not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Wrongs will be righted by *our* hands marking a ballot, writing a check, or opening the billfold, sharing grain and foodstuff and donating livestock and machinery. Our hands must welcome the minority across the committee tables, in the conference halls, and in our homes, our schools, our churches, our government. *Our* hands must work that the underprivileged and the oppressed have that which we desire for ourselves and our children, even if it requires great sacrifices. The United Nations has no hands but our hands. How will *YOU* use *YOURS*?

Leader: Grant us wisdom; grant us courage for the facing of this hour. Cure thy children's warring madness, bend our pride to thy control; shame our wanton, selfish gladness, rich in things, and poor in soul . . . Set our feet on lofty places; gird our lives that they may be armoured with all Christ-like graces in the fight to set men free. Grant us wisdom, grant us courage, that we fail not men nor Thee! (Play "God of Grace and God of Glory" softly during reading.)

Closing Prayer: Let our closing prayer be a quiet personal prayer as we pause to think of those who need our prayers and concern that the United Nations might someday bring about the New World of peace and brotherhood. Let us pray today (pause a moment after each statement).

For the President of the United States and the heads of all nations . . .

For the ambassadors who represent our country outside our homeland, and the ambassadors of other countries . . .

For the ministers and representatives of all nations to the United Nations . . .

For the poverty-stricken and the oppressed who often feel bitterness for those who "have" . . .

For the ministers of our churches and the teachers in our schools, who must instill in our children love, understanding, and tolerance . . .

For us who cling to old prejudices and false pride, who are often selfish and unthinking . . .

May each of us be conscious of God's presence to guide and strengthen us that the United Nations shall not have been conceived in vain, as our hands be about His work of world-wide brotherhood. Amen.

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

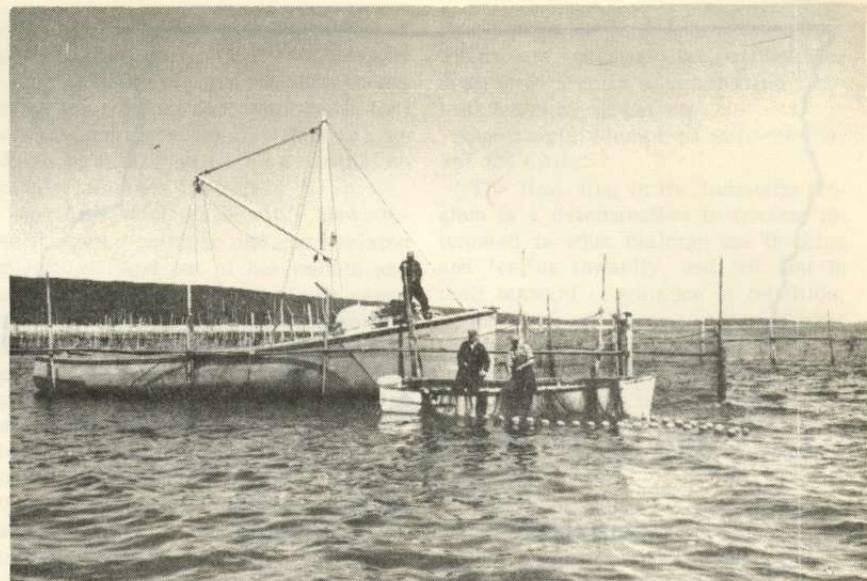
I met my insurance man the other day, and he said: "Driftmier, if I had known how dangerous some of your hobbies are, I never would have insured you!" Of course he was joking, but then again in another way he was very serious. I had been telling him how I almost lost my camera one day last summer when the airplane I was in took a sudden lurch knocking the camera out of my lap. Since one side of the plane had been removed to give me picture-taking room, the camera came within inches of dropping out of the plane and into the river below. Only a few hours before that air flight I had called my insurance agent and requested a special policy to cover my camera and some of its expensive lenses, and for me to have collected on the policy so soon, was a bit unnerving to my friend.

There may be a small amount of danger when I am being flown about by some old bush pilot in a second- or third-hand jalopy of an airplane, but it is great fun, and it gives my male ego a certain satisfaction that it cannot get from ping-pong and shuffleboard. When the plane was circling the family lodge in Nova Scotia, Betty came out onto the lawn and waved to me, and since there was no side on the plane, I waved back with my feet leaving my hands free to work the cameras.

I wish that you could see some of the beautiful pictures I took that day. It was on that picture-taking trip that I saw a lake about two blocks long and one block wide situated less than one-fourth mile from the lodge — believe it or not, a lake I had not known to exist until I saw it from the air. It is a perfect little jewel of a lake within ten minutes' walk of the lodge, stocked with trout, and a haven for black duck, and yet until I saw it from the plane, I had not even dreamed of its existence. As soon as we landed, I went to search for it, and since then I have taken several of our friends to see it.

This fall I intend to get some good fall foliage pictures from the air, and I can hardly wait for the right day to do it. Our Massachusetts hills are so often covered with a dust and smog haze, that there are only eight or ten days in the year when the air is clear enough to make good air pictures possible. I shall keep you informed.

Speaking of pictures, I must tell you about some that a friend of mine took while on a visit to Cape Cod. They were pictures of wild Canadian geese eating out of the hands of tourists. Here in Springfield we have many wild ducks that stop off in a park right in back of our house and then are like the man who came to dinner and never left.



Fishing boats are a common sight around the shores of Nova Scotia.

but I never have heard or seen wild geese doing the same thing. Old Mother Nature teaches all animal life to get food in the easiest way possible, and I suppose that geese enjoy free hand-outs every bit as much as ducks. A great deal of sensitive fear has to be overcome before animals will eat from the hands of humans, but once that fear is conquered they not only accept humans but actually have a sense of responsibility for them.

It won't be long before I go to work on my bird feeder project. Last winter I put up my first feeder, and this fall I am going to put up at least one, and possibly two more. I use the kind of feeder that makes it impossible for the larger birds to steal the seeds, but we had not counted on small thieves. You ought to see what the sparrows do to the bird food we put out! And the trouble is that some of the sparrows are actually too small to manage the food.

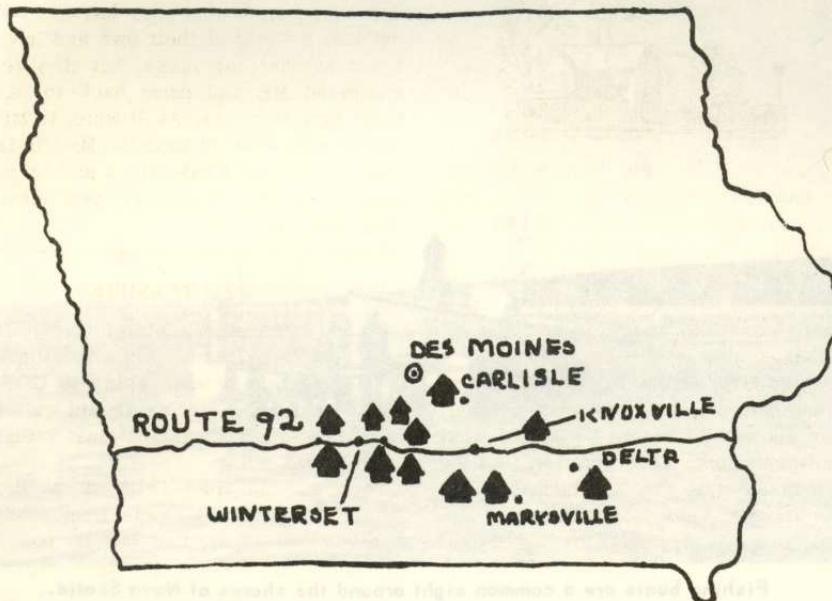
This past summer in Nova Scotia we saw more birds than we ever had seen before. There must have been at least one hundred robins flitting about our lawns, and they were enormously fat. Of this much I am certain — there are far more robins per square mile in Nova Scotia than in any part of the United States known to me. When we drove out the driveway we had to be careful not to run over the quail for they were everywhere. But the big bird thrill of the summer was our seeing a large bald eagle. We were standing on a hill looking out over a beautiful river valley when all of a sudden David called to me and said: "Dad, I am sure that there is a bald eagle down there in a tree where the river takes a bend." I put my telescopic lens on the camera and took a look. Sure enough! It was an eagle, and in spite of the fact that he was more than a quarter of a mile

away, I was able to get a good picture of him. The old fellow was trying to take a snooze, but about two dozen large ravens were refusing to permit it. The ravens kept flying in circles about his perch, screaming at a great rate, and finally he flew on up into the hills to escape the noise.

If you have been listening to our Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts, you have heard Mary Leanna chatting with Betty and me about her trip to Europe and about her plans to go again just as soon as she saves up enough money to make it possible. We expected her to fall in love with that wonderful country of Finland, and she did. She liked Germany and Denmark and Sweden and Norway and England, and Scotland and Wales, but she *loved* Finland. She said: "Daddy, it is just like Nova Scotia — all beautiful forests and lakes." While in Finland she was the guest of some of our dear friends, the relatives of some members of our church here in Springfield. They entertained me when I went to Helsinki ten years ago, and we have entertained them in our home. Mary Leanna saw far more of Finland than most Americans ever see, and she liked everything she saw. I suppose that one of the reasons we don't see more Finnish people in this country is because they all love their own country so much. Most of the gifts our daughter purchased on her trip, were bought in Finland. Betty and I always have been fond of Finnish china and crystal, and now we have some more to add to our collection.

You will remember that I promised to tell you what Mary Lea would say about the comparison of the two large ocean liners on which she crossed the Atlantic. She went over on the West German ship, the *Europa*, and she re-

(Continued on page 20)



TWO-DAY TOUR OF IOWA'S COVERED BRIDGES

by
Leslie C. Swanson

Pictures of Iowa and Illinois covered bridges have been published from time to time in *Kitchen-Klatter*. Since the travel season continues well into autumn, these bridges, framed by the beautiful foliage of fall, offer a panorama of beauty.

A two-day tour of Iowa's 12 covered bridges is a relatively simple matter as all of them are fairly close together in south-central Iowa along a 75-mile corridor bordering Highway 92. I would start such a tour at the town of Delta in Keokuk County, where you will find a lovely old bridge crossing the North Skunk River. (A convenient picnic grounds is nearby.)

From Delta continue west to Knoxville, Iowa, where three historic bridges are located. Two of them are located a short distance to the south of Knoxville near the towns of Attica and Marysville. After viewing those bridges, return to Knoxville and journey out to the town of Harvey, where the Durham covered bridge is located. This bridge is still in use but the top was burned off, and plans are being made in Knoxville for a complete restoration of the bridge.

From Knoxville go to the south edge of Des Moines, where you will find the Owens covered bridge in the Yeander Creek County Park. This bridge was recently moved from near the town of Carlisle, also in Polk County, owing to the fact that its original site is to be flooded in the Red Rock reservoir project on the Des Moines River.

From Des Moines it's a trip of only about 25 miles to the town of Winterset, where you might spend the first night. At Winterset you will find excel-

lent camping facilities and good motel accommodations.

Winterset is the county seat of Madison County, which boasts of seven of the most beautiful covered bridges in the Midwest. You will find Winterset's facilities geared to the thousands of visitors who come annually from all parts of the nation. Maps and detailed directions for finding the covered bridges are available throughout the town, and the American Legion Post of Winterset has provided signs throughout the county for guiding the visitors.

In the morning of the second day, you could visit the four covered bridges in the northern half of the county. It would be back to Winterset for lunch and in the afternoon hunt the three covered bridges in the south half of the county.

Hunting up these 12 covered bridges in Iowa will be a wonderful trip for you. Taking such an excursion will give you a chance to do some exploring of historic places you may never have seen before. It's a good chance to pick up a little history and enjoy the real country charm in some of Iowa's fascinating scenery.

When you step inside one of these 100-year-old historic treasures you will experience a feeling of stepping back into history. Locating each bridge is also a thrilling experience. Follow our directions to the letter, assisted by road maps, and you will note an exhilarating feeling of anticipation as you get close to the covered bridge. You will note the road slanting downward as you descend into the valley of the river, creek, or brook which the bridges span. Broad vistas unfold at every



AUTUMN LEAVES

Do not submit to rustling sigh
As Autumn wind comes whisking by
And sweeps you hurriedly to the
ground.

Your beauty calls forth a musical
sound

In the throat of many a comely bird;
In man's heart and written word.

Spring will arrive on scheduled time
Replacing winter's snowy clime.

Once again from tree you will suspend
Cool-green summer shade to lend.

Your comfort man will enjoy and praise
As he did your beauty in Autumn days.

—Sare Lee Skydell

FALL FEVER

When the days have shortened
And the sunlight grows lean;
When the cock crows proudly
From cornfield and bean;
When the harvester runs
From pre-dawn to post-dusk
To garner from pod,
From head and from husk;
When the squirrel is busy
With round-trips galore,
Hurriedly scurrying from
Storage to store;
When summer departs
On bright songbirds' wings
(Except for the meadow lark
Who peacefully sings)
Then I loiter, malingering,
Feel a most strange malaise
Ingest October's charm
For flat November days.

—R. L. Hansen

AUTUMN

The frost has tipped my tree with love-
liness!

It lifts its barren arms against the sky
Of smoky white and iridescent blue.
One scarlet leaf clings to the highest
branch.

Springtime leaves are green as em-
eralds,

October turns them into golden shades;
Time cycles bring their changes to all
things . . .

Thus keeping treasured beauty for the
last.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

valley. Your road may make a sweeping curve one way or the other and then, suddenly, the bridge in all its beauty comes into view, standing like a sentinel guarding time and the history of the scene it overlooks.

Soliloquy of the Old Home

by
Pearl Roslund

Recently the Omaha World-Herald carried a feature story of a Boy Scout Troup that is renovating an abandoned cemetery as a service project. The Scoutmaster, who is from Wahoo, Nebraska, chanced upon this old cemetery and interested his boys in cleaning it up. Vandals had damaged and destroyed much and beer parties had left their mark, but by hard work trimming overgrown trees and shrubbery, re-setting the stones, etc., they are bringing order out of chaos and, more important, the boys are gaining the satisfaction that comes from doing worthwhile things for others with no thought of self gain.

This story interested me because my grandfather and several aunts and an uncle I never knew are buried there. The earliest stone is dated in the 1880's or thereabout, and the last is 1930. This cemetery is near the farm home where I grew up.

I am enclosing a copy of a soliloquy I wrote last fall about the old country home. My parents lived in this home from 1901 to 1945. Nine children, of whom I am one, were born and raised there.

The house is now vacant and, lest it be torn down or destroyed, the family re-assembled after a lapse of 22 years, and visited the home of our childhood.

The house in which we shared so many happy experiences was the inspiration for this monologue. Something in this story seems to strike a resonant chord in the hearts of those who read it. Perhaps many an old house could tell a similar tale, for family living was the center of our existence in that period of time. I hope you, too, will enjoy reading it.

—Pearl Roslund

I'm just an old house, weary, worn and aged. I am all alone, but I have my memories. Memories of days when I stood straighter and prouder than I do now. Days when I was "HOME" to a houseful of happy people. There were many children and my walls used to ring with the sound of their happy voices and the music they made and much, much talk. I wasn't lonely in those days. I was content to be a refuge from the storms of life and a haven for weary folks at day's end. Someone was always coming in or going out and my sides almost ached with the constant opening and closing of doors. But, oh, they were happy days!

I was never what you would call a "fancy" house — but they took care of



me and kept my walls clean and freshly papered. The floors were washed regularly and always there was the delightful aroma of something good cooking on the stove or baking in the oven. It took so much to feed that large family and often there was "company". Then, gradually the house began to grow quieter, as one by one, the young folks moved out into homes of their own and almost before I realized what was happening, there were left just the two loved ones who had been with me the longest. They, too, had grown old! The days settled down to a quiet that sometimes I found almost unbearable. But quite often some of the family would come home for the day and then how the talk would flow! On and on until the evening shadows lengthened and again we were alone.

The years passed; how many I do not know, for Time has a way of being ageless when we grow old, but the day came when I was left to my own thoughts, completely alone. I waited and waited for the loved ones to return, but they did not come. I missed the sounds that make a house a home. I missed the children. I was lonesome.

My paint faded and wore away until I was old and grey. Many, many years passed, and then, one day I heard the sound of voices, the shuffling of feet on the porch floor. A key turned in the lock that had so long been closed. People moved into the room. I listened for the sound of a familiar voice. Was that a voice out of the Past? Something in it's cadence brought a rush of memories.

They looked at me searchingly as though they, too, were seeking something familiar. Again, my floors knew the light step of the young, the sound of childish voices. There were footsteps on the stair, familiar . . . and yet slower than I remembered them. But, of course, THEY have grown older, too. They talked about my rundown condition, not critically, but sort of sympathetically as though they understood that Time has a way of bringing these changes and no man can stay them.

They talked about those happy years of my remembrance, and of the people who made up the family I have loved so long. Then . . . they were gone . . . and I relaxed in my solitude, remembering so many things; and wondering how I could have stood it if that noise and activity were to continue day after day. How had I ever stood it?

I am content. They have been back and I have seen that they have moved out into a world of their own and have found another happiness, but they remembered ME and came back to pay their last respects, as it were, to ME and to what I meant to them. My life is nearly over, but I have lived and loved and I have served my day. God bless them everyone!

JUNK OR TREASURE?

I began cleaning the storeroom with a high heart and lots of firm resolutions: "A lot of this junk is going to GO!" But I find I have a cardboard carton full of assorted items that just refuse to be thrown out.

There's a folder with a wobbly flower on the front, made from gaudy construction paper, that has no possible use — but inside, in very careful third-grade handwriting, is the poem, "Only One Mother". There's a booklet with pictures of pigs, tractors, cows and farmers, made by one child in first grade. Can't spare that — it contained an innocent tribute to Daddy's industry; to quote one page: "Men work. They work and work. Men work and work and work!" Next is an ENORMOUS birthday card, a work of art done by one daughter when she was ten, handmade with colored pencils, gold paper, and lots of loving care. There's the six-year-old's picture of "Our New Baby, 1 day old". No work of art, this, but — no, I can't throw that away either . . .

Now that our two girls are in college, I look at the boys yet at home and think how fast these precious years flash by. The "new baby" is almost seven.

Yes, the storeroom is getting cleaned, but I'm making room for the Memory Box. After all, you can't throw away pieces of your heart!

—Mary Feese



THE NATURALIST

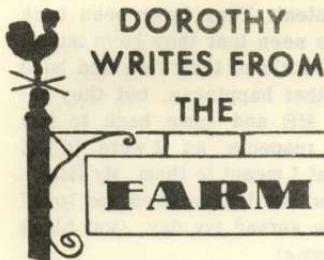
If I would choose one saintly life
In which to cast a pattern for my own,
I'd choose St. Francis, he whose life
Was lived for God alone.

He loved the sight of natural things
The clouds, the hills, the sea;
He spoke in understanding tongue
To bird and flower and tree.

The birds were friends who fluttered
long
About his head and feet,
And all wild beasts came forward, too,
To kiss his hands, and eat.

Doing good and giving all
Earth's humble path he trod
Bringing those along the way
Closer to the Living God.

—Don Beckman



Dear Friends:

When I see the school buses going down the road it is hard for me to realize summer is over. Although it has been many years since the big yellow bus pulled up in front of our house to pick up Kristin, I still have the feeling it should turn down our lane when I see it on the main road.

I don't know when I have experienced a busier summer. I look back now at all the projects I had lined up to do around the house and realize that not any of them are done, but fortunately they were all things I can do when the snow flies and I will want to be in the house.

I'm sure Lucile's long hospitalization made the summer seem endless to her, whereas it was one of the factors which contributed to the swift pace for me. I made so many extra trips to Shenandoah to help with the broadcasting that I felt like a regular commuter, but Frank and I were both grateful it was possible for me to help out. These trips also made it possible to bring Mother home for more frequent visits, a fact that made us all happy.

The last time Mother spent a few days with us Ruby took the opportunity to visit her son and family in Cedar Rapids. When Ruby was ready to come home Mother and I drove to Des Moines to meet her bus and the three of us spent a lovely day in the city. We had lunch downtown and did a little shopping; then went to call on Mother's nephew, Bob Eaton, whom she hadn't seen for several years. Bob has been an avid collector of antiques for years, and has been fixing up a small pioneer village within the walls of his back yard, which he calls "Essex, U.S.A." (Bob was born in Essex, Iowa.) This has been his personal hobby and is not open to the public, but he was anxious for Mother to see it. We spent a fascinating hour looking at every room of the house, all of which were furnished in the style of the pioneer period.

Summertime on the farm is a busy time, but it is also a happy time because relatives and old friends drift in — just for a day or to spend several days of relaxation, fishing and resting in the peace and quiet of the farm, a place far removed from the routine and grind of their city life. Frank and I both love to have house guests and look forward to these summer visits.

Frank's sister Ruth and her husband



Dorothy made the centennial dresses for their family and said it was the biggest sewing project she had ever tackled (about 10 yards of material per dress), but they were lots of fun to make.

Frank came from Kansas City for a weekend and brought with them their daughter Linda and a niece. We had other members of the family come for meals so we could all be together. The weather was beautiful and we ate all our meals on the screened-in front porch. Cooking is no problem at this time of year with so many fresh vegetables from the garden. Bernie and I have a regular routine worked out for these family dinners. I fix the meat, potatoes, and vegetables, while she brings the salad, relishes, and dessert. Those who haven't done any of the cooking insist on doing the dishes and cleaning up the kitchen, so you can see how easily I get by and why it doesn't seem like hard work to entertain. Frank McDermott is a very busy salesman, especially so at this time of year when he is getting his Christmas orders taken care of, so we were especially glad he could find time to make one of his rare trips to our house.

The Lucas Centennial was the big event in our community this summer. The committees in charge had worked hard for months getting ready for this week-end celebration, and they must have felt their efforts well rewarded because it was a tremendous success. This small community of several hundred people was seething with activity. I don't know what they estimated the crowd to be, but it was several thousand. Several blocks of the business district had been roped off and carnival rides for the children had been set up and bleachers were erected as well as a stage for the entertainment.

Festivities began on Friday night with a program which included the Morrell Chorus from Ottumwa, Sweet Adeline groups from Chariton and Corydon, and a talent show.

Activity got under way early Saturday morning with street sports contests for the youngsters, followed at 10:00

o'clock by the centennial parade, which was wonderful. It was one of the best parades I have ever seen in this locality, and must have been at least two miles long. All the towns in the surrounding area cooperated by furnishing antique cars, floats, bands, and saddle clubs and sheriff's posses on horseback. There were also covered wagons carrying families in costume, old fire engines and fire-fighting equipment of years ago, horses and buggies, and ponies pulling carts. Everyone participating in the parade was dressed in the period clothing of that era.

Several local people had erected food stands, so there was plenty of food for everyone. With parking areas arranged for, there was no traffic problem. Lucas has a new firehouse, part of which is used as a city hall, and this room had an exhibit of old pictures and antiques dating back to the days when Lucas became a town and the coal mines were in full operation. There were also souvenirs available to commemorate the centennial, one of which was a plate with a picture of John L. Lewis in the center. Mr. Lewis was born in Lucas, worked in the mines, married a local girl, and still considers Lucas his hometown.

Saturday afternoon's agenda included a tractor pulling contest, which was interesting to me because I had never seen one, a concert by the Hillbilly Ramblers, and a horseshoe tournament. The evening started off with a program for the children with a WHO television personality, Duane Ellet, and his puppet Floppy. Mr. Ellet was also the master of ceremonies for the style show and beard contests. In the style show prizes were given for the best-dressed family (in costume, of course), the most authentic attire for a woman, and several others. Men in the town had been growing beards for months and this was the climax for them. Prizes were given to the man with the most colorful beard, the longest beard, the best-trimmed beard, and to the man who had more hair on his face than on his head. The day's activities ended with a Western-style dance in one building and an old-time hoedown in another.

Special services were held at the churches Sunday morning to welcome the many former members who had come back to Lucas for the centennial, after which everyone attended the annual school alumni picnic, where they had a chance to visit with old friends. There was also a rodeo in the afternoon, which concluded the festivities.

Ruth came to spend six days with us and attend the centennial. She brought their son Kurt and his best friend, Tom

(Continued on page 22)



SILLY SPOOK'EM PARTY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Beside the walk or on either side of the front door place two "bewitching" scarecrows to greet the guests as they arrive. Doors and windows may be made into transparencies by covering them with orange tissue paper and pasting on black cutouts of ghosts, cats, goblins, witches, bats, and grinning jack-o'-lanterns.

Cover a folding screen with bright orange crepe paper and paste black cutouts of cats, bats, and goblins on the background. Above this suspend the cutouts of witches on broomsticks, a grinning moon face, and some flying bats hung from black thread fastened to the ceiling. Place pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns on the floor along the base of the screen. A few cornstalks placed at either end of the screen will complete this arrangement which forms an effective backdrop for various stunts, for a witch's fortune-telling cauldron, or for the refreshment table.

Have you tried using a hall tree for the body of a witch or ghost? A large black cat cut from heavy posterboard can crouch at her feet. Place her in a corner and fashion a large spider web above her head. To make the web, make a paste of flour and water and draw lengths of heavy string through the paste. Then draw the string through Epsom salts which you have sprinkled on an old newspaper. Lay the strings to dry. When dry use them to form a sparkling web across the corner of the room or in a doorway.

Goblin House Centerpiece: Choose a large, well-shaped pumpkin with a stem which will form the chimney for the house. Cut out doors and windows and hang lace paper curtains at the windows. A large bead or olive becomes a doorknob. Surround the house with miniature picket fencing. Fasten a black paper cutout cat here and there on the top of the fence.

Bat Favors: Cut bat wings from heavy black paper and fasten to a peanut in the shell which is painted black. Outline the edge of the bat's wings with white ink.

Owl Nutcup: Use black- or the orange-wrapped candy kisses. Clip one end of the twisted wrapping to form pointed owl ears. Cut circles of contrasting paper and glue to owl body just below the ears, with a tiny button to center each eye. Cut a triangular beak and glue on below the eyes. Place each owl on the rim of the nutcup so that you can staple through the twisted bottom of the kiss and the cup to hold the owl in place.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jack-o'-Toss: Scoop out the inside of a very large pumpkin. Carve a jack-o'-lantern face in it, making a very large mouth. Place the pumpkin on a firm table or on the porch steps. Each player has three turns trying to toss a soft ball into the mouth of the pumpkin face. Those players who are successful win a popcorn ball.

Fortune-Telling Stunts: Have prepared little squares of paper, on each of which is drawn a symbol of fortune, such as moneybags, heart, umbrella, traveling bag, airplane, typewriter, skillet, etc. The costumed fortuneteller has these squares of paper spread out on a small table in front of her in a dimly lighted room. With a cube of ice the fortuneteller moistens the palm of the one seeking his fortune. Then the guest places his palm down flat upon the table. When he lifts it one of the squares should be sticking to it. The fortuneteller then interprets the symbol according to her imagination.

Gravestone Quiz:

1. The stone that will sharpen a sickle. Whet
2. The stone that points straight to the poles. Lode
3. The stone that falls from above. Hail
4. The stone laid with a speech. Corner
5. The stone most often lettered. Tomb
6. The stone that has great legal significance. Black

7. The stone of a rough street. Cobble

8. A stone welcomed by cold feet. Soap

9. A stone often well traveled. Flag

10. The stone that leads to fluency. Blarney

11. The stone at the top of the structure. Key

12. The stone full of holes. Pumice

Ghostly Jack Straws: Stick Halloween seals on the end of round toothpicks. Toss these on a small table as you would jack straws. The guests take turns trying to remove the sticks from the pile with a nut pick without moving any of the other sticks. If a player moves another stick, he must hand the pick to the next player. The player who has removed the most sticks successfully when the game is over wins.

Shoe Box Shuffle: You will need a dozen or more empty shoe boxes for this stunt. Start off with one shoe box pressed between a couple of players. Then the leader hands the boxes, one to a player, to see which couple can slip the boxes between themselves without losing the box they already have. Each partner can use only his left hand. Prize goes to couple who can press the most boxes between them until the pile of boxes slips to the floor.

REFRESHMENTS

Arrange slices of cheese cut in pumpkin shape on a platter ready for guests to place on hot hamburgers. Use pimiento for eyes and mouth, and add sprigs of parsley.

With the grilled hamburger sandwiches serve carrot sticks and black olives arranged on a bowl of crisp lettuce leaves, an orange gelatin ring mold, doughnuts slipped over the handle of a child's toy broom, and witch's brew (orange punch).



SMALL WORLD

Sang the stars in galaxies
Early on creation's morn,
Sang the wind and seven seas
On the day the earth was born.
It's a small, small world.

Ocean caves with waters rang
Mountains peaked their heads above;
The first bird her solo sang
In a rhapsody of love.
It's a small, small world.

Now the planes are breaking sound;
Stratosphere belongs to man,
And the air, the sea, the ground
Echo back creation's plan.
It's a small, small world. —Mary Kurtz

MARY BETH HAS SOME SURPRISING NEWS

Dear Friends:

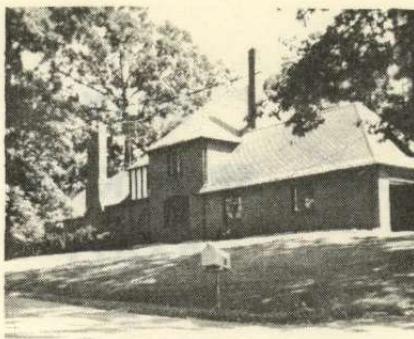
I am writing this letter to you under the most muddled mental conditions imaginable. Were I a regular watcher of soap operas on television, I'm positive I could top them in complications and extremes of delight.

Since I wrote you we've seen the western half of the United States — practically. We missed a few states on our breathtaking vacation, but not many. Our train ride was pure delight. The children had fun trooping through all the cars on the California Zephyr. (There were more cars on this train than there were on the Santa Fe train.) Eating in the dining car was fun for all of us but most fun for the children, I'm sure. We early taught them the graceful tactic of reading the menu from the right side and this helped make the trip pleasant.

We so planned our trip with my mother that when we had to split up for meals on the diner, no child was without an adult for company or consultation. Mother wasn't as keen about riding the San Francisco cable cars as Don and I and two of the children were, so we parked the tired ones in the hotel for rest and naps while we ran about the city taking in as much as possible in the two brief days we were there.

I shall tell you more about our trip in letters to come. (I have enough stored in my head to write an article for *National Geographic*, but I'll try to spare you too much of a travelogue.) There are places we ate that I want to tell you about, and, of course, our week in Nambe was like traveling to another country. We were all enchanted with that area. I have a fierce yearning now as never before to hitch a camper to our station wagon and see more of that unique part of our nation where the humidity is so low. However, I have a hunch that it may be a summer or more before we take any such adventure.

One reason for this hunch is the fact that twenty-six days after we arrived back in Chicago from Nambe — twenty-six brief, busy, laundry-filled, catch-up-on-ironing-and-dusty-floors days, Donald's company announced that he would be working out of Anderson, Indiana, instead of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which had been our home for nine happy years. By the time Donald got back from Anderson to break the news to me rather gently (pulling up stakes from home, church, and school is never easy for a woman, at least not for me) we discovered that in order to be in Anderson before



With Donald and Mary Beth busy packing and moving, we can thank Mrs. Schneider, Mary Beth's mother, for sending the first picture of their new home in Anderson, Indiana.

school opened we had twenty-six days in which to 1) sell our house, 2) buy a house, 3) locate elementary and junior high schools for the children, and, worst of all, go through the awful torment of moving.

As I write this we're in the worst part of it. I sure feel sorry for me! My nephew Dennis came back with me from Anderson after our trip down to house hunt in order to do the hard part of sorting through the basement junk and other things Don would do if he were here to help, which he isn't because he is working out of Anderson and Detroit. I'm awfully glad Denny is here. He is young, and as muscular as a Green Bay Packer, so he's able to lift things I never could handle alone. But the things I'm finding in closets which are now piling up in corners waiting for the movers to come in six more days are appalling. Moving is messy and since I like order and a degree of neatness, the confusion in this house grows more distasteful every hour.

I have literally three pages of numbered reminders of things I must do before we move. This accounts for the muddled mental condition I spoke of earlier.

We experienced the strangest pattern of events that assures me that this move, much as I disliked it because of what I am leaving, was surely predestined. When we rushed to Anderson, I never would have believed it possible to walk out on a refrigerator full of milk and perishables, but we did it. We got into Anderson mid-afternoon on a Saturday, said hello to Mother, and left her with three children to feed while we studied real estate ads to get some idea of what school district had which houses for sale. That day didn't prove too fruitful. Sunday is the big day for houses to be listed in the newspaper, so after church Don and I abandoned the small ones and again took to the car. By now we knew about where in town we

wanted to live, and we found one house we really liked. For one thing it had trees, which really pulled a lot of weight. We've lived in developed cornfields barren of any trees for so long that we would almost have bought a tent if it had trees around it. We found the realtor to show us this house, which I already knew because it belonged to the parents of one of my pals in high school, and I had been at many slumber parties there. I had forgotten, however, that there were practically no closets in houses built in that era, so we sadly had to agree that trees or not it just wouldn't do. One more hot lead proved to be a disappointment. Then Donald left for Milwaukee to close up his files and clean out his desk and in his spare time line up a realtor and put our house on the market.

While I was alone in Anderson I continued to run down houses and on the third try there sat our future home. Trees such as I wouldn't have dared hope for! Four bedrooms which are scarce as hens' teeth! Two stories, which I wanted very much, and even a basement! (This I wouldn't budge on because tornados whip through central Indiana almost as frequently as in Iowa, and I have a growing phobia about severe storms.)

I had to wait for Don to get back from Milwaukee midweek before I could show him "our" house. Just the evening before, he had left our Milwaukee home in the hands of a local realtor and had settled all the details about size of rooms, what appliances came with the house, and on and on. He had had his bit of decision making, too. He liked the Anderson house, but what can you do when you don't know how much money you have to talk about in buying another house? Suddenly the phone rang across the street from where we were, and it was Mother urging us to return to her house because we had an urgent long distance call. We had an awful feeling that someone in the family was ill, so we rushed back. Could you believe me that it was our realtor in Milwaukee telling us he had a buyer for our house and that we had until eleven o'clock that evening to accept or reject their offer? Needless to say we accepted this offer, and the next day Don met with the Anderson realtor again and made our offer on "our" new (but old in years) house, and by 8:30 that evening our offer had been accepted. How could anything go so smoothly unless it were meant to be? This house is so warm and homey that I adore it. It was built in 1938 and has rich dark gumwood woodwork. There are old-fashioned bay windows in the

(Continued on page 22)

FRIENDLY TOWN

by

Evelyn Birkby

The commonly held picture of college students is too often of boys and girls who look alike, wear long hair, have sandals and sloppy clothes and go around making noises of protest without accomplishing anything.

If this is all one sees around a college campus he is not looking far enough. The boisterous, noisy troublemaker may be getting much of the attention and publicity, but the majority of our young people are hard working, serious and concerned.

Quietly, without boasting fanfare, a group of college students at the Iowa State University at Ames, Iowa, decided to do something to help with one of the grave problems of the day.

Part of our difficulty, they concluded, is that people in the cities and the rural areas do not know each other. If only those of various religions and races and cultural backgrounds could get together and learn to know each other personally they might discover how much they have in common. A new understanding of the needs and problems and values of each area of living would surely develop. Also, if a child from a deprived area of a city could live in a home where love and friendship are offered, it might make a lasting, worthwhile impression upon him.

Three years ago these young people put this theory into practice with the "Friendly Town" program. It has grown far beyond their expectations and has proven conclusively that their theory is correct.

The Friendly Town plan is for a two-week visit of inner-city children to a small town or rural home. The children are referred to the committee by settlement houses, neighborhood schools, YWCA-sponsored mothers' groups, churches, etc. The host families must be approved by their local minister. Three children are a minimum to be placed in a community; a wise factor since it makes the children feel that they are not thrust out into a strange situation entirely alone. Childless families are asked to take two children into their home, but families with children of their own may host one child if desired.

With the approval of our church board, three families from Sidney wrote to Friendly Town. (The address is: Iowa Friendly Town Committee, 2126 Gable Lane, Ames, Iowa 50010.) Back came an informational brochure and application blanks. We could list our choice of sex and age from 7 through 12 years. We had no choice of race or religion — after all, part of the program was to learn more about others!



—Photo by Gene Dieken
Robert and Evelyn Birkby with
their Friendly Town guest, Kendrall
Lowery of Des Moines, Iowa.

Each family paid \$5.00 which helped with the cost of clerical work and the medical examination each child was required to take before the visit. The host families provided transportation. With three families involved this task was shared.

One concern was expressed by a host family that a child from a disadvantaged area might be resentful if he visited in a home with more material possessions than he had experienced. Our minister calmed these fears by reminding us that every child has intense loyalty to his own family. "You'll find this will not be a problem at all. Seeing how another family works and plays together, how they plan and save and study will be far more important than material matters."

It was a hot day when Mrs. Charles Polk and I drove to Des Moines to Wilkie House to pick up the three children who were our Sidney guests. The large gym was filled with people: host families coming to get their children, guest families coming to meet their hosts. Tables were manned by college students who matched the two, handed out medical blanks and wished everyone God speed.

Driving home with the three children was fun. My guest, 11-year-old Kendrall was quiet and polite. His mother had given him strict orders to behave! Debbie, 10 years old, was the Polk's guest. She was talkative and nervous. About halfway home she decided her stomach hurt so we stopped for a cooling drink and her jitters subsided. Peppy, 11-year-old Francine sang songs and seemed most excited, outwardly, of the three. She was to visit the Robert Hume family.

The two weeks with our guests sped by. A church picnic provided a chance for the community to get acquainted with the three children. A number of families invited Kendrall to spend the day with them in the country. (The other two children lived with farm families during their stay here.) One farm

family invited all of us to their timber for a barbecue and watermelon feed.

Kenny went fishing. He played croquet and badminton, had rough and tumble soccer games with the neighborhood children, rode a bicycle "within limits", enjoyed swimming in the town swimming pool and went on an overnight camp out with the Boy Scout troop.

A nearby community had a parade and our own local county fair added excitement and local color to his visit.

Together we made raspberry jam, put up pickles and made cookies for the county fair. Kenny helped with the chores around the house and yard right along with our three boys.

While we worked together we talked. Gradually the kind of home and neighborhood Kenny lives in came through our discussions. Kenny's father and mother have provided a loving home for Kendrall, his brother, and four younger sisters. Their greatest concern is education for their children.

Certainly, the value of contacts such as Friendly Town affords cannot be measured. We cannot chart the results like a sales record or an order blank. But something happens when people share their lives with one another. It has been a wonderful experience.

I read this statement in a church bulletin and it sums up the philosophy of Friendly Town:

"My experience has confirmed the belief that hatred and violence never solve any problems. Growth and understanding, on the other hand, nearly always come from kindness and tolerance. I have long been convinced that if the human race is ever saved, it will be by loving kindness and not by force and violence. Love may yet fill the vast emptiness of life and satisfy the great longing and wistfulness of all mankind." (Credited to Fremont Olden.)

A FABLE

A pup and kitten, never taught
That cats and dogs have always fought,
Each wandered from its given place,
And met the other face to face.
Unschooled in canine-feline feud,
Inquisitive, but never rude,
Each stiffly sniffed with curious pose,
Surveying all with eye and nose.
"Hello," began the friendly pup,
"I like your fur all ruffled up."
"Why, thank you!" purred the kitten-elf,
"I'm rather fond of it myself."
With formal introduction made,
And neither one the least afraid,
They chased and tumbled on the lawn
Until the red-faced sun had gone.
Then vowing that they'd play again,
They departed not as foe, but friends.
They had not learned the age-old scorn,
For prejudice is bred, not born.

—Mary Margaret Trapp



Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



UPSIDE DOWN APPLE PIE

4 Tbls. butter or margarine
 2/3 cup pecan halves
 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 6 cups sliced apples
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 cup water
 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 Tbls. flour, rounded
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1/4 tsp. salt
 Pastry for a two-crust pie
 Spread the bottom and sides of a 9-inch pie pan with the butter or margarine. Arrange the pecan halves, flat side up, around the edge and bottom of the pan. Cover with the 2/3 cup of brown sugar and press it down well. Cover with a layer of pastry. Combine the flavoring and water and pour over the apples in a bowl. Combine the rest of the ingredients and mix well with the apples, then put into the pie pan. Level and cover with pastry, pressing edges of pastry together. Bake ten minutes in a 450-degree oven; reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake about 40 minutes longer, or until apples are tender. Remove from the oven, place a serving plate over the pie and invert. This is good served warm with ice cream.

—Dorothy

VERY SPECIAL PORK CHOPS AND RICE

6 pork chops
 1 1/4 cups precooked rice
 1 cup orange juice
 1 can condensed chicken-rice soup
 Brown the chops in a little shortening. Remove and sprinkle the rice in the pan. Pour orange juice over the rice and then lay the chops on the rice. Pour the can of condensed chicken-rice soup over the chops, cover and simmer until the rice has absorbed the liquid and the chops are tender — about 30 minutes.

You could also use this recipe with pork steak with equally fine results.

—Margery

GREEN BEANS WITH BACON

4 cups cooked green beans
 4 slices bacon
 1/4 cup finely sliced onion
 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 Fry bacon until crisp and drain. Cook the onion in the bacon fat. Cook frozen beans until done, or heat canned beans. Add onion and soy sauce and a bit of the fat for seasoning. Crumble the crisp bacon over the top when served.

2 Tbls. minced onion
 2 Tbls. butter
 3 cups canned tomatoes
 5 Tbls. minute tapioca
 1 Tbls. sugar
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1/2 tsp. paprika
 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 3/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
 1 cup dry bread crumbs
 4 Tbls. butter

(Note: In our stores we have several kinds of Cheddar cheese. I like to use the medium nippy — not the bland Cheddar or real sharp Cheddar. The most inexpensive brand of stuffed green olives is fine — even those broken pieces if you ever buy them.)

Melt 4 Tbls. butter in heavy skillet and stir dry bread crumbs in it until crumbs are lightly brown and toasted. Put aside.

Melt 2 Tbls. butter in heavy pan and stir into it the minced onion. Then add tomatoes, tapioca and seasonings. Cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. (It will bubble up violently and splash unless you keep the fire very low and stir energetically.)

Butter a casserole (not a flat baking type) and sprinkle in a layer of the toasted crumbs. Then cover with a layer of tomato, grated cheese, green olives; repeat. Top with quite a thick sprinkling of the buttered crumbs and bake for 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

The friend who sent this said: "It is different and very delicious." Indeed it is. DO TRY IT.

CHICKEN JAMBALAYA

1 chicken, cut into serving pieces
 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
 1/2 cup finely chopped green onion
 1 cup finely chopped green pepper
 1/4 cup butter
 1 chopped tomato
 1 garlic clove
 1 bay leaf
 1 cup rice
 1 1/2 cups chicken stock

Melt the butter in skillet and saute chicken pieces (without flouring). Remove the chicken and saute the celery, onions, peppers, tomatoes, garlic and bay leaf. Then add rice and chicken stock. Lay the chicken pieces over top, salt and pepper as desired. Simmer over low heat, covered, until rice has absorbed the liquid and is done, and the chicken is tender. —Margery

ESCALLOPED CORN AND CELERY

2 cups corn (canned, frozen or cut fresh from the cob)
 1 cup chopped celery
 1 Tbls. minced green pepper
 1/2 cup hot milk
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 tsp. salt
 1 cup buttered bread crumbs

In a baking dish arrange alternate layers of corn, celery, green pepper. Combine hot milk, salt and pepper. Pour over the vegetables. Cover with bread crumbs that have been moistened with a little butter, and bake for about 25 minutes at 325 degrees. —Margery

MOCK CHICKEN LEGS AND NOODLES

1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
 1/3 cup milk
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 3/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
 3/4 cup dried minced onion
 1 egg
 1 green pepper
 1 8-oz. pkg. noodles
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 3 soup cans water

3 chicken bouillon cubes
 Combine the hamburger, bread crumbs, milk, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, onion and egg and mix well. Divide into eight equal parts and form each part into the shape of a log. Brown these in a large skillet (electric if you have one). Drain off the fat. Slice the green pepper into rings and lay over the top of the meat. Pour the uncooked noodles over the top of this. Dilute the soup with one can of the water, blending until smooth, then pour it over the noodles. Dissolve the bouillon cubes in the other two cans of water and pour over all. Cover and simmer for one hour over low heat, stirring occasionally.

—Dorothy

APPLE SALAD

2 pkgs. (3-oz. size) lemon gelatin
 2 1/2 cups hot apple juice
 1 cup canned applesauce
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. vinegar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 Dash of salt
 3/4 cup celery, finely chopped
 3/4 cup carrots, finely chopped
 1/2 cup green pepper, finely chopped
 1/2 cup pimiento, finely chopped
 Dissolve gelatin in hot apple juice. Stir in applesauce, lemon juice, vinegar, flavoring and salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken slightly, and then fold in the remaining ingredients. Spoon into mold and chill until firm. Garnish with mayonnaise to which you have added a little sour cream. It makes a wonderful dressing for the salad.

—Margery

LONG JOHNS

1/2 cup shortening
 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup evaporated milk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 3 pkgs. dry yeast
 1/2 cup warm water
 2 eggs, beaten
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 cup sugar
 2 tsp. salt
 8 1/2 to 9 cups flour
 Combine shortening and boiling water. Stir in milk and lemon flavoring. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Be sure shortening mixture is lukewarm, then stir yeast mixture into shortening mixture. When well blended add remaining ingredients, adding just enough flour to knead well. Knead on a lightly floured breadboard for about 5 minutes. Let rest for 10 minutes. Roll out 1/4 inch thick. Cut into strips 1 by 6 inches. Cover with clean tea towel and let rise for one hour. Deep-fat fry at 375 degrees until light brown on both sides. (Slip raised side into hot fat first, then turn. This gives flat side a chance to rise as the long John cooks.) Drain on paper towel and frost with following.

Long John Frosting

1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 2 Tbls. cream
 Powdered sugar
 Kitchen-Klatter flavoring
 Boil butter and brown sugar together for 3 minutes. Add flavoring. (Few drops Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring or others as desired.) Stir in enough powdered sugar to make of spreading consistency.

These are especially delicious! Make some for your family soon. —Evelyn

SUNDAY SPARERIBS

We're very fond of "Country-style Spareribs", and I prepared some this way recently.

—Margery

4 lbs. ribs
 1 cup tomato catsup
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 2 Tbls. Sweet 'n Sour Dressing
 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 Bake the ribs in a shallow pan until they are about half done. Heat the remaining ingredients together until boiling and pour over the ribs. Continue baking until the ribs are done. I started the ribs in a hot oven, and then turned the temperature down to 350 degrees when they started baking.

JELLED SOUTHERN COLESLAW

3 pkgs. lemon gelatin
 1 pint hot water
 1 cup pineapple juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 3 oz. vinegar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/4 quarts cabbage, finely shredded
 2 Tbls. pimiento, finely chopped
 1 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in hot water, add pineapple juice and flavorings and chill. Combine vinegar, salt, cabbage and pimiento and let stand to marinate for 10 to 15 minutes. When gelatin is slightly congealed, fold in the vegetables and whipped cream. Chill until completely firm.

—Lucile

THRIFTY MEAT CASSEROLE

1/3 cup cooking oil
 1 large onion, diced fine
 1 green pepper, cut in strips
 1 1/2 cups diced celery
 1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained
 1 can tomato paste
 3/4 cup hot water
 1 lb. leftover roast meat (pork, beef or lamb)
 1 pkg. wide noodles
 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
 1/2 cup sharp grated cheese

Heat the oil in a heavy frying pan. Add the vegetables and cook slowly until tender. Add the can of tomato paste and the hot water. Cut the leftover roast into cubes and add to the mixture. Cook the noodles until tender. Into a greased casserole place alternate layers of noodles and meat sauce. Pour the tomato sauce over all and sprinkle the grated cheese on top. The casserole can be topped with buttered crumbs if you like. Bake about 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

HIGHLAND CASSEROLE

1 lb. cubed beef
 3 Tbls. flour
 1/2 lb. link sausages
 4 medium potatoes, sliced
 2 apples, sliced
 1 onion, diced
 Salt and pepper to taste
 2 cups tomato juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

3 beef bouillon cubes
 A pinch of sage

Sprinkle beef cubes with flour. Cut sausages in half. Slice and dice potatoes, apples and onion into bowl. Put half of mixture into a 2-quart casserole. Make a layer of beef and sausage. Top with other half of vegetable-apple mixture. Sprinkle salt and pepper over each layer. Combine remaining ingredients and heat until bubbling and bouillon cubes are dissolved. Pour over casserole. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours or until meat is done and vegetables are tender.

—Evelyn

JUST-BEFORE-PAYDAY CASSEROLE

3 Tbls. shortening
 3 Tbls. flour
 Dash of pepper
 1 medium onion, minced
 2 1/2 cups milk
 5 or 6 cups cubed, boiled potatoes
 1 can luncheon meat, cubed (or leftover meat)
 1/4 cup grated cheese
 Melt shortening and blend in the flour and pepper. Add onion. Pour in the milk and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens slightly. Add potatoes and a little salt (if needed). Arrange in a casserole with cubed luncheon meat. Top with a little grated cheese, if desired. Bake at 375 or 400 for about 25 minutes.

—Margery

APPLE CRUMB

3 or 4 cups sliced apples
 1 cup flour
 1 cup sugar
 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1 egg, beaten
 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 cup water
 Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Add beaten egg and melted butter. Crumble and spread over apples which are sliced fine and sugared and to which the water has been added. Bake at 375 degrees until light brown. I used my square 8- x 8-inch baking dish. This is good served either warm or cold. My family likes it best warm and with nice rich cream.

—Dorothy

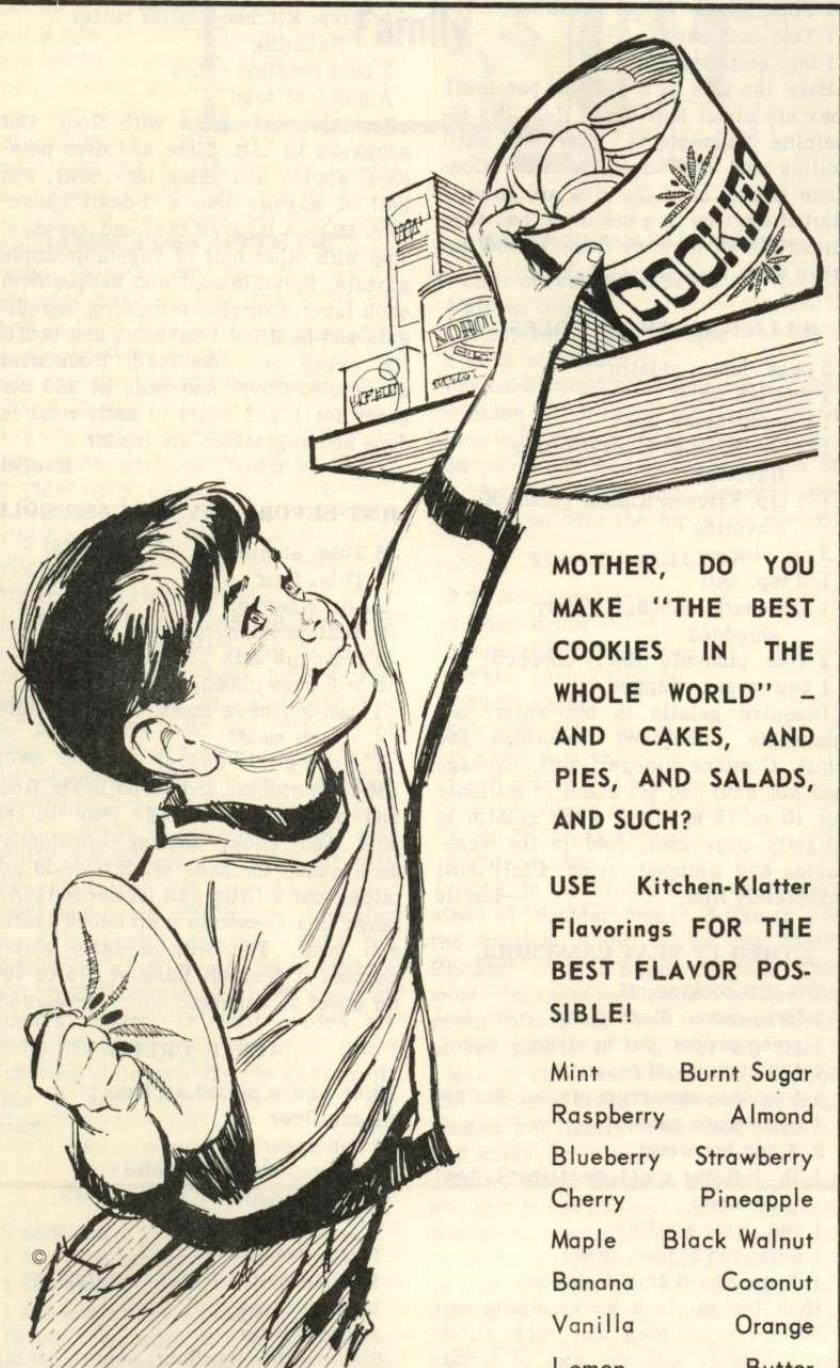
RICH BROWNIE PIE

Prepare unbaked pie shell and refrigerate while preparing filling.

In top of double boiler melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 1/4 cup butter. Remove from fire and add 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed. Beat until blended. Add 3/4 cup granulated

sugar and 3 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 cup white corn syrup and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Put over the hot water and cook for 5 minutes, stirring. Remove and stir in 1 cup nutmeats. Can cut down on nuts

by using only 1/2 cup nuts and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring. Pour into the chilled shell and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. When nearly done the pie starts to crack on top. At this point sprinkle a few nutmeats over the top and finish baking, about 5 more minutes. Serve with whipped cream. Scrumptious!



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Mint	Burnt Sugar
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Cherry	Pineapple
Maple	Black Walnut
Banana	Coconut
Vanilla	Orange
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HONEY PEANUT BUTTER COOKY

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup peanut butter
1 1/4 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Cream shortening, honey and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, peanut butter and flavorings and stir well. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into batter. Form into small balls of dough. Place on greased cooky sheet. Press with fork. Bake at 350 degrees 12 to 15 minutes. —Evelyn

BEST EVER PECAN CANDY

2 cups sugar
1 cup buttermilk
1 tsp. soda
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
Combine the sugar, buttermilk and soda in a large saucepan and cook over low heat to the soft ball stage (236 degrees on a candy thermometer). Remove from fire and let cool for five minutes. Add vanilla and nuts and beat until slightly thickened. Drop by teaspoon onto waxed paper. —Dorothy

MINIATURE COFFEE CAKES

1 1/2 cups pancake mix
1/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1/4 cup melted margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/3 cup moist mincemeat

Combine all the ingredients in a bowl except the mincemeat. Mix until smooth. Fill greased medium-sized muffin tins about half full. Place one teaspoon of mincemeat into the center of each one, pressing it down into the batter a ways. Bake 15 to 18 minutes in a 400-degree oven. Remove from pans and while warm brush the tops with a thin mixture of powdered sugar and milk.

A LETTER FROM MARTIN

Dear Friends:

I am exceptionally pleased for this opportunity to respond to all the wonderful letters I have received since my return to Doane College, especially because of the interest you have shown in my trip to Mexico this past summer. With the pressure of my final year of college under way, it would be disastrous as well as nigh impossible for me to answer all these letters individually. I hope, then, that I will be able to answer most of your questions through this letter.

Why Mexico? As most of you know, I am a student of Art History, the study of Man, the creator. It is through his art that man expresses his philosophy, religious beliefs, and way of life; thus, the study of Mexican Art is the study of the first great civilization which flourished in the New World, and of their conquest, both military and religious, by the explorers from Spain. This is a part of our history as Americans.

Mexico has a culture vastly different from our own, but there are similarities to be found in our common heritage: Mexico fought to free itself from European dominance two hundred years before our Revolutionary War, and they fought to rid their country of slavery long before Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. Through art, I wanted to gain a greater understanding of this brother country and forgotten neighbor. I have traveled widely around both our own country and Canada, which so closely resembles ours, but I wanted to gain insight into another culture, not only to see their views, but also to see my own country through their eyes. So many of our citizens who travel to other parts of the world are too quick to condemn rather than to try to understand. With this in mind, I started out for summer school.

I had felt myself somewhat prepared for this trip by the conversations I had held with Cousin Philip Field, who had just returned from a tour of Mexico with his wife Marie, but despite these, I felt very uneasy as I prepared to depart from the Tucson, Arizona, air terminal. This was a special flight made up of students bound for the same school, the University of Arizona extension in Guadalajara. All about me they were busy practicing their Spanish, while I, who speak only English and a very little German, was chided for my courage in entering a foreign country for a six-week stay without understanding a word of the language. It was on that jet plane headed for the second largest city in Mexico that I made my first friends on this exciting trip, and it was



If you look closely, perhaps you can see Martin standing on a very narrow ledge near the top of this enormous statue of historic, as well as artistic, interest in Guanajuato, Mexico.

only through their help that I ever survived the traumatic experience of my arrival and first ride in a Mexican taxi.

As for my housing, we were given the housing assignments at the airport. The family to which I was assigned was of German background. The head of the house, Ernst Wewer, came to Mexico from Germany in 1926, and his wife, Bertha, half German, half Mexican, was born in Mazatlan. Every year they house several students such as myself, students from all over the United States. My roommates were William Makaimoku, a Hawaiian student studying in Los Angeles; Philip Williams from Syracuse, New York; and John Van Cleave from Gunnison, Colorado. Our house was situated in the northwestern corner of the city, which meant that we were obliged to take a bus to and from the center of the city where our school was located — not a difficult task as there are numerous buses to provide a cheap means of transportation. It cost us less than four cents in American money to travel anywhere in the city.

Yes, the food was very hot! The actual food is not spiced as much as we have been led to think, but each

household prepares its own sauce which is placed on or in everything. Chicken is their most expensive meat, and the meat in general tends to be of a very poor quality, with the major restaurants having a monopoly on all the good cuts. Breakfast was served between seven-thirty and eight in the morning after which we took a bus to school. Classes were over for us four by two in the afternoon at which time we would eat the main meal of the day, consisting of five or six courses, primarily starches. When such a meal was over, there was little one could do but take a siesta. All of the shops and stores in the city closed from two to four. After the siesta we would study until the evening snack at eight-thirty. We all felt that this schedule ruined the entire day, and we have been told that there is a movement afoot in Mexico to adopt business hours similar to those here in the United States.

Any of you who still think of Mexico as a land of backward people who lie around under trees with great sombreros pulled down over their eyes and wrapped in colorful blankets, will be greatly disappointed in the progressive Mexico of today, which dispels that myth. These people have such "backward ideas" as tearing out a parking lot to build a city park! This modern Mexico, which is housing the Olympics this month, is making great advancements in an attempt to catch up with the twentieth century — high-rise apartments and department stores, modern suburbs, and major reform movements — but not at the loss of pride in their national heritage, for they are careful to preserve certain aspects of their past, such as the bullfights and native crafts.

I took courses which were taught in English, the History of Mexican Art and the History of Spanish Art, but these were courses which had to be taken in Mexico in order to be able to study first-hand actual examples of the material covered. It was rewarding, for

(Continued on page 20)

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VISITING HOURS

My living room is spick and span,
My kitchen shiny neat;
The bathroom's scrubbed; the beds are
made.
For me that's quite a feat.

No visitors will come today,
I might add, to my sorrow,
But just you wait till things again
Are cluttered up tomorrow.

—Gladise Kelly



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:

KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

It's October, and Operation Pumpkin Head has been activated.

Take a ride and you'll find roadside stands almost buried under displays of golden-orange pumpkins. In rural districts farmers have quantities of the vegetable spread on the ground to tempt pumpkin-minded customers. Travel through city and suburban streets and you'll see pumpkins galore supplying bright spots of color in windows, and on front steps and porch railings of homes.

The pumpkin is a member of the gourd family. Although most historians report this vine product as originating in Central America and Mexico, some trace it back to the ancient Romans who reportedly grew a melon-like vegetable much like our pumpkin.

When the early settlers arrived in North America they found Indians growing pumpkins, and from them picked up the horticultural hint of planting pumpkins between rows of corn.

The famous Captain John Smith, apparently not as well versed in food items as he was in weapons of war, thought the pumpkin was meant to be eaten raw, for he described it lukewarmly as, "a fruit like unto a muske melon but lesse and worse."

Captain Smith failed to do justice to the pumpkin, but not so the colonists who found it a toothsome addition to their menus, using it as a vegetable, making soup, bread, and griddle cakes from it, and serving it for dessert in the shape of pie and pudding.

The pulp was sliced and hung from cabin roofs to dry for winter use. Seeds were dried, fried, and salted for snacks.

The word pumpkin comes from the French word "pompion", or "pompon" which derives from the Greek word "pepon", meaning ripe and mellow.

The Chinese have a charming title for the pumpkin, calling it "Emperor of the Garden". To them this vegetable symbolizes health and fruitfulness.

Slang terms have been created because of the pumpkin. We use the expression "pumpkin head" today to denote a dull, stupid person, but its



Operation Pumpkin Head

by
Erma Reynolds

original meaning was a description of an early day haircut. Colonial New England had a blue law which decreed that every man must have his hair trimmed in a round version around a cap. Then, an ingenious Yankee hit upon the idea that the dried half of a pumpkin shell worked better than a cap for this purpose, and the resulting round haircut tagged New Englanders with the nickname of "pumpkin heads".

The phrase "some pumpkins", describing persons or things of importance, reportedly originated in New York City in 1853 when the public viewed a display of giant pumpkins at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, and used these words to express their wonder at the sight of such large vegetables.

How the pumpkin came to be called "jack-o'-lantern" is an interesting bit of Irish folklore. As the story goes, a stingy, inhospitable fellow named Jack delighted in playing practical jokes on the Devil. Because of his churlish personality, Jack was barred from ever getting into Heaven, and his habit of playing jokes on the Devil locked him out of Hell. As further punishment, he was condemned to walk the earth until Judgment Day, always carrying a lantern to light his way. Probably because of Halloween's supernatural razzle-dazzle, it was believed that Jack was most likely to be seen trudging about with his lantern on that day, and from this legend of fantasy has evolved our jack-o'-lantern.

PROMOTE THE VOTE

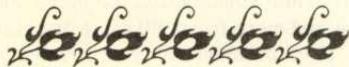
Be sure to vote on November 5.

In the 1964 Presidential Election only 62% of the qualified voters went to the polls with an estimated 120,000,000 citizens of voting age.

In 1968 it is important that every American act as a leader to get out the voters in every community. Talk up your candidates and urge the people around you to vote. What you say can influence others. They too will become better informed and the message will be carried in ever-increasing spirals.



Youngsters love parades, especially being in one. Karen Harms and Tereasa Nicholas show their costumes to their grandmother, Ruby Treese, who stays with Mother.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Recently a customer brought in a huge brandy snifter asking that it be planted to suitable plants: "I want it to stand on a low coffee table in our living room," she said, "And it will not get very much light. Is it possible to grow something in this situation?" Alfred (my husband) assured her it was and promptly set the footed glass bowl on my worktable in the greenhouse. After the customer left, I, just as promptly, moved it down to his end of the bench suggesting that he fill the order since he had taken it. He grinned and walked out to the garage.

What to do? It was a lovely container and I could think of any number of suitable plants to put in it if they were going to get much needed light for growth. That evening I got the *World Book of House Plants* by Elvin McDonald and read the section on terrariums. You would never believe there are so many interesting plants that will thrive under humid, filtered light conditions. The next morning I surreptitiously moved the snifter back to my end of the table and began to create a little garden in my mind's eye. Compatible plants for terrariums include miniature orchids (we had none), small anthuriums, small gesneriads, artillery fern, pilea repens, all sorts of small ferns, fittonia, helxine (Baby tears), and miniature varieties of Santpaulia. A tour of the greenhouse benches produced a small palm, Neantha bella, an Adiantum fern, a small Alternanthera and a pot of Baby tears — surely enough to plant even a large brandy snifter.

In the garage I discovered a bag of

commercial potting soil left over from last spring's planting. I hoped it was still "sterile" as mold could become a problem in such a planter. I sprinkled the soil with tepid water and mixed in a few small pieces of wood charcoal then set the whole aside for a few hours so that it would be evenly moist. Using a long-handled mixing spoon I carefully placed a three-inch layer over the bottom of the snifter. A pair of sugar tongs helped to position the palm, Adiantum fern, and the two small Alternanthera which added a touch of color, the foliage being dark green, coppery-red and pink. The final step was to press tiny stems of Baby tears

over the exposed surface which would root and form a green carpet. A glass pane was set over the top and the snifter placed under a greenhouse bench where the temperature was cool and the light rather dim.

Three weeks later when the customer returned for her snifter, all the plants were established and the Baby tears had made a moss-like carpet over the surface. She was delighted and kept saying over and over, "It's perfect! I can't thank you enough!" Saint Alfred (my husband, remember?) stood there and lapped up the praise. Next time he is going to take care of the "problem planters" that come into the shop.



"We see a lot of **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** going through check-out."

Unlike many special-purpose cleaners **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** tackles jobs all over the house. Grease and dirt disappear in a wink . . . and you save even more time because there's no scum or froth to rinse away. It's economical, too! Easy to find at your grocers'.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

IT'S FUN TO SEW FOR BOYS

by
Mary Feese

"Sewing for my girls was always a pleasure, but I've lost interest now that we have only boys at home." Does this sound like you? Then cheer up and take another look at today's fashions for boys. Try your hand at something new for your boys, and you'll find — to your surprise — that you've been missing the fun there is in sewing for your boys too.

An unfailing source of ideas is to leaf through a big fat mail order catalog from one of the major mail order companies. Keep pencil and paper close at hand to make notes of particular styles, colors, fabric choices or new trimming ideas that appeal to you. You'll find, upon considering your notes, that a few well-chosen



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) holds her fourth great-grandchild, James Lowey. She'll be looking at patterns soon for she plans to do some sewing for him this winter.

new patterns will serve your needs, and — like dress patterns — will lend themselves to many variations with

changes you can easily make.

Today's patterns are precisely cut to eliminate all excess bulk. This makes for stylish, trim-fitting clothing, a look that is enhanced by choosing the modern, permanently-pressed fabrics. Make it a practice to always choose good quality material. Your time is precious — too much so to waste on sewing anything of inferior quality.

For both older boys and the tiny tots, blazer and Eton jackets are always suitable. If you enjoy sewing and are competent at dressmaking, you won't find the amount of tailoring required by these jackets at all difficult. Of the two styles, Eton is a bit easier to make, since it has no collar. (Incidentally, it is stunning combined with a white turtleneck shirt; this combination is being seen more and more frequently.) If dry cleaning is a problem for you, try making these jackets from washable Orlon-and-rayon or similar inexpensive blends; they have the added virtue of keeping that "like-new" look almost indefinitely. Do be sure to purchase a blazer emblem to applique on the chest pocket for the finishing touch.

Now, to consider slacks. Jeans, of course, you will purchase readymade. For larger boys, such a large amount of fabric and time are required to make slacks that it hardly seems worthwhile. However, for small boys, you can easily whip up little overalls, boxer slacks, pajamas, even coveralls. For wintertime, corduroy is an excellent choice. Consider using sport denim, canvas cloth, poplin, Indianhead, and hopsacking since these fabrics are popular, and are currently used by the major garment manufacturer.

Fashionable fabrics for shirts cover a wide range. Besides your "old standbys" of stripes, checks, and dignified or gay plaids, you'll find bright paisleys and other prints gaining in popularity. Solid colors, due to modern man-made fibers, now are becoming more vibrant, deep-toned, glowing, and can effectively accentuate the shirt style you've chosen to make.

A new trend in modern shirts features stylish turtleneck collars with back zip closings, a neat chest pocket, and long or short sleeves. This is a distinct departure from the long-accepted front opening shirts we've been accustomed to seeing.

When monogramming shirts for the custom touch, be sure to allow for double fabric or some sort of backing (Pellonite, batiste, even gauze) behind the embroidery for perfect re-

(Continued on page 20)

Mamas know it isn't easy

for little kids
to keep clean

so they buy
Kitchen-Klatter
Safety Bleach



COME READ WITH ME

by

Armeda Swanson

An article titled "Where Has the Magic Gone?" by Eda J. LeShan in the June, 1968, issue of *The PTA Magazine* reminds us that we adults sometimes work so hard at our recreation and fun that we really don't enjoy them. She recommends we look and listen to children at play; they can lead us back to the bright world of wonder. Children teach us to be alive to the moment, to be flexible, to do things on the spur of the moment, and to enhance our sense of wonder in nature.

From the article I learned that Eda J. LeShan, parent consultant at the Penglilly Nursery School, New Rochelle, New York, has a new book out — *The Conspiracy Against Childhood* (Athenaeum Publishers, \$6.50). With pleased anticipation I checked it out from our branch library. I've read it twice; it is excellent. As a leading authority on child guidance and education, Mrs. LeShan speaks up against the severe pressures on today's children and explains how both parents and their offspring can enjoy and benefit from the early years.

"There is too frequently today a tense and frantic quality in our relationships with our children," says Mrs. LeShan. "We seem often to have forgotten how to be, or afraid of acting like, parents — afraid of guiding and controlling our children's behavior in order for them to become increasingly responsible human beings with a sense of dignity and purpose in life." She reminds us we do things for them that they should do, such as apologizing to Grandma about how busy they are when they should have written a thank-you note for the birthday present. "On the other hand," she writes, "we make them do things for which they are totally unready, such as learning numbers and letters at two and a half." What children need most is self-esteem and confidence in their ability to grow and learn.

She believes we are trying to eliminate childhood, that children cannot grow up whole and strong unless their psychological, physical, intellectual and social needs are met at each stage of growth. As we attempt to eliminate childhood, we adults will suffer. "Our young are our own new beginnings, a testament to our trust in the future. When we lose our patience with childhood, and our joy in it, we lose touch with our inner selves, with our own growing and becoming," says Mrs. LeShan.

Why are we asking babies to read before their eyes, to say nothing of their minds, are capable of this kind of

skill? Can we entrust to a machine a process as subtle and delicate as teaching? Why are our pre-adolescents expected to assume workloads that would defeat most adults? What can we do about morbid reliance on testing, on college-entrance hysteria?

Mrs. LeShan offers sensible, down-to-earth advice on these and many related questions. And out of her warmth and sympathy she pleads for a new sense of responsibility for all the world's children. She reminds us, "We need to use all the rich resources of knowledge at our disposal to create a climate in which children can be nourished intellectually, but where they can also feel free to nourish themselves, through their own feelings and experiences — where intellect combines with emotion in order to engage our children in a quest for greater humanity." *The Conspiracy Against Childhood* — a thought-provoking book.

Do you watch Dr. Haim G. Ginott on the *Today* TV show? His book *Between Parent and Child* (The MacMillan Co., \$4.95), published in 1965, is in its fourteenth printing. Dr. Ginott offers new solutions to old problems in the book that tells you how to talk *Childrenese*. The ambitious purpose of the book *Between Parent and Child* is to make life between parent and child

less irritating and more rewarding. There are concrete suggestions for dealing with daily situations and problems faced by all parents.

Some helpful ideas from *Between Parent and Child*:

"The first step in the long-term program is a determination to become interested in what children are thinking and feeling inwardly, and not just in their outward compliance or rebellion.

"How can we become aware of what children think and feel inside?

"Children give us clues. Their feelings come through in word and in tone, in gesture and in posture. All we need is an ear to listen, an eye to behold, a heart to feel.

"Our inner motto is: Let me understand. Let me show that I understand. Let me show in words that do not automatically criticize or condemn."

Dr. Ginott suggests when your child comes home from school silent and dragging, instead of saying "What's the sour puss for?" it is better to say, "It was not a good day for you."

He also reminds us in troublesome situations, parents are more effective when they state their own feelings and thoughts without attacking their child's personality and dignity.

An infinitely rewarding book to help parents — *Between Parent and Child*.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
turned on the English ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*. The *Europa* was much smaller and slower, but she preferred it to the famous *Queen Elizabeth*.

She did have one very nice thing happen to her on the *Queen Elizabeth*, however, and that was the attention paid her by one of the junior officers of the ship. When she left the *Queen Elizabeth* in New York, she was escorted by this fine young man who had done so much to make her crossing a pleasant one. Betty and I were both quite impressed with him, and we invited him to call on us at the parsonage in Springfield if ever his ship is in port long enough to make it possible. He is a graduate of one of England's fine maritime academies and a perfect gentleman in every way.

I wish that you were able to see some of the beautiful books that Mary Lea brought us. Her gift to me was a splendid picture book of Westminster Abbey. She made it a point to visit many beautiful churches, both the ancient and the modern, and of them all she was most impressed with the great West-



Visitors to the parsonage when Mother was at Frederick's were Mrs. H. W. Reints of Aplington, Iowa, and her grandson.

minster Abbey, and I can understand why. As much as I liked some of the new and modern churches in the Scandinavian countries, and as much as I liked the great new cathedral in Coventry, England, there is nothing quite like the Abbey. Of all the cathedrals and churches in this world that I have visited at one time or another, West-

minster Abbey is the one that I most want to visit again. I never go in there but what I come out with the inspiration for a sermon!

A beautiful church, be it large or small, urban or rural, Catholic or Protestant is to me a monument to the blessed memory of Jesus Christ. As long as people build churches, and as long as people maintain churches already built, just that long will we of the Western World know that there still is hope for God's kingdom on earth. Sometimes from our mad world, where men so trust in force and military might, I go into a church and find myself almost overcome with the thought that Christ still lives, and that there is no way out of human misery but by his way of love and mercy. If in a church we never heard the Bible read, never sang a hymn or said a prayer or listened to a sermon, still we would know that there is just one way to life eternal, and that in the long run it is only love that does not fail.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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SEWING FOR BOYS - Concluded

sults. With a bit of practice, you can produce professional results either by hand or by machine. It's best not to be too original here, but to model yours closely after designs you've seen used on readymades. The professional look is what you're trying to achieve, while wearing shirts "like the other kids wear" is what your boy is trying to achieve. For - as you've probably learned by now - most boys wish, at all costs, to avoid the "made-at-home-by-loving-hands" look. (I don't blame them one bit - don't we all!)

Besides the classic style of shirt with its infinite variations, you may wish to try one of the completely new Nehru-styles. Many of these, cut quite slim and slit upwards at the side seem, are equally smart worn as a jacket or as a shirt. When making this style, you'll want to interface the mandarin-type collar. Some, especially elegant and expensive-looking, are effectively accented by use of wide, metallic-pattered woven braid around the collar. Nehru-style jackets in winter weight fabrics are popular this season, also, and really are not difficult to make.

These suggestions are only a beginning. If you have boys, look around with fresh eyes. Boys' styles are livelier than they've been for many a year. There are so many high style touches and new ideas - try some of them, and you'll soon hear yourself enthusiastically telling a friend, "I never before realized how much fun it could be to sew for boys, too!"

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

OCTOBER is the GOLDEN MONTH! It is a month of nippy mornings when you like to step to your door and breathe deeply of the pungent air; even the odor of leaf-smoke is exciting. Feast on the brilliantly draped landscape of reds, greens and orange; treasure every minute of this glorious month; before too long these nostalgic days will give way to a stimulating winter month.

Someone has said, "Wherever a great thought is born there has been a Gethsemane."

Take a little time to: Scuff through the fallen leaves . . . write that long overdue letter to someone who is dear to you . . . organize your winter reading list with a purpose of not only enjoyment, but accomplishment and learning . . . plan your Thanksgiving menu and decorations well in advance . . . soak up a bit of the October sun.

Too beautiful for the hunter's target — the male pheasant as he strutted across the country lane headed for a cornfield. Soon the whizzing of the hunter's bullets will quicken his step and he will be less bold.

When our life becomes so easy we feel guilty, it's high time we pull out of the mental or physical rut and do something constructive.

A small town is where: The neighborhood dog takes a nap in the middle of the road . . . a small child calls to your neighbor, "Hey, your phone is ringing," and the neighbor tries to make it across the road before the party leaves the line . . . your clothesline conversation is a delightful exchange of ideas.

The next time you're tired and tensed up with nerves singing like violin strings, try taking a walk down a country road. Walk slowly and observe the

quietness that comes from lack of human habitation and modern mechanisms. Listen to the bird song, the chip of the squirrels and the drone of insects. Yes! "God's in His heaven . . ."

I like: The excitement of football days . . . bronze chrysanthemums and

the blue of ageratum, which is also a "late-bloomer" . . . the back-in-the-groove feeling which comes with a fall month . . . a dried bouquet, a reminder of the summer's glory . . . October, because it is the birth month of our first born . . . a generous wedge of gingerbread topped with real whipped cream.

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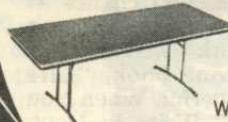
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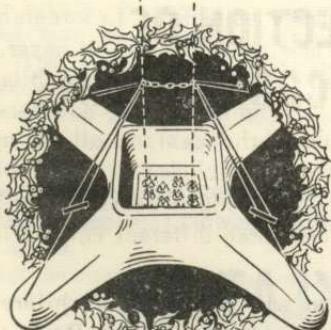
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Margery waged a losing battle getting James to smile for he suddenly became aware of the camera and gave his entire attention to it.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Swartz, with her. The boys spent every waking minute fishing and riding around on the bayou in the kayak when they weren't in Lucas. When an old neighbor and dear friend came to stay with us and attend the centennial, Ruth and the boys stayed nights at our other place we call the Andybear, and also spent some time with Bernie in Lucas. This was a very special week for us.

I have used up my allotted space and there is still much to report, but the nice thing about *Kitchen-Klatter* is that there is always next month. Mother and I are hoping to take a short trip to Denver and Laramie soon, and we are anticipating some special house guests after that, so I should have much to write about next month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Sincerely,
Martin Strom

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

kitchen where the youngsters can sit, a stairway with a leaded glass window in it which is dignified and handsome. We're moving into it in ten days from the time I write this letter.

Because it was a company move and the company is a giant like General Motors Corporation, we are getting super service from the moving companies. They couldn't be more cooperative, so I must tell Guide Lamp Division of General Motors that we were very happy with their service. All I have to do is get through six more days of total tear-up until the packers arrive to begin their systematic packing of all our worldly belongings.

We've had quite a summer! I'll write you next from Anderson, Indiana, and hopefully it will be not only cooler, but much, much calmer!

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

MARTIN'S LETTER — Concluded

example, to study the influence of Moorish Architecture on Gothic cathedrals and then be able to step outside the classroom and find examples of this as transplanted in Mexico, only a few blocks away.

Guadalajara is a beautiful city which could be any major city in the world, were it not for the atmosphere which pervades everything: the guitar players who ride the buses, playing their songs for a few cents; the horse-drawn carriages on the main streets; and the typical Spanish plazas with their flowing fountains, scattered about the town; but most of all, the friendly and courteous hospitality of the Mexican people.

Besides studying in Guadalajara, the school arranged several tours for only a small fee. Due to the number of papers I was required to write for my courses, I was able to join only one of these, so I chose to visit the city of Guanajuato, the most Spanish and most beautiful city in Mexico.

It was shortly after this trip that summer school ended and I had to return home. I was fortunate in that I was again able to visit Howard and Eltora Alexander, with whom I had stayed for a few days at the beginning of the summer. As many of you will recall, they were neighbors of Grandmother and Grandfather for many years before moving to Tucson to be near their children. This most memorable summer was over, but I was very anxious to return home and share my experiences with my family and friends.

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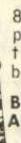
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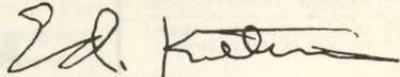
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