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Magazine

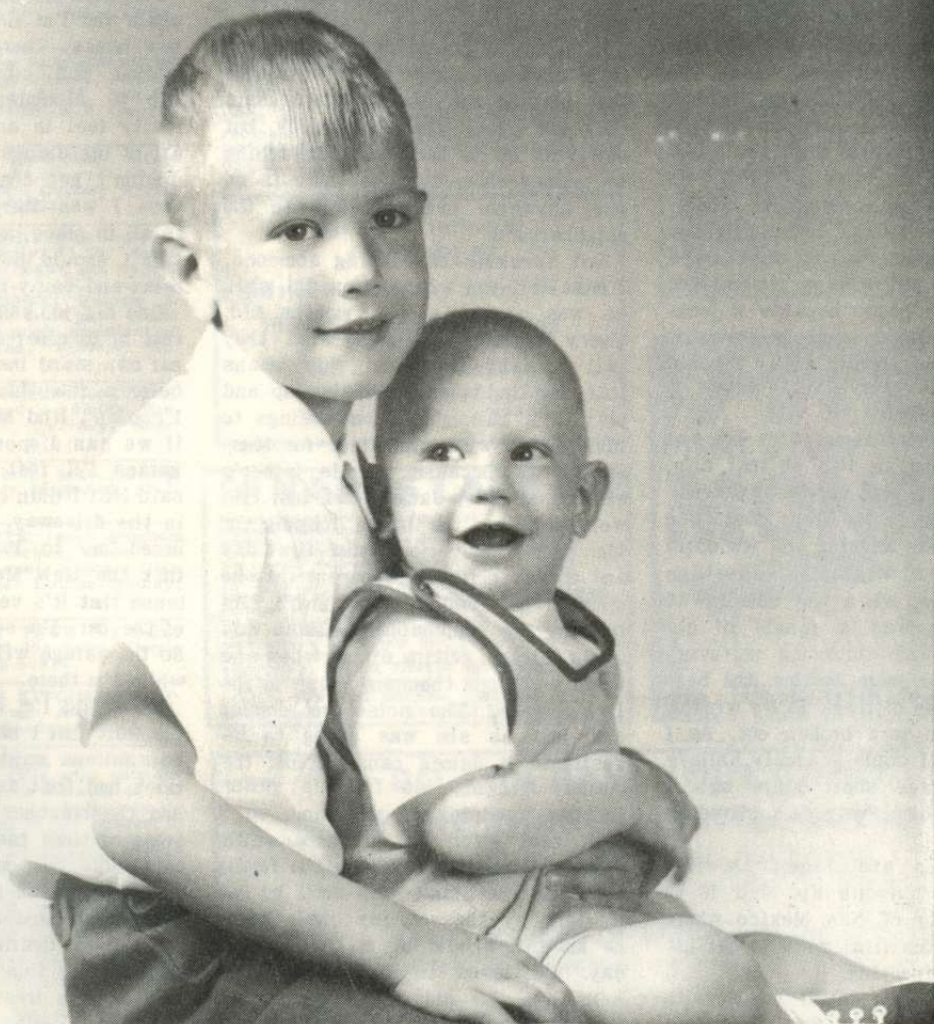
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a lovely early autumn day and Paula and I have just come in from a little drive that we much enjoyed. She thinks that Iowa is a beautiful state and is most eager to see as much of it as possible.

One thing that astonishes her is the number of empty houses in the countryside. Sometimes when you come upon several empty farm houses in a mile or two you almost get the feeling that the area has been abandoned.

One place in particular really surprised me today. I hadn't been on that stretch of road for about three years but I had always remembered one big white house because it looked so handsome and prosperous. When we came upon it today I could scarcely believe my eyes for now it is a total wreck.

Paula had her camera with her and wanted a shot or two of that ruin, so we drove through very heavy weeds and pulled up to the front door. The door itself was missing and we could look right in to what must have been a living room when the house was occupied. It was a jungle of old mattresses, and cluttering up every inch of space were bottles and beer cans, hundreds of them. Every window in the house was broken out. As I looked at it I could scarcely believe that only three short years ago it was a handsome, very much lived in house.

Juliana, Jed and James are now back in Albuquerque and Jed is at the University of New Mexico where he is doing his final work to get his degree in engineering.

They had a wonderful month with Jed's family at Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Juliana told me in a phone conversation that James had changed so much she could hardly believe it. He is beginning to talk now and pronounces words with a

genuine New England Accent!

His favorite thing to do at Woods Hole was to go to the beach — he never could get his fill of it. He had no fear of the water whatsoever and had to be watched every second since he ran right in to meet the waves. But he spent hours digging holes and filling and emptying his little sand bucket.

Jed has a cousin who has three little boys and James had a wonderful time playing with them. Juliana said they got along amazingly well, but now that he is back in Albuquerque he misses them because there is no one anywhere near his age in the neighborhood.

And speaking of missing someone, I must tell you what James did when he was around eleven months old. Every night they have what they call rockaby time and this means that Jed holds him on his lap and plays his guitar softly and sings to him. Well, when Jed left for Massachusetts because of his father's serious illness, James was lost. He went all over the house looking for him many, many times that first day and it was perfectly apparent that he missed his daddy very much. As rockaby time approached Juliana was in the kitchen getting dinner when she heard a curious thumping noise in the living room. The noise got louder and just as she was going to investigate it James came around the corner dragging his father's guitar. He was creeping at that time so it took real effort to lug that guitar from the living room out to the family room. But he didn't stop until he had it right by the rockaby chair where he knew it should be at that time of day. I'd loved to have seen that.

Oh yes, he did something at the Lowey's house that amused the family very much. Mr. Lowey takes several short naps during the day and always stretches out on the davenport in the living room. When James came into the living room and saw his grandpa

asleep he tiptoed to the davenport. After studying the situation for a little bit he reached up to the table and got his grandpa's glasses. Then, very carefully, he tried to put them on him. Obviously he wanted his grandpa to wake up and play with him, and of course that's exactly what happened.

Before long Howard and Mae and Paula and I are going to head out to Albuquerque. This time, however, we're making a radical departure from the usual run — a run I know so well that I can almost spot a fresh paint job on a section of fence. We're going to see the Badlands and the Black Hills area (this will all be new to me) and then swing across Wyoming until we reach a good highway that will take us down the western slope of Colorado. All of us have gone down the eastern slope quite a few times, but none of us have been on the western slope and we should enjoy it.

I'm getting anxious to see James again and I'm also anxious to see my new house. There was so much commotion and confusion on my last trip to Albuquerque that I couldn't really feel in any way settled. Now all of the drapes are up (a job that I couldn't get done in the very short time I was there) and the furniture is all in place, so on this forthcoming trip I should have an opportunity to relax and enjoy it.

One big job remains to be done and that is to clear out the garage so my car can stand inside. I've given away quite a few things that Juliana and I couldn't find any room for, and now if we can dispose of what is in the garage I'll feel at home. At first I said that I didn't care if my car stood in the driveway, but everyone I met urged me to reconsider; they said that the New Mexico sun is so intense that it's very hard on the finish of the car. I'm sure that this is true, so the garage will have to be tackled while I'm there.

I'm afraid I'm going to miss out on the fruit that I had so much anticipated. Juliana said that my two peach trees had fruit as large as grapefruit, and the branches were so heavy that some of them had broken down. Well, if I miss out on the fruit I can at least get in on the grapes. I have a grape arbor and Juliana reported that it too is bearing very heavily. In addition to this I have a pear tree and a plum tree. Until Juliana went to Woods Hole she was constantly canning and putting up quantities of apricot preserves. She says this is going to be her Christmas gift to all of us. I can't think of anything nicer.

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LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Today I'm sticking pretty close to home so I can keep my eye out for the arrival of houseguests. Every two years our dear friends, the Alexanders, neighbors to our family for 45 years and now retired to Arizona, come back to Shenandoah to visit, and this is the day we expect them. How delighted we'll be to see them! Martin was anxious that they might not make it before he had to leave for theological seminary, but everything is working out just right. He'll have a few days at home to enjoy part of their visit before he has to take off for Minnesota.

This is my first mention in the magazine of Martin's decision to enter the ministry although he made the decision early last spring. The reason is due to the fact that there was much preliminary planning that had to be handled in a routine manner before everything was definite. First, of course, he made his desire known to our local congregation when he addressed them at morning worship. After local church action was taken, he appeared before our conference where he was interviewed by the ministers of that group. The next step was consideration by the seminary of his choice, which was the United Theological Seminary of the Twin Cities, located in New Brighton, Minnesota. Then, of course, the Selective Service Board established the fact of his sincerity in entering the Christian ministry. These were basically the steps taken *after* he decided that we wanted to study for the ministry. Many prayerful hours and soul-searching thoughts led up to his announcement to us and to our minister. And this announcement came as no surprise to any of us for we had observed his growing interest through the years.

This past week has been devoted to getting clothing sorted, packing cartons with textbooks from his college religion classes, and all the details that go into leaving home again for a lengthy period of time. We expect a letter in the mail tomorrow telling Martin what he will need to take in the line of furnishings for the apartment he will be sharing with one or two other seminary students. Most meals will be eaten in the student dining hall, but some cooking will be done in the apartment, so I'm jotting down easy-to-prepare menus and recipes.

It was necessary with these conferences and all for Martin to keep himself available. That is why he didn't schedule a job this summer, but how we did put him to work here at



Late summer visitors were Uncle Albert and Aunt Adelyn Rope, from Mt. Home, Ark., and Aunt Clara and Uncle Paul Otte, from Braddyville, Ia.

home! It took a lot of pressure off Oliver as we have a very large yard. Also, he put in countless hours working for his grandmother and Aunt Lucile as well as time he put in on the farm. One last job for his grandmother before he leaves is to paint the back fence along the alley.

All summer long Oliver has been wanting me to spend a weekend in Council Bluffs where he works and has an apartment, but it seemed that every weekend there was some activity or company or something or other that kept us at home. One Friday, however, it looked as if our weekend would be relatively free, so I called him at the office and told him that I would be driving up later in the afternoon and not to start for home after work. The main reason he wanted me to drive up some weekend was to help him decide how to rearrange the furniture. He had bought some second-hand furniture and couldn't decide how to place it so it would look the nicest. Since I was still recovering from the session in the hospital with my back, I didn't dare lift one single stick of furniture, so we called in one of his friends to help do the moving. After the three of us agreed on the best arrangement, we went out for a steak dinner. Back at the apartment afterwards, we decided the the living room drapes looked too "blah" and did nothing to help the overall appearance, so we started in on the big department stores in Omaha looking for drapes. We didn't find what we wanted in ready-made ones, but got an idea of materials available so will plan to make some when I have a little free time to sew.

The rooms also need more pictures on the walls. I looked over some we had stored in one of the closets, but they weren't exactly right for color. Then Martin came home from Lucile's house with a big sack of pictures that she

was going to have him throw in the trash barrel. They were very interesting prints that Russell had framed many, many years ago. I believe Lucile said they had come from an old calendar. They are prints of old sailing balloons that look like something straight out of Jules Verne books! I think they are charming and since there are eight of them, they would make a nice grouping on one of the living room walls, perhaps over the davenport. The frames are pretty beat up from being stored in the basement for countless years, but with a coat of paint, I think they will fit the bill.

We were delighted to have a weekend visit from Oliver's sister Nina and her husband. They had come to Iowa for Nina's class reunion. They headquartered at our house since I was still recuperating on the davenport and wasn't yet able to stir around much. I was sorry that I couldn't be as hospitable as usual with good company food, but they were invited out for meals with other brothers and sisters so everything worked out all right. Nina was a nurse before her marriage and knew very well how important bed rest was to my recovery.

Very soon we'll be having a farewell party for one of Oliver's sisters and her husband who are moving to Florida. They have lived their entire lives here so this will be quite a change for them. In recent years they have vacationed in Florida and have now decided to move there. But just in case they should change their minds later, they are keeping their home in Shenandoah for the time being. They are leasing it furnished to a lovely family, knowing that it will be in good hands. Margaret's and Delbert's three children have finished college but, like many young people, they have a few things stored at home which we have offered to keep for them.

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Are You One of the Caring Kind?

A United Nations Day Program

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Let the setting for this program be one that speaks of the ways we can show we care about people. For example, you might make an arrangement of some of the following: toy tractor and plow, loaf of bread, bundle of grain, box of clothing, stack of blankets, CARE package, books, phonograph records, ukulele or guitar, coffeepot, cookie jar, packages of seeds, sports equipment, bottle of milk. Choose from this list to make a table arrangement and place the others at prominent spots about the room or on stage.

An effective backdrop can be made by mounting timely clippings from current papers along with a few pertinent headlines. These clippings can be about local, national, or world-wide needs, war, hunger, race, as well as lunar discoveries, youth exchanges, and scientific discoveries. Include a few eye-catching pictures, and mount the material on a length of wrapping paper to form a giant size collage.

Quiet Music: "O God Our Help in Ages Past".

Leader: (Soft music in background: "Spirit of Life in This New Dawn".) Spirit of life, in this new dawn, Give us the faith that follows on, Letting Thine all-prevailing power Fulfill the dream of this high hour.

Spirit Creative, give us light,
Lifting the raveled mists of night;
Touch Thou our dust with spirit hand
And make us souls that understand.

This year as we recognize United Nations Day let us think for a few moments about the gentle art of caring. Are *you* the caring kind? About this gentle art one writer said, "Those who are born with it have a great gift to start with; those who acquire it are blessed in the very learning." That statement makes caring sound mighty important, doesn't it? Caring about persons, learning to live with one another — isn't that what life is all about, if it is to have real meaning for us as God intended?

That is what the United Nations is all about — caring about other persons, other nations, learning to live together in friendship and understanding, learn-

ing to be brothers in ONE WORLD UNDER GOD!

Song: "This My Song, O God of All the Nations" (a song of peace for lands afar and mine, etc.) found in the United Methodist Hymnal, certain Presbyterian hymnals, and others. (If you cannot find it to use for singing, perhaps you could borrow a copy and have the words read. They are very fine for this program.) The hymn "Not Alone for Mighty Empire" is also appropriate.

Prayer:

O Master of the loving heart,
The Friend of all in need,
We pray that we may be like Thee
In thought and word and deed.

Thy days were full of kindly acts,
Thy speech was true and plain;
And no one ever sought Thee, Lord,
Who came to Thee in vain.

Thy face was warm with sympathy,
Thy hand God's strength revealed;
Who saw Thy face, or felt Thy touch,
Were comforted and healed.

O grant us hearts like Thine, dear Lord,
So joyous, true, and free.
To draw others to us with ties of love,
Draw nearer still to Thee. Amen
—Church bulletin

Meditation: Some people are born with a greater talent for caring than others; for some it is an asset that must be acquired. We need no psychologist's help, no special sensitivity training session, to enable us to recognize the people who care. We know.

We know the ones who will rejoice with us without envy when good fortune comes our way, just as we know those who will be the first to come to us with helping hand when some trouble snows us under. We know the ones who will laugh with us over some cute comments our children made, or share our pride in some special accomplishment our child has made. We know the ones who believe in living life to the fullest, finding time for family, friends and church, yet ever ready to collect blankets for Africa, solicit funds for a youth center, take the chairmanship for C.R.O.P., or pack a box of cookies for a neighbor's son serving with the

armed forces.

We know the neighbor who keeps her cookie jar filled for the neighborhood children, and the coffeepot on in case a neighbor needs to talk over some family crisis, or perhaps comes to share a choice rose from her garden.

We know the father who enjoys a rough-and-tumble game with his youngsters on the lawn in the evening, or calls their attention to the first robin, or to Mr. Squirrel busily storing nuts for winter days.

We know the postman who gives the little extra services, the teacher who loves and teaches children instead of merely earning a salary, the clerk who offers the extras by way of a smile, friendly interest, and intelligent advice, the person who pauses on a walk through the park to pick up some papers and rubbish left by careless picnickers.

Yes, these and hundreds of other things point up to us the people who care, the people who take a deep interest in the lives of others — and show it. They make our day brighter and our life happier because they passed our way.

Leader: Pondering what we have just heard, isn't it obvious that the person who cares is aware of the needs, joys, sorrows, and failings of others?

The person who cares is the person who is aware and does something because of that awareness. He gives his friendship, his concern, his understanding, his help.

The person who cares lets his caring, like the proverbial charity, begin at home and then radiate to include his fellowmen around the globe.

This United Nations Day should remind us, then, to be caring persons. Only caring, acting persons can make the United Nations an effective instrument for world brotherhood and peace. *Are you and I caring persons?*

Consider again the statement made a few moments ago: "Those who are born with it have a great gift to start with; those who acquire it are blessed in the very learning."

Those born with the art of caring, really caring, are already finding ways to act, to share, to befriend. It is those of us who must acquire it who need to buckle down to the learning if we want to be truly useful world citizens in this fast-moving space age. First must come the desire to understand and to do something for others. No longer can we be content to study, to discuss, to read, without follow-up action. It's time to take to heart the quip: "Don't just sit there, do something!" Just as there is no end to what the caring person can find to do, so there is no end to the blessings that come through

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HELP FOR THE SMALL FARMER

"A Finger in the Pie" is the story of McLain's Farm Guest House. The book, written by Mrs. McLain of Havelock, Iowa, tells the dramatic true story of the McLain's experiences when they stayed on their 160-acre farm, and what they did for extra income.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley McLain realized several years ago that they needed extra income on their small Iowa farm. They didn't give up easily, but how could they supplement their low income and do it at home, on a north Iowa farm? The prospects were dim, for the investment had to be small; yet the venture had to bring in sufficient income to help in a financial crisis.

After discussing and discarding many ideas for increasing their income, and after weeks of discouragement, they were forced to try serving fresh farm-fashions in food to the public in their country home for extra income. And so McLain's Guest House was born.

The story tells how the McLains, through hard work, good planning, with very little equipment and many misgivings, successfully operated this catering business in their farm home for several years.

In this lively personal account Mrs. McLain says, "If I can, you can," and then tells when, why, and how they served delicious farm food with a flair, along with a generous helping of Midwest hospitality to hundreds of appreciative guests. This how-to-do-it book is to her knowledge the only book of its kind on the market.

This book is timely. For Iowa, as well as other Midwest farm states, is continuing to face a changing agriculture. People on small farms are being squeezed off the land and they wonder what they can do about it. Thousands of farm families everywhere will identify with the writer and sympathize with her dilemma. City folks will learn of the many problems that farm folks face today.

After they decided to open their home to paying guests, it was necessary to advertise the fact in the county newspapers. On Tuesday prior to opening day on Sunday Mrs. McLain asked an editor to publish the menu for Sunday, the price of meals, directions to the farm, and serving times. He was enthusiastic about the new venture and ordered four reservations for dinner.

Next she went to the grocery store to buy supplies for Sunday. The grocer gave her two reservations. This was encouraging, but she was soon deflated when she paid \$50.00 for the groceries. By Friday noon, however, they had reservations for 80 people for Sunday noon.

Mrs. McLain had never had any formal training in the art of large-scale cook-



Mrs. Harley McLain, Havelock, Iowa.

ery, but her mother, Pennsylvania-Dutch, was a good cook, and she learned to cook tasty food by helping her. Her parents made folks welcome in their home, and she hoped to provide good food as well as hospitality. She did all the baking and most of the other preparation for the meals, but she did have help to serve and wash dishes.

The first Sunday morning she got up at three A.M. to bake hundreds of orange rolls, cinnamon crescents, and plain biscuits. (She had to get up at three A.M. for several years in order to have the rolls baked by seven o'clock so she could roast the meat because she had only one oven.)

They gave their guests delicious, different food. There were no controlled servings there. They also served food to order. They passed plates of hot rolls and plates of butter. (Many people ate at least three rolls.) They also served six different kinds of desserts from a serving cart.

Their first day was a tremendous success, and so were all the other days they were in the catering business. It pays to give value plus. Satisfied cus-



STORMY WEATHER

No sadder words in all the world
At break of dawn's first light:
No madder way to start the day,
No more distressing sight.

Sows in the bean patch,
Pigs all about;
The boar in the roses
With buds on his snout.

The day may be sunny
With bird song about.
But it's raining confusion —
THE HOGS ARE OUT!!!

—Leta Fulmer

tomers were their best advertisement.

They had a smorgasbord on Sunday and special parties during the week, grateful that people trusted them with their nicest parties. Every detail was carefully planned for the families giving the dinner parties so that they would be memorable occasions.

They learned that expensive equipment was not necessary. They used folding tables and borrowed chairs for months. They borrowed and bought dishes and large pans. A muffin tin served for a cash register, and they used white plastic tablecloths.

People like having something different when they eat out, so they changed the menu every week. Homemade rolls and delicious desserts are seldom served to the public. These please the customer every time. In fact, people wanted to buy rolls and pastry. (This baking part could be a business in itself.)

Iowa has wonderful food. Why not feature it? With Iowa's planning more tourism, there is a real need for more good farm eating places. People love to come to the country to dine. So Mrs. McLain encourages other farm women to open their homes to paying guests for extra income and to advertise Iowa. Farm vacations can also improve relations between rural and city people.

Mrs. McLain has worked for and with farm families for years. She wrote the book to help others and to advertise Iowa's good farm products. There is great interest in the book. It has sold all over Iowa, in 25 other states, and in three foreign countries. Mrs. McLain sells the books herself to keep the cost low.

The set of books include "A Finger in the Pie", the story of the guest house, and a special recipe book called "Iowa Farm Fashions in Food". There are over a hundred smash hit recipes in the book that were so popular at McLains. (The cost of the two books is \$2.50, plus 8¢ tax, plus 15¢ postage — \$2.73 total. They can be ordered direct from Mrs. Harley McLain, Havelock, Iowa.) They make fine shower, wedding, birthday, and Christmas gifts. They are helpful and enjoyable, and can help you start a catering business at home.

After the book was published many people wanted to come again to dine, to meet the McLains, and to buy autographed copies of the books. So McLain's Guest House has reopened, by popular request, to serve for special parties, by reservations only, any day except Sunday.

Many clubs and other groups come to dine. Mrs. McLain prepares and serves the food, and then takes off her apron to speak to the groups. She washes the dishes after the guests have left. She also speaks to many groups away from home.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I played hooky last month and didn't write a letter to you because I was busy enjoying our visit with Kristin and her two little boys. It was the first time she had been at the farm for 18 months, and the first time Frank had seen Aaron.

Since Art had had all the vacation he was entitled to from his job in the county welfare office, Kristin and the children came on the train to Omaha and arranged the date so it would coincide with the end of my work week in Shenandoah. This way I was able to meet the train, which gets in at 1:30 in the morning, and take them back to Shenandoah to spend the rest of the night. Martin was kind enough to go with me so we had help with all the luggage and the children, who of course were awakened from a sound sleep when the train arrived. Kristin had an opportunity to see her Shenandoah relatives who were anxious to see the children. I finished my work at the office and after a full night's sleep we drove home to Lucas.

Kristin thought I had done a wonderful job of preparing for their visit. I had the crib all set up in the bedroom, a borrowed high chair in the kitchen, a borrowed play pen on the front porch, a shelf in the cupboard filled with canned milk and baby food, and a good supply of disposable diapers so we wouldn't have to be fooling around with a lot of laundry while she was here.

Andy has had a pony at our house for over three years, a darling little Shetland named Sawdust, which was given to Andy by our good friends the Ed Sullivans when she was just a few months old. Unfortunately Sawdust had been sick this spring, and we knew Andy wouldn't be able to ride her when he came. Feeling a trip for Andy to Grandpa Johnson's farm wouldn't be complete without a real live pony to ride, we found a cute little buckskin pony that was well broken, and just the right size for a five-year-old. I knew how anxious Andy was to make the acquaintance of Little Buck, and thought he was awfully patient to wait until we had sat down and had a cup of the fresh coffee Frank had ready for us. It wasn't long before Frank and Andy headed for the pasture, and when they came back Andy was having his first pony ride.



Andy was uneasy about feeding one of the twin calves, but after watching his grandfather at the job a few times he decided it might be fun. He lost the bottle a few times before he learned to hang on tight.

Since he has never been around horses at all we didn't let him ride alone, and I might add that Grandma was usually the one who walked along and led the pony several times a day. It's a long time since I did that much walking and got so much exercise, and it was good for me. I wish I had kept track of the number of miles I walked each day. Kristin had written that she had a feeling it would be this way, and we must set up some ground rules about when and how often he could ride. After the first couple of days, when the newness had worn off just a little, we took one long ride in the morning, and another in the afternoon, which worked out very well. The day before they left I told Kristin to hold Aaron on to see how he liked it. He loved it! He grabbed hold of the saddle horn and hung on for dear life, and was unhappy when he had to get off.

About two days before Andy arrived, one of our cows had twin calves. Frank had been giving them supplemental feedings by bottle a couple of times a day to be sure they were getting enough milk for a good start in life, and Andy liked to go along to watch the procedure. He was afraid to help at first, but later he got so he would feed one while Grandpa fed the other.

We had much rain this summer; in fact, we had our longest spell of good dry weather while Kristin was here. She said it looked as if she had brought it with her and maybe if she had come sooner we would have better crops. We were happy the weather was so nice for her visit. She was able to get out and see some of her friends; drive the tractor for her dad while he picked up bales (Andy enjoyed this); paint some of the new board fence Frank has been erecting; and help Frank plant the turnip seed. After the children were in bed at night we three sat on the front porch and talked, just like old times.

We ate a lot of meals on the front porch, and had Aunt Delia and Bernie come to eat with us several times. I think of all the foods we had while Kristin was here, the two things she enjoyed the most were fresh corn on the cob and the fried mushrooms I fixed last spring and put in the freezer to have especially while she was home. Her dad told her she could have mushrooms every meal if she wanted them, and I think we almost did. He said they were all hers except for one package which had Lucile's name on it. These we are saving until she comes to eat a meal with us, which will be soon we hope.

On one of our trips to town I wanted Kristin to see Rose Caylor's new fabric shop, and told her she could pick out several pieces of material she particularly liked, so that when I got ready to sew this winter I would know what to get for her. All the new fall fabrics were in, and she found a lot of them she wanted, but finally settled on a couple she especially liked. One was a green plaid, and the other a plaid in tans and browns. She pointed out a few patterns in the book she liked, so my work is outlined for me come the cold winter months.

The ten days went by much too fast. We had hoped they could stay the full two weeks, but their plans for the coming school year were still indefinite and the deadline date when they had to give their answer was drawing nearer and nearer. We knew she had to get back to her own home where she and Art could talk things over and make the decision. Kristin called us a few days after her return home to tell us they had finally decided to turn down the job offers in Washington and stay on in Laramie, at least for another year.

We drove to Shenandoah by way of Clarinda so Kristin could stop and see her cousin, Ruth Watkins and family, and Aunt Jessie Shambaugh. Ruth has a baby boy, Seth, just two and a half months younger than Aaron. At this age two and a half months makes a big difference. Seth looked like a little baby in comparison to Aaron, who is a big boy for his age anyway. We put them both in the play pen together and Aaron was fascinated with this little baby and wanted to touch him and play with him. Kristin was just a little girl the last time Ruth saw her, and Kristin didn't remember Ruth at all. Ruth's home is in California and the two girls haven't happened to be here at the same time before, so I was awfully glad Kristin got to see Ruth and her lovely family this time.

My letter has gotten much too long, so until next month . . . Sincerely,
Dorothy

FREDERICK WRITES BEFORE LEAVING FOR EUROPE

Dear Friends:

While our government has been spending billions to put a man on the barren landscape of the moon, our own landscape here on earth has been becoming more barren! I wish you could see what has been happening to the lovely elm trees in our neighborhood and in our yard. All over our city, the elm trees are dying by the thousands. We live near a large park that covers several square miles, and in that park there are now hundreds of dead elm trees. Surely with all of its billions of dollars to spend, our government could find some way to stop this plague!

Last summer when we were driving through the northern farm country of Nova Scotia, we saw village streets lined with the largest, most beautiful elm trees we had ever seen. Those trees are beautiful beyond description, and most of them must be at least 100 years old. Along one shaded street I saw a tree that looked like it had been hit by the Dutch Elm disease. I said: "Betty, look at that tree! Oh, surely Nova Scotia hasn't been hit by the Dutch Elm disease has it?" Then last night on our short-wave radio I picked up a broadcast from Nova Scotia and heard a tree expert telling the people that the dread disease had finally spread from the United States into their fair land. He actually spoke of the very infected tree that we saw there last August. What a terrible disaster that is for beautiful Nova Scotia. Let us hope that this plague can be stopped.

Like all of you, I have been amazed and shocked at the enormity of the hurricane destruction that parts of our country endure year after year, but it has occurred to me that the big storms of life are not the worst killers. Bad as disasters are, it is the little things of life, the small hurts, the tiny pests that in the long run do us far more damage and plague us with far more evil. Just think what a single cancer cell can do to wreck a life and ruin a future! How about the blight a single unkind word spoken in anger can cause? If all of us could learn to think in terms of overcoming the small pests, we would be much stronger to face the big disasters.

The other day I received a letter from a lady out in South Dakota who told me she had decided to get a divorce, go back to college and get a teaching certificate, and begin life over. She said: "I do my best thinking at three o'clock in the morning, and I made this decision after many sleepless, agonizing nights of prayer." I wrote and told her that while I knew nothing about the family situation except the little she had told me. I did know of at least one terrible



Frederick loves to plan surprises for youths. On this occasion he took a group of boys from his church for their first airplane ride.

mistake she had made. No one does his best thinking at three in the morning! We do our worst thinking at that hour! After her several sleepless nights, her tired, frustrated, tense, and anxious mind could not think straight.

Haven't you noticed how easily and quickly the little hurts of life grow into mountains of unendurable crises in the sleepless hours of the night? I told our South Dakota friend to cancel every plan she made at three in the morning and to make all new plans at eleven o'clock on the most beautiful day of September just before eating a lunch of her favorite foods. I know from bitter experience how easily a curtain of depression can darken our thoughts in the hours before dawn! Do you know that most suicide notes are written between one and three in the morning? Believe me, we must never, never trust a pre-dawn thought! As a matter of fact, we should be very cautious about trusting any important decision made on a dark and cloudy day. More than most of us realize, our thinking is affected by the weather.

I am writing this letter to you just before we take off for our trans-Atlantic flight to Europe. It will be the ninth time I have flown the Atlantic, the first time being in 1942. That first trans-Atlantic flight took twenty-one hours,

and this one tomorrow will take just a little over five hours. If we had the time, I would like to go by ship, for I have only gone to Europe once by ship, and that was in 1939 when I was on my way to Egypt. If the weather is clear tomorrow, we hope to get a good view of our dear Nova Scotia. All summer long we listened to the big jet planes flying right over the family summer home there on the south shore of Canada's most beautiful maritime province, and on other trips to Europe we have been able to see familiar landmarks. Not always, however, for sometimes the landscape is covered with fog, and at other times it has been too dark.

You might be interested to learn how we can pick out a single property from 30,000 feet in the air. We do it by a configuration of churches. I have told you before about all our lovely, little white churches dotting the Nova Scotia shoreline, and it is a particular arrangement of those churches that makes Argyle Lodge discernable from the air. When we see three white churches about three miles apart (from 30,000 feet, *inches* apart) with a fourth white church immediately behind the three of them, and a fifth white church jutting out in front of them at the southeast end, we know that we are looking on the acres of woods and the seven lakes that we know and love so much. How many times in life, the country church is the point from which we get our bearings, and this in more ways than one. As our summer boatman loves to say: "I would rather steer by that church spire than to use any compass I ever owned!" Good advice, don't you think?

Sincerely,
Frederick

COVER PICTURE

How pleased we were to receive this portrait of Kristin's two little boys, Andrew and Aaron. We'd been wishing for one. Dorothy went to the studio with Kristin to help with the children's sitting as Aaron moves like lightning and it took a minimum of three people to hold his attention while the shutter clicked.



-Photo by Shirley White

Hunter Hunts Horns *by Hallie M. Barrow*

"As far as I know, I am the only one in the Midwest who collects hunting horns." So says Dr. A. J. Durant, 81-year-old bobcat hunter from Columbia, Missouri. His many friends in the hunting world agree. Who could be better authorities? Since he was a small boy, he has raised hounds and hunted, mostly bobcats, first in Alabama then in Missouri, and is known all over the Midwest.

He was born at Bromley, Alabama, a ghost town now in the swamps, finished high school there, and came to Columbia to attend the State University. As soon as he graduated he started teaching in the new veterinary science department, became the head of his department soon, and remained there until his retirement.

He hunts even yet for bobcats, and at 81 can outwalk men many years younger. "What's more," adds a friend, "he very likely knows every bobcat hunter in the Midwest by his first name, and also all the bobcats left in a six-state circle around Columbia."

Does he still hunt bobcats at 81? To quote Dr. Durant, "I'm leaving June 15th to spend six weeks in my Alabama boyhood home. I'm taking my hounds, of course, and I'll hunt bobcats every single day, walking from five to eight miles."

"How can a man your age walk that much?"

"Well, due to my long life of hunting, I am in excellent health. Another reason, though, that I can walk up to eight

miles a day is that I do not wear boots. I have special, light-weight shoes with heavy rubber soles. Boots can bog a man down with weariness quicker than anything. A bobcat hunter cannot be burdened with boots. The only other reason that I know of for a long, active life is that I have always been a heavy coffee drinker. I don't drink one of these regular grocery store mild brands. In fact, I buy green coffee by gunny bags of a hundred pounds each, roast it and grind it myself, and it makes a strong brew. Then I never use cream and sugar after the first two cups!"

Even in his student days, Dr. Durant was well known in the hound world. Since then, he has made hundreds of talks before conservation, hunting, and sporting groups; sometimes he uses slides and pictures of hunts he has made of coons, bobcats, and foxes. He has entered and been a judge at hound shows, field trials, and hunting horn-blowing contests. His home at Columbia is on a heavily wooded acre of ground where he can step out his back door any evening and enjoy a coon hunt.

To return to his collection of about 50 horns, they are not a common commodity. Most hunters seldom have but one and that lasts them a life time. They do not change if they have found one with a mellow toot. A horn can come from any member of the bovine family, but must be straight, not crooked like deer horns. The plains used to be dotted with buffalo horns, hollow, of

course. The tip is cut off and a mouthpiece, silver or whittled wood, is fitted on. Then the horn is polished and often decorated to suit the owner's taste. A cord is attached so it will hang around the hunter's neck and when not in use will hang on a peg. Dr. Durant's ambition is to have the largest hunting horn, and he is trying to locate a horn made from a longhorn. He thinks he might have to mount it on a tripod to use, and the quality of the toot is anybody's guess.

One of his favorite horns is a raw horn he purchased about 1900 and made into a hunting horn for his father to summon his redbone hounds. The hounds recognize their own master's horn and respond. Dr. Durant scraped it off smooth, cut off the tip, fitted a mouthpiece, and, for decoration, made a deerskin cover. This horn produces a tone similar to only one other horn in Dr. Durant's collection, that of a goat horn. He has a pair of African buffalo, one covered with leopard skin and reddish-brown leather, and the other polished. Another pair of horns he is partial to because they were won by his hounds at a show — an appropriate prize at a hound show.

Each horn has its own peculiar tone or pitch. When his uncle, Medrick Dolive, stopped hunting after he passed 89 years of age, he gave his precious hunting horn to his nephew, Dr. Durant. It was made before the Civil War, and Mr. Dolive used it all his life. We just couldn't resist asking, "But why did your uncle stop hunting so young?"

"Well, he didn't really want to then, but he said he didn't want folks to think he was trying to act kiddish and be a young man again, so he decided not to hunt anymore after he reached 90."

Another uncle, who did not know his brother had given his horn to Dr. Durant, came for a visit and on his first evening there they went coon hunting. When Dr. Durant blew his horn to call the dogs, the visiting uncle said, "If I didn't know that that horn couldn't be my brother's I'd swear that was Medrick's horn. Never have I heard two horns sound so much alike. Never was a sweeter-sounding horn!"

Dr. Durant likes to give a "hunting horn concert". He blows all his horns to prove that there is a contrast in the tones. A good performer can wangle two notes of a different pitch from the horns. Or he can "squeal" them, giving several short, low notes and one long, high note. This is Dr. Durant's formula, and on a clear day, he says, his hounds can hear it from six miles away. The pitch of the horn, as of other wind instruments, depends almost exclusively on the length of the air column set in

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ABIGAIL AND WAYNE ENJOYED TRIP TO NEW YORK

Dear Friends:

My last letter to you was written immediately following our return from a trip to southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah. How impressive it was to enjoy those spectacular vistas virtually devoid of human habitation. This letter is written following our return from another trip and what a contrast! In New York City the scenery is that which results from saturated human habitation; in its own way it, too, is spectacular.

On this most recent trip Wayne and I traveled without any of our children to attend the national convention of the American Association of Nurserymen. Wayne is an officer of one of the allied organizations and, in addition, was the official delegate from Colorado. Most of his time was committed to meetings so he didn't have the hours I did to enjoy the big city and its environs.

On our way east we stopped to spend a couple of days in Rochester, New York, with our dear friends who had just moved there a few weeks previously. It is rather ironic that we should have had an opportunity to be with them in their new home so shortly after they left Colorado. I'm afraid it will be many years before we are in that part of this country again. Although I lived in New York City for two summers many years ago, I never saw any of the state beyond the confines of the city. It was a pleasant surprise to find the terrain of western New York State so lovely.

One of our days there was spent driving over to see Niagara Falls. What more unique time could have been picked to make this trip! You may recall that the American Falls have been "turned off" and all of the water now goes over the Canadian Falls. Hopefully, this will afford engineers and geologists an opportunity to study the probable causes and possible cures for the rapid deterioration of the underlying rock formation. We didn't have a great deal of time to spend at the falls but our first impression was that the Canadian side is considerably more attractive than the United States side.

One of the reasons we were short on time is that we had driven by the slower route of N.Y. Highway 104 rather than the freeway. This road took us past quaint cobblestone houses which are a lasting tribute to the skill of their builders. Bing cherries were ripe and the numerous fruit and vegetable stands soon tempted us to buy "washed sweet cherries" to eat along the way.

We also stopped for a tour of Old Fort Niagara, the earliest part of which was constructed in 1726. We found this to



Leanna Driftmier and visiting sisters-in-law, Clara Otte and Adelyn Rope, paused in their conversation so Margery could take this picture.

be most interesting, especially to those of us unaccustomed to U. S. historical buildings of that antiquity.

Another interesting city in western New York State is Corning. Wayne has long been an avid admirer of Steuben crystal which is made in a division of the Corning Glass Company. He used to visit their display at Marshall Field's whenever he was in Chicago, but now it is shown only at Corning and in their store on Fifth Avenue. Production of these perfections of the glassmaker's art is too limited for additional outlets. Steuben glass is terrifically expensive; a dozen plain but brilliant dessert plates sell for at least \$500. After seeing the painstaking skill of the artisans at first hand, it is easier to understand why it is so expensive. Many of the items are made strictly for display or ceremonial gifts. For instance, one of the most recently completed items was a glass sculpture, "Mountains of the Moon", commissioned by Governor Nelson Rockefeller for presentation to the Apollo 10 astronauts.

In addition to the Steuben division, there is, at the Corning Glass Center, an extensive museum of glass produced over the centuries. Also, there is a most educational display of current glass production techniques as well as a demonstration of the impressive versatility of glass in use.

Our next flight was into LaGuardia Airport and from it on into the New York Hilton Hotel. The first item after getting settled into a very comfortable room was securing tickets for that evening's performance of "Hello, Dolly". We had been relishing the prospect of viewing this musical with Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway starring. It was more than a little disappointing when a death in her family put Pearl Bailey's under-

study into her role. But we enjoyed ourselves nevertheless.

Later we saw James Earl Jones in his award-winning role as Jack Jefferson in "The Great White Hope". This play is built around the tragic life of the first U.S. Negro to become heavyweight boxing champion of the world. The third product of Broadway we bought was "Forty Carats", a delightful comedy starring Julie Harris.

Later some acquaintances asked me what I bought in the always-tempting New York stores. I replied, "Nothing. I hardly even went inside one." Anyone who knows me well knows I'd spend money on theatre or concert tickets in preference to clothing anytime I could manage it.

In addition to the theatrical performances I had the opportunity to see a bit of New Jersey countryside while on a tour of landscaping projects. Then, on one day of the convention, there is always a special activity planned for the women in attendance. This year it was a tour of the John Phipps estate, Old Westbury House and Gardens on Long Island. In 1959 this estate with one hundred acres was endowed as a non-profit museum and botanical gardens. The interior of the house is furnished just as it was during the family's occupancy. There are extensive gardens which we had planned to view, but the rain just poured down so that prevented us from seeing the magnificent grounds.

A sightseeing bus trip around Manhattan Island seemed the most efficient means for me to renew my acquaintance with old familiar sights and bring myself up-to-date on a few of the changes in recent years. Traffic is simply maddening and I don't see how the day can be far off when all private automobiles

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Let's Bring Back Childhood

by
June Kelley

Our children are no longer as familiar with an Alice-in-Wonderland world of fantasy as with the Red Queen's philosophy. "Hurry, hurry, hurry" has become a way of their lives as well as ours. Sadly, somewhere in this instant-age, the normal process of childhood has become submerged, and the innocent, imaginary, thrilling days of childhood have been caught in the squeeze.

Just as Alice was breathlessly dragged through the Looking-Glass Wonderland, today's children are rushed from babyhood past the innocent stage which is the delightful, rightful heritage of childhood.

"Is this our world of wonderland?" the wide-eyed children ask us. Ignoring their right to an innocent time, we urge them faster toward the stage of realism, puncturing their childish fantasies with a Red Queen-ish disillusionment. "Of course not; you passed it ten minutes ago."

Childhood has become neglected in the normal process toward maturity. And all of us — most of all the children — are sadder for the loss.

Depression days spawned such a philosophy. Young adults who had lived through it pledged that their children would not work as hard as they had nor do without the things they had done without. To their children, material things became symbols of success, and faith of our forefathers no longer became synonymous with security.

We have denied them the wonderful growing process of childhood. There is no time and little training for dreams, for the thrill of fantasy. They are denied the magic of believing in Santa Claus, in fairy tales, and even, too often, the early religious training which world-wise thinkers fear might prejudice them with preconceived notions before they are old enough to decide for themselves.

Faster we press them on in our head-start urgency. Childhood for little girls used to indulge them in cuddling their baby dolls, as they imitated, and learned, motherhood in tending for their needs. Dolls of today are not for cuddling, but for dressing; and the

dolls are not babies but teen-agers.

Eager mothers, intimidated by the stigma of unpopularity, rush them into going steady, even before high school days. Thus disappears the chance to compare the traits of different beaux, and later, the basis for the selecting of qualities with which they want to spend the rest of their days. Going steady becomes boring; perhaps dangerous. And when they have tasted — and become bored — with the other rushed excitement, marriage becomes an unfamiliar playing-house time missed in their childhood days.

The mating instinct had been aroused, but the maternal had been bypassed way back in their childhood of fashionable dolls. Too young, yet too soon thrust into adult roles, they are unprepared for parenthood; the maternal instinct had not been nurtured. Boys, more familiar with the privilege of allowances than the responsibility of budgets, are confused. Then, once more, they are rushed — this time, pell-mell toward the divorce courts.

We have rushed them into adulthood, while neglecting the time to mature them. Having tasted life and found it wanting, they have acquired a craving for sensationalism. Why? we ask. They have been denied very little except the wonderful stage of childhood, that Alice-in-Wonderland kind of innocent, wide-eyed joy. And we weep and reap the Frankenstein society that has been created in such a rush.

Why, we wail, is there such disrespect for proper law and order? But order was ignored when we denied them their normal process of childhood. And in a true cause-and-effect realm, law follows order — does not regulate it. Materialism cannot satisfy our youth as dreams will. There is a time for dreaming. It is their heritage, and ours. Maturity can come only in season, and with the seasoning of time.

Too often today children are aware of adult problems before they have the maturity to understand them. It used to be that children were sent out to play when conversations not suited to their ears were going on. Today, either

through carelessness or indifference, children are too often aware of family crises running from financial problems to marital problems to impending death. The facts they hear and know, but how to adjust to them, they do not know. They are not yet prepared.

Oh, I well realize television can, and does, enlighten them on many such adult situations. But that, too, can and should be controlled by wise parents.

"Why? we ask about the present generation and the tense situation prevailing today. Perhaps not in *Alice in Wonderland*, but in Isaiah 28:16, is the answer. "He that believeth shall not make haste."

Our Red Queen of "hurry" has created a generation, less perhaps of unbelievers, than of hastened youth wondering *what* to believe. The materialism we rushed to give them, neglecting to include a necessary sense of values, has left them unsatisfied, discontented, and, too often, openly defiant. And we have failed to recognize their pleading cry of "Why?"

Before too late, let's slow down our instant-age. Let's restore the proper, protected, neglected stage of childhood. Let's not thrust them unprepared into the grown-up world.

For the maturity which comes in season includes a time of thrilling imagination, dreams of castles in the air, and the childhood Kingdom of Joy.

AUTUMN LEAVES

A swift wind filled its arms with leaves
But stubbed its toe and fell,
And spread a rainbowed wall-to-wall
Up and down the dell.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

STAND PROUD

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

This latest wording of the Flag Pledge sprung from the original, worded in August, 1892, in the office of a youths' magazine, YOUTH'S COMPANION in Boston, Mass. It was first used on Columbus Day, October 12, 1892.

In 1954 Congress authorized by act a change in the wording. It placed *under God* following the word nation. A few years before that, *of the United States of America* was inserted following the word flag.

According to the magazine's editors the original Pledge was drafted by James B. Upham one of the partners of the Perry Mason Co., publishers of the YOUTH'S COMPANION, then passed around among members of the staff for final wording.

—Marjorie Fuller

AN AUTUMN HIKE

by
Evelyn Birkby

On a recent Sunday we hurried home from church, packed a light lunch into the small back pack used for short excursions, and drove out into one of the most beautiful autumn days God ever created. We did not want to miss one moment!

Robert and Craig chose our destination, the horse trail section of Waubonsie State Park. This lovely wooded bluff area is just four miles south of our home in Sidney so we have had frequent picnics and hikes in and near the State Park. The horse trail is a fine addition of timbered bluff land which contains about 400 acres and lies north of the highway which now cuts through the park. Robert and Craig had hiked in this section before so they wanted to share its beauty with Jeff and me.

A number of horse trailers were already pulled into the parking lot when we arrived. Several of the picnic tables were being utilized by groups of cheerful people eating hearty lunches.

"Forward, men," Robert directed his sons. Then as an afterthought he motioned to me. "You can come too," he grinned.

The trail had been bulldozed down the side of a hill and into a deep tree-shaded ravine. The blade had cut a swath wide enough for a good-sized horse to pass unhindered. Following the contour of the land, the path continued up a series of switchbacks and over the crest of a hill to plunge downward into another ravine.

Acorns, high in the great oak trees, loosened their hold as the winds shook the branches, and came rattling down to plunk at our feet. The leaves were glinting gold as they swayed with the movement of air. The hilltop presented a view bright with red sumac, yellow goldenrod and milkweed pods spewing forth platinum parachutes.

A sudden movement at the edge of the sunlit path caught our eyes and we froze as a mother deer and her good-sized fawn moved into view. They seemed unaware of our presence until Jeff sneezed. For what seemed like one long moment, both deer stood motionless looking at us with clear, dark eyes. Then suddenly, long legs moving quickly and gracefully, the doe flung up her white flag of a tail and bounded back into the protective trees. The small baby deer bounced through the brush frantically trying to keep up. We watched as long as we could see that white flag in the distance and the jumping into view and disappearing down into the brush of the little one.

Our mood of quiet wonder was shattered



A boy, rocks and water are an unbeatable combination for fun. At the end of an autumn hike, Jeff Birkby lifts a large rock and balances his feet in preparation for the tossing and splashing to follow.

tered by the noisy squeak of leather, the clatter of hoofs and the shouts of riders approaching.

"Do we go to the outside of the trail like the hikers do on the trails of the Grand Canyon?" I asked.

"Not on the outside; get *clear off*!" Robert ordered as the first horse came into sight around a bend in the trail.

The horsemen swept by with shouted "Hi!" We pondered, as the clattering noise faded into the distance, on the variety of colors and size of horses and the variety of ages and sizes of the riders. Most of these people were from this local area and we knew a number of them personally.

On we hiked until we came to the north dam and a small lake which is being formed in a deep hollow of the land. It proved to be a fine place to stop and eat our simple lunch. Canned meat, crackers, pickles, peanut butter, jelly, fresh apples and cookies made up the main menu. Craig opened the canteen and filled paper cups with the chocolate milk it contained. Under the leaves of a great oak tree in the quiet valley with excellent companions, we considered our meal delicious indeed.

The quiet was broken when groups of horses began trotting by. Many of the riders grinned when they saw us and began tossing out remarks:

"Lose your horses?"

"You aren't WALKING?"

"Where did YOU come from?"

"Did you hike clear in HERE?"

We smiled back and tried to think of something clever in the way of a retort, but nothing much materialized. Soon we finished eating, climbed up to the top of the hill behind the lake, circled around and back down to begin the homeward trek.

Going west and south, now, we followed the prints of the horses hooves. When we reached the fork in the path we turned straight west and pressed up the hill, down the hill, across a meadow bright with yellow butterflies, down a hill and up a hill, through another meadow and finally down a long incline. Nestled in a grass-lined hollow was a beautiful pond. We could hear trucks passing along the highway and realized we were just north of the gravel pile which edges the pavement.

"I'd like to stay here and enjoy the scenery while you go get the car," I said, hoping the fact that I'd just like to sit didn't show too plainly. It did! Robert opined that HE could finish what he started but if I couldn't he would go get the car. Jeff decided to stay with me and practice the time-honored art of throwing rocks into the water. I leaned back against a tree trunk in perfect contentment and watched Jeff. I'd had it!

It seemed like all too short a time that we heard the horn honking a greeting. Jeff and I reluctantly left our quiet nook and clambered up the last hill, around the gravel pile (stored at this spot for the use of the highway department) and walked over to the car parked beside the pavement.

A sense of achievement permeated our thinking as we drove around the bluff road toward home. Sure it was effort and we were all bone weary from the unusual exercise — especially me. But the beauty of the trails and hills and trees and colors of fall in this section of the Waubonsie State Park made it worth every step of the way.

The sun was setting into a soft cushion of purple and pink clouds as we
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**ORDELL'S OATMEAL CAKE**

- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 1 cup quick oats
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup nuts

Combine boiling water, oats and butter and let stand for 20 minutes. Add remaining ingredients in order given and mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased pan, about 8 by 11, and bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Then remove from the oven and spread the following topping over the warm cake.

Topping

- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 cup canned milk (evaporated)
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 cup coconut

Combine the ingredients for the topping, spread over warm cake, and place under broiler until topping is bubbly and brown.

—Margery

SCHOOL-DAY CASSEROLE

- 1 7-oz. pkg. macaroni
- 1/4 lb. dried beef
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated sharp American cheese

Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water until tender; drain; rinse with hot water. Frizzle meat and cook green pepper in butter; add flour and blend; add milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly; add 3/4 cup of the cheese. Combine sauce and macaroni; pour into greased casserole; top with remaining cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350-degrees) 30 to 40 minutes. Serves 6.

—Margery

BLUE CHEESE DRESSING

- 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
 - 1 tsp. garlic salt
 - 2 Tbls. finely chopped green onions and tops
 - 1 Tbls. wine vinegar
 - 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1 tsp. sugar
 - 4 oz. blue cheese, crumbled
- Mix all ingredients together thoroughly and store, covered, in refrigerator. Stir again just before using. This is delicious on tossed salad or on vegetables, such as broccoli, Brussels sprouts, etc.

—Abigail

ORANGE-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. orange gelatin
 - 2 cups boiling liquid from fruits
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1 tsp. wine vinegar
 - 1 can drained mandarin oranges
 - 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- Dissolve gelatin in the juice from the fruits, adding water as necessary to make the entire amount. Add flavoring and vinegar. Chill until gelatin begins to congeal, and then add the drained fruit. Chill until firm.

—Margery

ESCALLOPED VEGETABLES

- 2 cups cooked vegetable (eggplant, asparagus, carrots, or corn may be used)
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- Buttered bread crumbs

Place half the vegetable in the bottom of a buttered casserole. Cover with a layer of sliced eggs, another layer of vegetable, the rest of the sliced eggs. Make a white sauce with the next four ingredients, then add the grated cheese and stir until melted. Pour over the vegetables, cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake 20 to 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

DELICIOUS APRICOT BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 cup flour
- Combine until crumbly and then add:
- 1 egg, beaten with
 - 1 Tbls. milk
- Press in a greased 9 by 13 pan. Spread with 8 tablespoons of apricot jam. Over this spread the following ingredients which have been combined:
- 1 cup sugar
 - 1 egg
 - 4 Tbls. melted butter
 - 2 cups flake coconut
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Bake at 325 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until lightly brown. Cut into bars.

—Margery

WHEATON SALAD

- 6-oz. pkg. cherry or black cherry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 can whole cranberry sauce
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts (slivered almonds are preferable)

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add flavoring and cool. Add cranberry sauce and then refrigerate until the gelatin begins to congeal. Fold in the cream and nuts and return to refrigerator until completely set.

Although this is a simple and easy-to-prepare salad, the combination of the ingredients is marvelous.

—Margery

NEW TWIST CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup chocolate bits

Cream the shortening and sugars. Combine the soda and water and beat in. Add the flavorings and egg yolks and beat well. Stir in the flour. Pat this mixture into the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch pan which has been greased and floured. Sprinkle the chocolate bits on top and cover with the following topping:

- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup brown sugar

Beat the whites until stiff then gradually beat in the sugar. Spread over chocolate chips. Bake in a 325-degree oven about 30 to 35 minutes, or until brown.

—Dorothy

COUNTRY PIE

Mix together and pat into casserole dish:

- 3 cups cooked rice
- 1/2 cup tomato sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Cover with pinches of the following mixture. It will cook together into a crust.

- 1 cup tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup chopped onions
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. oregano

Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Remove cover and sprinkle with 1/2 cup grated Cheddar. Continue baking, uncovered, for ten more minutes.

—Mary Beth

SALTED PEANUT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup other shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup salted peanuts, with husks on, coarsely chopped
- 1 1/2 cups oatmeal
- 1/2 cup crushed corn flakes

Cream shortenings and sugar. Add egg and flavorings. Sift and add flour, soda and baking powder. Lastly, add the peanuts, oatmeal and corn flakes. Drop by tsp. on greased baking sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 350 degrees. An unusual cookie we're sure you'll like.

BUTTERSCOTCH RAISIN PIE

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 5 Tbls. flour
- Dash of salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 baked pastry shell

Mix the brown sugar, flour and salt. Gradually add the milk and flavorings and mix well. Beat the egg yolks and add and stir in the raisins and cinnamon. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick. Pour into the pastry shell and cover with a meringue. Bake in a 325-degree oven about 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

SPECIAL CHEESE CASSEROLE

Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Cut 1/2" thick — 7 slices bread. Spread lightly with butter. Cut two of slices twice across on bias, making 8 triangular pieces. Cut remaining bread into cubes. Place layers of cubed bread in buttered baking dish. Sprinkle layers with:

- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Combine and beat:
- 2 eggs
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. paprika
 - Few grains cayenne pepper
 - 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Pour ingredients over cheese and cubed bread. Place triangles of bread upright around edge to form crown. Bake for about 25 minutes and serve at once.

—Abigail

APPLE SAUERKRAUT

(A great recipe for those who don't like *plain* sauerkraut.)

- 6 strips bacon, diced
 - 1 cup chopped onions
 - 2 cans sauerkraut, drained
 - 3 tart apples, pared and diced
 - 3 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 1 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1 tsp. caraway seed
 - Freshly ground pepper
 - 1 cup beef broth, or similar stock
- Cook bacon until lightly browned. Add onion and saute until golden. Spoon off excess fat and add remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly and simmer for about 20 minutes, or until apples are tender. Put into a casserole and cover with slices of apple. Dot with butter and sprinkle with more brown sugar. Brown under broiler.

—Abigail

PUFF BALL DOUGHNUTS

- 2 eggs
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 Tbls. melted shortening
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 3 cups flour
 - 3 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/3 tsp. nutmeg
- Beat the eggs and beat in the salt, vanilla, shortening, milk and sugar. Sift together the flour, baking powder and nutmeg and add. Drop by teaspoon into lard which has been heated to 325 degrees. Cook slowly so as to be sure the little balls are cooked through. If one comes to the top of the lard immediately after being dropped in, the lard is hot enough, in case you don't have a thermometer. Drain, when done, on paper towels. Roll in granulated sugar.

Makes a great after-school treat.

—Margery

APPLE FILLED BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Beat 1 whole egg and 1 egg yolk together, reserve remaining egg white. Add milk and flavoring to beaten eggs. Stir into dry ingredients until just moistened. Gently knead on lightly floured board. Roll into 8 by 12 rectangle. Cut with 3-inch biscuit cutter. Spoon apple filling across center. Fold over (like turnovers) so half of round is now on top. Seal edges by pressing with tines of a fork. Brush top with beaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Put on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven, 400 degrees, for 15 minutes or until golden brown.

Apple Filling

- 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1 1/2 cups finely chopped apples
- Combine ingredients. When well mixed spoon onto biscuits as directed. Your family will enjoy these.

—Evelyn

FOUR-BEAN BAKE

- 2 cans white lima beans
- 1 can green lima beans
- 1 can red kidney beans
- 1 can pork and beans
- 8 slices bacon
- 2 onions, diced
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. garlic salt (optional)

Fry bacon until almost done. Drain off all but 2 Tbls. fat. Remove bacon pieces to casserole. Brown onion lightly in shortening. Add to casserole along with rest of ingredients. Stir lightly to mix well. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Number 2 cans are the ones used in the original recipe. This makes a large amount but it freezes well. With the addition of a hot bread and a simple dessert a fine easy meal can be built around this casserole dish. If time is at a premium, this recipe may be simmered in a large covered skillet for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot.

—Evelyn

DELICIOUS ORANGE CAKE

1 orange
1 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped nuts
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup sour milk
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
2 cups sifted flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. cinnamon



She's Just Enjoying!

She's not concerned about where her mother (or grandmother or aunt) got the wonderful things that have been baked into those fresh cookies. She's never thought to ask how modern science has managed to provide her mother with all the exotic flavors of the world. Far away flavors her grandmother couldn't use (or could use only in season). Now, the good cook adds taste, aroma and color simply by reaching for a bottle of handy, economical, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. In season or out, she knows that every one is delicious, aromatic flavoring, made by us and guaranteed by us. There are 16:

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Cherry	Mint
Almond	Black Walnut
Burnt Sugar	Vanilla
Coconut	Maple
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1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Grind the orange and the raisins. Add the nuts; mix well and let stand. Cream together the shortening and the sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and mix well. Stir in 3/4 of the orange mixture. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and spices, and add alternately with the sour milk and soda. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan and bake approximately 60 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Make a butter and powdered sugar icing and beat in the remaining orange mixture and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. If it is too thick to spread, a little cream can be added.

—Dorothy

OLD-FASHIONED SOUR CREAM GINGERBREAD

2 egg whites, beaten stiff
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. soda
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 egg yolks
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 cup molasses
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Beat egg whites until stiff. Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and brown sugar. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with cream which has been combined with molasses and flavorings. Fold in egg whites. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes or until it tests done.

This is an old, old recipe. It may be made with either country sour cream or the commercial variety. The original recipe concludes by saying, "Serve with sweet butter, whipped cream, sweetened sour cream or vanilla ice cream." Mark this one EXCELLENT!

—Evelyn

QUICK HAM CASSEROLE

8 slices of bread, crusts removed
1 cup grated sharp cheese
1 1/2 cups cubed baked ham
2 eggs
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 1/4 cups milk
1/2 tsp. salt
Dash cayenne pepper

Cube the bread and place 1/3 of it in the bottom of a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with 1/2 of the cheese and half the cubed ham. Cover with another third of the bread, the rest of the cheese and ham, and top with the remaining bread. Beat the eggs and blend in the milk, butter flavoring, salt and pepper, and pour over the casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven 35 to 45 minutes.

—Margery

APRICOT WHIP

1 can (1 lb. 14 oz.) peeled apricots, drained

20 large marshmallows

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 cup whipping cream

Drain apricots, reserving 1/4 cup syrup. Mash apricots thoroughly, or pulverize in blender. In saucepan put apricots and marshmallows, plus the reserved syrup and orange flavoring. Stir over low heat until marshmallows are dissolved. Cool. Whip cream and fold into the cooled mixture. Spoon into sherbet glasses and chill. Calorie watchers could use whipped cream substitute.

—Margery

BROWNED BUTTER PECAN COOKIES

1 cup butter, browned

2 cups brown sugar

2 beaten eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

1 cup finely chopped pecans

3 cups flour

1 tsp. baking soda

1 tsp. cream of tartar

1/4 tsp. salt

Melt butter and brown nicely. Pour over brown sugar, eggs and flavoring. Add pecans. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted. Form into rolls and chill for 24 hours. Slice thin and bake for 10 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

—Lucile

IRISH SODA BREAD

4 cups sifted flour

1 tsp. soda

3 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. salt

2 Tbls. sugar

3 Tbls. butter or margarine

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 egg, beaten

1 1/2 cups raisins

1 1/2 cups buttermilk

Sift together all dry ingredients. Cut margarine or butter into mixture. Add remaining ingredients. Stir just until mixed. Turn out on lightly floured breadboard. Knead 5 or 6 times, until smooth. Handle lightly; this is like a biscuit dough so do not overknead. Place in a well-greased bread pan and bake at 375 degrees for 1 hour.

MARY BETH AND FAMILY ARE SETTLED IN NEW HOME

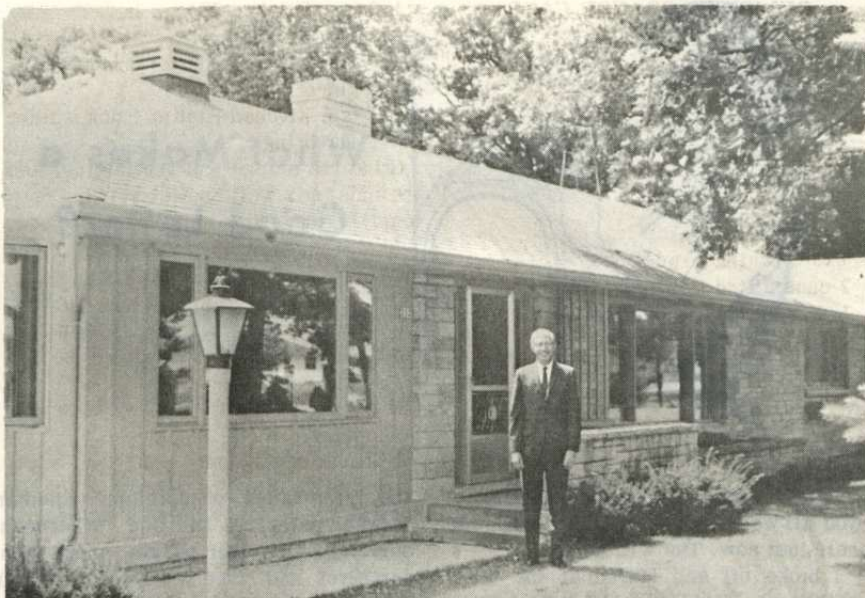
Dear Friends:

This month I am greeting you from the cool, orderly interior of our new house in Delafield, Wisconsin. Not new literally, but new to us. We moved in four weeks ago and by steady and concentrated hard work Don and I managed to get completely unpacked and settled into normal housekeeping almost immediately. We really had the breath of flitting time breathing down our necks because the Academy was sending Don to San Diego, California, for a mathematics seminar, and we had to find and unpack his things so he could pack up again and leave in two weeks.

This last move we made was a delight, if any move of household goods can be considered a delight. We worked very hard, doing the packing ourselves. (This move was not paid for by anybody except Don Driftmier, so we did everything we could to cut expenses.) Because I'm a hopeless saver we still had the boxes from the August, 1968, move away from Wisconsin. We considered very carefully what furniture to bring with us because we were moving into a one-story house from the fully lived in three-story house in Anderson, Indiana. Disinclined to part with too many pieces of furniture, we kept almost everything and fortunately everything fitted in here in Delafield. There is a paneled room in the basement complete with recessed light fixtures and dropped ceiling with sound proof tiles, and this we made into a family room, which took the excess furniture.

The happiest part of the move resulted from the fact that we came through without a single break. Donald is a technical packer, and he put things into boxes as only an engineer could so there was not that first shift in any boxes. He was really quite proud, and I have kidded him that during the summer months when he isn't teaching he could hire out to a moving company. He is beyond question the best packer who ever handled our things.

I wish you could have seen us en-route! We arrived in Delafield before the truck by about twelve hours, so we had to spend the night in a motel. We left the station wagon in the garage of the new house and traveled around in the little Volkswagen — all seven of us. Picture the long-legged Donald and Mary Beth folded out of the front seat, with the long, awkward basset hound perched precariously over the gear shift and emergency brake handle. In the back seat were Paul, Katharine,



The first snapshot of Donald's and Mary Beth's new home arrived in time for this issue. Donald, who appears in this picture, has recently entered the field of teaching.

and Adrienne and the cat and her litter container. The motel was kind enough to allow pets, and our pets did not disgrace themselves. They neither barked nor meowed.

We are delighted to have the luxury of air conditioning. I don't enjoy the silence of a closed-up house, so unless it is terribly humid and hot I think we'll not keep it running. The house has been very recently redecorated, and the wall colors and draperies and carpeting blend together in one harmonious concert. The dark green carpeting over most of the house unfortunately shows up white basset hound hair and light ivory Siamese cat hair, but this is good, I suspect, because I shall have to keep a tidier house than when we had a brown-white blend of floor covering.

The girls fitted their furniture into one very large bedroom, and it is a thing of beauty with the collection of beautiful dolls standing all in one room. Two of the walls are dominated by windows, over which, and extending to all corners, are full draperies, so we had problems putting up pictures, wall lamps, and cork boards. But they are settled, and although Adrienne complains about Katharine's choice of music and Katharine bemoans Adrienne's lack of housekeeping, they are getting along nicely.

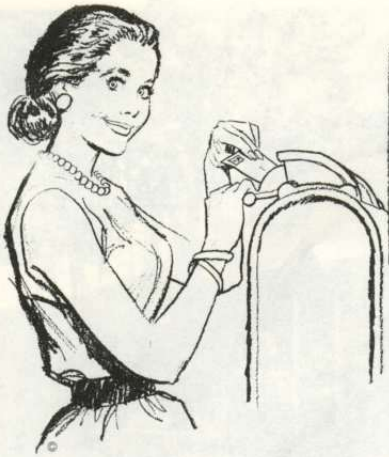
We have a nice size dining room with beautiful grass cloth wallpaper. This was something new to me, although I remembered that Lucile used it when she rebuilt her house. Unfortunately, our cat loves this wall covering almost more than I do. She has thus far confined her affection for this textured paper to one corner

behind the curtains, but if she learns to jump higher I fear she will find herself at the veterinarian's, having her claws removed. We all love her dearly, but we can't have the house destroyed by a cat who sharpens her claws on wallpaper and drapes. She is not going to be an outdoor cat, so I cannot see why lack of claws would bother her.

The children have made a number of friends already in this new neighborhood. Adrienne has found two nice neighbor girls and they have spent many happy hours coloring at our dining room table and out catching butterflies. Adrienne can't stand to mount them, so she comes home when this part begins. Katharine has found herself a friend as most fourteen-year-olds seem to want — one single friend — whom we all like. Paul is a little slower finding friends, but he has joined a Boy Scout troop which meets at the church down the road from us, so I'm sure he will soon know boys his age in Delafield. A good friend lives twenty-five miles away in Wauwatosa, and they spend several nights a month visiting each other overnight, but we want him to have neighborhood friends, too. I'm sure Boy Scouts is a good start.

Donald is now very busy with school work. This week he has gone to the Academy (with all of my typing paper) to make reams of notes in the math store room. The school is expanding so rapidly that he has grabbed a store room for an office. He doesn't have a home room to work from so he had to utilize what little extra space he could find. He has a room in our basement

(Continued on page 22)



What Makes a Good Letter?

by
Mary Feese

"Dear Folks: I've been thinking of you all week, but there is no real news here just now. The weather ---"

I broke off and stared at the letter before me, appalled. And then I threw that page away. For while there may not be current news, surely letters can be written about other important topics — thoughts, for instance, things we've read that change one's way of thinking, or stir up some new interest, or perhaps strengthen one's faith.

Far too seldom do we write a letter that really matters, really make the effort to communicate with someone we love. For after all, this is the purpose of a letter: to communicate. A mere telegram could carry the sterile message of that discarded letter, "Alive and well; thinking of you, Love, Mary."

I had put off this letter for several evenings, telling myself that there would be more news another day; tonight I hadn't time; and besides, I was tired. My first free evening, I rationalized, I would write a good, long letter to make up for the delay.

And now, with pen and paper and plenty of time, what was this great letter to be about? The weather? Surely not. There really wasn't any news, in the sense of current events, actual happenings, and yet, for me it had been a wonderful week.

For a moment I thought of mortality, of what a brief time we spend in this world, and of the thin line between life and death. If we put off doing those things that matter, and then someone dies or is killed, it is forever too late. For that matter, if we put them off very long, it is too late anyway, for tomorrow never comes. Today is all we have, and often at the end of it there's the dismal feeling that — somehow! — we should have done better.

Mark Twain once expressed the idea that the human mind is like an iceberg — 90% submerged — and that the unseen part is fully as important (or more so) than the part that can easily be seen. We are told that as a man thinketh, so is he. It is the thinking we do,

the interchange of opinions (whether between ourselves and God, or between ourselves and other people, or between ourselves and some really good book,) that determines our real and lasting character. Yet we ignore all this, in most of our letters, and stick to such trivia as: I baked a cake today, or, the sun was shining.

And those things make the pattern of our days; they are important, but not all-important. Not every letter can be a Really Important Letter, either. Still, once in a while . . . ?

A good letter may be a hastily written note, perhaps with a clipping, so long as it communicates that spark of caring across the miles. Another letter may be carefully thought out, and beautifully written. Either type may ease, momentarily, the loneliness of our days. Loneliness is a human trait, a common denominator of us all; we all walk down this road of life alone. Yet, are not many of the world's troubles caused, or worsened, by a lack of communication? Shall we not reach out to share our thoughts with others? Why, then, are we so self-conscious about it? Or negligent — "I'll do it later, time enough then." Is there ever time enough? Thomas Wolfe expressed it, "Time lost, that will never come again." Or the thought of flowers to the living, or Margaret Sangster's idea that the things you didn't do are your haunting ghosts at night.

Once more, the resolve is made: from now on, letters will be better. You know, and I know, that not every one will be a masterpiece. So many things interfere; often you actually are too tired, or there really isn't time. Perhaps you're scarcely in the mood to bare your soul, or that sort of thing isn't appropriate for the person to whom you're writing. Then share a lighter mood. A good letter should reveal some facet of your true personality, whether light or deep. When you read the letters of famous people, you feel that you really know them as individuals. And why? It is because their

letters are not facades of convention, nor boring diary-like accounts of "this week I . . ." No, these letters express the thoughts they wished to share with the other person.

For a good letter is a bit of yourself sealed in an envelope. And as your experiences are varied, so will your letters be. The range is infinite: from current happenings to eternal verities, from sharing a joke that struck you as funny to sharing some piece of philosophy that impressed you as being worthwhile.

In a surge of resolution, I tear up the letter I've begun. Whatever future letters amount to, at least this one will be special! Why, there are so many things to tell them — why did I think I had nothing to say? So if you'll excuse me ---

On a fresh sheet of paper I begin, "Dear Folks . . ."

HINTS FROM A HOMEMAKER

by Dagney M. Tinkey

Do your closets groan with clothes too good to throw away?...Are dresser drawers and shelves crowded? A "Give-away" box is a convenience. When the Goodwill truck comes by or the church has a rummage sale, there are your useable discards, ready to go.

Save those bright bits of left-over knitting yarn to use in embroidering flowery cushions or pictures. Popular designs such as daisies or hollyhocks are easy to sew freehand and results are original, often prettier than expensive manufactured pieces purchased in kits.

"You owe ME a letter" has started many a family argument. It's easy to forget. Therefore, I address and stamp an envelope for an answer as soon as a personal letter is received. A glance in the "out box" on my desk tells me its my turn to write to Aunt Ina or Sister Agnes.

Garden club members still disagree about the best way to "harden" flowers so they last in arrangements. I like the old way: plunge blossoms up to their necks in ice water and place them in our dark basement overnight. I have tried using warm water, adding sugar or chemicals, but I still maintain that the cold water treatment is best for show flowers or home bouquets.

"Never throw away a bottle" is the motto at our house. Aunt Frances collects bottles. Cousin Sue makes crushed glass pictures. For the design, she simply places another picture or a drawing under a square of glass. Then she glues her mosaic of crushed colored glass where wanted. Backing for her really beautiful all-glass picture may be colored paper or foil.

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"God must love the busy American woman worker, housewife, mother — the little woman — He made so many of them." So writes Clarissa Start in her book *Never Underestimate the Little Woman* (Concordia Publishing House, 3558 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63118, \$4.95). She shows how the modern American wife-mother-worker-volunteer is the hardest working, most creative woman in history. She does this with a fresh and vibrant view of life. Her philosophy is revealed in short sketches from personal experience.

In the sketch about wives working she comments that a specialist in counseling of college women said American women work to finance the long, expensive weekend — the new car, entertaining, clubs, and all the luxuries. Upon conducting her own survey at the office, she found these answers. Some work so they can eat something besides beans and bologna, save to build a porch, save for a baby, because parents are dependent, husband is in poor health, save for child's college, or because everything costs so much. Then follows a hilarious account of the author and her husband on their expensive weekend trip — to the grocery store!

Remember the first day of school, the corny bit about Mama being misty-eyed? Well, the author vowed she'd never succumb. So who walks back down the street, on that great day, empty handed and blinking rapidly.

A secret element in the fruitcake happened because the cat was coaxing for leftover fishstick while the creative cook was blending fruitcake ingredients.

Never Underestimate the Little Woman is for today's wife and mother. Clarissa Start's humor makes the book cheery and peppy reading. You'll agree with many of her sketches as they are true to life. The author offers thoughtful words to all American women that we concern ourselves with lasting values — enjoy our daily work, appreciate the beautiful world around us, show our families love, let this love radiate throughout the world, so that we no longer try to hate and destroy one another. It is a great responsibility we wives and mothers have.

A book for the creative author and for those who say they could write a book if they only had the time is *A Time to Write* (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$5.95) by Loula Grace Erdman. This popular author of many novels once heard an editor say her story was "pretty small

potatoes" so she told herself small potatoes were for seed, so she planted them in every editor's patch. Miss Erdman finds writing fun, but also requiring hard work and discipline. She offers sound advice for both good writing and good living.

After reading *A Time to Write*, it was fun to read Miss Erdman's *The Years of the Locust* (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$3.50, 1947) which was the winner of the \$10,000 Dodd-Mead Redbook Prize Novel. The story is of Old Dade Kenzie, a wise and prosperous man, and the men and women of the neighboring farms and villages whose lives were changed because they had known him. Set against a Missouri background, it is a lively narrative with a deep feeling for home and kinship. Her book of personal recollections is *Life Was Simpler Then* (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$4.00, 1963). In it she returns to her childhood in western Missouri and re-creates life as she knew it then. Readers will recall their own memories as she writes of the hired men who helped on the farm, of the upheaval of spring housecleaning, family reunions, the time of the second table for children at dinners, and when helpful Central was on the other end of the telephone wire. Certainly our nostalgia for this book comes from our own memories.

Miss Erdman is now Writer-in-Residence at West Texas State University in Canyon, Texas, where she also conducts an advanced workshop in creative



Dorothy was ready to leave for the farm when Margery stopped by Mother's with her camera.

writing. Through the years her students have sold many books, articles, and stories.

A novel of China by America's only living Nobel Prize novelist, Pearl Buck, is *The Three Daughters of Madame Liang* (The John Day Co., \$6.95). She has created a most convincing character in Madame Liang, proprietor of a fashionable restaurant in Shanghai during the China of today. She has three brilliant and charming daughters living in America. One is recalled by the Government to work in China; another marries and returns. The third remains in the United States. A story of drama, tragedy and hope unfolds, and through it all is Madame Liang's faith in China's endurance. Interesting to read of China and its people today.

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A Lunar Moonshine Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

With the thrilling first moonwalk so fresh in our minds wouldn't it be fun to try a little moon spoofing and a few loony lunar antics of our own at a Halloween party with a lunar theme?

Invitations: First make a pattern for the shape of the invitation by tracing the silhouette of the face of the man in the moon. Cut the invitations from orange paper, cutting two faces at once but leaving them joined at the side. Use a black marker to sketch in the eye and a smiling mouth on the front. On the second page write the following invitation: Join the other loony lunatics for a lunar walk as we spoon, croon, and swoon on the Halloween moon at my home on October 31, at eight P.M. To be admitted come costumed as your version of an inhabitant on some planet other than Earth. Signed. You might cut the silhouette of a cow from black paper and attach it to the moon by a short length of yarn.

Decorations: Fasten a large moon on the front door, with a cow's silhouette fastened above it, and perhaps the bowl running away with the spoon. If you have one, hang a cowbell on the doorknob.

For decorations for the party room, draw on your imagination and the recent coverage of the moonwalk in the news media to come up with some weird rocks, creatures, moonstruck trees (hall trees or brooms with wild-looking leaves of silver foil, tar paper, or other odd material), silver moons, green moons, space capsules, and a lunar module fashioned from cardboard cartons.

For nut cups get some little plastic pill bottles from the druggist. To each "capsule" attach a small card on which is printed "Lunar Loot, dug up October 31, 1969". Fill with tiny odd-shaped candies.

Instead of nut cups and the usual candy and nuts, how about large chunks of chocolate or almond bark wrapped in a piece of foil as a lunar rock? If serving from a buffet, these lunar rocks might be heaped in a bowl.

Instead of the nut cup, you might give an "Armstrong-Aldrin" favor — a large gumdrop in which you can stick a tiny United States flag.

Parachutes fashioned of cloth and string can be used as room decorations, or miniature ones can be attached to nut cups or favors for more space atmosphere.

If you have an entrance hall, dress up a hall tree or dust mop as a space man with weird space suit, and a large plastic or paper helmet to welcome the guests.

Entertainment: As hostess you will want to have on the wildest space suit you can contrive of cartons, foil, plastic bowls, etc., as you greet your guests. Cultivate the "lunar lope" walk to add to the merriment. Soon you'll find the guests joining in with their version of the moonwalk, the Mars gallop, or the Venus strut!

With the guests costumed as if coming from various planets, start off the entertainment by numbering each guest and having everyone write down the planet they think each represents. Award a prize (a piece of green cheese, perhaps?) to the one with most correct list.

Lunar Grab: Fill a large paper bag with "loot" — miniature candy bars, candy kisses, apples, sticks of gum, etc. The bag can be suspended from a chandelier, or one person can hold it aloft. The players are blindfolded, one at a time, and handed a cane. The object of the game is for the player to hook the loot with the crook of the cane within two minutes' time, or

while the leader counts to fifty. Each player who succeeds in hooking the sack may reach in and help himself to a treat.

Hooking the Man in the Moon: You will need to prepare the equipment for this game ahead of the party. From heavy posterboard cut a large "man in the moon" crescent and also an Earth (circle). Mark the man's features on the moon. Cut a large hole in the center of Earth. Tie the earth to the moon with a string (use a punch to make the holes), leaving about eight or ten inches of string between the two. Try the game yourself to judge the length of string that works best for your size of moon and Earth. The object of the game is for the player to take the moon in one hand and then try to flip the Earth so that it lands (hole goes over a tip) on the moon. Only one hand may be used. The leader sets a time limit.

Space Shoot: Let each player make three paper airplanes like the ones children fold and fly about the schoolroom when teacher's back is turned. Place a large wastebasket or dishpan at one end of the room. The guests each get three chances to land their plane on the moon (in the container).

Moon Sing Down: Divide the group into two teams. They take turns singing different songs, each which must have the word "moon" in its title. The losing team is the one which fails to come up with a moon song when its turn comes.

Loony Rock Grab: Cut the thirty-one days (numbers) of a month from a calendar. These are placed in a box which has an opening at the top so a hand can reach in to take a number. The box is then placed on a chair. The players march in a circle around the chair while some lively moon music is played. Whenever the music stops, the player in front of the chair draws a number. At the close of the game, when all numbers have been drawn, the players add up the numbers they have and the one having the largest total wins the game.

The Lunar Strut: At the close of the evening's entertainment have the guests do a grand march and award prizes for the best costumes and the person with the best moon strut (walk).



BITTERSWEET

Bittersweet clings to the fence each fall in tangerine display,
to gladden the eye of passerby,
to brighten a dreary day.

This supple vine of storied name,
with usefulness imbued,
provides for winter-weary birds
a source of berry-food.

When orange sprays are cut and placed
in copper bowls for show,
they capture, hold the season through:
October's brilliant glow.
—Inez Baker

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

October is clean-up time for yard and garden. It is the time to remove dead stems of all annuals, and the dead tops of perennials. If left in the garden they can harbor insect pests and diseases. To compost or not to compost some of the material is always a problem and if in doubt burn it. The past few years we have sprinkled each layer of newly-added trash on our compost heap with a soil fumigant as just about everything from the flower beds and gardens ends up there. Always compost leaves and if you grow tuberous begonias and keep very many house plants, it is a good idea to stack your leaves separately for leaf mold. Leaf mold is invaluable for mixing potting soil and to mix with sand for starting bulbs in early spring.

October is also the month to lift and store your summer flowering tubers, combs and bulbs, such as gladiolus, ismene, callas, cannas and dahlias. Let all of them cure (dry) in an airy but frostproof place for a few days after they have been dug and the dead tops have been removed. Then sort and store in crates, onion bags, or vermiculite. Remember that ismenes like a warm storage place, while most other kinds prefer a cooler situation.

The bulbs of tulips and some lilies can be planted this month. It is best to plant them in clusters or drifts for the most effective showing when they bloom. Good drainage is of prime importance for all bulbs, and as an extra precaution we always place a handful of damp sand in the bottom of the holes to seat in our choice bulbs when planting them. Bulbs that stand in water for even a short period of time may rot instead of grow.

If you want to grow a new tulip that is truly beautiful, get a few bulbs of the multiple-blooming variety "Plum Purty". We ordered 25 bulbs and used them for greenhouse forcing, placing five bulbs to each six-inch pot on November 8, 1968. The pots were placed on the floor of the greenhouse near the foundation where it is very cool and often freezes a little in extremely cold weather. In late February they were set up on the bench because they had begun to grow. All were in bloom for Easter. The big flowers appear a gray-lavender with white edges and don't seem very colorful at first, but after a week the color deepens to a soft purple with pure white edging on each petal. As many as three flowers came on each stem, so each pot was a lovely "bouquet" of tulips.



It was fun having our cousin Ruth Shambaugh Watkins and her family near-by this summer. On one of our trips to the farm Margery snapped this picture of Mother with Ruth and three of her children, Heidi, Nancy and Seth.

THE JOHNNY APPLESEED FAIR

A Fall Money-maker

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Autumn is the time for food sales, bazaars, lodge suppers, and club luncheons. Why not sort of mix-and-match the whole kaboodle and wrap it all up in an apple theme for the fall event to swell your treasury, and have a wonderful time doing it?

Give one committee the task of glean- ing the best apple recipes from favorite cookbooks and assigning the various recipes to be made and brought for the "Apple Goodie Booth" — homemade apple butter, apple pie, apple jelly, applesauce cakes, spiced apples, dried apples — what a wonderful assortment of mouth-watering apple delicacies can be prepared, and all sure to find ready buyers.

Of course you will want a TAFFY APPLE booth, and how about a booth shaped like a giant apple? Make a chicken wire frame and cover it with red paper, from which "Sweet Ida" dispenses apple cider?

House plants, cuttings, and slips, Indian corn, gourds, dried flower arrangements, and home-grown bulbs can be sold at JOHNNY APPLESEED'S SEED AND NURSERY CORNER.

To key the needlework booth into the apple theme, plan to make some pot- holders in the shape of bright red ap- ples; trim some aprons with appliqued apple pockets; and add apple appliques to such items as kitchen curtains, bibs, and tea towels to spark the sewing items to the theme.

Novelty gift items might be sold from a booth using the "Apple for the Teach- er" idea.

Instead of a FISH POND (white ele- phant) corner for the children custom- ers, have them bob for apples. Lots of fun! (Provide the bobbers with large plastic bibs so they do not get their clothes wet.)

If there is to be a coffee time or a luncheon in connection with the fair, consider serving apple-filled rolls, or applesauce cookies or bars with the coffee. For a luncheon there are apple salads or apple desserts which can be served.

Of course you will use shiny polished apples for table and other decorations. Paper ones can be used to enhance the booties, and tiny paper apples will make attractive price tags for such a fair.

THE CALLER

Love knocked twice upon my door,
At first I was not home;
With visitors a second time
I could not ask Him in.

But hoping that He comes again
I must a vigil keep,
Lest at the precious moment
He find me — fast asleep.

—Kristin Brase

IT'S FALL!

Autumn leaves, dry, dead and brown,
Go sailing through the air!
Trees that once were fully dressed
Now stand completely bare!
Scolding squirrels search for acorns,
Then carry them away;
Tasty meals they will provide
On some cold Winter's day.
Shocks of corn stand in the fields
Like soldiers, straight and tall;
Bonfire smoke is everywhere
As once again it's Fall!

—Roy J. Wilkins

MYSTERY PLANT OF THE AGES

by

Marjorie Spiller Neagle

Nearly fifty years ago when the tomb of the Egyptian King Tut-ankh-a-men was opened there was found in it (along with some golden couches, a chariot, a gold and silver throne encrusted with jewels, garlands of well-preserved flowers, a lock of hair, and numerous other articles) some roots of the licorice plant. They had, in all probability, been placed there to sweeten Tut's journey to the hereafter. King Tut died around B.C.1400, proving that licorice has been around for a long time, though not always in the forms we know today.

Licorice is so sweet that when one part is added to 20,000 parts water its taste is readily detected. (Synthetic licorice extract manufactured today is fifty times sweeter than cane sugar.) Researchers say that this one plant has been used by more people over a longer period of time than any other combination thirst quencher, medicine, and flavoring agent in the world. It is said that when soldiers in ancient

armies held licorice in their mouths as they marched over arid regions they were never thirsty.

A thousand years ago it was commonly believed that old age could be postponed by keeping the body flexible with dosages of licorice. American farmers of a generation and more ago, ploughing and haying in the hot sun, kept cool by drinking a beverage made of licorice extract in water, called "swipes".

The word *licorice* comes from the Greek *glykys*, meaning sweet, and *rhiza*, meaning root. It is from the crushed and boiled root that the juice is obtained. When dried the juice becomes the shiny black substance that children like to chew in sticks and strings and gobs. A member of the pea family, licorice has a long tough root. It grows to a height of three to five feet. Its flowers are pale blue, and its seed pods not more than an inch long.

Outside Asia and Southern Europe where it originated, cultivated licorice does not thrive well, although it does manage to exist in a few isolated areas of Louisiana. One of the major enterprises along the Mediterranean Sea is the extraction of licorice root juice.

HUNTER HUNTS HORNS - Concluded vibration, but varies in accordance with the amount of blowing force employed. A hunting horn was primitive man's first wind instrument, and from it have come our bugle, tuba, and all other winds.

His collection of horns hangs on the wall of one side of his trophy room, another interesting place to visit. There are perhaps a dozen skins of bobcats with their fierce-looking heads attached. No two are exactly the same shade, and one is black spotted, exactly like a leopard. There is a cabinet full of the ribbons, cups and trophies his coon dogs have won at shows and field trials. Among other stuffed animals, there were two good sized alligators. He answered our query by saying alligators infested the Alabama swamps where he hunted bobcats, and these were two he had to kill as they were "upset" at being disturbed. This brought up another question. "Aren't there snakes there, too, and how do you manage about snakes without boots?"

"Ordinary snakes never bother me and are only too anxious to make a getaway if you allow them. But, one of my ears is specially tuned for rattlers. Then I look out! You know there is a saying that if you were born in Alabama, you were born listening for rattlers. And so not as many people are bitten as you'd imagine."

Dr. Durant adds that anyone who has never heard the music when the hounds have struck a hot, fresh coon, fox, or bobcat trail, has missed one of life's greatest thrills. The hunters stay in one spot until the hounds have treed their quarry. But the hounds picture the chase out for their waiting masters. Each hunter knows his own hound's voice. Every bark is different and tells the waiting men that the bobcat has turned, crossed the creek, or used any other tricks they use to elude the hounds. Then, when the hounds are bunched shoulder to shoulder and galloping like mad in a pack, that's when the music floats back. The old dogs have bass voices, the young ones are tenors, and the rest of the pack register all the voices known between a low bass and a high tenor. It's heavenly.

One of Dr. Durant's friends was dubious about this "beautiful music" Dr. Durant told him about. So a hunt was arranged for the doubter. When the hounds struck trail and the sounds floated back to the men on the bluff, Dr. Durant asked, "What'd I tell you? Isn't that the prettiest music you ever heard?"

The doubter, very much irritated, replied, "You know I can't hear a thing for those darned dogs barking."

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you'll ever get.**



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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 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.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded
 friendship and love that is shared with another, whether it is the sharing of the posies in our garden or the sharing of the culture and knowledge between nations. True caring always turns out to be a two-way street!

LITANY

All: O GOD, MAKE US AWARE —
Leader:

Of this whole world in which we live;
 Of its beauty on every hand;
 Of the wealth it holds, so abundantly
 given to us to use;
 Of the seasons Thou has ordained;
 Of the ordered harmony of this magnificent
 universe Thou hast created;
 Of the simple pleasures of each day —
 the sunrise, the sunset, the rain-
 bow, the dew on the grass;
 Of the evidences in every direction, at
 all times, that Thou dost care for
 us.

All: O GOD, MAKE US AWARE —
Leader:

Of man whom Thou hast made in Thy
 image;
 Of man's great gifts of body, of mind,
 of choice to make decisions;
 Of joys of love, of being alive;
 Of the happiness of home and family;
 Of the value of a smile, the worth of
 laughter that is shared, the security
 in an abiding faith, the
 courage in a clasped hand, the
 healing in a spoken word.

All: O GOD, MAKE US AWARE —
Leader:

Of those around the world who are like
 us — Thy children, all loved equally
 by Thee;
 Of the abundance that is ours, to be
 used wisely for the good of all —
 given by Thy love, not because of
 a priority or a superiority.
 Of those who are lonely and need
 someone's voice in company,
 someone's ear to listen;
 Of those who need knowledge and
 books and tools of which we are
 so richly blessed by the circum-
 stances of birth — not by our right;
 Of those who need clothes for comfort,
 for life itself, while we are all
 taken up with style, fashion and
 ornamentation.
 Of those who worry because they have
 no food while we worry about what
 kind, how much, and where shall
 we eat it — indoors or on the
 patio?
 Of those who suffer because they have
 no roof, while we worry about the
 kind of a trailer, camper, or cot-
 tage for a second home.

All: O GOD, MAKE US AWARE —
Leader:

Of the challenge of service;
 Of the courage that comes from Thee
 when danger is faced in Thy name
 and for Thy people;



Andrew wanted a tree house when he visited his grandparents so Dorothy made one "of sorts" on a low branch beside a fence where he could climb on by himself. You can see by the smile that he liked it.

Of the love and blessings that come as
 we "do unto the least of these"
 and "do unto others" as Thou
 hast commanded us.
 Of the high calling of man, to care for
 one another.
 Of our growing closeness to Thee as
 we draw closer to each other in
 friendship and understanding and
 service.

All: O GOD, MAKE US AWARE!

Closing Hymn: "Spirit of Life", "God
 the Omnipotent", or similar hymn.

Benediction: Fill our hearts and
 minds with awareness — awareness of
 all the ways Thou carest for us, aware-
 ness of the needs of others. Send us
 forth to witness to our caring through
 our action. Make of each of us, O
 God, a person who cares. Amen

OCTOBER

October, gay gypsy rover,
 With the blue mist hanging over —
 The month without a peer.
 Sumachs, red in all their glory,
 Tell the annual story:
 Autumn's here.

Wild geese flying high,
 Wedge shaped against the sky,
 Honk, honk, day and night.
 The bluebirds and their fledglings
 Are resting where the hedge is
 Preparing for their flight.

To the southland they will go,
 Where there is no ice or snow,
 For a rest,
 They'll soon be back (it won't be long)
 With their merry cheery song
 To build a nest.

Wonders of God's plan
 With His gift of love to man
 Through the ages will endure.
 And with faith in heart and soul
 We'll strive to reach the goal
 And forever be secure.

—Mary E. Boyles

FALL

Fall is a red vine hung
 in our wood, in a walnut tree,
 like a scarf a giant has flung
 carelessly free!

Fall is the yellow patch
 of weed, the flowers that run
 like children the hills cannot catch
 up ravines in the sun.

Our amethyst grapes and pears
 of topaz are Fall — and the gems
 of apples the tree bears
 on her golden stems.

Adrift on the warm tide
 of fragrance and lavender haze,
 we swim on the slow, wide
 ebb of the sea of days.

—Helen Harrington



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 ever, if you can't yet buy it at your
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 sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenan-
 doah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

Fall meetings are starting now. Our first women's meeting of the church is this week. Mother and I received our program booklets in the mail this morning and we've already checked to see where our names appear for programs. I notice that I'm on the agenda in January for a panel discussion. This gives me plenty of notice so there will be ample time for preparation.

Surely the Alexanders will be arriving momentarily, so I'll bring this to a close and put on the coffee pot.

Sincerely,
Margery



Andy learned to saw wood while visiting his grandparents' farm.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

will have to be prohibited on these crowded streets. Also, the city seemed dirtier than it ever had before. Conditions during the garbage strike must have been intolerable. But crowded, noisy, odorous and dirty as it is, to me it is still an exciting, stimulating place to go — once in a while.

We stopped in Shenandoah for a very brief visit with the family on our flight back to Denver. Delightful as it was, we were anxious to get on home and when we did, we discovered that Alison, Clark and our dog Lucky had managed to survive our absence with no apparent difficulty.

Sincerely,
Abigail

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

It's not sensible to make many plans at much distance in the future, but I'm very hopeful that Mother and Dorothy can visit me in Albuquerque before winter arrives. Every time I think about my former place north of Santa Fe I'm just grateful that I hung on to it long enough for her to see it. The only members of the family who never got there were Frederick, Betty, Mary Leanna and David. Everyone else made it at some time during the years that I owned it.

These days I am giving serious thought to getting a new little dog. At first after Jakey-Boy died I couldn't even contemplate getting another dog to replace him, but Paula loves pets

and I do too, so perhaps on this trip to Albuquerque we can go to some kennels and see if we can find another Chihuahua. I want a male dog and have already named him Casey.

As I look out the window these days I can see gold leaves falling and they certainly are a reminder that summer is over and before long winter will be here. Like countless people, I find each year that winter gets a little harder, but on the other hand I like the change of seasons and wouldn't willingly give them up. I never felt really at home in California because the only difference winter made out there was heavy and constant rain during the period of snow and ice we have in Iowa.

Write when you can.

Lucile

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

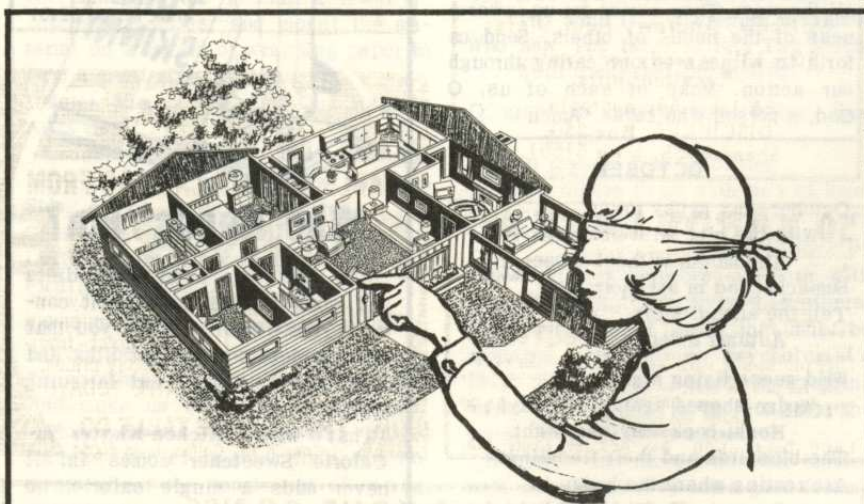
that he is utilizing for his work away from school.

The children and I squeezed in a weekend away from our new house to attend the gala two-day pre-wedding festivities and wedding of our cousin in La Grange, Illinois. Judith is really my first cousin once removed but she seems closer. She married her Greek professor from Grinnell College, and it was a beautiful wedding. She and her professor have known one another four years so no one could possibly claim they don't know each other well enough. The children were invited to the bridal dinner and were quite excited. The wedding was in a simply breathtakingly beautiful Episcopal Church, which was very old-world in its architecture. The bride wore traditional satin with off white lace and the bridesmaid looked like something out of King Arthur's court. The reception was in the garden of my aunt's and uncle's home, and under a pink candy-striped tent the overall scene was quite impressive to three young children. Both of my girls hope to stay slender enough to wear their cousin's wedding dress, but that is a long way off, I hope.

It is time I headed for the kitchen, so until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

**YOU CAN'T MISS!**

Whichever room you pick, in whatever house, you're sure to hit a room where **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner's** help is needed. Windows get grimy. Woodwork spotted. Lightswitches fingerprinted. Cabinets greasy. Pots and pans blackened. If you have **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** in your house, ready to go to work (even in coldest water), you are ready for any cleaning job in any room. If you haven't picked some up at your grocer's, better do it.

Something's going to get dirty!

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

AN AUTUMN HIKE - Concluded

drove into the back yard of our house.

"An autumn hike is something special," Robert commented as he lifted the back pack out of the car trunk. "I'm glad we could go."

"I'm hungry," Jeff and Craig said simultaneously.

"I'll see what's in the refrigerator," I said as we turned toward the house. Our autumn hike was ended.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

December ads due October 10.
January ads due November 10.
February ads due December 10.

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CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P. O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

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SENSATIONAL "Defender of Women!" Stops attackers instantly! Effective to 15 feet. Lipstick size. Samples for trial. Rush name. Kristee, 161, Akron, Ohio 44308.

RUGWEAVING: Unprepared materials — \$2.25 yd.; Balls \$1.25. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222.

SALE: gingham cross-stitched aprons — \$1.75. Also other gifts. Mrs. Allen Lang, Brooklyn, Iowa.

SEND FOR PATTERNS for magnetic refrigerator beetles, Lady Bug, kittens, turtles, pig, frog, Snoopy. All for \$1.25. Ask for set #2. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, R. 2, Garner, Iowa 50438.

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CROCHETED DOILIES, chair sets, tatting. Stamped envelope. Mamie Hammond, Shelby, Mo. 63468.

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS: fancy gingham aprons — \$3.00 each. Smocked, spider web medallions, Queen Anne's lace. Give color. Ad good anytime. Louise Dudley, Cowgill, Mo., 64637.

10 DIFFERENT HARDY TRUE lily bulbs \$2.00 postpaid. Labeled 25¢ extra. Carrie Benton, Armstrong, Iowa 50514.

WANTED: BACK ISSUES KITCHEN-KLATTER. First issue through August 1950. Janet Selby, Gallatin, Missouri 64640.

HERE'S HOW TO GET FREE Corning ware and many other FREE gifts with your order. Send for FREE color catalog of 190 fabulous giftware items to help you do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your home. Gifts for Him, Her, Home and Travel. Charles Annuth Products-K, 10644 Halstead St., Phila., Pa. 19116.

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METALLIC 'WHEAT' 14½" doily. Attractive \$2.85. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio 44708.

FREMONT FAMILIES Favorites Cookbook. Compiled by Farm Bureau Women. \$2.85 postpaid. Mrs. Lloyd Lorimor, R. 2, Farragut, Iowa 51639.

CHURCH WOMEN: will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

PATTERNS YOU'LL LOVE! 40¢. List 10¢. Preister, North Bend, Nebr. 68649.

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RECIPES: 50 choice no-bake cookies — \$1.00; 50 luscious cakes money can't buy! \$1.00. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

INFORMATION IS OUR BUSINESS. Difficult to find items located. Free details, DCSD, Box 1023, Wall Street Station, New York 10005.

KOWANDA METHODIST LADIES cookbook. 250 tested and signed recipes. They sell like hot cakes all over the states. \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. Glen Paulsen, R. 2, Oshkosh, Nebr. 69154.

BARBIE, Ken, Skipper clothes. 35¢ each plus postage. Joan Laughlin, Seymour, Ia.

HOUSEPLANTS. 12 different — \$3.60. Percale aprons — \$1.35 or 5 different \$6.00 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 4, Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS. Black Walnuts, Cashews, Almonds, Brazils, Pecans \$1.75Lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50Lb. Sassafras \$4.00Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

BIRTHDAY cards \$2.00 a box. Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha, Nebr. 68102.

LOVELY GIFTS. Fourfold washcloth pot-holders, crocheted around edge. 75¢ postpaid. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo. 64660.

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THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

October! The door is not completely closed on the warm air of late summer, yet some days and most evenings bring the unmistakable coolness of yet cooler days to come. The urgency of spring and summer is past and October is the final fling of the best of the two seasons. Flaming beauty is everywhere: late-blooming flowers, trees and shrubs in all their burnished glory. It's a GREAT month!

It's gingerbread, pumpkin pie and date pudding-time. Get out your recipe file and try those recipes you've been thinking about making *sometime*. The time is *now*.

Pause long enough to admire the great orange harvest moon as it moves slowly across the sky. Let's be romantic about the old moon as long as we possibly can.

I love to hear the symphony of crickets, to smell the scent of harvest — the winey tang of grapes, of apples in the sun. Watch the gold disks on the clump birch as they twist and turn on the branch. Within a few weeks most of the earth will be put to sleep — a gentle sleep to last until the coming spring.

Do you have one or two pieces of bric-a-brac that you treasure above all others? I do! A very tiny crystal-clear green bird mounted on a base of white marble, and a small gold pin tray of Pickard china. Someone once said, "It is the little things in life that make it pleasant."

Do you ever scuff through the leaves just to hear that pleasant, rustling sound . . . vow to do your Christmas shopping in either October or November and end up shopping the week before Christmas . . . feel a certain elation to be back in dark, fall clothes after a summer in shorts and play clothes . . . positively shiver to see a sign, left from the hot days, "Completely air-conditioned"?

Mark Twain said, "Grief can take care of itself, but to get the full value of a joy you must have somebody to divide it with."

SAFETY SPELLS SENSE

For a fire-safe Halloween, the trick is to treat youngsters to a hazard inspection before they go out for their evening of fun.

The National Fire Protection Association reminds parents that there are painful burns and even more tragic accidents waiting to pounce on children if they carry candle-lighted pumpkins or wear flimsy costumes that can ignite easily.

Parents are urged to keep this Halloween fire-safe for their children by heeding these important precautions:

1. Use a flashlight — never a candle — to light the pumpkin which the children carry. A candle-lighted pumpkin is hazardous indoors too; it can easily set fire to curtains or table decorations.

2. In buying or making costumes, stay away from flimsy materials, baggy sleeves and billowing skirts. The smallest spark or touch of flame can start them burning. Wigs and masks with fibrous "hair" are also possible fire hazards and should be avoided. Dark-colored fabrics increase the danger of children not being seen by motorists; a much safer choice is a light-colored costume.

3. Costumes, if store bought, should be flameproof. This process, which may also be done at home, will add a measure of protection if it is renewed each time the costume gets wet or is washed. However, almost any clothing material — lightweight or heavy, flameproofed or not — will burn to some extent.

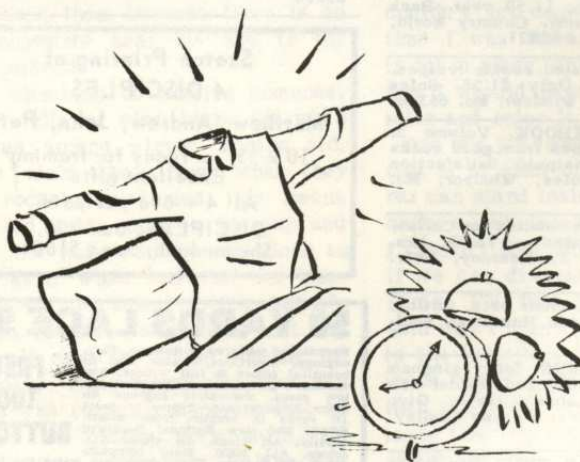
4. Be sure children understand they must stay well away from any flame, including bonfires, burning leaves, lighted matches, burning cigarettes, fireplaces, and stoves.

5. Make certain that smaller children are under the competent care and close watch of a responsible person at all times!



CHILD'S PRAYER FOR HALLOWEEN

I thank Thee for Halloween fun,
I will be kind to everyone;
I will not scare the little tot,
Or play the pranks that I should not.
—Mildred Grenier



WAKE
'EM
UP

Are your drawers and closets full of sleeping beauties: once-bright lingerie, blouses, dresses and nighties whose life and sparkle have been clouded by a lazy bleach or do-nothing detergent?

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