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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom.

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Today I am drawing many long, long breaths of relief — the basement has been **CLEANED!** Last month I told you that this big job was coming up, but I'll be very frank and say that I really sort of contemplated getting at it somewhat later. However, we had a string of comfortable days, weather-wise, and Eula kept reminding me that we should take action, so the upshot was that we tackled the job head-on.

I didn't know what in the world we'd unearth down there since I hadn't set foot in it for around eight years, but I can assure you that we found no great surprises. Most of the stuff I remembered very well indeed, although I had forgotten the five or six bird cages, several boxes of dishes (most of them badly cracked or chipped so I can't imagine why in the world they were down there at all), a couple of chairs that I'd totally lost track of, and endless big boxes of cancelled checks, etc.

The one great treasure we turned up was a tremendous quantity of old pictures, I dare say at least a thousand, and now that they're safely at hand I want to go through them carefully and get them into some sort of order. Is there anything like old pictures to stir up memories? When I had finished going through them I felt as though I had lived through my whole life all over again, so I alternated between laughing heartily at some hilarious pictures; and weeping silently for days that can never come back again.

I've reported before on my exceedingly peculiar peach tree, and since I've never had a good word to say for it I'd like to tell you right now that we've been engulfed by perfectly wonderful fruit. I can't imagine what in the world got into that tree this year, but we've had quantities of peaches for our own use and to share with anyone who would take them. And to think that not long ago I planned to have it cut down!

Mother and I have both had what could be called a quiet summer, but we're on the phone with each other several times every day. When I'm in Albuquerque the thing I miss the most of all is not picking up the phone to visit with her. We do talk fairly frequently, but not the way we do when I'm here in Shenandoah, needless to say.

Her handwork project for this summer has been to embroider a lovely luncheon cloth for Mary Leanna in soft shades of yellow, green and tan. Just about now Mary Leanna is moving into her own apartment in Boston and she is keenly interested in getting it all fixed up. For years she lived in dormitories, and then last year she shared a small apartment with three other girls; so this is her first opportunity to have a place of her very own. When the luncheon cloth is all done and ready to go, I am going to send with it some dishes in the same colors. Mother and I think that this will make a nice housewarming gift.

Ruby's summers are certainly very busy. She has a large garden with her home here in Shenandoah, so from the time the first vegetables are ready until the last fruit has been picked she spends several hours every day working over there. All of us are grateful for the things that she shares with us, and this includes quantities of flowers all summer long. I couldn't begin to count the lovely bouquets that Eula and I have enjoyed.

Last month I told you about David's stop to visit us and our lively fears that his old Volkswagen bus would never, never make it. Well, it didn't! He and his friend had considerable expense for repairs along the road, but when they reached San Francisco it fell apart just like the old one-hoss shay. There was no longer any question of resurrecting it for the rest of that big trip, so they sold it and went on their way by bus to Vancouver and across the country to Quebec. We haven't had any news this last week but no doubt

David is back in Springfield now and getting ready to start classes at the University of Massachusetts.

All of us are happy that Aunt Jessie Shambaugh's daughter, Ruth Watkins, is moving back to Iowa to make her home. She and Bob built a house in the country on a high hill overlooking the valley where Clarinda lies, and now they expect to make it their permanent home. Bob Watkins is a commercial artist and will be commuting to Saint Joseph, Missouri, to work for an advertising agency. Two of the girls are in college, but the other children will be boarding a school bus to go into Clarinda. Since Aunt Jessie is in such frail health we are certainly happy that her daughter's family can be near her after these many, many years in Calif.

And speaking of moving . . . Donna and Tom Nenneman (Howard and Mae's daughter and son-in-law) are busy these days getting settled in their new home, a house that they are building 'way out in the far west suburbs of Omaha. Tom graduated in June from the University of Nebraska at Lincoln with his Ph.D in Elementary Education, and this fall he starts teaching as an Associate Professor of Education at the U. of Nebraska, Omaha branch. Lisa will enter the Willa Cather Elementary School as a first grader, and Natalie will attend a pre-school for half-days. I'm sure that Donna will find the house strangely quiet after the hub-bub of the last two years in a Lincoln neighborhood where there were many, many children.

Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine have had a wonderful time with Jed's family at Woods Hole, Mass. I've had long, long letters from her and pictures galore, and all of you grandmothers know how much this means. I can see from these pictures that James has changed a great deal since I last saw him in May. Juliana says that he never gets his fill of fish, and whenever Grandma Lowey makes fish chowder (an absolutely scrumptious dish, Juliana says) he eats more than all of the rest put together. He'll miss all of the clams, swordfish and lobster when he gets back to New Mexico.

Katharine Elizabeth was christened on a summer afternoon in August, and this was a happy occasion even though the heat and humidity were terrific. Juliana baked a big three-layer cake and decorated it elaborately, so everyone went from the church to the house to enjoy it with ice cream and coffee. She said that James ate an enormous helping and kept talking happily about the birthday cake — he wondered why there weren't candles but it was still birthday cake to him.

From Katharine's pictures I can see  
(Continued on page 22)



## SUMMER IS PAST BUT THE MEMORIES LINGER ON

Dear Friends:

The nip in the air during the early morning hours is sure indication that fall is on its way. It does warm up enough in the daytime, however, to remind us that it will be some weeks before fall arrives *convincingly*. Since our poor old elms have been dropping sick leaves all summer, we can't expect a beautiful show of yellow and gold; the leaves just turn brown and expire! Perhaps in another year we will be treeless.

The painters finished the last coat on the front porch today, so this winds up all the work on the house. Oliver says our next big project will be new sidewalks and driveway, but we must wait until the trees are cut down. The old brick walks were put in when the trees were small and were installed much, much too close to them. Consequently, through the years they have buckled and spread and in some places bricks even had to be removed — not a very pretty walk, but one we hope to replace when the remaining trees come down.

Mary Beth has been telling you about her current interest in antiques. She is fortunate in having an antique dealer for a neighbor. How grand to have first look at the choice pieces that are rounded up! There was a lot of excitement the day Oliver and I spent with Don and Mary Beth and the children, for the neighbor had just made some exceptional purchases from an estate. We tore over to look at her new acquisitions and drooled! I told them about the magnificent collection of paperweights Oliver and I had seen in Neenah, Wisconsin, a few days before. This had been one of the interesting stops on our vacation and I promised to tell you about it this month.

We are indebted to my cousin Ruth Field Seehawer and her husband for suggesting that we drive from Appleton to the neighboring town of Neenah to go through the John Nelson Bergstrom Art Center and Museum. Mrs. Bergstrom's hobby was collecting antique glass paperweights and after her death their magnificent home became a museum to house the collection along with other art objects. This surely must be the finest collection of paperweights in the world. We were absolutely staggered by their beauty, as well as by the number of them! No doubt some of you readers collect paperweights and are acquainted with the books Mrs. Bergstrom wrote for she was a recognized authority on the subject. The museum charges no admission and I urge you to visit it if ever you are in that area.



We all thought this was such a sweet picture of Juliana and little Katharine that we wanted to share it with you.

I would also suggest that you visit the Dard Hunter Paper Museum in Appleton. This building houses a fascinating collection that traces papermaking from its inception to the machine age. Two of the displays were of particular interest to me. One was the watermarks for stationery and official papers for royalty and other very important people. If your interest runs to the scientific, there are step-by-step displays showing you how they are made.

The other collection I favored was the samples of handmade wallpaper. They were gorgeous!

Another point of interest in Wisconsin which I must mention, though briefly, is the Wade House and Jung Carriage Museum in Greenbush. We almost didn't stop as it was a bit out of our way, but then decided to take the time, and how glad we were that we did. Wade House was an overnight stop on the old plank road from Sheboygan to Fond du Lac. It has been restored and is absolutely charming! I'm sure that if I had been a traveler in 1845 I would



### THANK THEE, FATHER

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills  
from whence cometh my help.*

—Psalm 121.

Thank Thee, Father, for timeless hills,  
Majestic mountains high,  
That march in measured cadence  
Across the western sky.

Their cloud-tipped peaks renew my  
strength

In some mysterious way,  
Their awesome night instills new hope  
Within my heart each day.

Their ever-changing atmosphere,  
Their peaceful beauty, too,  
Remind me, Lord, once more to pause  
To render thanks to You. —Inez Baker

have welcomed the stop at this gracious establishment in the wilderness. We were taken by horse and carriage to the Jung Carriage Museum nearby which Oliver found even more interesting than the Wade House. This newly constructed building houses pre-automobile vehicles of all sorts. Oliver thinks it must be one of the finest and most complete collections in the country and I agree with him.

Since last spring I had been hoping that I could attend the Synod-Conference School at Coe College in Cedar Rapids. This was a week's study school held jointly by the Presbyterian Church and United Church of Christ. Fortunately things worked out so I could attend, along with six others from Shenandoah. It was a tremendous experience. The course I particularly appreciated was on Ecology. Although I've been reading for years about the way we have abused our natural resources, I wasn't aware of the seriousness of our situation until hearing Dr. William Blagen's lectures that week. Dr. Blagen is an Ecologist from Iowa State University and since he is out lecturing constantly perhaps many of you have heard him speak. Four of our local group had signed up for this course and we all came home determined to do whatever we can to make people more aware of the tremendous problems our world faces. Of course, individual responsibility must be assumed, and I don't forget that it starts with ME. I'm trying to remember, for example, to turn off water faucets promptly, and not let water run wastefully down the drain. I've never had to experience a water shortage, but I'm aware that we could all be facing one if people aren't careful, beginning NOW!

Martin spent a week with us just after I returned. The main reason for his visit was to have two wisdom teeth extracted. (My! I wish I could bounce back from such a session as quickly as he did!) Classes for his second year at the seminary will be commencing before long and he was anxious to get back to plan out his schedule. He expects to be working two days a week in some church-related area in addition to his classwork. He isn't sure this will leave him enough free time to work with the drama group this year, but he hopes it will for he much enjoyed this extracurricular activity last year.

Oliver just came in and said we were to walk down to Mother's for a piece of fresh peach pie and coffee, so with that delightful announcement I'll bring this to a close.

Sincerely,

*Margery*





## "Blessed Are the Peacemakers"

*Plant a United Nations Tree of Peace*

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** An outdoor setting is suggested so that a tree can be planted as part of the closing portion of the program. Have the hole dug and suitable tools at hand.

Invite older grade school children or the intermediate church school classes to share in this program, as it should be a most meaningful one to them as well as to adults.

Persons in costumes of various nations are seated in chairs placed in a semicircle around the site. Small flags of the United Nations might be displayed in a semicircle in front of the planting site, forming an improvised boundary at the front of the "stage".

**Leader:**

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

How big is your world? Is it your neighborhood? Your town? Your country? Or are you a citizen of the whole world? Perhaps you think of neighborhood in terms of geography, but it goes beyond that. The size of your world depends upon the size of your heart.

How glibly we say that we live in one world today. Do we? Think of the centuries it has taken people to come up with this idea of ONE WORLD. At first people thought in terms of a family unit, then they thought in terms of tribes. Thousands of years passed before they felt loyalty to a larger group such as a city, a state, or a nation. No wonder it is so hard to go beyond words and to actually accept the idea that we are all one family under God, ONE WORLD, each one brother to another.

We here in the United States even have a long way to go to accept ourselves as one nation! If you don't be-

lieve this, toss out some bald statement such as "We are all of us, from Mayflower descendants to the babes of Cuban refugees, from Harlem to Wall Street, Bar Harbor to Appalachia, immigrants to this land." We still squirm when someone raises the question of just who is the *real* American.

ONE WORLD! Psalms 24 expresses it thus: *The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and those who dwell therein.*

If only we could understand what a great opportunity we have of working toward a world in which all people can have a feeling of being brothers! We must try harder to become brothers in thought and deed as well as words.

God made the world with all its wonder, and order, and possibilities. He made each human to live in this world to work with each other and with Him.

**Solo:** "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands".

**Leader:** As God created the earth and placed man upon it, He gave to each part of the earth certain characteristics and resources; and to mankind He gave certain colors of skin, skills, and capacities — all to be shared as part of ONE WORLD. It takes something from each to make a nation great. There is no such thing as a self-made man or a self-made nation. How hard it is to acknowledge our dependence upon others! Yet, paradoxically, the more we give and share with others, the more we have and grow.

This is what the United Nations is all about — helping us to come to know each other better, and to share our knowledge, skills, and resources. It has brought food to hungry children. It has brought education to ignorant people. To some it has brought freedom. It has eased much suffering. *But there is still so much more it could do!*

For a few moments now let us open our hearts and minds to representatives of the world's nations and races. May

we realize more fully that those things we cherish as our way of life have often come from other lands. The world, as the United States, is truly one great melting pot.

**The Orient:** We of the Orient are proud of a history that goes back thousands of years, and of the contributions of our culture. Our artistic talents have given to the world the famous cloisonné ware, fine porcelains, jewelry of jade, cinnabar, and other precious stones, delicate embroideries and paintings on silk, and carved ivory and teakwood. Paper as we know it today, made by matting cellulose fibers, was invented by the Chinese about 105 A.D. and what would the world do without paper today? You know the history and products of the silk industry of the Orient. Yet, we were once considered undesirable immigrants in the New World. But how eagerly you have grasped for our arts, our skills, and our resources! Aren't we part of your world?

**Africa — Negro:** We contributed most perhaps in getting industry started in the New World, going back to the time of the first experiments at Jamestown. From the black race have come great leaders in various fields — George Washington Carver to revolutionize the peanut industry, poets such as Paul Lawrence Dunbar, great musical artists, such as Louis Armstrong and Mahalia Jackson — they are legion past and present, a very definite part of what we call our American culture. From our native Africa have come many things the world values so highly, such as diamonds and gold. You and the world, are only beginning to tap our skills as we become more and more a part of your world!

**American Indian:** We, too, are a people you are only beginning to accept as a real and worthy part of your world, yet we were here before you, and it was only as you adapted much of our knowledge that you were able to survive in this New World. We hope you awaken fast to the knowledge that we, too, have a culture that can make yours a better world, as valuable to you as what you often call the "yellow gold", the maize, the golden corn upon which so many of your agricultural industries depend — one of our first contributions to your world.

**Middle and Near East:** There is no end to the treasures we have brought to your world — historical records, scrolls and parchments of the Jewish people, the Bible, the great sculpture and literature of the Greeks, the very way you communicate (the alphabet). Have you really thought how much a part of your world were our contributions?

**Europe:** I speak for so many, that it  
(Continued on page 21)



## FREDERICK HAS A SPECIAL FEELING FOR FIREPLACES

Dear Friends:

Where did the summer go? In July we left the heat of the Connecticut River valley for the soft, cool mists of the Nova Scotia coast. There was not a single day when we did not have to have a fire in one of the giant fireplaces of the lodge, and now here it is September with a touch of fall in the air and the need of a fire here in the fireplace. In our present parsonage we have two fireplaces — one in the library, and one in the living room. When we lived in Rhode Island the huge home the church used for a parsonage had five fireplaces — one in the library, one in the living room, one in the dining room, one in the master bedroom, and one in the guest room. Of course we didn't use all of them, but they were nice to have. I think a room can be arranged so easily when there is a fireplace at the focal point.

This past summer Betty and I became interested in the possibility of buying some property on the coast of southern Nova Scotia. You see, the family property we have been using all these years is so large and demands so much extra help to maintain that we simply cannot consider ever owning it ourselves. Some of our friends have purchased property down on the shore for very reasonable prices, and now we have caught the urge. We are particularly interested in a large colonial house located not far from the little village church we attend on Sundays. This house has a large, tree-shaded front lawn, and then there is a back lawn that stretches down to a field. The field goes right on down to the water. On a clear day one can get a wonderful view of the ocean with more than a dozen beautiful islands. It may be just a dream, but already I am planning a studio-type cottage to be constructed in the field in back of the house.

The cottage will have three rooms and a bath. There will be a large living room with picture windows overlooking the ocean. At one end will be a very large fireplace. The floor in front of the fireplace will be of stone stretching out into the living room twice as far as most people have stonework. I don't want to worry about sparks setting the rugs on fire in case we go to sleep with a bright fire burning. It has been my observation that almost all the fireplaces I ever have seen have not had enough protective stonework in the floor adjoining.

One half of the house will be living room, and the other half will be divided into a large bedroom with bathroom, and then a kitchen-dining area. I



Frederick Driftmier and his associate, Rev. John Willard Ames, Mrs. Ames and their little daughter, greet friends at a reception in the parlor of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts.

would love to start building next year, but we haven't bought the property yet! As I said, it may be just a dream, but oh! what a lovely one. We would plan to live in it six months of the year after my retirement, and then spend the other half year somewhere in a warmer climate. Of one thing you can be sure: when we do have a home of our own it will have a great big fireplace!!

David and Mary Leanna both had such wonderful summers. As you know, Mary Leanna was on an archeological expedition to the hills north of Rome. Much of her time was spent in Rome itself, studying in the museums, etc., but I shall let her tell you about it in one of her letters. I am sure that David Lloyd could write an interesting account of his summer. He traveled clear across the country, north and south, and had all kinds of interesting and humorous experiences. Mary has returned to her job at Boston University, and David is back in school.

In September our church has a big dinner with a program centered around the annual European tour that our church people make each June. My associate is in charge of the dinner arrangements just as he is in charge of the tours. Betty and I did not get to attend the dinner last year because we were in Europe at the time, and we certainly are looking forward to the one this year. The thirty-two people who made the tour to Austria and Switzerland last June will be in charge of table decorations, and many of them will attend the dinner wearing Austrian and Swiss costumes. It should be fun!

A few days ago Betty asked me to take her to a horse show. Right now she still is a bit disgusted with me because I wanted to leave the show

and did leave the show before it was half over. I liked seeing the beautiful horses, but when it came time for the jumping competition I became very nervous. Every time a lovely young lady rode into the arena to demonstrate her riding skill, I hardly could watch. When one young lady narrowly missed having her big horse fall on her when it missed a jump and crashed through a fence, I promptly stood up and announced to Betty: "I am going out!! I simply cannot sit here and watch those young people risk their lives on those jumping horses!!" With reluctance Betty followed me out, and I know people looked at us strangely, but it had to be. I am one of those persons who refuses to go to a motion picture unless it makes me laugh. I see enough trouble, anxiety, and danger in real life without having to pay money to see it acted out on a screen. It is just the way I am. Do you know how I feel? My father was like that, too.

Incidentally, I am one who likes a happy religion; I cannot bear sermons or prayers that dwell on the hard and painful things of life. I am sure that God wants us to be happy, and I try to help my church people to lead happy lives. Life is too brief for anything that deliberately makes us angry or hateful or spiteful. When I listen to sermons on the radio — and I do listen to many radio sermons — I immediately turn off any sermon that obviously is intended to make me hate anyone, or fight anyone, or speak evilly of anyone. God is love, and unless a sermon expresses love in every sentence, it cannot be inspired of God.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*





You learned to sew when you were young — more years ago, perhaps, than you care to admit. You took lessons in Home Ec, or at 4-H, or from your mother. Or (like Topsy) your knowledge of sewing "just grew".

But, until the past few years, the methods learned were tried-and-true from generations long before. Miles of basting. Stitching interfacing into place. Working with goods that wrinkled woefully before you got the garment made. There were times, indeed, that you considered sewing as something of a dismal chore.

But that was before the Revolution. Wait — don't panic — this revolution is peaceful and pleasant. Yes, the past few years have really ushered in a sewing revolution: sewing shortcuts have been developed, patterns improved, new products introduced. Every year brings new fabrics and equipment, some of them truly modern marvels.

And so the age of adventure begins. Buy some of those new products, and create your own adventures in sewing. You've heard, I'm sure, that "he who hesitates is lost." To paraphrase a bit, she who hesitates (to try new sewing developments) can find herself woefully behind the times. But trying new things doesn't just happen; rather, you must read up on the new, and choose those items that seem to you will best combine with your favorite "tried and true". Some items you'll try once and never again, while others — well, secretly you wonder how you ever sewed without them, as you place them on your own permanent "must have" list.

This year I've made a deliberate project of buying and trying the latest developments, and perhaps you'll want to do so, too. Some are so new that it's difficult to find them in the stores; others, although new too, are proving so popular that the stores find it impossible to maintain an adequate supply to meet the sudden demand. They're a wild assortment, from fabrics to "fixin's", but all are fascinating.

Some of our local stores ordered, and immediately sold out of, the new Stitch

Witchery bonding net. Have you tried it yet? You iron it between two layers of fabric to bond them together for good, even after washing or dry cleaning. It comes in three widths, up to five inches, or by the yard 18" wide, and works pure magic. Like putting up a perfect hem with never a stitch to sew. Or, use it to hold facings in place, or collar sections, or to firm pocket tabs. The newest thing is to use it under applique pieces — gives them body, holds them in place as you stitch the outer edges. Once you've tried it, it's doubtful that you'll want to go back to the old way. There's a very similar product, WonderUnder, that comes by the yard in a 20" width. It's just now beginning to appear on the market, and I find it listed in the J. C. Penney Fall and Winter Catalog, in the fabric section. In your local stores, you may find that some have it, some don't. But it's worth watching for, and learning to use. (You'll even find yourself inventing new uses for it, that no one told you about.)

Then there's iron-on interfacing, with the fusion granules on one side only; as you work with it, you'll also discover many new uses for it. But you'll find it particularly useful for shaping small detail areas or for stabilizing facing when making buttonholes on hard-to-handle fabric.

Along a different line, there's a grand sewing aid called Velcro tape that's been around for a while now, but many of you have never tried it. It's a completely different fastener (sort of stickery like a cocklebur on one side, velvety on the other) that can be peeled apart to open, but pressed together the two sides sling as though strongly magnetized. These tapes will last practically forever if you don't get near them with a hot iron. They're easy for children to open and close, equally easy for old or arthritic fingers. Or use them for quickly detachable collars and cuffs. Try Velcro to anchor a wrap around skirt, too.

Another handy product that you might not have come across is the iron-on hem tape that's so fast and easy to apply. It has a bonding line at each edge. Some of you will welcome this innovation for swift hemming when there are a number of little dresses to be let down, and time is precious. On most fabrics, it goes on swiftly, stays on well. You won't want to use it, though, on those few fabrics where the bonding line shows through on the outside of the garment. Test a bit of the tape on the seam allowance where it won't show, if you think there's a bit of a question.

Once upon a time, buttonhole making was something of an art, and always was a time-consuming procedure. But

now sewing machines are ingeniously designed to make the buttonholes, automatically or semi-automatically. Or you can skip them entirely and use zippers, grippers, snap tape by the yard, Velcro tape, or ButtonSnapps. You can even get zippers that are nearly invisible as they hide in a strategically placed seam.

For those who'd like to make coats at home, there are developments that Grandmother never heard of. Nonwoven interfacings, for example, in every weight, that are fully washable and dry cleanable. Polyester linings that won't wear out and need replacing during the life of the coat itself. Fur by the yard for collars and cuffs. Fake fur and fleece, to be used inside or out. Rain-coat fabrics. Quilted lining with warm Dacron filling, or laminated to foam. Milium-insulated lining, for warmth without weight. Bonded fabrics with the look of wool, but washable for easy, inexpensive upkeep. If you always sewed the traditional way, with a layer of heavy wool interlining, and formed the habit of judging the warmth of a coat partly by its thickness — then you're apt to be surprised, for some of these linings are not very heavy, not very thick, yet they are truly warm without the bulk.

Another new fabric now available is a petal-soft, cloud-light puffed nylon that comes in luscious water-color prints, made in a puffed texture to simulate quilting. The floral prints are especially lovely for the most feminine housecoat or robe you've ever owned. No problem at all to sew, and, while the cost to make is fairly high, this fabric maintains its like-new appearance for many seasons.

They're now making acrylic knits in a bulky, turbo-processed yarn, so you can actually sew a sweater, even though you can't knit a stitch. Turn your imagination loose on sportswear and whip up a whole wardrobe of versatile, timely knits. There are new fabrics — doubleknits and tricot and Lycra — all the ones used in the better readymades, now available to those who sew at home. Many, by their very nature, need no additional lining, so that's a time-consuming step you needn't bother with. To go with them are new sewing helps — the roller presser foot for your machine, that controls hard-to-handle fabrics, and the ball-point needles made especially for tricot and Lycra spandex sewing. These are available by mail, currently, and as the demand grows, the stores will surely begin to carry them, too. (They have not yet, in our immediate area, at any rate.)

Several companies now offer compact, illustrated instruction books that

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## Quick Trip to the Tomato Patch

by  
*Leta Fulmer*

The sun flashed through the morning mist. Its fingers touched with fire the clinging drops of dew on lush tomato vines. I peered into the shadowed depths hoping to confiscate one of the last tomatoes of the season for my lunch sack. The floor-shaking clang of big machines, the dreary hum of vibrating engines was a depressing thought on a breeze-brushed day like this. Ah! there it was, a brilliant scarlet globe, still icy cold from the breath of night. Why wait for lunch? Almost as good as springtime's first tomato — these last bright remnants of summer's bountiful harvest, picked and eaten in the patch! I glanced at my watch. The second shift was hours away and dishes soaking in the sink would await my return without protest. Why trudge down to mediocrity when I could scale the heights? My off-key whistle brought tail-wagging dogs crashing on my heels. And the huge white sow, who had laboriously clambered into the rickety old wagon in search of leftover corn, eyed us suspiciously as we headed up the hill. A plaintive, protesting "meow" reached my ears, and I paused, waiting for Ditto to catch up. This yellow tomcat considers these meandering as pure idiocy — but he just can't bear to be left behind!

I perched upon a rocky ledge while the dogs rushed off in search of canine adventure, and Ditto stretched out full length in a shady nook. Within seconds, the assorted birds resumed their interrupted salute to the morning sun — bright orioles, small wild canaries, even the elusive bluebird. The squirrel who'd taken hasty refuge in a hollow tree at my approach now brazenly scolded me from the safety of a lofty branch. I stared down. The intricate pattern of jagged rocks looked as though they'd been poked haphazardly in place by a giant hand. At the bottom of the cliff, the winding serpent of the little-used railroad track hugged against the hill. Stretched out before me lay the jig-saw pattern of bottom land, colors running the gamut from

rich black gumbo, fresh plowed, to the rich dark green of soy beans. Farther to the west, the wide Missouri River held back the purple-shadowed Kansas bluffs. Only the blurp-blurp-blurp of an outboard motor cut into the silence — an early morning fisherman heading for his nets.

"Yip, yip, yip!" The dogs let loose with their rabbit barks and a fluff of grey almost brushed my arm. Zig-zagging like a commando under fire, the bunny dived headlong into a tunnel of safety. In head-shaking amusement, I watched the excavating maneuvers. Abe took the first shift. His huge feet propelled streams of sandy soil and pebbles through the straddled arc of his hindquarters. Pickles, my new fox terrier, enjoyed her break. Suddenly she growled, shouldered the big dog aside — "It's my turn now." Abe came close to lick my hand and smile his collie grin. We all knew it was a game of JUST PRETEND. The rabbit was gone, but the thrill of the chase must be prolonged.

I scrambled down the slope, feeling out footholds on well-anchored boulders. The branch I touched for small support cracked like a pistol shot and fell to add its own decor to the weave of limbs beneath my feet. How old these trees, how brittle with the touch of years, the seasons past. An occasional saffron root, holding just the merest breath of life, coiled searchingly through mounds of scattered stones. Broken giants lay in crisscross patterns, gnarled and twisted like the hands of age itself. This was my hunting ground! Here, if Destiny allowed, and wind and erosion had worked its will, I often found Indian lore. I spied a bit of jagged pottery. My fingers rubbed the smoothness of the grain. A water jug? An earthen bowl? Redskin ghosts lurked disapprovingly as I pocketed my prize. Another day, perhaps, I'd find an arrowhead. This isolated nook was a challenging enigma, ever changing the face it turned to me. Here I felt an eerie kinship with ages past,

with coppertoned tribes who once roamed these very hills. What treasures lay beneath the crumbling mulch of countless autumns, 'n Nature's compost heap? Bright gaudy beads? Perhaps a tomahawk? They must be there.

I passed the shady slope where springtime mushrooms hide beneath the umbrellas of the May apples. I stopped a moment to gaze upon a well-trod circle in deep thick grass, where perhaps a transient doe had spent the night. Painstakingly, I pushed back the limbs of the Osage Orange, as replete with its spiny thorns as a porcupine, its fruit like pale green baseballs, oozing goo from every pebbled pore. I kicked a giant hedgeball through the grass, much as a boy plays Kick-the-Can. With peevish complaints, Ditto tagged along, leaping past me at times to find a cool retreat — meowing in disgust as I passed him by. The dogs were at the pond now. I could hear their ecstatic barks as they played another game — Leap Frog. Around and around the banks they wheeled, glorying in the arching leap of big bullfrogs as they sprang from the bank to the safety of the water, then poked up khaki-colored heads to glower their disgust. "Mighty good eating", people tell me, and I just nod my head. I enjoy the sight of those green heads at the waterline, the bulging eyes that surely indicate a thyroid condition. From my back porch I listen for the "barump, barump, barump" of their deep-throated voices as they communicate with each other across the moistness of a rainy night.

I could see the house from there. I glanced back in the direction of my own personal sanctuary. I've walked those paths when joy was such a private thing that I must hold it jealously for just a little while. I've trudged through whipping brush when sorrow was a thrusting knife that cut too deep for words. I've worked out problems there, with only the wind through the trees whispering the answer. It's there that petty irritations and frazzled nerves subside, take on their true perspective. Wasted land? Unused resources? Oh no, it's one small bit of Nature still balanced gently in the hand of God.

I stood at my machine. In my lunch sack rested another tomato, big enough to make eyes bug out in envy. My toe-tapping rhythm brought down sharp knives to trim the snowy stack of notebook paper. My boss paused by my side.

"Too nice an afternoon to be stuck inside," he grumbled, "What did you do today?"

"Oh me?" I grinned, hugging my small adventure to myself, "Oh nothing much — I just took a walk!"

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This will be my last letter about our summer activities — my trip to Laramie, Wyoming, to see our daughter Kristin, her husband Art, and their two little boys, Andy and Aaron.

I made the trip by bus for the first time, because, although I prefer train travel if I can't drive, connections were poor, including a five-hour wait in Omaha. The trip proved exciting.

It was sprinkling when we left Omaha, but after we left Lincoln we drove through one of the worst electrical storms I have ever seen. The wind was so strong that the bus rocked. Cars had pulled off to the side all along Interstate 80, because one literally couldn't see anything. Our bus crept along but finally pulled in under one of the overpasses and stopped a while. When we got to Grand Island, two hours later, water was over knee-deep in the streets and there were a lot of branches down. When we stopped I told our driver I thought he and I had done an awfully good job driving through the storm. He laughed and asked me if I had been driving, too.

The bus agent had told Kristin that our bus would be at least 90 minutes late, so they decided to go to church and come back later. Our drivers had been able to make up quite a bit of time, so we did arrive earlier than this; but when they weren't there to meet me I guessed where they were, so I had a cup of coffee and didn't have to wait very long.

All four of them looked wonderfully well. The two who had changed the most since November, when I last saw them, were Art and Aaron. Art had been on a medically controlled diet and had lost a lot of weight, intentionally, and Aaron had not only grown a lot but had much more hair. Kristin looked rested after a relaxed summer, and Andy is growing taller and putting on a little needed weight. They all looked handsome to my eyes.

They were just as anxious for me to see the new home they bought last summer as I was to see it. It is a duplex on the edge of town, painted green with white trim. They had no trouble renting the basement apartment; in fact, I think they could have rented it a dozen times. Kristin and Art have a large living room, dining room, kitchen,



One of the most exciting rides at the amusement park was the little train. Dorothy and her daughter Kristin enjoyed it as much as Aaron and Andy.

bath, and two bedrooms, with many large closets and cupboards. The downstairs is practically the same except that the dining area and kitchen are one room. The utility room is in the basement, a few steps down from a two-car garage.

They have a nice lawn started in front of the house, which they have fenced, and in time plan to fence all around the lot. The back yard is large, and they haven't decided yet just what to do with it, or what kind of fence to put up. They do plan to gather some large flat rocks and build a patio as soon as possible so they won't track in so much red dust.

The young couple in the basement have a basset hound named Barnabus, who has the fanciest redwood doghouse I have ever seen. Aaron is fascinated with "Barney", as he calls him. The young man will be working on his Ph.D. the next couple of years.

Kristin had a jewel of a baby sitter this summer, June Sparks, who will be a 9th-grader this fall. Andy and Aaron both adored her, and Andy was upset when he found she wasn't going to be coming so often now that summer school was over. He didn't see why they couldn't adopt her so she would be his sister. Aaron called her "Becky" all the time. It seems that the baby sitter last semester was named Becky, so now all baby sitters are Becky.

When Art left the house in the morning Aaron cried; then after June came and Kristin left for class, he cried some more. That afternoon when we took June home and she got out of the car, Aaron cried again. I asked Kristin what all this crying thing was with Aaron, and she laughed and said, "Pay no attention to it; he cries when any-

one leaves. He just doesn't like good-byes."

This was Kristin's last week of classes. Andy and I went one morning with her; then I went with her to her last class. Kristin was anxious for me to meet Dr. and Mrs. Arden White, and had invited them over for an evening. They came about 7:00, bringing their new ice cream freezer, some cream, ice, and salt to freeze it there so Andy could help turn the crank. I had made a white cake in the afternoon while Kristin fixed up a treasure hunt for Andy and the White's little girl, Anne. Andy had been on a treasure hunt once this summer and had been begging Kristin to have one for him. The treasure, when they found it, was a sack of peppermint sticks. We had a very enjoyable evening. Dr. White is the professor who will be Kristin's advisor this year with her graduate work.

Art and Kristin have a friend in Cheyenne, Lester Synovek, who formerly lived in Nebraska, and whose mother has been a long-time Kitchen-Klatter friend. Mr. Synovek wanted to meet me, so he drove over one evening for a visit. He has worked in the printing room of a Cheyenne newspaper for years, and was interested in hearing about our Kitchen-Klatter magazine and the machinery we use to publish it.

Kristin and I took the boys to town one morning so Grandma Johnson could have the fun of helping pick out Andy's school clothes, and a few things for Aaron. In the afternoon we dropped in to see the new offices where Art works and to meet his fellow workers. Their offices had just been moved from the County Court House to the present location, and I was happy to get to see them and the people he works with.

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## A "Punkin" Carol Party

by  
Virginia Thomas

If you're looking for a different Halloween party and one that is a riot of laughs from beginning to end, do try a "punkin" caroling.

For the *Invitations* cut pumpkins from orange paper, leaving two joined at the top for each invitation. Make a jack-o'-lantern face on the front by marking two musical notes for the eyes (the stems become the eyelashes) and another note for a "turned down" nose. A treble clef sign becomes the mouth.

The invitation might read: A punkin caroling will be the funniest thing, so plan to go and join the show, apunkin caroling. In costume please do be "some punkins", yes, sir-ee. You have a date, so don't be late to our punkin sing-a-lee. October 30th at my house at 8:00 P.M. (signed). Write the invitation on the inside with black ink.

The hostess can greet her guests at the door dressed as "some punkin" herself by forming a frame in the shape of a large pumpkin (large enough to reach from knees to neck) from chicken wire. Cut large holes at each top side so the arms can be slipped through, taping the wire with masking tape to make it smooth. With a little experimenting you will find you can attach wide bands of material to the wire frame in such a way as to make shoulder straps that will support much of the weight of the frame. Cover the frame with orange crepe paper, with a green "stem" effect at the top. You might prefer to wear the "leaf and stem" in your hair. You'll need to leave the frame open at the bottom and top, of course, with the top opening large enough so that your head slips through, and with the bottom opening large enough so that you can slip the frame costume down over your shoulders to get into it.

If you're to have a host at the party, his could be a scarecrow pumpkin. In this case he would wear the ragged shirt and overalls and bandana kerchief with a jack-o'-lantern mask.

If possible have instrumental recordings of such Christmas music as "Deck the Halls", "Winter Wonderland", etc. (but not religious ones, of course), playing as guests arrive,

*Decorations* should be pumpkins in every guise, with the lighted jack-o'-lanterns being used lavishly for the lighting.

Madam Punkin can sit in state for a table arrangement. A pumpkin with an elongated shape will give milady a more elegant profile. Cut the eyes from white felt and use a large sequin or brilliant button for the pupil, with bright-colored fringe for the eyebrows and lashes. Cut the mouth from white felt and cover with bright sequins. Attach the largest earrings you can find for the ears, sticking them on with toothpicks or bobby pins. Fashion a nose of orange felt. For her hat, start with a large brim cut from bright green posterboard to which you attach, with tape, a crown, left open at the top. Trim the crown with bands of orange, yellow and brown ribbon, letting it fall over the brim at one side in streamers. Just before the party, fill the crown with an arrangement of pretty fall mums. Set Madam Punkin on a base (perhaps a bowl turned upside down) over which you fasten a large white lace doily to be milady's collar. Give her a choker necklace of some large beads.

If you prefer a less glamorous punkin gal, give her two small onions as "pop" eyes, a carrot nose, and red pepper for a mouth, with slices of green pepper as the earrings.

Carry through the pumpkin idea at lunch time with edible favors of *Popcorn Ball Pumpkins*. Make the usual popcorn ball syrup but tint it with orange food coloring. Cut stems from the green gumdrops.

*Tangerine "Punkin" Goblins* are also cute favors. Pin large sequin eyes and a sequin nose on each tangerine, and add a slice of pepper or cucumber cut to form a scraggly toothed mouth. Perch a paper witch's hat on each goblin's head. Place each on a gold paper doily and lay a small black ribbon at the base for a bow tie.

### ENTERTAINMENT

Your invitations have promised a "punkin caroling", so you will need to have ready mimeographed sheets of the

carols to pass out to each guest, and also have an accompanist lined up — piano, organ, guitar — whatever is available.

Another idea would be to have the carols printed on giant-sized sheets of newsprint and hang them up where all can see, flip-chart style. Then have a song leader dressed in some outlandish costume who flips the pages and leads the songsters by pointing out the lines as in the old sing-a-long days. The right person as song leader can really add to the fun of this party.

The following are a few examples of "punkin carols" you might use. As you can see, any person with a sense of humor and a bit of rhyming knack can "go to town" with parodies on old, well-known songs, keeping everything to the Halloween theme.

Start off with a grand march around the room with everybody lustily singing "Pumpkin Bells". Then continue with more carols, perhaps alternating carols with a few games and stunts.

#### PUMPKIN BELLS ("Jingle Bells")

Dashing through the streets  
In our costumes bright and gay,  
To each house we go  
Laughing all the way  
Halloween is here  
Punkins all aglow  
What fun it is to trick or treat  
And sing punkin carols tonight.

#### Chorus:

Pumpkin bells! pumpkin bells!  
Ringing loud and clear,  
Oh what fun Great Punkin brings  
When Halloween is here!

#### PUMPKIN WONDERLAND ("Winter Wonderland")

Screech owls hoot, are you listenin'?  
Beneath the moon, all is glistenin'  
A real scary sight, we're happy tonight  
Waitin' in a punkin wonderland!

In the patch we watched it growin'  
All the time we were knowin'  
What fun it would bring, the spooky,  
scary thing,  
Waitin' in a punkin wonderland!

Later on, while we're eating  
What we got trick-or-treating,  
We'll share all our sacks of Halloween  
snacks  
Eatin' in a punkin wonderland!

#### GREAT PUMPKIN IS COMING TO TOWN

("Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town")

Oh, you better not shriek,  
You better not groan,  
You better not howl,  
You better not moan,  
Great Pumpkin is comin' to town.

He's gonna try to seek  
From folks that he meets  
Who deserve treats,

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## A MAGNIFICENT ISLAND

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Would you like to find a place where no cars are allowed, where the telephone never rings, where the measure of a man is not in the cut of his clothes (or his hair), where the most important fact of life is the balance of nature and where a moose may calmly appear on the path ahead on his way to a nearby stream?

Our first inkling that such a place existed came some eleven years ago when we first camped on the shores of Lake Superior. A fellow camper told Robert about Isle Royale. He told him of the remoteness of the area, for the island is situated far out in the waters of Lake Superior some twenty-two miles east of Grand Portage, Minn., and thirty-eight miles from the harbor shore of Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada. He spoke of the rugged, craggy shores, lakes, wooded ridges, streams, marshes, wildlife and exciting early history.

Looking at his boys, then aged 3, 5 and 9, Robert stated pensively, "Some-day, when the boys are old enough, we will come back and hike Isle Royale!"

For eleven years he held this dream firmly in mind. This year it finally became a reality. (Bob was off working at the Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico so, regrettably, could not accompany us.) For days Robert, Craig and Jeff poured over maps of the area, digested descriptions of the island and made plans for menus. Finally, they packed up six days' supply of dehydrated foods (you should have seen the basement after *that* operation!) and carefully debated the minimum of clothing and equipment to add to their back packs.

Meanwhile, I learned that at the southwest end of the island is beautiful Washington Harbor. Situated here is Windigo Inn: two lodges, a fine dining room and a central office area to maintain simple, rustic, extremely comfortable accommodations for the guests who prefer ease to the wilderness. I decided I would rather stay at the lodge to read, relax, embroider, go on *short* hikes and enjoy the scenery from a chair on the lodge porch rather than attempt the fifty-mile hike; the boys quickly concurred with my decision!

All the struggle of last-minute preparations and the rapid drive north seemed worthwhile when we boarded the "Wenonah" at the pier at Grand Portage. Across the blue waters of Lake Superior we went on a calm, warm, sunny day, just right for a poor sailor like me!

It was some three hours before we sailed past a lighthouse, passed over



Just after they disembarked from the boat, the "Wenonah", Craig, Jeff and Robert Birkby checked their gear, loaded up their back packs and started on their six-day hike the length of Isle Royale.

the long-submerged wreckage of a sunken ship, glided beside Beaver Island and into quiet Washington Harbor.

After disembarking, the three hikers barely stopped long enough to eat a sandwich before strapping on their back packs, giving a quick wave and disappearing along a path which dissolved into a tremendous forest. Through the birches, pines and maple trees the path led upward until they were hiking along the backbone of the island on what is known as the Greenstone Ridge Trail. This trail goes the entire fifty-mile length of the island, emerging at the northeast end at Rock Harbor. (This end of the island also has lodges, housekeeping units and other, larger, more elaborate facilities for visitors than the Windigo Inn area. It can be reached by boat or plane from Houghton, Michigan.)

At intervals near the ridge trail are situated overnight campsites. The hikers had to come down off the ridge to reach them, but most were located near beautiful lakes or streams. This gave water for cooking, drinking and washing as well as fishing. The main drawback of such locations is the need each morning to start the day's hike by climbing up to the main trail. Robert got his crew up about five each morning and after a quick cold snack they got in most of the day's hiking while it was cool. This also gave them time to go on some side trails, stop at fire look-out towers and explore the remains of early mining attempts.

In fact, the history of Isle Royale goes back to the prehistoric Indians who came here to mine copper. Later the fur traders and voyageurs made stops in the coves and harbors. It became, in turn, a place for modern-day copper mining, some lumbering, fish industries, private vacation homes, and finally, a National Park protected from future exploitation.

The boys found no poisonous snakes or plants (the ranger told them *none* exist on Isle Royale). The largest animals are the moose which, the naturalists think, came over on the ice one bitterly cold winter. A number of wolves also live on Isle Royale and keep the moose population under control in the balanced way nature has planned. Since wolves are deathly afraid of man it is rare for anyone to hear or see these animals.

While the more rugged members of the family were spending six days on their cross-island hike, I was back at Windigo Inn having the most relaxed vacation of my life! Up early, I would sit next to the large picture window in the dining room enjoying a leisurely breakfast while I watched the moose wading in Washington Harbor and pulling up tasty mosses for *their* breakfasts.

A walk following breakfast might take me near an old mining camp; through a birch forest; along a path lined with tiny, tiny orchids; into a marshy section near Grace Creek, or down to Washington Creek Campground where I could visit with a Scout troop from Michigan or a professor's family from Columbia, Missouri. Daily guided hikes and evening ranger talks gave opportunities for group activities and increased knowledge of the area.

Everyone was so friendly. I became very well acquainted with a couple from Baltimore, Maryland, whose son is one of the rangers stationed on Isle Royale. The visits of a St. Paul couple and another from White Bear Lake, Minnesota, kept me from being lonely. A lovely lady from Washington, D.C., did a great deal of hiking but ate most of her meals at the lodge and shared with me the experiences of her hikes, her work as a translator in Washington and her early years in Hungary. A honeymoon couple from Iowa City, Iowa, and a long-married couple from Minneapolis were surprisingly well acquainted with people I know here in Iowa to prove again it is a small world.

It was a great week but I was mighty happy to see my family come sailing around the bend of Washington Harbor on the small island service boat, the "Voyageur" on which they had ridden from Rock Harbor in Windigo Inn. Our boat trip back to Grand Portage, again on the "Wenonah", was a rough one and I was glad to get back to the mainland! We drove on into Canada for a quick visit and then headed homeward.

Now that the rush of fall activities and school pressures are hard upon us, I think longingly of the peace, quiet and restfulness of the island. It was truly a magnificent place to shed the worries and concerns of daily life and renew our energies for the busy months ahead.



## HOPE REFLECTS NEEDS OF ALL MANKIND

by  
Mollie Dowdle

Hope is a great word—a mighty word. It is one frequently used that reflects the need of all mankind.

There are people who seem to somehow manage without faith and are able to push love from them, but by a thin hair, they will still hang on to hope.

I remember lying in bed last summer and thinking rather hopelessly to myself, "I want nothing—I desire nothing." But a second later, I would find myself impatiently waiting to see the primroses bloom that Wal had so carefully and laboriously planted from seed, or wondering if his rose cuttings were going to root. It wasn't, I reflected, a very important hope, but nevertheless, it was still hope. And it was a fragile thing, very necessary for my recovery from a long illness.

Now that I'm up and able to be about, in a small way, I find myself hoping for so many things. Like—goodness, I sure hope that crazy old pump won't freeze up this winter, and the pipes along with it—that the flowers which seem so green in the yard now will make it through until spring, and the biggest hope of all, that this year I can follow Wal along the creek fishing. Yes, I can say that I am operating on hope again.

But hope isn't just something kicking around the house. Other things accompany it which make it necessary to keep our chins up. By faith, hope and a few other things, I have had unbelievable obstacles work out all right.

I have learned over the years, that the end of January is going to require me to nourish hope as I nourish my amaryllis sitting in the front window.

When the dark days of this season are nearing the twilight hour, I follow myself around mentally pointing out anything and everything hopeful... a stray, ragged pansy in the flower border, violets blooming under the hawthorne tree, a pussy willow bursting its bud—they all add up to hope of renewal of earth and best of all, a renewal of my spirits.

Hope, like any other substance of the spirit needs encouragement.

When I have one of those "How can I ever face it?" days, then I try to do something a little special. Sometimes, I go over to Jean's, or I patch Wal's overalls, or bake him a pie. These are very small, inconsequential things, but they do sometimes help me to throw off that dreadful feeling of hopelessness.

In a larger way, to live and to hope, brings hope itself. Think of holding in your hand a small brown seed and then



When Margery drops in on Mother she can count on finding her in the library near her sewing basket.

later seeing it fulfilled in a fragrant open flower. The seed wasn't much to look at, but it held the secret power of life and growth.

Kilhan Galran wrote that one may not reach the dawn save by the path of light. To me, there may be no dawn unless I hope for it and earnestly expect it to come.

Slowly, regaining your ground after a long period of illness, is somewhat like coming from velvet darkness into glorious light. There is nothing quite like it.

Colors become luminous, birds chant with melody, and winds blow as if from enchanted gardens. A sprig of green grass becomes something more than just a streak of color in my lawn and once again, my friends are not blurred figures but vividly realized loved ones.

Things that were one time dull become a special delight—and now abideth faith, hope... the hope that the land of God will continue to keep this troubled world still revolving.

## LOVE IS THE COLOR

Love is the tender green of hope  
That springs eternal in the heart of man.

Love is the pink of cherry blossoms,  
The tiny toes of a new-born babe.  
Love is the white lilies of the valley  
And the pages of the "Book of Life".  
Love is the golden crown He wore  
And all our lovely dreams.  
Love is the blue of a quiet spirit  
And the honor of a man.

Love is the purple of the King's robe  
And the asters along an Ozarks road.  
Love is the gray mist of an unknown  
Way for God is even there.  
Love is the mystery of the rainbow;  
The brightness of the "Shechinah  
Glory",  
Love is the scarlet thread that  
Runs from Genesis to Revelation.  
Love is the dark brown grief  
Of the Calvary road! —Imogene Bryant

## WOULD YOU BELIEVE "GHOSTS FROM THE PAST"?

by  
Mary Feese

"I don't believe in ghosts!" you say emphatically. You don't, and you never have, yet here in this out-of-the-way spot in the mountains, only two miles from Heavener, Oklahoma, you gaze in fascination at the twelve-foot limestone slab with its baffling markings. You consult the brochure given you as you arrived at this newest of the Oklahoma state parks and you feel the vital throb of history as you never have before. Can it be true that the Vikings came here centuries ago? For the leaflet tells you that the markings are runic letters used in Scandinavia a thousand years ago (before A.D. 1000), but that there is still controversy among the cryptologists as to their meaning. There are eight letters, six to nine inches tall. One translation is GNOMEDAL, perhaps meaning "Sundial Valley", while another scholar translates them into a date, November 11, 1012.

Since Heavener was originally known as Choctaw City, small wonder that the old-timers assumed the rock was of Indian origin, and called it simply "Indian Rock". Taken thus for granted, no one made more effort to trace its history until a local girl's curiosity was aroused at the similarity of Indian Rock's markings and those given in a Sunday school leaflet's pictures of Norse runes. Not able to dismiss it from her mind, Gloria Farley has spent more than twenty years in research. To strengthen the position that it truly was the Vikings who were here, are the other runestones that have been found in the area of Heavener and Poteau. More information keeps coming in as time goes on, adding bit upon bit until it is difficult to be skeptical.

As you view the runestone itself, it is difficult to be skeptical even without added proof, for the sense of reality pervades the place. Mrs. Farley quotes her husband as saying, "Many skeptics go up the mountain, but few come down," and you are inclined to agree with him. For while you are not one hundred percent convinced, for sure you are not so skeptical as when you came. Between the chiseled runes on the upright slab of limestone and your own knowledge of the waterways of America, you begin to believe. Yes, it seems entirely possible that those Viking warriors of long ago have sailed south around Florida, through the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi to the Arkansas River, and then (using smaller boats), up the Poteau River to this

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**LUCILE'S DANISH APPLE CAKE**

- 2 cups fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 3 cups very thick sweetened apple sauce

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 cup whipping cream

Melt the butter in a heavy skillet. Add the bread crumbs that have been combined with the sugar. Keep the fire very low and stir until the crumbs are a very light brown. Into a buttered rectangular pan press a layer of these crumbs. Chill. Add the strawberry flavoring to the applesauce and put a layer over the crumbs. Add another layer of crumbs, pressing down a bit. Build up another layer of the applesauce then crumbs. Chill for 24 hours. Unmold and frost with whipped cream.

It helps to line the loaf pan with waxed paper or aluminum foil for easier removal. The original recipe called for using a round mixing bowl, but it was almost impossible to unmold the cake. Perhaps if you lined it with the waxed paper or the aluminum foil it would be easier to get out.

**NUT CRUNCHIES**

- 1/2 cup plus 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 3/4 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup nuts

Cream butter and brown sugar. Beat in egg and flavorings. Sift baking powder with flour and add. Lastly, work in the nuts. Pinch off dough and shape into small balls. Flatten on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees about 10-12 minutes. —Margery

**CHERRY CREAM FREEZE**

- 1 1/3 cups sweetened condensed milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 1/2 cups cherry pie filling
- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1 pint whipped cream

Combine all but the cream in a large bowl and blend well. Fold in the whipped cream gently until blended in evenly. Pour into 9- x 5-inch loaf pan. Cover tightly with foil and freeze for 24 hours or until frozen. Unmold and slice for serving. Serves 12. —Margery

**BARBECUED PORK CHOPS**

- 10 pork chops
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 2 Tbls. vinegar

Brown chops; place in baking pan. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over chops. Bake, covered, for 1 hour and 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Uncover and bake 15 minutes longer. Can be used for chicken or spareribs, also.

I used 4 chops and saved about half the barbecue sauce to be used later. —Margery

**NINA'S STUFFED HAMBURGERS**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 Tbls. dry onion soup mix
- 1 Tbls. minced fresh parsley (or chopped olives)

Make the hamburger into very thin patties. Blend cream cheese, soup mix and parsley or olives. Place about 1 Tbls. of the cream cheese mixture between 2 patties and press edges together. Brown carefully on both sides. —Margery

**PINEAPPLE BARS****Crust:**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour

Cream butter and sugar and work in flour. Pat in greased 9x9-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees about 15-20 minutes or until golden brown. Cool.

**Filling:**

- 1/3 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1 cup light brown sugar  
1/2 cup chopped pecans  
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained  
Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Beat eggs; add sugar and flavorings. Blend in flour mixture, nuts and pineapple. Spread over baked crust and bake about 25-30 minutes longer. Sprinkle with powdered sugar when cool and cut in bars. —Margery

**MOCK HAM LOAF**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. bologna, ground
- 1 cup crushed cracker crumbs
- 1 egg
- Salt to taste
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Combine meats, crackers crumbs, egg and salt. Stir remaining ingredients together in a saucepan. Heat, stirring, until blended and bubbling hot. Add just enough of this sugar mixture to the meat mixture to mold into a loaf. Place in baking pan and pour remaining glaze over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Baste occasionally during baking time.

This meat loaf tends to get crusty on the bottom, so it is best to set the baking pan in a pan of hot water (just as you do with baked custards). The meat has a delicious flavor which really does taste like it included expensive ham.

**AMBROSIA**

- 6 juicy oranges
- 3 cups shredded coconut
- Sugar

Cut the rind and white membrane from oranges and cut the fruit crosswise into thin slices. In a bowl arrange alternate layers of orange slices sprinkled with a little sugar and 3 cups shredded coconut. Chill the dessert for several hours. —Mary Beth



**CHICKEN WITH RICE CASSEROLE**

- 2 cups cooked chicken, diced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups tomatoes
- 3 cups chicken broth (canned or bouillon)
- 2 cups uncooked rice
- 1/2 cup stuffed green olives, sliced
- 1 can peas, drained

Combine chicken, garlic, seasoning, onion and tomatoes. Simmer until onion is tender. Add chicken broth and rice. Cover and continue cooking until rice is done. Add a little water if needed. Stir in olives and peas and cook for an additional 5 minutes.

This is an excellent dish to make in an electric skillet. It is fine prepared in an oven casserole. When broth and rice are added, cover and put in 350-degree oven. When rice is tender, stir in olives and peas and return to oven until heated through.

Mark this as a fine *camping* recipe, also. It may be prepared in a large skillet over a campfire or camping stove for a one-dish meal. With lettuce wedges, fresh fruit and cookies it makes a great meal anywhere. —Evelyn

**PEACH MELBA PIE**

- Pie crust for a two-crust pie
- 1 pkg. (10 oz.) frozen red raspberries
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 #2 can peach pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Drain raspberries reserving juice. Combine cornstarch, sugar and juice in small saucepan. Bring to boil, stirring, and continue cooking over low heat, stirring, until *very* thick. Remove from heat, add raspberry flavoring and raspberries.

Roll out bottom of crust and fit into 9-inch pie pan. Combine peach pie filling with almond flavoring. Spoon into pie crust. Top with raspberry mixture. Top with crust. Brush top of crust with milk and sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 425 degrees until crust is nicely brown. Serve with scoops of vanilla ice cream.

I tried this recipe with a graham cracker crust and found it delicious. The baked crust which holds its shape is best. The fruit fillings became firm enough as the raspberry layer cooled to cut nicely. I also tried this recipe making my own peach filling and found it needed to be cooked *very* thick.

This is an especially pretty pie as well as tasting delicious. It is certainly fine enough for a company meal.

—Evelyn



Dorothy made the dessert below for Mother to serve at a club meeting.

**COCONUT LIME SQUARES**

- 1 3-oz. can flaked coconut
- 1/2 cup vanilla wafer crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 6-oz. can frozen limeade concentrate
- 1 1/2 qts. vanilla ice cream, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Heat the oven to 375 degrees, then carefully toast 1/2 cup of the coconut until lightly browned (about 5 minutes). Set aside. Combine the remaining coconut, wafer crumbs, butter and sugar and lightly press into a 7- x 11-inch pan and bake 6 to 7 minutes. Cool. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the limeade, ice cream and flavoring stir until dissolved. Pour into the crust and top with the toasted coconut. Freeze until firm, then cover tightly and return to the freezer. Remove from the freezer 20 minutes before cutting into squares to serve. —Dorothy

**BROILED GREEN TOMATOES**

Alison's tomato plants were still yielding tomatoes which had little chance of ripening before the first frost. Not wanting to use them up in preserves, we found we really enjoyed them prepared in this manner. —Abigail

Set tomato halves, cut side up, in shallow baking pan. Make crisscross cuts in center of each. Place on each half a small piece of bacon and sprinkle with salt, pepper and powdered onion. Place under broiler about 10 minutes. If the tomatoes are quite large, bake in 350-degree oven about 20 minutes, then place under broiler. As a variation use a small piece of butter and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese in place of bacon.

If you have any green tomatoes around, I suggest that you prepare them as I've described.

**STEAK AND TOMATO**

- Round steak
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 2/3 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dried basil
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1 1-lb. can small whole onions (drained)
- 2 1-lb. cans tomatoes

Trim all fat from the meat and sprinkle the garlic salt over it. Cut into serving pieces and brown on both sides in a large skillet which has been rubbed lightly with either a piece of the fat or a tiny bit of shortening. Mix the bouillon cubes, water and seasonings and pour over the meat. Cover and simmer 30 minutes. Add the onions and cook 30 minutes; add tomatoes and cook another 15 minutes. —Dorothy

**BLUEBERRY DESSERT**

- 36 vanilla wafers, rolled fine
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1 can blueberry pie mix
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- Whipped cream

Make crust of wafer crumbs, soft butter and 1/2 cup sugar. Press into 9- x 11-inch pan. Beat eggs and 1/2 cup sugar; beat in cream cheese and vanilla. Pour mixture over crust and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool. Blend blueberry flavoring into blueberry pie mix and spread over baked portion and let stand 6 or 8 hours, or overnight. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 12. —Margery

**APRICOT-RICE PUDDING**

- 1 12-oz. can apricot nectar
- 1 6-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup raisins
- Nutmeg

Scald the apricot nectar, milk and rice together, then slowly stir into the eggs which have been combined with the flavoring, sugar and salt. Add the raisins. Pour into a buttered casserole and sprinkle with a little nutmeg. Place the casserole in a pan filled with water, one-inch deep, and bake in a 350-degree oven approximately one hour. Can be served warm or cold with cream or whipped cream. —Dorothy



### SOUTH-OF-THE-BORDER CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. corn chips
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 can enchilada sauce (optional)
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 1 large can pinto beans, undrained
- 1 can green chilies, chopped (or 2 green peppers)

1/2 cup mild cheese, grated

Brown ground beef in a little shortening. Drain off grease. Salt lightly. Layer ingredients in casserole with a layer of corn chips and a little cheese as top layer. Bake at 350 degrees 20 to 30 minutes or until bubbly and hot through.

This is a versatile casserole. It may have all the ingredients mixed together and spooned into a casserole with crushed corn chips and cheese on top. It may also be cooked in an electric skillet or in a Dutch oven.

Corn chips are a refreshing variation for casseroles in place of the usual potato chips. More or less may be used according to your taste or the number of people to be served. They make a fine *stretcher* when a dish needs to serve more people than normal. Either crushed or uncrushed, they give a tasty crunchy quality to a main dish.

### CRISPY CORN

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/3 cup diced onion
- 2 slices bread, cubed
- 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
- 1 cup Rice Krispies
- 2 Tbls. butter

Combine all the ingredients except the Rice Krispies and butter. Pour into a buttered casserole. Pour melted butter over the cereal then sprinkle over the top of the corn. Bake in a 350-degree oven about an hour. —Dorothy

### PEACH SALAD DELUXE

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
  - 2 cups boiling water
  - 3/4 cup cold water
  - 1 can peach halves
  - 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
  - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
  - 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- Dissolve the lime gelatin in one cup of boiling water. Add the cold water. Pour half the gelatin into a ring mold

and chill until syrupy. Drain the peaches, reserving the syrup. Place the peach halves, cut side up, in the mold. Pour the remaining lime gelatin over the peaches. Chill until set. Dissolve the orange gelatin in the other cup of boiling water. Blend in the cheese and flavoring, using a rotary beater to blend thoroughly. Add enough water to the peach syrup to make 3/4 cup, and add to the cheese mixture. Chill until very thick, then whip until fluffy. Stir in the pecans. Spoon over the set gelatin in the mold and chill until firm. Unmold to serve. This is a delicious and beautiful salad.

### ELEGANT PORK CHOPS

- 6 or 8 pork chops
- 1 medium onion, cut in rings
- 1 green pepper, cut in rings
- 1 13½-oz. can chunk pineapple, drained
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1/4 tsp. oregano

Brown chops in 1/4 cup shortening. Remove and in the drippings brown lightly the onion, green pepper and pineapple chunks. Remove. Return chops to skillet, cover with onion, green pepper and pineapple. Mix the brown sugar, pineapple juice, pineapple flavoring, vinegar, catsup and oregano. Pour over all, cover and simmer for 1½ hours. Delicious! —Margery

### HONEY-APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup applesauce

Sift two cups of the flour with the other dry ingredients, and mix the remaining flour with the raisins and nuts. Cream together the shortening and honey. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the applesauce, beating well after each addition. Stir in the raisins and nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 11- x 7-inch pan and bake about 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Frost as desired. —Dorothy

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## MARY BETH AND DONALD ARE "HOUSE-SITTING"

Dear Friends:

I'm writing you this month from new quarters. (It seems a good idea to get this letter off before school starts.) Had anyone said I would be living on a beautiful lake for six weeks of the tail end of summer vacation, I would have said he was dreaming. One Sunday after church our phone rang and it was the mother of one of Don's students. We had known one another before Don had this boy in his class, but not very well. Out of the clear blue sky she asked if we would consider moving into their house for six weeks while they were out of the country. They particularly wanted a family with children young enough to enjoy the lake.

We discussed it for a while, and my first thought was that it was not possible to close up our house on one week's notice. But Donald said that since his teaching obligations were winding up that very week, he would be on hand to help me with any cleaning-out activities necessary to shut the house for a long time. And, besides, it occurred to us that we were going only six miles away and we could come back whenever necessary. So we accepted the offer to house-sit for these people.

They are going to visit their son who is a student at Geelong Grammar School at Timbertop in Australia. He is enjoying his spring vacation before the school year ends for him in December, and his parents were anxious to see him after many months' absence. He will be returning to the Academy of Basic Education in January, where he is a member of Katharine's sophomore class.

Fortunately, this house is very large and can accommodate the visits from my family which had been planned early in the summer. The house is a two-story, modernized, and built-on-to farmhouse right on the edge of Beaver Lake, and it is beautiful. We've spent many, many hours swimming and sunning on the water's edge. Paul has bought himself a fishing rod and has had many pleasant hours fishing from the end of the pier.

There are acres and acres of grass that Don has to cut, but fortunately there is a large riding mower with several wide-reaching blades which make the job less time-consuming than he had expected. We're miles back from any road, so for the first time in her life we have let Eloise, our hound with the instincts to range long miles to seek rabbits and chipmunks, do all the ranging and wandering that any old dog could hope for. She goes out in the morning and doesn't come back until



Some of Mrs. Avercamp's most interesting purchases have been very, very old clothing. Now that the word has gotten around, people have been flocking to "Heritage House", her antique store in Delafield, Wisconsin. Katharine, being helped here by the proprietor, was thrilled to have the opportunity to help out in the shop.

she is so tired that she cannot explore any further. Simba, our cat, has just come back from the veterinarian's where she underwent major surgery, so she, too, has been given the freedom to roam at will. Simba has been confined to a leash on the clothesline for most of the summer, and as a result is a little timid about going boldly out into the huge world. She has stayed very close to the house, and we keep her well fed so there is no danger of our kitty's catching any birds, which I suspect she feels are mean and vicious from my observations of her cowering attitude.

We're all having a lovely time as you can tell. The owners left Don a sailboat, and although it is small it is adequate to fulfill his wishes. All of the children are "tramping" every day, too. "Tramping" is jumping on the trampoline which is located between the house and lake, making it very inviting to test one's skills and endurance on its bouncy frame. Donald has mastered a full flip but he complains that it makes his sinuses act peculiar, so he doesn't yield to the temptation too often; but at least he has proved to his children that he has just as much nerve as they. And they have more than enough nerve on this bouncing machine. Adrienne invariably goes down to the trampoline right after the dinner dishes are cleared and works off a few thousand calories bouncing up and down. I don't know what this does to the food in the stomach but no

one has fared any the worse for the experience.

Paul has come back from his first experience at Boy Scout camp, and although he enjoyed it immensely he managed to pick up some kind of virus and spent the following week and a half in bed. We have an appointment to have a thorough examination for him before school begins, because for all of his height he is losing weight. His doctor is a little suspicious of mononucleosis, which we surely hope it is not, because that would necessitate a few weeks in bed.

Katharine is still helping her friend Sara green-break her horse Yoka. She and the horse are learning a lot about each other. For instance, she has an enormous bruise covering the inside of one thigh to testify to the fact that one doesn't stand around behind any horse. Eloise, the dummy dog, has also learned not to bark at horses. The horses on this property do not take kindly to a pesty, barking dog, and Eloise, not having been accustomed to horses and thinking it good sport to go in and get closer and closer to their feet, finally got her kick, too. Fortunately, it was on her big fat rump, so she didn't suffer any broken bones, but she limped around for the better part of a week. Now, both Katharine and the dog have learned to respect horses.

Katharine has finished up the summer tending the antique shop in downtown Delafield. Our next-door neighbor who owns the shop hires her for either baby sitting with her two children or tending the store while she is away buying old things. It is simply amazing the number of homes in our area that have a wealth of genuine primitive pieces of furniture or other household items for which antique collectors are searching.

One of the things I have bought there is a gold railroad man's pocket watch. Don's mother had given him his grandfather Driftmier's watch fob, and I couldn't think of a finer heirloom to pass on to Paul one day than his father's and great-grandfather's watch and gold chain. Men's suits are not being made with watch pockets anymore, so right at the moment it is a bit of a problem carrying it in his pants pocket. Perhaps for Christmas I shall find a vest for him with a pocket in the front that would accommodate this pretty. This watch is quite old but is in working condition.

It is time to take Katharine to Delafield so she can be there when the antique shop is expected to open. She will be home after five o'clock, at which time she will eat her supper and motorboat across the lake to exercise her horse at Sara's house.

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth



## THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS ACQUIRE TWO NEW PETS

Dear Friends:

It has been a few months since last I sat down to write to you. Fortunately there was no family disaster that prevented me from writing. Rather, it was good fortune, lots of other writers, including Emily, and travel that kept me away.

While Emily is the member of our immediate family who has covered the most miles, I would not attempt to recount her adventures. Alison also traveled although she was primarily occupied with a job. She and a girl friend managed a flying trip to Mexico City late in summer in order to visit Emily before she returned to the U.S. Emily took the proverbial long way home — via Costa Rica. Some of you will recall that she spent a year living there with various families during 1966-1967. So there were old friends to visit and warm memories to recall.

When we met Alison upon her return from Mexico we found she had brought another addition to our household, Emily's small ball of black fluff named "Hipias".

He had received all of the required vaccinations and the veterinarian supplied some sleeping pills so that he would be "out" during the flight. So Alison marched on to board the plane laden, as are most travelers returning to this country, with assorted packages and hand-woven baskets. Immediately the steward stopped her to ask what was in the basket with the lid. "Oh, just some souvenirs of Mexico." He opened the lid and there was Hipias, bright-eyed and, luckily, adorably appealing. But the basket now marked "Live Dog" was summarily removed to the baggage compartment.

At the Denver airport we waited and waited for that basket to be unloaded. It finally arrived but minus the occupant. A frantic search located him blithely exploring the baggage room.

Our household had started the summer with one dog, Lucky, our small gray poodle. Although I like dogs very much, I don't have any great yen to own a lot of them, or even be surrounded by them twenty-four hours out of the day. Then Alison developed an overwhelming desire for her very own dog. She particularly wanted one that was big and well-behaved around horses, something that Lucky certainly was not. So when she promised to take entire care of her dog and not saddle me with him in case she should decide to do something that prohibited his presence, I agreed to welcome another dog to the household.

Alison looked over the stock of homeless dogs at the Dumb Friends League and selected a black Labrador puppy



Rick Paulus, our faithful paper-boy, and his lovely Great Dane are a familiar twosome in Shenandoah.

which at a tender age was already larger than Lucky. "Sealab" has turned out to be quiet, placid, undemanding, friendly to all and unconcerned about horses. These latter two qualities were very important because of Alison's summer job of assistant riding instructor at a stables where there were lots of young children and horses. And Sealab is big; his head alone is about the size of all of Hipias even though they are close to the same age. But the great disparity in size doesn't inhibit their playing together one bit. And Lucky, who regarded Sealab as "his" friend, has been most uncordial to Hipias — although once in a while he has condescended to play rather begrudgingly with him.

So as I look back on last summer, I look at a house that gradually seemed to fill with assorted dogs and a summer in which our family had wonderful occasions for travel. While the girls saw parts of Central America, Wayne, Clark and I enjoyed an absolutely delightful trip through parts of the western United States. The national convention of the American Association of Nurserymen was held in San Francisco this past July. Wayne's required attendance gave us the opportunity to explore, what was for us, new routes and regions of the West, and to visit old friends and relatives whom we see all too infrequently.

We are very fond of the state of Utah from a scenery standpoint, particularly the southern half. So we seized this chance to visit for the first time two of the smaller national monuments located there. We stayed overnight at Capitol Reef National Monument and the next morning enjoyed the very lovely drive between it and Cedar Breaks National Monument. Actually, southern Utah is so filled with unusual and varied formation deriving from all types of erosion that you feel the entire region

should be set aside for the national preservation of unspoiled Nature.

There is just one drawback to selection of this auto route to San Francisco. It requires driving across the only desolate and completely unwarding section of the United States that we've ever found, south-central Nevada. It was an unrelieved monotony of dull gray and dull tan; more than 100 miles of the highway is unrelieved even by a gasoline pump. Our appetites were really whetted for a swim in a refreshing motel swimming pool by the time we pulled into Tonopah, Nevada, shortly after 4 p.m. The one motel in town with a swimming pool was already filled; this was the only place we encountered any shortness of accommodations. Tonopah has to be about the ugliest town we've ever seen in this country. Apparently it was founded by miners who have never given one thought to relieving the ugly scars of their occupation by planting a tree, shrub or flower. Seeking to escape the bleakness of the town, we decided to see what was on at the local movie; but there was no movie theatre in Tonopah. I guess maybe in this way there is no competition for the gambling casinos which dot main street. Needless to say, we went to bed early that night.

Many years ago Wayne and I had driven over Tioga Pass, the eastern, summer-only entrance to Yosemite National Park. In those days it was a narrow road with hardly enough room for two cars. This time it had been widened, of course, but it was still beautiful and spectacular. We spent only a few hours in Yosemite, just enough to give Clark a glimpse of those monumental monoliths and magnificent waterfalls. The park was filled with fellow tourists and we were anxious to get on to Stockton, California, and a reunion with some friends of many years standing. When you can see people only once in every few years, and yet when everything is as warm and friendly as if it had been only yesterday, then you know they are genuine friends and not just acquaintances.

The following day we drove to my brother's home in San Anselmo. This is just across the bay north from the Golden Gate Bridge. We hadn't seen this family since their son and daughter had become grown-up college students so this reunion was especially rewarding. Because John and Helen are both former Iowans, they knew that the ocean would be the biggest local treat available for us so arranged an expedition to Point Reyes National Seashore. It seemed ridiculous to dress in slacks instead of shorts and to pack warm sweaters, jackets and scarfs, but

(Continued on page 22)





## The Little Owl Who Would Not Give a Hoot

(A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN)

by  
Evelyn Witter

It was Halloween. The Owl Family, who lived deep in the old pine tree, was unhappy. It was all because Blinky, the baby owl, would not give a hoot.

Mother Owl sat gloomily, her feathers ruffled in a most unbecoming manner. "Just what is the trouble?" asked wise Father Owl.

"It's still Blinky," Mother Owl sighed. She nodded toward Blinky, who was sitting quietly between them. He blinked his big, staring eyes toward the moon, watching it rise high in the late October sky.

"He doesn't give a hoot about anything," Mother Owl went on. "Here it is Halloween, when every true owl hoots his head off, and our baby doesn't even make the slightest sound!"

Blinky listened to it all. In his little owly heart he really wanted to hoot, but never in his young life had he ever been able to find a voice to hoot with. This made him sad. Big tears gathered in his eyes, making them shine like two big mirrors.

Wise Father Owl watched his son, and felt sorry for him. Then he said: "I'll give him something that will help him find his voice, and then he can hoot with the best of us."

"I hope you can!" exclaimed Mother Owl, happily.

At these words, Father Owl started to climb to the top of the old pine tree. He climbed up, up, up, until he reached the topmost branch.

Blinky watched him. How he wished his father would not take dangerous chances like that! He wanted to call out, but no sound came.

Father Owl stopped climbing for a second to look down to see how his son was feeling about the climbing. He saw Blinky looking up his beak closed in silence.

"He's not scared enough to cry out yet," he said aloud.

Father Owl went on climbing until he got to the very top of the tree. He waited there, listening for his son's voice. "Not scared enough yet," he said again.

Father Owl's claws grabbed the branch tighter as he got ready for his next exciting try.

Then Blinky saw his father twirling round and round the branch in the fastest somersault he had ever seen. He wanted to cry out, "Stop, Father! You might fall." When he almost felt a gurgle of a sound forming in his throat, he began thinking how smart his father was. Why, everyone called him Wise Owl. His father was too wise to do something that was too dangerous. Wise Owl knew how to do everything well. Blinky sat quietly then, feeling no harm could come to his father.

Wise Owl finally gave up. He climbed down sadly. It was no use, he decided. Nothing he could do would scare Blinky into talking.

The moon was high in the sky now. It was big, yellow and bright. The Owl family sat sadly in the old pine tree. First Mother, then Blinky, and then Wise Owl. Since this was Blinky's first Halloween, he was a tiny bit scared.

Then things began to happen. Under the old pine tree came three figures, all dressed in white. They were covered from their heads to their feet.

As they stayed close together, stooping over something round, Blinky heard them say "We'll scare the other kids with this jack-o'-lantern when they come by here on the way to the party." The three figures shook with laughter as they raced away.

They left the jack-o'-lantern in plain sight. It was a terrible-looking thing, with a big-toothed grin and flickering flames lighting its eyes from the candle within.

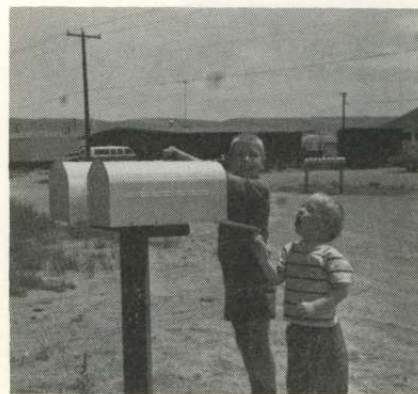
Blinky, who had never seen such a sight in his life, was so surprised that he almost fell from his perch. His little owly heart pounded and his watery eyes got shinier and shinier. He was so scared!

All of a sudden it seemed like his heart jumped right into his throat and pushed out a big, long sound. "Who-o-o-o!" It came out loud and clear in the frosty air.

Mother Owl and Wise Owl were so happy that they let out a big, round, "Who-o-o-o!" too.

The three owls in the old pine tree gave the most hoots in the woods that Halloween night.

\* \* \*



Andrew and Aaron Brase check the mailbox daily to see if there is a letter from Grandmother Johnson.

### MINUTES OF GOLD

Two or three minutes, two or three hours

What do they mean in this life of ours? Not very much, if but counted as time They are minutes of gold and hours sublime.

If only we'll use them once in a while To make someone happy, make someone smile.

A minute to dry a little lad's tears, An hour to sweep aside the trouble of years.

Minutes of time may bring an end to Hopelessness, somewhere, and bring me a friend.

—Anonymous

### THE OWL

Up in our elm  
Lives a queer old bird,  
With the scariest voice  
You ever heard.  
And he has an odd,  
Individual way  
Of gadding by night  
And snoozing by day.  
Who -- whoo!

He sits and drills  
On his notes all night  
And rouses me up  
Before it is light.  
And when I sit up  
In bed and peek out,  
He asks me whom  
I am dreaming about.  
Who -- whoo!

—Author Unknown

### OCTOBER

Blue-brushed canopy above,  
Midas-touched leaves below,  
Distant mountain peaks  
Salted with new snow;  
Daily dawn glows later,  
Coolness crisps the air;  
Squirrels scabble for nuts  
To store for winter fare.  
Southward, ever southward  
V-wedged goose flock flies;  
Today's a bright October  
Under autumn skies.

—Inez Baker





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

An unforgettable narrative that the *Library Journal* says is reminiscent of *To Kill a Mockingbird* is *Another Part of the House*, a novel by Winston M. Estes. Family life in the Texas Panhandle in the 1930's is told through the eyes of ten-year-old Larry Morrison in *Another Part of the House* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$5.95). Larry is aware that times are troubled but is not sure why. To him, the Depression, the drought, the dust, and, most of all, death are potential destroyers of the only real security a child knows — his home. Papa is owner of the Drug Store. Mama, Uncle Calvin and brother Tad are the other members of the home besides Larry. Love pervades the house-

hold and even in times of tragedy, Larry realizes that a member of the family "would never come back. I had lost him forever. But in losing him, I would have him for the rest of my life."

*Another Part of the House* will tug at your emotions as you read of happy times and times of hardship. This first novel for Mr. Estes is down-to-earth and readable. You'll like it.

*Twelve Grindstones* or, *A Few More Good Ones*, being another cultural roundup of Maine folklore, sort of, although not intended to be definitive, or perhaps not so cultural, either, by John Gould (Little, Brown and Co., \$4.95) is, as John Gould fans know, full of leg-pulling, wit and wisdom. There's a chapter on the art of locating underground water with a hazel switch — water witching, that is. Also included is a fascinating story about grindstones — that object used to put an edge on axes, knives and scythes. Generations glide by and the grindstones are as good as ever. There are tales by Charley, Joe and Jim, including the following by Joe:

"Last Saturday a fellow telephoned

my garage and told me to come over and get his car unlocked — he left the keys inside. I said I'd be over in a few minutes, and he said to hurry up because he had a convertible with the top down and it looked like rain!"

John Gould books are great for laughter, including *Monstrous Depravity* and *The Jonesport Raffle*, of which it is said, "He takes one's mind off practically everything else!"

An interesting account for followers of books by Rumer Godden is *In This House of Brede* (The Viking Press, \$6.95). The story tells of Philippa Talbot, a successful career woman of London who feels the call to religious life. As a Benedictine of Brede Abbey in Sussex, the novel unfolds through her eyes, from the day she enters the Abbey until she faces an ultimate sacrifice. Along with her story is the history of the House and the nuns who are steeped in tradition. Rumer Godden spent three years writing this book. She was allowed to live at the gates of a Benedictine monastery and to have help from the nuns. A brilliant story by a talented writer is *In This House of Brede*.

A book you won't want to miss is *Julia Harrington* Winnebago, Iowa, 1913 (Little, Brown and Co., \$7.95) by Richard Bissell, popular writer born in Dubuque, Iowa, and author of *7½ Cents*. and *How Many Miles to Galena?* Julia tells her own story through memories and impressions as a twelve-going-on-thirteen girl in the year 1913. This is one year in the life of a small town — Winnebago, Iowa — during the tranquil times before the war. The novel illustrations help make this a charming book. There are color and black-and-white illustrations reproduced from original advertisements and catalogs. There's the kitchen cabinet, "Your own Ideal — \$24.95 — with porcelain enameled top." Of the hard coal stove Mr. Bissell writes, "This is our Palace Windsor anthracite base burner that keeps us warm and cozy. It is very beautiful and trimmed in nickel silver with little windows through which the fire glows cheerily. On very cold mornings we are allowed to come downstairs and dress by the stove." Miss Julia Harrington thinks it is the most beautiful on the street. This, I'm sure, will bring back memories to many readers. Brass beds are advertised for \$13.85 — "rich in beauty of design and finish" and the "Economy Chief Cream Separator" goes along with the story of Julia and how she must drink her milk and her dislike for Pearl, the cow.

*Julia Harrington* is a book to enjoy for all ages. Thanks, Mr. Bissell.

*Another Part of the House* and *Julia Harrington* are especially readable books, I think. What do you think?

## We Couldn't LIVE Without Them!

Halloween would be a drag if our sheets weren't clean and bright. That's why we're so thankful for our new laundry "team".

With **Blue Drops** detergent and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** in the washer, we know we'll sparkle when we go out haunting.

And that goes for everything else in you mortal's laundry hampers, too: from baby's diapers to work clothes (including dainty underthings). Everything that's washable needs **Blue Drops** detergent and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** (even fine synthetics and new permanent-press fabrics).

They work so beautifully it's . . . well, spooky!

## KITCHEN-KLATTER

## BLUE DROPS & SAFETY BLEACH





## THE VERSATILE CANDLE RING

by  
Lois Hunter

I'm sure you have used these pretty rings on your candles at all seasons of the year. They are attractive, quick change, decorative items. They come in all sizes, to slip over the dinner taper, the two-inch and on up to the four-inch ones. But they also have a number of other uses.

Let us start with the small flat ring and use it as a package decoration, in place of a bow. This would be a good item to remember when you must mail a package. Just slip the ribbon across the solid ring and it will be held flat on the package. This same size and style ring will also hold a small paper nut cup, to add color to your table.

Don't forget that if you are searching for a certain kind and color of flowers, and can find them only in candle rings, it is possible to use these rings. One way to do this is to cut them exactly in half and lay the cut side to the center, outside edges touching. This way they can form as large a circle as you need. These could be placed around a centerpiece to enlarge or decorate it. A punch bowl often needs flowers around it, and this is an easy way to make a large ring. Then don't overlook the ice ring that looks so pretty in a punch bowl. The candle rings are easy to use here, but check them carefully as you do not want any rust in your ice ring.

The half circles can make as long and narrow a decoration as you wish; for example, the length of a table. Just put the cut ends of half a ring to the center of two others, chain effect.

The following is one of the prettiest ways to use the ring, and you can use any size that you need. However, the shape is important, and the ring should be full and with enough flowers and foliage to almost fill the inside space. If you can find one that mounds up and is fairly high in the center, is the best. For the method: Tie a bow of ribbon, using wide enough ribbon and large enough loops to make a nice important bow for your size ring. Place it on the top, letting the ends hang down to the table. An addition of two or three pieces of net to the bow soften and add to it. The net is wired in like this: Use an approximately 1½- by 2½-inch piece of nylon net, and a 6-inch length of fine wire. Gather the center (across the 1½-inch width) in your fingers, and wrap the wire around it once at this point. Twist the wire tightly against the net, and you have a net "bow". Slip the wire thru to the underside of the ribbon bow and fasten. Then center the bow with an appropriate ornament, such as a stork, dove or bell, and wire these in as you did the net.



Evelyn enjoys decorating her fireplace for the seasons of the year. This is the way it looks for Oct.

This little arrangement can be placed on a small table, a tray for an invalid, or even on top of a candleholder for height. Two can be used, one on each side, of a paper fold-out figure, such as a bride. This would make your centerpiece larger and more original. Also, the rings could be one of the gifts to the honoree. For an anniversary use a "25" or "50" emblem, which come on wires, fix it a little above the center, and add the net and ribbon around the wire underneath it.

One of the most unusual ways we have found for the candle rings is to use them for hats! Yes, hats, for bridesmaids especially. The daisy is the one we have used the most, but check any you like for possibilities. Most bridesmaids' hats are just a circlet base plus net and ribbon, so the candle ring makes an excellent base, and you can then dress them up as much as you wish.

Look around you and find your own use for these. They make nice little wreathes to hang in small panes of windows or doors at Christmas, too. You are limited only by your imagination.

## AS I RECEIVE -

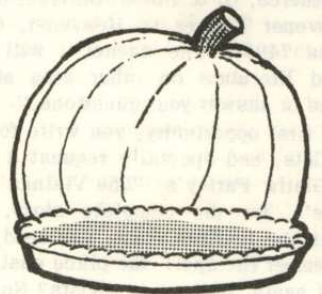
Pale hands reach out. And I,  
Drained dry by hopeless task of  
Giving endlessly, feel only  
Nothingness. Pity, love, and  
Voice of conscience dwindle to  
A frayed-edged thread as strength  
And patience wear so very thin.

What miracle is this? A surging  
Wave of strength bourne near  
In unseen mystic hands!

And in my fingertip and on my lips  
I find the words and magic touch  
That seem to matter - oh so much!  
And I stand taller, straighter too -  
My weary shoulders once again a  
Pillar for another, weak and in  
Distress, to lean upon. —Leta Fulmer

## A SOUL PIERCED

My feelings have been  
pulled out by the roots.  
They hang there  
seething and writhing.  
I hurt a friend  
with a hasty word  
spoken, unthinking.  
My apology was accepted  
but the eyes are pools reflecting  
the innermost feelings of the soul  
and I know all is  
not forgotten.  
Would that I could swallow back  
the arrow of that hasty word  
oh, God! Help me to think  
before I speak! —Lois Allen Maag



## MOVE OVER, PUMPKIN!

Pumpkin pie must be everyone's favorite, this time of year, and rightly so: it's America's own flavor. But a steady diet of pumpkin, like anything else, could get a little tiresome. That's why we suggest you brighten up your favorite recipes with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

Like a touch of orange in your lemon pie, for a two-fruit treat. Or mint in chocolate cake. Or a little almond or black walnut in applesauce, for goodness sake.

These instant flavors taste so great, with real-life color and aroma. They never cook out or bake out, and are so economical because a few drops are all you need for most recipes. There are sixteen:

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

## Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If you can't yet buy these products at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla, \$1.00. We pay postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601



**GHOSTS FROM THE PAST** — Concluded point. Scholars who have checked the ancient Viking history say that their records show, too, that this could be entirely possible. So, tucked away in the back of your mind is the resolution that you will do a little reading and research on this subject yourself.

Where to begin, though? The subject of Viking history is so vast, and the literature on the runestones at hand so hard to find . . . or is it? Wait a minute; your leaflet says something about it on the back page — now where was that paragraph? Oh yes — here it is:

"If you are interested in more of these *Heavener Adventureland* brochures, just write to the Chamber of Commerce, U. S. Forest Service, or the *Heavener Ledger* in Heavener, Oklahoma 74937. The agencies will also send literature on other area attractions or answer your questions."

At first opportunity, you write for the leaflets, and specially request a copy of Gloria Farley's "The Vikings Were Here", for the complete story. And when the leaflets come, you read, and remember the spell the place cast, and read again. Believe in ghosts? No, you never did, until now, and the magic is too strong to disbelieve. Somehow, the magic of the runestone has summoned up the haunting memory of those explorers who were here so long ago, and have left their mark so clearly that you still feel them here today. Our space-age travelers of the Seventies, our astronauts, cannot be more daring than those bold men who explored the unknown side of the world in 1012.

If you take a lot of things for granted, you'll discover that many of them are not granted.



Dorothy Johnson made the matching knit tops for her niece, Juliana Lowey, and little James.

**ADVENTURES IN SEWING** — Concluded bring you completely up to date on the newest methods of sewing the newest knits. With a bit of practice you can learn the factory methods and shortcuts, and achieve truly professional results. Many fabric shops are specializing in lingerie fabrics and related modern knits, and many offer specialized classes in sewing them. A wave of excitement is sweeping the country; sewing for the Seventies translates specifically to a great deal of sewing with knits. And, alternatively, to sewing with the pile fabrics, polyesters, and the frankly glamour fabrics that often surprise you with their utilitarianism besides.

So if you've hesitated to experiment, hesitate no longer. Choose some of the modern marvels that appeal to you, and update your own sewing. You just might surprise yourself at your fresh interest when you approach it with that sparkling spirit of adventure!

## "PUNKIN" PARTY — Concluded

And who deserve tricks,  
Great Pumpkin is coming to town.

He'll search in every pumpkin patch,  
Haunted houses far and near,  
To see if you've been spreading gloom,  
Or bringing lots of cheer.

So, you better not shriek,  
You better not groan,  
You better be good  
And let that bad stuff alone.  
Great Pumpkin is comin' to town.

## DOWN IN THE CORNFIELD

("Up on the Housetop")

Down in the cornfield, frosty white  
Witches prowl on Halloween night.  
If I should spot one, what a fright!  
I'd run like a turkey, afraid to light.

Chorus:

Ho, ho, ho! Who wouldn't go?  
Ho, ho, ho! Betcha I know  
Down in the cornfield frosty white  
Where witches prowl on Halloween night.

Down in the cornfield, shiver and shake,  
The rattle of bones, doth a coward make.

If I decide a peek to take,  
I'll be ready to take a fast break!

Have the singers do actions to some of the songs and with others try some sound effects (moans, shrieks, etc.). If you are giving out prizes for the best costumes, conclude with a punkin carol and grand march, and then have the judging before guests unmask.



## BON VOYAGE

Your furnishings and clothing  
are packed upon the truck.  
The floors and walls are bare,  
and already hollow ghosts  
scatter memories everywhere.  
We have just a moment now  
to clasp each other's hands again,  
and promise faithfully to write,  
and plan to visit soon, my friend.

The swing set where our children  
played  
is now among your cargo,  
as well as coffee cups and happy hours  
at your kitchen table.  
One last look about to see  
if you have forgotten anything.  
All is packed — the hall mirror,  
the garden hose, and the porch  
chimes that sing.  
All of your possessions  
are loaded we see.  
But what is not so apparent —  
is that when you journey on,  
my friend,  
you take a part of me.

—Marcia Schwartz

## The Happy Housewife's Song



I look around my house and see  
A thousand things to do.  
There's always lots of cleaning  
With gobs of scrubbing, too.  
From sidewalk to the back porch  
From basement to the bay  
There's never any shortage  
Of dirt to wash away.  
Thank goodness for the cleaner  
That helps me night and day  
That never leaves a residue  
To rinse and wipe away.  
You'll never find a better one,  
No matter what you spend . . .  
Than **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**,  
The housewife's real true friend!

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**



## OCTOBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

is impossible to list all that has become so very much a part of your world through the peoples of Europe. Think of the great paintings you treasure, from Italy, France, Belgium, Holland, England — from all over Europe. What a world of difference in communication when the radio came, thanks to the Italian Marconi; and in transportation due to such men as the Englishman, James Watt. And music! We gave you Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Strauss, to mention a few. Irish linens, Belgian lace, the finest in wood carving are other gifts we've shared with the world. Of course there is no end to the brilliant scientific discoveries, as well as those in the field of medicine, made by Europeans, which have benefited the whole world.

**Mexico:** I would have you recall the words written on the famous Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore." Yes, these immigrants (your forefathers and mine) came here as immigrants. Each brought with him a bit of his homeland culture to pour into the great melting pot of humanity, out of which came he who so proudly calls himself "American". Just so do all nations, all races and creeds, give to each other to help make us citizens of the world.

**Leader:** UNITED NATIONS — ONE WORLD! We can make it so. We must begin by remembering Jesus' words: *Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.* Love and understanding must take the place of guns and bloodshed. This idea of love and peace and brotherhood has come down to us from all races and creeds, from centuries and centuries ago. Surely with good will we can make the vision come true at last. Hear then what the sages of the centuries have said:

(From the semicircle of helpers, one person steps forward to give each quotation.)

**Confucian:** "Love is to conquer self and turn to courtesy. Could we for but one day, all mankind would turn to love." So spoke the wise Confucius.

**Hindu:** From the Hindu comes this thought: How blest and happy solitude of him who knows and hears the truth.

**Christian:** The Christian in the New Testament says, "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

**Judaism:** In the Old Testament Hebrew we read: Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts.

**Leader:** The great Kagawa of Japan sums it up like this: Today a wonderful



Youngsters learn about children in other countries in Sunday school.

thought in the dawn was given. And the thought was this: That a secret plan is hid in my hand: That my hand is big because of this plan. That God, who dwells in my hand knows this secret plan of the things he will do for the world using my hand!

You a peacemaker. I a peacemaker. You to be brother and I, in turn, brother to another; all of us citizens of one world. Let us grow in love and understanding just as a tree grows day by day, year by year.

*Today we will plant a tree,* a United Nations Tree of Peace. We plant this tree of Peace that it may ever be a symbol of our growth toward world brotherhood and of our pledge to support the United Nations.

## Dedication Poem:

In the beginning, God said, "Let the earth with trees be spread."

And it was even so;

And then God said, "'Tis good — now grow."

And since that day all trees have grown  
Up toward their Maker, praises shown  
By lifting up their arms each morn  
To greet with joy the day newborn.

This is our prayer: May it be so  
That as we plant this tree, we show  
Our part in Thy creative plan

When Thou didst cause the trees to stand.

Impart Thy blessing on this tree,  
That it may grow, and ever be  
A symbol of our hopes which rise  
To Thee who made the earth and skies,  
Of our desire that right and good  
Bring us to one world brotherhood.

—Adapted from church paper.

(Those in the semicircle stand at this time.) Some designated person, or persons, plants the tree. Those in costume move forward, clasping hands and forming a complete circle around the tree.

**Prayer:** May the United Nations find its strength in God, and in the clear thinking, the love, and understanding of all of us as we strive every day to form a stronger circle of friendship around the world, each of us sharing of what we have that there be food, shelter, clothing, liberty, and justice for all. Amen



## AUTUMN

With Autumn's turning leaves,  
Summer forgets to grieve  
For its lost mantle  
Of green.  
Instead,  
It dawns with pride  
Its mantle of gold  
That Autumn's turning leaves  
Unfold.

—Don Beckman

A BRIDE'S GUIDE  
TO SALADS

You and I know all about salads, but perhaps there's a young bride around who could profit from a few tips. So, just for fun, we asked our favorite salad chef for some tips. Here they are:

1. *Tear, don't cut.* Cutting lettuce with knife or shears makes brown edges. Always tear lettuce.

2. *Cool it.* Warm lettuce is limp lettuce. If it must go directly from garden or store to salad, rinse it, put it in a plastic bag, and slip it into the freezer for a few minutes.

3. *Salt at the last minute.* wait as long as possible to salt your greens. Salt kills crispness, too.

4. *Tomatoes contain water.* Many salad experts don't like to use tomatoes, because they add liquid to the salad. If you like tomatoes in your salad, be sure to use a rich, full-flavored dressing like **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style**. You'll like this one, because it's not too tart, not too sweet. Just a great combination of oils, vinegar and herbs . . . a taste that everyone, young or old, will enjoy.

Kitchen-Klatter  
Country Style Dressing

If your grocer doesn't stock this great new dressing, tell him about it. He'll appreciate it.

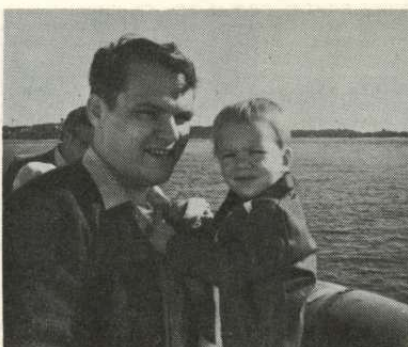


**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**

Art's mother now lives in Cheyenne, so on my last day there we drove over to see her. After a delicious lunch at her house we all went for a drive, and spent at least an hour at the Lions Amusement park so the children could ride on the merry-go-round and little train. We all took a ride around the lake on a paddle wheel boat. The next time I am in Cheyenne I would like to spend more time and go through the museum and the Capitol building.

After supper at Mary's we spent the evening visiting and enjoying a little program Andy gave. He sang all the songs he had learned in kindergarten last year, and did a very nice job in spite of the help (?) from Aaron, who tries to do everything Andy does. It was all cute and funny, and a nice memory to take with me as I left to take the bus back home.

Frank met me in Osceola and told me that it rained every day I was gone. We had had five inches, but it had been



It was a lovely clear day in Massachusetts when Jed took little James on the boat to Nantucket.

a slow and gentle rain so the creek hadn't risen very much. Then about midnight the sky opened up and we had about eight inches in a few hours, and our creek was out by morning. It was the highest it had been for several years. It didn't seem to damage the corn, but most of the beans were lying flat in the mud and slime. So this is the way things look at our house as of now.

I know I have taken up more than my allotted space, so I'll report more news from the farm next month.

Until then . . .

Dorothy

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

that she is growing like the proverbial weed. The first little stretch-type sleepers that I sent to her have now been outgrown and the next ones must be 6 months to 1 year. Juliana says that she loves to be right out in the middle of everything that's going on and tries desperately to communicate with baby sounds. James is getting over his first unhappy jealousy and now pays much attention to her and accepts her. As Juliana has learned, it just takes time . . . and patience.

They will leave Woods Hole in early September and fly back to Albuquerque, and certainly my thoughts will be with Jed's mother at that time for I know only too well how empty the house will seem. I think it's wonderful that she is going to start taking driving lessons in September, for with Carol and Beth gone all day she will simply be stranded if she doesn't learn to drive. Like so many of us, Jim was there to take her wherever she wanted to go and there didn't seem to be any need to drive the car on her own. Now things have changed and she knows that her freedom lies in being able to get around as she pleases.

Around mid-September Howard, Mae, Eula and I plan to drive out to Albuquerque. We haven't set a definite date and we haven't decided what route to take, but one of these days we'll settle on the day and the highway. Howard and Mae will be there around ten days and then will fly back to Shenandoah, but Eula and I plan to be gone through most of October. That is the most beautiful month of the year in New Mexico, but even if it were the worst month I'd still be wildly eager to see Katharine and James!

Faithfully always . . .

*Lucile*

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SERVICE! Money-back guarantee. Order NOW!  
**TWO BROS. INC., Dept. b855, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101**

**ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded**

that is just how drastic the change in climate is over on the Pacific Ocean. We were exhilarated by the hike along the very windy, cold, fog-shrouded beach. We were also very happy to retreat just a few miles back inland to a lovely state park (Samuel Taylor) located in the redwoods where the climate was warm, calm and sunny for our picnic.

All too soon it was time to head into San Francisco. Not that we were reluctant to go there; we were just having a great reunion. As far as San Francisco is concerned, I appreciated all over again why that city is the inspiration for so many songs of love and adulation. But more about that another time.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

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And each heart quickens to prepare for Yuletide pleasure.

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-Oleta Bright



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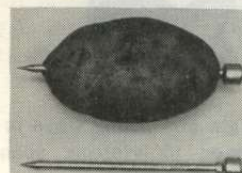
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## WHEN YOU VISIT SCHOOL

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

There are right and wrong ways to do everything, even to visiting school.

Some of the wrong ways:

Mother comes to school inappropriately dressed much to the embarrassment of her child.

Two mothers come together and then spend most of the time visiting in whispers between themselves, disturbing the class and annoying to the teacher.

The mother who dashes in between a committee meeting and a club meeting, perching on the edge of her chair as she keeps an anxious eye on the clock.

The mother who comes only when she has fault to find with the teacher, or the other youngsters in her child's class, and takes the teacher from her class while she airs those complaints in detail.

The mother who has eyes only for her own little darling and tensely watches his every move every minute of her visit.

The mother who brings along one or two small preschool brothers and sisters and sits and beams tranquilly and proudly while they entertain (?) the class with their antics much to the dismay and embarrassment of the school child.

The mother who sings the praises of HER child long and loudly to the teacher, perhaps in front of his classmates.

The mother who sails in breezily, unannounced, with "treats for the whole bunch" and insists that they "stop right now and have a party", then forgets about visiting school for another year.

The ideal mother visits school:

She comes often, learning beforehand a bit about the schedule so she will not interrupt a test, but can arrange to see various phases of her child's school program — art one time, reading another and so on.

She slips in quietly, with a warm smile for the teacher, and finds an inconspicuous seat, being neatly and appropriately dressed to make her child proud.

She becomes absorbed in the activities of the class, watching all of the children and sees her child as a part of the class and as another human being — not an extension of her own

personality and someone she must defend, or brag about.

If she wants to talk with the teacher, she talks privately with her at recess, but only for a short time, allowing the teacher time to prepare for the next class.

Before she leaves she inquires how she can help and also picks out some special things she has observed to admire and praise — but not HER CHILD!

She leaves visiting with her friends for sometime outside the classroom so doesn't ask someone to visit school with her.

She arranges with a sitter for younger children, thus being able to give her school child and his classmates her undivided attention — not providing a distracting sideshow.

If desiring to take a treat other than the usual one for her child's birthday, she speaks to the teacher beforehand to see what is acceptable and allows the teacher to select the time.

## TAKE TIME TO VISIT THE ELDERLY

"Please leave the door open so Jim can get in to see me."

"Do you know my daughter? When is she coming? Will you bring her here?"

"My son said he would come last week. He couldn't make it, but he'll be here next week. I know he will."

Others say nothing. They sit, if they are able to be up, or lie in bed and wait.

They wait for visits from relatives or friends, yet in what appears to be too many instances of elderly patients in nursing homes, their visitors are few and a long time in appearing and often, none and never.

Perhaps it is unfair to generalize on the basis of observations in one nursing home. That's how this conclusion was drawn.

But in one or one hundred nursing homes, the patients want more than anything else to see and talk with their relatives and friends. To neglect visiting them is to consign them to a loneliness which no one, at any age, should have to suffer.

The worst of it is the feeling of having been forgotten and of having nothing to anticipate.

Even a conversation with a stranger, particularly a person of their own age, brings pleasure to most of these people.

Check the visiting hours. Visit your elderly. It's a fine thing to do.

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