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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

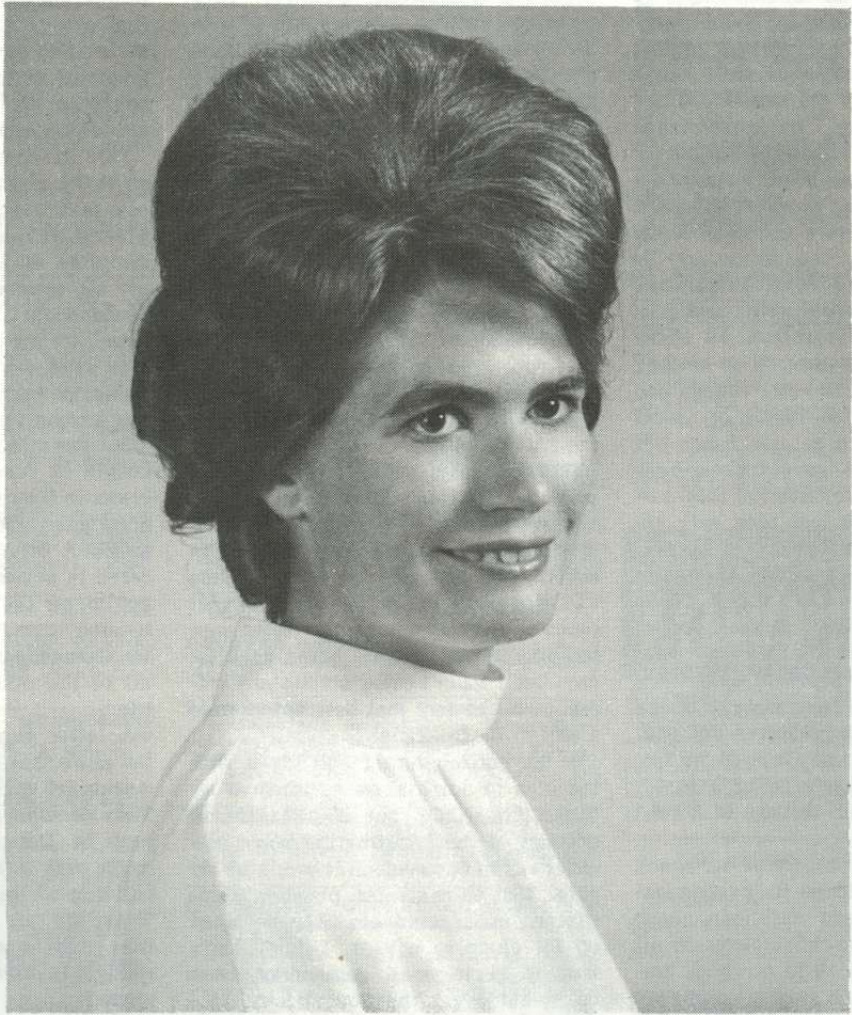
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—Photo by Ludwig

*Mrs. Arthur Brase*

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MRS. W. E. PEARSON  
302 HAMBURG AVE  
ST JOSEPH MO 64503





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom.

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Most of the time I'm not given to dwelling upon the past and for the best reason in the world: I find that the present absorbs my full attention.

But this gorgeous autumn day I've thought most frequently about years gone by, and the explanation is that we have a big kettle of chili sauce simmering away on the stove . . . and the Caves-of-Araby fragrance takes me right straight back to September days when we came home from school and smelled Mother's wonderful chili sauce when we were a good half-block from home!

Then, too, I have some apples and pears out on our little porch and they remind me so vividly of Dad. All of the years that we were growing up he took off for the country in early autumn and laid in a tremendous supply of everything that he could get his hands on.

I'm sure that it gave him a great sense of security to have the fruit cellar crammed to its last inch with apples of all varieties, pears, squash, and anything else that could be held a reasonable length of time. These things were in baskets on the floor, of course, but all of the shelves were loaded with jars that held everything from early rhubarb right through to the final yellow tomato preserves and pear honey. Even as small children we felt that no matter what kind of a winter lay ahead, we'd pull through it in good shape!

Do you recall my report of our peach tree that astounded us by bearing exactly one huge and delicious peach after doing nothing whatsoever in all the years it had been in the back garden? Well, that tree gave us a bumper crop of wonderful peaches last year, but this year it was up to its old tricks and produced exactly THREE peaches! I've no idea what to make of such a tree.

One of these days we must unload the window boxes and I'm happy to

report that the begonias and geraniums (necessarily substituted for the usual caladiums that were unavailable in late spring) turned out far, far better than I had anticipated. They thrived wonderfully well after they once "took hold" and bloomed beautifully for weeks on end.

We hope to have several jars of them as houseplants during the coming months, and we also expect to enjoy the large cast iron planter and its flowers in front of the living room windows. All summer it has stood on the top step at the front entrance and everything planted in it has thrived beautifully. I see no reason why it can't continue to thrive in the house during this coming winter.

Many, many of you friends have been in Shenandoah this past summer and I'm sure you noticed the huge new plant that is under construction right next door to our Kitchen-Klatter building. All of us have watched with great interest as this enormous factory has gone up, but recently there were many observers on hand to see the air-conditioning units installed on the roof by a helicopter. Imagine the skill it takes to lower those big units into the exact place! We read frequently about new building skills that are being used today, but I hadn't come across any reference to the fact that helicopters were a part of these skills.

At an earlier date I had toyed with the idea of doing some building at my house this winter, but after reading an account of the construction boom now underway in Shenandoah it would be my guess that no carpenter, plumber, electrician, etc., could possibly be lined up for close to a year. I don't know how it is in your community these days, but every time we go out for a ride I see something under construction that wasn't there even a few short weeks ago. Russell always said after World War II that our small Midwestern towns would eventually be the refuge for people who wished to flee from the tremendously congested areas of the

East and West Coasts, and I think he was right.

Juliana has just wound up a very happy two weeks with her old and dear friend, Chris, plus darling little Keith who is now around 18 months old. It was ten years ago this week that Juliana and Chris became roommates at the University of New Mexico and from the moment they met they hit it off wonderfully well together. Through these years I've come to feel that Chris is practically a member of the family, so I'm always concerned about her welfare and her comings-and-goings.

Well, there won't be anymore visits to Albuquerque for quite some time to come because as I write this Chris and Keith are on a big 747 jet enroute to Tokyo. After a 12-hour layover there they take another jet for their final destination, Seoul, Korea. Steve (Chris' husband) is a neurologist who has been assigned to a 13-month tour of duty in Korea, and he was fortunate enough to find a nice apartment almost immediately after he arrived. No one was the least bit certain in advance that they could be together as a family, so we are all very happy for them.

This reference to a doctor reminds me that I might as well pitch in too and say that if you have any relatives or friends who are thinking of practicing medicine in a small Iowa community, by all means tell them to consider Shenandoah. Like so many, many towns today, we are in dire need of more doctors, and our well-equipped hospital furnishes everything to do with . . . to use a homely old phrase.

On one of my trips to New Mexico a couple of years ago I noticed several towns in Nebraska and Kansas that had big signs right at the city limits: "WE NEED A DOCTOR". I've always wondered is someone passing through took action on the sign and consequently located there. It might be a good idea for Shenandoah to try this along with all of the other things that are being tried.

A letter from Kristin today brought the news that she and Art are "slowly getting settled in their new-old house". They couldn't find anything suitable to rent in Durango, so they bought a house only a few short blocks from the building where Kristin has her office. They are an equally short distance from Andy's grade school and he is riding his bike back and forth occasionally.

We are certainly happy that they are together again as a family. Kristin put in a very long and lonesome month all by herself there in Durango while Art stayed in Laramie to sell their house and pack up everything. His mother

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## MARGERY TELLS HIGHLIGHTS OF SUMMER VACATION

Dear Friends:

My! how quiet the neighborhood is now that the children are back in school. I miss the sounds of their voices at play. Summer passed so quickly. I was just getting into the swing of summer and now it is over and fall is here. Summer always tends to seem shorter when we take our vacation late in the season such as we did this year.

When the Hausers, our former minister and his family, moved to Wisconsin last fall, Oliver and I promised to visit them as soon as possible, so we planned our vacation with that in mind. Although we have been in Wisconsin several times, this jaunt took us into parts of the state we hadn't seen before.

We arrived in Two Rivers only a half hour after Vernon, Lois and the boys returned from a camping trip. They were still in the process of unloading the trailer when our car pulled into the driveway. They were amazed at how close we came to our predicted arrival time, and so were we. Oliver is a good guesser!

Two Rivers is a charming community five miles north of Manitowoc. The two towns are connected by a beautiful lake shore drive. Surely one would never tire of driving along Lake Michigan!

This area is perhaps best known for its shipbuilding, for hundreds and hundreds of ships, including submarines, have been built in Manitowoc. We particularly enjoyed going through the Maritime Museum. One can also go through a submarine in the harbor.

A favorite spot of the Hausers is Point Beach State Forest, located six miles north of their home. Not only is it a marvelous place to camp, but it has a beautiful beach. This is a rock-hound's paradise for searching out fossil rocks, rocks with agates, etc. (I'm not up on rocks, so can't give you detailed information!)

One of the highlights that week was going by car ferry across Lake Michigan. Since a limited number of cars are accepted, it is necessary to make reservations in advance if you are taking your car across with you. We planned to spend the night and next day in Michigan, so we sought the assistance of the American Automobile Association for motel reservations for the six of us in Manistee, only a 30-mile drive from Ludington where the ferry docked.

The ferry we took was the City of Midland, built in 1941 as a part of the C and O Railway fleet of ships. One of the most interesting things to see is



Although the sun was warm, it was necessary for Margery and Oliver to bundle up when they sat on the upper deck of the ferry. The wind blowing off the cold water of Lake Michigan was chilly.

the loading of the railroad cars, so we arrived at the ferry an hour ahead of departure time to watch this operation. After the train cars were loaded we watched them drive the cars aboard.

The four-hour crossing was fun! It was a beautiful afternoon so we spent most of our time on the top deck soaking up the sunshine.

I'm glad our motel was in Manistee for the town is situated on a lovely lake by the same name, and also is only a few minutes' drive to Lake Michigan. Our next day began with a boat ride on Lake Manistee. We went as far as the lighthouse where the lake joins Lake Michigan, but didn't venture far as it wasn't safe in the small flat-bottomed boat we had rented.

We spent the afternoon at Silver Lake, south of Ludington, which is famous for its beautiful sand dunes. The special attraction there is dune buggy rides. We had our choice of a "scenic" ride or a "thrill" ride. We selected the former and that was so thrilling I can't imagine how it could have been improved upon!

Michigan is known for its dark sweet cherries and apricots and we were fortunate to hit the height of the season. We stopped at a roadside stand for cherries to eat in the car, and also at a pick-your-own orchard for apricots. Nothing could have tasted more delicious than that tree-ripened fruit!

We departed from Ludington at seven that evening, again arriving at the ferry a little early so we could watch the loading. The return crossing was not quite as smooth, but not rough enough to cause anyone discomfort. We bundled up for the cool night air and headed for the upper deck about midway to search the darkness for the first lights of Wisconsin. One of the boys, with young sharp eyes, called out the first sighting.

Oliver and I left Two Rivers on Fri-

day to drive to Sturgeon Bay in Door County. How very fortunate we were that the Hausers have church friends who own one of the most delightful inns one could imagine. We called the day before to see if we could possibly stay a day or two and luckily there was a vacancy; one room was available at the inn for those two days.

Bay Shore Inn is truly one of the loveliest resorts we have ever seen, and is one of the most popular in all of Wisconsin. It is in its 50th year of operation, proof enough that guests are enthusiastic about it. Such food! I'm glad that I had gone on a diet before the trip, because one couldn't lose weight there!

Besides the inn, there are guest cottages, motel-type units, and, I believe, one or two housekeeping cottages. Guests are taken for rides in a lovely large sailboat and motor boat, or there are row boats and small sailboats you can take out on Sturgeon Bay yourself. Guests were water skiing, fishing, swimming, or sunning on the lovely sandy beach, playing shuffleboard, or participating in a variety of other activities.

The grounds were beautifully landscaped. The flower gardens provided fresh cuttings for the tables in the dining room each day, and the huge vegetable garden across the road was the source for the fresh carrots, beets, lettuce, corn, etc., served at dinner.

We are deeply grateful to Mrs. Hanson for helping us plan our drives around Door County so as to see as much as possible during our stay. Our drives included Egg Harbor, Fish Creek, Peninsula State Park on the west side of the county one day, and a beautiful drive on another, when Mrs. Hanson accompanied us, along the east side of the county. We enjoyed stopping at various shops of painters, potters, antique dealers and importers. It was all so fascinating that we said we would surely have to return again — and soon.

As I mentioned, we planned to stay only two days, but I had a recurrence of a back problem and we had to stay over a couple of days before I could travel. Fortunately, the Hansons had a phone call that some guests would be delayed so we were moved into their room while I was recovering. This extra time gave us an opportunity to have some good chats with Mr. Hanson, who, being a lifetime resident of Sturgeon Bay, told us wonderful stories about shipbuilding, shipwrecks, salvage operations, etc. He is a great storyteller!

We spent a day back in Two Rivers before we headed for Illinois to visit some Strom relatives and then wended

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## Peace -- Let It Begin with Me

Program for United Nations Day

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Use a large bulletin board or a piece of plywood as a backdrop for the altar. Fasten crepe paper in soft folds on the backdrop to form alternating wide stripes of sky blue and white. Pin the dove peace symbol (descending dove with olive branch in beak), cut from heavy white paper, on the blue stripes. Fasten several of these on the backdrop to form a pleasing pattern, alternated with Earth (globe) symbols which are fastened to the white stripes. These Earth symbols are cut from dark blue paper, with continents cut from white paper and glued to each globe. More dramatic still are globes fashioned from heavy wire or mesh, and suspended as mobiles immediately in front of the dove backdrop. Spray paint these blue.

Place a white cloth on the altar, and arrange five tall blue candles in crystal holders in a semicircle upon the table. These candles are lighted as indicated in the program.

Place letters to spell P-E-A-C-E, one in front of each candle.

**Quiet Music:** "Sweet Peace, Wonderful Peace", "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind", or other similar hymn.

**Leader:**

With eager heart and will on fire,  
I fought to win my great desire,  
"Peace shall be mine," I said;  
But grew bitter in weary strife.  
My soul was tired, and my pride  
Was wounded deep: to heaven I cried,  
"God grant me peace or I must die."  
The dumb stars glittered no reply.  
Broken at last, I bowed my head,  
Forgetting all myself and said,  
"Whatever comes, His will be done,"  
And in that moment peace was won.

—Henry Van Dyke

**Solo:** "Let There Be Peace on Earth and Let It Begin with Me".

**Leader:** As we hear the words "United Nations" probably the first thought that flashes to mind is PEACE — WORLD PEACE. As we look about us, talk to our friends, listen to what our youth are saying, carefully weigh the accounts of riots and disorder, read our daily paper or watch T.V. reports, doesn't it seem that there is everywhere an unceasing cry for peace? We

are becoming sick unto death of disorder, war, riots, racial prejudices, trickery and greed in our political world, gloom and negativism invading our churches and our schools. Indeed we have gotten literally "fed up"! We want a change! PEACE! It has become our dream as never before.

The United Nations building, the United Nations flags, the United Nations Organization — they cannot bring us peace. The United Nations is made up of peoples around the world, and it is only through people that we can find peace. People — YOU — ME.

In the words of the song, "Let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me!" But HOW? WHERE? WHEN?

**First Speaker:** A new world order will never come, can never come, until we ourselves — YOU, I — are changed. Then together we can work to make our dream come true. Changed people mean a changed world.

In I Samuel 25:29 it is written: *The life of my Lord shall be bound in the bundle of living in the care of the Lord your God.* A beautiful way to express an idea that is as true today as it was when the sacred Book was written! We are all children of a loving Father. We are all brothers — a "bundle" held together in the love of God.

A wise father illustrated this truth to his son in this way. He picked up two or three little sticks and broke them easily in his hand. Then he gathered up a bundle of little sticks and bound them together. When he tried to break them he found it impossible. In togetherness lies our strength, but we must begin first with ourselves, with you, with me.

If you look up the root meaning of the word "community", you will find the Latin *com* means *with* and *munis* means *bound*, so put them together and you have *bound with*. Like the bundle of sticks, like God's family or "bundle", the world community must bind itself together in our needs, our hopes, our caring, our thinking. As we ponder this, doesn't it give a whole new dimension to our caring for one another?

I like what Waldemar Argow says about the way the future is changed.

"History is never made in the abstract. Always it is something that someone or some group has done . . . The forces that have made history, AND WILL CONTINUE TO MAKE IT, are the uncrushable ideals men cherish, the DEFINITE PLANS they discipline themselves TO WORK OUT, and the daring hopes by which they dynamize their souls. Though it may not be our lot to stand as a lone individual at the crossroads of history, to control and direct the onrushing stream of destiny, still we can choose to become a component part of a determined group that has espoused some high cause to which it has dedicated its all."

There is our direct challenge to align ourselves to the cause of peace, and then work at it with all our might, each in his or her own way, and to work together.

PEACE BEGINS WITH ME means just that! It starts by my gaining a peace of mind for myself. This will mean sorting my values and getting rid of pressures.

The morning after Charles Lindberg flew his famous nonstop flight from New York to France, someone rushed into a research expert's laboratory, shouting, "Think of it — Lindberg flew the Atlantic alone. He did it all by himself!" The expert looked up and said quietly, "When he flies it with a committee, let me know."

No man does a great work alone. Lindberg's great feat depended on many people — those who built the plane and those who financed the venture. No wonder he entitled his book *We*. But the flight would never have been made had Lindberg lacked the courage to take off into space. He stuck his neck out. He took a risk. He alone had to accept the final challenge. It began with him.

Passing resolutions never gets the work done. Someone has to roll up his sleeves and do the job. Peace of mind, peace of family, peace of community, peace of nations — they will not come about by wishful thinking and dreams. It begins with a person — with YOU, with ME.

**Song:** "What the World Needs Now Is Love" or "Love Makes the World Go 'Round'" would be appropriate here.

**Second Speaker:** "What the whole world needs now is love". How many of us have seen the love banners, love buttons, and peace symbols but dimly because of long hair, head bands, tight pants, and long strands of beads? Sometimes we need to be jarred loose. We can't see the timber for the trees! Love is what the world needs. Our youth are trying to tell us!

You can make a choice in your attitude towards your fellowmen. You can love them, or you can hate them. But

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## AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I realize that I have told you almost nothing about the trip we took this past summer, and so I hasten to make amends. We did have one of the best trips to Europe we ever have had. Betty never had been to Sweden and Norway, and so we arranged to spend at least one week in each of those beautiful countries. You who have been to Sweden and Norway know what I am talking about when I say that there are few countries in the world their equal in beauty or in standard of living. For the most part the Swedish people are more sophisticated and more reserved than the Norwegians, and the cities of Sweden show this. Stockholm is probably the most beautiful city in the world, and from a commercial point of view, one of the most advanced. I just wish that you could see the magnificent new shopping plazas in the heart of downtown Stockholm. I simply do not know where in this world one could find their equal except perhaps in Coventry, England. We liked Stockholm so much that I am sure we shall want to return there next year or the year after that.

A new discovery for us on our summer trip was the lovely city of Goteborg, Sweden. It is the largest seaport in all Scandinavia, and while we expected to see a busy commercial center, we did not expect to see the beautiful parks, museums, and canals. It is hard for Americans to believe that a city like Goteborg could be so far ahead of American cities in so many ways. I don't know of an American city that has public gardens to equal those of Goteborg. If you could only see the lovely photographs I took, you would understand what I mean. While we Americans have been spending our money on wars, the Swedish people have been spending their wealth on projects to beautify the country. Believe me, it has been money well spent.

Our canal trip across Sweden was a triumph and a joy. We were on the cutest little boat that carried just fifty passengers. Our cabin was small but very comfortable, and the food was superb. I really think that they tried to kill us with too much good food. When we weren't eating or drinking good Swedish coffee, we were up on the top deck relaxing in comfortable chairs enjoying the ever-changing view. There was some excitement on the trip when we went through more than 56 locks that raised our little boat more than 300 feet. At some of the locks we were allowed to get off the boat and walk along side for a distance. What fun we



Frederick was much impressed with the beauty of the Scandinavian countries on recent trip.

had. It made us wish that all transportation were by canal boat — so quiet, so leisurely, so relaxing. It took us three days and two nights to cross Sweden from Stockholm to Goteborg by canal boat, but we could have gone the same distance in a fast train in just four hours or an airplane in just thirty minutes. Given our choice, we would choose the slowest way, and we recommend it for your trip to Sweden.

Norway is very different from Sweden. Everything in Norway is severely beautiful. The mountains are sharp and rugged; the rivers are big and swift; the highways are steep and dangerous; and the entire country is so beautiful that it is beyond description. Until you have seen the fjords where the mountains go straight up from the water for three and four thousand feet, and where the water is as deep as the mountains are high, you simply cannot begin to understand how magnificent the Norwegian scenery is. You simply must plan to visit Norway to see for yourself, and in all your plans be sure to think in terms of cold, wet weather. In one entire week of Norwegian weather we had just three hours of sunshine. Of course we were told that that was unusual, but you talk to others who have been there and see what they have to say about the weather.

On the day we were to fly from Bergen, Norway, to Copenhagen, Denmark, we missed our plane. Instead of flying directly to Copenhagen, we ended up flying to the lovely Norwegian city of Stavanger, the sardine capital of the world. Before we could get another plane out of Stavanger, we had to wait a couple of hours, and while waiting we took a bus ride into the city, and how glad we are that we did. We saw the most beautiful flower market, and

we also saw the famous Stavanger Cathedral built in the year 1100. Just think of a church that old still in use today! But perhaps the nicest thing about our unexpected visit to Stavanger was our getting to meet Ruth Brodrick of Maryville, Missouri. We were standing at a bus stop when this lady stopped and said: "You may think it queer of me to ask, but are you by any chance Frederick Driftmier?" When we had introduced ourselves, she told us how many years she had been reading *Kitchen-Klatter*, and how she recognized me from having seen my picture in the magazine. She also listens to Betty and me when we talk on the on the *Kitchen-Klatter* program on Saturdays. If we had not missed our plane, we never would have met Ruth Brodrick, and to think that we met her in Stavanger, Norway, of all places!

Actually, we found it absolutely amazing how many *Kitchen-Klatter* fans we met along the way. On one bus load of tourists there were four persons who had read my letters in *Kitchen-Klatter*. Then there was the time we were taking a boat ride down one of the lovely Norwegian fjords when a lady from Arizona walked up to Betty and asked: "Are you by any chance Betty Driftmier? I believe that I have seen your picture in *Kitchen-Klatter*." At the time she introduced herself to Betty I was somewhere else on the boat, but shortly thereafter I, too, met her. We had a good visit, but I cannot remember her name. That same evening we spoke to a man staying at the same hotel where we were staying, and he told us that he came from Kansas and had read *Kitchen-Klatter*. I honestly think that if we were to travel to the North Pole we would meet *Kitchen-Klatter* friends.

The last two weeks of our trip was spent in Holland where we were the guests of Captain and Mrs. Irving Johnson on their American sailing yacht, *The Yankee*. The very first day we were on the yacht we sailed across what used to be called The Zuider Zee to the ancient Dutch city of Enkhuisen. I don't suppose in all Holland there is a more typical Dutch town with old buildings dating back to the early 1600's. Betty and I spent hours walking through the narrow streets and along the dikes. In spite of the fact that there were mobs and mobs of American tourists in Holland this summer, we did not see a single tourist of any nationality in the streets of Enkhuisen. We did see dozens of cute Dutch children in their wooden shoes, and with the boys carrying eel nets. I had forgotten what a big industry eel fishing has become in Holland, but all evening long the eel fishermen were reminding me of it.

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"Conquer New Frontiers!" You see this blazing modern headline used for everything from space technology, through medical research, down to home correspondence courses. So it's surely not stretching a point to assume that we find new frontiers to conquer, too, in the field of home sewing.

Yet, our frontiers become much easier, when someone else has done the research and paved the way. And especially, when they are so ready (indeed, eager!) to share their hard-won knowledge with us. Last year, I gave you some addresses of sources that would send you booklets, pattern lists, etc., on lingerie sewing. These sources are still useful, but here are a good many more to add to your list. Companies have stocked up, and expanded, increasing their services to you; regularly, they are offering new fabrics and trims to you, the customer. You will find these new items in stores where they never were before; you have, also, the option of ordering them by mail from an increasing number of sources.

Closely related to the field of lingerie sewing is the making of many other knit garments; the possibilities include ladies' suits, men's sports jackets, sweaters made from special sweater-knit yard goods, sweat shirts, T-shirts, knit dresses, clothing from stretch terry cloth, from Helanca nylon (as for stretch slacks) and from the myriad stretch fabrics, plus the exciting new experience of producing professionally detailed swim wear. Vital, of course, is the fact that the fabrics are now available for all these projects of which we formerly dreamed, but were unable to try.

What impresses me, though, is the current lavish assortment of the perfect patterns to carry through these projects. A number of companies have sent me complete pattern lists, some with notations as to patterns that are currently "in the works" and will soon be available to you. I've also obtained some excellent, moderately priced books that I consider absolutely indispensable to my sewing reference library, and will include ordering addresses for these, also.

Some women have inquired if it is practical to try making little girls' panty hose and body stockings at home, since little girls are not very careful, and these items are relatively expensive to purchase. Regrettably, I must say that at this time it is not at all practical. First, the circular knit material is simply not available to those of us who sew at home; should you attempt to cut those garments from standard yard goods, there would be no way to avoid seams either down the back of the legs, or at the inner leg (similar to slacks seams). On wiggly little girls, those seams would *never* be straight, that's for sure. I've checked with several pattern manufacturers; their replies to date are unanimous and unequivocal: "We do not, at this time, have nor are intending to have patterns for panty hose or body stockings." On the "plus" side of the ledger, though, they have mentioned soon-to-be-available patterns for men's and boys' briefs, and for women's body shirts.

You might write, as I did, to the company, Sew Easy Lingerie, Inc., 410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10013, and request their brochure, "Lingerie Sewing Techniques for the Home Sewer", telling them specifically, too, that you are interested in its list of available patterns. The prices on patterns are reasonable; you'll also find some on the list in "Extra Sizes" that you might have difficulty in locating elsewhere. And, for the expectant mother, they offer patterns for maternity panty, chemise slip, full slip and half slip — a much wider selection than I've seen anywhere else.

Here, I'll mention briefly that you can use your own lingerie as patterns, should you wish to copy some favorite item. There are several ways to do it; basically they amount to laying the garment flat on plain wrapping paper, pinning it securely in place, and drawing around the various parts. If there are darts, you can mark their location with pin punctures right through garment and heavy paper beneath. Be sure the goods is perfectly flat, lying on grain, and that you mark the direction of proper stretch on each pattern piece that you make.

But making your own patterns takes patience, plus not-so-available time; perhaps, too, you lack confidence in your ability to copy well enough for a dependable pattern. Since most purchased ones cost 75¢ or \$1.00, including crystal clear directions, it really seems to be money well spent — don't you agree? (Copying *trimming* is something else again; you can do that easily, after you've obtained the basic pattern for sewing the item.)

Recently, the standard pattern companies such as McCall's, Simplicity, and Butterick have recognized the

popularity of lingerie sewing, and are adding lingerie sections to their pattern books. For sheer loveliness, some of the most breathtaking designs I've seen are the "Dolores of St. Paul" brand, especially the Camille Peignoir and Gown set (7017, Small; 7018 Med.; 7019, Large). The price is \$2.00. If you don't find this brand in your favorite lingerie supply shop, request the pattern lists from C. Vaughn Anderson, Assoc., Inc., 1390 West Seventh Street, St. Paul, Minnesota, 55102.

For the widest selection of styles for making swim wear, I'd suggest that you write to Kandel Knits, Inc., 4834 N. Interstate Ave., Portland, Ore. 97217. They surely must have thought of everything, from the list I have here! One piece, two piece, bikini, men's trunks with one-way stretch, men's trunks with two-way stretch, boys' trunks the same, plus patterns for children's suits, too.

Oh, yes, those book addresses I promised you! These books are all by Kerstin Martensson, from Sweden, who's recognized worldwide as a leading expert on sewing all sorts of knit, stretch, and lingerie fabrics. She's personally designed more than 100 patterns that are sold throughout this country, exclusively for use with these fabrics. The books are highly attractive, soft cover, big (8½" x 11") with something like 150 pages apiece. The step-by-step directions are clearly illustrated and quite easy to follow. Each book is a positive gold mine of information, well worth the modest price of \$3.95 each. Titles currently available are "IT'S EASY, HERE'S HOW, Sew Lingerie", "IT'S EASY, HERE'S HOW, Sew Knit and Stretch Fabric", and "KWIK SEW METHOD for Lingerie". It seems that, every time I pick up that last one, I learn something new and exciting. In my opinion, none of these three are "just another sewing book", but are something you will use constantly and with great pleasure, once you've added them to your sewing library. The address is SEW-KNIT-N-STRETCH, Inc., 2320 Louisiana Ave. No., Golden Valley, Minn. 55427.

This is not to say, of course, that other current books on the subject aren't well done or valuable; I'm only saying that if you like yours a fraction as well as I do mine, then you'll be delighted with them.

Each month, too, I've been receiving a clearance sale list from KNIT-KITS, Fabrics by Mail, 216 3rd Ave. North, Minneapolis, Minn. 55401. Write, if you're interested, and ask that your name be placed on this mailing list, and also request their free complete pattern list. Their sale lists contain some amazing bargains for those of

(Continued on page 19)



## FUN TABLE SETTINGS WITH PERSONALITY

by  
Dorothy Miller

Have you ever wished you could set a table as beautiful as you see in pictures? I would like to prove to you that it can be done with a minimum of expense and work. Here's how:

1. *Even if you are NOT a seamstress* and rarely spend time at fabric counters, develop a habit of taking a quick look in the fabric department whenever you are shopping. As you look, let your imagination run wild for a moment. The prettiest fabrics I have chosen have been ones I originally thought would be impractical. Of course, you must keep in mind the type and color of china you will be using, but be willing to be daring. Unless you can find a very wide fabric you will need to buy two lengths of fabric. Allow for hems and skirt.

2. *After the plunge of purchasing fabric*, comes the fun of making it into a tablecloth. Don't be fearful — this is NOT difficult — even the first try will not be difficult. There are various ways to do this, but first I'll tell you my simple way of making a cloth for the round table: to avoid a seam in the middle, use one length of fabric for the center section and split a second section in half lengthwise and sew one half on each side. Now fold the cloth exactly in fourths — tie a string to a piece of chalk and have someone help you hold the string end to the folded point of the cloth and mark the cloth at desired length with the chalk — compass style.

While the fabric is still folded, cut rounded edge carefully. At this stage I like to turn under a narrow edge and zigzag on the machine and then attach fringe on right side edge of fabric with zigzag stitch. This stitching will not show if the thread is well matched to the fabric.

The rectangular tablecloth is even simpler to make because the rounding is not necessary.

3. *Fabric possibilities for your exploration* other than yard goods, include bedspreads (watch for sales), sheets, and lightweight upholstery pieces. Often on bedspreads the original fringe can be ripped off and used again on the tablecloth. Be sure to consider the cost of fringe. This may add up to more than the cost of the fabric. I personally feel it is also important to use fabric that launders well and that has a "no-iron" finish.

4. *Napkins* are a fun way of expressing yourself. I like to make one set of fabric napkins that match each tablecloth I make. (Usually there is enough fabric remaining from the corners cut



These two pictures have always struck us as hilariously funny, and when we came across them recently we decided to reprint them for our new readers. On a hot summer day back in 1949, Juliana and Kristin wanted to take their cousin Martin for a walk. (He was two years old at that time.) The three youngsters looked so charming as they started up the street that Russell grabbed his camera and shot the first picture. Alas, the walk ended almost immediately when Martin collapsed — the little girls couldn't do a thing with him. And from the expression on Kristin's face you can see her acute dismay. The plaid outfits were made at home and we never begrudged the time it took to iron them. My, those were certainly the days!

off the rounded cloth for four napkins.) Occasionally I make round napkins — using a large serving plate as a pattern; but square or round, if you are fortunate enough to have fancy stitches on your sewing machine, these will work beautifully to stitch around the edges. I've also made several sets of napkins in plain colors to mix and match with several tablecloths. Paper napkins are beautiful as well.

5. *Centerpieces* that strikingly match the color of your napkins is the one main key to success in setting a beautiful table. Centerpieces of course, run the gamut, but I'll make a few suggestions — then try the public library if you need more help. Example: I have made a cloth of bold black and white zebra stripes. One centerpiece that is beautiful with this cloth is a yellow candle inside a lantern glass surrounded with yellow lemons attached to a styrofoam base with toothpicks. This is beautiful with either matching fabric napkins (I have white china) or yellow napkins with black and white napkin rings.

Another centerpiece suggestion using the same black and white cloth is a pretty pink candle with ivy or flowers twining around the base, and matching pink napkins.

A third centerpiece suggestion using the same black and white cloth, and especially pretty at Christmas or in February, is a large brandy snifter filled with red net under a large flocked rose, and red napkins. The possibilities are endless with the black and white cloth and strikingly beautiful.

If you choose a cloth with several colors, you can pull out any one of the colors as a lead color for the centerpiece and napkins if it goes well with your china.

6. *The little extras* will add to your table setting, but you can use these according to your time and budget. Examples: place cards can be a plain paper with a tiny flower stuck beside the name — or use a marking pencil and a little artistic ability to design the place cards. Salt cellars or individual salt and pepper shakers are nice. Napkin rings are fun and can be purchased or handmade. Tea cups of assorted designs add originality to plain china.

Do be brave and try originality in your table settings. Your guests will long remember your entertaining them and feel very special that you have treated them royally.

### IMPORTANT THINGS

The things that count are never weighed on scales

Nor measured by the dollar's gruesome face;

They are the friendly smile that never fails,

The handclasp that no bribery can replace.

The things that count are not of mansion size

Nor lined with jeweled satin or brocade;

They are the simple trust in children's eyes.

And prayer that helps the person who has prayed.

The things that count are courage in distress,

And hope that shines as brightly as a star.

And vision and humility that bless With God's true plan all living things that are.

These are the things that have the deepest worth;

These are the most important things on earth.

—Author Unknown





# Masquerade Mother Goose Halloween Party

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Invitation:** Cut a strip of orange paper twenty inches long and four inches wide for each invitation. Crease it into inch folds, beginning at the bottom and folding up. On the folds write this invitation, each phrase on a fold: Now what on earth — Do you suppose — Is in this little folder? — Just keep right on — And you'll find out — Ere you're a — Minute older — A few more turns — And then you'll know — Oh, boy! aren't you — Excited? — We're entertaining — On Halloween — And this means — You're invited — To break loose — For it's a fancy — Masquerade — Come as your favorite — Character of Mother Goose — And join the goose-gander parade — (name, place and time). Fold up and seal with a Halloween or Mother Goose sticker.

**Decorations:** Of course the hostess will be dressed as Mother Goose and the house can be decorated with Mother Goose characters and Halloween symbols. One easy way to decorate is to buy a colored Mother Goose story book and take the book apart and use the pictures to make a mural for the wall.

Sure-fire chuckle getters are Mother Goose and Halloween characters achieved by turning your imagination loose to costume a broom, a hall tree, or a tall lamp as one of these characters.

Guests are greeted at the door by a large sign, with an arrow, reading THIS WAY TO GOOSEY-LAND. Another sign saying TAKE ONE AND FIND YOUR SEAT is placed where guests pick up a number and a pin. Numbered seats in the party area have all been draped with old sheets, or white paper. Guests find that some chairs have no seats, others produce ghostly noises (concealed balloons or rubber toys), some have a prickly or rough object concealed beneath the covering, some might be barrels that roll, or plastic "chairs" might deflate when sat upon.

When things have quieted down, the dim lights in the party room go out and a flashlight is focused upon a large

blackboard at one end of the room. On this board, a piece of chalk apparently unguided (except by a hand in a black glove) writes a series of fortunes, numbering them according to the numbers of the guests. Soft ghostly music from a hidden phonograph accompanies this "writing on the wall". This same ghostly hand can write out directions for other entertainment, if desired.

**Entertainment:** From a concealed megaphone a sepulchral voice announces that the guests are to be initiated into the order of Mother Goose. As each number is called, the guest must arise and do a stunt as directed by the "writing on the wall" or as announced on the megaphone.

The announcer can have lots of fun, so pick someone with humor and imagination. If the hostess can learn what some of the costumes of the guests will be, she can have certain stunts set up as to props ahead of time.

A few suggestions follow:

*Little Bo-Beep* speaks her verse and starts to lead the rest in a hunt for her lost sheep. These sheep have been cut from paper and hidden around the room ahead of time. Whenever a guest finds a sheep, he must go to Bo-Peep and give it to her saying, "Baa-Baa."

*Little Boy Blue* blows his horn for a fast lost-and-found game. Guests must close their eyes and turn their backs while a small ball is hidden. When Boy Blue blows his horn the guests hunt the ball. The one finding the ball each time might get a small horn as a prize.

*Miss Mary* leads a lively game in which her garden is marked off by a line across the room. In the garden is a row of "cockle shells" (boys with joined hands) and "pretty maids all in a row" lined up behind them. Whenever *Miss Mary* tinkles her bell, the boys drop their hands and the maids are free to try to escape from the garden. But when the bell tinkles a second later the boys join hands again and any maid caught between the garden line and the "cockle shells" is out of the game.

**Pun-Kin Quiz:** "Pun" is the clue to this quiz.

1. A party liquid. (Punch)
2. You can light a firecracker with it. (Punk)
3. A fisherman's delight. (Punt)
4. Divides a sentence. (Punctuation)
5. Traveler's nightmare. (Puncture)
6. Exactly as set. (Punctual)
7. Stinging or prickling. (Pungent)
8. Chastise. (Punish)
9. A witty one. (Punster)
10. A knockout. (Punch)
11. It's slang, of course. (Punk)
12. Well versed in Hindu. (Pundit)

What is a Halloween party without a *Chamber of Horrors*? The place for it is the basement or garage. At the proper time announce that all will go on a Mother Goose tour of the chamber of horrors. Fasten a stout rope along the entire walk to be taken and have the sepulchral voice announce the stops or "horrors".

1. Cloth bag filled with sand and ice, suspended from the ceiling to "kiss" the face of each guest. This is called "The Kiss of Death".

2. The Catacombs: Guests are told to walk with reverence here and are lead over foam pillows (dead bodies), with a few scattered beef or ham bones to break the monotony. The noise of a vacuum cleaner coming from a distance, the breeze of a fan, the loud clash of a noisemaker and the rattling of kernels of corn (teeth) in a pan while walking through the catacombs will add atmosphere.

3. Satan's Whiskers: Guests are handed a ball of steel wool.

4. Searching for the lost child in the swamps — wet sponges tied at intervals to the guide rope.

5. Haunted Woods: In this area have an electric fan turned off and on, laughing record played intermittently with piercing screams in between. Someone has a piece of ice to rub along an unsuspecting arm.

6. Garden of the Snakes: Garden hose arranged so it brushes the legs of the guests — and be sure to grease the hose with a little salad oil, or some harmless gooey substance.

7. The latest ghost's brain (a peeled hot baked potato).

8. Last Visitor to Chamber: Have a large posterboard skeleton suspended from the ceiling and at the proper moment have it illuminated from behind by a light so it stands out in relief in the darkness.

9. Goodbye: Each guest must shake hands with the Ghost of the Chamber in farewell. Cut a large sponge into the shape of a hand and have it ready to dip in ice water before each guest shakes "goodbye".

*Miss Muffett and the Spider:* Seat (Continued on page 20)



## CONFESSIONS OF A PACK RAT

by  
Mary E. Javens

I am about to organize a new club called "Pack Rats Anonymous" or perhaps the "Save and Salvage Club". The only qualification needed for membership is the unquenchable urge to save just about anything that comes along. You automatically become a member if you agree with the following: Do you save old letters, string, paper bags, odd keys, boxes, boxes and more boxes of old clothing, goodness knows what for? Do you save odd envelopes from invitations or announcements, empty bottles, pretty bowls, boxes of all sizes, and a hundred and one other such oddments?

If so, you are already a member of the club. I am a confirmed saver. I have another failing — I can never locate what I have saved — small, really important things. Perhaps the club should be called "Hoard and Hunt". It would be more appropriate!

In all honesty, I am a compulsive saver, not of any one thing, but everything in general. I particularly like to save boxes — big boxes, little boxes, square boxes, round boxes, just boxes. Odd tin cans take my fancy, too. And it isn't as though I do anything so wonderful with them, because I don't do anything at all with them. I just save them.

There are some nimble-fingered folk who make pretty things from boxes — things like pencil holders, comb-and-brush caddies, and stuff like that. Personally, I'd just as soon pick my brush up from the dresser. It seems quicker and easier. As to pencil holders, I have a couple of slim jars some five inches tall, each of which has stenciled on one side "James Kieller and Son, Dundee Marmalade, Dundee, Scotland. Grand Metal of Merit, Vienna, 1873." I just can't get interested in tin can or box Contact-covered pencil holders. The jars serve the purpose very well. No, I just *save* the boxes and cans; I don't pretend to *use* them.

And so it is with small lengths of seam binding, rickrack, or used zip-pers and old belt buckles. I have just jills and jills of old buttons. Now anyone else would find at least a dozen antiques worth a small fortune in such an amount. Not so with me and mine. Not a rare one in a carload.

A good friend stopped by one day to help me struggle with washing the tall, tall windows on the outside. (Back in the days when our old house was built, they believed in making windows tall and plentiful.) That task finished, we advanced on the basement. Junk flourishes in our basement like mushrooms. Twice a year it is stripped of



Ruby Treese, Mother's nurse-companion, is pictured with the youngest of her 14 grandchildren, little Amy Nicholas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Nicholas of Shenandoah.

all surplus; twice a year it is again filled to overflowing.

"And we may as well get rid of the coffee cans at the same time," I announced, as armful after armful of junk went up the basement steps.

"All of them?" asked my helper in rather an awed tone.

"Well," I hesitated and then made a decisive sacrifice. "We'll just save the flowered ones." And I steeled myself to help carry all those lovely cans up the steps to be discarded. Then with a reckless hand I tossed away one treasured thing after another until the old blue pickup was filled to the top. There wasn't a can or box or pot or pan sitting on the ledges when we finished in the basement.

"That's a good job done," I declared, as we wearily sat down at the kitchen table for a coffee break. My friend agreed.

Such an upheaval is a good thing once in a while. For one thing, it makes room to store more items too precious to discard. For instance, I ran across the cutest bottles — tall ones, squat ones, square ones, three-cornered ones. It's amazing!

Gathering up a dozen or more of these new-found treasures, I wended my way to the basement, happy in the thought of all the room waiting there, made possible by the discarding of the coffee cans.

I get all kinds of joshing from my friends for being such a pack rat. "You don't really save stuff like you say you do, do you?" asked a neighbor.

Yes, I save stuff like that — and lots more.

But there is one ray of sunshine in all this — I used to save yards and yards of string, but I don't do that anymore. Finally I have learned the folly of such a silly thing. Or could it be that we just don't get string around packages anymore? Well, anyway, it's one or the other — or maybe both!

## THE REWARDS OF LISTENING

by  
S. A. Brown

A wise man once wrote: "Know how to listen, and you will profit from those who talk badly."

Listening becomes a "second inheritance". We can know the tempestuous emotions of teens, the courage with which men and women face old age; the little quirks of individuals that add spice to the day's living.

A friend recalls the time when her junior-high daughter plucked at her arm and said, "Mother, please come in and sit down on the sofa. I want to talk with you, girl to girl!"

Because the friend had the listening habit, it was easier for her to become a youth in spirit; to know that no matter how trivial the problem, it was serious to the daughter. The friend reported: "it seems we did more to help our youngsters find their place in life by listening to their thinking out loud, than we did by talking to them."

Teachers tell us that many children have formed the habit of "tuning out" voices and conversations. They find listening is an art to be learned, just as is playing the piano, painting a picture, learning to cook. The mind must be trained to follow the lead of another and that is not easy. Listening precludes selfishness, and demands an out-reaching nature; a curiosity about the world in which we live and the people in it.

Much of the loneliness of the world occurs because there is no one to really listen to the lonely — no one to share their experiences.

Once a friend who had a trip through the Southland and attended the Kentucky Derby came to call. She had not placed a bet on the horses, but she described the pageantry of the crowds, the beauty of the grounds, the grace of the animals with such vividness that we felt we had shared her experience.

When she rose to leave she said, "You can't know what it has meant to me to find a listener — someone who would let me share this experience."

I thought of that old quotation from Homer who said, "No siren did ever charm the ear of the listener, as the listening ear has charmed the soul of the siren."

A good listener makes deep and abiding friendships.



### THINK THREE THOUGHTFUL THINGS

Three things to think and to control — your conduct, your language, your fears.

Three things to think and to support — our freedoms, our homes, our nation.



## SUMMER PASSED QUICKLY FOR ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

Whatever happened to those endless days of summer? When I was a child, it always seemed that summer went on forever. Yet this past summer went whizzing by in such a flash that it hardly seems to have been on hand at all. I guess that is the expected result when your favorite time of year is filled with your favorite activities.

The "Hike-Out" program I mentioned in my last letter worked out very well. There was just one other regular leader for our group of ten boys but she was a real asset. A school nurse, she fills her summers with outdoor activities. Most of our boys were white with two blacks and one Chicano to complete the mixture. Only one boy appeared to be from a poverty background and not from a middle class family. Some of the boys were enthusiastic hikers, some tired easily but these reactions seemed to have no relationship to the boys' backgrounds.

The one time my enthusiasm lagged a bit was about 2 a.m. during our overnight camp-out. At that point I was very tired and almost desperately seeking a little sleep. The boys finally did quiet down about one-half hour later. Fortunately our camp-out occurred just before, rather than just following, the killing by a bear of a man sleeping out in Rocky Mountain National Park. Our boys would never have gotten a wink of sleep if this freak tragic occurrence had been fresh in their minds.

Perhaps one reason the summer seemed so brief was that most of the month of August was filled with a succession of especially happy times. This month was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Wayne's and my marriage and a very joyous celebration was ours.

Our friends and neighbors hosted for us what is becoming a neighborhood tradition, a covered dish dinner. That is a rather commonplace-sounding title for a very elegant meal. There was standing prime rib roast (so tender we could cut it with a fork), baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, green onions in cheese sauce, buttered peas with mushrooms and water chestnuts, two varieties of tossed salad, frozen fruit salad, hot rolls and butter, with ice cream and a beautifully decorated cake for dessert.

Our very dear friends who moved to New York two years ago were on hand to be a part of the festivities. They were just as thrilled at visiting back in the Southwest as we were to have them in our midst, brief though it was.

Very shortly after the partying here in Denver, Wayne and I drove down to the southwestern corner of Colorado. We



Hallie Kite, our office manager, and Eleanor Harms are busy these days checking gift subscriptions for correct zip codes.

transported a number of their gifts to Alison and Mike for use in their little red farmhouse in the country. They greeted us with another feast. Mike had caught and charcoaled fresh trout and Alison had made delicious rolls, both items rarely served in our own household. Wayne goes fishing just as rarely as I bake my own rolls and bread. How much we appreciate having two daughters who can supply home-baked yeast products and a son-in-law who is a successful fisherman. Mike will graduate in December from Ft. Lewis College in Durango. We'll hate to see him leaving this prime fishing country!

Wayne and I managed to satisfy a long-held desire to go jeeping out of Ouray, Colorado. There was just one day to spend doing this so we selected the most thrilling jeep tour available, the trip over Black Bear Road to Telluride with the return trip over Imogene Pass to Ouray. This is a spectacular trip and not one for the faint-hearted. It is not dangerous, however, if you travel with an experienced high-mountain-jeep-road driver. Although it is possible to rent jeeps and drive yourself, I would not recommend this to anyone inexperienced in mountain jeep driving.

These are very narrow, amazingly steep old mining roads going far above timberline. Several places are so steep and the turns on the switchbacks so tight that the easiest procedure is to back down the road. Obviously the driver can't take his eyes off the road to enjoy the spectacular vistas for even an instant. With an experienced chauffeur at the steering wheel, you can be assured the trip will be a pleasure.

Wayne spent a day buying spruce trees and fireplace wood around Delta where we also purchased a bushel of their delicious peaches right off the trees. Then we headed back to Denver, stopping in Gunnison long enough to play golf at their lovely tree-lined

municipal golf course.

I hadn't been home long enough to get the first load of laundry started, let alone tackle canning the peaches, when a neighbor phoned to ask us to use his extra two tickets and hotel accommodations for the Santa Fe Opera the following night. Wayne couldn't accept because of the press of work so Emily was invited in his place. This gala weekend had been planned by our neighbor as a birthday celebration for his wife's "29th" birthday. When her brother and sister-in-law were delayed and unable to join them, we filled in.

Our neighbor is quite an opera buff and the Italians are his favorite composers. Verdi's opera, *Don Carlo* was scheduled to fit his wife's birthday perfectly. I've rarely seen opera and have not found it to be my favorite form of music. However, when you attend such an event with someone as knowledgeable and enthusiastic as our friends, it really becomes a treat even for the most ignorant listener.

Of course the setting of the Santa Fe Opera alone evokes the most favorable kind of response. Rebuilt after a disastrous fire only a few years ago, it provides a most stunning setting for any performance. The large stage is under one roof; facing it is a partially enclosed shell covering the seats and reflecting the sound. The sky is partially exposed overhead and to the sides giving the stars their due. The night we were attending there was also heat lightning to enhance the dramatic moments of the opera.

The quality of the productions of the Santa Fe Opera have earned an outstanding nationwide reputation. In addition it has sought to premiere one new opera each year. Operas are costly to produce so the tickets are not cheap. However, I think anyone who enjoys beautifully performed music would be more than satisfied with getting his money's worth. There is one word of advice I'd like to offer to those who may add this in the future to their vacation agenda. Take along something warm to put on no matter how hot the daytime temperature seems. It can get mighty chilly before the performance is over.

A trip to Santa Fe is a real treat to me at any time and this particular trip, so unexpected, proved to be especially delightful. And the laundry and the peaches waited quite patiently for my time and attention.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

"Above all things I hope the education of the common people will be attended to; convinced that on their good sense we may rely with the most security for the preservation of a due degree of liberty." —Thomas Jefferson





## Teacup Treasures

by  
Erma Reynolds

Do you collect and "show off" teacups and saucers? If so, you have plenty of company, because this has become a favorite hobby with many people.

In displaying your cups and saucers, you are following a custom of well-to-do colonists in the mid-1700's. When chinaware was first imported to our new country, the dishes were considered too fragile and expensive to be used for everyday meals. So that they might be seen and admired, the choicer pieces were placed about the house for decoration.

Today we take cups and saucers for granted, but in olden times they were not a part of the eating scene. Even royalty, including Queen Elizabeth, had none. She, and members of her court, had to drink their beverages from bowls of various sizes.

When tea was brought to America in the early 1700's, the colonists did not know how to prepare it; they boiled the leaves in a kettle as you would cabbage, and ate the leaves, throwing away the liquid.

However, they soon discovered how to use tea properly and by the middle of the 18th century, American colonists were well on the way to becoming a nation of tea drinkers.

Some of this tea was imported from China, and with it came tiny handleless cups to drink it from. A contrast, indeed, to the heavy pewter cups which most colonists had been using to hold beverages.

Then came the Boston Tea Party, and patriots refused to drink tea. But with the end of the Revolution, tea-drinking became an important social custom in the United States.

Gentlemen of leisure, who had the time and inclination to make afternoon

calls, were always served tea by the lady of the house. A close watch was kept on the visitors' teacups and no sooner was a cup emptied than the hostess would hasten to refill it. If a gentleman failed to drink every last drop served to him, it was considered a breach of etiquette. The only way he could stop the flow of tea was to place his teaspoon across the cup as a signal that he had reached his tea-drinking capacity.

After a while, deep saucers were imported along with the tiny cups. Tea was poured into the saucer, allowed to cool, and then consumed with as much grace as possible.

About 1818, cup plates became the rage. These were miniature plates with a center cavity about the size of the cup bottom. The plate served as a perch for the teacup while the drinker sipped the beverage from the saucer. These cup plates stayed in vogue as long as it was considered polite to drink from a saucer, leaving the tea-party scene sometime before the Civil War.

A custom of these early days was to give a newly engaged girl a teacup as a gift. The legend that explains the reason for this specialized present, relates that a young man, about to embark on a long sea voyage, gave his fiancée a delicate china cup, asking her to drink tea from it every afternoon at a specific hour.

"If I am unfaithful," he told his sweetheart, "the cup will fill to overflowing, and the hot tea pouring over the sides will crack the thin china. This damage to the cup will be a sign to you that I have broken faith to our betrothal."

When you find a teacup and saucer that you would like to add to your col-

lection, ask yourself these questions. Does it have nice color, design and lines? Does it have a unique charm? Does it harmonize with my other cups? If the answer is "yes" to all of these questions, by all means buy the set. You've found an attractive addition for your collection.

Don't just "show off" your teacups and saucers, use them. Serve your guests tea or coffee in cups from your colorful display. With a variety to choose from, you can select a cup for each guest which you think especially suits that person. Mary loves pink — offer her the pink luster cup. Susan is an ardent gardener — the blossom-bedeked cup is for her. Dorothy has visited the Orient — serve her tea in a Canton blue and white china cup. These personal selections will add graciousness to your entertaining.



### DESTINY

There is a destiny that makes us brothers,

None goes his way alone,

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own. —Unknown

### WITHOUT WORDS

Of cell upon cell was man made. In clusters of cells were his limbs and organs formed; his senses, too.

But beyond the physical being, apart from the hungers of food, warmth, shelter, love — in short, the animal needs demanding satisfaction — there was more, much more, fully more. For man inherited a genetic arrangement of cells that related him to the thoughts and the feelings of Cain as well as of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, of Jesus.

The powerful brain that is man, woven into the fabric of feeling, makes him think with his head in some mysterious relation to his emotional energy. But sensitivity and beauty cannot be centered in the brain alone, else man would love the staccato of a riveter more than the trill of a bird. The riveter produced tangible evidence of man's ability to plan, think, create that which was not. The bird's trill, on the other hand, is but a whisper in the wind — tenderly heard and lovingly accepted with tears or joy or pity or some other emotion demanding expression without words.

But how does one measure that feeling, that vibration that is emotion borne rather than brain borne?

I don't know.

Somewhere, somehow, deep in the subconscious spirit of man's cellular structure is a certain something that is not, cannot be, never was — for it defies measurement.



**FRESH APPLE CAKE**

3 eggs  
1 cup salad oil  
2 cups sugar  
2 cups flour  
2 tsp. cinnamon  
1 tsp. baking soda  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
1 cup nutmeats  
4 cups raw apple, chopped

Combine eggs and oil and beat until foamy. Gradually add sugar and beat until light and thick. Sift dry ingredients together and fold into batter. Stir in flavorings, nutmeats and apples. Pour into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake 50 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Frost with the following icing.

**Cream Cheese Icing**

1 1/2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine  
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
3/4 cup powdered sugar (or a little more)

Combine all ingredients and beat well. Blend in just enough of the powdered sugar to make of spreading consistency. A very delicious basic frosting which will go as well on spice cake, pumpkin cake, white, almost any kind of cake, just as well as it does on the Fresh Apple Cake. —Evelyn

**DRESSED-UP ASPARAGUS**

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen asparagus  
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup, undiluted  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
2 tsp. lemon juice

Cook asparagus according to directions on package. Blend remaining ingredients in saucepan and pour over the cooked vegetable.

It has a different taste and zip. Delicious on green beans also. —Margery

**CAKE MIX COOKIES**

1 ripe banana  
1 egg  
2 Tbls. water  
1 regular-sized box chocolate cake mix  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
1 cup chocolate chips

Mash banana in mixing bowl. Beat in egg and water. Blend in cake mix and flavoring. Beat very well. When thoroughly mixed, stir in chocolate chips. Drop by teaspoons on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes.

The friend who sent this recipe sometimes adds 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring or 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring for variety. Various flavorings and different cake mixes could be used to make this a basic and very simple cookie recipe.

**BISHOP'S BREAD**

1/2 cup soft margarine  
3/4 cup sugar  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 eggs  
3 tsp. baking powder  
2 3/4 cups sifted flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
1/3 cup chopped candied cherries  
1/3 cup semi-sweet chocolate bits  
1/3 cup raisins

Blend together the margarine, sugar and flavorings. Beat in the eggs, one at a time. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Turn batter into a greased 9- x 5- x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 1 hour and 10 minutes, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from pan and cool on a wire rack. Frost with powdered sugar icing. —Dorothy

**CHICKEN IN CIDER**

2 frying chickens  
Seasoned flour  
1/2 stick butter or margarine  
2 cups cider

Cut the chicken into serving pieces and dredge in seasoned flour. (I prefer using just salt and pepper in the flour.) Melt the butter in a large skillet and fry the chicken until golden brown. Remove from skillet to large roasting pan. Pour butter left in the skillet over the chicken. Add a little cider to the skillet and stir to remove all the brown bits remaining in it, adding this to the chicken also. Pour remaining cider over the chicken, cover the pan loosely with foil and bake at 350 degrees until chicken is tender, probably about 30 to 40 minutes. Add a little more cider if necessary during this baking time.

This is delicious! Very tasty for autumn days. —Mary Beth

**CHOCOLATE ICING**

1 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1 square unsweetened chocolate  
3 Tbls. cream  
Flavoring as desired

Combine all ingredients. Bring to a boil and boil 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool to lukewarm. Beat until consistency for spreading. Store frosted cake or extra frosting in cool place.

This makes a smooth, delicious frosting. It is enhanced with Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring, vanilla or mint flavoring. It is not a frosting which freezes well, so it is best to use on a cake which is to be eaten promptly. —Evelyn

**APPLE-PECAN PIE**

1 unbaked pie shell (nine inch)  
1/4 cup chopped pecans  
6 cups sliced tart apples  
1 cup sugar  
2 tsp. flour  
1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Sprinkle the pecans over the bottom of the pie shell. Combine the apples with the rest of the ingredients and put into the pie shell.

**Crumb Topping**

1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
1/4 cup butter or margarine  
1/3 cup sifted flour  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 cup chopped pecans

Blend all the ingredients together and crumble over the pie. Bake at 400 degrees for ten minutes, then turn the oven back to 350 degrees and continue baking for about 30 minutes or until the apples are tender. —Dorothy



**STUFFED PORK CHOPS**

- 8 ¾-inch loin pork chops
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 7-oz. pkg. herb-seasoned cube stuffing
- 1/4 tsp. each salt, pepper, thyme, and sage
- 1/2 cup snipped parsley

Brown chops lightly in hot fat trimmed from chops. Remove chops from skillet, add onion and celery to skillet and cook until tender.

Prepare the cube stuffing according to directions on the package. Combine with the cooked vegetables and seasonings. In a 10- x 5- x 3-inch loaf pan alternate the browned chops with the stuffing, beginning and ending with a chop. Fasten chops together with skewers. Bake at 325 degrees for about 1 hour, or until done. —Mae Driftmier

**PEANUT BUTTER CUPCAKES**

- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed

2 eggs  
2 cups sifted flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. salt  
3/4 cup milk

Cream together the peanut butter, shortening and vanilla. Gradually add the brown sugar and mix well. Add the eggs and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately to the batter with the milk. Bake in cupcake pans 20 to 25 minutes in a 375-degree oven. This will make two dozen cupcakes. These are very good iced with a frosting made by combining 1/2 box of powdered sugar, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring, 1 Tbls. melted butter, and just enough cream to make it a good spreading consistency. —Dorothy

**TUNA LOAF**

- 2 6½-oz. cans tuna
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of cayenne
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2/3 cup chopped celery
- 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 cup water

Drain tuna and break apart into rather small flakes. Add rest of ingredients and mix very well. Pack tightly into a 9- x 4½- x 2½-inch loaf pan. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes, or until firm and nicely browned. Remove from oven and let stand for 5 to 10 minutes before unmolding on to platter. —Mae Driftmier

**ESCALLOPED SUCCOTASH**

- 2 cups canned green beans, drained
- 2 cups cream-style corn
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 cup coarse cracker crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped onions
- 1/3 cup chopped pimiento (optional)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup finely crushed cracker crumbs

Combine all ingredients with the exception of the last three. Put into a greased baking dish. Mix remaining ingredients together and sprinkle over top. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes, or until top is a light brown.

When using home-canned green beans precook for at least 10 minutes before draining and adding to this casserole. Fresh corn cut from the cob may be used instead of canned corn. This is the kind of recipe where a little more or a little less of the corn and green beans can be used with equal success. —Evelyn

**FORGOTTEN TORTE**

- 6 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- Red food coloring
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries or strawberries

About 2 hours before the overnight baking, place the 6 egg whites in a large bowl and let stand to reach room temperature. Start heating oven to 450 degrees, butter the bottom *only* of a 9-inch tube pan.

Add cream of tartar and salt to egg whites. Beat at medium speed with electric mixer until whites are foamy. Gradually add the sugar, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and Kitchen-Klatter almond flavorings and a few drops of red food coloring, just enough to make the mixture a delicate pink, and continue beating until meringue forms stiff, glossy peaks. Spread mixture evenly in tube pan.

Place pan in oven. *Turn off the heat immediately.* Leave in the oven overnight. Next morning, loosen edge of torte with a sharp, thin knife and turn torte on to a serving plate. The cake may settle a little bit.

To serve, frost cake with the cream that has been whipped. Then top with the berries which have been defrosted. —Mae Driftmier

**PUMPKIN DESSERT**

- 3 cups cooked pumpkin
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 4 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Pour into a 9- x 13-inch baking pan and bake 15 minutes in a 425-degree oven, then reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake about 50 minutes longer.

Mix until crumbly: 1 cup brown sugar, 6 Tbls. butter, and 4 Tbls. flour. Sprinkle over the dessert, sprinkle chopped nuts over the top and return to the oven and bake 10 more minutes, or until golden brown. —Dorothy

**DELECTABLE FROZEN FRUIT SALAD**

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 2-oz. pkgs. whipped topping mix
- 2 1-lb. cans chunk pineapple
- 2 11-oz. cans mandarin oranges
- 1 cup maraschino cherries (halved)
- 1 1-lb. can Royal Anne cherries (pitted)

1 cup finely chopped pecans

Blend the cream cheese and mayonnaise together until smooth. Add the juice, flavoring and sugar and beat well. Whip the topping mix according to package directions and fold into this cheese mixture. Drain the fruits well and fold into the mixture along with the nuts. This can be poured into a large ring mold, or a 9- x 13- x 2-inch pan and frozen for at least three hours. It should be taken out of the freezer at least a half hour before serving time.

**SWEET-SOUR RED CABBAGE**

- 1 good-sized head red cabbage
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup currant jelly (10-oz. glass)
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Salt to taste

Finely shred the red cabbage and measure out 6 cups. Put this in a heavy saucepan and pour over it the boiling water, cider vinegar and butter or margarine. Cover and cook slowly over low heat for 45 minutes. When very little liquid is left, add the currant jelly, sugar and salt. Continue to cook until very little liquid is left.

This will keep for days in the refrigerator and improves upon standing. It makes a nice relish to serve with meat. —Lucile



**APPLE BARS**

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1/4 cup soft butter or margarine  
 Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter  
 flavoring  
 1 egg, unbeaten  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 flavoring  
 2 cups chopped, unpeeled, apples  
 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts  
 1 cup powdered sugar  
 In mixing bowl combine sugar, butter,  
 flavorings and egg; beat until fluffy.  
 Stir in apples. Sift in dry ingredients  
 and mix well; add nuts. Spread stiff  
 batter evenly in greased 9" square  
 pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45  
 minutes. Cool in pan; cut into bars,  
 roll in powdered sugar. Makes 32 small  
 bars.

**STUFFED ACORN SQUASH**

3 acorn squash  
 1 tsp. chopped onion  
 1 tsp. chopped green pepper  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese  
 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs  
 1 lb. bulk type sausage (cooked in a  
 skillet over low heat and drained  
 of fat)

Salt and pepper to taste

Wash the squash and cut in half  
 lengthwise. Remove seeds and fiber.  
 Put 1/4 inch of boiling water in a large  
 shallow baking pan and put the squash  
 in the water, cut side down. Bake in a  
 350-degree oven for 30 minutes, or  
 until done. Scoop out the squash and  
 mix the pulp with the other ingredients  
 and put back in the shell. Bake 25 to  
 30 minutes in the 350-degree oven.  
 This may be prepared ahead of time and  
 heated later. It also reheats well as  
 leftovers.

—Dorothy

**SUNSHINE FRENCH TOAST**

4 eggs  
 1/2 cup cream  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 Tbls. sugar  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
 flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. seasoned salt or mixed  
 spices

6 or 8 slices bread

Powdered sugar

Beat eggs with fork. Add cream and  
 milk (or half-and-half if preferred). Stir  
 in sugar, butter flavoring and spices.  
 Let bread soak a minute on each side  
 in this egg mixture. Brown in hot fat  
 on both sides. Serve with a sprinkle of  
 powdered sugar on each point of the  
 bread. With hot Kitchen-Klatter maple  
 syrup or Kitchen-Klatter fruit syrups  
 this makes a delicious breakfast,  
 luncheon or supper dish. The spices  
 add a special touch; soaking the bread  
 a bit gives an almost omelet consist-  
 ency.

**GROUND BEEF WITH TATER  
CASSEROLE**

1 lb. lean ground beef  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 2 cups green beans, drained  
 1 can undiluted cream of mushroom  
 soup

Tater Tots

Combine ground beef with salt. Pat  
 into bottom of baking dish or casse-  
 role. Cover with drained green beans.  
 Spread mushroom soup over beans. Top  
 with frozen Tater Tots. Bake in a 350-  
 degree oven about 1 hour, until meat is  
 done and Tater Tots are browned and  
 tender.



# trick AND treat

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

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

Orange  
 Burnt Sugar  
 Strawberry  
 Butter

Raspberry  
 Maple  
 Coconut  
 Cherry

Almond  
 Black Walnut  
 Vanilla  
 Pineapple

Blueberry  
 Banana  
 Lemon  
 Mint

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

## KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at  
 your store, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla,  
 \$1.00.) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



## MARY BETH BUSY CLEANING CLOSETS

Dear Friends:

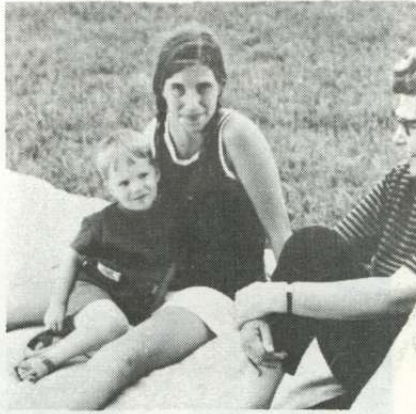
Our summer has wound up with a flurry of closet cleanings, garage pitch-outs, and hurried trips to buy partial wardrobes for those members of the family who have been busy going up, up, up in the height department.

We have the most delightful, most enormous walk-in closet that we have ever owned in any of the houses we have lived in. However, I must add that because it is so spacious we are all too prone to walk in and park everything there which seems to have no other logical home. Along toward the middle of August this walk-in closet ceased to be walk-in any longer. One morning after breakfast, when Katharine was not planning a day out doing her door-to-door cosmetic selling and was not busy as an antique shop clerk, and Paul and Adrienne were not away for overnight, we took advantage of the availability of ten hands and ten feet to whip through the annual dig out of the walk-in closet.

We found three coats of Adrienne's which she had grown out of, but fortunately, we unearthed some outgrowns of Katharine's which set Adrienne up for the coming winter. We ended up with an enormous stack of rubbish for the trash man (do you save sturdy boxes which are just too nice to throw away?) and a large box of outgrown clothes for the Goodwill containers which are in the parking lot at the local grocery store. Some other clothes were in such mint condition that I offered them to my neighbor who has a girl Adrienne's age, but who is not as tall as our Adrienne and considerably more slender. She was delighted with what we had, but it necessitated a trip to Oconomowoc for Adrienne and me because we nearly wiped out her possible clothes to begin school with. Fortunately Katharine has stopped growing and her school needs are good from last year. She has undertaken to make herself a maximum length cape out of a coat-weight wool.

And then there is Paul, whose legs grew in such gigantic steps from June to September that he confounds us all as to what size to buy for him. Right now his inseam measurement is 32 inches and his waistline is 26 inches! There is simply no size to accommodate those measurements, so we try to fit the length of his legs and then take in the waistline in a comfortable amount.

I also found in the closet a multitude of garments which required a stitch here and a stitch there, or buttons were missing. These I have taken from their hangers each evening when I sat



James hadn't forgotten "Big Katharine" from her stay in the Lowey home at the time "Little Katharine" was born. This was taken on a picnic this past summer. Margery is on the right.

down after supper and I noted with considerable pleasure last night that there are only two more garments which need attention.

We've had such lovely evenings lately. In addition to the coolness we have had the fun of listening to a city band from the neighboring town of Kenosha. They have a senior band which came to our town in July to practice for their football game demonstrations, I presume. They were followed several weeks later by the junior city band who stayed here for one week, when they practiced from 6:15 in the morning until nearly 9 o'clock. We rode our bicycles over to the St. John's Military Academy football field where they were practicing their formations and the many, many hours of music practice. We thoroughly delighted in their beautiful music and can hardly wait until next year when we hope they will come back for another summer music school. These children were



### A TENDER TOUCH

It is depressing

To come upon a sad deserted house  
Weeping tears of broken panes and  
steps and windows

Because it is no more the scene  
Of gallant times within its walls  
And hears no happy voices ringing thru  
its doors.

Through no fault of its own  
It stands bleak-eyed, forlorn, unwanted,  
and very lonely.

But I have seen such a vacant house  
as this

Spring suddenly to life when someone  
with a contrite heart

Came and claimed it as their own,  
Bringing it that certain tender touch  
all houses need

To make its walls become a home.

—Don Beckman

from sixth grade through ninth grade, and such a disciplined group as they were! There were at least 125 of these youngsters on the field and they were totally silent when their director was addressing them.

At one point some chap had the nerve to speak softly or whisper to his neighbor, and the director leveled him with the following statement, which I am sure must have wilted the boy, and which accounts for the undisputed leadership. He said, "There is absolutely nothing which you have to say which is as important as what I am saying to you right now." In this generation of permissiveness that is a statement which is heard all too seldom.

We have some new neighbors who moved to Delafield from the same general area that we lived in near Brookfield, Wisconsin. They were, of course, watched closely on moving day by every child in the neighborhood. Adrienne came flashing in to report that it looked as though there were two girls her age, and sure enough she was right. There is Barbara who is exactly eleven and Beth who is thirteen and a half. There is Allison who is six and a young man age sixteen. We have seen much of Allison, who is one of the friendliest children I have ever met. Barbara has fit in with the threesome of Adrienne's friends as though she had lived here years and years. Beth is a little on the shy side and we have not seen quite so much of her. I suspect she is looking for a girl a little older than her sister's new friends.

Donald was a good fellow and turned our storage shed into a play house for this little group of girls. We have a house at the back of the yard which is just that; a house! It is without electricity or heat but complete with screens and a cement floor. He moved his excess tools into the basement and allowed them to paint and hang posters and fix the place up with all that their hearts desired. They have slept out overnight and cooked their breakfasts out there and been gone from home for the better part of two days with occasional trips to the refrigerator. These will surely be pleasantly remembered days for them in ten or twenty years.

By the time you read this we will all be up to our ears with the press of school. Donald has put new math books into all of the lower six grades of the school, which will require a closer touch with the teachers in our building than he gave last year. Adrienne has moved into the big new building at the foot of the hill from where I teach. I'll miss our secret exchanges of greeting through the classroom window.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



## FALL FEVER

by  
Evelyn Birkby

This is the time of year when I have a terrific bout of "fall fever". A little of the acuteness of my attack can be directly attributed to the fact that I am confined, somewhat, with hay fever from the first of August until frost comes in enough force to eliminate the pollen from the air. Once this aggravating ailment leaves I go into a rapturous, dizzy sense of release.

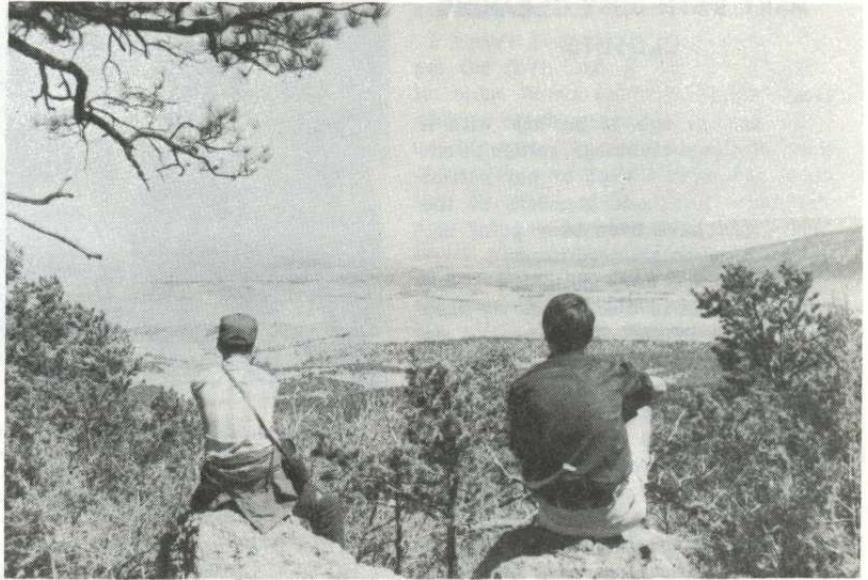
The autumn air is fresh and crisp and I breath it in with great gulps. The warm sun of Indian summer relaxes tense muscles. I feel youthful and gay and ready to dash off on some wild adventure — if only one would beckon! Daydreaming seems far more enticing than doing the breakfast dishes; tramping in the woods is an experience to be treasured above sudsing the family wash; taking a good book in hand and wandering out to sit under the apple trees for hours of reading in the shade is preferable to washing windows.

The animals seem to understand this last wild fling before winter. Our husky, Attu, lifts his nose and ears and tail to the wind and goes bounding off across the north pasture to search out something to chase. He seems impartial as to just what it might be, just so it moves. He returns, panting, his foot lifted to ask for an appreciative pat on the head.

The little three-footed cat that wandered into our yard last summer and adopted us as his own wanders over to rub, without prejudice, along the golden pumpkins decorating the patio, along the wooden leg of the picnic table and along my legs, purring loudly to express pleasure. Come play with me, he seems to encourage with his loud purr and kneading paws, for it will soon be cold and I'll have to curl up in the shed away from the wind.

Named Ahab after the peg-legged man in *Moby Dick*, our cat has enough sense to stay away from Attu. However, the few times they have come too close for the cat's comfort, Ahab stood his ground and made Attu back away from his sharp claws. These two animals may live in the same yard but with rules of tolerance only, not friendship.

Ahab is a true tabby cat, that is, one with brown or gray fur and dark stripes. His longer-than-usual hair shows that somewhere in his blood line he has an ancestor of that characteristic. We have no idea how he lost his foot, but he never bears his weight on that leg so it must have done considerable damage to the bone. In fact, it was his sweet pathetic look and handicapped leg which won me over to allow him to stay. I like cats and have long wanted



Hiking is fun but it can be tiring. Two of the Birkby boys stop to rest and admire the scenery.

one (a feeling the rest of my family does not share). However, since Ahab decided we belonged to him, no one except Attu has argued with me about his presence.

While the grasshoppers and I prefer to fiddle away this beautiful fall day, the busy squirrels rush hither and thither gathering their winter's food supply. I do not remember ever having squirrels as close to the house as we have this year. Two have been running up and down the trunk of the old mulberry tree by our back door. Attu decides to follow them up the tree when they dash by, only to realize his limitations as a climber keep him earthbound. He sits disconsolately howling at the branches as the squirrels scampers just over his head. I'm not sure whether he wishes he could chase the squirrels or join them in their light-footed climb, but he is unhappy about the situation.

The bees are hurrying by, now, buzzing importantly as they gather the last of the nectar to see them through the winter months. Long ago Craig and Robert took off the excess summer's supply of honey and it is now carefully pasteurized and sealed into jars on the basement shelf for our winter's eating.

The farmers are working harder than either the bees or the squirrels, picking here, storing there, preparing, shelling, combining, drying, feeding, ad infinitum!

It is interesting to hear all the arguments about whether this stretch of good weather is Indian summer or if it comes after the leaves fall — or when? I do not know the answer and I couldn't care less! The golden fall days are wonderful whenever they come however they may be identified. As one person said recently, "I accept Indian summer

and believe in it at any time!"

My taste for adventure has been whetted with the family's insistence on picnics. We must hurry and get in at least one more excursion to the woods before the cold sets in. So we pack a box quickly, pull on jeans, heavy shoes, woolen socks, a sweater or two and go out into the enchanting red and gold and brown world. Nothing else, in our opinion, compares with walking along a wooded path covered with rustling leaves, singing a happy song with ones we love best.

When we grow hungry we find a secluded spot, sheltered from the wind, in which to build a fire. How fine the simple food smells and tastes cooked in the woods in the fall. The blaze feels comfortably warm as night falls early and the wind grows crisp and cool. As we head for home, brushing clinging bits of autumn from our clothes, the boys ask if please we couldn't go again tomorrow if it is nice? It just might be the last opportunity for an excursion this year, they state. And we say, "We'll see," in the manner of parents everywhere, knowing full well we will squeeze in another outing if at all possible.

On the way home we may try to drive by one of the nearby orchards to buy a supply of fresh apple cider. I do well if all we buy is the cider, for the tables are loaded with baskets and sacks of many varieties of wonderful apples. Bright-colored gourds and fat yellow pumpkins beg to be put into fall arrangement. Jars and cans of sorghum encourage me to add that to our purchase as an inspiration for fall baking.

In fact, if I can just shake off enough of this fall fever to get myself out in the kitchen, I'll make up a batch of

(Continued on page 20)



## BLESSED IS HE WHO LOVES

### ANIMALS

by

Don Beckman

If I were asked to name my favorite of all saints, I would not hesitate a single moment before I said "Saint Francis," for he spent his entire life spreading peace and purity and love to animals as well as man. No task in their behalf was too small for him to consider, nor was he ever too busy, or tired, to extend them a deep and affectionate helping hand. It is because of his simple and genuine love for all things great and small that he is often referred to as the most perfect image of Christ who ever lived, thus making it our duty to be as much like him as we can. God did great works through his friend, St. Francis, and He can do good works through us as well.

There are some schools of thought that hold with the idea that the priceless little creatures who live so happily in my backyard do not have souls. I disagree with this silly thought entirely. For God surely had some definite purpose in mind when He made them or He would never have allowed them to exist in the first place. Anyway, who among us who has a tender feeling toward these little creatures can possibly conceive in his mind such a place as a Paradise where they are not present to lend their special little touch and make it a place of even greater pleasure? Neither God nor St. Francis could, and I can't either.

Although I do not have much of a yard for them to live in, I have nevertheless succeeded in cultivating the loyal friendship of a few squirrels, a rabbit, and a few birds whose presence constantly serves to make my days the brighter. The wrens that live so happily in the little house I hung for them in the tree sing unceasingly for me morning, noon, and night, and in return I give them food and drink and do whatever I can to make my yard a better place for them to live. They are more than deserving of everything I have to offer.

But that isn't all. I am also very fond of the brown squirrels who live in nests beneath the eaves. They often come to me as I go about my work, hoping for a handout and a few moments of enlightening conversation. We have cultivated a little language of our own, and thus we are able to understand each other.

I am amazed at the intelligence of these little animals, which is truly surprising once you get on to them. They are also highly amusing, and playful. If I am not careful they form a team against me and slyly pull the nut bag to the floor and carry its contents

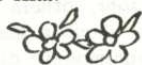
away by the mouthful. I have a sneaking suspicion that my yard is filled with their treasure-troves, stored away against winter. But these will not be needed for I shall see to it that they are given enough to drink and to eat.

As I pause to consider my own good fortune in having so many friends who have chosen to make my yard their home, I wonder if you have taken time to investigate your own conditions. Do you consider them as special charges God has given you, or do you look upon them as something to the contrary?

It really doesn't require much time, or money, to establish eating stations where these little animals can come for food and drink. Why not establish one for them today? As they become more friendly, and begin to take you in their confidence, you will discover that each one has an individual personality, and you will come to love them for the many happy moments they will bring.

Remember, too, as you go about your task, that he who holds out a helping hand, and heart, to these little creatures surely earns a special place within the heart of God, for He said, Himself, as He held a tiny, helpless, little lamb enfolded in his arms, "That which you do to the least of Mine, you also do to Me."

He, above all others, is more than worthy of whatever good works that can be done unto Him.



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

What do you plant in October? All sorts of goodies that will set roots, slumber during the cold months and come forth in splendor and beauty next spring. This year consider the lilies. October is the ideal time to plant bulbs of these beautiful flowers that literally come from the four corners of the earth to enhance your garden. Most of them are as easy to grow as daisies but some are challenging enough to stimulate interest in growing them.

We find the Mid-Century Hybrid lilies strong-growing, hardy garden specimens that come back each spring with renewed vigor and beauty. You can buy the bulbs in mixed colors or a few of the outstanding ones by name. One of these is *Enchantment*, a beautiful nasturtium red. From one small 49¢ bulb which a friend picked up at an end-of-the-season bulb sale in a store, I have divided and given away enough offspring to plant many lily beds — *Enchantment* is that prolific!

If you have had trouble growing Regal lilies, try the Giant Olympic lily as it is much harder up to Zone 4 and often-

times will persist in Zone 3. We have had the little Coral lilies live over for three or four years and then lost them to the cold but even so they are worth trying in the colder sections. Give your lilies good drainage and grow them in somewhat protected areas so that the wind will not be a problem. Mulch the first fall with a 4-inch layer of marsh hay or straw.

A reader wants to know how one can get Tritoma or Torch lilies to live over winter in Minnesota. Above Zone 5, Torch lilies should be dug in the fall and stored in a cool basement over winter or dug and replanted in a cold frame where they can be given more protection than when left in the border.

Another reader wants to learn when one can dig, divide and replant Flame lilies. "I have this big clump growing at the end of the garden," she writes, "where it is in the way for plowing and working the soil, but I hesitate to move it for fear of losing the plants." These lilies are as hardy and tough as Tiger lilies and can be dug, divided and moved this fall or in very early spring. We like to space them out along the perennial border where they give a splash of brick-red color before most other lilies bloom.



## Are you a four-dressing family?

Dad insists on vinegar and oil, Mom likes Roquefort, Junior dotes on Thousand Island, and Missy won't touch anything but French? There's one sure way to bring them together: **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Salad Dressing.**

It's a completely new taste: not too sweet, not too tart, not too tomato-y. Just right for everyone, young or old. You'll be amazed at how the whole family will go for salads drenched in its spicy goodness. (Great as a marinade, too!)

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Country Style Dressing**





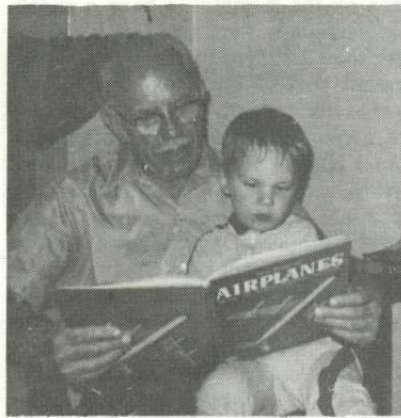
## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The life story of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, *The Lady from Vermont*, (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$3.95) has been published in paperback with a cover portrait by her friend Norman Rockwell and an updating epilogue by her friend and biographer, Elizabeth Yates.

The critical assessment which Mrs. Fisher treasured most was that her books "make you feel better about people and the world," and her own life exemplifies this praise. Best-selling author; educator, worker for peace; country woman and community-spirited neighbor; mother and wife in one of America's quietly great love stories—this "First Lady" of Vermont had a talent for living that embraced friends as varied as Richard Wright, Robert Frost, Heywood Broun and Isak Dinesen, and projects as wide-ranged as pioneering on the Book-of-the-Month Club's selection committee and launching the Children's Crusade for Children in World War II.

This is a fascinating biography. So much of Mrs. Fisher's philosophy of life comes through in the pages of the book. She felt that life only had worth



James was a very happy little boy when he discovered that his Great-Uncle Howard was willing to read a new book about airplanes. Howard has read so much to Lisa and Natalie, his two small granddaughters, that he knows just how to make any book very interesting.

and dignity if we did something about it, which makes people of more value than machines.

Once while spending an evening with foreign-exchange students at Bennington College, she was asked by a young man from Zanzibar what her motive was in writing novels.

"I've tried to make some sense out of human life," Dorothy replied. "I've puzzled over how it is that some people can live together, others can't. Discoveries made about a marriage relation are not enormously different than what can be seen in international relations. If I can put my idea into a story and present human life so it makes sense, shows reason, I think it's going

to do some good."

From our bookshelves I've taken Dorothy Canfield's *A Harvest of Stories* from a half century of writing and have been reading as time permits. This and her other books will have special meaning after enjoying *The Lady from Vermont*.

Elizabeth Yates has a quality of bringing to life the people she writes about. She was awarded the Newbery Medal and the William Allen White Children's Book Award for her biography, *Amos Fortune, Free Man*.

Sanora Babb has written an account of the years around 1913 when she and her family spent homesteading in Colorado in *An Owl on Every Post* (The McCall Publishing Co., 230 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, \$5.95.) The pioneers who moved to the western plains to become sodbusters were lucky to have water and some money. Sanora Babb's family had a one-room dugout and dry land.

It was Sanora Babb's Grandfather Alonzo who convinced Papa to invest in 320 acres of land and so began a struggle. The family had been used to a comfortable home in a lovely town; now the walls and floor were of earth. It was a new life and her mother had remarkable courage. Grandfather Alonzo was Sanora's teacher. *The Adventures of Kit Carson* was her textbook. She learned words from it, how to spell, read it aloud and just wore out the book. When they finally moved to a town, she was able to go into seventh grade.

The author said she enjoyed writing a song to the plains, a small tribute to her parents and her grandfather. They, and the other pioneers, lived quietly courageous lives under primitive circumstances. *An Owl on Every Post* makes good reading.

Your comments about the last "Little House" book, *The First Four Years*, are appreciated. After reading the introduction to the book which said, "We all wish there were more of Laura's stories," one reader remarked that what we also need are more writers such as Laura Ingalls Wilder.

Harper will launch its new series of paperbacks for children, TROPHY BOOKS, priced at 95¢ each, with eight of the "Little House" books. They were recently called by *Time* magazine "classics of children's literature" and have sold over 2,000,000 in hard cover. The paperbacks will have full-color covers and include all illustrations that appeared in the original editions. Look for more information in my next column.

Don't be in such a hurry that you pass up more than you can catch up with.



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## NEW FRONTIERS IN SEWING - Concl.

you who do quantities of sewing (or even for those who only occasionally succumb to sewing fever) and often have listings of fabrics difficult to obtain elsewhere. Brushed nylon and stretch terry cloth have been listed several times, at prices far below those I've seen elsewhere. In fact, the only other consistent sources otherwise have been the J.C. Penney Co. mail-order catalogs and the Singer Sewing Centers. In your locality, this goods may not be this hard to find. But — a word of warning! — don't buy and sew any unless you're willing to continue buying it. For, like one salted peanut, you can't stop with *one*. Stretch terry cloth spoils you forever for using the nonstretch variety, when it comes to making clothing from terry. It sews so smoothly, wears well, and is far more comfortable to wear. Versatile, too, considering that you can make such a wide variety as beach wear, robes, T-shirts, jumpsuits, and baby clothes. Makes marvelous pj's for tiny tots, too, while you're about it. But here's a tip: use a coverall pattern that zips in front, with a zipper two or three inches longer than the pattern directions specify. Extend that zipper almost down to the crotch seam; this makes it much easier to get on and off without ruining the zipper. Furthermore, for little boys, it makes "self-help" so much, much simpler, and I've *never* been able to understand why someone in the pattern industry hasn't recognized the fact. Try it just once with the longer zipper, and you'll immediately see what I mean. And you won't want to go back to the old way, either.

For things that zip down the front, whether of knit fabric or not, have you tried out the invisible zippers, that look just like a seam? Only the trim little enameled tab shows, to indicate the difference. I suppose that Unique is the most familiar brand name to you, although it now has several competitors in this field. Granted, they cost a bit more than the conventional zippers you have been using. BUT, they are worth every penny of it. Once you've familiarized yourself with the new and odd-looking zipper foot that's required, you can install these zippers to absolute perfection, in "no time flat". It is so easy to do, and the results so fabulous, as to be almost unbelievable.

For tiny girls, a long-popular style of panties has rows of ruffles across the seat. These, too, cost a pretty penny ready-made, and can be sewn swiftly at a fraction of the expense. Also for small girls is a combination panty-half slip, sewn together on the same waist elastic.

If you like bra-slips or other closely fitted slips, yet are hard to fit, you can



Juliana tried to get a smile from Katharine but having just awakened from her nap she wasn't in a smiling mood yet.

enjoy custom-made comfort by sewing them, with suitable pattern adjustments. A bra-slip, for instance, is satisfactory ready-made for the woman with large bust and small hips, for she can seam in the lower portion to fit. But, for the reverse situation, the only practical solution is to make your own, allowing for your hourglass flare at the hip area, while you're cutting the slip out. In this way, you'll achieve perfect fit at both bust and hips.

Be forewarned, too, that your *very first* attempt at sewing on nylontricot is apt to be disappointing. Most women experience some difficulty until they learn to adjust the tension on their sewing machine, and until they get the "knack" of holding the fabric correctly taut both in front of and behind the machine needle. This knack is quickly learned, but don't come to it expecting Instant Perfection. Also, for economy's sake, you might take that slip with shredded lace, no longer wearable, but that the tricot portion is still pretty good, and cut out a pair of panties to learn on. If they turn out well, you've an extra pair for little cost other than your time and some elastic; if they do go wrong, you're not out of pocket. (In these days of soaring inflation, every penny does count.) Then, the next time you try lingerie sewing, cut into that lovely new fabric and sew away. For some odd reason, very slight irregularities in stitching have a delightful way of vanishing into the gathers and lace trim, and becoming undetectable. But, with a bit of practice, you probably won't even be bothered with irregularities. You will find that sewing lingerie soothes your troubles away, and brings a delightful sense of Instant Satisfaction, a rare commodity in his troubled world.

If you've not done so already, why don't you get together all the where-withal to sew some lingerie or other knit garments — the fabric, the trims, the patterns, the instruction leaflets,

perhaps a new book or two to stimulate the ideas? Write to some of the addresses given, and order or buy locally some exciting yard goods. Then, when you manage some sewing time, you'll have these supplies at your fingertips and ready to go. Join me, won't you? Let's explore some of these exciting new Frontiers in the World of Sewing!



To become a somebody, you must first be yourself.

To be a somebody, do something of value.



## Autumn Is Here!

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

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

KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 2:05 P.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:10 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



## OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



**KIT:** Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 15" tall \$7.25 p.p.  
**Assembled:** Undressed: with patterns for clothes 15" \$13.45 p.p.

**Dressed:** in small print cotton, old fashioned style 15" \$17.99 p.p.

Catalogue 25¢

**EVA MAE** Doll Co., Box 331  
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

### FALL FEVER - Concluded

Rust College biscuits (the recipe shared with you in the August, 1971, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*) to eat with sorghum or honey. Already a small pork roast is cooking in the oven, along with baking potatoes. Corn from the freezer, applesauce from our own apples, lettuce salad and big squares of gingerbread (yes, made with sorghum) will finish out our menu for our evening meal.

It will soon be time for the boys to arrive home from school so I'll go cut two big squares of gingerbread, pour two glasses of milk and sit with them while they eat and talk about the events of *their* day. I wonder if they've had fall fever, too?

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

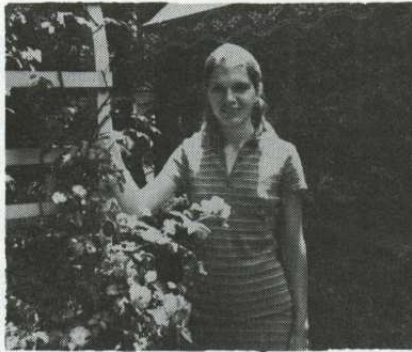
There are so many things that I would like to tell you about our trip, but they will have to wait until later. Let me close by saying that I am sure we Americans have much to learn from our European cousins about many things. Indeed, we Americans must run just to catch up with the modern progress that one can see everywhere in Europe today.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

### HALLOWEEN PARTY - Concluded

players in a circle with the spider (It) in the center of the circle. The idea is to keep the spider from sitting down beside you. There is one empty chair in the circle and players slide first one way and then the other, as spider calls "right" or "left", in order to keep the spider from getting into the empty chair. If he gets seated the player on the left becomes the next spider.

*Grand March and Impromptu Stunts:* Before beginning the grand march the hostess hands each guest a slip of paper on which is written some stunt



Mary Leanna Driftmier, standing beside the rose arbor in the backyard of the parsonage in Springfield, Massachusetts, which her father, Frederick, mentioned in his letter last month.

the guest is to do at the given time. Each player must keep the stunt secret until doing it. Each player has been given a different stunt such as "twirl on right toe, keeping elbow crooked and forefinger of that hand on the forehead", or "get down on your knees and pantomime a proposal to your partner", or "stroke partner's head and say, 'Poor Pussy' five times".

Have a sprightly march played on piano or phonograph and have the guests march in couples. At the signal of a bell, the music stops and each person starts doing his stunt. The funnier the stunts the better, but no one is supposed to laugh! The person who laughs must leave the march and unmask. It becomes hilariously funny to see, say, Little Bo-Peep twirling on her toes like a ballet dancer while her partner, Simple Simon, is down on his knees proposing to her, or the Queen of Hearts pretending to eat a hamburger and drink a Coke while her partner is baying to the moon like a lonely dog.

You can continue the fun into refreshment time if you announce it's time to eat by having Tommy Tucker sing for his supper. Jack and Jill can use their pail to serve the punch or cider. The Queen of Hearts may serve a plate of tarts or slices of sponge cake filled with red jam. Simple Simon may serve the ice cream accompanied by Jack Horner who carries a huge pie (cover a large pan or bowl with a crust of brown paper) from which each guest draws out a "plum" - a stuffed date.

### THREE DOORS

Yesterday stretches beyond the seeing eye,

Today is carried on wings of a butterfly.

That which is yet to be observed - Immeasurable; none can be preserved. Their contents are many and vary, One thing in common all carry.

Gathered memories one and all yield  
Once these doors are closed and sealed.  
—Sara Lee Skydell

### MY PRAYER BEFORE SURGERY

Father, I thank you for the faith and strength you give. I thank you for the courage you are giving me as I face this experience of surgery. I have confidence in your love and healing and saving power. I will entrust my body to the skill of my doctors and nurses realizing that you will also be there to bless their efforts to bring my recovery. You have given the life I have, and since my life belongs to you I will always remember that I am in your tender care. Make your power to be felt through your ever-present Spirit that I may return to useful living witnessing to your love and care for me.

Father, I give myself to you in full trust and confidence. I accept your love and forgiveness for my sins. Bring me now that peace of mind which makes possible the healing of my body. You have promised strength through quietness and trust. Out of your great resources my every need shall be met whether for this life or the next. Because of your love given through Christ your Son who suffered for me I will accept the ability to rise above pain and anxiety.

Father, through suffering and pain I ask you to make me more pure in mind and spirit. Keep me from hopeless brooding and irritable impatience. Give me the desire to co-operate with my doctors and nurses during my recovery. Grant to me faith so strong and hope so real that I may never openly complain or secretly murmur against you. In every time of depression give me a light from heaven that I may see beyond the clouds of pain and be refreshed in body and soul. Give me faith to believe that although recovery is slow, all things are working together for good because I love you and you are loving me. Use then these days to purify my life. Give peaceful nights of rest and sleep that I might soon be restored to health and useful living in service to you and my friends and family. In the Name of the Great Physician, so be it done. Amen.

—Glenn B. Martin,  
Chaplain Colorado Medical Center

### EDUCATE THYSELF

Learn to laugh - it is better than medicine.

Learn to say kind words - nobody resents them.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself - nobody wants them.

Learn to hide aches with a smile - nobody is interested anyway.

Learn to attend your own business - few men can handle their own, let alone someone else's.

Learn to avoid nasty remarks - they give neither the hearer nor the speaker any satisfaction.



**OCTOBER DEVOTIONS – Concluded**

be ready to take the consequences!

Love and caring are contagious and spread. Concern and sympathetic understanding warm the heart of a neighbor and drift back to us in rewards that re-warm our own heart. If we truly love our brothers we cannot harbor hate or distrust. Through love will come our own peace of mind.

If we have helped in any way  
To give one soul a brighter day,  
Or sought a needless quarrel to end,  
Bringing peace to some hurt friend;  
If we have helped dry bitter tears,  
Or soothed away somebody's fears,  
And planted hope in one small grain  
So he or she can smile again,  
We, too, receive an upward lift.  
Which is itself a priceless gift.

—Selected

It is said that Edwin Markham lost his fortune by bad investments and his soul was filled with a spirit of resentment. Then he realized that a man who hates hurts himself more than he does others. He said he was certain that there was no safety except in love. "Love will outwatch the stars," he said, and then went on to write the lines quoted around the world: He drew a circle and shut me out — heretic, rebel, a thing to flout; but love and I had the wit to win: we drew a circle that took him in.

Little Johnny declared one day that when he got older he wanted to wear a pair of glasses just like his grandma wore. When asked why he replied, "Because she can see so much more than most people. She can see when folks is hungry; or tired, or sorry; and she can even see what'll make 'em feel better. She can fix a lot of things to have fun with, and she can see when a feller is about to cry and she can always see what to do about it. She can always see some way to make people laugh and feel good. One day when I asked her how she could see so good she said it was the way she looked at things when she got older. So when I get older I want a pair of glasses just like Grandma's, so I can see people good, too."

Are your eyes as good as Grandma's? Do you see people "good"? Are you looking at others through love-colored glasses so that you really know their joys and their troubles, and share them?

The person who goes around with a long face, soured on life, taking a negative attitude toward all events and most people, ends up infecting others with his poison and, in so doing, makes himself still more bitter. Hatred is like acid. It eats in on all it touches.

As you think about the problems bothering us today, pause and imagine what would take place if genuine love

was brought to bear upon every decision around the conference table. Let it begin with YOU — with ME.

**Song:** "I've Got the Joy, Joy, Joy Down in My Heart".

**Third Speaker:** Along with love, what this old world needs is more JOY showing! And certainly peace in the heart must bring joy. What wonders are wrought when we let that light shine from the inside out! Like a paean of joy we say, "This is the day which the Lord hath made, rejoice and be glad in it." If there is love in the heart, then even the rough things of life will not disturb or defeat us nor dim our joy in living. Remember that our Lord, on His very last night on earth, said, "These things have I spoken to you, and that your joy may be full." We must find joy right where we are in doing the things we have to do.

The story is told of a passenger who boarded a tiny tugboat to cross a southern river. He saw the engineer seated in the doorway of the engine room, reading the Bible. As the passenger stood talking to the engineer, he noticed there were no characteristic gas and oil fumes coming from the engine room. Looking at the engine, he saw that it shone, literally "clean as a whistle".

When the passenger asked the old engineer how he had managed to clean up the old engine room and the grimy, greasy old engine, the reply was one he never forgot.

"Cap'n," he said nodding fondly at the old engine, "it's just this way: I got a glory."

Making that engine the best shined up one on the river put the glory in his life, and having glory he had everything!

Let us be done with self-commiseration, fault finding, prejudices, and hatreds, and put some glory in our lives. May there be joy in every day of our lives and let it begin with me!

**Reader:** Now let us all sing that song again "I've Got the Joy, Joy, Joy" as we hereby dedicate ourselves to *let there be peace on earth and let it begin with me.*

**Leader:** (As a helper lights the candles slowly so leader can read the appropriate line for each.)

**Pray — for prayer availeth much**

**Each day of the year**

**Accept the work of His hand**

**Cast not away your confidence**

**Ever hold fast to love and have joy in all things, have faith without fear.**

**Closing Prayer:** Let us bow in prayer, each one silently giving his own prayers as we first think of the ways we need each other. (Pause) Now let us think of the present crises that test us. (Pause) Let us ask God to help us to work for, and to know Peace. Amen.

**TOO FEW AMONG THE MANY**

Too few are rich, but all can be charitable.

Too few are heroes, but all can be courageous.

Too few are geniuses, but all can be educated.

Too few are Caesars, but all can be strong.

Too few are famous, but all can be known by their deeds.

Too few are saints, but all can be kind.

Too few are free, but all can strive for liberty.

Too few are film stars, but all can be beautiful.

Too few reach the top, but all can climb.

Too few, all too few ... But in today's world, you can be among the few too.



## AUTUMN'S ON THE WAY

It means golden days, and glowing leaves, and kids back to school. And it means fall house-cleaning; getting rid of summer's residue of blown-in dust and forgotten fingerprints left over from baseball games and fishing trips.

Like thousands of other midlands homemakers, you'll probably reach for a familiar house-cleaning helper: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It's made its reputation over the years as a hard-working cleaner that goes into solution the instant it touches water ... even hard water. And it deep-cleans quickly, too, with never a scum or froth to need rinsing away. Make your cleaning chores easier, this fall. Use

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**

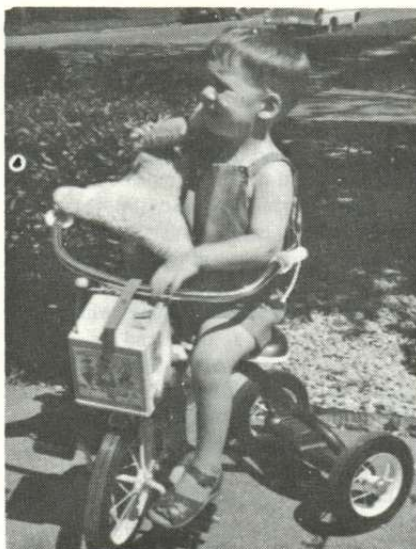


# How's Your Hearing?

Chicago, Ill. — A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

Try it to see how it is worn in the privacy of your own home without cost or obligation of any kind. It's yours to keep, free. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Write to Dept. 4684, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



James can really get around on his tricycle now, always accompanied by "Old Blue Dog". In this case he also was carrying luggage!

**LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded**  
took care of Andy and Aaron during that month, so you can imagine how dislocated Kristin felt away from her children and her husband. It was a happy, happy moment when Art arrived with that jam-packed U-Haul and they could start moving into their new house. Kristin says that it has a large, tightly fenced yard with huge shade trees, and a bonus they've never had before: a nice fireplace.

All of us are anxious for Dorothy to make a trip to Durango so we can have a first-hand report on everything. I spent a night in Durango two years ago and remember it as an attractive town surrounded by extremely beautiful country. Alison and her husband, Mike, have rented a house out in the country, so we now have two members of the family in that Colorado town.

James told me on the phone last week that he is saving all of his letters from Abe! He also told me that they have a new "girl cat" that he has named Sam. Old Punky disappeared while Juliana and the children were here this last summer, and since she is a genuine cat lover she was happy to begin feeding a stray that had been abandoned by someone a couple of blocks away. At least there won't be the problem of kittens underfoot because Sam is a spayed female.

It's time to head for the kitchen and check up on the chili sauce.

Until November . . . Faithfully,  
Lucile

Yesterday is gone and cannot be recalled.

Tomorrow has potential and the grandeur of hope.

Today is now. For your own sake, give it your best.

**MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded**  
our way homeward, stopping in Galena, Illinois, to go through President Grant's home, and also in Hubbard, Iowa, to visit friends.

The next big project around here is to get Martin ready for his 10-month internship in a church in Molt, Montana. He is home from his summer church camp job in Vermont and is busily sorting out what goes to Montana and what stays in Shenandoah. He traded his little car for a small station wagon in order to transport things a little easier, but we may still have to ship some items out.

Martin telephoned just before leaving Vermont and asked that we make appointments to get his eyes checked, his teeth checked, and a general physical with the doctor. It isn't easy to arrange appointments with such short notice, but upon hearing that Martin would have only three days at home, they worked him into their busy schedules.

His summer proved to be a very exciting one, full of enriching experiences. He made some good friends among the staff and campers, and hopes to keep in touch with them. One of his most thrilling experiences was learning the Lord's Prayer in sign language. This was fulfilling a desire of several years. One of the leaders comes from a family in which all the other members are deaf, so he can converse as freely with signs as with the tongue. He taught the staff the Lord's Prayer one day and they used it in one of the worship services. Martin hopes to use it some Sunday in the church in Molt.

I've been stopping at intervals to check the washer and dryer. The last load of clothes has been taken to the basement. While this has been going on Martin has been sorting and packing books.\* He's leaving for Montana in the morning. These few days have flown by much too quickly!

Until next month, sincerely,

*Margery*

\*\*\*

## COVER PICTURE

To our knowledge, this is the first professional portrait Kristin has had taken since her high school graduation photo. Those of you who are longtime readers know, of course, who Kristin is, but for you new subscribers, she is Mrs. Arthur Brase, daughter of Frank and Dorothy Johnson of Lucas, Iowa, who has completed her hours for her doctor's degree and with her family has moved to Durango, Colorado, where she'll work in counseling and guidance.

## SAVE MONEY

FOR YOUR GROUP  
ON QUALITY  
TABLES



Save on  
chairs,  
too!

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Christopher Columbus wanted to prove something fantastic: one could reach the East by sailing west.

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Unfortunately, though he was right, he was wrong. The American continent lay between him and India. So Columbus simply discovered America. And the inhabitants were incorrectly named Indians.





## It's Easy to Forget

by  
Gladise Kelly

Are you one of those people — like me — who is addicted to forgetting names? I hope you are — I'd like to join the club.

Remember the poet who said, "Forgetting must be almost easy, once you learn how it is done." Well, I never had to learn how to forget names. Some say that forgetting comes with age. Don't you believe it. I think I was born with the failing of forgetting the proper nouns attached to people. At least I can't ever remember remembering.

Not only do I forget the names of my best friends, when it comes to introductions, but I actually forget my own name on occasions. Psychiatrists might say I want to forget. It might come in handy sometimes, if one wants to lose a friend, but then I can't ever remember wanting to lose a friend. Friends are too hard to come by.

For instance, people have stopped me on the street for a little chat, but I could talk only about the weather or some other impersonal subject, as I just couldn't remember who they were, and was too ashamed to admit it to them. I knew their faces all right. That old saying, "I never forget a face," you know! But remembering the name attached to the face — well that was a "horse of a different color".

There was the time a woman stopped me on the street to talk — her face was familiar, but what was her name? All the time I was talking to her (about the weather) I was thinking — who is she? I know her very well, but who is she? After we parted, the question still haunted me. Finally it came to me — for years she had been my baby sitter. She had had troubles in her family and I hadn't even asked about them — she must have thought me most unconcerned.

I see people on the streets, whom I would know if they were in their professional niches. Now just what store does this woman work in? In what shop have I seen her? Being a working gal myself, my contact with many were at their places of business. I knew if I saw them in their usual working environment, I could place them immediately — but on the street, no!

There came a time when I met two old friends on the street at the same time,

though they didn't know each other. The moment I started introductions, I froze. I couldn't remember the name of either one. They knew me pretty well (and my failing), so they took things in hand and introduced themselves! That time, we all laughed.

I see actors (and actresses) on the TV screen and wonder, "Now his face is familiar, but what in the world is his name?" Often I haven't figured it out before going to bed and lie there in the dark struggling with the memory. Maybe the name will come to me suddenly — then I can drop off to sleep.

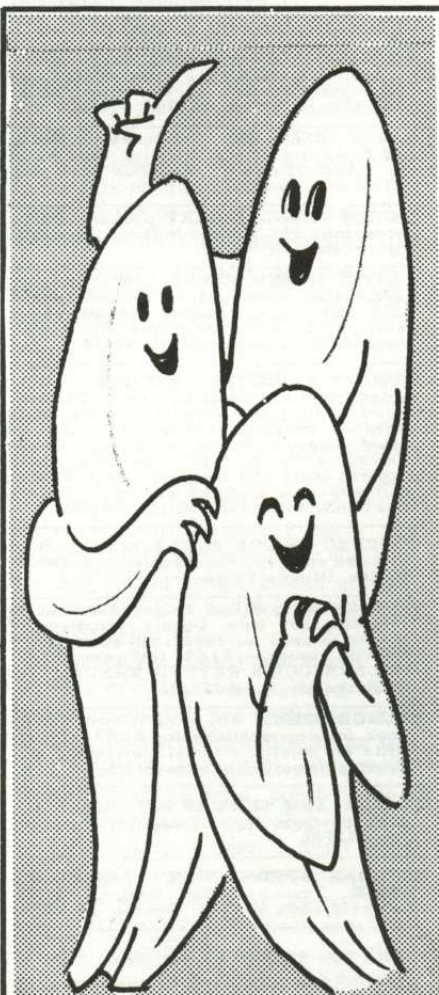
I think of people from the past — old school acquaintances, teachers, em-

ployers, co-workers, and I can remember their faces very distinctly, our relationships with each other, and even certain traits and expressions on their faces, but not their names.

It would be nice to forget a lot of things I remember, especially those unpleasant experiences of the past, and remember, in exchange, names of people — but, unfortunately, those unhappy things stick in my memory and I forget the proper nouns that belong to my friends and acquaintances.

I've tried those exercises of association, you know, like Jones with "bones", but then I just can't remember anything that my friend Jones had to do with bones — and so it goes.

I have finally decided that, at my age, there is no remedying the situation and that I have to live with it — so I resort to other things less frustrating — like occupying myself with hobbies, as the therapists might recommend. Too bad I couldn't have found an association (earlier) like Forgetting Anonymous, for instance, to jog my memory a bit. I might have been a prime target for just such a group.



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