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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

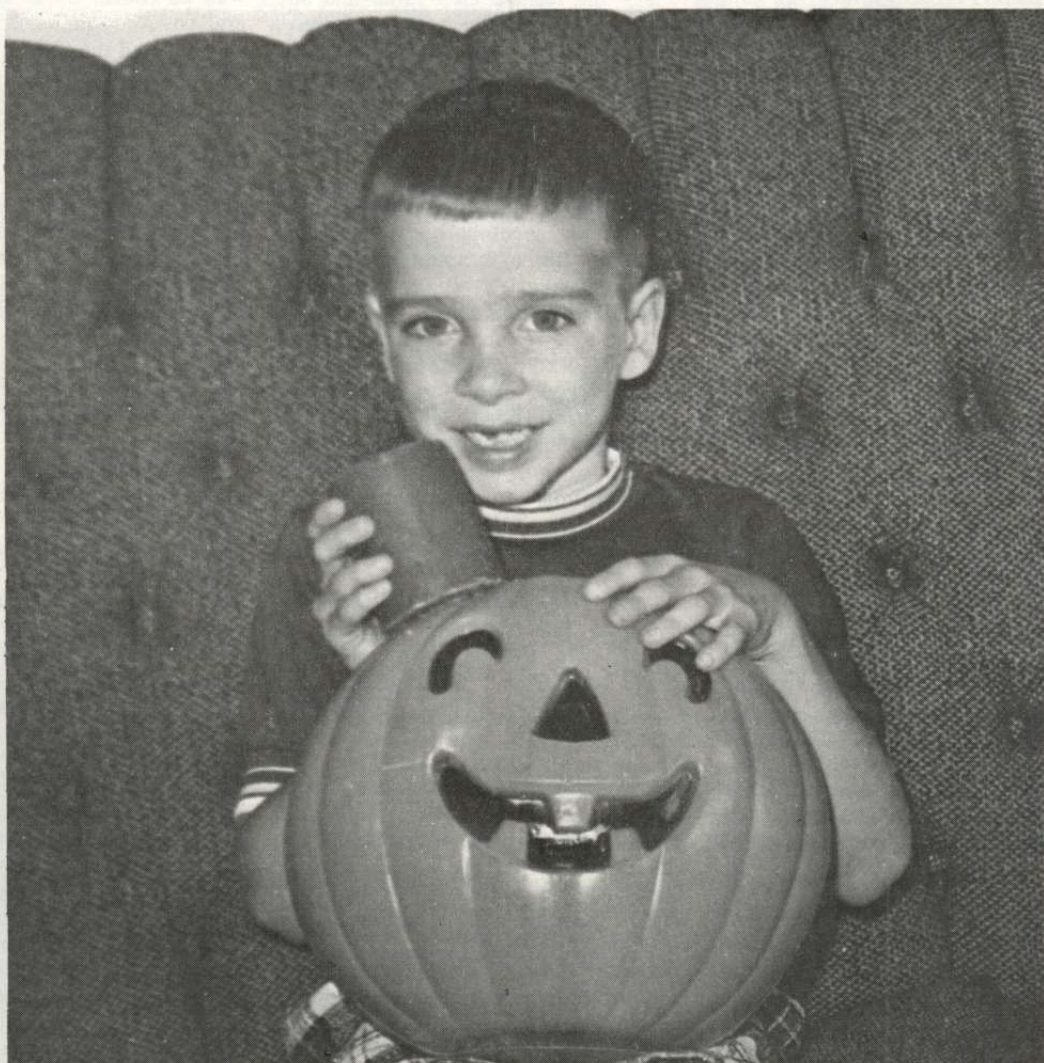
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—Photo by Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This morning at the breakfast table when I said to Betty: "Well, I'm going into my room now and write to our Kitchen-Klatter friends" she said in astonishment: "AGAIN? Why you just wrote your letter a few days ago!"

It seems that way to me too, so that shows you what a whirling maze these recent months and weeks have been. There may be people who've had an idle summer, but I haven't heard from any of them.

In my last letter I said that Juliana and Jed were going to try to get away for a week's vacation and, if they succeeded, I'd tell you about it in this letter; so here are some of the details.

First, in preparation for their initial camping experience, they bought a tent, one of these small stoves to cook on and the essential gear that is needed. (I've never slept in a tent in my life so all of this is an unknown quantity to me.)

The kids were so wild to see the tent pitched that Jed set it up immediately right outside his bedroom windows, and from then until they departed the kids slept in it every night and occasionally with one or two of their little friends. Juliana laughed when she reported that Jed, usually such a sound sleeper that the house could crash down right over his head, bolted out of bed at the very first drops of rain. There's nothing like having your children on your mind, is there!

When they left Albuquerque they headed west to Gallup and then turned north to Canyon De Chelly (this is pronounced as if it were spelled Canyon Dushay) where they spent two days. It happens to be the one place of their trip that I'm familiar with since Marge and I went there on the only expedition we ever managed together to New Mexico.

They found it absolutely magnificent and far beyond their greatest expecta-

tions. No camping charges either, and that's always a help. But the Canyon is so spectacular that Juliana said it attracts her like a magnet and she hopes to go back there more than once in the summers to come.

From there they went to Mesa Verde to see the famous cliff ruins and she says about this: "The camping there is lovely and each spot has privacy, but trying to get around to and in the ruins is a mob scene. We'd like to tackle it again in the autumn when there aren't such mobs — if there ever is such a time.

"But the forest rangers gave a marvelous talk at night and James and Katharine listened spellbound as he explained things. It was an experience they will never forget.

"Then too, we found a couple camped next to us who proved to be very interesting to visit with. The man was an engineer from West Germany and his wife was a former art teacher in Dutch Guiana, so they were glad to meet an engineer from Albuquerque and his wife (namely, Juliana!) who had majored in Art Education at the University of New Mexico.

"After we left Mesa Verde we drove to Cortez, and from there we went up the Dolores River Valley and over Lizard Head Pass. We took the OLD Million Dollar Highway, named Old Lime Creek Road, and I'm telling you that road had even steel-nerve Jed right on the edge of his seat. I was driving and I'm glad that I was as I would have died a thousand deaths if I weren't the one at the wheel. (Several times James and Katharine said: 'Oh, wouldn't Granny Wheels be simply terrified on this road!')

(Granny Wheels has only one comment to make about the whole thing. Since I'd never again go over the NEW Million Dollar Highway you can be dead sure that I'll never go over the Old Lime Creek Road.)

"Once we got down to the river valley it was no problem. We saw quite a few beaver dams with the lodges in the

middle of the ponds and the kids got a kick out of that.

"The next day we boarded that narrow gauge train for the run from Durango to Silverton, and it was far more interesting and beautiful than we had anticipated. I believe everyone on board had cameras, and Jed and I were clicking away right with them. My, I hope some of those slides and movies turn out good. The kids were simply enthralled with every minute of that trip, and I said when we got back to Durango that if I had my druthers I'd get back on the next day and repeat it.

"Be sure you tell our Kitchen-Klatter friends, Mother, that if they want to cross northern New Mexico after leaving the Colorado border to be sure they get an absolutely new, up-to-date map, because the map we had marked this as secondary, but in actuality it is a brand-new road, paved and with wide shoulders. It certainly is better than most of the roads in this state. There was no traffic on it and we saw several coyotes running across the road — this thrilled the kids.

"Our last night on the road we pitched camp in heavy timber where they had had recent rains and a sign was posted permitting campfires. We didn't have any wood with us and we had also run out of bread, so Jed said he'd put up the tent and watch the kids if I'd go down to the nearest store and get some bread. I got the bread all right and some milk, and then I asked the old man who ran the place if I could buy a little wood. Wood is terribly expensive in New Mexico and I expected just enough to have a small campfire.

"The old man said: 'Now if you'll drive around in back I'll put some in your car for you,' and so I drove around and he began piling in the wood — I helped him because he really needed help. When we had the car loaded I said: 'What do I owe you?' and he replied: 'Would a dollar be too much?' Heavens, when I think what that would have cost in Albuquerque!

"Well, Jed's face was a wonder to behold when he saw the amount of wood I'd hauled back! (I think he was calculating instantly if we'd have enough cash left to make it home!) Anyway, we had a beautiful fire that night and watched the stars, and the people who drove in and camped next to us came over to enjoy the fire too with their darling little three-year-old boy. This man turned out to be a professor at some college in the East and his wife is a writer — it was their first trip West and they were dumbfounded at all they had seen.

"We pulled into Albuquerque on Sunday afternoon around 5:00 and I'll confess we were all mighty tired and beat-



up. Our house looked strange to us when we entered it and our beds felt peculiar. I guess that after a week of camping it takes a little while to adjust to home.

"Then the very next morning Jed phoned from the office and said that he had to drive up to Tierra Amarilla at once and asked us to go with him because he was so tired he was afraid he might fall asleep at the wheel if he were all by himself. It was over a 300-mile round trip, so I drove part of the way. But it was very interesting for all of us to see how Jed does these final school inspections where his firm has had the contract.

"But one really funny thing happened in that little town where we were — Canjilon — for it didn't have a restaurant. In fact, it didn't have *anything*. We hadn't eaten any lunch and we were all hungry, so Jed went back to the school and asked the janitor where we could get some food.

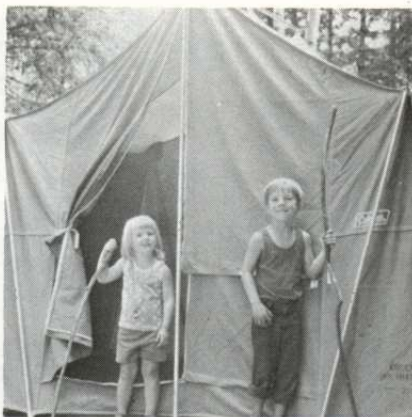
"He told us that the service station down the road a piece sold sandwiches, so I took the kids and went down and the station was closed. A kid came up on his bike and told me that the owner had gone into Santa Fe for the day. I asked him if there was any other place to get food and he said the only place was at the pool hall across the street.

"I looked across the street and couldn't see anything that would pass for a pool hall. All I saw was an old tumbled down adobe with a padlock on the door. Right. That was the pool hall. I asked the boy on the bike where the owner lived, so I went there and woke him up and asked if he could give us anything to eat. My! Such a place as that was — an old dirt floor, one antique pool table, and a refrigerator out in back.

"He had ham and cheese sandwiches in the refrigerator and I was nervous about them, but by this time we were all so hungry and so far from the nearest possible place to buy anything that we just bought the sandwiches and ate them. We suffered no ill effects, but if we have to go on one of these treks again into isolated country I'm going to be on the safe side and pack a hearty basket.

"On the road back to Albuquerque we ran into heavy rain, huge hail stones and two road blocks, so we were a tired crew when we finally pulled in our driveway once again."

This is the conclusion of her account of their camping trip and since I thought you folks would enjoy it I just decided to share it with you in print rather than simply reading it for our radio friends within range of our voices.



Nothing ever thrilled Katharine and James more than the family's purchase of a tent! The children "got used to it" in the backyard before it was taken camping.

We had a far, far too short visit with David Driftmier recently — Betty's and Frederick's son. I told him how much we regretted that we had never really had an opportunity to know him and Mary Lea since they were born and reared in the East, and we saw them for only fleeting glimpses when they were with their parents headed for some far place.

This time it had to be another short visit because he was headed for New Mexico to visit Mary Lea and Juliana before he went on to Vancouver, British Columbia, where he lives. Last year he took some classes at the University and also worked at the library, a plan I believe that he intends to pursue this year. His eventual goal (at least at this time — you know how young people are!) is to teach English at college level.

One thing my nieces and nephews have said to me in recent years has made a great impression on me. They say that our family, our *whole big family*, always knows where everyone is and what they are up to. It seems they've run into many, many young people who just plain don't know where their parents are one-tenth of the time, what and where their brothers and sisters are doing or are living and as for cousins — just count that out. This is in such shocking contrast to our *whole big family* (Juliana used this phrase when she was about five years old) that I never quite get over it.

As I write this letter Frederick is up in the sky someplace between Springfield, Mass., and Omaha, where Howard and Mae will meet him. His visit must necessarily be very brief, but at least he'll get a chance to talk with Mother and to show all of us the slides that he took on this last trip to Iceland, etc. I'm glad he's an excellent photographer and has fine equipment, because his slides constitute the only way I'm going to see those places.

We've had a major change in our household this last month — we are now a family of three rather than of only two women. Betty's daughter, Hanna Tilsen, who turned thirteen the day before she arrived to live with us, is now in the 8th grade here in our local junior high and is occupying the quarters upstairs where Juliana grew up.

It was thirteen years ago this September when Juliana left home to go to the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque (what a fateful decision that turned out to be!), and it took Russell and me over a year to adjust to the fact that no young people were coming and going. Well, we're back to the coming and the going and I'm mighty glad of it. Betty and I were both apprehensive that Hanna would be pretty much alone for a spell, but the young people have been wonderfully friendly and made her feel right at home. It's all worked out fine.

The three of us had such a happy visit with Dorothy and Frank at the farm. I don't know when I've laughed as much and just plain relaxed and enjoyed myself. I put business problems out of my head when I got in the car and didn't put them back in my head until I climbed out of the car here at home. They've been firmly in my head ever since!

Our little boy on the cover picture this month is Dale Lewis, the only child of Helen and Ed Lewis. He didn't want this picture taken because he'd just lost a front tooth and felt very self-conscious about it, but we talked him into it by reassuring him that all kids six years old begin to lose their front teeth.

Dale is a special child to me because his mother came to work for us when she graduated from St. Patrick's High School in Imogene in 1946 — just a girl 18. In all of the years since then she's been with us and is now our head bookkeeper — my genuine right arm and hand.

I asked her permission to tell you these following things because I think they contain so much human interest.

One night the phone rang and it was Helen asking if it would be convenient for her to come over and see me. I told her I was alone and to come right over.

NOW, in all of the many, many years that Helen has been with us she had never, never before called me at home at night and the instant I hung up I thought wildly and frantically of a thousand desperate things that could have happened, things she could only discuss with me at home and not down at the office.

When the door opened and she came in she said: "Do you know why I'm

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# Pushing Out Our World

A UNITED NATIONS PROGRAM

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** Make an arrangement which has a UNICEF container at the center front, and around it place some of the items which represent what UNICEF funds might buy. Such items might include a milk carton, medicines, bottles of vitamins, cans of food, clothing, school books, a doctor's stethoscope, and a pair of eyeglasses.

**Presentation of the Colors:** The U.S. flag and the United Nations flag and the Pledge of Allegiance.

**Leader:**

Lift a little, lift a little!  
Neighbor, lend a helping hand  
To that heavy-laden brother  
Who for weakness scarce can stand.  
What to thee with thy strong muscles,  
skills, full purse, and heavily  
laden table,  
Seems a light and easy load,  
Is to him a ponderous burden  
As he travels life's rugged road.

Lift a little, lift a little!  
Effort gives one added strength.  
That which staggers him when rising,  
Thou can hold at arm's length.  
Not his fault that he is feeble,  
Not thy praise that thou art strong;  
It is God makes lives to differ,  
Some from wailing, some from song.

Lift a little, lift a little!  
They are many who need thine aid;  
Many living by the roadside,  
'Neath misfortune of poverty's dreary  
shade.

Pass not by, like priest or Levite,  
Heedless of thy fellowman,  
But with heart and arms extended,  
As a brother, a good Samaritan.  
(Paraphrased from old clipping, author  
unknown.)

**Scriptures:** (Read responsively by two  
readers.)

**FOR I WAS HUNGRY AND YE GAVE  
ME TO EAT:**

*I was thirsty and ye gave me drink;  
I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK  
ME IN:  
Naked, and ye clothed me;  
I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME:  
I was in prison and ye came unto  
me...*

(In unison) **VERILY I SAY UNTO  
YOU, INASMUCH AS YE DID IT UNTO  
THE LEAST OF THESE MY BRETH-  
REN, EVEN THESE LEAST, YE DID  
IT UNTO ME. (Mat. 25 in part)**

(Again reading responsively)  
**THROUGH LOVE BE SERVANTS OF  
ONE ANOTHER.**

*For the law is fulfilled in one word.  
"You shall love your neighbor as your-  
self."*

**BUT THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS  
LOVE, JOY, PEACE, PATIENCE,  
KINDNESS, GOODNESS, FAITHFUL-  
NESS, GENTLENESS, SELF-CON-  
TROL . . . .**

*Bear one another's burdens, and so  
fulfill the law of Christ. (Excerpts from  
Gal. 5 and 6.)*

**Song:** "In Christ There Is No East or  
West", or use the more contemporary  
"I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing".

**Prayer:** As we give these minutes to  
the observance of the birthday of the  
United Nations, we thank Thee, O God,  
for the privilege of being a part of this  
United Nations, for the privilege of  
caring for and sharing with our fellow-  
man. Give us the wisdom, the courage,  
and strength to do what we know  
should be done, Lord, and grant us the  
willingness and enthusiasm of the  
children who collect for UNICEF for  
our task. Amen.

**Leader:**

"Come ye, yourselves, apart and rest  
awhile.

Weary, I know it, of the press and  
throng,

Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust  
of toil

And in my quiet strength," says Christ,  
"Again be strong . . .

The brief hours are not lost in which  
you learn

More of your Master and His love for  
men."

—Unknown

**First Speaker:** Today many of us  
think that surely the world must stand  
at the threshold of a new era. What  
with all of the unrest, the famines, the  
political intrigues, animosity in so  
many parts of the world, our own gov-  
ernmental problems, we think we must  
head toward something better, because  
we think it surely must not be allowed  
to get worse! It is a time beset with  
decisions that weigh heavily upon the  
minds of all who are concerned with  
the welfare of mankind, truly a time  
that "tries men's souls".

One of the contemporary songs our  
young people like to sing has the  
plaintive refrain, "When will we ever  
learn, when will we ever learn?" God  
is constantly challenging us to learn. I  
think nowhere is He challenging us  
more than in the area of true brother-  
hood.

In thinking about the United Nations

my mind immediately recalls the chil-  
dren calling at our door to collect for  
UNICEF each year. I discovered that  
children can teach us much about  
brotherhood and giving.

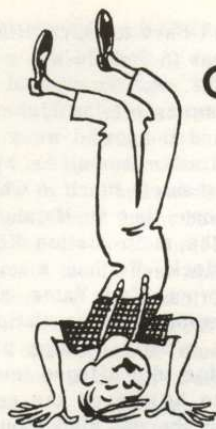
How eager children are to learn about  
other people who have a skin color  
different from their own, or who live in  
a different country! They are fascinat-  
ed in school, or when they read  
books from the library, to discover  
different ways other peoples live —  
their homes, their work, their games  
and crafts, their religions and beliefs  
— not with the idea of changing them  
or their way of life, but simply because  
they are interested. They want to know  
them better. Often we see children  
trying to copy something they have  
learned about these other people, or  
hear them saying, "Oh I wish we had  
that custom here" or "Wouldn't it be  
neat if we could have that kind of  
house here?" Are we adults as eager  
to learn about other peoples, to see  
their talents, their contributions to  
mankind, to want to know them better?  
It is when we come to know people  
better, to understand them, that we en-  
joy working with them, helping them,  
being friends with them, sharing ex-  
periences with them.

How enthusiastic the UNICEF chil-  
dren are as they make the rounds of the  
neighborhood! They do not put on a  
long face and carry an attitude of  
"Well, I must do my duty." Indeed not!  
Their faces shine with the joy of serv-  
ice, of caring. Somehow children have  
a way of knowing that the size of your  
world depends upon their hearts, and  
that there is a joy in loving service  
that can be found in no other way.  
They are enthusiastic because they  
are doing something they care about,  
something they know is worthwhile.

Someone once remarked to me, "Sure  
the kids want to collect for UNICEF —  
they want to get in on the party after-  
wards!" Many communities *do* have  
groups which sponsor the children and  
serve refreshments following the col-  
lections. And what better place to  
practice fellowship than right at home?  
But I know of several groups of chil-  
dren who, of their own accord, re-  
quested that the money which would  
have gone into refreshments be added,  
instead, to the collections. Children  
can be so generous! Time and again  
I've seen their instant response to

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## Cality -- Funny Little Word

by  
Leta Fulmer



October wrapped its arms about me as I perched upon the rocky ledge. Far below me a chugging combine sailed across a sea of billowing wheat. Above my head scarlet leaves rattled in the autumn breeze. But here in my protected sanctuary, only the sun streaked through to touch my cheek with warmth and peace. I sat quietly, having parked all my problems, as usual, at the foot of the hill. Suddenly I was startled to feel a cold nose nuzzling at my neck. I'd almost forgotten my four-footed companion.

"Pickles-Cality-Fulmer," I exclaimed, "You scared me!"

Fox terrier ears perked sharply at the odd syllables I'd added to her name, and I smiled at my instinctive use of the funny little word that I used involuntarily. Cality was the tack-on we added to the names of those singular pets who somehow twisted themselves into our heartstrings to become an unforgettable part of the family. The strange word evolved from childish jabberings as the kids (and Jimmie and I, too!) lived through an ever-changing conglomeration of pets. No hard and fast rules applied as to the qualification of a Cality. Like Topsy, I guess, they just grewed! There have been Calities in every category. But as Pickles arranged her spotted body across my lap for a snooze, my thought turned to the canine collection.

Robert and Theodore came to live with us at the time we were building a new kitchen — white pups with splotches of topaz. They tagged our heels while we grunted under the weight of cement block and wobbling two-by-fours. And how they grew! By the time the room was finished, they were blockily built dogs who vied for our attention with jealous fanaticism. To pet one and not the other was an invitation for trouble. Once, scraping the plates from the kitchen table, I thoughtlessly threw Robert a tidbit. Immediate chaos erupted. All over the kitchen those big dogs fought — clawing, growling, tumbling — like gladiators in mortal combat. Of course, Jim-

mie and the kids were conveniently missing and my screams and repeated swats with the broom accomplished nothing. From somewhere I remembered hearing "Throw water on fighting dogs and they'll stop." Well, don't you believe it! In desperation I sloshed water over them and they didn't miss a blow. They merely slid, scooted and slithered even more wildly, their claws clicking like castanets on the wet linoleum, while I frantically tried to stay out of the way of flailing feet and snapping jaws.

When Jimmie suddenly appeared, he collared one in each hand and threw them angrily into a pile of dirt in the backyard. What a sorry sight they were, their coats a mass of mud, sand and blood. Taking one look at each other, they declared a truce. They spent the rest of the evening tenderly cleaning each other's wounds, licking off and spitting out the mess encrusted in their fur. But this was the beginning of a running battle that ceased only when we put Robert out for adoption.

Theodore we kept — he was the Cality. He immediately took over his position as head watchdog with stiff-legged arrogance, sizing up each meter reader or delivery man as a possible threat to security. He chose his friends sparingly, sorting and discarding by his own strange canine standards. Theodore-Cality — at times my arms ached from the strain of yanking on his collar to subdue his bursts of belligerence. But my heart ached more when he was gone.

Spanish textbooks were the order of the day — hence the name for our effervescent little fox terrier. By engaging leaps and bounds she worked her way toward Calityhood. Tequila, usually known as Tiki, was beautifully marked. Her black and white face was accentuated by bright gold dots over her expressive eyes. And streaks of sunny tan blended into the satin darkness of her throat. Her natural bob tail, three quarter length, was an accurate barometer of her feelings. It stood stiffly erect as she scanned the countryside

for any sign of intruder. Or almost out of sight, it tucked between her legs at the sound of a harsh word. In frisky play or in a welcome-home greeting, it became a snowy vibrating banner of exuberance. She developed into a Cality of many facets.

Leaving her giddy adolescence behind, she found a dignity and poise unusual in a fox terrier. Long before she became a mother herself, her maternal instincts rushed to the fore. She attended her self-appointed rounds with all the dedication of a doctor making his rounds. Very quietly, she'd enter the lambing shed. Even the most temperamental ewe accepted her visits without complaint, baaing a welcome as the small dog nosed among the newborn, touching their kinky-curved bodies with a soft pink tongue. And Tiki moved among the squealing belted pigs as though she were one of them. Bracing her small feet, she'd fight for a solid stand while rubber noses rooted at her collar and sharp little tusks gnawed at the frayed leather. With playful gentleness she joined in their games of tug-of-war, helping them rip discarded feed sacks to shreds.

As a mother, Tiki was superb. That she adored her children was evident in every loving glance and gurgling murmur. But she was a strict mother, demanding obedience — first with a low-throated growl, then with sharp, nipping teeth. Even when her children grew to tower over her, she was the boss — a black and white matriarch who ruled the roost with love and an iron paw! Though Tequila guarded the homefront with a determined loyalty, a magic world beckoned beyond the hills that silhouetted our pastureland. And the click of the little shotgun in Johnnie's hand was the signal for adventure. Tiki's ecstatic bark brought all available canines to her side in a rush — her triplets, Ovid, Hercules and Diana, named after Greek mythology. And Repeat, poor addlebrained old hound who'd come off second best in an encounter with a truck. Some loose cog in his confused mind forced him to perform a dozen whirling dervish circles before he could manage to take off in a straight line. Her bright eyes soft with pity, Tiki demanded that they all wait for him to complete the required number of revolutions so they could all start out even. Rabbits, field mice, coons — all were fair game. Even chasing the pop-eyed bullfrogs into the mossy pond was a reveling delight. Tiki had only one enemy — snakes. She hated them with an inborn passion. Blacksnakes, or garter snakes she ripped apart with whip-cracking tosses and flashing teeth. Rattlesnakes, copperheads and such she stalked with fearful respect,

(Continued on page 20)



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley", and this is one old adage that certainly proved true at our house this summer. I thought this month my letter would be telling you all about the much looked-forward-to visit from our daughter Kristin and her family at the end of August, but at the last minute their plans had to be cancelled. Art's vacation was two weeks long, and they had planned to drive back because there were some things at our house they wanted to take back to Livingston with them — encyclopedias we had gotten for the boys, for one thing, and some things of Kristin's we had been storing for her. Just when they were to leave, Art became ill and had a high fever for a week, so this left them only one week for the trip, and they would have had to spend all their time on the road. Needless to say, everyone was disappointed, but we will just wait until next summer and try again. With both boys in school now, there is no chance of their coming any other time.

I had prepared lots of food ahead of time in anticipation of their arrival so I would be free to spend more time with them, so Frank and I have been living "out of the freezer" for days now, getting it all used up. Kristin and Andy had stressed the point that they wanted plenty of homemade ice cream, so I had made and frozen six quarts of fresh peach, six quarts of lemon, and six quarts of maple-nut, and would you believe it is practically gone already? This, along with several cakes I had made and frozen, has been a very handy dessert to serve when friends dropped in. Besides several casseroles and cookies, I had also made and frozen 36 individual cups of frozen salad, and we have eaten over half of these. So we will soon be back to fixing meals from "scratch" again.

When Lucile found out that Kristin wasn't coming, she and her companion, Betty, and Betty's daughter Hanna, decided to come to the farm for a few days before school started. This visit came just at the right time to lift our gloomy spirits. It was the first trip to the farm for Betty and Hanna, and Lucile hadn't been here for almost a year. Hanna had such a good time I imagine the trips in our direction will



Andy Brase's first question upon arriving home from school is "Did I get a letter from Grandmother and Grandfather?" He's very interested in what is going on at the farm, so Dorothy keeps him informed.

happen a little oftener now if they are to have any peace in the family.

Hanna had quite a time with Little Buck. He hadn't been ridden since Andy and Aaron rode him last summer, so he was far from enthusiastic about having her get on his back. Buck and Sid, Frank's riding horse, had been in the pasture together for a year, and Sid was furious at having a fence between them, so he put on quite a show, tearing around in the meadow. Lucile had never seen anything like the way Sid acted, so she got quite a kick out of watching him. When it became perfectly apparent that Little Buck was determined he wasn't going to give Hanna a decent ride, Frank saddled up Sid, and the four of them went off together for a good long ride. The next day Buck didn't cause Hanna a bit of trouble.

Another thing Hanna enjoyed was the kayak. She is an old pro at canoeing, so she handled the kayak well on the bayou. This didn't give her the challenge that Little Buck did, though, so most of her time was spent with him. Everyone had a relaxed and happy time for a few days, and I don't know when any of us has had so many laughs, which was good for all of us. We ate every meal on the porch, and managed to get rid of a lot of ice cream and cake.

A little later in the month Marge and I made a trip to Sedalia, Missouri, where we appeared on the program "It's a Woman's World", located in the Home Economics Building. Marge drove to our house the afternoon before we were to leave, so we could get an early

The nicest thing one can say about facing the future is that it comes but one day at a time.

At best, life is but a brief parade. March, then, to a destination worthy of your stride.

start and wouldn't have to hurry. Highway 65 from Lucas to Sedalia was new territory for Marge, and we wanted to take our time, turning off the highway and driving around the towns we went through to familiarize ourselves with them. We had a leisurely lunch in Chillicothe, spent some time in Marshall, and arrived at the radio station K SIS around 3:00 o'clock. We had a good visit with the owner, Carl Yates, and the rest of the personnel at the station. Bettie, who has a daily morning program at the station, did a taped interview with us, to be played the next morning, and then she was kind enough to guide us to the home where we were to stay while we were in Sedalia.

Since the hotels and motels were all reserved far in advance for fair week, we thought it very gracious of the Rev. and Mrs. Ed Neimeyer to offer us a room in their lovely home. Rev. Neimeyer is probably well known to many of our Missouri readers, since he is a District Superintendent of the Methodist Church, and has served as pastor of several churches in Missouri for many years.

The station owner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Yates, invited us to have dinner with them at the "Old Missouri Homestead", and we found this a fascinating place to eat. The food was delicious. Mrs. Iva Rice, the owner, was also the creator of this unique restaurant, which is in the basement of the three-story building which used to house the Y.M.C.A. In fact, the main dining area is located where a swimming pool once was. It took her four years just to gather up the rocks and petrified wood she wanted to use in the creation of her homestead. When you enter the rear door into the dining room, you get the effect of a rural scene in Missouri at night. There are vine-covered picket fences and trellises, oak, maple and hickory trees, and the floors are all flagstone. At one end is a rustic waterfall, with water running down over the sandstone rocks. Vines and plants are growing there, and were specially selected for their ability to flourish without sunshine. Mrs. Rice, herself, built this, and every rock, board and brick was laid under her personal supervision and watchful eye. I could go on and on describing this place, which now fills two floors of the building, but I just suggest that you stop and see it for yourself if you are ever in Sedalia.

We discovered that practically all the help at the restaurant are Kitchen-Klatter friends, and we were happy to meet so many of them. Mrs. Rice's daughter took us on a tour of both floors, and when we were through eating, Mrs. Rice invited us to come to

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## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

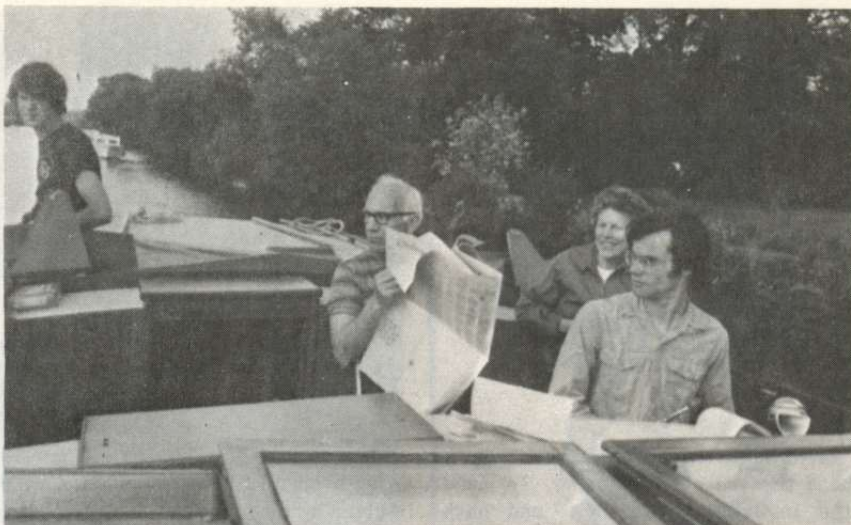
Have you ever noticed how some persons of a particular national background seem much more solemn and dour than persons of some other national background? I have noticed that many times even though I always have appreciated the fact that there can be many exceptions to the rule. For example, it has been the observation of many people that citizens of countries behind the Iron Curtain are much more apt to look sad than they are to look happy.

This summer when we were in Iceland we spent a part of an afternoon with a travel tour group from Yugoslavia, and we all noticed how solemn they looked. In another place we saw a large group of Polish people visiting Scotland, and there again we could not help but notice how serious they looked and how seldom they smiled. I have traveled all over the world, and I have visited European countries many times. These observations about the more solemn appearance of certain nationality groups are not what I call one-shot conclusions casually and hastily drawn.

The ancient Greek, Casca, once said: "I dare not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air." Had he been willing to laugh at least a little bit, he might have helped to tip the scales a little toward the side of sanity. Had we Americans not been able to laugh at some of the ridiculous things thought, and done, and said by the men involved in The Watergate Scandal, life in our country would have been much less pleasant. The honest truth is that we all need to laugh more, for laughter is the best defense against self-pity. When we can laugh at our losses and smile at our defeats, even the most unbearable tensions become manageable.

Casca the Greek would not like it around Springfield these days, for we have been having some of the worst air pollution. There have been days when had I opened my mouth, I would have received the bad air. There was one day early this past month when I thought there was something wrong with my eyes. They smarted and burned and watered, and I was just about to make an appointment with my doctor when I heard a news flash over one of the local radio stations: "Dozens of Springfield citizens afflicted by smoggy eyes." That's right! The air pollution had caused my eye trouble, and here I am living in one of the most beautiful valleys in the world with trees and mountains on all sides.

Certainly the problem of pollution is



Last month Frederick described some of the experiences on a boat trip on the Thames River in England. His son David snapped this picture of his parents, his cousin Clark Driftmier (left) and friend Allen Appleton (right) as they were waiting in one of the river's many locks.

not a laughing matter, but I have to laugh when I think how frightened I was by my watery eyes, and how certain I was the some dreadful disease was striking me blind, only to discover that a nice rain shower which cleaned up the air also corrected my eye problem. A rain shower can be such a purifying thing in so many ways.

One of America's most successful educators for many years was Dr. John Fox. He had been the distinguished and honored Superintendent of Schools of East Hartford, Connecticut, and then he became the president of the Puna-hou School in Honolulu, America's largest non-parochial private school. Dr. Fox once told me that the one thing which did more to help him achieve success as a school administrator than all else he ever had learned was his ability to laugh. He said: "When I get angry, I just laugh. When I feel sorry for myself, I laugh it off. When other people get angry and blow up at me, I laugh at them. The tension of my work would have given me a heart attack long ago had I not cultivated my ability to laugh."

What he said of himself, I know to be true. My school office used to be right next to his, and time and time again I would hear him laughing about something that would have upset me terribly. Of course it was his laughter that kept him from becoming too upset. His best use of laughter was in the way he laughed at some of the unjust and unnecessary criticism which came his way. How I wish that I could have some of that same ability to laugh at the hurts of life.

Laughter can be polite and socially acceptable most of the time. As the Bible says: "There is a time to weep and a time to laugh." Loud, raucous laughter is almost always out of place,

and certainly it should not be heard in places where others than the immediate company are present. It always embarrasses me to hear loud laughter in nice restaurants, and I have a friend that I never invite to dine with me for that very reason. When he laughs, it sounds more like a shout and causes others to turn and stare. You know the kind of laughter I mean — the shrieking kind. Such laughter has no place in polite society, but I suppose it is all right for "fun nights" when all the people are in a hilarious mood. Just save me from it.

Have you ever heard of dog rationing? Plans are now being made to ration the number of dogs any family may own in the city limits of Springfield. The other day two city officials visited our yard with a tape measure, and after making some measurements said to me: "Dr. Driftmier, you have the largest lawn in this part of the city. Your lawn is large enough to entitle you to four dogs!" They then told me that one of my neighbors could have only one dog, and the other neighbor could have three. The number of dogs any family can own depends upon the size of their house lot. It is hoped that this dog-rationing scheme will reduce our present dog population from 18,000 to only 8,000. How about that? The rationing scheme is going to hurt a family living in a duplex house not too far from here. It has twelve dogs with a small house lot, and the dog officers told me that the family would have to get rid of eleven of its dogs!

While in Ireland, we were guests in a home where there was an enormous St. Bernard dog. Just after we sat down to lunch, the dog came charging into the dining room (all 280 pounds of him) and in a moment his tail had knocked

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## THE CAT CARNIVAL

A HALLOWEEN PARTY

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Invitations:** Make a pattern for a cat's head from an old newspaper. To make the invitation (with front and back joined at the tip of the cat's ears) place the pattern on a folded paper so that ear tips are on the fold line. Cut around the pattern except at each ear tip. On the front face paste large eyes cut from orange paper. Mark the outline of the nose and mouth with white ink. Using white string and a darning needle, draw the string through the paper to make three long whiskers on each side of the nose. Cut a large bow tie from the orange paper. Paste it at the tip of the chin, pasting it to the inside of the front face. Outline the tie with a black marking pen.

Using white ink, write the invitation on the inside: Join all us cats for a Cat Carnival on (date) at (time). Wear your best cat bib 'n' tucker — you might win a prize! (Sign name.)

**Decorations:** These should aim for a carnival effect, but with a big accent on the Halloween cat.

At the front entrance place a huge stuffed cat, made by filling a very large paper bag with crumpled newspapers for the body, tying it firmly at the top. For the head stuff a smaller bag and tie. Fasten the head to the body. Spray paint the stuffed cat black. Fasten on large ears of black construction paper. Use white poster paint or shoe polish to mark in face features and whiskers. If you want your cat to have a long curled tail, braid folds of black crepe to the desired length. Thread a small wire through the braid to make it hold a curled shape.

Use balloons (sticking to orange and black ones if you wish) to add to the carnival atmosphere. Perhaps a record player can be hidden somewhere to provide carnival-type background music throughout the evening.

Decorate the party room to look as much like a carnival midway as possible, with booths and concessions around the sides of the room, even down the center if you are using a large hall for the party. Decorate the booths with orange and black streamers, balloons, signs and posters.

**Midway Entertainment:** As the guests arrive to stroll down the midway, each is given a handful of cat money. (These are outlines of small cat faces cut from heavy black paper. With marking pens write small money denominations on the cat money — 1¢, 5¢, 10¢, 25¢.) The cats (guests) use this money for participation at the various booths along the midway. The amount given each guest should be enough for him to patronize all of the booths. If preferred, put each guest's cat money in a small plastic "money bag" and tie with an orange yarn. Booths, concessions, and stunts might include the following:

**Catcalls:** In this booth have various whistles, squawkers, paper horns, etc. Decorate a small bottle to resemble a cat. Guests pay a penny in cat money, which entitles them to five chances to ring the cat for their choice of a noise maker — one to a guest.

**Hit the Cat's Eye:** On a wall hang a large cat's head, the cat having but one eye. Provide a soft rubber or a ping-pong ball, and award a cat balloon to any player who hits the cat's eye from a given distance in two tries, paying for the chance in cat money, of course.

**Hitting Jack Over the Head:** A large pumpkin jack-o'-lantern is placed on a stand. The top is left off the pumpkin. The guest pays 5¢ for five pumpkin seeds. For each seed he can toss into Jack's head he gets a piece of candy, and if he can get one through Jack's mouth, he gets two pieces.

**Cute Catnip:** (a stunt) A costumed cat with a masked face sits behind a Halloween-decorated screen. Each guest pays in cat money and then is allowed to go behind the screen where the cat gives the customer a pinch (nip) on the arm.

**Pinning the Witch on Her Broomstick:** (a dart game) Player pays for use of a dart. A black paper witch astride a broom is fastened to the wall. The player tries to throw the dart and hit the witch's pointed hat right at the point.

**Dunk a Cat:** This is the old bobbing-

for-apples game, each "cat" paying for a chance at an apple.

**Sideshow Cuties:** Each guest at this booth receives a sealed envelope which is not to be opened until later. When all of the guests have envelopes, the hostess announces a "grand opening". Each envelope contains a slip of paper on which is written some crazy stunt which the guest must perform for the entertainment of the rest of the group. Stunts might include:

1. Circumnavigate the room, walking behind every guest, no guest being permitted to move.

2. Going to the fourth boy on your right, comb his hair, giving him a new hair style. (Provide player with comb.)

3. Circle the room, walking in and out among the guests while balancing a peanut or an orange on your head.

4. Go to the basement (dimly lighted) and bring up the mousetrap to be found on lower shelf of fruit shelves. (A toy mouse might be fastened in the trap.)

5. Go to the fifth cat on your left and in 25 words or less tell him how beautiful he is.

6. Place five broomstraws on a table. Take four away and leave two. (The trick here is that the player is to "leave, too".)

7. Make up a Halloween limerick rhyming "owl, fowl and towel" and recite it to the group.

8. Impersonate one of your fellow guests until someone can guess who it is.

9. (for a boy) Take the piece of cloth and needle and thread provided and sew up a witch's hat.

10. Choose a partner and go around to all the other guests saying, "Meow, partner", to each without smiling, bowing deeply to your partner each time.

11. Say five times as rapidly as possible, "Which witch wishes a whirl on Willie Wiles' wheel, while Willie whit-tles witches' whips?"

12. Tell a three-minute ghost story in a most dramatic manner. (Let the lights suddenly go out for this one.)

**Cat Luck:** Have fortunes written on slips of paper which are folded and placed in a large fish bowl and sold for 10¢ in cat money — provided the customer also speaks a nursery rhyme for the crowd.

**Feline Follies:** This is a grand parade of all the "cats" attending the party while costumes are judged for "best dressed cat", "most scary cat", "cutest cat", "most playful kitten".

**Want Partners for Refreshments?** Cut out black paper cats. Cut each cat in half, trying for many different cuts. Put the cat halves in different boxes. For partners, let half of the guests draw from one box and the others from the other box, and then match the pieces for partners.





## A PUNKIN DUNKIN' AUCTION

TO FILL THE TREASURY

by  
Virginia Thomas

Are you tired of the old run-of-the-mill pre-Christmas bazaar to raise money for your treasury? Then why not try an October or early November Punkin, Dunkin' Auction for loads of fun and funds?

The "punkin" is used lavishly in decorations, and in the pie that is served at the coffee hour along with doughnuts. (That's where the dunkin' comes in, of course!) And the auction should really give the treasury a boost — and perhaps clear a few closets and attics of some white elephants.

Pumpkins can be used as jack-o'-lanterns for decorations, used with small shocks of corn, and used for table centerpieces as containers to hold fall flowers or dried weed arrangements. Is there a short walk leading to entrance where the auction is to be held? If so, line each side of the walk with a row of pumpkins, placing a very large one on either side of the doorway.

Those on the main committees, those who serve the food for the coffee, and others who work, will lend color to the affair if they wear "punkin" costumes. These might be crepe paper aprons which have round orange pumpkin skirts sewed to leaf-shaped bib tops. A large green paper leaf might be pinned in the hair. Each one might be told to come up with her own version of "punkin" garb, which would add to the fun.

If you decide on a morning auction, the refreshments to be sold can be set up in one corner of the main auction room, or an adjoining room, so that those who like can eat it there, or carry the coffee and a doughnut to the auction area and eat as they take part in the auction. If you decide on an evening auction when it is easier for the men to attend, the refreshments might be sold following the auction; but you might have a "coming and going" crowd, so in order to "catch" them all, you would need to serve during the auction.

Since many of your patrons will be older persons — and younger ones soon tire of standing if the auction is a lengthy affair — do try to have plenty of chairs or plank benches available for seating. It will be worth the extra

effort in order to hold your crowd longer.

It might be nice to have a break in the auction, especially if it turns out to be a long one, and have everyone join in some "punkin" carols (see *Kitchen-Klatter*, October, 1970).

For the auction, solicit members, and friends, too, if you like, for white elephant items (good items which are not in use) in the line of dishes, pans, decorative items, room accessories, fancy glassware, even furniture, and of course any antique items anyone would care to donate, such as old lamps, picture frames, coal scuttles, etc. Begin to plan this long enough in advance so you can really work up enthusiasm, and so members will really dig into those attics and closets. Advertise that it's a good time to get the fall housecleaning done and help a worthy cause at the same time. Stress that the articles must be in *good* condition — you don't want to end up with a lot of broken toys, chipped and cracked dishes or ceramic pieces. We've always found that good used toys, children's books, and games sell well at such an auction.

If you end up with items which don't sell at auction, just ask people to make an offer — and sell it. After all, it's clear profit whatever you get! Some items sell for so much more than you expect that it usually averages out in the end.

If you have an auction of any size, we feel it is well worthwhile to get a professional auctioneer, unless you have an exceptionally fine amateur in your group. Many times these auctioneers will donate their services if funds are to be used for charitable purposes, or at least will do it at a greatly reduced rate.

Do consider having some "punkin" clowns spaced among the crowd to provide some fun as the bidding goes along, being sure that the auctioneer is tipped off in advance. He will no doubt go right along with the fun. These clowns can make fantastic bids, then immediately recall them. They can urge various people to bid and have good friends bidding against each other as they do a lot of good-natured ribbing

### FEELING

"Build a better world," he thought.  
"Why not? I shall!"  
So he wrote and he argued  
"I'm right!" he thought.  
The world then gave him facts to see:  
"What if I'm wrong?"  
So he studied and thought,  
"I'd best begin a better me."

### AUTUMN

I just marvel at the poems  
That we read in magazines and books  
When the writers try to picture  
Autumn, with its beautiful nooks.  
But it seems to me there is nothing  
Can compare with the beautiful view  
From the steps of my front doorway  
As I gaze on the wondrous hue.  
The grass is such a luscious green  
As the golden leaves come falling  
down,  
And the walnuts seem to tumble  
In their shell of deep dark brown.  
The soybeans that are being harvested  
As the combine travels down the row,  
And the many acres of cornfields  
With golden ears hanging high and low—  
Ah yes, this is autumn  
With the sky so bright and blue,  
And everything seems to be saying  
This, my friend, is just for you.

—Elsie Topp



### HAUNTED HOUSE

When thunder crashes  
In the middle of the night  
Lightning lights up the room  
With a ghoulish green light.  
Rain like a river  
Pours down the rain spout,  
That is the night  
The ghosts come out.

We hear the rattling of doors  
And the scurrying footfall  
Amid eerie whispers  
As they float down the hall  
Clutching white robes to their throats  
Straight to our room they flee  
With chattering teeth jump in bed  
With Daddy and me! —Mildred Grenier

on the side. They can join the auctioneer occasionally in giving exaggerated descriptions or "claims" for the item being auctioned. Persons with a good sense of humor will think of many ways to add to the fun.

Along with this type of an event, you might consider selling votes to elect a Punkin Queen or King, and have an elaborate crowning ceremony at the close of the auction when the winner is crowned "Some Punkin".





## The Letter Basket

This month we would like to share excerpts from some letters that have come to us. They were of great interest to us, and we feel you will find them so too.

"On one of your radio visits you read a letter from a friend who wrote eloquently on the subject of 'family letters'. Her thoughts on that subject echoed my ideas about family members keeping in touch and learning to know one another through letters. That writer expressed herself so well; her thoughts are indeed worthy of publication. Perhaps you would consider putting the main portions of the letter in the magazine.

"The thought has just occurred to me that a club program could be built around such a nucleus.

"In our community we have a club group of 'older' women and I think a program on this subject would be of interest to them. It could include 'The Art of Letter Writing', 'Preserving Family History in Letters', 'Putting Your Personality in Letters', etc. Reading some very old letters and studying the style would also be interesting."

The following is the letter to which the above writer referred:

"You are so right when you say how important letter writing is in a family. My husband and I have four married children who are very faithful in writing and telling us all about their lives.

"Many of our friends have children whom they call occasionally or whose children call them and letter writing is neglected. They regret this but point out that it takes less time to call.

"We think it is time well spent and make a real effort to keep the letters interesting and humorous.

"We keep a file on each child and put clippings, thoughts, and family news in the file each week with their last letter. When we write to them we lay it on the desk and have all material close. On a calendar in the kitchen I jot down the day we receive their letter and the day we answer it for it

is very easy to forget such dates. This prevents repeating news that has transpired.

"We save the children's letters in sacks so they can have a record of their lives. They are too busy to keep diaries.

"When my parents died, I found a box of my letters. When I began to reread them, I was so happy to know I had told them how much I loved them and had appreciated their kindnesses, etc. We forget so much in this busy life and I felt a glow of thankfulness as I read those forgotten letters.

"There is another blessing that comes from letters: the child really expresses thoughts on paper that he wouldn't be apt to say to you. We find we know our adult children much better in letters than when actually conversing. Usually when we are together there are others around—grandchildren being tended, etc.—that we are often disappointed that there is so little time to be together alone. Letters are written when the house quiets down and there is time to think!"

We have received many letters in the past with excellent thoughts on being a good house guest. We've selected the following as it sums up the subject so well.

"I belong to a group where instead of just visiting during the coffee hour, we frequently discuss some problem or situation by going around the circle of friends and having each contribute just one thought about the subject. We usually can make the rounds of the room four or five times this way because no one has the chance to go into an involved discussion when they can give only one idea or thought at a time. Then we surmise our thoughts.

"On one occasion, since almost all of the members had house guests during the summer, our discussion was on the subject of how to be the kind of guest people are glad to have over and over again. I thought you might enjoy our summary about this subject. Incidentally, the women range from those with babies to grandmothers.

"1. Never surprise your hostess! This was best expressed by a mother who said, 'I had waited eight years to be able to entertain my college roommate and her family in my home. They were finally passing through this part of the country and stopped for a day and a half. By the time I rounded up another crib, changed bedding, cooked and did up the dishes, we had only snatches of conversation and she left with me feeling let down and disappointed. Had I known she was coming, I could have cooked and planned arrangements ahead of time so we could have visited almost every minute she was there.' Everyone from, young to

old, agreed that when someone says they don't want you hurrying and fussing beforehand so they just don't let you know they are coming, are doing you no kindness. You just have to hurry and fuss while they are there, which is so much harder.

"2. Almost every job has its busiest season. If you have not been invited for any specific time, do not suggest coming during harvest on the farm, or Christmas at the postman's house!

"3. Homes where the husband must be off to work at 7:45, or the children off to school at 8:00 are very busy in the morning. At best, they can be described as wild! Usually you are doing your hostess a favor if you stay in your room and out of the kitchen until everyone has gone. You can breakfast while she cleans up the family dishes, and likely she could even join you for a second cup of coffee at that time.

"4. If you are staying more than one night, give your hostess a chance to be home alone for a couple of hours while you go to visit friends, or go shopping. You might even suggest taking her children with you. She may need this time to start dinner, attend to something she doesn't want to be running about doing when you are there, or she might choose just to go to bed for a half hour.

"5. If you are visiting more than three days, be sure to take your host family out for dinner one evening. This is expensive, we know, but give up something else on the trip to allow money for this if necessary. Stop to think what it would cost if you were staying in a motel and eating all your meals out!

"6. Keep your clothing and personal things confined to the room in which you are sleeping. It is amazing how many people scatter their things all over the house. Keep your toothbrush, combs and so forth out of their bathroom and in your own room instead. Be very careful if you carry any kind of medicine in your purse or suitcase to see that they are out of reach of children. If you don't have small children, this might not occur to you.

"7. Stick to the family rules of the house. This concerns children more than adults, but even they are guilty of this at times. If they never eat any food except at the table, don't let your children take a cooky into the living room. If the hostess' children are not allowed to go to the library or elsewhere without an adult accompanying them, obey these rules, even though your children might be a little older and you feel they could manage the situation.

"8. Remember, your hostess is not your maid! Make your bed, do your

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## WHAT DO YOU DO WITH AN OLD SCHOOLHOUSE?

by  
Evelyn Birkby

An old schoolhouse is an old schoolhouse — that is, until it is no longer needed for educational purposes and becomes something else. And what on earth would you do if you suddenly became the owner of a large, two-story school building complete with a gymnasium and 5½ acres of land?

This story takes place in the small village of Anderson, Iowa, situated two miles north and four miles east of Sidney. The town, with a current population of 49, was born in 1870 alongside a railroad and developed into a thriving rural community. At its height it included a garage, a restaurant and pool hall, a large hardware store, a lumberyard, a blacksmith shop with a dance hall upstairs, a barber shop, a meat market and grocery, stockyards, two large elevators, a bank, a post office, a resident doctor, and a minister for the white frame Presbyterian church.

The yellow brick schoolhouse was built in 1916, and four country schools (Shady Glenn, Idle Slope, Science Hall, and the Green Bush School) were closed as the students transferred to the new Anderson facility. A reinforced poured concrete gymnasium containing a stage was added to the initial structure in 1941 by the W.P.A.

With the coming of automotive mobility and the destruction by fire of the thriving hardware store, the energy of Anderson began to diminish, and it gradually became primarily a residential town with the school at its center.

Time and progress bring changes, and the school was finally absorbed by consolidation with the Sidney school district. The last high school class graduated in 1943, and the grade school was closed in 1966. The building was used as a county school for exceptional students until 1971 when those students were provided with their own classrooms in their community schools, and the doors of the Anderson school, like those of so many emptied buildings, shut for the last time and the structure was put up for auction.

Enter the heroes of our story. Ted Graves was raised in eastern Nebraska and his wife Dot, a sister of my good friend Virginia Miller, grew up near Anderson. They met at Peru State Teachers' College in southeastern Nebraska, were married, and for 30 years lived in the eastern United States where Ted worked for the Defense Department and Dot taught first grade near Washington, D.C.



Dot Graves pours a cup of tea for her good friend, Mary Estes, in the kitchen of the living quarters at the Anderson schoolhouse.

They were visiting in Anderson when the announcement was made that the schoolhouse was to be sold. Almost in jest Virginia said to them, "Why don't you put in a bid? The old schoolhouse would make a fine place for your retirement years."

A bid was submitted and, much to Ted and Dot's surprise, their amount was the highest and they owned a schoolhouse.

Moving into their new Iowa home last autumn did not turn out to be a typical change of residence. With a camping-style, make-do home set up in the cavernous rooms of the basement, they began to prepare a plan for the future of the two large first-floor classrooms and the equally spacious classrooms and principal's office on the second floor. Dot loves to cook and is exceptionally talented in preparing fine meals, so the first floor was reserved for the creation of a restaurant.

The second floor was gradually remodeled into living quarters. The principal's office became a bathroom and a utility area. The large south classroom was developed into a living room, dining room, kitchen combination. A bright red, modern fireplace was hung in front of the white wall, and the original storage cupboard was refinished to hold the books of the Graves' extensive library. The tall windows filling the east and south walls combined with a deep blue carpet seem to pull the open Iowa sky into the room and enhance the feeling of being high above the broad green countryside.

Across the hall, the north classroom was divided into two bedrooms, several closets, and a stairway to the attic of the building.

Last winter, Ted and Dot's first in their new home, was bitterly cold for days on end. With an inadequate heating system, the Graves faced many difficult situations. The onions froze under the newly installed kitchen sink. Dot said her feet were cold, "For

months!" The water pipes in the basement froze on New Year's morning when guests were expected for dinner, and water gushed into the basement and the front hall.

With hard work and the arrival of spring, the heating and water problems were brought under control. Bill, the oldest of the Graves' four sons, arrived to help, and the first floor began to take shape.

The large, first-floor vacant classrooms have since been transformed into an efficient industrial kitchen, restrooms, a small multi-purpose room, and a large dining room. The spacious restaurant keeps the classroom atmosphere alive with blackboards on the walls (with the menu printed on them with chalk), a built-in storage cupboard, ceiling light globes covered with child-like paintings, and, standing on the eraser trays, framed drawings from Dot's first grade classes.

A dark-red carpet, red linens, and white and blue china and crystal complete the restaurant decor. It is open to the public on Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday noon, and special groups are accommodated on other days by arrangement. The success of the restaurant has made reservations a must any time, for the dining room is always filled with guests enjoying the unique eating experience.

On October 1st an interesting event will take place in the renovated schoolhouse. A church circle from the United Methodist Church of nearby Randolph will sponsor a Fun Day. It will include a tour of the building, a luncheon in the dining room, and a show and bazaar-type craft sale by various groups and individuals in the gymnasium. The Graves have donated the entire building, including the use of the kitchen and restaurant, for the use of the church for the day. Reservations are necessary for the luncheon.

The gymnasium is rapidly becoming a community center for many activities. Our Sidney Square Dance Club is using it each week for our fall series of lessons. Children of the community are welcome to use it for basketball and games, and the fine stage, with Bill Graves' talented experience in theater arts, may someday develop into a creative little theater.

There are many structurally sound school buildings around the country begging for renovation, and with a bit of courage, determination, imagination and hard work, perhaps others will find joy in a venture similar to the Anderson schoolhouse. With modern pioneers like Ted and Dot Graves and their sons, the proud monuments of a bygone era can not only be preserved, but can also become a useful and enjoyable part of contemporary America.



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### FRUITY APPLE PIE

- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups pineapple or orange juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 6 cups apples, peeled and sliced
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple or orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Baked pie shell

Moisten cornstarch with a little of the juice. Combine remaining juice, sugar, apples and salt in saucepan. Simmer until apples are tender. (A little more sugar may be needed if apples are particularly tart.) When apples are tender, gently stir in dissolved cornstarch mixture. When thick and clear, remove from heat and stir in flavorings. Spoon into baked pastry shell. Chill well. Top with whipped cream.

A delightful *fruity* pie which may be varied with different juices and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings into as many kinds as you desire. —Evelyn

### LEMON BREAD

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 2/3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup nuts, finely chopped
- Grated peel of 1 lemon

Cream shortening with sugar; add slightly beaten eggs. Sift flour, measure, and sift again with baking powder and salt. Alternately add the flour mixture with the milk to the shortening mixture, stirring constantly. Mix in nuts and lemon peel. Bake in a greased 5-by 9-inch loaf pan at 350 degrees for one hour.

### Topping

Combine 1/4 cup sugar with the juice of 1 lemon and pour over the top of the loaf when it comes from the oven. Cool in pan.

This makes a nice tea sandwich with a cream cheese filling. —Mae Driftmier

### SPICY HAM LOAF

- 1 lb. lean ground ham
- 1/2 lb. lean ground pork
- 1 10½-oz. can condensed tomato soup
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1/3 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- Dash of pepper
- 2 tsp. horseradish

Combine the meats, 1/2 cup of the soup, onion, celery, crumbs, parsley flakes, egg, mustard and pepper. Mix well and shape into a loaf. Place in a shallow casserole and bake in a 350-degree oven about one hour and 15 minutes. Drain off all the fat. In a small saucepan heat the remaining soup and the horseradish. Pour over the loaf and bake a few minutes longer.

—Dorothy

### SPECIAL GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

- 2 1-lb. cans cut green beans, drained
- 1 3½-oz. can French-fried onions
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, sliced
- 2 Tbls. slivered toasted almonds
- 1/2 cup (or more) shredded Cheddar cheese

Alternate layers of drained beans and onions in a casserole. Mix the soup, mushrooms with liquid and almonds. Pour this over the beans and onions. Spread the cheese over the top and bake at 350 degrees for 30 or 40 minutes or until bubbly and cheese is melted. This will make 6 to 8 generous servings. —Mae Driftmier

### MOIST APPLE COOKIES

- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour (unsifted)
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 apples, cored, peeled and finely chopped

Pour some boiling water over the raisins and let these plump up while you are mixing the batter. Cream the butter and sugars. Add the egg and flavoring and beat well. Sift the rest of the dry ingredients together and add along with the milk. Stir in the apple and well-drained raisins. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheets. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 10 minutes.

—Dorothy

### HONEY HILL FRUIT GINGERBREAD

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 4 cups apples, peeled and sliced
- 3/4 cup sugar

Combine 1 cup sugar, molasses, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Mix well. Add beaten eggs. Sift dry ingredients together, blend into batter. When smooth, add water and burnt sugar flavoring. Place apples in well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle 3/4 cup sugar over top. Spoon batter over top of apples. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes or until gingerbread is done.

Canned pie fillings may be used for the fruit part of this delicious dessert if desired. Any fruit pie filling mix will go well with the spicy gingerbread. Always add a little Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring.

### PLAZA III STEAK SOUP

- 1 lb. ground round steak
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup flour
- 8 cups water
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 1 #303 can tomatoes
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 stalk celery, diced
- 2 carrots, diced
- 3 Tbls. beef bouillon granules
- Pepper and salt as needed

Brown beef in 1 Tbls. of the butter or margarine, draining off grease as it cooks out. Melt remaining butter and stir in flour. Slowly add 2 cups of the water to butter-flour mixture. Add vegetables, bouillon granules, browned beef and remaining water. Simmer slowly until vegetables are tender and flavor is mellow. This may take about 1½ hours. If the vegetables are preferred less soft, cook a shorter length of time. Add salt and pepper to taste about halfway through the cooking time.

This is an excellent recipe to make in a slow-cooking pot. Follow directions for any ground beef-vegetable recipe in your slow-cooking cookbook.

Plaza III is a restaurant in Kansas City and this is reported to be the recipe which they use for their very famous steak soup. —Evelyn



**FRUIT DROPS**

1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1 cup lard  
 3 eggs  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 2 cups flour (unsifted)  
 1/2 cup raisins (plumped in hot water)  
 1/2 cup chopped dates  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the brown sugar and lard. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the first mixture, beating well. Stir in the raisins, dates and nuts. Drop from teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

**APPLE CRUMB DESSERT**

2 cups flour  
 1 cup brown sugar  
 1/2 cup quick-cooking rolled oats  
 3/4 cup butter, melted  
 1 cup sugar  
 3 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 cup water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 4 apples, thinly sliced

Combine flour, brown sugar, oats, and melted butter. Pat half of mixture into an 8-inch square pan. In a saucepan combine 1 cup sugar, cornstarch, salt and water. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add flavorings. Place apples in cooked mixture. Spread over crumbs. Pat remaining crumbs over apples. Bake at 350 degrees for 50-55 minutes. —Margery

**ZINGY-CHEESY MEAT LOAF**

1/2 cup chopped onion  
 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce  
 2 eggs, beaten  
 1 cup diced Monterey Jack cheese  
 1 4-oz. can chopped green chilies, well drained  
 1 cup soft bread crumbs  
 1 tsp. salt  
 Pepper to taste  
 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef  
 1/2 lb. sausage with regular seasoning (not the hot kind)

Cook onion in boiling water until tender; drain. Stir into the tomato sauce, eggs, cheese, chilies, bread crumbs, salt and pepper. Add the ground meats, mixing thoroughly. Place in baking pan and shape into a loaf. Bake in 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. Serves 8 to 10 people. —Mae Driftmier

**SEA FOAM SALAD**

2 #2 1/2 cans pears (pieces are o.k.)  
 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature  
 4 Tbls. milk  
 1 12-oz. carton Cool Whip

Drain pears. Heat juice to boiling and pour over gelatin to dissolve. Cool until partially set. Combine cheese and milk, beating until smooth. Stir into gelatin, fold in mashed pears and Cool Whip. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill till set. —Margery

**BUSY-DAY POTATOES**

1/3 cup milk  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can Cheddar cheese soup  
 4 or 5 medium-sized cooked potatoes, sliced  
 1 tsp. crumbled rosemary leaves  
 Grated Parmesan cheese  
 Paprika

Stir the milk slowly into the cheese soup. Add the sliced potatoes and rosemary and mix thoroughly. Pour into baking dish then cover generously with Parmesan cheese then sprinkle top with paprika. Bake in moderate oven until bubbly and nicely browned. Serves four. —Mae Driftmier

**MIRACLE CHEESE DESSERT**

1 cup flour  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 1/4 cup brown sugar  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin  
 1 cup hot water  
 3 Tbls. lemon juice  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk

In a greased 9- by 13-inch pan combine flour, butter or margarine, brown sugar, nuts and burnt sugar flavoring. Spread. Toast in 375-degree oven for 10 minutes, stirring several times to brown evenly and keep from burning. Remove from oven and cool.

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon juice. Cool. Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Combine sugar and remaining flavorings with cream cheese and cream until smooth. Beat into gelatin mixture. Chill evaporated milk. Beat until light and fluffy, (the texture of whipped cream) and fold into gelatin mixture. Pour over crumb mixture in pan. Refrigerate until time to serve. Cut into squares. Top with a dollop of whipped cream and a bright whole strawberry for company fare.

Lemon gelatin may be used instead of the strawberry if desired. —Evelyn

**MARINATED CARROTS**

2 lbs. carrots, sliced  
 1 10 1/2-oz. can tomato soup  
 1/2 cup salad oil  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1/2 onion, sliced  
 1 green pepper, sliced in rings

Cook carrots in salted water. Drain and while still hot add to remaining ingredients which have been combined. Let set in refrigerator for at least 24 hours. —Margery

**CANNED WHOLE WHEAT BREAD**

1 pkg. yeast  
 1 cup lukewarm water  
 1 tsp. sugar  
 1 cup milk, scalded and cooled  
 2 Tbls. brown sugar  
 1 Tbls. salt  
 1 Tbls. shortening, melted  
 3 cups whole wheat flour  
 2 to 3 cups white flour

Combine yeast, water and 1 tsp. sugar. Stir and let set about five minutes to dissolve. In mixing bowl combine milk, brown sugar, salt and shortening. Add 2 cups wheat flour. Beat well. Add yeast mixture. Slowly blend in remaining wheat flour and enough white flour to make a ball that leaves the sides of the bowl. Turn out onto floured breadboard. Knead about 10 minutes, or until smooth and elastic. Cover with waxed paper and towel and let rest 20 minutes. Punch down. Divide dough into three parts. Grease three cans well. (The good-sized #2 1/2 peach cans are just right for this. Shortening cans may be used or coffee cans.) Fill the cans almost half full. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 370 degrees about 40 minutes, or until golden brown and a hollow sound is made when thumped with a finger. Turn out on cooling rack. Brush with shortening. Freezes well.

This recipe may be made into three loaves if desired.

**BACON-CORN PUDDING**

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen corn, cooked  
 3 eggs, well beaten  
 1/4 cup light cream  
 1 tsp. salt  
 2 Tbls. minced onion  
 2 Tbls. green pepper, finely chopped  
 1/4 tsp. baking powder  
 6 slices bacon  
 3 or 4 slices sharp Cheddar cheese

Mix the cooked corn, eggs, cream, seasonings, onion, green pepper, and baking powder together. Cut the bacon in small pieces and fry until crisp. Drain well on paper towel and add to the corn mixture. Pour into a greased casserole, cover with cheese slices cut to fit the casserole, and bake about 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy



### DELICIOUS DIP OR SANDWICH SPREAD

- 1/2 lb. braunschweiger (smoked liver-wurst), room temperature
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, room temperature
- 2 tsp. finely chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped chives
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped parsley
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Combine all ingredients well. Use as dip or spread. — Lucile

### EASIEST-OF-ALL LEMON PIE

- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed
  - 1 can sweetened condensed milk
  - 1 12-oz. carton Cool Whip
  - 1 10-inch graham cracker pie shell
- Combine lemonade, condensed milk and Cool Whip. Pour into pie shell and chill. Serve with a dab of whipped cream. This is very rich. —Margery

### SURPRISE BROWNIES

- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine cocoa and boiling water. Cream shortenings and sugar together. Beat in eggs one at a time. Stir in flour alternately with milk. Add cocoa mixture, nuts and flavorings. (Note: no baking powder or soda is in this recipe.) Pour into greased 10- by 15-inch cookie or jelly roll pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until it tests done.

### Marshmallow Filling

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
  - 6 Tbls. cold water
  - 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
  - 12 marshmallows, cut up (or about 90 miniature ones)
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 egg white, stiffly beaten
- Combine sugar, water and cream of tartar. Cook until syrup spins a fine thread. Add marshmallows and flavoring. Pour this mixture over stiffly beaten egg white. Beat until spreading consistency and then spread over brownies. When set, make the following frosting:

### Chocolate Frosting

- 1/3 cup milk
  - 1 cup sugar
  - 1 1-oz. square chocolate
  - 1/4 cup shortening
  - Dash of salt
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Combine all ingredients. Bring to boil. Boil one minute. Remove from fire and beat until spreading consistency. Spread over top of marshmallow filling.
- This is a very versatile recipe. The brownies are good alone. The marshmallow filling makes an excellent frosting for other cakes. —Evelyn

### REFRESHING SAGE JELLY

- 3 cups apple cider
- 1 1/2 Tbls. dried sage or 1/2 cup fresh sage leaves
- 1 pkg. (1 3/4 oz.) powdered pectin
- 4 cups sugar

Combine cider and sage. Heat to scalding. Remove from heat. Let stand 15 minutes to steep. Strain through fine cloth. Return liquid to kettle. Add pectin. Stir over heat until it comes to full rolling boil. Add sugar. When it returns to a full boil, boil, stirring for 1 minute. Skim off foam. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Seal with paraffin.

This is a wonderful jelly to serve with meats, just as mint jelly goes well with meat. It is also very good on breakfast toast or combined with cinnamon for a toast or bread spread.

### APPLES FOR THE FREEZER

Put 2 Tbls. salt in 1 gallon water. Peel and slice apples directly into salted water. Let stand, covered, about 15 or 20 minutes. (Longer will not hurt if necessary, but not longer than 1 hour in the salt water is best.) Drain apples and blanch in boiling water for 1 minute. Cool in ice water. Drain. Package and freeze. (Some cooks spread the apple slices on cookie sheets to freeze, then slip them into plastic bags. This makes it easy to take out a few cups at a time.)

Use for desserts, pies and sauce.

### ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 3 or 4 cups cooked asparagus (or 2 14 1/2-oz. cans asparagus)
  - 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
  - 3 Tbls. flour
  - 3/4 tsp. salt
  - 3/4 cup milk
  - 1/2 cup asparagus liquid
  - 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1 cup American cheese, grated
  - 5 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
  - 1 4 1/2-oz. jar mushrooms, drained
  - 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
  - 2 Tbls. pimiento (optional)
  - Buttered bread crumbs
- Melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour. Add salt, milk, asparagus liquid, dressing and butter flavoring. Stir over low heat until mixture begins to thicken. Stir in cheese. Stir until melted. Butter a 2-quart casserole. Make a layer of drained asparagus, a layer of sliced eggs and mushrooms. Spoon on half of white sauce. Sprinkle a layer of buttered bread crumbs. Repeat the layers. Top with parsley and pimiento. (The parsley and pimiento may also be mixed in with the white sauce if preferred.) Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

## LOWER FOOD BILLS



Hi! I'm your market check-out girl, and here are some tips we should pass on to you about lowering your food bill:

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## WHAT TO DO WITH VACATION SOUVENIRS

by  
LaVerne Hassler

Vacation days are gone, with only the souvenirs that were collected along the way to remind one of his travels. The majority of these have perhaps already found their way into the attic, where they remain packed in boxes.

Yet there are endless possibilities for exhibiting these in interesting ways other than placing them on end tables or whatnot shelves.

Fortunate indeed is the family who purchased an oil painting. Perhaps the artist captured a huge incoming wave against a backdrop of rocky ledges, or a mighty ship against the horizon. The picture will take on an added interest if it is put into a seashell frame.

Now is the time to use some of the seashells that were collected. Select the prettiest ones with uniform shapes. Use any good wood or china glue and anchor them to a simple wood frame. Coating the frame first with glue and sprinkling with fine sand will add a nice texture to the frame before applying the shells. For an added luster the shells may be given a light coating of shellac when dry.

Attractive stone and rock fragments could likewise be used to frame a mountain or wood scene. With such attractive pictures on the wall it will be "vacation time" throughout the year for the whole family.

If a teen-age daughter collected trinkets, charms, and silver buttons, they can be tacked to a simple lamp shade and used in her room. It certainly adds a conversation piece when girls gather for a slumber party. After all, who sees these interesting items when they are tucked into a drawer?

Perhaps Mother purchased handwoven straw place mats but does not prefer their continued use. They are ideal as a background for flower arrangements. They could also be used in a grouping of wall hangings with sprigs of dried weeds, bittersweet and wheat arranged on them — a winter bouquet on the wall, so to speak.

Gay pieces of Mexican prints can be used for recovering hatboxes as well as shelf boxes for storing items of clothing. Heavier prints can be hung as wall hangings by hemming the top and bottom and then putting a wood dowel through the top. Tie a heavy loop of cord or twine to each end of the dowel, and it is ready for hanging.

Likewise wastebaskets can be covered with maps collected along the way. Picture post cards set in interesting angles around the wastebasket can also be used. A colorless plastic spray paint will make the item more

durable, if it is given several coats. Hobby shops carry such sprays as well as glues.

There are any number of ways in which to use souvenirs. With a bit of flair and imagination, vacation land with its lazy days and happy memories can become a part of your everyday living. The joy of collecting them is still hidden in each piece waiting to be exhibited in your home — not in some drawer or out-of-the-way corner. By living with them vacation days may be gone but not forgotten.



## Fodder Song

by  
Annie P.  
Slankard

Topping and stripping fodder was a "plum" aggravating time of year on the farm. We never could understand how the "dratted" thing always came right along with September heat, new shoes, and the first week of school. Either one of these suffering boogers was purely torment to us. Our tall boys topped and we shorties stripped the corn. It was easy for them to whack off the tasseled tops and I'll admit just as easy for us, because of our "have-to" frame of mind, to yank off the lower leaves. The tassels fell where cut and then were forked into piles, but we carried armloads of strippings until we had enough to bundle them. Then, taking a greener or more pliant leaf, we tied them securely. Later, all were hauled to barn or feed lots. This half-cured crop was considered milk and butter "roughnen". It was very important, so they said. We cut it at exactly the right time. I loved growing corn, especially, in the bleach stage. Our low bottoms at laying-by time resembled a quivering patch of night-blue cloud.

Our best corn was always hand- and wagon-picked, horse and seed. Why horse, I wonder! Let me go back a piece here — sure — I recall now how our "big-ables" loved horses.

Come spring and planting our men-folks "done" quite a seed corn business. This brought company and some ready money to the lonely farm. We stood eager for, and in need of, both.

There was always a field of shock fodder still ear-laden, and you would not believe that we were at the awkward gangling age before we came to realize these big wigwam shocks were

not set up purposely for rabbits, crows, and rodents of the field. Sometimes, way late in winter, the boys would dig a big frosted pumpkin from the shock's warm, dry "innards".

Because of a "hen-egg" shortage in cold weather, we did not make our pumpkins into pie. More often, Ma fried or buttered them. There were usually fresh pork drippings for this, and hard-grated nutmeg heightened the flavor.

I recall, quite comical now, that more likely than not someone woke up in one of them big black nights with a sour stomach after one such supper, and called for a "spoon-handle" of dry soda.

One time I went along with my mother to pick the very last cornfield beans. Rain had come in the night and in clearing, the wind had turned. There was some chill in the air and a singing. Ma said to me, "Stand listenin', honey, winter's in the offin'", and from far, far off there was the littlest whispering, seemingly a promise of cold rain and whitening fields.

\*\*\*\*\*

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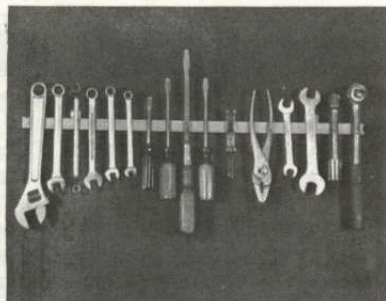
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Failure can mean a last defeat.  
Or it can signal the beginning of a new start.



Alison Driftmier Walstad visited relatives in Shenandoah last May when tulips were in full bloom. What a sight they were — so huge and so bright-colored!

### PLANT MORE TULIPS THIS FALL

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

Entire beds of tulips are beautiful, and many prefer them planted that way. They combine well with other perennials, however, and are most effective in a border of mixed bloom. One must remember that tall plants should be at the back, and short plants at the front of the border, regardless of its width.

Tulips can be planted as late as fall, before the ground freezes. In the Midwest, this may be as late as November. The ideal soil for most garden plants is fertile, crumbly loam, humus, as it is called. Tulips do particularly well in a more sandy, well-drained soil. Fertilizer should be well worked into the soil before setting out the bulbs.

Dig a trench six or eight inches deep, and scatter sand and small pebbles in the bottom. Place the bulbs in the trench, about six inches apart, and cover. The ground should be kept moist until frost.

Since tulips are early bloomers, little spring irrigation or cultivation is necessary. Those who are physically unable to garden can still have tulips, because they do well when planted in clay pots.

Perennials are relatively easy to care for, coming up and blooming year after year. Aside from weeding and watering when necessary, little extra care is required. When it appears that they are not doing as well as formerly, they should be dug up and divided. These flowers multiply, and overcrowding reduces the size and beauty of the bloom.

The tulip has a fascinating history. Originating in Persia (tulip is the Persian word for turban) it was brought to Europe about 300 years ago. It sold for high prices, and fortunes were made in

### KITCHEN CHATTER

by

Mildred Grenier

**SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher and read the verse.

ROWEP ROF NI HET UBT MNKODIG  
FO DOWR SI TON NI GDO

\*\*\*\*\*

If you are considering buying a dilapidated car, remember that it is hard to drive a bargain.

\*\*\*\*\*

Here are some ideas for "ghostly favors" for that upcoming Halloween party. Place candied apples on a serving plate. Over each apple's stick, place the center of a white paper napkin. Pull the center of the napkin up to form the ghost's head; twist a pipe cleaner around the top of the stick to secure the head. Smooth the folds of the napkin down over the stick to make the ghost's robe. Make ghost's features with felt-tipped marking pen or glue on black construction paper eyes, nose and mouth.

To make Broomstick Favors, use the long black sticks of licorice. Around one end of each stick, tie yellow-tinted coconut "straw" with thread.

Fashion softened cream cheese into small pumpkins; with blunt knife, make grooves down each side. Make a green tip on the pumpkin with a small piece of celery leaf. You may use cloves to make features if you wish to make a jack-o'-lantern.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sign seen at reducing salon: "Tired of living HIPhazardly?"

\*\*\*\*\*

For a Jack-o'-Lantern Salad, prepare lemon-flavored gelatin according to directions on the box and pour in shallow pan to chill. Cut in six squares and place each on shredded lettuce on salad plates. On each square place a jack-o'-lantern made of a whole spiced peach or two drained peach halves together (to make a whole peach) with a filling of drained cottage cheese. Cut slits in the sides of the peach and place raisins in the slits to make eyes, nose and mouth. Make a ring around the bottom of the jack-o'-lantern with cottage cheese.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** Corinthians 4:20. For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.

Holland, where it is easily grown.

With other durable favorites such as phlox, iris, and lilies, tulips provide one of the gayest and most satisfactory of spring thrills.





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Our compost pile yields the strangest plants. Of course, with the conglomeration of wastes that go on it, one shouldn't be surprised at whatever turned up. There are two terms that can be applied to the strange things: those that "come up", and those that "turn up". We never fail to have a squash hill or two, a pumpkin vine, a few potatoes, several tomatoes, a hill of corn and, occasionally, an iris seedling. The "turn up" things are amazing — paring knives, greenhouse shears, a glove or two, garden markers, and even a long-missed trowel.

You'd think cutworms would take the volunteer plants, but no, they prefer the ones I set out in the garden. No one has the heart to pull up these volunteers as we are almost through mining compost by the time they appear on the pile.

How those vines grow! We harvested a whole wheelbarrow full of fine squash from one vine last fall. The potatoes do not amount to much but usually the tomatoes ripen nicely. One of my customers followed me out to empty a wastebasket of green waste material from the floral shop one day, and she became ecstatic over the compost harvest. "Are you going to use those tomatoes?" she questioned me. And when I told her we had plenty in the garden, she asked if she could have them. "My goodness," she gushed, "genuine organically grown tomatoes. Think of all the extra vitamins I'm getting!"

Fall is a fine time to start a compost pile or to add on to any you already have. Clean off your vegetable and flower beds and stack it on the heap. Add all the leaves you can get as they make fine compost.

Question: We made a compost heap for the first time this fall by piling leaves, garden wastes and lawn clippings in a heap back of the garage. The pile comes almost to the eaves though it doesn't touch the garage. How do we get it to settle down? It's rather an eyesore now if one comes in by the back alley.

Answer: Soak it thoroughly and cover it with black plastic (obtainable from garden centers and at lumber yards). The material will "heat" under the cover and soon start decomposing. By spring it will be quite settled and ready to use.



Martin Strom has had such a busy year as a hospital chaplain, only dashing in and out of Shenandoah on rare occasions, that it hasn't been easy to catch him for a picture. This shot of him admiring a floral arrangement from Honolulu, was taken at Lucile's after a family dinner on the Sunday Martin preached at his home church.

## HALLOWEEN GAMES

**Halloween Cat:** The group forms a circle with the leader starting the game by turning to the player on his right and saying, "I have a black cat and he eats buttercups. What does your cat like?" Suppose the next in line replies, "My cat likes lettuce." The leader will declare, "Your cat is not a Halloween cat", and then asks his question of the next player. The secret is that the Halloween cat likes only objects or food that are yellow or orange. It is fun to see how long the game is played before the guests all catch on to the clue.

**Cattail Auction:** (stunt) A cat auctioneer at this concession auctions off to the highest bidder the chance to pull the cat's tail. This particular cat is a large black paper cat perched on top a large box or screen, with a black yarn tail hanging over the screen. The winner may pull the cat's tail. After the winner pulls, and pulls, and pulls (a ball of yarn is behind the screen) he finds a cat coupon on the end of the string. Presenting the coupon he finds he wins another tail — a long piece of licorice.

**"Cat-a-graphies":** Pencils and papers are passed out and each guest is to write out a fortune and biography of a cat, answering these questions: What kind of an owner will you have? Where will you live? How will you be treated? What is your greatest delight? What causes you the most trouble? What do you like best to eat? What tricks can you do?

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It also means one more day to remember.





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

No woman writing today has touched the lives of more people than Marjorie Holmes. The phenomenal success of her book of conversational prayers, *I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God*, was quickly followed by *Who Am I, God?* and a book of prayers for teen-age girls, *Nobody Else Will Listen*. She is also the author of eight novels, including the best seller, *Two From Galilee*.

Of the thousands of moving prayers and essays Marjorie Holmes has written, none has ever evoked more response from her readers than "How Tall Am I, Mother?" The answer, *As Tall as My Heart*, became the title of her new book not only because of the popularity of the piece but because it sets the theme for all of the selections. She reminds us that no matter how tall and strong your child becomes, or what heights he may attain — no child ever grows beyond the reach of his mother's heart.

Another interesting piece is called "No Matter What You Call Her".

*Mother*. "The sweetest name in the English language," my own mother used to say. True, she was a sentimentalist — but surely we have a right to be sentimental when it comes to mothers.

*Motherhood* has an emotional depth



Even on a camping trip a little girl has to have her face washed, Katharine learned when her mother, Juliana Lowey, came running with the washcloth.

and significance few terms have.

*Mama* is a dear term, too, connoting very little folks new to language. "Mama" is easy to say, and its call from the crib usually brings instant attention . . . I personally find it somehow touching to hear a strong responsible man still referring to his mother as "Mama."

*Ma* is very old-fashioned. It is locked curiously into the hardships of the pioneers. This word too stirs up tenderness in me, for my grandmother was one of those brave women who lost babies in a sod hut on an Iowa prairie.

*Mom* has been modern now for years. It is casual, comradely. Yet it too signifies an affection, a tie, a depth that is totally at odds with its seeming casualness.

No matter how big they grow or how far from you they wander, they will always be just one size: As tall as your heart.

## "More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Where have you read those words? Yes, in every issue of the KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE. Not only are those words printed every month in the magazine, but they are written to us in many, many letters every month.

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*As Tall as My Heart* (EPM Publications, Inc., McLean, Virginia, \$4.95) is another fine book to credit to successful author Marjorie Holmes. You'll want to add it to your library. Her essays involve parenthood in its various stages and are helpful and true to life.

Continuing the volumes in Anne Morrow Lindbergh's autobiography, her latest is *Locked Rooms and Open Doors* Diaries and Letters 1933-1935 (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Publishers, \$7.95). It is said these particular years might be called "A Steep Ascent". After the kidnapping of their first child and the birth of Jon, their second, they moved to the Morrow family estate in Englewood. She found a return to childhood pressures, but also it was a time of achievement for the Lindberghs. In a single-engine seaplane, they explored possible air routes across the Atlantic. She reveals in her diaries what it was like during these flights, including various discomforts of cold, heat, fatigue and exposure to public curiosity. There were the rewards of adventure, equal partnership and living up to the standards of her husband.

Mrs. Lindbergh asks herself why she is having her diaries published, after writing her other famous books. She writes:

"Because, after sixty, I think, one knows the ups and downs that life holds for everyone, and would like — a last chance — to see and present, truthfully and not glamorized, what happened."

To show you her joy and companionship with her flying husband, she wrote during their stay at Stockholm, Sweden:

"We flew up over Skåne, where C. said there was an old family homestead. It is the southern part of Sweden and very rich farmland, green and yellow squares, like a modern blocked cloth. There were little lakes and towns with red roofs. C. wrote back to me, 'Very much like some parts of Minnesota!' and later, 'I wonder why my folks ever left that place!' When we flew over the coast, islands and fjords and inlets all flowing the same way, I wrote, 'Just like Maine!'

"And driving through the country C. teases me — and I him — whenever I exclaim over some beautiful pine forests or fields and lakes. He says, 'Just like Minnesota. You have nothing like this in Maine!'

The book *Locked Rooms and Open Doors* ends with a sea voyage that will change their lives once more — from America to England. Mrs. Lindbergh has once again communicated to her readers what her life was like. She has written with expression of the ups and downs of the period from 1933 to 1935.



**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

from a small serving table a tray with a beautiful coffee pot and ten cups and saucers. The crash frightened the dog, and as he turned and fled from the room he knocked over a highchair with a baby in it. Fortunately the baby was not hurt, but it might have been.

Whales are such majestic creatures. They are the largest animals living on the face of the earth. It hurts me to learn that whale meat is often the chief ingredient of canned dog food. Somehow it doesn't seem right to kill whales to feed dogs. I dearly love dogs, and I have had some nice ones in my day, but no more. Dogs soon own their so-called masters. How many, many people have had to confine all of their travel to areas near the usual haunts of their dogs because they dared not leave them alone. Only yesterday a lady called to ask me if I knew of anyone who could take care of her dog while she was hospitalized.

Now comes the favorite month of the year. I just love the month of October with its beautiful foliage and the smell of burning leaves. With my neighbors' dog at the heel, I shall be tramping through the woods on the mountains to the north of town. I call the October scenery our \$100,000,000 view, because that is what the people of this state will have to pay over and above what they would have to pay if they lived in Florida. I hope it's beautiful where you are, too. Sincerely,

Frederick



At last we have a picture of Mary Leanna's little Isabel to share with you. She is such a good baby, mostly eating and sleeping, it has been hard to catch a shot so you could really see what an adorable little girl she is. Juliana is holding her.

**THE LETTER BASKET - Concluded**  
laundry, wash dishes, etc. Help her at all times possible.

"9. If you or any of your family must follow a special diet, let your hostess know ahead of time, or bring your own food if it is necessary. A friend told of preparing baked ham, candied sweet potatoes, sweet corn, gelatin salad and dessert, and then learned one of her guests was diabetic and could have none of this food. She was embarrassed, needless to say.

"10. Be certain that there is an understanding as to how long you will stay. This is the last suggestion to be

made, but is very likely the most important. You know the old expression, 'Don't outstay your visit!' It's still good advice."

**PREPARED FOR FUTURE?**

The past is over. Hopefully it prepared you for the present.

The present is now. Take advantage of its opportunities for the future.

The future is a promise. Let your dreams and hopes be guided to it.



Pictured above is Historian Robert Powell, Branson, Missouri. You can tell from that look on his face he is Patriotically proud of his newly published book, **OUR UNITED STATES HERITAGE**. . . . commemorative publication of our Nation's 200th BIRTH-YEAR.

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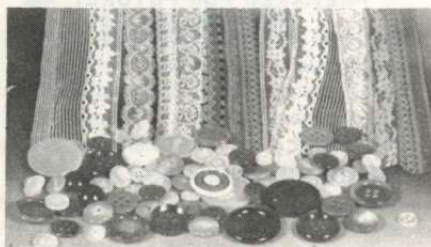




**CALITY - Concluded**

calling excitedly to Johnnie for help with her "snake" bark.

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Mother (right) said it was just like old times to have Eltora Alexander, her neighbor for over 43 years, drop in for a daily chat. Eltora makes her home in Tucson, Arizona, now and was in Shenandoah for a month's visit.

family group in the living room with an innate sense of dignity and maturity. The press of her sleek head brought a comforting sense of warmth to my tired hands. And her eloquent eyes offered loving sympathy in time of sorrow that was more potent than any spoken word. She was friend, confidante and companion — all things to all of us. We gave her a love that was unique. And she returned it a thousandfold, giving herself in complete entirety.

Tequila was dead. Three tiny pups moved blindly through the straw, searching for the mother they would never see. From that litter came Stubby, the only Cality that Tiki produced. The runt of the litter, he quickly made up for that deficiency by his oddball personality. His curiously undershot jaw, protruding black eyes and almost nothing screwtail indicated that his father most certainly had been an itinerant bulldog. By the time he was grown he was our only permanent dog, though we had a running series of strays who used our hospitality much as any traveler uses a motel.

Our children had homes of their own and Stubby concentrated his attention on my husband and me. He was devoted to Jimmie, steadfastly picking his way through muddy barnlots to help with chores or frisking ahead of him into the hills in search of mushrooms or bouncing cottontails. But he was definitely my dog, loving me with an almost fanatical devotion.

I took a job in town, working the swing shift. And the crazy hours almost deprived me of human company at home. Stubby filled the void with a companionship that was never failing. The gleam of my headlights would pick up the glow of his small white body as I turned into the lane. Dignity and decorum forgotten (and nobody watching!) he'd greet me with wild gyrations and

yipping barks of welcome. Sometimes Jimmie would wander in to exchange a few sleepy words. Stubby's stiffened body and rolling eyes showed his deep resentment of this small intrusion — these moments were his! Ah, Stubby, you were a great ego builder! Together we shared the corny late show. And he'd wait with cocked ears and his funny toothy smile for the "last bite" of whatever I was eating. Together we'd climb the winding stair to the dormer bedroom. There, he'd snuggle against me for a few gratifying moments of deep affection. Then with an apologetic grin and a goodnight lick on my cheek, he'd bounce to the floor and ever so quietly climb into the privacy of his own little bed in the corner. Stubby-Cality, it's been several years now and still time has not dulled the ache of those poignant memories.

Pickles whimpered as she dozed and her white paws twitched as she dreamed up a breathless rabbit chase. As I stroked her head, other memories crowded in. Abe, the exuberant collie, Bam Bam with his almost frantic effort to please, Maggic who adored me with every glance of her hazel eyes. I felt a twinge of sadness — through no fault of their own, none of these dogs had been Calities. I looked at the warm little bundle in my lap. Just what special indefinable something had set her apart? I'd wondered through this futile speculation again and again and never come up with a logical explanation. Calities just were!

"Pickles-Cality." Gently I spoke the words and the name was sweet upon my tongue. She flicked open one sleepy eye, then bounded suddenly from my lap to pursue a dragonfly which hovered enticingly near. I followed her giddy gallopings as we angled down the hill. Halfway down she put on sudden brakes to touch a friendly nose to another Cality of long standing — Ditto, the big tortoise shell cat who'd made his mark long ago. With dignified forbearance, he endured her wet caresses, mumbling under his breath with disgruntled words of feline protest. I laughed as he reached my side, golden eyes blazing, striped tail twitching angrily. He launched into his usual guttural complaint about something or other that had triggered his always erratic temper.

He was indeed a Cality, one of our many cats who'd made the grade. There had been several — Skunky, Hobo, Korea, Poco. They'd purred their way into our hearts, tickled our funny bones, cemented our family even more tightly together in the sharing of hilarious moments and tender fun. I giggled to myself as I remembered the time that Poco — ah, but that's another story!



## OCTOBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded

someone's need. Yes, children can teach us much about enthusiasm and joy in brotherhood and sharing.

No wonder that the Bible says *and a little child shall lead them*. Recall how often Jesus mentioned children, and how we should be like them in our willingness to learn (from our heavenly Father) what is expected and then do it, in our acceptance and giving of love and joy.

God let me be a giver, and not one  
Who only takes and takes unceasingly;  
God, let me give, so that not just my  
own,

But others' lives as well, may richer  
be.

Let me give out whatever I may hold  
Of what material things life may be  
heaping;

Let me give raiment, shelter, food, or  
gold

If these are, through Thy bounty, in my  
keeping.

But greater than such fleeting treas-  
ures, may

I give my faith and hope and cheerfulness,

Belief and dreams and joy and laughter  
gay

Some lonely soul to bless. (Unknown)

**Second Speaker:** It seems to me that children spread their sunshine right where they are as they go about their play or some task they undertake, such as the UNICEF we have mentioned. How about you? How do you use your time and talents, your leisure hours? Can it be said of you that you "have earned one more tomorrow by what you did today"? Like children, we have to begin on our own level, and right where we are, to practice the brotherhood upon which United Nations is founded. My daily wish is that we may See good in those who pass our way:

Find in each a worthy trait  
That we should gladly cultivate;  
See in each one passing by  
The better things that beautify -  
A softly spoken word of cheer,  
A kindly face, a smile sincere.

I pray that each day we may view  
The things that warm one's heart anew:  
The kindly deeds that can't be bought -  
That only from the good are wrought,  
A burden lightened here and there,  
A brother lifted from despair,  
The aged ones freed from distress;  
The lame, the sick, brought happiness.

Grant that before each sun has set  
We'll witness deeds we can't forget:  
A soothing hand to one in pain,  
A sacrifice for love - not gain;  
A word to ease the troubled mind  
Of one whose fate has seemed unkind.  
So, friend, my wish is that we may  
See good in all who pass our way.



Dale Lewis, our "cover boy", enjoys the little electric organ his parents purchased for him recently.

**Song:** "World Anthem" is a beautiful song on world brotherhood set to the familiar tune of "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee". (It is in a little song booklet called "World Fellowship Through Song", which many church youth groups and other youth groups have used. If you cannot find this lovely song, choose some other hymn on that theme, or use a patriotic song.)

**Closing Prayer:** (By all. Have copies of this ready so each may have one.)  
God be in my head, and in my understanding;  
God be in mine eyes, and in my looking;  
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;  
God be in my life, and my departing.  
Amen.

## SIGNS OF AUTUMN

Remember the smell of autumn fires  
And what we thought was a quick solution

To getting rid of trash and leaves  
Before we heard of air pollution?  
—Gladise Kelly

## MY AUTUMN DAY

People and houses and sounds are fun  
But today I must be alone  
Down where the laughing waters run  
And the breeze-tossed trees are blown.

A woodpecker drums on a hollow limb  
A hawk floats high and free  
The white birches stand, proud and trim  
The forest waits with me.

An ant crawls by carrying its load  
A squirrel stops briefly to scold  
Each creature knows its own set road  
Destined, sure, through heat or cold.

It's a muted day of brown and gold  
This day Autumn sets apart  
I'll take it out when the winter blows cold

And its flame shall warm my heart.  
—Harverna Woodling

## WHY?

A wise old owl sat on an oak,  
The more he saw, the less he spoke;  
The less he spoke, the more he heard;  
Why aren't we like that wise old bird?

—Edward H. Richards



## The I-thought-I- could-wash-it- and-bleach-it Blues

Nothing quite equals that sinking feeling you get when you discover you've ruined some clothing because you didn't wash, bleach or dry it correctly.

Good clothes are too hard to come by, these days, to take chances with. Read the washing instructions on every tag or label . . . and the follow them word for word.

And for goodness' sake, wash with **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and bleach with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach!** If a garment is washable, **Blue Drops** will gently lift out dirt and carry it away, leaving the clothes clean, soft and sweetly fragrant. And **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** takes over right there: safely brightening and bleaching (even new synthetics and wash-and-wears).

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"When you're on a picnic and eat watermelon will the seeds you spit out grow into plants here?" Katharine and James were listening intently for the answer to their question.

### LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

here?" I took one look and said instantly: "You're going to have a baby!!!" I knew how desperately she'd wanted a baby and never have I seen such a radiant face as she had that night.

Well, Helen is the kind who is always at the switch, so she was right on the job until she called one morning and said that she'd just been to the doctor and he'd advised her to work just half-days from that point on. Would it be all right with me? OF COURSE!

That went on for exactly ten days and then one day during the noon hour Helen called me at home and said: "Lucile, I don't feel very frisky today. Would it be all right if I don't come to work this afternoon?" Naturally . . . naturally — no problem.

That was at 12:30 and at 3:50 the phone rang and it was Ed, a happy, happy sounding man who said that Dale had been born at 3:44 and everyone was fine. I just never quite got over this whole sequence of events and I believe you'll agree it's not a run-of-the-mill story.

Incidentally, there is exactly three weeks' difference in age between Dale and James so I've always been able to sort of keep tabs on how things are going at different stages.

I've written so much this month that I probably shouldn't write a word next month, but I probably will!

Anyway, I'm always faithfully yours..

*P. Wile*

Most people do what is expected of them. The successful do just a bit more.

### DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

the kitchen and see where our food was prepared. The Old Missouri Homestead was the realization of a dream she had as a girl, and has been open for business 27 years now.

We had breakfast the next morning with the Neimeyers before going to the fairgrounds, where we met Mrs. Ruth McCune, the woman who had invited us to come to the fair. She is a sister of Mrs. Neimeyer. They had lovely women working in the Home Economics Building, and we enjoyed meeting all of them. In the center part of the building was a small stage with chairs out in front of it. We talked to our friends from this stage, and answered any questions they had to ask. From then until noon we just visited with them when they signed our guest book. We discovered when we got home that people had registered from 106 different towns.

We had lunch with the helpers in the building, then were on the program again in the afternoon. Later in the day Bettie from KSIS came out and went with us to visit some of the other buildings. Mrs. McCune went with us to the Neimeyers, and after we rested a while, Rev. Neimeyer took us four women out to eat at Flat Creek Inn Smorgasbord. Ruth and Henrietta grew up in large families, too, so we had fun telling each other about some of our experiences over dinner, and laughed until we cried. After dinner they took us for a drive around town to see the churches, schools, parks, Jr. College, and other interesting buildings.

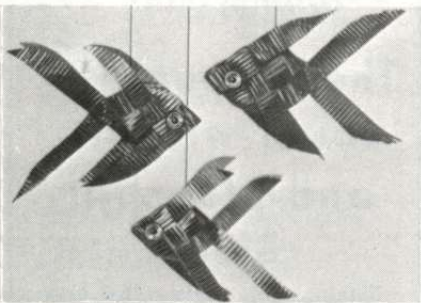
We were plenty ready for bed that night. The next morning we had part of our breakfast with the Neimeyers, then drove over to Bettie's house and had more. We met three of her children and a little granddaughter, who had spent the night with her. One more stop at the station; then we were headed back north on 65 again.

When we got to Marshall we took a little side trip on Highway 41 east to Arrow Rock State Park, a Missouri Historical Site. We visited some of the shops and ate lunch in The Old Tavern, which is now over 150 years old. It was built by Joseph Huston, a prominent businessman, in 1833. It is a brick Federal-style building which he used as a combination home, hotel, and grocery store. This interesting building has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition and is worth seeing.

Frank was happy to see us come driving into the yard. Marge stayed all night and went on home in the morning.

Next month I'll catch up on some of our activities at home, but until then...

Sincerely,  
Dorothy



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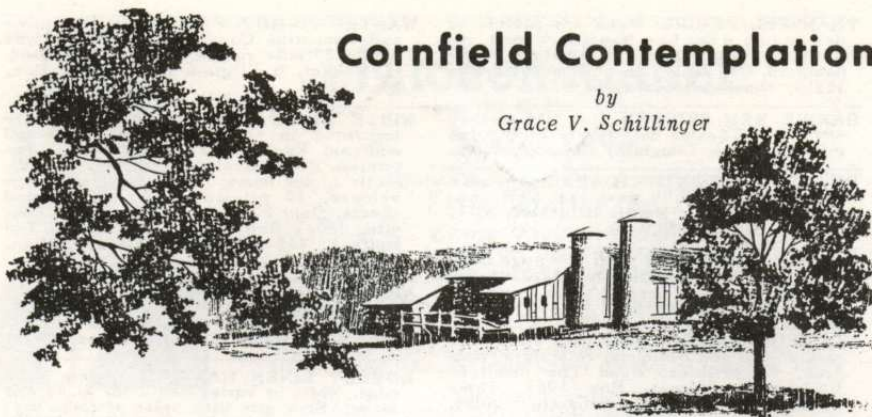
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## Cornfield Contemplation

by  
Grace V. Schillinger



Sitting here in the cornfield in mid-October, with the big mechanical corn-picker to my left and the tall corn rustling around me, what a perfect place to write about the inspirations of autumn.

Sometimes the flaming trees and the bright sumac along the road banks give me a feeling of sadness. I know their cheer will soon pass; the leaves will fall, and cold weather will come.

But there's something sturdy and comforting about a cornfield.

The sun shines down on me from a cloudless blue sky, a bright blue sky that only October can produce.

It seems like only a few days since these corn rows were tiny light green lines across the field. How swiftly they grew into hardy dark green plants, then sent out more and more long leaves, till at last they reached maturity.

Now they're waiting, their life cycle almost complete. Each brown leaf is crisp and crackly. The moisture that was drawn from the soil grew into these yellow ears of corn. When the breeze whistles through the stalks, they quiver and shake like old men in a winter storm.

All that's left now is for the farmer — our youngest son — to harvest these yellow ears. Foods of many kinds will be made, and of course, some will feed the livestock on the farm.

Soon October will be gone. Its bright blue days will change to somber gray tones. The stalks here will be cut to make winter bedding and feed for the farm animals. Today it's cozy warm here in the cornfield; in November the winds will sweep and howl across this place.

As the Bible tells us in Ecclesiastes 3: verses 1 and 2: *To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven: A time to be born; and a time to die; and a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted.*

With summer gone it's good to find a quiet place like this, a place of serenity — even if it's just a cornfield and I sit on the ground — where I can muse

about my problems and can pray about the things worrying me.

The trampled cornstalks on which I sit cover the black soil, along with some dried weeds, and there are several honey bees buzzing around, trying to find some late weed flowers to

gather nectar from. I hear the raucous cawing of blackbirds flying high over the field, their calling diminishing to a lonely stillness.

I'll walk back to our son's farmhouse now, back to the warmth and friendliness of their kitchen. With their two little boys, Mike and Steve, near me, I'll forget I was sad about summer being gone.



### AUTUMN GOLD

It hangs upon the highest branch  
As a bit of golden lea there;  
One solitary, glowing spot,  
Despite the varied weather.

Three seasons it has flourished there,  
Since that first leafy stem,  
Preparing for this burst of gold,  
The last leaf . . . Autumn's gem.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



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