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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Juliana Lowey





# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A few minutes ago I turned my head to look out over the garden (if such a tangled jungle of weeds could even be called a garden) and saw two little girls crouched over the edge of the pool wholly absorbed by our goldfish and waterlilies. It's been so long since I've seen youngsters out there that it took me a split second to realize that it was Lisa and Natalie Nenneman, down from their home in Omaha to spend a weekend with their Grandpa and Grandma Driftmier. With school going full tilt it is their only opportunity to come here.

When I turned back to my typewriter I thought of something I've never told you folks, and even though it leaves me in a very poor light I'm going right ahead and tell you what happened about those windows I looked through so many, many years ago.

For all practical purposes this house couldn't be called a remodeling job since the only thing left of the original house is the staircase leading to the second floor. Aside from this staircase the entire thing is new construction, a project that took around 16 to 18 months to complete.

Russell drew up all of the plans to a constant chorus of "It can't be done" from the many, many workmen involved at different stages. And I'll say right here that it *was* done exactly as he had envisioned it.

Well, when it came time to tackle my own room I told Russell that I wanted to have some of my own ideas used and he was tickled to death to have me taking so much interest and told me to go right ahead.

I wanted one wall of the room to have shelves, room for a large desk and a double bed. The second wall was plain with only a door giving access to the

bathroom, and a little jog that gave entrance to the hall. The third wall was to be solid with closets and sliding doors to conceal all the contents of the closets. (I've always been very weak about keeping closets in tip-top shape.)

Then we came to the fourth wall and it was to be solid glass, heavy Thermopane on two ends and the middle portion to be just a regular glass window that could be raised or lowered like any routine window . . . nice to have open on a bright day with a little breeze blowing. And I could explain that the entire idea of that glass wall was to give me an unobstructed view of the truly beautiful and unique garden that Russell had designed and planted.

Now, since this was *my* room I had to deal with the workmen — Russell kept strictly hands off. I kept hands off too because I didn't want to bother them with having a woman constantly hovering around making suggestions right and left. Since the whole house was all torn up anyway, we just slept in the dining room until my room was done.

Then came the great day when they announced that my room was all done and I could come and see it. In a state of tremendous excitement I went in — and came close to fainting on the spot. They had followed every single instruction right down to the last inch, so it wasn't their fault that what I had envisioned as a glass wall that would give me a complete view of the garden from my desk or from my bed, was a window so high that I had to stand up on a big book to see out of it at all.

This was a genuine crisis in the fullest meaning of the word. That window glass had all been cut to order, the wall was done, and nothing to be done about any of it — I thought.

It takes a lot to make me cry, but I cried that day when I telephoned Rus-

sell at the office and asked him to hurry home fast — something terrible had happened. I don't believe he drove home that afternoon — he FLEW home. I remember saying: "Oh, it's all done and there isn't anything to be done about it. It's all my fault and I'll just have to live with it."

Russell was a man with electrifying responses, and without snorting one complaint he simply told the men who had worked on that glass wall to remove the entire wall and start again with measurements he would furnish. They did.

I cried myself sick that day and I recall, as if it had happened just yesterday, that he told me the awful mistake had to be corrected then and there, for otherwise I'd put it off and put it off and in the end it never *would* be done right. By the time the workmen left that day they had removed my botched up wall. And I had begged Russell never, never again to turn me loose with anything that had anything to do with construction. And he never did!

My, what a hurricane of memories assailed me when I looked out from my desk and saw Lisa and Natalie at the pool. Little did they know what was sweeping over my mind when I looked out, rapped on the glass and waved.

I don't know if people sort of get a hunch that they wouldn't be able to take a trip to here or there, if they waited — or what, but the letters that cross my desk have been crammed with all kinds of news of company from all over the globe. I know that here in my own house we've had a constant stream of people coming and going. We did so much cooking and baking in preparation for the next batch that we ran totally out of freezer space and had to fall back on the good will of relatives and friends who stirred things around to make room for us.

James and Katharine are firmly established now in their school routine, and every morning about 8:40 they go out through the gate and trek up the old dirt road to their school. They don't get home again until after 3:00, so for the first time since James was born, Juliana has those hours entirely to herself. She said that for the first couple of weeks she felt sort of giddy and light-headed trying to figure out which project to tackle of the vast collection that had piled up awaiting the day when both James and Katharine were in school.

Now she can devote more time as a volunteer to the university's Department of Archaeology, and before it can slip my mind I simply *must* remember



her request that she wants you folks to know how very, very useful she finds all of the clippings, etc., that you have sent on to her. They are being made into a big scrapbook that is creating great interest . . . and she's had to explain many times how come she gets all of this material from so many different places!

Mother's health remains just about the same; some days a little better and some days a little worse. She cannot understand why in the world she can't be doing all of the things that she did for so many, many years, and when we say: "Well, look, you are past 90, Mother, and you just can't expect to feel the way you felt at 70." This aggravates her because in her thinking she is not one-bit ready to concede that it might have anything to do with what she describes as feeling so worthless!

I know how many, many people have gone through this with aged parents and truly understand what I am saying. She is never left alone for a second, and dear Ruby is the captain at the helm. We insist that she get just as much help in as she could possibly need, for heavy responsibility needs to be alleviated as often as it can be managed. Ruby has been in Mother's home for 13 years now, and I don't believe anything could happen that would take her totally by surprise! She stayed with Dad through his long, long illness, and she promised Mother at that time that she would stay just as long as she was needed.

Our old friends who have been reading *Küchen-Klatter* for several years will remember Eula Blake who lived with me for around four and a half years. I believe that once in our *Küchen-Klatter* magazine we had a picture of Eula holding little Abe, the Chihuahua who grew so devoted to Eula that I knew he'd grieve himself to death if he were separated from her . . . and consequently sent him with her when she had to leave and join her widowed sister in North Kansas City.

I felt very badly when the sister wrote to me and said that Eula had suffered a massive stroke that left her wholly speechless. She is in a nursing home, and in view of the fact that she is totally helpless I find it a great blessing that Abe died several months before Eula's stroke. I will never again have another pet, and *this* time I mean it. Severely handicapped people (I fall into this bracket) really don't have any business trying to take care of a dog or a cat.

Not long ago I had a perfectly delightful evening when our Episcopal



Juliana took a number of pictures when she and the children were in Shenandoah this summer. This one of Oliver and Margery Strom with James and Katharine was taken when they were leaving the house to keep a dinner date.

rector and his wife brought to my home the new Baptist minister and his wife. (I say "new" because I believe they have been here only a couple of months.) Reverend Stout had with him a collection of slides taken in Jerusalem that could only be called fabulous. I'll never be able to travel to all of the places that he photographed, but the slides were so brilliantly clear that I almost felt I had actually been there.

His camera is a Zeiss-Icon, and never have I seen such a fantastic lens. Well, it was a perfectly delightful evening all the way around, and I went to sleep that night with the sensation that I'd been far, far away. I'm extremely eager for Juliana to have a chance to see those slides on her next visit — whenever that will be. If she had been here to see what the archaeologists have unearthed in their Jerusalem digs she would have been wild to catch the next plane flying in that direction!

Elsewhere in this issue you will see our notice that the new edition (brought right up to the present date) of *The Story Of An American Family*, is now right here in town and ready to go out. I hope that sometime even the busiest person can make time to read this to someone who has lost his sight.

May it be a happy autumn season for all of you, and busy though you probably are, try to sneak in a few words to us so we'll know how things are going with you and the people you love.

Always faithfully,  
Lucile

## A BRIEF NOTE FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

My! I do enjoy the last weeks of August and the month of September for I know Fall — my favorite time of the year — is on its way. There is a haze in the air that I particularly like, along with the singing of the locusts. We haven't a great many fall flowers in bloom, but since Oliver is retiring the first of next year, he'll be devoting much of his time to gardening. He's promised that we'll have an abundance of blooms for all seasons so I'll be looking forward to having more cut flowers for the house.

Our new fence is finally installed and how we are enjoying it. Since we live on a corner lot — triangular, at that — we've never had a *back* yard; it was all *front*. Now that a portion of the yard on the west, just behind the garage, has been fenced in, we feel that we have a bit of privacy. Our dog, Wendy, didn't know what to make of all the new freedom. She just ran in circles where her pen used to be, until one day she became more adventurous and started snooping around what had previously been unexplored territory.

We were in hopes that we could save the lovely Blaze climbing roses that grew along the old wire fence, and were so pleased that they are still there to enjoy next summer. The carpenters laid them back and after the fence was painted white (to match the trim on the house), they were tied back in place. This summer we had our most gorgeous display of bloom, so hope they weren't aware of the extra moving around and continue to produce as abundantly in the years to come.

My list for fall housecleaning jobs seems to be growing longer and longer. Ordinarily I can keep up as the weeks and months roll along, but this has been an unusually full summer with many houseguests, so I let some things slide by. Just to give you some samples from my list: Sort out linen closet, Clean closets and shelves, Clean out my desk, Check over medicine cabinet, Repot some houseplants, and on and on.

One of the changes we hope to make around the house this fall is to have the furniture in the television room re-upholstered. These items had served their time in the living room before being moved into the TV room. Now they look a bit sad and badly in need of brightening up. We have an excellent upholsterer here in Shenandoah who can turn out furniture that looks like it had just come from a store showroom!

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### A PROGRAM FOR UNITED NATIONS DAY

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** For a table display use a world globe in the center. (Raise it to a higher level by placing it on blocks concealed beneath the table covering.) Place a stabile beside it on which are suspended hands cut from construction paper in red, yellow, black, and white, alternating with red paper hearts. To make the stabile, fill a pop bottle with sand or salt. Using a length of heavy wire, bend one end to form a circle, and bend the other end so that it is at a right angle to circle. Place the straight end in the bottle, thus forming a halo-like ring above the globe. It is from this circle the hands and hearts are hung as if encircling the world in love.

If you prefer, encircle the globe with a labeled UNICEF collection of cans, and boxes of food, a doctor's bag (or stethoscope, hypodermic syringe, etc.), nurse's cap, toy farm implements, and textbooks to represent areas in which the United Nations works.

Have a United States flag and a United Nations flag displayed.

**Prelude:** "God of Our Fathers". (Flags may be carried on stage as a "Presentation of the Colors" at this time, if preferred, instead of having them in place.)

**Pledge of Allegiance:** (By all.)

**Leader:**

### PRAYER ON UNITED NATION'S DAY

Within this place of splendid dignity  
Are men of every continent and race,  
Entrusted with a solemn ministry.

O God of shoreless majesty and grace,  
Teach them the strength of humble  
gratitude,

The power of holy love and brother-  
hood.

Give them the insight, Lord, to under-  
stand

That speeches and decisions cannot be  
A door to peace and joy in any land  
Unless its peoples' hearts and minds  
are free.

Oh, that the delegates assembled there  
Might know the sustenance of faith  
and prayer!

—Our sincere thanks to an unknown  
author, as read in church bulletin.

**Song:** (by all) "God of Our Fathers".

**Scripture Readings:** (First reader)

*Put on then . . . compassion, kind-  
ness, lowliness, meekness and pa-  
tience, forbearing one another and, if  
one has a complaint against another,  
forgiving each other; as the Lord has  
forgiven you, so you also must for-  
give. And above all these put on love,  
which binds everything together in  
perfect harmony.* (Colossians 3:12-14).

(Second reader): *And they shall beat  
their swords into plowshares, and their  
spears into pruning hooks; nation  
shall not lift up sword against nation,  
neither shall they learn war anymore.*  
(Isaiah 2:4)

(Readers together): *For this is the  
message which you have heard from  
the beginning, that we should love  
one another.* (I John 3:11)

**Music:** "Love Is a Circle" or "Love  
Is a Penny". These are two contem-  
porary songs, or choose another on  
the same theme. (Each person might  
have been given a new penny upon  
arrival and then in the song "Love  
Is a Penny", all are instructed to  
"Give away the pennies", as words  
of song indicate for "Love is nothing  
till you give it away.") Contemporary  
hymnals, Sunday school student books,  
etc., are sources for these songs.

**Meditation Reading:** You can make  
your choice in your attitude toward  
God's world. You can love, or you  
can be disgruntled, and hate it.

Here is one point, though, that we  
should note — the person who loves  
is a happy person. Love is contagious  
and it spreads. It is like the waves  
of the ocean; they roll up on the beach  
and they recede to the ocean to be  
one with it. Our love warms our neigh-

bor and then drifts back to us and  
rewarms our heart. If we really and  
truly love all peoples, no one can  
make us hate.

A person who is sour, or hates,  
wants company in his or her misery.  
Such a person goes about infecting  
others with the same poison and, in  
doing so, makes his or her life more  
bitter. Such a one does not hurt any-  
one as much as that one hurts herself  
or himself. Hatred is like an acid that  
eats on all that it touches. Love is  
the best antidote against hatred. One  
who truly loves cannot be made to  
hate.

If we allow ourselves to hate, we  
must remember that hatred can truly  
destroy us. Let us remember to return  
evil with good. LOVE THAT WORLD!

—Adapted from clipping, original  
author unknown.

**Song:** "Love Makes the World Go  
Round" or similar chorus or hymn.

**Meditation:** On every hand today we  
hear much mumbling and grumbling,  
as well as outright criticism of world  
and national government, and of the  
economic situation, of the polluting  
of our environment. It is time to bring  
ourselves up short as we begin our  
third century as the United States.  
How can we, you and I, make that  
name true in the largest sense of the  
word? Then go one step farther. How  
can we make the United Nations mean  
a truly united world? NOW is the time  
for the healing touch of love to come  
upon the hearts of the world.

Better-worlding is our business, yours  
and mine. The United Nations begins  
with YOU and ME.

I think we are beginning to realize  
that we must reactivate those so-  
called "old-fashioned" virtues of  
honesty, integrity, "a man's word is  
as good as his bond", pride in "good  
morals", a feeling of genuine neigh-  
borliness, the idea that "I am my  
brother's keeper", and a sense of  
civic and national pride.

In Galatians 5 we read: *For the whole  
law is fulfilled in one word, "You  
shall love your neighbor as yourself."*

*For the fruit of the Spirit is love,  
joy, peace, patience, kindness, good-  
ness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-  
control.*

There it is! The Scriptures put it  
squarely up to the individual. That is  
where the healing touch of love must  
begin. We cannot shrug it off with a  
Let-George-Do-It. If so, it will never  
get done. It is all up to us.

Take a good, hard look at the atti-  
tudes we so deplore in the high places  
in our world today; at the many dis-  
honest practices; the disrespect for  
age and for "the establishment", and  
(Continued on page 20)





## I HAVE SEEN YESTERDAY

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

Many people are inclined to look back and worry over things which happened in the past. And they will say, "If I had only done differently." But most people do the best they know how at the time, and after things are finished, we can't do very much to change them.

There are many others who look ahead to the future and worry and fret about what is going to happen to them tomorrow. We all know that the world is in a state of unrest. In almost every country there are uprisings and big and small wars. People are being killed and cities bombed. Apparently the object is to destroy, but these insurgents offer nothing better to take the place of what they have. As we read of all these things we wonder what is going to happen to the world, and to us as individuals. Are we going to have enough money to carry us through in the face of higher prices and shortages of fuel, energy, crops and so on? As we listen we become afraid.

But the other day I was given a thought which not only allayed any fears I might have of tomorrow, but gave me confidence to face the things that come up in my life every day.

At the teller's window in the bank, I noticed the teller had written by hand a few lines on a piece of paper and pasted it to the side of her cage. All those who came up could read it, and perhaps go away with more courage than when they had entered. I asked her where she found the quotation and who wrote it.

"I don't know," she laughed. "I found it in a religious magazine, and I liked it. I thought others might like it, too."

I felt the same way, and taking out my check book, wrote down the words on the back of a deposit slip. Here they are: "I'm not afraid of tomorrow, for I have seen yesterday and I have today."

I went out of the bank thinking about the quotation. Why should I fear tomorrow? It could not possibly be worse than some of the things that I had had in my life yesterday. All of us, at least most of us, have had sickness and sorrow. We have lost friends and relatives. We have lost our possessions, sometimes in fires, earthquakes, tornadoes, floods and depressions. We have known poverty. Times have been hard and we have had to manage to make what little

money we had stretch to buy food, pay for medicine, doctor bills and so on. We have seen yesterday, and it is gone.

Looking back, we can see that many wonderful things happened in spite of the tragedies that came our way. We find that we have grown stronger because of the troubles we had, and find that time has mellowed our outlook. Nothing seems as bad now as it did at the time.

Tomorrow could not be much worse than what we have already had. We have become strong hearted through experience and have learned to face situations and to solve problems, because there is always an answer if we will look for it. We have had good friends in the past, and some of those good friends are still with us to face tomorrow. We will also have other good friends in the future. It would be better if we could look at tomorrow as the beginning of an adventure. What nice thing will happen to us tomorrow? The chances are that something will, so we should look toward it with optimism and say within ourselves, "I'm not afraid of tomorrow."

We have seen yesterday. We don't know yet what tomorrow will bring, but we do have today. Whoever wrote those lines was a very wise person. I think he must have lived much. Because he was not worrying about the past. He had seen that. He was not afraid of tomorrow. It hadn't yet come. But he had today, with all of its excitement and wonders.

Somehow I think he felt that he could cope with inflation, energy shortages, and all the problems that are plaguing our nation in the two hundredth year of its existence. He probably looked at his many friends, at the comforts of life which were his, at the accumulation of memories from the years that were gone, at the blue sky, the sunshine, the flowers in the spring and the bright colored leaves in the fall, and found life good. He may have had a loving family, children and grandchildren. He may have had work that he enjoyed. But I am sure he had faith and a belief that he, along with other concerned people, would somehow solve the many problems which face our country today.

The thing that stands out to me in this quotation is the implication that the author was living every minute of every day. He had become strong through the trials and troubles of the past, and rejoiced in the happy things as well. He accepted them all, and was living every day to the fullest. Because of this he could hold up his head and say to the world, "I'm not afraid of tomorrow, I have seen yesterday, and I have today."

I am glad the teller at the bank gave me those words. I hope you are, too.



## MY MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

Dear Friends:

Here is my account of the most memorable meal I ever ate.

Years ago, 56 to be exact, we lived on a farm where we grew strawberries. Most farmers depended on migrant workers to get their berries picked, but a few people who lived in the hilly part of our Ozarks liked to come and stay for the season, which lasted about two weeks. The migrants usually had their own camping equipment.

This particular year, we had two girls who lived far down in the hills. Mary, we were acquainted with, but Katy, we had not known before. They stayed in our home and became a part of our family while they were here. They picked berries all day, and after supper we talked and had good times. Katy talked about going to college to qualify for a teaching job and Mary, who was a little older, was going to get married.

At the end of the strawberry season, we took the girls home in our car. We let Mary out first, and then followed a winding and bumpy road to Katy's house. She had written and told her mother that we were bringing her home on this certain day, so she and the little 8-year-old brother were watching for us. Katy had told us that her father had died the previous winter. They were all so happy to see each other.

We were invited to stay for dinner. When we sat down at the table, a large flat soup bowl with a slice of homemade bread with some kind of clear broth poured over it, was served to each person. The broth turned out to be the broth that cabbage had been cooked in. In the center of the table was a plate of thick-sliced bread. Not another thing! Now, I had never eaten bread and cabbage broth before, and I wondered what had become of the cabbage. It was served graciously and no apologies given.

I looked around. Three small rooms, clean, neat and tidy. Why, these people didn't know they were poor! There was love and thankfulness in their hearts and faces.

Soon afterward we sold our farm and moved to Oklahoma, so we lost track of Mary and Katy. But wherever Katy is, I know she made it.

I have attended a number of fancy banquets and eaten many good meals in my lifetime, but this stands out in my mind as the most memorable meal I ever ate.

—M.C., Mo.



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is another hot day. I feel sorry for Frank because he is out mowing hay and there isn't very much of a breeze to cool him off even for a little bit. The fields he plans to finish today are both surrounded by timber, so what little breeze there is gets cut off before it gets to him. I'll have to go out after him after a while and bring him in for a nice big dish of strawberry ice cream.

When Juliana was visiting her mother, we were pleased when Lucile called to see if it would be all right for Juliana and the children to drive up to spend the weekend with us at the farm. We were disappointed that Lucile didn't feel she could come along, but maybe she will be able to the next time. Kristin and Juliana missed each other by two weeks, so my dream of having them all here at the same time didn't come true this year. Four years ago they all managed to get here at the same time, a feat that had never happened before, nor since. But I won't give up.

Katharine got to ride Little Buck, the activity she always looks forward to when she comes. James spent all his time fishing, and even cleaned his own catch. He always cleans the trout that he and his father catch, but he had to learn how to clean bullheads and bluegills while he was here. One noon when I called James in to lunch, Juliana told him just to leave the bucket he had his fish in. When he went back after eating we heard him screaming at something, and Juliana went running to see what was wrong. James was mad because the cats had taken all his fish. (Juliana said she should have known this would happen.)

It's a good thing Katharine got to ride the pony when she first arrived, because the next morning he was gone. Frank hasn't been putting him in the same pasture with Cricket and Tonto because they aren't very nice to him. He has been letting Little Buck stay in the yard during the day, and after he shuts the other horses in for the night, he turns Buck back out into the pasture. Although our yard doesn't have a fence around it, he has never



Katharine Lowey watches as her brother James cleans the fish he caught at the Johnson farm.

gone anywhere. That night Cricket and Tonto didn't come in, and Frank thought he would just leave Buck in the yard where he would be handy for Katharine, and also it would save him time, for he wouldn't have to go out and look for Cricket. Frank combed the timber all day. At some time during the day we all took a turn at looking, but to no avail. The next day Frank started all over again. Although Juliana had checked for tracks in the road and didn't see any, late in the afternoon Frank checked the road and finally found some a long way from the house. By this time Juliana and the children and I had left, so he and Bernie followed the tracks and found him way back in the pasture at the Andybear (our other place), visiting with a little pony on the other side of the fence.

We knew we had a white duck setting on a nest of eggs in the chicken house, but we really didn't expect much to come of it, because our experience with the white ducks has always been that as soon as one duck hatched, the hen would be so anxious to get it to the water that she would leave the nest and not go back. Consequently we were surprised and happy that the morning Juliana and the children were here she came into the yard bringing fourteen little yellow ducklings with black caps on their heads. They were so fluffy and cute! She was heading right for the bayou with them, where they probably wouldn't have lived to see the end of the first day, so with the help of Katharine, Juliana, and me, Frank was able to get them all herded into a safe pen. All fourteen are still living and growing fast.

We still have all fourteen of the mallard ducks that were hatched just before Kristin and the children came for their visit. Julian had fun following them around when he was here. If

Kristin and the boys were to walk into our yard today they wouldn't be able to tell the babies from the old ones, since they are all the same size. I mentioned in another letter that the mallards always go swimming in the meadow, and the first thing in the morning when Frank turns them out they head for the puddle single file — the two drakes, the two hens, the fourteen babies, and one guinea bringing up the rear. This guinea has always felt it was his responsibility to help protect the babies. When the ducklings were little we had a long dry spell, and the puddle dried up. Frank didn't want them to go to the bayou, so he rigged up a way to pump water from the bayou into the puddle with his gasoline engine pump.

The day Juliana arrived we had another visitor from New Mexico, our brother-in-law Raymond Halls. He came to attend his class reunion, visit his sisters, go to a celebration in Lucas, and also visit Bernie and us. Raymond hadn't seen Juliana since she was married and had children, so this was also a happy reunion for them. He was in this area for two weeks, so we got to have several good visits with him. One evening when we were having Raymond out for dinner I also invited his cousin and our good friend, Gerald Griffiths from Albia, and Bernie and Belvah, and we all had a good visit. When Raymond went home his sister Helen (Mrs. Jerry Baker) went with him to spend a week, and I know Edna was thrilled about this.

We are always happy when our longtime friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer and son Brian, come from their home in Aplington, Iowa, to spend a day with us. They seem to manage to squeeze a trip to our house into their busy schedules once a year, and we are always so glad to see them. Our friendship with Clarence goes back many years, to the time we lived in California. Brian, who is ten, is interested in my wind chime collection, and last year when they came he brought me one for the front porch. He was disgusted with his mother because she forgot to bring the one he had for me this year. It seems that she was supposed to put it in the car and didn't.

Clarence and Sylvia were thrilled when Brian was born after fourteen years of marriage, so I had to tell them how excited we have been for our good friends Bob and Marilyn Woodcock, who had a baby girl born August 9th after waiting eighteen years for her. Whenever Bob is out in our neighborhood he always stops in for a cup of

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## FREDERICK AND BETTY VACATIONING IN THE CANARY ISLANDS

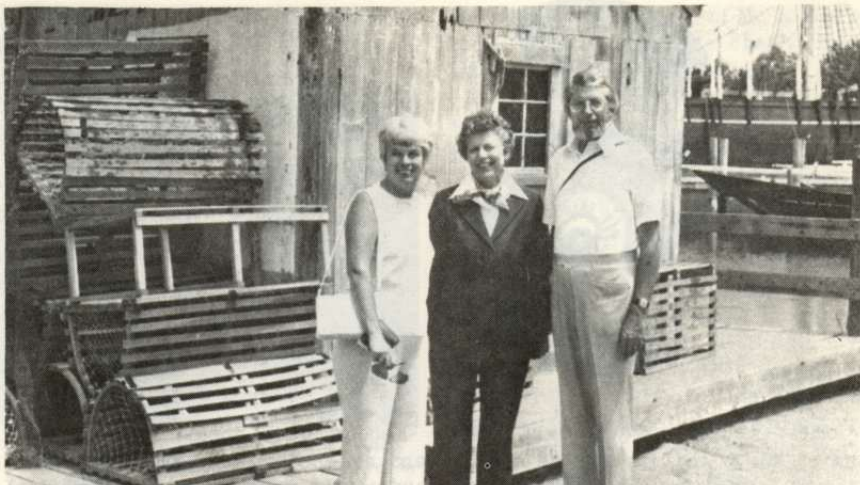
Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter while sitting so close to the ocean I am getting salt spray mixed with the ink! I wish you could hear these big waves booming as they hit the rocks along the waterfront of this exotic city of Santa Cruz, the capitol of the island of La Palma. Do you know where La Palma is? Well, a few weeks ago, I looked it up on a map. It is one of the Canary Islands which lie several hundred miles apart in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of West Africa. La Palma is the most isolated of the island group, so much so that they are not accustomed to seeing American tourists. We have been visiting four of these islands for two weeks, and we haven't seen any other American tourists.

We have seen some other Americans, friends of ours who live here all the time. It was one of these very dear friends who, in her Christmas letter to us last year, suggested that we make a trip to the Canary Islands. I had not seen Kay Fischer since she was a member of our church in Bristol, Rhode Island, twenty-four years ago. In Bristol, we all knew her as Kay Martin, the mother of three of the nicest children in our Sunday school. She and her husband, Max greeted us at the airport on the island of Gran Canaria, and drove us up treacherous mountain roads to their retirement home in the fascinating village of Santa Brigida. From their terrace, we could look out over a magnificent valley filled with banana farms. I have never seen so many banana farms in all my life! As a matter of fact, for the past two weeks I have eaten more bananas than in all the rest of my life put together!

Kay and Max arranged for us to stay at a little English guesthouse a few miles down the mountain from their home. They suggested it would be more comfortable for us, and they were right. It has been very hot here off the African coast only a short distance from the Sahara Desert, and in these islands, the higher up the mountains one goes, the hotter it gets. Where we stayed was several degrees cooler than at the Fischer home in Santa Brigida.

Kay and Max have as their friends on Gran Canaria the most gracious and hospitable people we ever have met, and believe me, we have known many wonderful people. Most of their friends are artists who have settled in these



This summer when Wayne and Abigail attended a nurserymen's convention in the East it gave them an opportunity to see Frederick and Betty who were excellent hosts in the Springfield, Massachusetts, area.

islands because of the inspiration their art receives from the magnificent scenery. All of them entertained us in their homes or tried to find a time when we were free to be entertained, and when we left there to fly to the Island of Lanzarote, we were in need of a rest.

Kay and Max and their friends did so much to make us feel welcome, but so did all the natives of these islands. Betty and I never believed that we would find the Canary Islanders the most handsome people we ever have seen in any place in the world we have visited, but it is so. They are so beautiful, so clean, so happy, so anxious to please us. I want to grab up into my arms each little child I meet, and there are children everywhere. For the most part, the Canary Islanders are Spanish, for these islands belong to Spain. There are no nicer people in the world than the Spanish people. Every day I am here I come to admire them more. Ever since Betty visited Spain a few years ago, she has been telling me that I would love the gracious friendliness of the Spaniards, and she is so right! I do love them, and I suppose one of the most attractive things about these islands is the Spanish population.

Many of you heard us on our radio broadcast say that we were going to fly to the Canary Islands on the Iberia Airline, the Spanish airline, and you will remember that we promised to tell you all about it. Flying with Iberia was a new experience for us, and it is one we shall repeat again and again. We have had the greatest experience with Iberia. Of course, most of their planes are made in America; and they fly only the best. Their airplane comforts are excellent, and they have a

safety record that other airlines wish they had. I hope you plan to visit Spain one day, and when you do, you may find it to your advantage to fly Iberia. It probably would be less expensive for you to have a lovely winter vacation in Spain than in Florida or California. Iberia Airlines have given my church people some unbelievably low hotel rates in southern Spain as well as low air fares. Look into it with your travel agent.

You know how much Betty and I love ships and boats of all kinds, and so you won't be surprised to learn that on this vacation we have spent much time on the waterfront watching the fishing boats come and go each day we have had a car to take us to little out-of-the-way fishing villages. Yesterday I photographed some of the best looking fish I have seen in a long time. One fisherman had his boat filled with pink shrimp! Not once has anyone objected to my photography. The little children all thank me so politely when I take their pictures.

I have so much more to tell you so I conclude by saying "To be continued"!

Sincerely,  
Frederick

### OCTOBER MORNING

Hi there, Mr. Squirrel. What is that you say? Yes, I agree with you, it is a marvelous day.  
And hello to you, Mr. Blue Jay. Please don't scold, You look so lovely there amid those leaves of gold.  
See those fleecy clouds, fellas, 'gainst the azure sky.  
Like huge marshmallow puffs a-drifting gently by.  
Did 'ja see those maples yonder, with scarlet flags unfurled?  
O, this old earth in autumn is a 'specially lovely world!  
So, go 'long and chatter, Mr. Squirrel, as winter stores you gather,  
I'm gonna jus' be lazy and enjoy October's "bright blue weather".

—Mabel Nair Brown





## October Fling

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Comes October and the first crisp hint of fall in the air, and we are all anxious to grab every opportunity for one last fling in the great outdoors. It is a wonderful way to entertain a group of young people, a neighborhood party, or perhaps your club group or for a family church night.

Surely outdoor cooking never tasted so good, nor apple cider and doughnuts hit the spot quite so well, as beneath a bright October moon, especially after some active outdoor games! The big thing to remember is to provide plenty of eats — outdoor appetites are whoppers!

A *Hound and Hare Hunt* is a good entertainment for those who can take some activity. The "hounds" decide upon the form of locomotion (car, horses, bicycles, on foot, or in a pick-up) and divide into groups if the party is a large one; otherwise they act as one group. One couple is designated as the "hares". Their job is to start out twenty minutes or half an hour before the rest (hounds), leaving tricky clues along their trail which eventually leads to the park, or picnic spot, where a bonfire is set up for a wiener roast or a kabob feed. If the hares make their clues difficult enough, it should keep the hounds busy for perhaps an hour, after which they will be ready to tackle the wiener roasting or the grilling with gusto.

Be sure that before the game starts it is well understood just what the clues will be, such as slips of paper upon which clues are given (these papers might be hidden in a hollow in a tree, beneath a rock, taped to an old barn door, etc.); or the hares may leave bits of red cloth, or kernels of corn as trail markers.

For a variation on the usual wiener roast, try splitting the hot dogs and filling with mashed potato or dressing. Fasten with toothpicks and roast over the hot coals. You might offer sauerkraut as another filling, or strips of bacon which can be wrapped around the wiener before roasting.

Kabobs are a popular outdoor treat, and no wonder, for they are so tasty, and can be fixed to suit the individual taste. Have ready chunks or thick slices of onion, slices of tomato, cubes of beef, pieces of green pepper, slices of wieners, cubes of cheese, pickles, tiny sausages, and slices of apple, and let each person assemble a kabob to suit his or her taste. For extra flavor, marinate the cubes of beef in one of the Kitchen-Klatter dressings for several hours ahead of time.

Top off with doughnuts and cider, or an assortment of fresh fruits may be offered for dessert. Of course there are marshmallows to roast over the coals, too, to satisfy the sweet tooth.

If the group you are entertaining are horseback-riding enthusiasts, how about a moonlight trail ride, ending up the evening at a campfire where a savory mulligan stew is waiting to be served to the trail-riding "hobos"? Plenty of crackers, cheeses, and pickles are all you need to complete the menu — and hot coffee, or cider, of course. And watch the hungry gang lick it up!

### GAMES FOR HALLOWEEN

*The Witch's Yarn:* This is a relay telling of an impromptu ghost story. Beforehand make a ball of yarn, using yarns of various colors and lengths. Start the ball around the circle after giving the instructions that the first person begins a ghost story, at the same time unwinding the yarn, and talking until the first length of yarn is unwound, at which time the ball is passed to the next in line who takes up the story, and so on until each has had a turn. The leader is last, and so finishes up the story.

*Tug o' Broomstick:* Place a large pumpkin in the center of the play area. Let the players divide into two teams, by letting two captains appointed by the hostess choose up sides. The players on each side are numbered. To play the game, the leaders each call out a

number. The players with those numbers come to the center, being placed an equal distance from the pumpkin, holding the broomstick between them. At the leader's signal, each one pulls, and the player who pulls his or her opponent across (or past) the pumpkin wins a point for his or her side. The side with highest score might be given a sack of candy pumpkins.

*Scaredy-Cat Faces:* Pass out large brown paper bags to the players. Each person must tear out eyes, nose, and mouth in the bag, and then slip the bag over the head. All players are given some crayons. Let the player to the right of each guest decorate the neighbor's sack as a Halloween mask. Award prizes for the person wearing the most horrible mask, the cleverest, etc., and also to the person who decorated the winning mask.

*Halloween Drama:* The leader divides the guests into the following groups and tells them the sound they are to make whenever their name is mentioned in the Halloween story: Witches — shriek loudly, Ghost — moan and groan, Cat — meow, Hound dog — mournful howl, Owl — spooky "who-whooo".

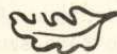
*The Story:* One dark October night, with the wind howling through the trees, the WITCHES set out to see if they could locate any GHOSTS, but the first thing they heard was an OWL, and when the OWL saw the WITCHES it surely set up an OWL noise which frightened the neighborhood CATS, and my! you should have heard that OWL and CAT duet! Soon the HOUND DOG joined in while the WITCHES cried, "Stop you OWL, CAT, and HOUND DOG. Do you think you can scare me? I'm looking for a GHOST. Have any of you seen a GHOST taking a GHOST walk around here?"

"Not I," said the OWL.

"Not I," said the CAT.

"Not I," said the HOUND DOG, "but isn't that a GHOST standing right beside you, old WITCH?"

The WITCH turned and began to chase the GHOST, while the OWL, the CAT, the HOUND DOG took after them for a real Halloween chase. The WITCH almost caught the GHOST as they neared the cemetery, but the GHOST headed on to the haunted house. The OWL, CAT, and HOUND DOG beat the GHOST to the house; and so when the GHOST, followed right behind by the WITCH, arrived, there were the CAT, OWL, and HOUND DOG, who said, "Come on in and let's have a really spooky Halloween party." But the WITCH fainted and the GHOST disappeared.







## THE MANY-SPLENDORED BIRDS OF SQUAW CREEK

by

*Evelyn Cason Tuller*

It is quarter-past autumn. At Mound City, Missouri, eager faces once again turn toward overhead skies.

The Many-Splendored Birds of Squaw Creek are coming to town.

Every spring and fall, an air show takes place that has earned for Mound City the name of "Home of the Honkers". And it has become one of the most popular spectator sports for many miles around. . . standing on the street corner, watching the V-necks go by.

Is there something about autumn to bring out the gypsy in you? A hooky weather feeling that lures you to leave the beaten paths and go where the wild goose goes — if you knew where the wild goose went?

Latest forwarding address is the wildlife preserve at "Squaw Creek Sanctuary", administered by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

The foremost mission of Squaw Creek is to furnish sanctuary and habitat for migrating waterfowl; but it is also an address that offers attraction for — and with — other types of wildlife, from prairie wildflowers to native mammals. Everything from deer to geese to herons make Squaw Creek at least their temporary home, which they hospitably share with rabbits and squirrels; raccoon, opossum, mink; foxes, coyote, and beaver; muskrat, field mice, and even skunks. And with spectators who leave the beaten path, hoping to sneak a peek at the furred and feathered dwellers of the Sanctuary retreat.

Along route I-29 north of St. Joseph, the loess northwest Missouri bluffs have been splattered with psychedelic colors from Pandora's paintbox. Bright fringes of goldenrod border the high-

way. Crimson bouquets of sumac tangle with branches of russet and burnished-gold leaves, tightly tied with ribbon-vines aflame with autumn's passion. And laced through it all are the question-and-answer conversations of wildlife birds, once again at home in their home-away-from-home at Squaw Creek, which is located little more than a stone's throw from the interstate highway. It is reached by leaving I-29 at the Rulo, Nebraska, exit, and following Route 159 for approximately two miles to the Squaw Creek entrance.

As the motorist approaches the Mound City area, that little bit of gypsy hidden in all of us must respond to the flash of silver wings which come across our vision. Silver wings, flashing overhead to hemstitch the heavens with V-necks of geese in formation. Here, traffic slows to an almost dangerous crawl for a better view of the many-splendored patches of birds on the wing, or "grazing" in fields at the edge of the highway.

Every fall, just as in the spring, the skies darken with the flight of hundreds of thousands of waterfowl. All year around, however, visitors traveling the "Wild Goose Trail" can see plenty of action in bird and animal form.

Fall migration begins with the arrival of the blue-winged teal, followed swiftly by pelicans, pintails, and wood ducks. As these early migrants are arriving, the score or more of common egrets that spend the summer here are gradually taking their leave. By the time the Canada geese and mallards arrive, it is common to have 250,000 to 300,000 waterfowl using the refuge.

The fall population of blue and snow geese is but a fraction of the number that visit the refuge in the spring.

For a completely satisfying enjoyment of the scene, Squaw Creek serves as nature's canvas for the congregated flock of wildlife. It is here that the wanderer has a chance to go where the wild goose goes, to really enjoy the winged pageantry in more leisurely fashion, leaving the highway to learn the way of the wild.

A welcoming committee waits at Squaw Creek, though sometimes it is difficult to know which is which. With the first hint of turning leaves, an air of expectancy pervades as loyal fans watch for the return of the honkers. When they settle in, the birds make themselves at home and graciously accept the other visiting firemen as they stop by to say "hello." The birds, even those considered endangered species, are not easily spooked; their display of rare indifference to onlookers, according to refuge management, is due to the protective laws which prevent hunting within Squaw Creek limits. The field day belongs especially to camera enthusiasts, making the most of such a coveted opportunity for close-up wildlife photography shots.

Is it a form of gypsy instinct which brings the wild goose back to Squaw Creek year after year? A wanderlust on wing, drawing the migratory waterfowl to familiar quarters? As though it has been charted by some birdlike Triple-A in the sky, Squaw Creek is a wayside stop, serving as an important resting and feeding area to birds on the move between the nesting grounds in the north and the wintering marshes along the Gulf of Mexico.

Squaw Creek Refuge is an area, more than 6,800 acres in size, devoted to the "tender loving care" of wildlife. Host-in-charge is Jerry Nugent, Refuge Manager, assisted by Conservation personnel.

Old-timers remember it as it once was, an unclaimed natural marshland of Missouri River bottoms, which served as a feeding and nesting haven for thousands of waterfowl. When the land was eventually drained and converted to agricultural use, the wildlife were forced to abandon their claim on it. Unexpected drainage problems in time defeated the farming efforts; in the late 30's a WPA project began its reclamation as a refuge, reflooding the land and returning it to its natural use for waterfowl. Dikes have been constructed, along with water control structures and several miles of levees; marsh and aquatic vegetation has been

(Continued on page 16)



## UNFLAPPABLE SIDNEYITES

by

Evelyn Birkby

At the west edge of Sidney, Iowa, is a large area known far and wide as "The Rodeo Grounds". This space, consisting of parking lot and arena and surrounding land is used for much more than just the one week of rodeo each year. Here are located the 4-H and County Fair Buildings where the 4-H calves receive their blue ribbons, where the Fair Queen is chosen, where the Fremont County Bicentennial Historical Pageant was held this past summer, where the city park provides places for family picnics, swimming and summer fun and where the woods and nearby pond attract Boy Scout hikers on summer campouts. It was in this broad area of space that the Des Moines Register's Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa started this year of 1976.

The campers and travelers began to come into town on Saturday, swelling to a great mass of people by the evening hours. Over 3,500 finally participated in this cross-Iowa bike ride. Watching these visitors arrive in Sidney was part of the fun for us.

It was a colorful group, most of it young, lithe and brown from the summer sun. Hats and caps were all colors and kinds from a safari pith helmet to a plaid Sherlock Holmes style. Most were the baseball-type hats, of many different colors. Some hats advertised seed corn, some a favorite athletic group and some were simple, unadorned and functional.

The shirts also were very colorful: stripes, plaids, plains, many with pictures, designs and/or words suitable for a variety of occasions besides bike rides. Red and blue bandanas graced many a neck. Colored glasses and, eventually, white zinc ointment covered exposed noses, foreheads, and chins to make this as varied and colorful an athletic gathering as I ever hope to see.

One gentleman with an obviously new yellow bike was dressed all in yellow, even to the knee-high socks and the yellow athletic shoes on his feet. I would like to have been at Muscatine when he rolled to the conclusion of the week's ride to see how he and that bike appeared after over 300 miles of riding.

The bikes were almost as varied as the people who were riding them. We stood for some time beside the stock tank of river water which had been brought to Sidney for the traditional dipping of the back wheel in the Mis-



Evelyn and Robert Birkby have just dipped the rear wheels of their bicycles into the Missouri River water provided by the Sidney Chamber of Commerce at the start of the RAGBRAI.

souri River. (As one would expect, those who rode all the way concluded the trip by dipping the *front* wheel into the Mississippi River water. One young boy mused that if he made a mistake and dipped his front wheel into the Missouri River would he have to ride his bike backwards all the way to the eastern boundary of the state?)

A number of purists did ride the 13 miles west of Sidney to actually dip their rear wheels into the muddy Missouri, but most trusted the Sidney Chamber of Commerce to be truthful about that tank of water being authentic and started from that location.

By evening multitudes of red, green, blue and tan tents dotted the huge parking lot south of the rodeo grandstand, the city park provided an attractive location for more tents among the trees, the woods west of the swimming pool held a goodly number and it looked as if the Boy Scouts had arrived for a Jamboree.

Young people happily played Frisbee, or swam in the Sidney swimming pool, rode their bikes around town to warm up for the coming trip, or just sat and watched and visited with other travelers. Several bike shops had traveling units to assist with repairs and replacements and were busily involved in getting a number of the bikes in good condition. It was a happy group.

Robert and I walked around among the tents pushing our own bicycles along with us so as to blend in with the other riders.

We visited with quite a number of the people: four young men from Munich, Germany, two school teachers from Moline, Illinois, a fine young man who had come on the trip because his father had surgery and kept the young man home from a planned cross-nation Bi-

centennial jaunt, and a little boy about nine years old with a large-tired, small-wheeled bike. I thought about that youngster during the week of the bike trip — he surely had to peddle twice as much with those small wheels as most of the travelers.

I noticed enviously that some of the bikes were well padded with lambs' wool seat covers. They looked softer than my hard molded seat!

Stopping by the "sag wagon", we visited with one of the attendants who rode along to pick up any who needed assistance. He laughingly told me he wouldn't pick me up until at least the other side of Shenandoah!

Sunday morning the day began beautifully cool, yet sunny. Donald Kaul and John Karras, the leaders of the RAGBRAI, gave a short kickoff speech at 7:00 A.M. and, carrying the key to the city and two unusually decorated hats as gifts of Sidney, they started off. Robert and I jumped on our bikes and followed along. A Kitchen-Klatter friend we had just met by the water tower waved a cheery goodbye.

The group bicycled up the hills and down the hills east of Sidney until the riders stopped at the town of Farragut. The fine people here, as they did in many communities across the state, had cold drinks and cookies in abundance for the travelers. On through Shenandoah, Essex and north and east to Red Oak for the first night stop went the intrepid riders.

When we reached Essex I noticed an older gentleman with a bald head which was turning a very bright red. Several young people were carefully tucking empty pop cans into knapsacks until they could find a trash receptacle. It was a clean, polite and thoughtful group.

The Red Oak park was filled with brightly colored tents and the service clubs of the community were already serving hamburgers and snacks in the Montgomery County Fair Building as we stopped by. Now, truthfully, we had switched to our car for the return trip home. It was with reluctance that we left the bicyclists with Frisbees flying, the swimming pool filled with weary bodies, and the fellowship of the members of the group bent on striving to see if they really could push themselves with their own power clear across the state of Iowa.

Back home the rodeo grounds were silent. Sidneyites had completed needed tasks after coping with the thousands of bicyclists and were preparing for a good night's rest. But then, Sidney, more than most communities of about 1,200 people, can cope.



## ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR BEGINS FOR THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

This is lump-in-throat day and it behooves me to keep myself busy, so I shall have a visit with you and then perhaps go clean the basement! Our basement always needs attention, and it is a job that is exhausting and leaves no time for touchy emotions. I keep hoping each year when the day inevitably comes to take Katharine to the airport to fly away for another long school year in Texas that I won't suffer through the same darned lump in my throat, but here I am again, hardly able even to write about it, and it is the fourth year for this malady. You may think the worst is over since this is her final year, but upon her transfer to Rice University after her freshman year at another school, she lost a half a year's credits. This isn't unusual when college students transfer schools, but the sorry part of this is that she will have a fifth trip to make next year.

Paul was looking at his sister last evening with piles of clothes strewn about and sheer confusion of boxes and suitcases, and he volunteered the information that he was glad he didn't have to go through that mess. He could sit back and relax right up to the day he has to go register at Marquette University in Milwaukee, and not even clean his room! Which is certainly true, but I thought down in the recesses of my soul, that I was glad for an entirely different set of reasons, none of which I would have confessed to for all the world. If I was having to pack my second child away to college this year the lump would be unbearable.

I have read many old copies of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine and read the accounts of the four Driftmier boys going into service at the beginning of World War II, and I marvel at the self-control Don's mother displayed when her brood went away, and not for such a splendid endeavor as college.

I certainly wish there were some way to adjust the clock so that the good times when the children are home would be longer than the times they are away. Who in the world said "Time flies when you're having fun?" What a sage!

We started off for the airport this morning before the sun was up, and we drove right into an absolutely beautiful pink sunrise. Katharine's plane departed from Chicago at five minutes before nine o'clock, and as I am writ-



Since Emily Driftmier has moved to Albuquerque she has had quite a few opportunities to go up to the mountains with James and Katharine for the fishing expeditions that the Loweyes enjoy.

ing this she is already in Houston and wrestling with the half dozen pieces of carrying equipment she left here with. She had a crazy assortment of "things", carrying her overflow of shoes and other essentials that she can't live without — even pictures. I wonder if boys are as prone to pack all!

I have a little pressure of time to get more than the basement clean in what remains of the summer, because we're keeping another out-of-state student for the Academy. Several years ago a gentleman came here to teach fourth grade. He had five children, all of whom were in the lower grades. He was so impressed with our school's philosophy of education that he finally moved to Idaho and began a school similar to ours for the upper grades of high school. Well, one of his younger daughters is now old enough to be allowed to leave home for schooling, and he has enrolled her at our school. Her name is Mary Cullinane, thirteen years old, and she will arrive at the Milwaukee airport the first of next month to begin her school career with us. I'm confident we will have a good year together. But first I must clean Katharine's bedroom and the walk-in closet (it isn't done yet!), and the bathroom, carefully. The bathroom *carefully* because we have just suffered through a thorough but unbelievably swift ripping-out of the present shower facilities and replacement of same.

We have known the shower was leaking in a distressing manner for several years, but when the plumber was here on a non-shower service call this spring he said it was *imperative* that we fix it soon lest the shower drop

right down through to the basement! The time Don hacked off the first old leaking ceramic tile until the tile man was finished and gone could not have been more than two weeks. Now we have a leak-free pink shower, but in the bathroom are lots of corners full of cement and grouting and tile chips which are waiting to gouge our bare feet and track all over the house in a gray shadow.

Because Paul is not moving out this year but is instead commuting to college, we decided to move the shower head up to accommodate his height. I do believe the old level of the shower must have struck him between his fifth and sixth vertebrae. He was simply delighted when he discovered that he could stand upright in the shower and enjoy himself. Do you suppose he'll stay in the shower with the hot, soft water running even longer now that it is so comfortable?

Until next month,  
Mary Beth

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# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### HARVEST SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced apple (with peeling)

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the cold water and flavoring. Chill until slightly thickened. Marinate the rest of the ingredients in the French dressing for 15 minutes. Fold into the thickened gelatin, pour into a mold, individual molds, or a pan and chill until firm.

—Dorothy

### RUSSIAN CABBAGE CASSEROLE

- 3 Tbls. onion, diced
- 3 Tbls. green pepper, diced
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups tomatoes
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3 cups cabbage, cooked tender crisp
- 1/2 cup cheese (for topping)
- Cracker crumbs

Saute onion and green pepper in butter or margarine and butter flavoring. When transparent, stir in tomatoes (either fresh, diced, or canned whole tomatoes chopped). Salt and pepper to taste. Meanwhile, cook 3 cups of cabbage in small amount of water, covered, until just tender crisp. Drain and add cabbage to vegetable mixture. Spoon into buttered casserole. Top with cheese (more or less than 1/2 cup can be used if desired and whatever kind preferred — slices of the soft processed cheese are excellent) and crumble flavorful crackers over the top (the round crispy ones are great for this). Dot with butter if desired. Bake at 350 degrees until hot and bubbly and the top is browned, about 30 minutes.

Excellent with meat loaf, hot rolls and a baked potato.

### APRICOT PUDDING DESSERT

- 1 30-oz. can apricots and juice
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
  - 1 regular size box butter brickle cake mix
  - 1/2 cup butter, melted
  - 1 cup flaked coconut
- Drain apricots. Add almond flavoring to juice. Arrange apricots and juice in bottom of ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle cake mix over apricots and drizzle butter over it. Sprinkle flaked coconut over top. Bake at 325 degrees for 50-60 minutes. Serve warm or at room temperature.

Oliver liked cream over his, but I preferred mine without. Delicious!

—Margery

### HAMBURGER POTATO PIE

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 can cream-style corn
- Salt and pepper
- 3 cups mashed potatoes
- Butter

Brown hamburger and onion in shortening. Stir in corn and seasoning. Place in well-greased casserole. Spoon mashed potatoes over top; dot with butter and bake at 350 degrees until bubbly hot and potatoes start to brown. Makes about 6 servings.

—Margery

### PARTY SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup fruit juice or cold water
- 1 large can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

- 1 cup marshmallows
- 1 envelope whipped topping

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Stir in fruit juice or cold water. (Pineapple juice may be measured out and used.) Add flavorings. Chill until almost set. Remove 1 cup of gelatin mixture and whip up until light and fluffy. Prepare whipped topping according to directions. Fold all ingredients together, including pineapple and marshmallows. Other fruit can be added if desired. Mound into pretty bowl or dish. Chill until time to serve.

This is a fine basic recipe to use when preparing a meal for a crowd. It is not expensive and the whipped topping part of the gelatin increases the volume. It can be adapted to any holiday by varying the kind of gelatin used — orange with orange flavoring for Halloween, lime with mint flavoring for St. Patrick's Day, etc.

—Evelyn

### RED, WHITE AND BLUE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. red raspberry gelatin
  - 1 1/2 cups boiling water
  - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries
- Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add raspberries. Mold in 9- by 13-inch pan. Refrigerate until set.

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup coffee cream
- 1 cup sugar

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine cream and sugar. Heat until sugar is dissolved. Add gelatin and stir.

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Add to cream mixture and mix well. Pour over first layer and chill until firm.

- 1 3-oz. pkg. red raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 1-lb. can blueberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add blueberries, juice and all, and flavoring. When second layer is firm, spoon this on top. Chill.

—Lucile

### SAD CAKE

- 1 1-lb. box brown sugar
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup coconut
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 300 degrees for 45 minutes to one hour. Chewy and good.

—Margery

### CHERRY SAUCE TO SERVE WITH HAM

- 3/4 cup white sugar
- Dash of salt
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 1-lb. can tart red cherries
- 1 stick of cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. whole cloves
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. red food coloring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Combine sugar, salt and cornstarch and stir in the lemon and orange juice. Add undrained cherries, spices, coloring and flavoring. Cook stirring constantly over medium heat and boil at least two minutes. Remove spices before serving. Serve warm with ham. Makes 3 cups.

—Margery



**LAZY MAN COOKIES**

1 cup butter or margarine  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 egg, separated  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 2 cups flour  
 2 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans  
 Cream butter or margarine and sugar; add egg yolk and flavorings. Stir in flour and cinnamon until smooth. The dough is very stiff. Pat out on a lightly greased 10- by 15-inch cookie sheet. Brush with beaten egg white and sprinkle with pecans. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cut in bars as soon as removed from the oven; then remove from pan. I cut mine into 40 cookies.  
 —Margery

**INCREDIBLE CARROTS**

4 medium-sized carrots  
 2 green onions (or 2 slices Bermuda-type onion)  
 2 stalks celery  
 2 cups water  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce (optional)  
 1 cup Minute rice  
 1 can condensed cheese soup  
 Grind together the carrots, onion and celery. Add the water, butter and Worcestershire sauce and boil five minutes. Add the rice and let come to a boil. Cover and turn off heat. Let set for 15 minutes. Blend in the soup and pour into baking dish. Bake covered for one hour at 300 degrees. —Margery

**SWISS POTATO SALAD****Dressing:**

1 cup commercial sour cream  
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing  
 2 Tbls. minced onion  
 1 Tbls. lemon juice  
 1 Tbls. prepared mustard  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. paprika  
 1/2 tsp. black pepper  
 Blend together and pour over and toss with:  
 4 cups cubed cooked potatoes  
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, cooked, drained and cooled  
 Refrigerate for several hours. Just before serving add:  
 1 cup (4 oz.) Swiss cheese, cut in strips  
 1/2 cup chopped celery  
 1/4 cup chopped radishes  
 Toss altogether and sprinkle Bacos or crumbled crisp bacon on top. —Lucile

**ROAD-TO-BANKRUPTCY CHOCOLATE CAKE**

1 cup unsifted unsweetened cocoa  
 2 cups boiling water  
 2 3/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour (sift before measuring)  
 2 tsp. baking soda  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 cup butter or margarine, softened  
 2 1/2 cups granulated sugar  
 4 eggs  
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease well and lightly flour three 9-inch layer cake pans.  
 In medium bowl, combine cocoa with boiling water, mixing with wire whisk until smooth. Let cool completely. Sift flour with soda, salt and baking powder.

In large bowl of electric mixer, at high speed, beat the butter or margarine, sugar, eggs and flavorings, scraping bowl occasionally with rubber scraper, until light — about 5 minutes. At low speed, beat in flour mixture (in fourths), alternately with cocoa mixture (in thirds), beginning and ending with flour mixture. Do not overbeat. Divide evenly into prepared pans; smooth tops. Bake 25 to 30 minutes, or until surface springs back when gently pressed with fingertip. Cool in pans 10 minutes. Carefully loosen sides with spatula; remove from pans; cool on wire racks.

**Filling**

1 cup heavy cream, chilled  
 1/4 cup unsifted powdered sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 Whip cream with powdered sugar and flavoring. Refrigerate.  
 Place a cake layer on serving plate, top side down; spread with half of filling. Place second layer top side down; spread with rest of filling. Place third layer, top side up, on top.

**Frosting**

1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate pieces  
 1/2 cup light cream  
 1 cup butter or margarine  
 2 1/2 cups unsifted powdered sugar  
 In medium saucepan, combine chocolate pieces, cream and butter or margarine; stir over medium heat until smooth. Remove from heat. With wire whisk, blend in powdered sugar. In bowl set over ice, beat until it holds shape.  
 With spatula, frost side first, covering whipped cream; use rest of frosting

on top. Refrigerate at least one hour before serving.

To cut, use a sharp, thin-bladed knife; slice with a sawing motion. Serves 10 to 12. —Lucile

**SALISBURY STEAK**

1 beaten egg  
 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs  
 1/4 cup finely chopped onion  
 3 Tbls. finely chopped green pepper  
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
 1 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. pepper  
 2 lbs. ground beef  
 Blend together all but ground beef, then mix in beef. Shape into 6 patties, 3/4 inch thick. Broil 3 inches from heat for 6 minutes. Turn over and broil 4 minutes. Makes six.  
 Serve tomato sauce over if desired.

**SOUR CREAM-RAISIN PIE**

2 eggs  
 3/4 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1 cup sour cream  
 1 cup raisins  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. ground clove  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 unbaked pie shell  
 In a bowl beat the eggs with the sugar; stir in the flavoring, sour cream, raisins, cinnamon, ground clove and salt. Pour it into an 8-inch unbaked pie shell. Bake on lowest rack of preheated oven for 10 minutes at 450 degrees, then reduce heat to moderate oven for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Insert knife in center to be sure center of pie is cooked. Cool on wire rack and serve warm for best flavor.

—Mary Beth

**BROCCOLI WITH MAYONNAISE SAUCE**

1 1/2 lbs. broccoli  
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 1 small clove garlic, crushed  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 cup mayonnaise  
 2 Tbls. lemon juice  
 2 or 3 drops Tabasco  
 Wash broccoli and slice the stems in one-quarter inch slices, leaving blossom ends whole. Melt butter in a medium-sized saucepan; add garlic and brown. Add broccoli, salt and two tablespoons of boiling water. Cook, covered, until crisply tender, usually about 10 to 12 minutes. If necessary, add more water. Combine rest of ingredients in top of a double boiler until just thoroughly heated. Arrange broccoli in serving dish and cover with the sauce. Serves 4 or 5. —Mae Driftmier





## The Good Old Stores In The Good Old Days

There are still a lot of us around who remember with affection and nostalgia the grocery stores of days gone by. The smells! Salt meat, dried fish, pickles in brine, peanut butter dipped from a barrel, warm bread, candy . . . their aromas blended into a medley that set taste buds quivering.

Of course, we tend to forget the unpleasant or undesirable aspects of the days gone by: inefficient refrigeration, questionable sanitary practices and many fruits and vegetables only in season. Perhaps we'd better be happy with our modern, sanitary, air-conditioned grocery stores, and the good things they stock.

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\*\*\*\*\*

America was a great land when Columbus discovered it. Americans made it a great nation.



## AUTUMN FRUIT SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce, chilled
- 2 apples, unpeeled, cut in small pieces
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water. Add the cold water, pineapple, and flavorings. Chill, and when the mixture starts to thicken, add the cranberry sauce, apples, celery and nuts. Pour into a pan and chill until firm. Serve with a dab of mayonnaise on top of each piece.

—Dorothy

## CHURCH MEAT CASSEROLE

- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup margarine or butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 cups herbed dressing bread cubes
- 4 to 5 cups cooked meat, diced
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup onion, diced
- 1/4 cup salad dressing
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Combine boiling water, margarine or butter and butter flavoring. Pour over herbed bread cubes and toss lightly. (The bread dressing cubes can be purchased in the grocery ready to use. If you make your own, use dry bread and add sage and/or poultry seasoning and salt as desired.) Spread half of dressing mixture in bottom of 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Make a layer of cooked meat over dressing. (Chicken, turkey, roast beef, roast pork, etc.) Combine celery, onion and salad dressings. Spoon over top of meat. Sprinkle rest of bread dressing over celery mixture. Pour milk over all and refrigerate several hours or overnight. Remove from refrigerator and spoon mushroom soup over top. Let set about one hour. Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Sprinkle cheese over top and return to oven 10 more minutes to melt cheese. This makes an excellent casserole to use for church dinners, buffets or any meal.

## HANNA'S BACK-TO-SCHOOL BANANA BREAD

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 egg
- 2 medium-sized ripe bananas, mashed (or 2/3 cup)
- 3 Tbls. sour milk or buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Sift flour again with baking powder, soda and salt. Cream until light the sugar, butter and banana flavoring. Beat in the egg, and then add the banana. Stir creamed mixture into flour mixture in about 3 parts alternately with sour milk or buttermilk and butter flavoring. Stir only until blended. Lastly, fold in nutmeats and black walnut flavoring. Pour batter into a greased 8- by 4-inch loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

## MACARONI SALAD

- 8 ozs. shell macaroni
  - 1/2 bottle Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
  - Cook macaroni in salted water. Marinate overnight in dressing. Then add:
  - 3/4 cup diced celery
  - Diced sweet pickle, as desired
  - Pimiento, as desired
  - 1/2 lb. grated soft cheese (like Velveeta)
  - Salt as desired
  - 1/2 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- Makes 6-8 servings. —Margery

## SESAME CHICKEN

- 1 cup flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 cup sesame seeds
- 1 3-3 1/2-lb. chicken, cut up
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup milk
- 6 Tbls. butter
- 1 clove garlic, halved

Combine first 6 ingredients. Wipe and dry chicken pieces. Beat eggs with milk and dip chicken pieces in this. Roll chicken in seasoned flour mixture. Place chicken in shallow baking pan or cooky sheet. Melt the butter with garlic and pour over the chicken. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour.

—Dorothy





## Granny . . . And the "Chatter Box"

by  
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

Granny was a C.B. owner and operator, although she died in the 30's! O, Grandpa had to finagle Granny into letting one of the contraptions hang in her house. She was a bit skeptical of anything she didn't exactly understand, so she figured it might be a work of the devil. After all, whoever heard of voices coming into your house by means of a wire? Thus, Granny hardly listened to the telephone salesman, for she felt it was unnecessary to have that new-fangled invention on her wall. Granny up and told the nice salesman she wanted no part of that "chatter box", yet Grandpa liked the sales pitch. It must be a handy gadget to be able to call married sons to come and help butcher hogs, or whatever chore he needed to do. Grandpa hated to catch his horse and ride across the river for help, so he MUST find some way to convert his Sarah on the phone!

Granny was never one to be pushed around, so he'd have to handle her in a systematic way. He mulled over plans that he could concoct to convert Sarah without her catching on to his strategy! He remembered the salesman's saying it was the up-and-coming thing for prominent people to install a telephone. Granny liked to think she was one of the "upper crust", for Grandpa had lots of land, livestock, money to loan, and a two-buggy garage!

Grandpa sat around and pulled his long whiskers and made his plans of how to handle his woman. He could just up and tell the salesman to install the phone, but Granny would never stand still for him to usurp authority like that. No, siree! Granny never bought a new idea until someone had it tested and tried. So Grandpa needed to take her over to the Jones's house; they had one of those "chatter box" things on their wall. Granny always loved going; she could don a clean apron and be in the buggy in nothing flat. In fact, she was anxious to tell that persnickity Pauline Jones about her new cook stove. Granny knew she was the only owner of a stove with a warming closet. After all, she was quite smug about her standing in the

social world.

The Jones's served refreshments while the men discussed their crops and the ladies talked about canning and their chicken flocks. The chit-chat was interrupted by the shrill of two longs and one short on the Jones's telephone. With a self-satisfied smile, Pauline took the receiver from the hook. Granny listened intently to the one-sided conversation, wishing for the chance to hear the chatter coming over the wire. Soon Mrs. Jones asked Sarah if she'd like to talk with her daughter-in-law. It seemed all the big wooden talk boxes hung too high for children or short women, so Granny tiptoed to talk into the mouth piece. Her face wore the expression of disbelief, hearing the voice of her son's wife clear across the hills. Grandpa smugly listened, and surmised that his stubborn Sarah was being converted.

Ah yes, my grandpa had dealt with many balky horses and he could handle my granny in the same way. Going home, he never once mentioned the possibility of owning a telephone. He sensed that Granny might be coming down with the "phone fever". When

(Continued on page 18)



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

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

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:35 A.M.
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**MANY-SPLENDORED BIRDS - Concl.** planted to provide a sufficient quantity of food and cover for the wildlife.

With the innovation of planned conservation methods, wildlife was soon coaxed back to their original quarters; no efforts are spared to assure that the place continues to their liking. The refuge is open all year; the hand of welcome is extended to visitors at all times — a policy that applies to spectators as well as to the rendezvousing wildlife. And the many-splendored events, though varying from month to month, offer highlights for every season to make the call of the wild a temptation to be followed at any time.

Are you a mushroom freak? Grab a sack and stalk the morel in season; the entire refuge is open for mushrooming. Or are wildflowers and nature hikes your bag? From redbud to water-lily time, Squaw Creek shines with its floral display. If, on the other hand, you are hooked on fishing, you are in good company. At least 3,000 fishermen angle on the area year after year for crappie, carp, channel cat, and bullhead, among others. The anglers come from many parts of Missouri as well as from adjacent states, proof of the good fishing to be found on the refuge.

Hunting is not allowed, but a rather constant muskrat population annually provides a removable surplus of approximately 1,500 animals, which are trapped and pelted by local trappers. All trapping is by the share method, with half of the pelts usually accruing to the government.

If there is one day on the calendar that is possibly more red-starred than others, it could be Thanksgiving Day. With a goose, turkey, or duck dinner beneath their belts, holiday observers head toward Squaw Creek in caravan numbers to watch the southern migration of the flocks which had stopped by a few months earlier on their northern flight.

Spring seems to return to Squaw Creek Refuge in the latter part of February, when the first large V's of snow and blue geese come soaring in from the south. Their numbers reach 200,000 to 250,000 during the last part of February and early March. Blue geese outnumber snow geese in these early flocks, but groups arriving later show a more even distribution of the two species. Pintails arrive soon after the geese, and the winter-resident flock of mallards is rapidly augmented by many new arrivals. Canada geese accompany the earlier ducks and noisily join their hardier brethren that spent the winter on the refuge. Then come the American widgeon, green-winged teal, gadwall, shoveler, and most of the other common ducks. The blue-winged teal and wood duck are the last spring visitors, and reach their peaks in numbers after most of the other ducks have left on their northward migration. Several hundred white-fronted geese generally find haven on the refuge during each migration period.

While ducks and geese are coming and going, many other waterbirds also are stopping to feed and rest. White pelicans are the showiest birds in the group, and make an interesting spectacle, whether "fishing" in closely packed groups or soaring high in the sky during strong winds, apparently just for the fun of it. Many species of shorebirds can be found along the shorelines during each migration.

Many waterfowl refuse to be driven further south even by the sub-zero temperatures of winter, probably because of the excellent feeding conditions normally existing in this area. About 100,000 mallards and 5,000 Canada geese spend the winter here. These birds manage to keep about 10 acres of water free of ice during even the coldest weather, helping to retain sufficient oxygen for refuge fish which might suffocate if the shallow pools

became entirely frozen over. And at the proper time to picot in familiar V-necked pattern, the raveling edges of winter together with the hesitant fashion of spring.

"Anyone who hasn't seen thousands of geese as they slip through the air and land are in for a treat," Manager Nugent told us. "And the sights are especially great during the spring and fall migrations."

Information on the refuge, and the birds and animals of the Squaw Creek rendezvous, is available at the Headquarters Building. For the hardier species of birdwatcher, a climb of 291 steep, rocky steps offers a still-life review of woods, lakes, and wildlife. Across from refuge headquarters is the entrance to the drive-through area, with roads rimming the lakes and ponds for trailing a clearer view of the animals, and pull-offs which allow a closer look for more prolonged photography.

For the wayfarer just passing by, excellent stopping points for watching the changing panorama are offered at rest stops along I-29 Highway. Though there are no restaurant facilities available at the refuge, picnic tables are furnished at these wayside pull-offs.

Those desiring to follow the call of the wild to camping facilities will find Big Lake State Park by following 159 for another eight miles. The State Park includes a 600-acre lake, a government-operated motel, and a restaurant to pamper those who like to keep in closer touch with comfortable hospitality. The lake offers opportunity for water-skiing, boating, or fishing; shelter houses and picnic facilities are furnished to meet runaway tendencies for a perfect hooky weather retreat.

For those who like an added dash of color, a side trip to Rulo, just across the Nebraska line, can only make the wild-goose trail a many-splendored affair. Ye Old Tyme Saloon offers country-flavor atmosphere. And on the banks of the Big Muddy, the Club Rulo gets — and gives — well-deserved attention, and is remembered almost as much for the tree growing in the door as the tempting Missouri River fish dinners which are served inside.

Yes, and when it is a quarter-past autumn, it is easy to know where the wild goose goes.

Just look overhead.

And listen for the coaxing call of the Many-Splendored Honkers of Squaw Creek.

"We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than we have to consume wealth without producing it."

—G. B. Shaw



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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

A long-time reader of *Kitchen-Klatter* who formerly lived in Kansas asked for help in selecting a bird book. They now live in Arizona in a pretty green oasis in the desert and enjoy the different species of hummingbirds and meadowlarks. Since there are many birds there not found in the Midwest, Roger Tory Peterson's *Field Guide to Western Birds*, paperback, \$4.95, was suggested.

Another reader from Linneus, Missouri, writes that she visited her aunt at a nursing home and found her reading the complete set of the "Little House" books. The sales lady at our bookstore says many retired people enjoy the books also.

Thanks to the reader from Wahoo, Nebraska, for letting me know that the paperback edition of *Young Pioneers* by Rose Wilder Lane is now available from Bantam Books, Fulfillment Services, 2451 South Wolf Rd., Des Plaines, Illinois 60018, \$1.25 plus 50¢ postage. When I wrote of the television program *Young Pioneers*, our bookstore had copies on order.

Corrie ten Boom now shares with her readers the earlier part of her life that led up to *The Hiding Place* — a span of fifty years which constitutes a lifetime for most people, but for Corrie was only a beginning.

She writes, "A person doesn't spring into existence at the age of fifty; there are years of preparation, years of experience, which God uses in ways we may never know . . ." The ten Boom home was a narrow, three-story stucco and brick watchshop in Haarlem, Holland. Although the family never enjoyed great material wealth, there were other, better riches. As far back as Corrie remembers, she has shared her life with an everchanging entourage of "adopted" ten Booms, unwanted foster children, displaced refugees and hunted Jews. *In My Father's House* (Fleming Revell Co., Old Tappan, New Jersey, \$6.95) is more than a book of memories from the colorful life of Corrie ten Boom. It is a look at the human side of one of our generation's most authentic Christian witnesses, and of the faith that has kept her going for eighty-plus years. Corrie lived in a home that always



Natalie, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman and granddaughter of Howard and Mae Driftmier, practices before her piano lesson.

had its door and its heart wide open. An inspiration treasure is *In My Father's House*.

*In Our Time* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$7.95) by Eric Hoffer is a series of short essays that demand to be reread, underlined and quoted. Mr. Hoffer approaches the critical problems of our time with a kind of common sense that frequently leads to startling conclusions and recommendations.

He writes, "You ask yourself; What are the essential attributes a country must have if it is to remain vigorous? The answer is simple: So long as a country has courage and a passion for excellence it can face the future confidently no matter how fearsome its difficulties. Courage is not only a serviceable substitute for hope but also, a chief factor in the maintenance of personal security. As to the passion for excellence, it may sound highfalutin, but it actually concerns common, everyday affairs. I have spent fifty years doing backbreaking work in the fields, in lumber camps and on the waterfront. Many of the people I lived and worked with had courage and, whether they knew it or not, a passion for excellence."

*In Our Time* is another of Mr. Hoffer's books filled with astute observations and makes stimulating reading.

A book that is adventure and personal renewal in the wilderness is *A World of My Own* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$9.95) by Mike Tomkies. At forty, this well-known writer decided that his life was neither happy nor fulfilled. He determined to find his sense of self and self-sufficiency again, and to control his own time. He started a new life in the wilds of British Columbia. *A World of My Own* is a story of survival, of living off the land and and sea. It is also the story of nature at its best and worst, and the story of a man and his friendship with two colorful people who were wise in the ways of nature — a carpenter and a wilderness guide.

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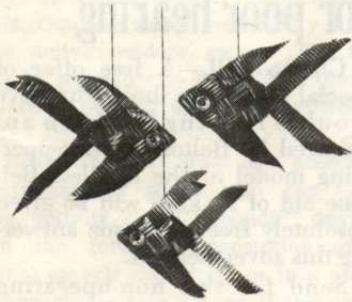
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These large rocks make up a fireplace at the Lowey family home in Woods Hole, Mass. The entire house is built of rocks that came from the immediate area and it took Mr. Lowey quite a long time to collect them all. Katharine and James think it is "neat".

## BREAK FAST WITH BREAKFAST

Are you a breakfast skipper or participant? Starting the day out right begins with a good breakfast.

A nutritionally adequate breakfast tailored to your preference is the result of a basic breakfast pattern which provides from one-fourth to one-third of the daily food needs. This means assorted fruits and juices, cereals, breads and potatoes, eggs and meats to add variety to selection and stimulate interest and appetite for breakfast.

## "CHATTER BOX" — Concluded

she remained silent it meant one of two things: she was sick or in deep meditation. By the time they arrived home Granny was ready to talk telephone! She wondered, aloud, how soon Grandpa could help set the poles for the line. Pauline Jones might be a bit persnickity, but Granny would soon have her a "chatter box"!

Granny was not long in becoming an avid fan of the telephone. She strung beans, tore carpet rags, or darned sox in ear-shot of the "chatter box". When her two shorts and two longs came ringing along the wires, she dropped her work as if it were hot! Soon the telephone became a great pleasure in her household and a necessity for Grandpa.

The miracle of the whole affair was that Granny never knew the slick way Grandpa conned her into wanting a phone. I suppose that is one reason their marriage worked so well for so long. Grandpa was so adept at handling balky horses that he learned it worked

well on his stubborn Sarah! If they were alive today, they'd be talking over the wireless C.B. set-ups. Grandpa would have been able to convince Granny that it is no work of Satan, but a great idea for communicating with people. Somehow, I can visualize Granny, in her clean apron and air of arrogance, bragging about her modern "chatter box"!

## DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

coffee and a chat, usually once or twice a week, but since the baby came he has been here only once. The next time he does come I'm going to accuse him of quitting work so he can just stay at home and admire his beautiful little daughter.

Frank and I had a surprise for Peggy Dyer when she and Glen came this weekend. Last week Peggy decided it was time to start teaching Tonto how to lead so she could ride Cricket up the road to their place for the two days they are here each week, and lead Tonto, and control him that way. She just had time to try once, and Tonto wasn't very cooperative. He has awfully good brakes, and he wasn't about to go. Frank and I worked with him every evening this past week, and when Peggy came he walked along as gentle as a lamb. She really was surprised and happy.

The Dyers are coming to eat with us on the porch tonight, so I had better head for the kitchen and get things started. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Several readers of *Kitchen-Klatter* have made it a point to stop in and see us and visit the Little Chapel of the Flowers. I am constantly amazed that the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine reaches into so many homes in so many distant states. Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Roller of Thief River Falls, Minnesota, almost on the Canadian border, stopped in one day when they were homeward bound from a trip. "My sister-in-law, Mrs. John Anderson of Lynden, Washington, read about your little chapel in *Kitchen-Klatter*. She asked us to stop in and see it if we ever got down through central Minnesota and here we are." The coffee pot was hot and we had a delightful visit with the Rollers, who are retired farmers. We shared a common interest in farming, in gardening, and in our love of *Kitchen-Klatter*.

Most of the flowers will have succumbed to frost by the time you read this but the Little Chapel is open, and if any readers are passing through, do stop for a moment of prayer and meditation. Many visitors have remarked about the changing expression in the face of Christ, a crayon painting by Maw Maw Booth of Princeton, Missouri.

It is soon time to put the garden to bed for the winter months ahead. Dig all the tender bulbs and store in a frostproof place. A cool root cellar serves best for most bulbs with the exception of *Ismenes*, which prefer a warmer situation.

*Gladiolus* may be stored in slatted crates or hung in mesh bags (reused onion sacks work fine) from the rafters. We place our dahlias in grocery boxes and pour inexpensive builders vermiculite over them to help retain moisture. My husband stores some of his special ones in plastic bags under a greenhouse bench where it is dark and cool. Calla lilies are also stored in this manner.

Last fall we stopped to visit Arnold and Nettie Fruedenburg, who have the iris gardens in Norfolk, Nebraska. They gave us a bag of white calla lily bulbs that were planted on the north side of the Little Chapel. Their pure white, pristine beauty attracted visitors. "I thought calla lilies were hard to grow, but these look easy and lovely," or "Where can I get bulbs to plant next spring? I want to grow calla lilies too," were remarks I overheard. Besides white, calla lilies come in pink, yellow and a range of pastels. Look for them in spring catalogs.

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## OCTOBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

see if they do not begin mighty close to home. Let us be sure it isn't going on right in our own household! If so, what sort of example are you and I setting? I have enjoyed this poem for many years, although I do not know the author. I first found it in an old scrapbook, marked "how true!"

Hold high the torch!

You did not light its glow —

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Are you being spooked by dull-looking washes? Is your laundry haunted by less-than-perfect results . . . even when you buy the most expensive detergents and bleaches and follow directions?

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Mother keeps small pictures of all her great-grandchildren on the television set in her living room. There are eight little ones to date.

'Twas given you by other hands, you know.

'Tis yours to keep it burning bright,  
Yours to pass on when you no more  
need the light;

For there are other feet that we must  
guide,

And other forms go marching at our  
side;

Their eyes are watching every smile  
and tear,

And efforts, which we think are not  
worthwhile,

Are sometimes just the very help they  
need,

Actions to which their souls would  
give most heed;

So that in turn they'll hold it high  
And say, "I watched someone else  
carry it this way."

—Author unknown

Lift that torch! Love that world!

**Leader:** In some of the writings of Wilfred Peterson I found some lines on good citizenship which apply equally well on the personal, national, and world citizenship level. Good citizenship, the author tells us, calls for an "open hand, and open mind, and an open heart". A good citizen sees the potential bigness in little people.

A good citizen gets off the sidelines and becomes part of the struggle. I like this quote: "A good citizen recognizes that humanity moves forward not only from the mighty shoves of its great leaders, but also from the tiny pushes of the rank and file of the people." Doesn't that make YOU feel important?

That means that as one of the people we should apply the power of the ballot like a "flaming sword to cru-

sade for the kind of a city, state, nation and world" in which we want to live.

He goes on to tell us that good citizenship begins at home and in our daily living — with a good balance in all the vital areas of work, play, love, and worship — practicing good citizenship in every area of our lives.

Above all a good citizen clings to great dreams and visions, "maintaining a vibrant faith in the future of mankind."

This is what it means to be a good citizen of the world, an important part of the United Nations. LOVE THAT WORLD!

**Hymn:** "God of Grace and God of Glory", first four verses.

**Prayer:** (This prayer came to us from Frank Borman on the Apollo 8.)

"Give us faith, O God, the vision which can see Thy love in the world in spite of human failure. Give us the faith to trust Thy goodness in spite of our ignorance and weakness. Give us the knowledge that we may continue to pray with understanding hearts, and show us what each one of us can do to set forward the coming of the day of universal peace. Amen."

## OCTOBER

Now the leaves repeat the yellow-red  
Chrysanthemum and aster,  
The mice creep in, the finch has fled,  
The evenings come on faster.

Bare feet squeeze into shoes too tight,  
I let out hems and plackets,  
Now, too, begins the constant fight —  
Of "Must we wear our jackets?"

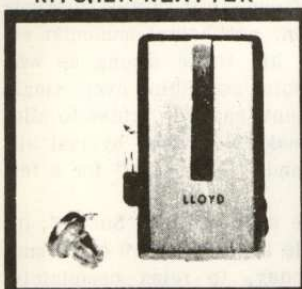




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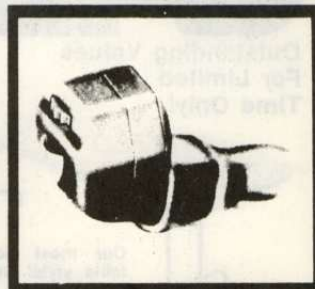
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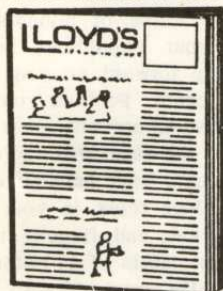


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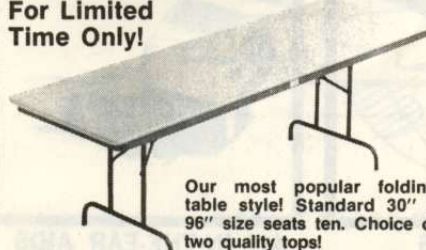
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**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**  
We made a date for him to come with swatches of material to select from when I made a sudden trip to the hospital, so it will be a little while before we get down to business with the furniture.

Actually, what took me to the hospital was the old nagging back pain, which was aggravated by the unusual amount of stress and tension I've been under for so many months, first with Lucile's long illness, and then Mother's condition. A week in the hospital in traction put me back in shape, but I left the hospital with orders for a two-week vacation. For one reason or another our vacation had been delayed and delayed, but now Oliver and I are packing our bags and heading north just the minute I finish this letter and take it to the office.

We're planning our trip in easy stages. We'll spend a few days with Martin and Eugenie in Maple Lake, Minnesota, then strike out for Lake Superior, making stops to visit Eugenie's parents, her grandmother and other relatives. It has been many years since we've driven along the north shore and we're looking forward to it. I'll take lots of pictures, of course, so hope to have some to share with you next month.

When we talked to Martin on the phone, he said "Bring us cases of the dressings and 10 copies of *The Story Of An American Family*." It is a good thing we're driving, for it would be a hassle to carry such a load on a plane!

Until next month,

Margery

## DON'T DO SOMETHING:

### JUST SIT THERE

by

Erma Reynolds

We're a hurried, harried bunch of homemakers and mothers, many of us, and much of our strain comes from nervous tension, not actual muscular effort. There are those among us who have to be doing something every single waking moment, and who refuse to alleviate homemaker's fatigue by just sitting down and "letting go" for a few minutes.

To become such a "lazy Susan", try setting aside a period of 10 or 15 minutes each day, to relax completely, mentally and physically.

Go to a place where you can be alone and find complete quiet. Sit in a comfortable chair and really "let yourself go".

First thing is to close your eyes to shut out visible distractions.

Then, relax physically. Breathe deeply, for just a couple of minutes, no more. Relax your shoulders, letting your head droop forward so your chin rests on your chest. Pretend you're a rag doll and raise an arm and let it drop limply. Then do the same with the other arm. To make sure your hands are not clenched, let them relax in your lap, with palms upward, and fingers curved loosely, like the petals of a waterlily.

Become mentally quiet. Try to keep out all thoughts of frustration, annoyances, disappointments, by thinking of beautiful, peaceful scenes. Recall inspiring thoughts you have read in a book, or heard in a sermon. Turn your mind to God.

At first, during these letting-go sessions, you'll probably say to yourself, "But this is silly, wasting time, just sitting and doing nothing."

Of course it's difficult to let go of an established habit of perpetual activity. But stick with it. Soon you will be looking forward to these periods of relaxation, and in Isaiah's words (Isa. 30:15) *In returning and rest you shall be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.*

## COVER PICTURE

This mother horse (named Tonto) and baby (Cricket) belong to Peggy and Glen Dyer who live in Des Moines but commute almost every weekend to a place they've fixed up on the top of a hill not far from Dorothy and Frank. It was at Dyer's home that Dorothy spent many a night when Frank was hospitalized for so long. Peggy loves horses and could hardly wait out Cricket's arrival!

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A bore is one who deprives you of your solitude, without providing you with company.

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## PAPER DOLL OF THE MONTH



..Wholesome, loveable dolls with exciting wardrobes! 11" x 17" 4-color set, mailed EACH month for a FULL YEAR... 12 different doll friends! Give child's name, address and how you want announcement card signed.

12 SEPERATE monthly doll sets just \$15.00, postpaid  
(only \$1.25 per doll average)

A great, warm gift for all occasions.

**DOTTY DOLLS** Box 161 B, Clarinda, Iowa 51632



# CHARMING COUNTERFEITS

By CROWN GALLERIES®

ALL JEWELRY ILLUSTRATIONS SLIGHTLY ENLARGED

## DIAMONDS BY-THE-YARD

Simulated Originals — 5 Carats  
of Loveliness 36" chain only \$3.98

A yard of real diamonds could easily cost you \$500.00 . . . or even more. If you don't want to pay that much . . . consider our 10 brilliant 1/2 carat-size simulated diamonds on a full yard of silvertone or goldtone chain. Few people will be able to tell the difference anyway! Our fiery simulated diamonds are multi-faced to give you a flash of class you wouldn't believe.

Choice of 3 lengths. Full yard with 10 simulated diamonds only \$3.98! 24" for \$2.98! 16" for \$2.49! Wear singly or by the yard for that fashionable understated look that you want. We expect a fast sellout on these chains at such low prices. Order today!

**ONLY AN EXPERT WILL BE ABLE TO TELL IF YOU ARE WEARING A GENUINE DIAMOND . . . OR THIS FIERY SIMULATED GEMFIRE® DIAMOND.**

### EMPRESS



An elegant 2 ct. beauty that is suitable for every occasion. Lovely Tiffany setting.

#6004 Yel. Mtg. Gold Filled \$12.40  
#6005 Wh. Mtg. Sterling Silver \$12.40

### EMPEROR



A classic! Handsomely mounted to enhance the dramatic 3 ct. Gemfire® stone.

#6122 Yel. Mtg. (18Kt-HGE) \$16.95  
#6123 Wh. Mtg. Sterling Silver \$16.95

### FULL 1-YEAR GUARANTEE

If within one year of date of purchase you are dissatisfied in any way with your jewelry, return it to Crown Galleries® by INSURED MAIL for either repair, replacement, or refund of your purchase price.

### ORDER HERE — PLEASE PRINT —

CROWN GALLERIES®, Dept. 6249-45  
2207 East Oakland Avenue  
Bloomington, Illinois 61701

POSTAGE  
PREPAID

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Please send the following items:

QTY.	DIAMONDS BY-THE-YARD		COST
	16" @\$2.49 - Silvertone #5121	Goldtone #5122	\$
	24" @\$2.98 - Silvertone #5124	Goldtone #5123	
	36" @\$3.98 - Silvertone #5126	Goldtone #5125	

QTY.	SIZE	CAT. NO.	DESCRIPTION	COST
		6004	2 Ct. Empress Ring Yel. Mtg. GF	
		6005	2 Ct. Empress Ring Wh. Mtg. (SS)	
		6122	3 Ct. Emperor Ring Yel. Mtg. (18Kt-HGE)	
		6123	3 Ct. Emperor Ring Wh. Mtg. (18Kt-HGE)	
		6332	Amaris Yel. Mtg. (18Kt-HGE)	
		8050	Amaris Wh. Mtg. (18Kt-HGE)	

Illinois Residents please add 5% sales tax  
TOTAL ORDER \$

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

### GLOSSARY

Carat (CT) Yellow Mounting (YEL. MTG.) White Mounting (WH. MTG.)  
Sterling Silver (SS) Heavy Gold Electroplate (HGE) Gold Filled (GF)

## AMARIS

Solitaire and wedding band set (2 pieces) has a total of over 2 carats. Brilliant, flawless simulated diamonds and exquisitely crafted.

#6332 Yel. Mtg.  
(18Kt-HGE) \$12.40

#8050 Wh. Mtg.  
(18Kt-HGE) \$12.40

