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SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Vol. 17

NOVEMBER, 1952

Number 11



Photo by Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues in the U. S. A.)

Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by

DRIFTMIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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Dear Friends:

This is a beautiful October afternoon, and although we'll have a big crowd here around seven o'clock, there's nothing to be done about our dinner at the moment and it seems like a good time to sit down for a visit with you.

Today is Mart's seventy-first birthday and we're celebrating it by having the Driftmiers here for the evening. This means his sisters Anna, Clara and Adelyn, and his brother Bert. However, that is just the beginning for with Adelyn will be her husband, Albert Rope, their son Gene and his wife George Ann, and their two children, John and Mark. With Clara will come her husband, Paul Otte, their son Darrell and his wife Doris, and their two children, Curtis and Marianne. Bert's wife, Buelah, will be with him. Our children and grandchildren, with the exception of Frederick's family and Donald, will also sit down at the table with us tonight, so you can see that it's going to be a big crowd.

As I write this I can hear Dorothy and Margery talking together as they put up card tables and arrange chairs. We are going to put all of the food on the big dining room table and serve it buffet style, for this seems to be the quickest way to handle a good-sized crowd. Russell said that he wanted to snap a picture of the table tonight just before people light into the fried chicken, so if he manages to get a clear shot we'll share it with you next month.

Tomorrow is the day Shenandoah has long anticipated. It is the second day of our Jubilee and thousands of people are expected here to see the big parade that will be headed by President Truman. Later in the afternoon we will have a speech by Senator Robert Taft. I am hoping to see this parade from the home of one my friends, but it remains to be seen how successful I will be!

Thinking about President Truman and Senator Taft reminds me that we'll be going to the polls before long, and I hope that each and everyone of you can get to town to cast your vote. I feel that our country can stand up to anything as long as we common people care enough about our government to express our opinions by voting. Let's make this election one in which every man and woman gets to

the polls and says what he thinks by picking up a pencil and marking a ballot.

We were just finishing our breakfast this morning when the telephone rang—it was Frederick calling to wish his dad a happy birthday. He said that he had just dropped Mary Leanna off at her school and was sitting in his study when he decided to call. The weather there is exceptionally beautiful today, he said, and the flowers around the church are in full blooms.

From the viewpoint of garden lovers we regretted the sharp, extra-severe frost that came just before the Jubilee. Lucile's and Russell's garden had been exceptionally beautiful for a couple of weeks and since many of their lovely roses were in full bloom they were hoping that Jubilee visitors could see them before anything happened. Now they are all gone, of course, and nothing in the world to do about it.

Fred Fischer, Helen's husband, returned last night from a pleasant trip to California. He drove out with his grandson, Fritz Harshbarger, who went to Pasadena to begin his work on the Guggenheim Fellowship. Fred had never visited his daughter Louise and her family since they moved into their new home, so he had a fine time there for a week or so.

We are just back to normal now after being completely torn up with a pretty thorough decorating job. The first step was to get a new type of ceiling installed in both the living room and dining room, and from there we progressed to getting both of those rooms, plus the sun room, repapered and repainted. I decided that while we were so completely torn up I might as well get everything done at once, so I sent the rugs to the cleaners, as well as all of the drapes and slip covers.

We are well satisfied with the color scheme that was chosen after much debate. The sun room has comparatively little wall area, so for that room we used a very dark green paper—it really makes my new drapes and slip covers come into their own for the first time.

In the living room and dining room (which open into each other with a large doorway) we used a heavy textured paper in gray with just a fleck of dark green. In the corners we used

a graceful vine pattern, and if you're considering a decorating job I think you might like it for your house since it furnishes just the right amount of interest and contrast. All of the woodwork in the three rooms was painted a soft gray. And before I forget it—we put in a new front door. Our old one had certainly seen its best days.

I believe I like our kitchen better now than I ever have before, and it's been papered and painted many times. I chose a Pennsylvania Dutch style paper with a dark green background and charming figures in blue and rose. All of the built-in cupboards and woodwork, as well as the tiled area around the stove and sink, were painted snow white.

Opening off the kitchen is a long hall that has always seemed dark regardless of what type of paper we used, so this year we decided to paint it for the first time. I found a soft rose paint just exactly the color of the rose figure in the kitchen wall paper, and with all of the woodwork painted white it looks genuinely attractive. Our downstairs bathroom and an upstairs bedroom also came in for new paper and a paint job, so you can see how completely torn up we were for a long time.

Abigail tells me that her brother, Clark, will be here soon for a visit. Until now he has always used one of our bedrooms when he was in town, but Abigail and Wayne have now taken over the entire house and have a guest room of their own. The second floor of their home was converted into an apartment many years ago, but they have now reconverted it into a conventional second floor. This additional room means that they can turn their two downstairs bedrooms, or what was once their bedrooms, into a playroom for Emily and Alison, and a combination guest room and sewing room. Abigail has a new sewing machine and will enjoy having a place where everything can be together.

Lucile and Russell are planning a trip but she probably mentioned this in her letter, so I won't say anything more about it except to add that we hope nothing happens to prevent them from getting off on schedule.

Dorothy has just called in to ask me where the extra napkins are, so I think I'd better bring this to a close and go to round up these final things.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna.

TIME

One woman takes her extra time
and knits it into lace,
Another takes her extra time
embroideries to trace.
The lace may wear a year or two,
perhaps go out of style,
The colors of embroideries fade
in just a little while.
But she who twines her extra time
in lives of lad and lass,
Produces that which shall endure
when time and tide have passed.

—Unknown

LET'S VISIT A GARDEN IN WASHINGTON

Dear Lucile:

I've enjoyed reading about your garden so I thought you might like to hear about mine. Your garden sounds so orderly—as if it had been planned to the last detail before anything was planted. But mine's a different kind of a garden, a hodge-podge arrangement sort of like the house that Jack built—it just grew!

I can look out over it as I write with nostalgic memories. Some of them are amusing, some are sentimental, and some are just humble thanks because the good Lord creates such beauty.

We moved to our farm nine years ago and I began my first flower bed here with plants that I'm sure had traveled around a dozen times to various places where we had moved.

There was the double white lilac that I could never have the heart to part with, and it persistently continued to grow in spite of being uprooted every blue moon. Then the old-fashioned red peony which was given to me when my son was born and still blooms out beautifully every spring after twenty-five years. (This birthday he was in Korea and I shed a few tears when it came out in time to celebrate.)

There is also the bleeding heart that I tried to put out where the sun would help it along, and it's really been grateful to find a permanent home at long last.

So these things I've mentioned were the beginning of my garden, along with a slip of purple violets and some choice daffodil bulbs.

I began carrying in old dish pans, bread pans, just anything I could sneak into the back of the car when my husband dumped the garbage. Then come Spring I filled them with rich soil and planted seeds of the things that sounded extra-best in my various catalogs. Much to the shame of my family these graced the living room windows, boxes that were brought in, and even the card tables that were called into action.

But after a year or so I had lovely primroses, delphiniums, pyrethrums, pinks, and even some hardy gloxinias. My flower beds began to grow and take shape as time went on and I could add to my collection of plants.

Iris was my first love and it's fun to think how I've raised the money each fall to buy a few more. I could always depend upon raising a few dollars picking blackberries if fall rains didn't come early. One year I peeled cascara bark and bought \$40.00 worth of iris. Another time I cared for a little girl for several weeks and spent all my earnings on fancy iris.

I have about two-hundred varieties now and they're planted in rows in the area that my husband used to consider the very best part of his garden! I think I've made more people happy with my iris than any one thing I've ever been able to share.

The first person I divided with was my doctor's wife. Now she tells me that almost all of the doctor's homes in the county have some slips of my



This is one of the brick paths in Lucile's and Russell's garden. All of the flowers in bloom are chrysanthemums and roses.

iris in their yards that she has passed on to them. I just cut recklessly for nearly anyone who admired them, taking the good Lord at His word that he'll bring it back four-fold—and He always does. They're a real show at blooming time, and I never plan on getting any inside work done during those days for I'm too busy making new friends with the people who stop to look at them.

But I have lots more flowers than just those I've planted from seed and my iris. I've traded this for that, and bought numerous kinds that sounded fancy in my books and catalogs. I have four colors of lovely tulips that a friend in The Hague, Holland sent to me. I plant double snow-on-the-mountain and aubrieta with an occasional plant of yellow sweet alyssum around the foot of all my tulips. They all bloom at the same time and are breathtaking.

I have all my tulips planted in old tubs and containers so the moles can't get at them. This fall I counted thirty containers which probably house around five-hundred bulbs.

I have a row of giant purple violas on each side of the walk leading up to the front door. Hot dry weather doesn't discourage them one bit and they make a bright splash of color all season.

The beginning of my violas was a tiny slip given to me by a friend five years ago when we went to Seattle to attend the Ice Follies with her. Now I know of half-a-dozen homes that have rows of violas along their walks—all of those came from what I gave them when they started out.

In the center of my lawn is a large rose bed. It cuts down on the size

of our yard and also gives color all summer. I don't have any system! When I get a new plant I either dig out my borders a little wider or I crowd it in among the others. But I have variety, color and the heart-warming feeling that my garden is just like I want it.

Right now my cinnamon vine is blooming against the front of the house and I can smell its fragrance through my upstairs windows. I have zinnias, asters, marigolds, plus a dozen other things too hard to spell. I also have a new bed of fancy primrose, one of Crimson Star columbine and one of Japanese iris that all came from seed planted this spring. I can scarcely wait for next spring to see what they're going to look like. Then I have six plants of the new broom that the catalog said was supposed to be pink, blue and lavender (I doubt it!).

Besides my flowers I have peace of mind that passeth all understanding. They helped to give it to me.

My husband has been hospitalized since May 19th after he was seriously injured on a construction crew. He'll be badly crippled at best and will have to make the hospital his home for many months to come. My eldest son is a patient at an army hospital, a victim of the Korean war. He's been in the States since April and longs for the day when he can be home again to help me with the flowers. My only other son is in combat duty in Korea and has been there since last March.

I'm home alone on the farm. Alone? No, not really, for I have a loving Heavenly Father and flowers.

Sincerely, Mrs. Ralph S. Dowdle

CHRISTMAS QUESTIONNAIRE

By Grace Stoner Clark

Along in late October or early November I send questionnaires to members of my family or friends who live away from my locality and to whom I want to send Christmas gifts. The date of sending depends on whether I want to make any of the gifts or just buy them in time for shipment.

The questions vary greatly, of course, depending upon such circumstances as age, relationship, occupation, etc. I try to make them as humorous as possible while still getting the replies I need for thoughtful gifts.

Merely as an example to set your own train of thought in motion, here is part of one I sent to my newly married son who lives in a distant state. Not knowing the tastes of my new daughter very well, their answers were a great help to me in choosing things suitable for their new home. They have also been useful when birthdays and anniversaries arrived throughout the year. Knowing what NOT to give is almost as important as knowing what TO give.

I have put some of the answers they gave in parenthesis in order to give an idea of how much fun and how useful sending these questionnaires can be.

Be sure to leave plenty of space between questions where they can write their answers.

QUESTIONNAIRE

GREETINGS: Birthday and Santa Claus return that you fill out and return this questionnaire as soon as possible.

You may never receive any of these items, so live in doubt.

1. What is the name of a store in your city which issues gift certificates?
2. Do you need any more table silver? What articles? What pattern? (Tablespoons, Madeira)
3. Should Santy go arty and send you a living room picture? (No! A thousand times no!)
4. Could you use any kitchen equipment? (Red clock, muffin pans, wooden salad bowls)
5. Do you need card tables or covers? (Nope)
6. Do you want to build up a library? List some titles, any one of which you'd enjoy receiving. (Sure do. A good dictionary for one)
7. Do you need any more table linens? Size? Color? (54 inch; brown; eggshell; chartreuse; solid colors)
8. Do you need any pillow cases, towels, etc? (Nope. Bride's showers fixed us up for years)
9. Would a magazine subscription enchant you? Name a couple of favorites you don't take.
10. Jot down a few simple things you'd like. Exclude Packards, Buicks and Fords. (Chevrolet would do. Shirt—15; Sox—11½; nylons—10)

Thanks a lot for the information requested. (You're welcome)



Juliana is now old enough to appreciate the fact that she has two wonderful grandmothers. On her right is Grandmother Driftmier and on her left is Grandmother Verness.

AN INDOOR TREASURE HUNT

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Treasure Hunts are always fun and are an ideal way to entertain mixed groups and groups of varying ages. This treasure hunt is staged indoors and provides excellent entertainment for shut-in days when parties are a bit difficult to plan. And you will find this fine for a Sunday School party, too.

The Treasure Hunt theme begins with the invitations. Make your envelopes from brown paper so they resemble a chest. Decorate them with gay colors, and if you have a package of those bright various-colored stickers that are used to decorate Easter eggs, you will find them ideal for use. You may search through magazines or catalogues for colored pictures of jewels and add these, too.

If you are artistic enough you might draw a map of your town, street, etc., with a fairly accurate facsimile of your house and put a large X on your house. Or you may wish to use brown paper to match the envelope chest and add a few crossbones and skulls. Then write—

"A treasure is buried

At my house, you see.

So come along and

Find what it might be."

Now for your treasure hunt, which will be the main event of the evening, you will need stacks of magazines. Your guests may be divided into teams—with enough players on each team so that they may sit at a table and work together. Prepare a list of the things ordinarily searched for on a Treasure Hunt, such as a razor blade, golden earring, red feather, silver button, a toupee, needle, a wrist watch and so on. Now instead of hunting for the actual objects the players must find them in the magazines. As each thing is found it must be cut out and the first team to find all the designated items is winner. You must always be sure the hunted object can be found in the group of magazines you have given to that particular team.

The winning team may receive a "Chest" of candy, or a treasure chest filled with prizes for all the players. The next team to finish might be given a chest full of suckers.

Younger players might enjoy playing "Capt. Kidd found the buried treasure", which is just a version of

the old favorite game, "the fruit basket upset." Each player is given a name that has to do with a treasure hunt — pirates, sailor, parrot, ship, X, chest, gold, coins and so on. The contestants are seated except the story teller. He begins his yarn about a treasure hunt and as he mentions each thing, the person who has that name must follow in the circle. When the narrator says, "Capt. Kidd found the buried treasure" all race for a chair. The one left standing becomes the story teller.

We have often played this game at our Sunday School parties and it adapts itself well to this one. Each player is given a list of some fifteen objects that are found in the Bible. This time the list would include such items as gold, pearls, jewels, diamond, onyx. Each person will find on his list only a clue to the hidden treasure. For example, by the word "gold" you would write Genesis 2. The players would hurriedly look in that book and chapter to find the verse containing the word "gold". Since it is the 11th verse he would merely write a 11 beside the word on his list. The first one through would be winner.

Somehow treasure chests and parrots go together, so choose partners, blindfold one of them and let them feed the other—who is the parrot. You might like to use crackers but you will find, too, that small pieces of candy, raisins, and chocolate bits, are even more fun.

For playing "Crossbones and Skulls" you will have a large skull made of heavy paper or cardboard. Give each contestant two "stick" bones. From a given line, the players try to toss the bones on the skull. Each bone on the skull counts five points and if the thrower can toss them so they fall crossed, he scores 20 points.

Older players might like to see who can make the longest list of words usually connected with buried treasures such as skull, pirates, chests, maps, loot, etc.

Your final treasure hunt will end at the table where your centerpiece will be an elaborate treasure chest. For this you may use a heavy cardboard box that is decorated with beads, sequins, old jewelry, anything that will add "glitter". In this chest you will have prizes for all your guests. These may consist of party favors, or some home-made trinket, anything to suit your particular crowd.

For your nut cups you might make small chests from heavy paper and fill them with candies wrapped in gold and silver paper. Often you can find chocolate candy coins at the Five and Dime and these would be appropriate. By putting each person's name on this chest it could be used as a place card, too.

For refreshments you might like to serve meat loaf with boiled eggs placed in the center. These look most "treasurish". Sandwiches cut with a round cutter and topped with "gold" cheese would carry out the scheme and cookies decorated with silver shot would too.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

I have just returned from a Sunday School picnic, and from the way every muscle in my body aches, I feel as though I have just returned from a thirty mile hike over the mountains. I played ball; I ran in the sack race; I wrestled Indian style; I played tag; I carried watermelons and cases of soda pop. Believe me, it was a strenuous afternoon! It was a beautiful fall day, however, and we held our picnic at a magnificently beautiful spot along the waterfront. I don't know when I have seen the islands in the bay more clearly than we saw them today. The air was crystal clear and the water was a brilliant blue. We stopped the ball game to watch thirty or more sailboats racing along the opposite shore with their white sails billowing in the breeze. Sore muscles and all, it was a good picnic!

I have told you how the women of our church are divided into what we call Guild Groups with about twenty women to a group. During the year each of the groups is responsible for some money-raising venture for the benefit of the church. Betty is the chairman of one of the groups, and this year her group is really raising money in a different way. Last year her group put on a church supper one month and a musical concert another month, but this year each member of the group is to have some money-making affair in her own home. Last Friday night Betty gave a "Church Supper in Miniature" here at the parsonage. Seven guests were invited to attend the supper with the understanding that it would cost them \$2.00 per plate. It was a very nice party and Betty now has \$14.00 for her Guild Group. She intends to give two more suppers later in the year, and if each does as well as the last one, her one contribution will amount to a total of \$42.00.

But speaking of parties, let me tell you what happened to us one day this month. About ten o'clock one morning we received a phone call telling us that we were wanted at once in Betty's home over in the little village of Ashaway, Rhode Island. Betty's father and mother had invited twenty-five guests to lunch and then found it impossible to attend the luncheon themselves. They had planned to return from a vacation trip to Nova Scotia in time to entertain these twenty-five men who had come from all over the world to represent their various nations in the International Tuna Tournament, but at the last minute they were unavoidably delayed. Betty's father—always the master of any situation—called his three daughters by telephone and asked them to take the matter in hand. We arrived in Ashaway just fifteen minutes ahead of the guests to find that a delightful buffet lunch was all ready to be served. Betty's sister and her husband from Stamford, Connecticut were there along with Betty's sister from Hamilton, Massachusetts. There were people there from South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Bermuda, Mexico,



This is the Evangelical Mission Covenant Church in Essex, Iowa, and on Sunday mornings Margery, Oliver and Martin walk through its doors. Recently it has been beautifully decorated on the interior.

and Venezuela. We had a wonderful time entertaining them.

That evening we returned from Ashaway to find a telegram waiting for us in Bristol bringing the news that a former Egyptian student of mine was arriving that evening to spend a week with us. Really, I don't know when I have been so thrilled with company. It was the first time I had seen any Egyptian that I had known while in Egypt since leaving there in 1942. For six days I hungrily listened to all of the news about my many former students and fellow teachers.

I had some fun with Betty at the supper table tonight. I came home from the picnic just as she was eating and so I joined her for a cup of coffee. Just before sitting down I happened to pick up the paper and saw on the front page that President Truman was going to make a speech in my home-town of Shenandoah, Iowa. Of course practically no one in this part of the country knows anything about Shenandoah, and so I took a particular delight in calling Betty's attention to the fact that Shenandoah was making the front page of one of our big eastern newspapers.

I wonder how many of you have seen a copy of the new Bible that went on sale the first of October? If you haven't seen a copy of the new Revised Standard Version, please don't delay doing so. It is beyond all doubt the most wonderful Bible ever printed. I am confident that in the years to come this new Bible will become the most popular one Christians have ever possessed.

There are many people who have become so attached to the King James Bible that they will find it difficult to accept a new translation; indeed, there are some who will feel so strongly about it that they will question the use of the new Revised Standard Version in their churches. However, if this new Bible makes God's revelation of Himself and His will more understandable, if it better records the

life and work of Jesus Christ, if it speaks to the people of our twentieth century with greater clarity and realism, helping us to understand and to believe and to obey God's holy Word, then surely there will be great rejoicing in heaven as one earth.

If you are one of those persons who has in the past seldom read the Bible but who now thinks that since this new Bible is so much easier to read you will begin to read it, please accept this little word of warning from me. Even though it is true that out of God's divine providence we are now to have the most perfect translation of the Bible ever known to men, just remember that the words of life within the covers of the Holy Bible will never penetrate the minds and hearts of those who didn't come to it in faith. Intellectually we may enjoy studying this great masterpiece of scholarship—the greatest literary effort in over three centuries—but the purely intellectual approach can never know the divine truth that informs the mind but fails to liberate the soul because of their failure to come to it in faith.

I just know that once you have seen a copy of this new Bible you are going to buy a copy for your family. All of us as we read it will find ourselves measuring it; measuring it in the light of the other Bibles that we have had; measuring it by its beauty of expression, its simplicity of wording, and its general readability. We shall find ourselves reading a living language, but we shall not find ourselves reading a living Word until we spend less time measuring the Bible, and more time allowing the Bible to measure us. Although this new Bible is the most beautiful and powerful book of scriptures ever possessed by Christians, it, like every other Bible will be a dull book to the person whose spirit is dull. None of us can get from the Bible what God intends for us to get until our minds are aflame with a passion for salvation, until we are ready to have our lives judged in the light of Jesus' teachings, and our faith weighed in the balance with that of the early Apostles.

As I write this letter tonight I am thinking of the many homes where it will be read. I hope that they are homes where the Bible is a precious thing, something to be loved and cherished, and above all read. So many people are satisfied to do everything with the Bible but read it.

Sincerely, Frederick.

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Christmas Cards Now While
You Have Time To Select A
Negative With Care**

An appropriate greeting and design for your picture will be used.

Send only one negative. No red or black photographer's proofs can be used.

Heavy card material; studio finish. Deckled edged. 10 for \$1.00.

Envelopes included. Postage paid on all orders.

Russell Verness
VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

AS GRANDMA DID IT —AID PROGRAM

By Mabel Nair Brown

"Tell me the tales that to me were so dear; long, long ago, long ago." So goes the line of the old song.

Almost everyone enjoys hearing about the way things were done in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. Then, too, there is still enough of the little-girl-who-likes-to-dress-up-in-mother's-clothes in the hearts of us older "girls" to rather enjoy dressing up in costume. So why not plan one of your Aid Programs this fall or winter to center around "Aid Society Meeting of Fifty Years Ago"?

Perhaps some of the older women of your community can give you ideas as to how the meetings were carried on in those days. The following suggestions are aimed to inspire you to "put on your thinking cap" and plan a "Long, Long Ago Tea" or afternoon program.

By all means, if you think enough old-fashioned dresses can be located stored away in the closets or attics of your neighborhood, have the members come in costumes of the early 1900's. If all members cannot come in costume, at least have the hostess and those on the program and serving committees wear old-fashioned dresses, shawls, etc.

It would be wonderful if you could locate some antique accessories to set the stage in your home for this event. For example, you might look for a checked table cloth, a spoon holder for the spoons used in serving, kerosene lamps, tall-footed fruit bowl filled with fresh fruits, very large family Bible, big plush photograph albums, and a stereopticon set.

By the way, Mother Brown tells me that we should remember that the ladies in those long ago days, came to Aid driving their horse and buggy and consequently wore a long heavy "duster", and tied a wide veil over their hat to protect them from dust. Over their laps went a fancy fringed lap robe. There is an idea for a costume to set the guests to talking and reminiscing.

Baby sitters, as we know them today, were unheard of in those days, so if there were not older children at home to care for the small ones, mother brought them right along to sit quietly at her feet on a chair at her side (believe it, or not!) throughout the meeting. These children wore clothes fashioned much after their elders— heavy, fussy and frilled AND lots of it!

There was no program taken from a prepared program book, as we know them today. But the meeting opened with devotionals and prayer. The singing of hymns was led by the little old reed organ, for pianos were very scarce in those pioneer days. If there needed to be new shingles put on the parsonage, or new song books for the church, the ladies might discuss the possibility of an ice cream social on the church lawn or a box social. The rest of the after-

noon the ladies spent visiting and sewing on their own fancy work which they had brought along.

Refreshments were served from the dining table and a typical menu included pressed chicken sandwiches, potato salad, pickles and some kind of fruit (home canned peaches, pears, cherries or berries). Or the salad might be omitted and cake served with the fruit.

Getting back to the program for your tea, perhaps two or three of your members can get together and work out a little skit, with a humorous slant, dealing with "buying a new rag carpet for the parsonage", "new kerosene wall bracket lamps for the church", "a horsehair sofa for the parsonage" or "sending a missionary barrel to the heathen". Let one woman bring it up for discussion or make a motion. Then the ladies can discuss the subject, cost, and merits of different kinds if its carpeting or some equipment under discussion.

In the case of the missionary barrel, you could make it humorous and yet point up a moral by having a barrel at your imaginary meeting; those in the skit could present their contribution. Remember the inconsistency of those barrels — sending heavy woolen clothing to Africa, outgrown organdy dresses to the Eskimo girls? Perhaps in the skit there could be a little friendly argument as to articles to be allowed in the barrel, the color of the carpeting, who would furnish the straw to put under the carpeting, etc.

Souvenirs or favors for a Long Ago Tea, might be needle holders (how about those made like a sun-bonnet?) or you could make embroidery hoops from two pipecleaners and fasten them to a tiny square of material representing the "fancy work".

MY WORLD!

Mine is a gay world where children run about,

A bird house in the garden and zinnias coming out.

Mine is a bright world where friends walk up and down,

And always there are kisses when I come home from town.

Mine is a strange world with many things to see,

The miracles of daffodils, the coloring of a tree.

Mine is a glad world despite its world of care,

With books piled up about me and an easy leather chair.

Mine is a rich world with jeweled skies above,

Four seasons spill this treasure upon the spot I love.

Mine is a small world but wonderful it seems,

With room for friends and neighbors and room enough for dreams.

—Author unknown

NEW PICTURES FOR YOUR WALL

By Doris Harlan Jones

Every year at fall house-cleaning time, I spend at least one day in the attic. I look through boxes and trunks with grim determination to "get rid of some of the junk". And every year I discard a little; keep a lot.

Such is the case of two old paintings, framed in gold, that were the pride of the parlor back in Grandma's day. Every year I stood them against the wall and weighed the evidence. They were dirty, the color had apparently faded with the years, the frames needed to be repaired, and the cardboard which held the painting was badly warped. On the other hand, the frames were elegantly carved, and the pictures showed evidence of having been beautiful paintings when they were new. Every year I reasoned thus, and put them back in the same old place to gather more dust.

This year, I realized that I really needed those paintings to brighten a dark wall in the living room. And it seemed to me that if they had been beautiful once, they were still beautiful down under the half inch of dirt that covered them. I decided to tackle the job.

The first thing, was to see what the paintings really looked like without the dirt. If they were done in somber shades of gray and green, as it appeared, perhaps it wasn't worth the effort to reclaim them. So I took a soft, clean cloth dipped lightly in olive oil and worked over the painting again and again. I covered only a section about three inches square, then polished it with a dry cloth. What a surprise! The somber gray and green took life, and I found a variety of other colors that had been completely covered with dirt.

I might add here that sweet oil is equally as good as olive oil for this process.

Turning the pictures face down, I sponged water onto the cardboard backing until it was soft and manageable. Then I placed them on a flat surface, face up, covered them with waxed paper for protection, and piled on half a dozen blocks. When the pictures dried they were perfectly flat.

One frame was a bit loose at the corners, so I took it completely apart. Using wood glue and finishing nails I put it together again. After the glue had dried, I painted both frames with gold paint, using a small brush to reach the intricacies of the carving. One frame needed a new wire for hanging, so I bought a kit at the department store which contained both wire and equipment for fastening it to the frame. When my work was complete and the pictures replaced in the frames, they were beautiful.

If you, too, have some of these family heirlooms tucked away in the attic, bring them out and refinish them. Oftentimes they have sentimental value, but if not, they are still an attractive addition to your living room.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello Good Friends:

Did you just step in from the porch with this copy of Kitchen-Klatter in your hand, or have you trudged a long distance down the road? I wonder about this today for recently we took a drive in the country, and when I saw those white mail boxes all neatly arranged at intersections I realized that for many people it's a real chore to see what the mail man has left.

And my! is there anything more maddening than making that trip to find nothing in your box or, almost equally irritating, an advertisement for patent medicine or gold mines in Canada? I know because once we lived where I had to go down three long flights of stairs and then down a long driveway before I could get our mail, and more than once I felt like just plain sitting down and crying when I was rewarded with nothing, or advertisements of the type that I mentioned above.

Well, mail on our porch is just another thing that we take for granted along with the rising sun if we're lucky enough to get it in such a fashion. We all need to remember, from time to time, a few of these things that we accept without a thought.

If I hadn't read so many letters from you friends in recent years I'm sure that I wouldn't be so acutely aware of our good fortune in being able to send Juliana down the street only two short blocks to school. Very often as she starts out I think of you mothers who must have your children out the door and ready for the school bus as early as 7:30—and those same children often don't get home until long after 5:00 in the afternoon. I also give a thought to those of you whose daily routine calls for driving children into school in the morning, and home again at night. That's enough to bash up any schedule laid out by the experts!

Do you know anyone right now who is dangling on the other side of fifty and feels that life is short-changing him these days? If so, I can recommend a mighty good book that all of us have read with great profit recently, even those of us who still have our fifties to anticipate.

I wish you'd get "The Anatomy of Happiness" by Dr. Martin Gumpert and read it carefully. He is a very, very wise man with the happy ability of being able to put down in black and white some extremely sound ideas. Moreover, one feels that he has arrived at these conclusions by experiencing some pretty devastating things—he writes with that *bona fide* ring of authority.

Dr. Gumpert was born and reared in Germany. He gave up a large medical practise there to move to this country (Hitler was responsible), and in New York he again built up a big practise. Then a severe heart attack laid him low, and since that time he has handled only a limited number of patients and written only what he really wanted to write. I think that everyone can find reassurance and comfort in this book, and I do hope



Not long ago Mother and Lucile took an early morning walk through the garden.

you'll make every effort to locate it in the near future. We first found it at our local library, but it's the kind of a book one wants to own so we purchased a copy in Omaha.

I sat here for a long time just now trying to decide if I dared flaunt fate by telling you something. In days gone by I've had so many things turn out differently than I expected that I've really gotten very wary of mentioning anything until it has actually come to pass.

Well, here we go to court fate. If everything goes as we want it to go, we will be in Wilmington, North Carolina, or thereabouts, when you find this in your mail box. If you hear my voice on our program around the 27th or 28th you'll know that things didn't go as we want them to go!)

As I told you in one of my letters not long ago, Russell's mother went to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, in August to be with her daughter, Boletta, when the new baby arrives. On September 1st Dad Verness retired from the U.S. Rubber Company where he has been for many, many years, and now he is footloose and free, SO ... he is coming here about mid-October, and after a few days with us, Russell, Juliana, Dad Verness and I are driving down to Camp Lejeune which is very close to Wilmington.

We haven't had a chance to discuss details with Dad since he is in Minneapolis and we're here in Shenandoah, but if he is willing we expect to spend the first night in Jacksonville, Ill. There we will get to have dinner with our good friend, Margaret Moore, who visited us last month.

From Jacksonville we expect to head towards Knoxville, Tenn. This route will take us almost through Oak Ridge which is now open to the public, and we'd like to take a gander at one of the places that didn't even appear on the map during World War II. East of Knoxville are some mountain parks and they should be gorgeous to drive through at this time of year.

Our next real stop will be Asheville, North Carolina, and when we arrive there I will have accomplished something that I began dreaming about in 1928. That was the year Thomas Wolfe, one of our great American writers, published *Look Homeward, Angel*, and from the night I read the last word of it I have longed to go and see the town that he has immortalized forever. I understand that

the Wolfe home has been opened to the public, that it stands just as it did when he was living there, so we want to go through it.

From Asheville we will drive to Wilmington by way of Charlotte, and then to Camp Lejeune. Boletta and John were actually lucky enough to get a big house at that huge marine base (only 70,000 marines are stationed there and here I hadn't even heard of the place until they moved from Minneapolis) and so they will have room to put us up. Kristin Solstad is already looking forward to taking Juliana to school with her, something that's permitted there although it isn't here in Shenandoah.

After we have had our visit there we expect to take a bus up to Washington. That's all new country to me and I want to see as much as possible—hence the bus. We will spend several days in Washington and then pick up a Pennsylvania Railroad train at 1:10 in the afternoon. This puts us into Chicago at 6:10 the following morning. We're going to visit our good friends there, and then pick up the California Zephyr and arrive in Red Oak about 11:00 in the evening where Howard will meet us. And then home.

Now how is that for courting fate? I just decided to take the plunge!

If you're chairman of your Bazaar this year, then you know the boat I'm in. We generally have ours right after Thanksgiving, but one of our biggest selling items, mincemeat, will be done before then. Mincemeat is our specialty and we have four sessions scheduled during these next six weeks. It takes a real crew to peel a bushel of apples, clean jars, stir...and stir...and stir. I can't stand very long to stir, but I can certainly sit and peel, so that's what I'll be doing towards our mincemeat.

We haven't yet made any plans for Thanksgiving because we don't know what other people have planned. If we eat dinner here at home this year I've a good notion to cook ducks instead of turkey because I have some beauties in mother's freezer. I wish I had the patience to candy some small oranges to garnish the platter with, but I always get too irritated with a cooking job that goes on and on and on.

The clock says that it's time to run, so this must be all. Do let us hear what your Thanksgiving plans are.

Always... Lucile

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no shining morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning
skies,
Books, and my food, and summer
rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in
vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.
—Robert Louis Stevenson



THANKSGIVING AT THE STROM'S

Cranberry Juice
Roast Turkey Oyster Dressing
Mashed Potatoes Orange-Glazed
Sweet Potatoes
Giblet Gravy
Frozen Asparagus
Red Apple Salad - Rolls - Currant Jelly
Whipped Cream - Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

OYSTER DRESSING

12 cups bread crumbs
1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 1/2 cups chopped celery
3 cups oysters
2 Tbls. salt
1 tsp. pepper
Poultry seasoning to taste

Mix the ingredients together well. If you like a moist dressing, add a little hot water to moisten the bread crumbs.

ORANGE-GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

Cook 6 medium sweet potatoes in the skins until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, peel and place in a greased shallow baking dish. Combine the following ingredients:

1 cup orange juice
2 tsp. grated orange rind
1 Tbls. cornstarch
3 Tbls. melted butter
1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/3 cup white sugar
Pinch of salt

Cook these ingredients, stirring, until thickened. Pour over the potatoes and bake for 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

WHIPPED CREAM PUMPKIN PIE

1 Tbls. gelatin
1 1/4 cups cold water
1 1/4 tsps. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. ginger
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. salt
3/4 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup milk
2 cups canned or cooked pumpkin
1/2 tsp. vanilla
1 cup whipping cream

Sprinkle gelatin with cold water. Blend spices, salt and sugar; add dry ingredients and milk to pumpkin and heat thoroughly in double boiler. Remove from heat and add dissolved gelatin and vanilla, stir until dissolved. Cool. When the mixture starts to thicken, fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Pour into a baked pie shell and chill.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

RED APPLE SALAD

4 firm tart apples
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup red cinnamon candies
3 cups water
1/2 cup cottage cheese
1/4 cup chopped green pepper

Pare and core apples. Add sugar, salt and candies to the water. Put over heat and stir until sugar and candies are dissolved. Cook apples slowly in this syrup in covered pan until just tender, turning occasionally to cook and glaze apples evenly. Drain, chill. Mix cheese with green pepper and stuff apples. Serve on lettuce leaves.



MARMALADE

1 grapefruit
1 lemon
1 orange
5 pounds sugar
3 1/2 qts. water

Slice fruit very thin and add water. Let stand 24 hours. Cook until rinds are tender. Let stand another 24 hours. Add sugar and cook until it jells. This makes about 16 glasses of marmalade and it is not bitter as some orange marmalade is.

APPLE PECAN COFFEE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup syrup
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 cup milk (scant)
1 tsp. soda
2 cups chopped apples
2 1/2 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt

Cream shortening, sugar, brown sugar and syrup. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating well, the lemon rind, milk, soda and apples. Sift the flour, baking powder, salt 3 times and add. Spread in a large greased pan. Sprinkle over before baking with 4 Tbls. sugar and chopped pecans. Bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

HAM PUFF

1/4 cup butter or margarine
5 Tbls. flour
1 1/2 cups milk
4 slightly beaten egg yolks
2 cups ground, cooked ham
4 stiffly-beaten egg whites
Salt, if necessary

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Gradually add to the egg yolks. Stir in ham and fold in egg whites. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 50 minutes.

CORN AND CHEESE SOUFFLE

1 Tbls. minced green pepper
3 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. hot water
Cook for 5 minutes and mix with:
1 cup corn
3 Tbls. flour
1 cup grated cheese
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
3 egg yolks
1 1/2 cups milk

Beat 3 egg whites until frothy and add 3/4 tsp. baking powder and beat until stiff. Fold into the first mixture. Bake in a greased casserole for 45 minutes in a 325 degree oven.

SOLDIER BOY SPECIAL

2 cups white sugar
1 cup cream
1 Tbls. butter
1 1/2 squares chocolate
Cook to soft ball stage. Then add:
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts
3 cups crushed graham crackers
24 marshmallows cut fine

Spread in large pan and cut in squares.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS

2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/3 cup shortening
1 1/2 tsps. baking powder
2/3 cup milk

Mix and roll out dough and cut in circles. Core and halve apples. Place on dough a half an apple, 1 tsp. sugar, a little cinnamon and a piece of butter. Fold dough over apple. Place in baking dish. Make a thin syrup of:

2 cups sugar
2 cups boiling water
1/2 cup butter

Pour over dumplings and bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

POTATO DOUGHNUTS

(Request from Concordia, Kansas.)
1/2 cup hot mashed potatoes
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup milk
1 Tbls. butter
2 tsps. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. vanilla
Flour to make a soft dough

Roll out to 1/2 inch thickness. Cut with doughnut cutter and fry in hot fat until delicately browned. Dust with sugar.

**MABEL NAIR BROWN'S TWO
FINAL CAKES****Baseball Glove and Baseball**

Has it fallen to your lot to honor a winning team? Or to decorate a birthday cake for a husband or son who is a real fan? Then here is the perfect cake for the occasion.

Bake your cake in a rounded mixing bowl to give the basic shape and desired depth for the glove. Bake a second small cake in a very small round pan or can to use for the ball.

With a sharp knife cut the "bowl" cake into the shape of a baseball glove, carefully hollowing out the center. Ice the glove in chocolate icing with the glove lacings done in white. Cut a round ball of cake and ice in white with the "stitching" done in chocolate icing. Place the baseball in the hollow of the glove, and there you have a cake to delight the heart of a man or boy!

Book

Use any loaf cake as the base. With a sharp knife cut a triangle piece of cake from the center of the cake to leave a "trough" across the width of the cake. This will be the center of the book.

Now with a knife, shape the edge of the cake to resemble the pages of an opened book — that is, slant the side edges a bit. Ice the cake in white. Around the base put a row of icing in a color to represent the book binding. Simulate the leaves of the book by making narrow markings on outer side edges of cake in light yellow icing.

On one side (or page) write an inscription such as "A Volume of Birthday Wishes". On the other page write "To Mary" (name) in upper left corner of left page, and on the lower right corner of right page make a cluster of rosebuds and leaves.

**TASTE-RIGHTS (hamburger mix for
buns — recipe for a crowd)**

- 9 lbs. hamburger
- 1 lb. onion cut fine.
- Salt and pepper to taste

Fry and brown in large skillet or pan. Pour off the grease. Dilute 2 cups tomato paste with 2½ cups water. Add 1 cup prepared mustard and six beaten eggs and pour over the meat and onion mixture. Simmer 20 minutes. Then add 1 cup fine bread crumbs to help hold the mixture together. Serve in hot buns.

These are fine to serve the football fans, youth meetings or for your Aid society to sell at farm sales, church socials, etc.

—Mable N. Brown

MINT JELLY

- 1 cup mint leaves (packed tightly)
- 1 cup apple juice
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 cup boiling water

Pour boiling water over mint leaves and allow to steep one hour. Press the juice from the leaves and add 2 tablespoons of this extract to apple juice and sugar. Boil rapidly to jelly stage. Tint with green vegetable coloring. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses.

MARTHA'S SUET PUDDING

- 1 cup suet, chopped fine
 - 1 cup raisins
 - 1 cup currants
 - 1 scant cup molasses
 - 1 cup sweet milk
 - 3 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. cloves
 - 1 tsp. cinnamon
 - Dash of salt
- Mix the ingredients well and steam for 4 hours.

SUET PUDDING SAUCE

- 1 cup sugar
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 2 Tbls. flour
- Cream the sugar, butter and flour well and then pour on boiling water until consistency of thick cream. Boil for 2 minutes. Flavor with vanilla or a little lemon juice and rind. Serve hot over suet pudding.

STUFFED BAKED APPLES

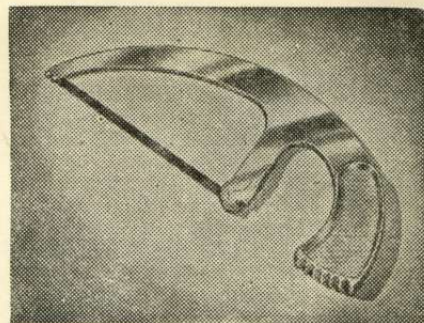
- 6 large tart red apples
 - 1 cup chopped dates
 - 1/2 cup orange marmalade
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 6 tsp. butter
- Core apples and fill with dates and marmalade. Arrange in baking pan. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Add a little water and bake until apples are done.

CRYSTAL SALAD DRESSING

Combine 1/2 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard. Heat to boiling and cook 1 minute. Cool. Stir in 1/4 cup salad oil and 1 teaspoon onion juice. This is nice to have on hand, so you might like to double the recipe and store in a pint jar. You will find this nice for tossed salads.

**RAISIN BREAD)
(2 Loaves)**

- 1 package dry yeast
 - 1 cup lukewarm water
 - 1 cup lukewarm milk
 - 2 teaspoons salt
 - 6 tablespoons sugar
 - 4 to 6 tablespoons shortening
 - 6 cups (or more) sifted flour
 - 1 to 1 1/2 cups seedless raisins
- Pour the yeast into the water, add 1/2 teaspoon sugar, stir and let stand about 5 minutes. Scald milk and dissolve in it the salt, remaining sugar and shortening. Let cool until lukewarm. Blend softened yeast with 2 cups of the flour and beat smooth. Add the lukewarm milk, then enough more flour to make a medium soft dough. Knead smooth. Work in raisins, dusted lightly with flour. Let dough rise until doubled. Knead down lightly and let rise again until almost doubled. Make into loaves. Brush tops with melted butter and let rise in greased tins until doubled. Bake about 45 minutes in a medium hot oven (350° F.). Brush again with butter when taken from oven or frost with thin icing.

**New!
CHEFSAW
MEAT SAVER**

You will find a hundred uses for this handy, all-purpose, aluminum kitchen saw. You'll save many times the cost of your CHEFSAW on meat alone. You can buy meat at quantity prices and cut it in your kitchen to serving portions desired. The hardened steel saw blade severs meat bones and joints smoothly and quickly. Handle is grooved for tenderizing meat cuts. Ideal for preparing frozen foods. Equally useful to sportsmen for dressing game and fish "on the spot". Will also cut steel and brass. Order several now for Christmas giving. Only \$1.00 each, 2 for \$1.95, prepaid. Extra blades 3 for 40c. Send cash M. O. or check. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Money-back guarantee.

JOSEPH J. BLAKE

Dept. K-11, P. O. Box 200,
GILROY, CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN STYLE STEAK

- 1 1/2 pounds flank steak
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 onion sliced
- 3/8 cup uncooked rice
- 1 green pepper
- 2 cups tomato juice

Cut meat into individual steaks. Season and place on a well-floured cutting board. Cover with flour and pound with a meat tenderizer. Brown steak on both sides in 3 tablespoons fat. Top each with a spoonful of rice, onion slice, and green pepper ring. Pour over tomato juice, cover and cook slowly for 1 hour or until meat is tender.

SALTED PEANUT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 teaspoon almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon soda
- 1/4 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup salted peanuts with red husks on
- 1 1/2 cups raw oatmeal
- 1/2 cup crushed corn flakes

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten eggs and flavorings. Add sifted dry ingredients. Lastly, add the peanuts coarsely chopped, oatmeal and corn flakes. Mix thoroughly and drop by teaspoon about 3 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Flatten slightly with a fork. Bake for about 10 to 12 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Remove from oven and let stand 1 minute before removing from sheet.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Kristin and I have just finished a half-hour session at the piano, something I very rarely do, but she had a new piece this week and I hadn't heard her practice it yet. Upon inquiry I found that she didn't understand something about it, so right after supper I went into the living room and sat down at the piano with her and helped her get started with it.

We have never had much trouble getting Kristin to practice her music until just recently, but right now she is going through a phase where it is drudgery to practice. I made up my mind she knows when her lesson is to be and just what her teacher expects from her, so if she goes a few times with a poor lesson and gets a few lectures from her teacher (whom she dearly loves), it will do more good than all the harping I could do.

Kristin is working hard every night after school trying to train Little Champ, the colt. Up until now he has been so wild that he wouldn't let her come near him which nearly broke her heart. But Frank has been telling her to be patient and has been showing her how to go about making friends with him, and now at long last he will come to her when she calls. She and Frank spent one Sunday afternoon making a little halter for him and now he will lead for her and will let her curry and brush him so she feels she is making real progress.

We have had unseasonably warm weather here this month, and it is very, very dry. The trees in the timber are beginning to turn color but we haven't had a hard enough frost to make them really beautiful. While the weather has been so nice we have had a couple of weiner roasts. Both of them were on an evening when Kristin had asked some little friend to come home to stay all night with her.

The last time this one little girl had been here to stay all night was on a Sunday, so we had waffles for supper, which we often do on Sunday evening. Our little guest told Kristin that she hoped we would have waffles again. Kristin told me about it when I got home, but since I had brought home the weiners and buns and everything else for a picnic, we compromised and I fixed them waffles for breakfast.

Last Sunday Margery, Oliver and Martin spent the day with us. Since the squirrel season is open now Oliver had anticipated going hunting with Frank. We have had so many hunters in our timber since the season opened that the squirrels have gotten smart and Frank was afraid they might not be able to find any by the time the Stroms arrived, so he got up at daybreak and went out early to see if he couldn't get a few to send home with them—just in case they didn't get any. The Sunday before he had done the same thing and had come home with his limit before eight o'clock. But this Sunday he only saw one, so he came home with only one.

Before dinner we were sitting in the



Dorothy and Kristin were thrilled by a magnificent display of roses in Lucile's and Russell's garden in September.

living room talking and Margery said she just saw a squirrel run up a tree in the yard, so Frank grabbed his gun and came back into the house with his catch. They didn't even see another one the rest of the day, so the Stroms went home with just two squirrels.

We haven't started our major corn picking yet. Frank has been picking a little every day to feed, but he won't start picking in earnest until we have had one hard frost.

Children in the rural districts everywhere have started learning their pieces, new songs, and dialogues in preparation for their fall programs. Kristin came home the other day all excited and said that they were beginning to get ready for their program, but all the children were going to learn their parts at school and were going to keep it a secret from the parents so that the program would be a real surprise.

One of the members of the Lucas P. T. A. called me the other day to see if Kristin could give a reading at their P. T. A. program to be held this month. Kristin was elated even if I did tell her she would have to learn a new one because everyone has heard all the ones that she already knows. She has been working hard on it all week, and since this is something she loves to do, thank goodness I don't have to keep at her about it.

I have been busy all day shellacking new books for the library. Among these books is a new series for our History section that I want to mention, the Landmark Series published by Random House, New York City. These are very readable and attractive historical books written with a vocabulary that fifth grade children and up will be able to read for themselves.

When these beautiful books are introduced to children right along with their history text books they can't help but enjoy history. I know that since Kristin has had access to these books we have in our library, the Social Studies have become her favorite subjects. Dorothy Canfield

Fisher has written two of these Landmark books, "Our Independence and the Constitution", and "Paul Revere and the Minute Men". Two of these books that Kristin particularly enjoyed were "Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, The Story of the Virginia Colony" by Marie Lawson, and "The Pony Express" by Samuel Adams. When I was in school history was a terribly dull subject to me; to Kristin it is exciting.

Children's books today are simply wonderful. Its almost my favorite subject and I am afraid I could go on talking about them indefinitely, but since it is bedtime I'm afraid I will have to be cut short on the subject. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

FROM A MOUNTAIN CHURCH

During this past summer Mrs. George E. Kaufman of Atchison, Kansas took a trip to the West. She sent us this poem and explanation, and we enjoyed it so much that we want to share it with you.

"I want to send you a lovely poem that I picked up in the tiny Episcopal Chapel at Moose (I think) Wyoming. It is the one that has no man-made altar, but a huge window across the whole altar end of the chapel that frames two mountain peaks. It was nice to pause there in reverence after the many miles of barren sagebrush land."

Lord, give me grace when I go from the mountains,

Away from the things that bring peace to the soul,

Hemlocks and spruces, fresh sweet-smelling balsams,

All green things of the earth which in beauty unroll.

Peaks in the sunrise, peaks in the sunset,

Stars of pure gold in the clear silent nights;

Mists full of stillness, bright clouds of soft whiteness,

Mystical glowing of far Northern lights,

Help me, I pray, when these joys are behind me,

When down in the flat lying city I go,

Take me in spirit, back, back to the mountains

To rest in Thy presence, and be still—and know.

—Unknown

WHAT'S THE FOOD?

1. To "out do"... (Beet)
2. To encounter... (Meat)
3. To harden or lump... (Cake)
4. A letter of the alphabet... (Pea)
5. To cover... (Berry)
6. To slice... (Pear)
7. A letter of the Greek alphabet... (Pi)
8. Substance used to improve soil... (Lime)
9. Term used to express the quality of gold... (Carat)
10. Something found on the calendar... (Date)

WE AGREE WITH THIS WRITER

Dear Leanna:

Your article in the August issue about family relationships was of great interest to me, for getting along with people is one thing almost everyone has to work at endlessly.

I have the grandest family of in-laws any woman ever married. It's a big family, and not long ago we fixed a little house for my husband's parents just across our garden. Perhaps, everything considered, it's fortunate that people are one of my hobbies!

Anyway, I was really interested in your very good ideas. Christian forbearance gained through prayer will carry us through anything.

But may I admit that I was a little disappointed because you didn't emphasize the wonderful value of a well-developed sense of humor? We laughed long and loud at our house as I was growing up. We laughed at and with each other. We laughed when things were really funny and we laughed when things were unfunny.

I can see now that my father wore his sense of humor like a shining coat of mail as an armor against the hurts of living. I remember driving down the road with him in the buggy. We met a neighbor who "wasn't speaking". Dad waved his whip and called a cheery greeting. The neighbor neither nodded or smiled. I complained and asked Dad why he spoke.

He said, "Well, I'm not mad at him! He's mad at me and one of these days he'll get over it."

The neighbor did get over it, has forgotten it, and loves to sit and talk old times with me. I never knew what he was angry about all those years ago, and he's forgotten.

Another time a neighbor was telling around that Dad was stealing his chickens! The rest of us were furious when someone finally told us, but I can still remember Dad slapping his old felt hat against his leg as he whooped with laughter!

We wanted Dad to sue, to give him a horsewhipping, to go down and demand satisfaction. Dad only laughed harder and said, "None of our friends believe this and our enemies are enjoying it."

Believe me, our little mother was embarrassed to serve fried chicken, even to our friends!

Then one rainy, cold night came a knock at our door and there stood this man's son, cold, wet and frightened to death.

Dad said, "What do you want, boy?"

The boy answered, "Dad is sick and he thinks he's going to die and he wants you to come down so he can tell you he is sorry he said you stole his chickens."

And Dad went in the rain, in his boots and raincoat and old felt hat, and laughed so hard at the poor liar that he was up and around the next morning, completely cured of a guilty conscience.

I am almost as old now as Dad was then, and people frequently speak to



Donald says that one of the nicest things about his trips home is a chance to play with his nieces. Here he is having a "visit" with Alison.

me of my easy going good humor. It may be "easy goin'" but it isn't "easy come-by."

Some situations take a lot of prayer, a lot of quiet waiting, a lot of self restraint before we can see a bit of humor in them.

Frankly, I have just been through a very trying situation. I had arrived at the place where I could grin feebly when a neighbor came along and assured me that the neighbors were all on "my side". The fact that it was actually so public that people might "take sides" simply floored me and I had to start bucking up my sense of humor all over again. Today I could see a twinkle in my left eye. A few more days now and I shall have a humorous remark ready for the public. Then they can all relax and forget their "sides" and another community calamity will have been averted.

Leanna, I'm not wise enough to add a jot or tittle to your advice, but people do take themselves too seriously, and the only times in my life that I have been ashamed of me were the times when my grin slipped and my indignation showed through.

Sincerely,

M.K., Iowa.

NEIGHBORLINESS

Among the blessings passed my way
Is one I value more and more;
For there is nothing can repay
The kindness of the folks next door.

My joys they share—my griefs, their own,

Unselfish to the very core;
And life is sweeter having known
The goodness of the folks next door.

Oh, neighborliness seems to be
About the best of friendship's store;
So may I live that folks may see
In me a neighbor—just next door.

—Unknown.

People who talk about the things they can't afford sometimes forget that the list should include pride, envy and malice.

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Of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

Managing Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

Business Manager, S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

2. The owner is:
Driftmier Publishing Company, Shenandoah, Iowa

Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

M. H. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

S. W. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

S. W. Driftmier
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1952.

(Seal) H. L. Murphy.

(My commission expires July 4, 1954.)

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KITCHENS I'VE KNOWN

By Lucile

The other night I sat by myself for a couple of hours preparing green beans, French cut, for the freezer, and while such a job keeps your hands busy enough, it certainly doesn't call for any mental application. Consequently I found myself reconstructing, in my mind's eye, the various kitchens that I've known during my married life. I always have a lively interest in details concerned with kitchens, so it occurred to me that perhaps you'd like to trudge along while I described the kitchens in which I've turned out the three-meals-a-day that all of us know so well.

The first place that Russell and I called home was an apartment in Minneapolis, and it had what I'd call a completely typical kitchen for apartment houses built in the twenties.

On one wall was a small sink, above it a window that *always* stuck, and to one side a totally inadequate built-in cupboard. Daily shopping was practically obligatory with such limited storage space, and once when Russell ran into a coffee bargain (a 2 lb. can of a leading brand for 42¢, believe it or not!), it took me an hour to juggle things around to the point where I could get all 6 lbs. in the kitchen.

On another wall there was a stove, a four-burner gas stove with an oven that had never heard of a temperature control. On the third wall there was an old-fashioned ice box that had been converted into an electric refrigerator by installing a cumbersome freezing unit in it, and on the fourth wall there wasn't a thing because the door was there.

In that kitchen with its total working surface area of exactly the sink drainboard and no more, I prepared meals for as many as fifteen people at one crack. I haven't the faintest idea how this was accomplished. My only explanation for how it was managed is the fact that in those days I had no nerves, didn't recognize confusion as such, and simply cooked in a state of blithe idiocy. (Once in a while we still hear from old friends, now far from Minneapolis, who recall a wonderful chicken dish or salad that they ate at our table in those days!)

I was to know two more kitchens of exactly the same stripe before we moved to a duplex practically on the campus of the University of Minnesota, and after cooking in three such cells it took me weeks to adjust myself to the duplex kitchen.

It was huge. Russell remembers vividly that it was 18 x 12, and I remember vividly that it had five doors. One led into the dining room, one into the back hall, one into the pantry, one into a closet, and the fifth gave access to a small screened-in porch where we sat away every summer night.

In some respects that was the nicest kitchen I've ever had. We bought new equipment and concen-



Mother and her great-niece, Jeanne Alexander, at work on a skirt Jeanne made for herself.

trated all of it at one end so that I could work efficiently from stove to refrigerator to sink, and the balance of the room was turned into sort of a living room. There we had a studio couch, a couple of easy chairs, small tables and lamps, and a book case. It's the only kitchen I've ever had where I could lie down and read while I waited for a pie to bake!

One thing we did in that kitchen added so much to its appearance that perhaps you could utilize the idea if you have an old-fashioned pantry. We asked the landlord's permission to remove the door and this was granted. Then we purchased a brilliant red oilcloth and covered all the shelves and walls with it. Along each shelf edge we thumb-tacked white ball fringe, and the over-all effect was very gay. In fact, you wouldn't believe that only oil cloth and ball fringe could achieve such a transformation.

From the duplex we moved into a house, and there I had the modern, conventional kitchen with everything in it, working areas galore and, in short, the ideal set-up for entertaining. Ironically enough, both Russell and I were then so busy that we had no time to entertain. It never fails, does it!

The next kitchen that I knew was as radically different as it is possible to get in this world. The location of it was Arizona, a ranch house on the desert, and no one has ever quite believed my description of it. I can only repeat that I have not exaggerated its bizarre aspects—nor am I exaggerating them now.

On the outside this house looked conventional enough. In fact, it was downright good looking. Everything about it was peculiar, however, but I'll confine details to the kitchen.

To begin with, one wall was mostly an arched doorway that gave on to the dining room which was elevated two steps. (Many were the dishes of spilled gravy when we first moved there and forgot the two steps.) A second wall, a long wall, had built-in cupboards on half of it and the remaining half was devoted to an arched doorway that led into a bedroom. There was a peculiar detail about those built-in cupboards though, and it was this: instead of a solid wall there was a sort of a latticed effect, which meant that when opening the door and reaching in for a dish, you could get a start-

ingly unexpected view into the bedroom!

The third wall contained an expensive, brand new cabinet sink, a big fellow that extended entirely across the wall. However, amazingly enough this solid wall extended only as high as the sink; the entire area above it was wide open and gave on to a handsome tiled bathroom! Heavy curtains had been hung across this expanse but did nothing at all to counteract the state of psychological alarm produced by such an architectural monstrosity. The fourth wall contained a good stove and a doorway that led to a winding passageway that led, in turn, to another bedroom. Our refrigerator was in this passageway.

In that house we had the time and the equipment to entertain. Nary a guest did we have because of the missing wall!

For a brief spell after this we lived in a cabin high in the Santa Rita mountains not too far from Mexico, and there I cooked on a wood burning stove, carried water from a well, and kept food in window box refrigerators. Frequently when we went out to get water early in the morning we saw deer around our kitchen doorstep, and many were the nights we heard cougars crying, a most unpleasant sound.

After this experience I had two highly conventional kitchens in Hollywood, both of them with tiled drainboards, good, modern equipment, and nothing in any way the least bit unusual about either one. But when we moved to San Francisco we found a house with a kitchen reasonably comparable to the duplex kitchen in Minneapolis.

It was very large and, unlike the duplex kitchen, very dark. There was only one window at the north and it was overhung by the roof, so I worked constantly by electric lights. Across one long wall we had a redwood picnic table with benches, and there was still room against another wall for a gateleg breakfast table with matching chairs. There was a really handsome tiled sink with many built-in cupboards, but the stove that came with the house was a monster. This is the stove that I've said nothing more could be done to except to chop off its legs. There was so little insulation (if any) in the oven that I could keep pans boiling by placing them on top! This was perfectly all right, however, for San Francisco is a very cold city and we needed all the warmth we could get.

The only landlord trouble we ever had anywhere was in that house! In an effort to cheer up that dark, dismal kitchen we painted the walls a soft rose. We did a good job too and it looked a hundred percent better, but the landlord said he'd never heard of anything but a white kitchen so would we kindly restore it to dead white immediately? We did.

I've worked in my present kitchen for six years. It suits me to the proverbial T. I could spend a cool thousand dollars in there tomorrow for it's not "modern", but that "tomorrow" is a long, long ways off.



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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

They say happiness is fickle; I know that is not true, It is found in serving others and liking what we do.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi Askins, Rt. 1, Mena, Ark., are both shutins. He has arthritis, she has an eye ailment; so he reads to her and does fancy work for her, while she does the housework that she can see to do. It's a happy arrangement for both. They love to get letters.

Miss Gladys Campbell, 7051 Hamilton Ave., Pittsburgh 8, Pa., has been shutin 40 years. She takes orders for greeting cards.

Miss Helen Caughtry, Rt. 1, St. Cloud, Minn., has been in a wheel chair since she was six years old.

Arthur Cutts, 612 East Jefferson, Waupun, Wisc., is quite ill and would appreciate receiving cards.

Gene Desjarlais, 912 Fifth St., Sioux City 5, Iowa, has been very ill and is in a nursing home. He has been bedfast 15 years. He likes "Who-dun-its."

Walfred Erickson, age 90, E-4 Ancker Hosp., St. Paul, Minn., has been in the hospital many weeks and is very ill. Send a card.

Mrs. Walfred Erickson, 657 E. Lawson Ave. 6, St. Paul, Minn., is alone since her husband has been in the hospital. She had a stroke and is in bed much of the time. Do write to her.

Cassie Georgson, 93 N. Roosevelt Ave., Pasadena 8, Calif., has been sick a long time and in bed since early summer. She likes mail but probably can't answer.

Mrs. Wayne Green, Box 146, Plattsmouth, Nebr., writes that her husband is hospitalized with polio. Send cheer cards.

Mrs. J. V. Roberts, Box 155, Ladonia, Mo., has been ill. She is a young minister's wife. Write to her. Becky Hicks, 1405 Jones St., Mt. Vernon, Ill., was poisoned by an insect bite last June and is still not back to normal. She has been a shut-in for a long time. Her older sister, Donelle, age 11, has polio, and two of her brothers are handicapped also. They need everything.

William Jones is back from another trip to the hospital. He is at his sister's at Apt. 5, 95 Maffett St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Miss Eva Kauffman, 821 Mine 37, Windber, Pa., has been bedfast nearly 40 years with rheumatism. In June, they attempted to lift her onto a couch and somehow her leg was broken. It is in a cast now. She loves mail.

Mrs. Anna M. Randell, Box 4, Cedar, Iowa, would like to hear from others who have arthritis.

Mrs. Herbert M. Sweeten, c/o The Admiral, Cape May, N. J., is just back from the hospital after a serious throat operation. Send cards.

Gary Wright, Box 612, Lindale, Texas, is still an invalid following an accident two years or so ago. He is about 9.

GOOD BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

A selected list

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SHELLS AS A HOBBY

My hobby of sea shells started in November of 1946. My aunt who had passed away had a few beautiful shells from the Philippine Islands and China. I admired them so much that they were given to me and hence the idea of a shell collection was born.

At first, my shells were few and increased slowly, and I loved each one. Now, I am proud of my collection of 1000 shells gathered together from all but two states, Nevada and North Dakota. Twenty-one foreign countries are represented too.

Let me tell you about some of my collection. I have many souvenirs made from shells: turtles on the backs of Conch shells, owls, turkeys, elephants, frogs, doves, ducks, birds, and swans. These shells are put together with pipe stem cleaners. Too, I have an elastic bracelet made from shells, several pairs of quaint earrings, beautifully made shell brooches, a shell necklace, and some abalone shells from different parts of the world (one is from Old Mexico). There are pin cushions in the corners of my shells. One very odd shell is from Shell, Missouri, where pearl buttons are made. I have the remaining shell after the buttons are cut out. Several shells have seaweed growing on them; these are from the Coastal states.

I am a millionaire: I have several shells called "sand dollars" because they are large, flat, and round in shape. One very beautiful Mother-of-Pearl shell has the light house at Cape Cod painted on it. There is a Crab shell that looks somewhat like leather with barnacles growing on it. My friend scraped the crab from a rock, scooped out the meat, prepared and ate it—then cured the shell and sent it to me. Two Angel Wing shells are very delicate and lovely. Some of my shells are tinier than peas; some are very colorful. My tiniest shell is from Singapore, China. My Star-Fish is my pride and joy, however. It is large in size and shaped just like a star.

A great many of my shells are from the S. W. Pacific. The shells are odd-sized and shaped, but each one has a name which I am trying to learn from articles written about them. My collection of souvenir doll shells is increasing and now I have 15 states represented. Each doll is a little different and all are so sweet.

How did I get my shells? A World War II veteran brought back a strand of tiny blue shells from the Sea of Galilee. Another tiny shell was brought out of Burma, hidden in the top of a veteran's sock. Through a hobby club a box of shells was sent to me from Holland, and the name of each shell is written in Dutch. A box of shells was sent from a Chaplain in Hawaii, who picked up the shells from the beach at Waikiki.

I correspond with two ladies who collect shells. One lives in Ohio and the other in California. We have most interesting "visits" via the inky trail about our hobby.—Betty Williams, 1952 North Bethany, Kansas City 2, Kansas.

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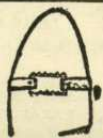
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