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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Photo by Stern



LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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## WELCOME!

We're mighty happy to send our warmest greetings to all of our friends, old and new, who tune in to radio station KLIK, Jefferson City, Missouri — 950 on your dial.

On Monday, October 3rd, we started bringing our Kitchen-Klatter visit to you at 9:30 every morning (aside from Sunday, of course) over KLIK. We hope that in the months ahead you can join us every morning. And if your relatives and neighbors are interested in down-to-earth homemaking, be sure to tell them to tune in at 9:30 and get acquainted with us.

Always sincerely,  
The Kitchen-Klatter Family

Dear Friends:

Today has been one of the most pleasant days I have ever spent. I know from your letters that many of you keep scrapbooks with clippings of local items. Two of my oldest friends, Jo and Grace Uhl of Los Angeles, California, kept such a scrapbook concerning Shenandoah people and their various activities. They decided that it was time to put it into the hands of someone in Shenandoah who would make an effort to keep it up to date and, in time, pass it on to another generation who would do likewise. It was indeed an honor that they chose our family to carry on their project.

Today is a special day because the big, bound scrapbook arrived! Mart and I have spent all day looking through it and this evening we will start reading it aloud to one another. (We do a lot of this so as to put less strain on our eyes.)

Every fall Shenandoah has an "Old Settlers' Reunion". As custodian of this book, I'm to take it to the reunion each year so that other "old timers" can enjoy looking through it. It will be of such great interest to them for the clippings date back to the very earliest days of Shenandoah.

You'll remember my telling you that my sister Helen's granddaughter, Jeanne Alexander, was to be married in California. I had expressed hope that they would find it possible to stop in Shenandoah on their way back east where they will continue their educations. Well, everything worked out just the way we'd hoped. Jeanne and Donald (Bohlen) were here over a week-end and we had a grand visit. We were happy to have one of Jeanne's wedding pictures to share with you in this issue.

My sister Jessie went to California for the wedding and also to spend some time with her daughter Ruth and her family. You can imagine how anxious we were for her return to Iowa so we could hear all about our west coast families. Mart and I drove to Red Oak to meet her train and since it came in very early in the morning, we brought her back with us for breakfast and a visit before she went on to her home in Clarinda.

She reported that the weather was perfect the entire time she was gone—ideal for trips to the ocean and for working in Ruth's flower garden. The

California sunshine was good for her and in the short time she was there she acquired quite a tan. If things work out as planned, she will go back out to Ruth's after Christmas to spend the rest of the winter.

Before coming back to Iowa, she took a train to Proberta, California where our niece Jean Field Johnson (our brother Sol's daughter) and her family live. Jean and Harvey own a grocery store and Jean is the town's postmistress. The post office is located in the store. They have a summer cabin in the High Sierras named the "Garden Patch", and while Jessie was there they spent several restful days at the cabin.

Jean is one of the busiest women we know. Besides her work in the post office, she is caring for two homeless children. They needed a temporary home with good, loving care so were placed with Jean and Harvey. And as if this weren't enough to sap the strength of most women, Jean also has energy left to help establish a new community church for Proberta. Ground was purchased and an old building moved onto it and Jean is in the midst of seeing to the renovation of the building so that services can start as soon as possible.

Jessie had stopped in Keddie, California to see Sol and Mary on her way to Ruth's and promised a longer visit on her return. Since it isn't a great distance from Proberta, Jean drove her over. Sol is the resident manager of a large Boy Scout camp so he and Mary lead a very busy life and enjoy the work with the boys very much. There were several hundred Scouts at the camp this summer and I doubt that they experienced a dull moment—the boys, or Sol and Mary! Sol is a great hunter and Jessie was treated to a bear steak dinner while she was there.

Although I don't get to see Bertha (my brother Henry's wife) very often because neither of us is able to drive, we do have frequent chats over the telephone. It was hard to catch her in the house during the growing season for she spent hours and hours out doors working with her garden. Recently I tried several times to call her and worried when I didn't get an answer. I called Mary Field Hamilton and learned that Bertha decided suddenly to go to Oregon to visit her brother who has been ill for some

time. I expect she'll be home soon for she isn't one to be gone from home for very long periods of time.

Frederick mentions the effects of Hurricane Donna in his letter this month. Although we knew that there was some damage there, southeastern United States received the full brunt of the storm. As we listened to the newscasts we became more and more concerned about our friends in Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ward. It was a great relief when we finally heard and I thought this part of Mrs. Ward's letter would interest you:

"At present we are 'digging' out from under Hurricane Donna. We were as hard hit as anyone in this section. The heavy winds struck us about 11:30 at night and by dawn, five of our big oak trees had been uprooted, our driveway blocked, electricity off and telephone out of order. A crew of six men are here today hauling away the trees and cleaning up the yard. We were very lucky that our roof was not disturbed, and even more fortunate that we suffered no personal injuries."

Last April I attended a gathering in Iowa City of women from a number of states who hold the title "Mother of the Year". These houseparties have been held for many years but this is the first time the group has met in Iowa and the first party I have attended.

At the meeting the Iowa Mothers Association was organized. Those who have ever been nominated or elected Iowa Mother of the Year are eligible. As Vice-President I'm anxious to locate as many of these women as possible. Perhaps you can help by sending names and addresses to our secretary, Mrs. Earl Roadman of Dyke, Iowa, or to me.

It is time for you or your organizations to be thinking of nominees for your state Mother of the Year. Entry blanks can be obtained by writing to

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## GOD'S OPEN HAND

A Thanksgiving Worship Service

By

Mabel Nair Brown

### Setting

The threefold message of this devotional can be dramatized by arranging a worship center with a large Bible flanked on one side by a basket of fruit and on the other with an American flag. A background of soft music, using such hymns as, "We Gather Together", "Come Ye Thankful People Come" and "Raise the Harvest Song" will add to the effectiveness of the service.

### Call To Worship

*Leader:* "For the hay and the corn  
and the wheat that is reaped;  
For the labor well done, and the barns  
that are heaped;  
For the sun and the dew and the  
sweet honeycomb;  
For the rose and the song and the  
harvest brought home:

*Thank You, Lord!*

"For the homes that with purest  
affection are blest,  
For the season of plenty and  
well-deserved rest;  
For our country extending from sea  
to sea,  
The land that is known as the Land  
of the Free!

*Thank You, Lord!"*

*Group Singing:* "We Gather To-  
gether."

### Introduction

*Leader:* "In Psalms 145 we read these words which give us the theme for our meditation today: 'I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name forever and ever. Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.'

"Ours is a threefold Thanksgiving. From the hand of God come our material blessings, our national blessings and our great spiritual blessings. I know of no better way to point up these blessings than to hear how the scriptures read concerning them. I have asked three friends to share these quotations from the Bible and a few thoughtful comments."

### First Meditation

*Speaker:* "Remember, 'When thou hast eaten and art full, then shalt thou bless the Lord thy God for the good land he hath given thee. Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God in keeping his commandments,' (Deut. 8:10, 20). A beloved old hymn says, 'Count your many blessings, name them one by one, and it will surprise you what the Lord has done.'

"In the book of Job the Bible tells us, 'God doeth great things and unsearchable, marvelous things without number; who giveth rain upon the earth and sendeth waters upon the fields.' How are we to show our appreciation, our thankfulness for material blessings? By 'Honoring the Lord with our substance, and with the first-fruits of all our increase.' To prove a thankful heart, then, we must share.



Seated beside Mother is Mrs. H. C. Houghton, President of the Iowa Mothers Association. Standing behind them are Mrs. E. Roadman, Membership Chm. and Mrs. E. T. Hubbard, Sec.

"O God,  
We glimpse thy plan—  
That every living thing—each man  
Must take—must give—  
To live.

So, O God,  
Let us take,  
Remembering—that for thy sake,  
For others', and for ours,  
We must give."

*Group Singing:* "We Plough the  
Fields and Scatter."

### Second Meditation

*Speaker:* "How often we hear the words that we who live in the United States are in America the wonderland and America the beautiful! In Deut. 8:10 we read: 'Thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.' A bit farther on we read: 'He hath brought us to this place and hath given us this land, even a land that floweth with milk and honey.'

"We do indeed have a good heritage and we should never forget to be constantly grateful for our tremendous freedoms—speech, religion, the press and the right to the pursuit of happiness. These are God given gifts. We must diligently preserve them and share them. The basic rule of good citizenship is the one Jesus taught: 'Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's.'

"Help me to teach all, if I can,  
Love of country, love of man,  
Trust in God, and faith in toil,  
Good to further, sin to foil."

*Group Singing:* "America the Beautiful", or the speaker might read the second stanza to conclude the above meditation.

### Third Meditation

*Speaker:* "We cannot begin to count the spiritual blessings bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father. In the beautiful 92nd Psalm are these words: 'It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High. To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night . . . for thou, Lord, has made me glad through

thy work. I will triumph in the work of thy hands.'

"Listen to excerpts from Psalms 103: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth thine iniquities, who healeth thy diseases . . . who satisfieth thy mouth, who executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed . . . the Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and abundant in loving kindness . . . the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting.'

"I like to think that the fruits with which we fill our spiritual Thanksgiving basket are; love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness and faith. Let us 'forget not all his benefits.'"

### Closing

*Leader:* "By our actions we show just how truly grateful we are for God's blessings. I would like to quote this verse from an old, old reader as my closing thought and prayer.

"Dear God: 'Give me the joy of living,

And some glorious work to do,  
A spirit of thanksgiving  
With loyal heart and true;  
Some pathway to make brighter  
Where tired feet now stray,  
Some burdens to make lighter  
While 'tis day.

In the fields of the Master gleaning  
May my hands and heart be strong.  
May I know life's deepest meaning,  
May I sing life's sweetest song.

With some faithful friends to love me

May I always do my best,  
And at last with heaven above me,  
Let me rest.' Amen."

### A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Lord, as we take our places at Thy table

To celebrate the harvest of Thy bounty,

Accept the thanks we give Thee for Thy giving.

Help us to be humble in the pleasure of our taking.

Remind us, Lord, that few of us have sown and tended,

That few of us have brought from the earth, by our own hands' labor,

The riches the earth has given us. Keep us mindful that we owe to others the luxury of our festival.

And help us to keep in our minds that the rain has fallen

And the sun has shone not equally on all of mankind.

Help us never to forget that, though we be favored in one season,

We may need the favor of a neighbor's mercy in the next.

Help us to toil, not as enemies but as friends.

Keep us aware of the hunger of distant children

As we relish the fruit of our own fortunate season.

Help us to perceive that many hands and many lands have brought us our bounty.

Make in us a will to bring them bounty in return.

Help us to know the harvest as a feast of sharing.

Help us, then, O Lord, to share.

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello Good Friends, Near and Far:

This a fine time to sit down and visit with you because I have just finished making up a batch of bread dough, and while it gets busy and doubles in bulk, I can sit here at my desk and type.

These last few weeks we've had a lot of homemade bread and I want to give credit for this happy situation to a one-time resident of Iowa, Ada Lou Roberts, who has recently published a book devoted exclusively to the subject of making bread. Her introduction is so down-to-earth, so practical and *comforting* that it seems to me even the most "bread-shy" woman would bolt right to the kitchen and get started on a batch of dough.

I think Ada Roberts is a missionary! Surely she is going to prod into action many women who simply don't understand how gratifying it is to turn out handsome and delicious loaves of bread. And with all those "secrets" and instructions down in printed words right in front of you, I don't see how anyone could have a flop. There is simply nothing that can take the place of fresh homemade bread. We can rig up substitutes for this and substitutes for that, but *nothing* can be substituted for homemade bread. I'm sure that our national temper would improve and we'd be a country made up of much calmer people if we just had homemade bread!

Well, probably Mrs. Roberts didn't expect to see these lines when she started reading my letter, but I think she's done a wonderful job on this bread book. From years of experience I know that a lot of you will write and ask how to go about getting a copy, so here are the facts:

The name of the book is *Favorite Breads from Rose Lane Farm*. The name of the author is Ada Lou Roberts. It is published by Hearthside Press Inc., 118 East 28th Street, New York 16, N. Y. The price is \$2.95. It's a small book, but it's a POWERFUL book!

This brings me directly to something else I want to tell you about.

Last month in Mother's letter she mentioned stopping at the Redwood Lodge in Rantoul, Ill. This nice motel is on the west side of Rantoul, and in conjunction with it there is a very good Inn. Russell and I stopped at this place for dinner, and we were amazed when the waiter brought us a small breadboard, a loaf of homemade bread (still warm!) and a bread-knife. Never before had we run into anything like this. It was so unexpected and so delicious that it's our outstanding "food memory" of the entire trip.

Since then I've given this a lot of thought and it seems to me that if I were opening *any* kind of a place to eat, or if I already had a place and wanted to build up a better business, I wouldn't let anything stop me from featuring homemade bread served in that way. It wouldn't take a wallop-ping piece of cash to get together the breadboards, bread pans and knives.



Juliana Verness recalls Junior High studies as she looks over her cousin Martin's school books. These texts happen to be English and History, his favorite subjects.

And it wouldn't take long to get "the hang" of how the whole process should be timed.

All in all, I simply can't imagine any investment that would pay such healthy dividends. If I had to take my choice between spending a big chunk of money for a redecorating job or a small chunk for the homemade bread set-up, I'd choose the latter a thousand times over. You could redecorate every other month and not have it do as much for your business as offering people a loaf of homemade bread and a knife with which to cut it. I hope this suggestion will help someone who is feeling discouraged about making a "go" out of an eating place. I'm convinced it's a sure-fire attraction—you simply couldn't miss.

By the time you read this we may be slumped into a series of melancholy days, the kind Longfellow had in mind when he began a poem with these lines:

"The day was cold and dark and dreary,

It rained and the wind was never weary."

But at the time I am writing this we have a golden, gorgeous October day with a sky like Wedgwood blue enamel and a burst of roses as lovely as the flowers we had in June. Russell says that these skies and these flowers look doubly beautiful to our eyes because we know, being long acquainted with Iowa's climate, that winter is crowding hard upon us.

I thought that we felt less enthusiasm for winter with each passing year simply because we were growing older, but even Juliana said the other day that she thought winter belonged to children!

"I used to love to roll around in the snow," she said, "and I didn't care if my feet got wet and my hands were

chapped, but now I think snow is just a big nuisance."

I know that many of you friends live in places where you never have snow and probably you get a hankering for it now and then (particularly during the Christmas holidays), but if you have small children you can only be glad to miss the expense and trouble of snow-suits and overshoes and mittens. It takes a lot of time to stuff a small child into all those things, and nine chances out of ten he'll be wanting to come back into the house before you've even had a chance to catch your breath from getting him all ready to go out. I can see how a woman with several youngsters could spend half her day just getting them into and out of their winter clothing—unless she cracked down firmly.

Recently we met a charming young woman who experienced her first Iowa winter last year (she had never been west of Maryland until last September) and she looked at us doubtfully when we tried to assure her that it was the *very worst winter* any of us could ever remember, and chances were we'd never have anything comparable to it again for decades. She was a stranger in the community and shut-in with a small child—and it had been such a long, lonely winter for her that she looked forward with dread to the one that is approaching. We tried our best to convince her that nothing comparable was ahead, but even as we spoke we had the uneasy sensation that maybe, just *maybe*, Iowa would throw the book at us again. Well, for a lot of very, very good reasons we certainly hope for the kind of a winter that is described as "mild and open."

(Right at that point I went over to check the bread and while I was on my feet I drew aside the curtains and looked out to see if the sky was still as blue as it had been when I started this letter, or if some grey clouds were inching up over the horizon. With my mind focused on last winter I was prepared to see *anything*! I'm glad to report that not one wisp of a cloud is in sight. And the bread looks equally reassuring also!)

This last week Russell and I finished reading a book that held our attention from beginning to end: *My Several Worlds* by Pearl S. Buck. It seems to us that anyone who is truly concerned about the world in which we live today should make a real effort to get this book and to read it carefully. (Fortunately, it is available in a paper bound Pocket Book and costs only 50¢.)

In spite of quite a bit of reading I'm sure I never had any kind of a genuine understanding of the Chinese people until I read Mrs. Buck's book. And I'm equally certain that no one alive today could write with more authority about the Chinese. It is a great blessing that a woman of her stature should have grown up in China under such circumstances that she knew the Chinese people as well as if she actually *were* Chinese rather than an American. And it is of tremendous importance to all of us that she has the gifts of a great writer and can

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## NOW IS THE TIME

By  
Evelyn Birkby

November is such a wonderful time for so many different activities it is hard to know where to start.

It is a time, we know, to finish cleaning the house. We may not appreciate the work connected with this, but it is one job we can really sit and enjoy once it is done. Some types of work are left behind in a locked desk or put away in a drawer when it is completed, but we homemakers can admire the freshly polished windows, the shiny bright floors, the calm of well ordered cupboards, the colorful new shelf paper, the sight of crisp white curtains and the dresser drawers in apple-pie-order. I sigh, however, when I think how soon it will all have to be done again. I wish an automatic drawer straightener and closet cleaner could be invented along with the space satellites and guided missiles.

Now is the time to find one more beautiful, warm day and run, don't walk, to the nearest grove of trees. Sink your feet deep into the luxurious rustling leaf carpet. Look for the last few pretty leaves that cling tenaciously to a branch here and there. Look high up through the lacy network of the exposed tree branches to the blue of the sky. Listen for the bird song which may well be a musical farewell. These are the days to be outdoors as much as possible. Each warm sunny moment should be stored back in our hearts to refresh us for the long cold winter days to come.

Now is the time to make like the squirrels. Store up the last of the fruits and vegetables and tuck the final bit of food into a jar. We seldom stand and admire the boxes of food carefully placed in the freezer, but enough jelly, pickles, tomatoes, beets, peaches and green beans go into canning jars to make a nice showing for anyone who has time to open the basement cupboard door and enjoy the soldierly rows upon the shelves.

Young Bob reminded me that this is the time to bring in the black walnuts from under the tree in the back yard. With the small wagon and the questionable help of his two younger brothers, he succeeded in piling a large stack of nuts in the warmth of the basement. We put down papers so the boys could spread them out to dry. Bob looked up at me as we worked together. Grinning from ear to ear he said, "We're exactly like the pioneers. We're getting ready for winter."

That pile of walnuts would have looked mighty small to a hungry homesteader, but I smiled down at Bob and all his enthusiasm. "We sure are, Bob, we sure are!"

Now is the time to cherish our evenings. They seem longer than the bright, hot hours which followed supper during the summer time. A good book, a crisp apple, a buttery pan of popcorn and your favorite family around you provide all the ingredients needed for perfect November calm.



Bob Birkby, Jr., Evelyn's ten-year old son, enjoys singing with the church Junior Choir. They are now working on Thanksgiving music.

We begin to relax a bit, just as earth is relaxing from its long upsurge of growth.

Now is the time to re-evaluate our hours and days to see if we are too busy with unimportant things. Maybe we need to re-organize our workday so that we can find a few extra minutes. Perhaps we need to find an easier and faster way to do our tasks. Possibly we even need to relax our standards a bit. We don't *have* to iron sheets and if we save enough time to read a story to the children perhaps the story is the more important of the two. The best guide is to ask, "Is that work really necessary?" and "Is it important to the family?"

How do people get so busy anyway? Many of the activities in which we get involved just sneak upon us without our realizing it. Do we just keep following the way we were brought up or the customs of our family or community or because our neighbors are doing certain things? Usually, most of the things we do are from a sense of responsibility or need. Often we are pushed, or pulled into this or that by some junior member of the family. "After all, mamma, you *have* to! All the mothers are doing it." And why, if we don't do as many things as our next door neighbor, do we have a nagging, guilty feeling?

It is easy to say, "Let's drop unimportant activities and take up the really important ones." But it is far harder to put this idea into action. Someone is sure to point out that the particular club, which is her pet project, is the *one* most important part of her life and should be of prime interest in yours. Your best friend may be the main pillar of a certain group and may wonder why you aren't just as willing to give hours to the raising of money and preparing of programs.

It is not my idea to depreciate any worth-while project or group. It is just the fact that too much of what we do is planned, created and decided for us. We begin to find the days completely filled with so many things we wonder if we will ever have a word to say about what we are to do. We all know how easy it is to get involved in so many things that we do none of them well.

I stopped and took a good long look at the time I was spending in church work last year and noted a complete lack in the area of working with children. I missed being with a children's group and sharing their energetic and enthusiastic approach to life. It took some revising here and re-trenching there, but I finally found time to organize a junior choir. It has not only given me a new lease on working with youngsters but it has given Bob and the other members of the choir a happy music experience. Watching the children grow and develop in learning to participate actively in worship has been "pay" enough for the work it took to find time for the project. They sing their thankfulness to God at practice and during church services, and I am thankful, too.

This is just a very small example of what I mean by finding the work which is most worth-while and which fits our talents best.

Life is made up of minute-by-minute actions. Suddenly we realize that if anything *big* is to be done it must be done on an hourly and daily basis.

This is a good time to stop and take a long hard look at what we are doing. Soon, if not already, we will be swept into the rush of the holidays which can well leave us exhausted, broke and wondering if it was all worth-while.

If Thanksgiving and Christmas have become just another time to work so hard that we cannot stop to enjoy and appreciate the season; if we are emphasizing all the activities outside our home to the place where the family and the true significance of celebrating is lost; then right now is a good time to look at the calendar and decide what is really important.

One of the most difficult lessons for a child is learning to decide for himself, how to act. He must learn not to let the crowd or his best friend or his club decide what he is to do. Perhaps we adults are just as guilty. Now is the time to take a long clear look to see whether *we* are really deciding how to spend our lives or letting someone else do it for us.

## WHERE IS IT?

Perhaps you know a certain boy  
Who's always losing things.  
His head is in a constant whirl—  
His property has wings.  
He's very sure he put away  
Each article in place,  
But when he wants them they're  
astray,  
And thus begins the chase.

"Oh, Mother, say, where is my hat?  
It's nearly half past eight!  
I didn't know what time it was—  
I'm sure that I'll be late!  
And where's my coat? I hung it there,  
Right on that hook, last night!  
Well, maybe it was on the chair—  
It's under it—you're right!"  
What work and worry he could spare  
Himself, and others, too,  
By just a little thought and care,  
Now, can this boy be you?

—Anonymous.

## FREDERICK DISCUSSES INTEGRITY

Dear Friends,

Well, we have survived another bad hurricane. For days the weather bureau had been keeping us informed about the progress of the big storm so we were ready for it when it came. Actually, Springfield was not hurt at all. We lost some trees and there was some minor flooding from the six inches of rain that fell one afternoon, but that was all. During the entire storm I was sitting here in my office surrounded by the big stone walls of the church building. If I had not looked out of my window I would have not known the storm was in progress.

As a matter of fact, I was working hard and really forgot the storm to the extent that right in the height of it I placed a long distance telephone call to a friend of mine aboard ship far out in the Atlantic Ocean. For a very small fee you can call by phone any passenger on one of the big ocean liners. I think this is a nice way to welcome friends coming home from Europe or Hawaii. With no trouble at all I reached my party, and when I asked him if they were in any kind of a storm out there he laughed and said that he was talking to me in his bathing suit. The weather was so good he had been in swimming all afternoon.

Just think of it. With a hurricane blowing here, I could talk to a man on a ship a thousand miles away and hear his voice just as clearly as though he was right in the city. It is amazing what modern electronic science can do.

I suppose you folks have had the experience of discovering that your children know much more about the new scientific developments than you do. Our young David, at ten years of age, seems to have an amazing fund of information about the heavens. He was very excited about the big balloon circling the earth this past summer. Every night he would go out into the pasture on the edge of the woods to watch it go over. Just as soon as it crossed the pasture, he would run through the woods to the shore of the lake to watch it disappear beyond the horizon on the opposite shore.

I heard a clever story the other day about two little kindergarten boys who were out on the school playground for recess. When a fast jet plane shot overhead one little boy said to the other:

"Is that a new 57?"

And the other boy said, "No, you silly! That is a KY 16 Series B."

"It is? Well it surely is going fast. How fast do you think it flies?"

"Oh, I guess it goes about 850 miles an hour."

"But," said the boy, "if it goes that fast, what keeps its wings from vibrating off?"

"The shape of them. They are sweptback gull wings!" said the other boy.

"At that speed it must get awfully hot. The friction on the fuselage must be something terrible. How hot do



Seated on the davenport with Mother, Mrs. M. H. Driftmier, are two of her daughters, Margery Strom and Dorothy Johnson. This picture was taken following a family dinner.

you suppose the fuselage gets at that speed?"

"Oh, I don't know. Do you mean Fahrenheit or Centigrade? If you mean Fahrenheit, it gets up to 300 degrees."

"Wow!" said the little fellow. "I wonder what keeps the pilot from burning up?"

"Westinghouse has developed a special air conditioning unit just for that problem," replied the other kindergartner. Just then the bell rang to end the recess. "Come on," he said. "Let's go back in there and finish stringing those wooden beads!"

And that, my friends, is much more true than we may like to think. Our schools are having a hard time trying to keep up with what the youngsters are learning outside of the classroom. Television may have its evil aspects, but there is much good in it too.

The children in Springfield have had to live with the jet age. I have told you before about the big jet bomber field on the edge of Springfield, and when those planes fly low over the city our buildings tremble and it is impossible to carry on a conversation. This week the problem has been accentuated by the presence, at the local Agricultural Exposition, of some trick flyers who put on an air show each afternoon. All teaching has to stop until the air show is over for the day. At the very moment of my writing this paragraph it sounds as though the planes were flying right into our front door.

Recently I had a letter from a lady out in Nebraska asking for some help with a problem she was having with her son. The boy was going away to college and she wanted to know what she could say to him that would help him to remain the fine, honest boy he is today. She had read that 40% of the students questioned did not think cheating on an examination was reprehensible. This mother doesn't want her boy to be one of the ever-increasing number of college young people who resort to dishonest means to get through school.

On a recent Sunday when I had sev-

eral college students present in the congregation, I preached on this very subject. How does one uphold his own personal integrity and maintain his own high standards while living and working with people without honor or integrity, people with low moral standards?

Actually, there is only one way in which it can be done, and that is by committing one's life to some cause, to a purpose, to an ideal bigger and nobler than one's self and one's own pigmy ambitions. A life that is to be lived free from captivity of low moral standards must be a life that finds its meaningfulness in commitment to and in the service of those things that permanently abide beyond our lives. In other words, the only thing that can keep one from giving his life to a cheap unworthy cause, is complete dedication to something a lot better! Where life has no meaning other than the desire to make an easy grade or an easy dollar without regard to principle, or honor, or integrity, there is nothing to save it from any form of moral degradation.

The young people who rise above the moral standards of their friends and co-workers, are those whose commitment to high principles and high ideals, and whose respect for their families and their church is stronger than any desire to be accepted, or to belong, or to be a part of any group that falls short of their standards. Jesus Christ did not call us to conform, or to seek security, or to be one of "the gang". All of us are called to demonstrate the kind of commitment and self-surrender that guides us through every temptation and helps us to keep the faith in every place under every condition.

But there is one more thing I want to say here. It has been my experience as a teacher that convinces me of this one fact—the student who is prepared and who knows his lesson materials is never tempted to cheat. The best defense against cheating is good preparation. The person who doesn't need to cheat is never tempted to cheat.

Sincerely, Frederick



## A "CORN" PARTY

November Recreation

An easy theme for a November party is "corn." Corn is in the field, in the farmer's bins and in the stores. Before the party is over it may be on the floor, in your hair, and, of course, somewhere in the refreshments. The games are simple and most of them are as readily adaptable to a women's club as they are for a children's party.

**Invitations:** Cut yellow paper into the size and shape of an ear of corn. Write on it the following verse—

The "corn is green" says the man  
in the play,

But the corn is all yellow out our  
way.

If you don't believe our little rhyme,  
Come over next \_\_\_\_\_ for a  
"corny" time.

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Place \_\_\_\_\_ Time \_\_\_\_\_

**Harvest Game:** This is excellent for the first game of the evening. Each guest is given a piece of paper and a pencil. On a table have an ear of corn, an apple and a pumpkin. Each guest must guess the number of grains on the ear of corn, the number of seeds in the pumpkin and the number of seeds in the apple. Also he must guess the weight of each individual item. The articles may be turned over and inspected on the table, but they may not be touched with two hands at once nor may they be lifted from the table. After the three items have been weighed, appoint several guests to the task of counting the seeds. Award prizes to the best guessers. (How about candy corn for the prizes?)

**Popcorn Relay:** Divide the group into two sides for this relay. Give the first person in each line a large needle with a long thread already threaded through it. Across the room have a bowl of popcorn. (Be sure this popcorn is at least 24 hours old. Fresh popcorn splits when it is strung.) At a signal the first player in each line runs over to the popcorn and strings a kernel of the corn on the needle and down the length of the string. They both return to the lines and pass the needle and thread to the next person in line who does the same thing. The side which finishes first wins. This may be repeated several times as the

relay moves rapidly. A different version would be to have the line which fills the string with popcorn first as the winner.

**Corn Feed:** Choose a couple from each team to come forward and sit on the floor. Blindfold all of them. Give the boys a dish of popcorn and a spoon. They must feed the girls. The couple finishing first, wins.

**Trading Corn:** Give each player 20 grains of corn. Each player starts out to see how many grains of corn he can acquire in 10 minutes. A player can put any number of grains of corn up to 4 in his right hand. He then goes up to another player and says, "Guess how many?" The 2nd player must guess. If the guess is correct the 2nd player wins the grains of corn. If the guess is incorrect then the 1st player collects the number of grains of corn which were mentioned by the 2nd player. If a player loses all his corn he must drop out of the game. The player holding the most corn when time is called wins the game.

**Spelling with Corn:** Give each player 50 grains of corn. The object of this game is to see who can spell a word containing the most letters in it using the grains of corn to shape the letters.

**Corn Artists:** If the group is small enough to handle easily, have several bottles of glue and paper of various colors. Have each person make a corn picture by gluing the kernels of corn to the paper of his choice. This is especially popular with children. If you add pieces of corn stalk and corn tassels to the equipment the pictures may become very elaborate.

**Corn Quiz:** Give each guest a pencil and paper and have him number from 1 through 5. Ask the following questions and tell the players that each answer begins with the letters c-o-r-n.

1. A part of the eye ball. (Cornea)
2. A musical instrument. (Cornet)
3. An ingredient used to make puddings. (Cornstarch)
4. A part of a porch. (Cornice)
5. An angle. (Corner)

On the back of the same sheet of paper have the guests number again from 1 through 5. Ask the following questions and tell the players that each answer is part of a corn plant.

1. An auditory instrument. (Ear)
2. To pursue under cover. (Stalk)
3. A high Kentucky honor. (Kernel)
4. A term used in describing wood. (Grain)
5. To dig and burrow. (Root)

**"Corny" Drawing Contest:** Each person is given a piece of paper and told to make two circles or scrawls of some kind on it. These papers are then passed to the person on the right who, using his imagination, adds enough more lines to the ones already on the paper to make a picture. You might rule that each picture must have a suggestion of November or Thanksgiving or Autumn in it. Exhibit the finished pictures and have the group vote for the "best."

**Decorations:** Use both corn stalks and ears of corn. Get a few of the colored ears of corn if possible. If only the yellow corn is available, you

can use black, red and blue poster paint to decorate some of them.

An attractive table centerpiece may be made by forming small wiggams from dried corn leaves. Set these on the center of the table. Add Indian dolls, tiny candle pumpkins and turkeys to give the scene "life" and color.

Table favors to fit the theme of the party are easily created. Colorful nut cups filled with candy corn would be simple to prepare. Little turkeys could be made and the candy corn placed in front of each one. Clever little turkeys may be made in a variety of ways:

1. Use a pine cone for the body and some real turkey feathers for the tail. The head and neck are made of brown construction paper. Take a bit of red candle wax which has been softened and mold onto the head for a comb and wattle. The legs are made of pipestem cleaners and may be stapled to a round piece of cardboard to make the turkey stand well.

2. A chocolate bonbon may be used for the body of a dainty, edible turkey. Make a fan-like tail with the crinkle bonbon cup. The head and neck are made of brown construction paper. Pipestem cleaners are used for the legs and feet.

3. Make a turkey using a popcorn ball for the body. Cut cardboard into a fan-shaped tail and stick onto one side of the ball. Fasten the head and neck, which have been cut from cardboard, on the other side. This turkey needs no legs. If you would like brown turkeys, use chocolate popcorn balls.

A pretty centerpiece can be fashioned from a bowl filled with popcorn balls of varied colors. Use different colors of syrup when you make the balls. Be sure and include the chocolate balls for variety.

You can make edible "pumpkins" to use as decorations, also. Stack four or five small round cookies together and wrap them in orange crepe paper. Twist the top to make a stem. Cut out several green leaves and fasten onto the twisted stem with wire or thread. These make nice place cards by fastening a card bearing the name onto the pumpkin.

## A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

For what we have, though small it be,  
We thank thee, Lord.  
For the simple joys of serenity,  
We thank thee, Lord.  
For the gentle touch of the friendly  
hand  
Of those who love and understand,  
We thank thee, Lord.

Of all thy gifts the greatest three  
Are friendship, love and fidelity.  
Let others pray for the harvest's  
yields,  
For the golden grains of the fruitful  
fields,  
Humbly our prayer to thee we send  
That when we've reached our jour-  
ney's end,  
Someone may say, "Farewell, good  
friend."

—Selected

## THE DENVER DRIFTMERS TRY FALL CAMPING

Dear Friends,

While the laundry dries in the warm fall sunshine, I'll get started on my monthly letter to you. I'm a bit behind schedule because we decided on the spur of the moment to spend the past weekend camping.

Most campers around here, except for the hunters, have long since stored their equipment for the winter; so had we. Fall days can be delightfully warm, but at this altitude the nights are inevitably cold. However some friends of ours suggested that fall camping was certainly worth a try. Two years ago they spent a memorable autumn weekend in the mountains and resolved then to make it an annual expedition. Last year they were almost snowed in, but since they *had* managed to drive out, they were still game if *we* were.

For three days we weighed the pros and cons and listened to the weather forecast which, as usual, was of no help. "Occasional rain showers, snow in the higher elevations, otherwise generally fair with average daytime temperatures." We still consider ourselves in the tenderfoot class as campers and we weren't anxious to undertake an unsuccessful camping expedition!

Finally we decided to give it a try. After all, we had purchased extra-warm sleeping bags that were supposed to be effective at temperatures 15 degrees below freezing. We located a campground that was only 6,700 feet high on the eastern side of the Continental Divide. There are very few campgrounds at this low elevation within two hours driving time of Denver since most of the nearby land is privately owned. There are a goodly number of low altitude campsites on the western side of the Divide but it takes about three hours to reach them.

We couldn't leave until 4 P.M. on Friday when Emily was dismissed from school so this left only two hours of daylight to reach camp and get set up. (An experienced camper wouldn't have this problem; he can put up camp after dark with no trouble at all!) The friends who suggested the expedition couldn't leave until later, so it was well after sunset when they joined us. Wayne and I marveled at the efficient speed with which they arranged everything.

We stayed at Redskin Campground which is located in Pike National Forest, about 6 miles southwest of the little town of Buffalo Creek. We didn't see another car or light from the time we left this little town and traveled the narrow dirt road which follows the stream also called Buffalo Creek. When our friends arrived they had almost decided they were on the wrong road and lost until they rounded the bend and saw our campfire. We all felt really alone in the woods—and yet there were enough of us that we didn't feel lonely.

Camping does amazing things to lagging appetites. I had made an

enormous kettle of chili that disappeared in a flash. Even the three children, who have always maintained they didn't like it, came back for third helpings! It was a fortunate thing that we had a hearty hot meal for that night our camping fortitude was put to a real test. After we were all nicely asleep, it rained—a cold, wet, gentle, but steady rain.

We learned a thing or two about how *not* to sleep in a tent when it is cold and raining. Wayne had his head under the tent window which has a flap that rolls on two cords. The cords go to the outside through metal eyelets. If he turned his head to the right, he caught the drip from one eyelet; if he turned to the left he got the drip from the other eyelet. I had placed my sleeping bag right up next to the outside wall of the tent. Everytime I turned that direction, I had my face next to that cold clammy canvas. We also discovered that although our sleeping bags are quite warm, the metal zipper is like an icicle.

It was cold and damp when we crawled out the next morning after something less than a good night's sleep. But before long a breakfast of bacon and pancakes under warm sunshine restored our morale.

It soon became obvious that we had selected a perfect spot for children. The stream, at this low ebb of the year, still had enough current to carry pine cone boats, but not so much that it was in any way dangerous. There was a foot bridge to climb over, under, around and through, rocks on which to ford the stream, and several tiny islands. Up the bank on the other side was a large open meadow surrounded by huge rocks which soon became fortresses.

We were all feeling pretty smug about our "private kingdom" when we were invaded, or so we felt. First came a caravan of cars which unloaded Boy Scouts and their fathers. They inspected the campground and, after much pacing back and forth, decided to move on. Next a school bus pulled up. Out climbed teachers from our own county. You should have heard the groans from the children! The feeling was mutual because we overheard "For Pete's sake! We thought we'd be here all alone and look at the people. And what's worse, they've even got kids!" But in spite of our presence they decided to stay for their picnic.

Soon an even longer auto caravan halted along the road. Out piled more men and boys—another Scout troop. It didn't take long to recognize the familiar baseball caps some of the boys were wearing. Sure enough, it was the Wheatridge Methodist Church Troop, complete with several from our own neighborhood. Again, after much conjecture, this caravan also pulled out. We couldn't decide whether they were being very considerate or whether they just wanted to get away from our familiar faces! In any case, a late afternoon rain sent the teachers on their way home and once more our "private kingdom" was ours alone.

We sat out the rain under the 12 by 18 foot tarp we had borrowed for the weekend. It protected our picnic tables

and stove from the dripping sky and trees until the clouds passed on. There was no bright moon that night so the stars were brilliant. It is not often that we have the opportunity to study the night sky without the interference of man-made light. I think we had all forgotten what a thrilling and magnificent sight it is!

The second night we managed our sleeping more successfully and awoke to another beautiful fall day. In the morning we took a long hike across the meadow and into the surrounding pine and aspen forest. While this is certainly no substitute for attendance at a regular church service, it did seem as if God's blessings made themselves abundantly apparent. I think each of us felt acutely aware that morning of His Presence about us.

Mentioning the borrowed tarp reminds me again how very grateful we feel to live in such a friendly and warmhearted neighborhood. There are several families who go camping and naturally not everyone owns a full set of equipment. Whenever the neighbors hear that someone is going out they always come over to offer any needed equipment. One family owns the tarp, another owns two waterproof "grub" boxes, still another has an air pump for mattresses, and so forth. We haven't yet acquired much in the way of specialized equipment but we do have the extra-warm sleeping bags. We are the only family with a three-burner camp stove, a fairly recent item. Incidentally, everyone who has used our stove says it is well worth the additional space it requires and the added cost.

When we first began to consider camping, I never dreamed it would lead to the point where I would be cleaning up from a camping trip and thinking about plans for Thanksgiving at the same time. At this rate I can't help but wonder if our enthusiasm will reach such heights that one day we'll be trying to figure out how to squeeze a Christmas tree into the tent too!

Cordially,  
Abigail

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## WE THANK THEE

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For mother-love and father-care,  
For brothers strong and sisters fair,  
For love at home and here each day,  
For guidance lest we go astray,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For this new morning with its light,  
For rest and shelter of the night,  
For health and food, for love and friends,  
For everything His goodness sends,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet,  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet,  
For song of bird, and hum of bee,  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,  
For pleasant shade of branches high,  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

## SUPRISING NEWS FROM DONALD AND MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

The sun is stretching itself broadly across the living room rug this morning reminding me once again that the fall season is racing down upon us. We are still having an occasional day which is warm enough to allow us to eat outside on the porch but these are much too few.

It is with a decided lump in my throat that I realize the days of eating on our screen porch will soon end. I have never seen such a summer for drastic changes in our lives. Donald came home from work with the news that we are being transferred to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that his home office will now originate from there and we will have to sell our house and move up there and consider it our *home*. I don't know why I hadn't contemplated the possibility that we might someday be asked to move. Among my lifetime friends there has been only one girl who moved away. However, it is a very common occurrence for General Motors to move their men from one division to another. Donald's tractor customers are more centrally located around the Wisconsin area and there is easier transportation available from Milwaukee to his territory. The company feels it will be to his advantage to make the move. So, the die is cast and already the gears are turning that will eventually make this house, which I love so much, someone else's pride and joy.

I rather stubbornly set my mind to the fact that if we had to sell this house, at least we were going to sell it to someone whom we felt would enjoy and appreciate it as much as we have. I called Mae Ellen Gale as soon as I was free to talk about our impending move. They lived in the other half of the duplex we lived in when we were first married. Our babies were born just four months apart and over the past six years we have become good friends. They like Oak Park and have wanted very much to build a house out here.

Donald and I love Oak Park, in fact, we think it is the most beautiful suburban area in Anderson. I believe Mae Ellen and Jim are as taken with the house, the neighborhood and the fine native timber as we are. As luck would have it, I really feel they are going to buy the house. I can move out of here with a much warmer feeling knowing someone we like is living here rather than perfect strangers. And foolish as it may sound, I feel certain Mae Ellen will keep our faithful bird friends well fed when they come again this winter.

Donald is expected to begin working out of the Milwaukee office November 1st. We are making many trips to Hales Corners, which is the suburb where the office is located, in an effort to find a house. Hales Corners is about thirty minutes driving time from the uptown area of Milwaukee. It is a lovely suburb but



Katharine, Paul, and little Adrienne Driftmier will certainly miss their Grandmother Schneider when they move to Wisconsin, but no more than Mrs. Schneider will miss them!

we are having difficulty finding a house we like.

I went ahead and enrolled Katharine in kindergarten here even though it will mean changing schools soon. I could not disappoint her after she had looked forward to it for such a long time. Needless to say she adores school. She pops out of bed when she hears our alarm ring in the morning and manages to get herself ready except for combing hair.

When we were in Hales Corners I inquired about the school system and found out there is free kindergarten for all students and bus service in certain areas. The school system all over Wisconsin is excellent.

Paul is the boy who is not adjusting well to kindergarten. He is the mopest boy I ever saw. I can't budge him out the door even to play on the swings. He will watch Captain Kangaroo but after that he curls up with his blanket by the front window and waits until he hears the car coming which brings Katharine back home. From that minute on he pesters Katharine. He is so glad to have her home that he has even tried to sleep in the same bed with her at nap time. Fortunately, Katharine is very motherly with Paul and she doesn't mind his insistence on being included in everything she does and everywhere she goes after school. I shall be happy when he gets accustomed to playing by himself.

It won't be too long before he can learn to play with Adrienne and she will be old enough to respond to some small games. She perks up and grins broadly whenever the children come close to the play pen.

Adrienne is continuing to grow and get plump and beautiful. She has cut herself down to three meals a day so when I get her to bed around seven o'clock and Katherine and Paul put to sleep at seven-thirty, I am through

for the evening. I don't know whether it is because I am a seasoned veteran at baby handling or if Adrienne has so quickly gotten on a grown-up schedule, but it seems to me this is almost like not having a baby. She requires so little attention. And the attention she does get pleases her so much that it makes me want to ignore the housework and play with her whenever she is awake.

This afternoon Donald and I are going to the wedding of a dear friend of mine and it is with special pride that we can watch these two people get married. Marilyn and I have been good friends for many, many years and it seemed a pity such a lovely young woman had never found a man she could love enough to marry. I do not fancy myself a cupid but I did keep an eye alert for bachelors whom I thought she might enjoy meeting. Donald knew a young man at Guide Lamp whom he thought was unusually nice. Two years ago we introduced them by inviting them to come to our house for bridge. Today they are marrying one another. I am simply delighted! Marilyn has been a very lonely girl who hasn't had much happiness in her life. I hope and pray that this will be the beginning of a whole new glowing time for her.

They are having a small wedding but they did include us in the invitation. Donald is serving as usher and we are going to the Kopper Kettle for a bridal dinner following the ceremony. This will be a real treat for us and we are glad to get to go.

Since the news that we will be moving to Milwaukee has become an accepted fact, the weeks are going by much too fast. There have been such a myriad of things to think about that it doesn't seem possible Mother and Dad Driftmier have been here and gone. We had a wonderful visit but it went all too swiftly.

(Continued on page 18)

## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### THANKSGIVING MENU

Chilled Bing Cherry Fruit Cup  
Roast Turkey with Scrumptious Stuffing  
Whipped White Potatoes - Giblet Gravy  
Caramel Sweet Potatoes - Green Bean Casserole  
Cranberry Sherbet or Cranberry Salad  
Olives - Celery - Pickled Peaches - Beets  
Hot Rolls and Jelly  
Frankly-Fancy Pumpkin Pie - Coffee

### ROAST TURKEY

Prepare the fowl in the usual manner. (Search for pinfeathers, remove, wash good both inside and out. Sprinkle liberally with salt both inside and out.) Stuff the fowl loosely with dressing, it swells while cooking. Tie or pin the cavity shut. After the fowl is prepared, place breast down on heavy aluminum foil. Fold the foil up around the turkey, pressing it close and leaving the ends open so the heat will penetrate. Lay on a cookie sheet or in a large uncovered roasting pan. Roast for the 1st hour at 400 degrees then lower the temperature to 350 for the rest of the cooking time.

Roast the turkey until well done but not until it begins to drop from the bone as this causes the juices to leave the bird. Baste at least twice during roasting. The last 30 minutes, open up the foil and let it brown nicely, turning at least once so it will brown on all sides.

Pour off the drippings to use in making gravy. Remove the turkey to a platter and let stand about 30 minutes before carving.

### CARAMEL SWEET POTATOES

12 small sweet potatoes  
1 cup hot water  
1 1/2 cups brown sugar  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
2 Tbls. melted butter  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
1/4 tsp. powdered cloves

Boil the sweet potatoes until tender. While they are cooking combine all the rest of the ingredients and boil for 10 minutes. Peel the sweet potatoes and lay them in a baking dish. Pour the boiling hot sauce over them. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

Note: The addition of 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring gives baked sweet potatoes a very delicate taste. Do not use the spices when you make the orange sweet potatoes.

### SCRUMPTIOUS STUFFING

1 cup raisins  
1 1/2 cups celery, diced  
8 cups soft white bread crumbs  
6 cups cornbread crumbs  
1 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 tsp. powdered thyme  
1 tsp. powdered sage  
1/2 tsp. pepper  
3/4 cup butter or margarine  
1 cup onion, minced  
2/3 cup giblet broth or bouillon

Rinse and drain the raisins. Melt the butter in a skillet. Now combine all the other ingredients in a big bowl. Toss gently with the butter. Pack lightly into turkey or make into round dressing balls. The balls may be placed on an oiled baking sheet and baked in a 350 degree oven for 25 minutes.

While dressing baked in the turkey is superior in flavor, its appearance is not always as neat as dressing made into the balls. The stuffing balls are easy to prepare and look very nice either on a platter alone or around the edge of the meat platter. Serve with plenty of good giblet gravy.

### GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

4 cups canned green beans, drained  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
Slivered almonds

Mix together the green beans and the mushroom soup, undiluted. Put into a baking dish. Sprinkle slivered almonds generously over the top. Bake for 45 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

### EVELYN'S FAVORITE ROLLS

1 cup scalded milk  
1/4 cup shortening  
1/4 cup sugar  
1 tsp. salt  
1 pkg. dry yeast  
1/4 cup lukewarm water  
1 beaten egg  
3 1/2 cups flour

Combine milk, shortening, sugar and salt and cool until lukewarm. Sprinkle yeast over the 1/4 cup of lukewarm water. When dissolved, add to the first mixture which is now lukewarm. Stir in the beaten egg and lastly add the flour gradually and mix well. (I often use the electric mixer as I add the flour until it is too stiff to manage.) Turn out on lightly floured board, knead and place in a greased bowl. Cover and let rise until double in bulk (about 2 hours.) Place on lightly floured board, knead and shape as desired. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees, for 20 minutes or until done. Makes about 2 dozen rolls.

This is a basic recipe. You may make a richer dough by stepping up both the sugar and the shortening to 1/2 cup each. You may add one or two eggs . . . this gives you a butter-horn type recipe. Use either the basic recipe or the richer version for butterscotch, cinnamon, orange, pecan or any other type sweet roll.

### JEWEL CRANBERRY SALAD

1 pkg. cranberries  
1 pkg. raspberry gelatin  
1 small can crushed pineapple  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Wash and drain the cranberries. Start to cook with 1 cup of water. When nearly all have popped, add 1 1/2 cups sugar. Let cook a few minutes longer. Remove from the fire and stir in the gelatin. Stir until gelatin dissolves and let cool until sirupy. Add the pineapple, juice and all, and the nuts. Chill well.

The friend in Kansas who sent this recipe says it is very pretty served in a clear glass bowl.

### CRANBERRY SHERBET

4 cups cranberries  
3 cups water  
2 cups sugar  
1/4 cup lemon juice

Boil the cranberries and sugar together until the berries stop popping. Run through a food mill. Add the sugar, stir well, then add the lemon juice. Turn into a refrigerator tray and place in freezer. Freeze until mushy, remove to a mixing bowl and beat until smooth. Return to freezer and freeze until firm. This is very good served with the main course of a meal as well as for dessert. One club served this sherbet in tiny white paper cups. It would be very pretty turned out in a round ball on either silver or gold doilies.

### FRANKLY-FANCY PUMPKIN PIE

3 egg yolks  
1 cup milk  
1 cup brown sugar  
4 Tbls. flour  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/2 tsp. cloves  
1/4 tsp. ginger  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup canned pumpkin  
1/4 cup butter  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
3/4 cup whole pecans  
1 baked pie shell

Beat the egg yolks, add the milk, sugar, flour and spices. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick. Stir in the pumpkin, butter, flavoring and nuts. Remove from the fire and stir until well blended and the butter is melted. Pour into the baked pie shell and top with the following meringue:

### Meringue

3 egg whites  
1/4 tsp. cream of tartar  
6 Tbls. sugar

Beat the egg whites and the cream of tartar together until stiff enough to hold shape. At low speed, add sugar 2 tablespoons at a time. Beat until it holds nice stiff peaks when the beaters are lifted. Spread lightly over the top of the *Frankly-Fancy Pumpkin Pie*. Garnish with 1/4 cup of pecans. Brown the meringue in a 325 degree oven for 15 minutes.



## TEMPTING TRICKS WITH LEFTOVERS

These are favorite ways in which we use leftover turkey or chicken. If the meat and gravy is frozen for several days and brought out in one of these excellent dishes your family will be far happier than with a steady diet of cold meat.

### TURKEY LOAF

- 4 slices bacon, diced
- 1 cup diced turkey or chicken
- 1 1/2 cups cooked spaghetti or noodles
- 3 Tbls. grated cheese
- 4 Tbls. leftover gravy
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook the bacon until crisp and remove from the pan. Remove all the grease except 2 Tbls. Mix into the skillet all the ingredients including the bacon. Heat well. Heavily grease a bread pan and pat bread crumbs over the bottom and sides. Fill with the turkey mixture, packing tightly. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 20 minutes or until nicely brown on top. Serve with hot turkey gravy.

### TURKEY A LA KING

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup cold turkey, diced
- 1 small can peas
- 1 or 2 canned pimientos

Make a medium white sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Stir in the turkey, drained peas and pimientos. Heat thoroughly and serve over hot biscuits. This may be made in quantity and frozen in portions useable for your family.

### SIMPLE TURKEY (OR CHICKEN) SALAD

- 2 cups turkey or chicken meat, chopped fine
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 2 hard cooked eggs, chopped
- Salad dressing

Combine the meat, celery and eggs with enough salad dressing to hold together nicely. Serve in mounds on lettuce leaf. This also makes an excellent sandwich filling.

## ESCALLOPED CHICKEN OR TURKEY

- 4 cups chicken or turkey, diced
- 1 cup celery, chopped
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 cups broth or gravy

Combine the ingredients in the order given. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. This is a large recipe and will serve 12 to 15. (It is excellent for church suppers.) It is equally good in smaller amounts. Just use what you have in the way of left over chicken or turkey and adjust the other ingredients accordingly. Cream of mushroom soup is a fine substitute for the broth or gravy. The rice may be doubled and the bread crumbs eliminated for a little different variation of this excellent casserole.

### CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 pound cranberries
- 8 to 10 apples
- 1 orange
- 2 cups sugar

Put the cranberries, the unpeeled apples and the orange through the food chopper. (You may put the orange through, peeling and all, if you like.) Combine all the ingredients with the sugar. Place in a covered dish in the refrigerator.

## CRANBERRY PIE

- 2 1/2 cups cranberries
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Press some of the juice from the pineapple (it does not need to be completely drained) and combine all the ingredients together. Pour into an unbaked pie shell and top with a criss-cross pastry top. Bake at 425 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

## UNUSUAL CRANBERRY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup juices and water (drain fruit and add water to make 1 cup)
- 1 10-ounce pkg. frozen strawberries
- 1 13 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 2 cans whole cranberry sauce
- 12 marshmallows

Dissolve gelatin in the hot water. Drain the thawed frozen strawberries and pineapple and add water to make 1 cup liquid and add to gelatin. Chill the gelatin until it starts to congeal, then add the berries, crushed pineapple and cranberry sauce and the diced marshmallows. Return to refrigerator until congealed. Serve on lettuce with a little mayonnaise.

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*If you don't—skip right over this.*

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
Shenandoah, Iowa

## LET'S TALK TURKEY!

A Skit

By

Mabel Nair Brown

The Thanksgiving season should be joyous and happy as well as a grateful, prayerful time. This skit is aimed to strike a humorous note, yet with a bit of the genuine spirit of the holiday coming through the laughter.

If the women taking part in the skit will enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of the playlet by wearing old fashioned costumes appropriate to their bit, and by pantomiming the actions as they are read, this can be hilariously funny. However you do it, it is sure to start everyone on a "do you remember when" session!

**Narrator:** "Comes the time in late November when the harvest days are o'er; Crops are secure within the barns, it's Thanksgiving time once more. It's a time to do some pondering on our blessings, big and small. We find that God has been most generous, we cannot count them all!

We think first of big blessings which God bestows for free  
But how about the little things that make life good for you and me?  
We need to jog our mind a bit, ere we say our prayers of praise;  
For we're prone to overlook the present and dwell on 'the good old days.'  
Oh, the 'good old days' were mighty fine for folks a-livin' then,  
But I, for one, am not a-wishin' those old days back again!  
Join with me, let us reminisce about those days of yore.  
I'm sure it will remind us of blessings by the score."

*(Enter woman wearing old fashioned calico dress and carrying a washboard. She places the board in a tin tub and starts the motions of scrubbing on the board.)*

**Narrator:** "Up and down, up and down, rub - a - dub - dub - a - dub. Do you remember how hard ma worked over the old wash tub?  
Let's throw it away—get rid of that junk, goodbye to the good old days. Give me a washer-dryer now, it's a mamma saver that pays."

*(Enter woman dressed in long full dress over stiffly starched petticoats, with a most forlorn expression on her face. She carries an old sadiron.)*

**Narrator:** "Here's an old sadiron, it's one time things are as they seem. Is there any gal here who'd trade it for her electric one with steam?  
Poor old sadiron, heavy as a hunk of lead!

The darn thing wouldn't smooth a wrinkle 'till the kitchen stove was red!

RED? So was her face as she mopped her brow.

Believe you me, I'm grateful for the way we do it now."

*(Enter woman carrying old fly swisher made by tacking wide strips of fringed newspapers to a piece of a broom handle. If you can find one, have her carry an old screen fly trap.)*

**Narrator:** "Is there any one of you who'd wish herself back in the days of the old fly swisher? Just listen—Remember the flies in the milk crock and on the butter dish, too;  
Swarms at the front door and back door, pray, what did ma do?  
As for me, perhaps I'm lazy, I like the new fangled way.

Spot the fly, push the button, and let it spray!"

*(Enter a lady in old fashioned wrapper and morning cap carrying a curling iron or marcel iron.)*

**Narrator:** "Recall this old curling iron heated over an open flame?  
And the scorched smell as milady crimped her flowing mane?  
For putting a kink in your hair, this gadget was once 'tops'.  
But give me the pretty curls from our modern beauty shops."

*(Woman wearing a large sunbonnet appears with old fashioned dasher churn.)*

**Narrator:** "In the good old days, 'twas up and down minutes upon end. Many an hour churning, did granny used to spend.  
Was once a household ritual! I fear we girls would burn  
If we had to give up boxed butter for grandma's dear old churn!"

*(An old kerosene lamp and box of matches is carried in. Woman wipes away at lamp chimney with a cloth.)*

**Narrator:** "Washing lamp chimneys was a little daily chore  
The housewife had to do in those good old days of yore.  
How they'd peer, and strain, and squint as they would try to see  
To read the daily paper or sew at the quilting bee!  
Believe me, I am thankful I don't have to do nuttin'  
To get my light but pay the bill and press a little button."

*(Enter a woman with a coffee grinder and a big old enameled or granite coffee pot.)*

**Narrator:** "The old grinder does very well as a modern flower planter;  
As a kitchen helper it went out with the Tam-O-Shanter!!  
Now, for a relaxing cup of coffee all you need to do  
Is to take a dip of 'Instant' for a most refreshing brew.

If any gal here's nostalgic for bygone days, I remind her:  
There are other ways to spend her time than turnin' a coffee grinder."

*(Enter woman carrying bedticking, a striped pillow case would do, and an armload of straw.)*

**Narrator:** "Really, girls, you must admit housekeeping is now a treat, Like making beds the quickie way with a handy contour sheet.  
For goodness sake, who'd want to sleep on a lumpy old straw tick?  
Not me, it's a nice soft innerspring I am going to pick!"

*(Model wears a faded housedress and one that is too short and too tight.)*

**Narrator:** "How I do love wash and  
(Continued on page 16)



## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By

Frederick

Betty doesn't always agree with all that I do in the kitchen! She does admit, however, that when it comes to making do with a substitute I manage to make out quite well. I like the challenge of having to put something interesting and appetizing on the table when there is practically nothing with which to do it.

What if the only meat in the house is one pound of frankfurters, or hot dogs, or wieners, or whatever it is that you call them? Don't think that you can't do anything interesting with them, because you can. There is something else to do with frankfurters besides boiling them or cutting them up in a casserole. Just look at these recipes.

## FRANKFURTERS SUPREME

- 1 lb. frankfurters
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1 cup of water
- 1/2 cup ketchup
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. mild prepared mustard
- Anything else you want in the way of spices

Cut the frankfurters in half lengthwise. Place in a deep covered skillet, and over them pour the mixture of the ingredients above. The flour should first of all be made into a paste with the 3 Tbls. of water, and then add that thickening to the other ingredients. Let the entire affair simmer for twenty minutes. If you don't have brown sugar, use white. (You might prefer white anyway.) Sometimes a dash of Worcestershire sauce helps. Serve these with mashed potatoes or macaroni.

## BUNDLED FRANKFURTERS

This is so simple to prepare, and they are so good. Just drop a pound of frankfurters into a pan of boiling water for two minutes. Take them out and split them open. Spread with a mild mustard and then, putting a long slice of a mild pickle between the halves, fold together again. Wrap each stuffed frankfurter with a piece of bacon and fasten with toothpicks. (Be sure to break off the ends of the toothpicks so they won't burn in the broiler.) Broil until the bacon is done.

## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

A few months ago, I wouldn't have been sitting down to type this late in the afternoon. It happens that our evening meals are now scheduled for a later hour due to an extra-curricular activity of Martin's. This year he was chosen to be one of the student managers of the Junior High football team and is involved at the football field or at the gym until around 7 o'clock every evening.

We were very happy over this new responsibility because, although Martin has always been enthusiastic over sports, it has been as a spectator instead of as a participant. This new assignment gives him an opportunity to work with the team and a direct relationship with the sport. From what I gather from him, his job consists of running back and forth for the first aid kit and football equipment, and handing out towels when the boys return to the gym for their showers. If there is more to it than that, he obviously doesn't consider it as important as those particular duties!

This new responsibility also means that Oliver and I load up the car to go to the Junior High games as well as to the Senior High games. So far we have attended all of them. It also means more football discussion around the house and, for the first time, *real* "football talk".

Longer afternoons mean shorter evenings, for I'm an hour later leaving the kitchen. But on the other hand, I gain an extra hour of desk work. At first I was a bit frustrated at this new routine and found myself getting up to check the clock a dozen times until I became adjusted to the change. Now, I know that I needn't make a move towards the kitchen until Oliver gets home from work. That gives me ample time to prepare our evening meal.

Isn't it a fact that we stir ourselves to certain sounds? I never start lunch, for instance, until I hear the Kindergarten children coming up the street at 11:30. The minute I hear those little voices, I get up and head for the kitchen. Other sounds that move me automatically come from barking dogs in the neighborhood. When they bark at the front of the house, I know that the mailman is coming up the street. If the barking is at the back, the milkman is arriving!

Most of my clubs didn't resume meeting until the first week in October. Two of them opened with luncheons which is a very nice way to start off the club year. We like to meet in the country in early Fall, not only because it is a beautiful time of the year for a little drive, but also because the weather is more certain than in Winter or Spring.

In our Federated Club each is assigned a topic for roll call. Mine, as president, is Federation News. Others are: Children's Books, Personal Health, Legislation, Radio, New Fiction, Medicine, Religion, Cinema, Fashions, State Parks, People in the News, Labor, Theatre, United Nations,



—Photo by Frampton  
Mrs. Donald Bohlen, the new bride Mother mentions in her letter.

Music, Art, Homemaking, Education, Space Travel, Science, Cabinet Members, Food, and National Affairs. (I take the space to list these as so many of you have asked for ideas for roll call.) A two or three minutes' report on the assigned topics helps to keep us up to date on what is news in our world today.

Our main theme this year is "Glimpsing the Arts of Today" and a few of the scheduled programs are: Twentieth Century Art, Literature, Amateur Photography, Drama, Mosaics for the Home, Architecture, Poetry and Music.

In another social group, the theme for the year is "A Day Well Spent". Some of the programs we will be enjoying are: Surveying the Culinary Arts, Enjoying the Pleasures of Poetry, Being Thankful for our Blessings, Remembering the Greatest Gift of All, Remembering our Heritage, Thinking of the New Year, Forecasting New Fashions, Opening Wide the Windows of the Mind, Remembering the Needs of Others, Reviewing New Books.

As you probably noted, the program titles for both clubs are rather loosely stated so that the ones who are to give the programs have free rein to handle the subjects in any way they choose. On the other hand, some prefer to have a definite lesson to prepare, so the program chairmen have definite ideas in mind in case they are requested.

Oliver and I missed a week-end excursion this Fall that we had hoped very much to take. It just happened that we had some church responsibilities at that particular time so had to pass up the trip. The Iowa Railway Historical Museum, Inc., whose headquarters are in Centerville, sponsored a steam-powered railroad excursion from Cedar Rapids to Ottumwa. The train consisted of six coaches and a baggage car and was pulled by an old steam locomotive built in 1903.

The locomotive was scheduled to be scrapped by the Illinois Central Railroad in Memphis, Tenn. until Louis S. Keller of Cedar Rapids bought it last year. Since then it has been repaired by rail fans in Cedar Rapids.

We thought it would be a golden opportunity to ride on such a locomotive for they are fast disappearing from our American scene. As a matter of fact, it has been five years since a steam locomotive has operated in Cedar Rapids and over ten years since passenger service was discontinued on this branch of the Milwaukee Road. I hope that there will be another such excursion for I think it would be quite a lark. Maybe it was meant to be that we should miss this one, for Martin couldn't have gone with us and perhaps he could go on the next one. If any of you friends made the trip I would love to hear a first-hand report.

Our church is undergoing a big remodeling project. Half of the basement contains the dining room and kitchen which received a face-lifting a short time ago. The other half is a very large room, part of which was divided into classrooms by moveable partitions. It was decided that permanent rooms should be built. The main construction work was done by hired labor, but the finishing details, such as laying tile, sanding and painting, are being completed by volunteers from the church membership. Since we have done some of our own painting, Oliver felt that he could help best in that department.

The Women's Fellowship has offered to refurnish the Children's Nursery. We have been working on small fundraising projects within our own group and hope to complete the room soon.

Plans are being formulated for our Annual Silent Bazaar. It will again be in the form of a large church dinner when members will give a special offering to be used for specific building needs. We have held these in recent years in place of a public bazaar and they have been most successful. The dinner plans are always kept a surprise and, being a member of the executive committee, I certainly wouldn't want to divulge the plans prematurely! I'll give a complete account after the affair has been held.

This evening I would like very much to start a smocked dress. The material and pattern have been lying in my sewing drawer for a month and my fingers have been itching to get started. Like countless of you I had been saving some household chores until cooler weather and they just *had* to have attention before I started smocking. If I looked *hard enough* I'm sure I could find some mending to do, but it just isn't in me today! I can be just as guilty of that as the rest of you, and don't say you've never been guilty of such a thing! We must have our little pleasures or our lives would become dull and drab, wouldn't they?

This material is a beautiful pale pink cotton and will be smocked in deep wine, a color combination that we call "peppermint candy". The first

(Continued on page 16)

## A VISIT WITH DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

The farm seems unusually quiet today because Frank is gone. I don't hear the pound, pound, pound of the hammer around the farm buildings which has been the familiar sound these days. Frank drove to Burlington, Iowa with two of his sisters to visit an aunt in the hospital. I stayed at home to keep an eye on things and decided that, since I was alone and there would be no traffic through the back door, it would be a good time to scrub and wax the kitchen floor. While it is drying, I'll write my letter to you.

With club meetings starting up again there have been many orders for Peanut Pixies. As a result I have been pretty much "glued" to the dining room table (my "Pixie Factory"), and the house has been sadly neglected. The kitchen floor is just a start on the cleaning I hope to accomplish today.

Kristin has a good friend, Evelyn Clothier, who lives three miles from us. She is going to Evelyn's to study tonight and I hope they get more studying done than I used to when I was their age. When my friends and I got together to study we started with good intentions but usually ended up making candy, popping corn and having a real "gab" session!

Kristin's high school days have been so different from mine. Living in town and within walking distance of my friends, we were able to spend many happy evenings together. She, on the other hand, has always had many miles separating her from her friends. Consequently she has spent much time alone these past years. However, this year most of the girls are driving so they are able to get together more often.

Frank has been busy these days making repairs on some of our farm buildings before corn-picking time. Hence, the pounding of the hammer I mentioned. He moved the tool shed to a more convenient location and on a new cement block foundation. Last week he put new shingles on the wash house and plans to give it a fresh coat of paint when he paints the tool shed. It has been slow work and he sometimes feels that he doesn't accomplish much, but it looks like a lot to me. I only wish that I accomplished as much in the house as he manages to get done outside. Perhaps it is because a farmer's wife has more interruptions than most women!

We didn't have very good luck with our turnips this year which was unusual for us. In past years we have had more turnips than we knew what to do with and enormous ones at that. Frank planted them on the 25th of July and I don't recall whether it was wet or dry. At any rate, they all went to tops and as a result the turnips were very small.

Each month when I go to Shenandoah to address the magazine, I have an opportunity to visit with you on the radio program. I look forward to this and like to share some of my new recipes with you. Before I went the



When Dorothy is in Shenandoah, she enjoys reading the mail too. Here she and Margery are pictured reading some of your letters.

last time I tried out two cake recipes that were quite different from any cakes I had ever made. They were delicious! As things turned out, I didn't broadcast after all, so I'll take the recipes with me the next time and perhaps they can be included in the magazine in a future issue.

When I arrived in Shenandoah last month Lucile told me about a big week-end celebration that the Ridgeview Super Valu store in Waterloo, Iowa was planning. I have attended some of these affairs and suggested that I might be able to drive to Waterloo and greet our many friends in that part of Iowa. However, there were those big stacks of Kitchen-Klatters to address and if the machine acted up at all, I didn't see how I could possibly finish the addressing in time to make the trip. Lucile called just before broadcast time and asked, "Shall I tell our friends you will broadcast tomorrow morning or can you see your way clear to drive to Waterloo?" Since I had experienced a little trouble the day before, I was somewhat behind schedule so felt that the trip was off. However, the big addressing machine clicked off the magazines without a hitch and, by working a little overtime I finished that day. Mother said that she would be happy to take my place on the radio so I could drive to Waterloo. From that moment on I really flew!

Frank and Kristin weren't expecting me home quite so soon so they were very much surprised when I called that they should meet the night train. I suggested that if Kristin could be excused from school, it would be nice for her to accompany me. Everything worked out fine and Kristin and I left Lucas the following morning.

It was a bit disheartening to leave in a pouring rain. In fact, it rained practically every minute of the two days we were in Waterloo. We were happy that so many, many friends attended the celebration in spite of the dismal weather.

The food show was held in a large tent next to the Ridgeview store. Although it was a little chilly and our feet got wet from standing on damp ground, we didn't mind it a bit because of the pleasure that was ours in visiting so many friends.

I wish I could put into words exactly how I feel when these opportunities arise to meet our radio friends. Someone will say to me, "I know I'm a stranger to you but I have listened to Kitchen-Klatter for so many years, have seen your picture in the magazine, that I feel as if I know you personally." Well, you don't seem like strangers to me, either. I've thought about this a great deal—why you don't seem like strangers when I have never seen you before. Perhaps it is because, by means of the magazine and the radio visits, you know the things that happen in our family. You know that Kristin is raising pigs, that Juliana went to camp in Wyoming, that Mother and Dad have a new baby granddaughter. Strangers don't know these things—only friends.

I felt very badly the other day when I received a nice letter from a friend in eastern Iowa. She remarked that she was positive she had seen me in Iowa City last spring and wanted so much to speak, but didn't have the nerve because she was a complete stranger. I had no way of knowing that she was a friend or I would have spoken to her. You have the advantage over me because you have seen my picture. So please, remember that we are always pleased when you make yourselves known. You are friends, not strangers. I felt this very keenly on this last trip and just had to mention it.

Kristin has spent many evenings this week working on a float for the Chariton Homecoming. Next to the Junior-Senior Banquet, Homecoming is considered the most important event of the year. The activities involved seemed important enough to call for a new dress. While we were in Waterloo, we had a little time to shop and Kristin felt very lucky to find just the dress she wanted. I make most of her clothes, but this fall there has been very little time for sewing. If the situation eases, there are several things I would like to make for her. She is a fine little seamstress herself but Seniors are kept extremely busy and her time is well filled as it is.

The wax is dry on the kitchen floor so I'll put the typewriter back on Kristin's desk and start my cleaning.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

### PEANUT PIXIES

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**"A REPORT FROM THURSDAY"**

By  
Esther Sigsbee

The detective shows on television investigate all sorts of unusual situations and come up with play-by-play reports. There is something unusual going on this month all over the nation—Thanksgiving Day. It has nothing to do with breaking the law, in fact celebrating the day is enforcing it. Here's how Thanksgiving Day might sound if it were reported on such a TV show.

"My name is Lieutenant Thursday. This is my partner, Sergeant Brown. We are Cops! At 7:05 on the morning of Nov. 24, 1960, a call came into headquarters to make an investigation at 209 S. Williams street. A woman there was suspected of harboring a dead body and attempting to dispose of same.

"7:08 A.M. My partner and I drove to a modest home at the foregoing address. We rapped several times on the front door. It was suspiciously covered with fingerprints, apparently placed there by members of a juvenile delinquent gang.

"7:09 A.M. The door was opened by a sleepy looking woman, 5' 6", brown hair, brown eyes, dressed in a disreputable bathrobe. We identified ourselves. We told her of our suspicions about the body. She readily admitted harboring a man.

"The woman kept insisting that, although she had the body in her possession, she didn't kill it. 'Honest, Mister', she said, 'I can't kill anything, even a little mouse.' We questioned her further. She led us to the kitchen where there were unmistakable signs of a severe struggle. Gobs of bread dressing were on the floor and several sharp instruments lay on the kitchen sink. She showed us the oven. The body was there. It was on the plump side, about 10 pounds, 8 ounces, easily identified as a former inmate of the Apex Turkey Range. Pending further charges, we released the woman to the custody of her family, whereupon she set the thermostat at 325 degrees and went sleepily back to bed.

"9:10 A.M. A call came in to Robbery Division about a case at 100 East Oak Street. Sometime during the morning a thief had broken into a refrigerator and had stolen the whipped cream topping off a pumpkin pie. Suspect was a six year old boy who was last seen licking his fingers and departing in the direction of a vacant lot. We questioned the suspect's mother. Finally she broke down and said, 'My Jackie has always been a good boy. Couldn't ask for anybody nicer to his mother. I told him over and over again not to get mixed up with that Oak Street Gang, but you know how boys are.' 'Yes, Ma'm.', I said. The mother went on, 'I always did say his sweet tooth would get him into trouble some day.'

"11:30 A.M. Missing Persons Department reported that a 41 year old man hadn't turned up at his home in

time for dinner. Sergeant Brown and I investigated. The man's wife emotionally explained that her husband was always like that. 'Never could be depended upon when I wanted him to carve the turkey.' 'Yes, Ma'm.', I said. 'All we want is the facts, Ma'm.' Further questioning disclosed that the suspect had departed from the home at 9:48 that morning with a 12 gauge shot-gun and a box of shells. He was last seen five miles east of the city limits in a cornfield with the gun poised for action. 'I don't care if he doesn't get any pheasants this morning. All I want is for you to bring him home so that he can help me when the company comes!', said the suspect's wife. 'Yes, Ma'm.', I replied.

"3:17 P.M. Manslaughter Division reported a suspected poisoning victim at St. Ann Hospital. The subject was in bad shape and complained of violent pains in the abdomen and a full and distended feeling. We questioned the man, a ruddy-faced, heavy set individual about 50 years old, 5' 8" tall, weight 250 pounds. 'All I had for dinner,' he said, 'was three helpings of turkey, two of dressing, some cranberry sauce, a few mashed potatoes, several portions of creamed onions, 6 rolls, a few pieces of celery, 13 olives and four pieces of mince pie with that swell hard sauce my wife makes.' The hospital ran immediate tests for the Crime Lab. The report revealed no foreign chemicals mixed with the food.

"4:13 P.M. A request came in to the Record Department to go over the Mug File for persons suspected of starting Thanksgiving Day. A call to Plymouth Colony turned up a shot of one Governor William Bradford. After being accused of trying for religious freedom in England and in Holland, he was convicted in 1621 of being grateful for the bountiful harvests in the new world and for holding a harvest feast of Thanksgiving.

"The Mug File also turned up the case of George Washington who in 1789 said, 'I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the Beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be:—that we may render Him our sincere and humble thanks.'

"A shot of one Abraham Lincoln was in the files. He admitted and was convicted of issuing the first presidential proclamation appointing Thanksgiving Day as a holiday in 1864. Other characters, sentenced to terms as presidents of the United States were guilty of proclaiming the day ever since."

As in the television shows, in a moment we shall have the results of these cases. Sergeant Brown and Lieutenant Thursday nibble on a drumstick in lieu of the usual commercial.

Here are the results of the cases:

"Over 160 million people in the United States celebrate Thanksgiving Day. Along with the Fourth of July it is one of our few purely American holidays. We pause for a moment at home among our loved ones, or in church, to acknowledge to the God of



This charming little girl is Anna Dee Bailey, four-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bailey, Meadville, Mo.

us all that He is the author of our blessings.

"For the food that we eat, for the clothes that we wear, for the shelter that protects, Lord, we are thankful. For the love of our families, for the companionship of our friends, for the health of our bodies, we are grateful.

"For the material blessings that have been heaped upon us; for our intangible boons—freedom, joy, energy with which to work and our hopes for a better tomorrow, we are thankful.

"The Lord has given us all so many things; may He give us one thing more—a grateful heart."

The best way to do away with criminals is to stop raising them.



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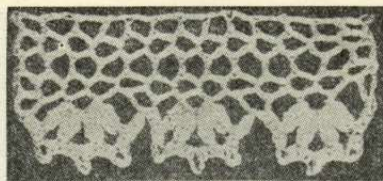
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\$1.25 postpaid



### ELEANOR EDGING

Make a chain of 12 stitches.

1. A tr in 6th st from hook, ch 3, tr in same place, forming what we will call a group, ch 1, miss 2, group in next, ch 1, tr in ch at end.

2. Ch 4, group in group, ch 1, group in group, \* turn.

3. Like 2d row to \*, ch 1, tr in loop of 4 ch at end of row.

4. Like 2d row; do not turn but ch 3, 3 t tr under 4 ch at beginning of 3d row, keeping top st of all on needle and working off together, (ch 3, a cluster of t tr under same ch) 3 times, ch 3, join to loop at beginning of 1st row, turn.

5. Three d c under 3 ch, (3 d c, ch 3 for p, 3 ch, under 3 ch between clusters) 3 times, 3 d c under next 3 ch, ch 3, (group in group, ch 1) twice, tr in ch at end of row.

Repeat from 2d row to length required.

This edging may be made wider by adding to the original chain and the number of groups; it is very quickly made, durable and dainty.

There are so many things in life to enjoy. Don't take yourself too seriously. Nothing is to be gained by going around with a long face. Stop grumbling, see the good in the world, and keep the bad to yourself.

### LET'S TALK TURKEY—Concluded

wears, there is no doubt about it!

I never, never would prefer to be a 'shrinking' violet!"

(Models all line up for grand finale.)

Narrator: "The good old days were mighty fine for folks a-livin' then.

But I am not a-wishin' for those old times back again.

Instead, I think it does us good if we, once in a while,

Can talk of those old days and ways, which sometimes make us smile;

For it makes us so much more aware of blessings oft forgot,

Which help our daily living be a far more pleasant lot.

Let's 'talk turkey', let's be honest, then let each one say

Her own special prayer of thanks upon Thanksgiving Day."

### MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

dress I ever made in those colors reminded Mother of peppermint candy so we have used the title ever since. The colors look so dainty together that I always finish the collars and cuffs with lace instead of edging them with an embroidery stitch.

While I'm working at my embroidery, Martin will be reading a Civil War novel for a Literature class report and Oliver will be reading a book on railroading that Dad loaned him, so the Stroms will be spending a very quiet evening as usual.

I just heard Oliver pull into the driveway, so that is my cue to put the typewriter away and head for the kitchen. We usually have a cup of coffee before Oliver changes into his old clothes to do some yard work for it is a good time to catch up on the news of the day.

Until next month,

*Margery*

### COVER PICTURE

No! The turkey isn't as big this year for there aren't as many family members gathering for the traditional Thanksgiving feast as in the past.

You will notice that Oliver is a "left-handed carver", that Martin has waited about as long as he possibly can, and that Margery has a look on her face that can easily be read to say, "I hope it slices *nicely* because *everything else* is ready!"

### LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

So many people have wanted to make this beautiful pansy quilt that Mother and I figured out a way to manage the pattern and directions. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

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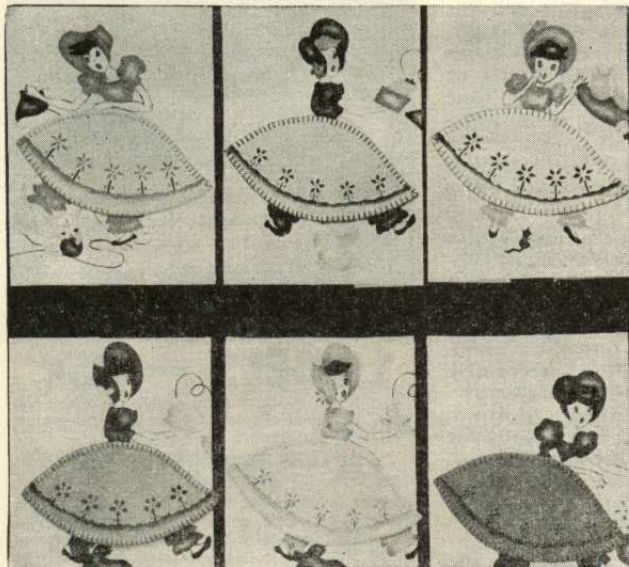
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\$1.50 a set plus sales tax and 10¢ postage per set

ALVINA M. PARKER, Rt. 1, West Des Moines, Iowa

## PRAYING HANDS

As a young man, Albert Durer left his home in Nuremburg, Germany, to study art with a great teacher. Because he was very poor, it was exceedingly hard for him to study and make a living at the same time. He found a friend, a man older than himself, who also had a desire to become a great artist, and the two shared a room.

One day when the struggle for food had discouraged them both almost to the point of giving up their dreams, Albert's friend made a suggestion—let one of them make the living for both while the other continued to study, then when the paintings began to sell, the one who had worked would have his chance. Albert's friend cheerfully insisted on being the first to earn the living, and he labored long hours for many days washing dishes in a restaurant, sweeping and scrubbing.

At last came the day when Albert Durer sold a wood-carving for enough money to buy food and pay rent for a long time. Now his friend could return to art study. But, tragically, the days of hard work had done something to his friend's hands—the knuckles were enlarged, and the finger muscles stiffened from long hours with the scrub brush. He would never again be able to use a brush as an artist!

Young Durer was heartbroken at the tragedy. One day he returned to the room unexpectedly to hear his friend's voice in prayer, and, entering softly, saw the work-worn hands folded reverently in prayer. Albert Durer, with tears in his eyes, then made a vow that his masterpiece of art would be a painting of those work-worn hands, that the world should know of the beauty of hands that had toiled for others and remember with devotion, on seeing his picture, the hands that had toiled for them.

In this great drama we call Life  
Our roles to us seem staid,  
The curtain falls—we never know  
How great a part we played!



(Note from Evelyn.) When I was a young girl, I came across Durer's picture "Praying Hands." "Those must be my father's hands," I thought. As the years have passed I am even more amazed at the resemblance between the hands portrayed in this now famous painting and the work-worn, compassionate hands of my own father. Dad's hands were hardened and roughened by his early years on the western prairie of Kansas. When he became a minister his roughened hands showed many people, by their kindness, sympathy and genuine faith, the way to God. Whenever I look at this picture I think of my father's hands folded in prayer, holding a tiny baby or comforting someone sick in body or soul. Perhaps this picture will remind you of the loving hands of someone who has helped and guided and prayed for you.

The story of how Albert Durer came to paint the picture is surely fitting for this time of year. When each of us should be folding hands in thankfulness to God, may we share this painting and story by an anonymous writer of Durer's "Praying Hands."

## YOUR RADIO CAN BRING US TOGETHER!

Remember to tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning—and if you have lonely friends and relatives who don't know about our daily visit, pass along the word.

These are the stations where you can tune in Kitchen-Klatter:

<b>KLIK</b>	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>KWPC</b>	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KCFI</b>	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KFEQ</b>	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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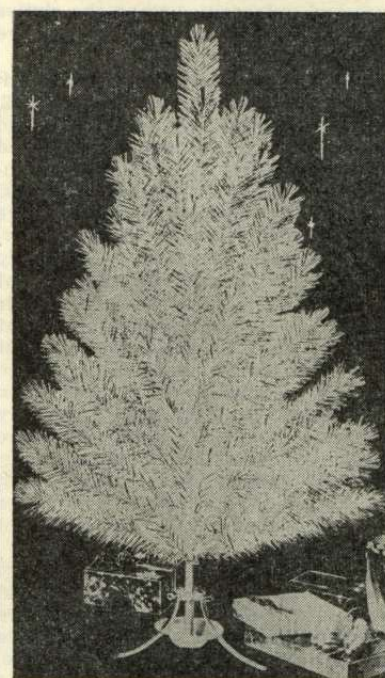
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What's new for Christmas this year? Your new Silver Pine Christmas tree, of course. With the glitter and sparkle of our new "stow away" silver pine your Christmases will be brightened for years to come.

Each tree complete with stand.

4 foot tree—\$7.00 ppd.

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ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

**LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded**

make a distant land and a distant people as vivid and real as if we had known all of it ourselves.

The truth of the matter is that Mrs. Buck rose reproachingly before me just now as I wrote "a distant land and a distant people" for no land is "distant" today, and the Chinese people seem so much like the people right next door that the word "distant" could never be applied to them.

I think we should all know as much as it is humanly possible to know about China, and the best way to begin accumulating knowledge is to read *My Several Worlds*. It is an education. It is a priceless mine of information. When Russell finished the book he said: "This is the first time I have ever gotten a clear picture of China, a real understanding of all the events that have led up to the situation that exists today. I wish everyone would read it." And I can only echo his wish. It is a very important book.

We children felt extremely apprehensive when the folks started out on their trip to Anderson, Indiana all alone, but they made out so well that we could see them start off for Denver and not worry. They get so much pleasure out of traveling that I hope they can arrange all kinds of trips in the future.

These days we're busy studying college catalogs and Juliana is preparing to take all kinds of examinations and tests. We've been hearing for years that it would be hard to get into colleges and universities when the sixties rolled around, and now the sixties are here and it is hard.

Some of the colleges and universities in our country are simply HUGE. I talked to a man the other day who said that the university he attended twenty years ago had only 2,200 students, and today it has around 15,000 students. If young people attend large city high schools where there are several thousand students it probably isn't a drastic change to enter one of these enormous universities for their freshman year, but it seems to me that young people from small towns might find it easier to start their college work in a smaller place and then transfer later, if they wish, to a very large place. We don't know yet where Juliana will start her freshman year, but both Russell and I think she'd fare better in a school where there aren't thousands and thousands of students.

If you have young people who are now seniors in high school I would like to hear what your thoughts are on this subject, and what steps you're taking to get them entered *someplace*.

As you will note when you read the list of stations that bring our daily Kitchen-Klatter visit to you, KLIK at Jefferson City, Missouri is the newest member of our circle. This brings us into touch with people who haven't been able to hear Kitchen-Klatter for many years and we're very happy about it. Please pass on the word if you're talking with people who would like to share our activities in these winter months ahead—IF they knew about it.

A quick check on my bread just now showed me that I must get at it without a moment's delay.

Thanks for all of your wonderful letters (still my favorite reading!) and heartwarming friendship. It means more to me than you will ever know.

Faithfully yours . . .

*Lucile*

**MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded**

The weekend the folks were here Katharine discovered one of her front teeth was becoming loose. Since then she has lost both upper and lower pairs of front teeth I didn't dream children lost their teeth until they were well into the first grade. Katharine is very proud of the fact that she is the only one in her kindergarten class who has lost any teeth.

I must close now and get some supper preparations under way for the children as we'll be gone during the dinner hour and I hate to leave so much for Mother to do when she gets here. She is taking over most of the baby sitting needs these days. We are all getting so accustomed to having her attentions that when we move it is going to be difficult to adjust to having her so far away.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

**A PRAYER FOR THE SICK**

(This prayer is one that Frederick wrote for a friend in the hospital. So many other patients heard of it and asked for copies, that he shares it with us.)

Dear Heavenly Father, let my first words be a prayer of gratitude for all Thy loving care. Through so many years Thou hast watched over me and cared for me. When the path ahead has been dark and I have not known where to go and which way to turn, always have I known that Thy hand would lead me. Now once again I turn to Thee and ask for a special blessing. Help me to have a tranquil trust in Thy love, that I may go forward day by day unfaltering, fearless, and confident, having within me that Divine Light which makes clear as day the darkest midnight of my soul. Give me patience, and faith, and love, and the sure knowledge that underneath are Thine everlasting arms.

Dear God, as I lie here through the long hours of the day and night, help me to keep my mind at rest with thoughts of those who through the years have meant so much to me and of those whose lives yet touch mine with kindness and loving concern. May the thoughts of all the blessings of life invade my heart with a sense of quietness, bringing a release from weariness and discomfort. Lift my mind above all anxiety, and lead me to the quiet waters and green pastures of Thy peace. Watch over my loved ones this day and evermore. This I pray as one who has tried to follow his Master. Amen

**"Little Ads"**

**NURSE'S HOSE**—white, double tops, toes and heels, 30 denier, sizes 8½ to 11, \$1.00 pair. Bear, 2118 Burt Street, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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—Straight

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa  
Managing Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Business Manager, Russell Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa  
Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa  
Russell Verness 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: (if none, so state.)

None  
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in 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.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 60,058.

Russell Verness, Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1960.

Ivan Wilson, Notary Public  
(My Commission expires July 4, 1963.)

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

January ads due November 10.

February ads due December 10.

March ads due January 10.

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**BOOK VALUES.** Enjoyment and Education for the entire family. Literature Free. Write H. E. Haynie, 7848-C Wynbrook Rd. Baltimore 24, Md.

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**LOVELY LINEN HANKIES**—Lover's knot edge, white or variegated, 2—\$1.50. Mrs. Carl Denner, New Hampton, Iowa.

**GUEST TOWELS**—Swedish embroidered trimmed in beautiful colors only 75¢ each. Louise Fowler, 4120 Izard, Omaha, Nebraska.

**GUARANTEED**—crocheted dresses, dollies, hemstitching, all kinds aprons, doll clothes. Beulah's, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

**WOOL CROCHETED AFGHANS**—\$25.00 and \$35.00. Ludmila Hotovy, 5th Street, David City, Nebraska.

**CROCHETED oblong doily 15" long** with braided ribbon—\$2.00. Very pretty. Also other items. Mrs. Rita Herms, Brainard, Nebraska.

**SWEDISH CROSS STITCH APRONS**—\$3.00. T. V. Slippers, \$3.00. Mrs. A. Fernstedt, 910 Erie, Storm Lake, Iowa.

**WASHCLOTH SLIPPERS**—crocheted edge, ribbon bow, \$1.10 pair. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Missouri.

**FOR SALE**—assorted neat edged hankies—\$1.00; 2—\$1.85. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**DOLL CLOTHES**—three pieces for \$1.10; five for \$1.50. Give measurement of head, waist and length. Half aprons, print, \$1.00; Fancy Tea, \$2.00. Ruth Wessendorf, Route 2, Storm Lake, Iowa.

**I'LL PREPARE YOUR MATERIALS,** weave beautiful rugs—\$2.00 yd. You prepare—\$1.25. SALE: Rugs \$1.25 up. Guaranteed work. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

**SALE**—Kitchen aprons, \$1.00. Mrs. Will Paten, Cherokee, Iowa.

**FANCY WILD RICE**—\$2.50 per pound. Postage paid on orders over 5 lbs. Write Nokomis Cabins, Max, Minnesota.

**LADIES**—1961 Kitchen recipe calendar with your name printed on it, \$1.00. Your friends will all want one. Imprint Service, 2149 Stanford, St. Paul, Minnesota.

**BEAUTIFULLY MADE ORGANDY APRONS**—fine material and exceptionally careful stitching. State color choice. A lovely gift or a "dress-up" apron for yourself, \$1.25 or \$1.50 postpaid. Order from Susie Kessler, Center, Kentucky.

**BEAUTIFUL WALL PLATES**—handpainted flowers with warm and friendly quotes. Stamp for list. Margaret Gerloff, 319 N. E. Park, Luverne, Minn.

**BABY'S SHOES BRONZED**—\$2.00 a pair. M. E. Stauffer, Circleville, Kansas.

## LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

the American Mothers Committee, 525 Lexington Avenue, New York City 17, New York. State committees are now being appointed to choose the mothers who will represent the states in New York when the American Mother of the Year will be chosen.

Like many of you, the coming of fall meant that some house-cleaning was in order. This past week a friend has been helping me clean the upstairs. I don't get up there as often as I would like, or even as often as I think necessary, for it isn't an easy procedure.

Some of you have asked how I manage the long flight of steps upstairs since I can't use my legs. Well, I sit on the bottom step and move up one by one, pulling my legs up after me. A wheel chair is left at the top of the stairs to which I then transfer. For safety's sake someone holds the chair steady so that it won't roll as I get into it. I read somewhere recently that someone was offering \$5,000 to anyone who could invent a wheel chair that could climb steps. I hope young inventors get busy working on the problem for it certainly would be a marvelous accomplishment and bring much help to us who spend our days in wheel chairs.

You will read in this issue about Donald and Mary Beth's forthcoming move. I'm sure we will enjoy visiting them in their new home for we have always wanted to spend some time in Wisconsin and now we'll have a good reason for going there.

Leaving family, old friends and familiar places is hard, we know, but Donald and Mary Beth make friends easily and take an active part in church and community affairs, so they won't find it too difficult to adjust to the change.

Next month I'll tell you about our trip to visit Wayne and his family for we plan to drive out to Denver for a few days' visit. We'll take our time, driving in short easy stages, just as we managed our trip to Indiana so nicely. Abigail writes that the fall coloring will be at its height and that the children are anticipating a picnic in the mountains such as we had the last time we were there. Wayne's busy season will be over so he'll take a few days' off while we are there.

Each year I count my many friends as one of my greatest blessings. We all have much to be thankful for and the longer we live, the more we have for which to thank God.

A blessed Thanksgiving Day to all of you.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

## THE PRAYER

"Thy will be done," we often say, Seldom adding as we pray  
The words that show sincerity:  
Thy will be done this day—through me.

—Sue Stanbery Sanders



Howard and Mae's daughter, Donna Nenne-man, is living at home and teaching in the Shenandoah School system while her husband is in the Armed Services. This picture was taken the day before Tom left.

All things come to the other fellow if you will only sit down and wait.

## FOR UNDERSTANDING

When little hands do something  
wrong,  
And nothings right the whole day  
long,  
God, help me understand why they  
Do what they do in just that way.

Help me feel as children do  
When lacing up a stubborn shoe.  
Help me to see behind those tears,  
And measure justly childish fears.

And when I understand just why,  
God, give me wisdom while I try  
To set their world on even keel.  
God, let me know how others feel.

—Madeleine B. Cole

Don't try to live all your life at once.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER THE PERFECT ALL-PURPOSE CLEANER



This package holds the answer to every single cleaning problem in your house where water can be used.

Greasy dishes? Grimy walls? Sticky woodwork? Gummy stove? Clothes so dirty you don't see how you'll ever get them clean?

Let the expensive chemicals in Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner go to work. They'll do a perfect job every time.

Even the hardest water turns to soft water when Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is used, but never, never will your hands feel "burned".

Look for Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner today. Buy it! And save every box top for the kind of wonderful premiums you've come to expect from the Kitchen-Klatter Family. There are many more sensational premiums coming up. We're proud to offer them with the very finest All-Purpose Cleaner that is manufactured today.

*To all of you who have written to say that Kitchen-Klatter Cleaner is by far the best product you've ever used and begged us PLEASE not to change it, we give you our word of honor that no one is going to tinker around with it in any way whatsoever. We make it ourselves. We have the finest formula that can be put together. And we're keeping it this way.*

## IMPORTANT

Under no conditions can we mail our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner to individuals. Postal charges would make it far too expensive. Ask your grocer to stock it. If enough people ask, he'll get it. And like countless Midwestern grocers today, he'll be amazed at how fast those boxes move from his shelves.