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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

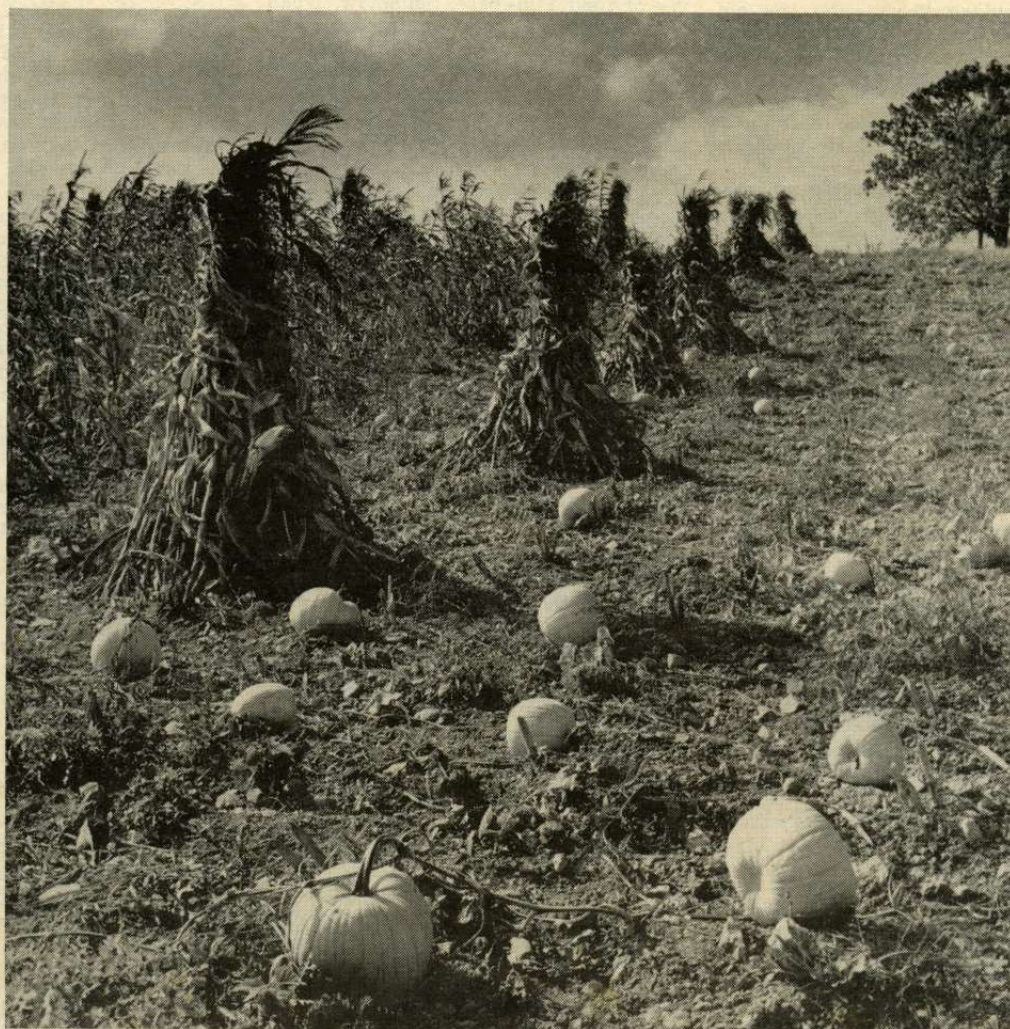
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—H. Armstrong Roberts





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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Dear Friends:

When Helen Hunt Jackson wrote about October's "bright, blue weather", she must have had in mind a day like this one. After some cold rainy days, the sky looks brighter and bluer than ever before. We have many hard maple trees in our neighborhood which have now turned a crimson red. The sturdy pinoaks are a lovely golden brown and the old, faithful, well-loved, soft maple trees in our own yard are a golden yellow. Such a riot of color! We always plan to visit our daughter Dorothy on the Johnson farm at this time of the year for the hills in back of their home are such a beautiful sight.

Fall is always welcome at this house, not only for color, but also for storing away walnuts, apples, pears, etc. For her grandfather's birthday, Kristin always gathers a large bag of walnuts which he appreciates very much. He shares them with me for cookies and candy and some of them will be returned to Kristin in just that form, for both she and Juliana are in college now and boxes of goodies are most welcome. When Kristin spent a day with us recently, her grandfather asked her when she planned to go home. She winked at me and said, "I know what's on your mind—you're thinking about walnuts!"

One of these nice fall days, we'll drive the short distance to the commercial orchards to buy some apples for good winter eating. I have to watch Mart or he will purchase more than we can possibly eat. It is a temptation for him to choose a bushel of this and a bushel of that until I must remind him that we are a family of two instead of a family of nine!

We folks here in the Middle West can feel fortunate, although at times we had more rain than was needed. If we compare conditions here with those in hurricane despoiled Texas, or the drought states throughout the southwest, we realize our blessings. In our part of Iowa, what looked like a bumper corn crop is in some localities not going to turn out so well. This is due to a blight brought on by too much moisture. There may not be such a corn surplus after all.

I wonder if all of us don't get into a kind of "cooking slump" during the summer months. I know I do. It is

hard to plan meals when no one has much of an appetite. But when the cool fall days come, I can think of all kinds of food that we would enjoy. This morning I made pumpkin pies; yesterday I boiled a ham bone with navy beans. These are what Lucile would call "good honest food"! I can tease Mart about his bushels of apples, but he can tease me about the quantity of food I prepare. Somehow, I can never stop with just one pie—I make two or three! It is just as easy to make a big kettle of ham bones and beans as it is to make a small one! So our children who live in Shenandoah are still the recipients of some of my cooking.

Quantity of food causes some problems when there are only the two of us to eat it. That is why I especially enjoy having some of the family around and frequent visits from others. My sister Jessie lives alone, since our sister Martha passed away, and those of you who live alone know how hard it is to feel very enthusiastic about preparing a variety of food. When she visits us, we have a great time in the kitchen fixing dishes that we ordinarily might not think of preparing.

Since I wrote to you last month, Mart and I have had a pleasant trip to Hales Corners, Wisconsin to visit our son Donald and his family. We decided to fly since our trip to Massachusetts this summer had been managed so easily by plane. Margery drove us to Omaha where we took a "United" flight to Chicago and then on to Milwaukee without having to change planes. The family met us at the airport which is only about 20 miles from their home.

This was our first opportunity to visit Donald and Mary Beth in their new home and we were very pleased with their selection. It affords lots of room for a lively family of three children and Mary Beth finds it no harder to take care of than a smaller house. A family room, such as they have, is a real boon to a busy mother and removes confusion from other parts of the house.

Milwaukee is a beautiful city with its lake shore, lovely public buildings and churches, and many parks. We spent one morning in Boerner Botanical Gardens, which cover many acres. From spring through summer and fall,

one can expect to find unusual beauty. I wish I had room to tell you more about the plants of flowers which were blooming at the time of our visit for they were gorgeous. Don't fail to see these gardens if you are ever in Milwaukee during the blooming seasons.

Another delightful afternoon was spent at the zoo. Such an outing is always interesting when there are children enjoying the animals along with you. This particular zoo has a most complete collection of monkeys so we particularly enjoyed the "Monkey House". All the animals seemed to be enjoying life in their natural-looking surroundings even though they were in captivity.

If you are fond of Old Country German food, you will enjoy eating in the Milwaukee area. Mary Beth made a trip to the Usinger market (which specializes in delicious German delicacies) to locate some of Mart's favorite sausages and cooked on the charcoal grill, they were especially good.

One evening, we ate at a famous restaurant which specializes in food prepared from old German recipes—liver soup, potato dumplings, ham hocks with sauerkraut, open-faced apple pie and many other German favorites. Donald and Mary Beth believe it is part of their children's training to learn to eat in public places and it was a pleasure to have them with us. I'm sure that they enjoyed themselves as much as we did.

Those of you who know me well, know that one of my delights is to help with mending and other handwork when visiting the children. One of the first things I asked Mary Beth when we arrived was if she had any dresses to lengthen or shorten. Since school was just starting, Katharine's dresses most urgently needed attention, so I helped Mary Beth lengthen school dresses while we visited. Fortunately, they had been finished with deep hems and we could let them down quite a bit and still leave a decent hem. Katharine had grown several inches since last spring.

When we decided on a date to head for home, we made our reservations to leave from O'Hare Field in Chicago. Margery met us at the airport in Omaha and had arranged for the mechanical lift, so disembarkment was quick and easy. Thus ended our happy week.

There is one subject that I think I should mention now, for it is time for you to be deciding whom you would like to see chosen as your "State Mother" next spring. Write to "American Mother Committee", 525 Lexington Avenue, New York City 17, New York and ask for a nomination blank and the instructions which tell you the qualifications to consider when selecting a candidate for the honor. Perhaps some of you have had a mother in mind but didn't know where to write for information.

Wayne and Abigail write that they are still expecting us to make our usual fall visit with them in Denver, but as yet we haven't set a definite time for the trip. Fall is an especially

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

May I come in on this blustery dark autumn day and "set a spell"?

There has been a fractious wind blowing all afternoon, and now and then there's a sharp rattle of rain against the windows. I decided about an hour ago that if ever a fireplace fire was needed, this was the time; so I wrestled in some logs from the garage and a big load of tinder-dry kindling, and now there is a cheery, crackling fire to take the sharp edges off the dreary day outside.

Many, many people read this magazine who are beyond the range of our voices on the radio, so for them I will say that all of our plans to take Juliana out to Albuquerque last month were completely shattered by unexpected business demands. We had the car half-packed when the sky fell in, and I'll admit that it wasn't the most joyous job in the world to haul everything out and start packing it into boxes. I had forgotten how easy it is to transport a lot of stuff and junk by car compared to rounding up big boxes, roping them, getting them into the hands of the railway express, etc.

Fortunately, we were able to get a plane ticket on short notice, so instead of driving out to Albuquerque we drove to the airport in Kansas City and saw our one and only board a TWA flight in mid-afternoon. I don't know when I've ever had longer thoughts than I had during the time we stood behind the glass and watched that big plane wheel around and start down the runway! Both Russell and I pinned such fixed smiles on our faces that it was actually a relief to get back out to the parking lot and find that our car had been hemmed in at an angle that took a full five minutes of creeping forwards and backwards and sideways to extricate ourselves. This made Russell mad, of course, and I was busy trying to calm him down just as all wives swing into action in such an emergency. But it broke the spell of deep emotional strain and we agreed, once we were out of there and moving through heavy Kansas City traffic, that the parking commotion had been a blessing in disguise.

We had other blessings in disguise during the first two weeks that we were adjusting to the fact that Juliana wouldn't come through the door, or the phone wouldn't ring for her, or that there was no need to go to the bottom of the staircase and call up "Goodnight". (I still find myself pausing at the foot of the stairs before I remember!)

For one thing, we had such an overwhelming amount of work to be done that every second of the day was crowded. It was simply staggering to get everything moved into our new building, and there were times when it seemed hopelessly impossible to meet the deadline of October 1st when EVERYTHING had to be under the new roof. This alone kept us going full tilt, and although it seemed virtually too much when it was going on, goodness knows this amount of pressure and work didn't leave us a se-



Many of you expressed your pleasure in hearing Juliana broadcast with her mother, Lucile Verness, before she left for college, so we thought you might like to see this picture of the two at the broadcasting desk in the Verness home. Juliana enjoys visiting with you friends so perhaps you'll be hearing her again during her Christmas vacation.

cond to brood; so the enormous moving job was really a blessing in disguise.

Then too, we had unexpected guests from out-of-town and when there's a lot to catch up on you don't find yourself dwelling on how lonesome and peculiar the house seems with only "the old folks" left in it. Sandwiched in with all this I entertained Aunt Jessie Shambaugh's Tuesday club for a luncheon, and while I was flying around getting things ready for that I most certainly couldn't be staring out the window in a lonely frame of mind.

All in all, it is 100% true that when the basic pattern of one's life has been disrupted, work and lots of work is the best medicine in the world. By the time most of the rumpus had quieted down, we were through the first weeks of being here without Juliana and had made our adjustment to the way things will be in the future.

I will say that I sorely miss the young people who were in and out of here for so many years. Juliana had many friends and we grew to know them very, very well—it was a wonderful link with all the daily activity of our town. I miss these young people very much indeed, but my! how it pleases me when they take time to drop us notes. We feel so flattered! I marvel too at how widely scattered they are. Juliana was almost the last college student to leave town because she did not wish to join a sorority and therefore did not go for rush week as so many of the others did. The last night she was in town she went out in the car alone to tell some of her favorite grown-ups good-bye, and when she came in she said sadly:

"You know, it doesn't seem like the same town to me at all. Nothing seems the same. I always felt that it was 'my town' but now I don't feel that it belongs to me at all."

"No," Russell said, "it doesn't. It belongs to the next generation."

And that's exactly the way it is. Her class has scattered now from coast to

coast and there is another class of seniors who have their special places and their favorite haunts. It reminds me of the beautiful American play "Our Town" with the sense of young people leaving . . . and others coming along to take their place.

Juliana's college routine doesn't permit her to write long letters or to do much fooling around. She is carrying Latin, an advanced course in English, biology with a heavy laboratory schedule, anthropology, and General Studies—a two-hour class in which major books in all fields of knowledge are discussed. If you have young people who are now in high school, warn them emphatically that they *must* buckle down and work hard if they expect to enter any college or university. Entrance requirements have tightened up drastically and, once enrolled, very high quality work is demanded. A ruthless weeding-out process begins at once, and the student who isn't willing to work and to work hard is simply left by the wayside. The time to develop thorough study habits is in high school, not in college, so I hope this nugget of information will help you mothers to crack down if you see that your young people aren't too seriously concerned with their high school classes.

Ordinarily I go to bed early and read for several hours every night, but these last few weeks I've been too tired to think about having a stack of books at hand. However, when I was in one of our super-markets recently I did come across a new paperback that I enjoyed very much, and if you run across this I'd suggest that you pick it up: *American Notes* by Charles Dickens.

I hadn't read any Dickens for a long, long time and I'd forgotten what a powerful writer he was, *American Notes* was written in 1842, but it was astonishing to see with what unerring accuracy he observed the personality characteristics of Americans. The

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## THANKS-LIVING

Devotions for November  
by  
Mabel Nair Brown

### Setting

Drape an altar or small table with a cloth of a rich fall color such as gold, brown, maroon or plum. In the center place an open Bible. To the right of the Bible put a lighted candle and on the left a low arrangement of fruits and vegetables and fall leaves. Let a few of the leaves and small fruits trail out gracefully in front of the Bible and curve around the candleholder.

### Call To Worship

(Quiet music of familiar hymns is played as a prelude.)

**Leader:** " 'Choose this day whom you will serve; . . . but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' (Joshua 24:15)

"God, make my life a shining flower To bloom with love each waking hour. God, make my life a happy song That helps all 'round me to be strong. God, make my life a silent prayer Of honest actions everywhere."

—Norman Schlichter

(from *Leanna's Favorite Verses*)

**Prayer:** "Our Father, we come to Thee at this season of the year with grateful hearts. We know how richly blessed we are in our families, in the abundance of this great land of ours and in all the ways Thy love for us is shown. As we come together here in these moments of devotion, guide our thoughts that we may meditate upon what it would mean to us and to our world if we were to show our thanksgiving by the way we live each day of the year. Grant us ears to hear, eyes to see and hearts that will feel Thy will for us. Help each one of us to make our life a 'shining flower, a happy song, a silent prayer' for Thee. Amen"

**Solo:** "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah"

**Scripture:** " 'O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these is the life of my spirit. Oh restore me . . . and make me live! The living, the living, he thanks Thee as I do this day.' (Isaiah 38, 16,19) 'If you love me you will keep my commandments.' John 14:15)"

### Meditation

**Leader:** " 'The test of Thanksgiving is not what you have to be thankful for, but whether anyone else has reason to be thankful that *you are here*'

is a quotation that says much in a few words.

"A little child said one day, 'Does Thanksgiving last just one day, Mommie?' Thanks—*living*, can you think of a more apt word to point out the real way to show gratitude for our blessings, for the love God showers upon us? Thanks—*living*, not just one special day of the year, but every day. 'A commonplace life, we say and sigh; But why should we sigh as we say?'

The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky  
Makes up the commonplace day.  
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings.

But dark were the world, and sad our lot,

If the flowers should fail and the sun shine not;

And God who studies each separate soul,

Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

(—P. T. A. News)

"These are the truths which we shall have pointed up for us today in our meditation."

**1st Speaker:** "James Russell Lowell has said, 'Once to every man and nation comes the question to decide.' Yes, to decide the kind of life we would strive to live. The ups and downs of commonplace, everyday living *are not easy!* But, with God's help, we can live it well—first setting ourselves worthy goals and then working toward them one day at a time. What are the important values in each day if it is to be a Thanks—*living* day?"

"A wise and understanding heart, I pray Thee, give me,  
That I may know the wisest word and when the time to say it,  
That I may understand the weak, and how to help—I pray it.

That I may do the kindest acts to aid folks on their way,

That I may help to bear the load of troubled ones each day,

That I may be the means of strength to those who need it more,

A wise and understanding heart, O God, is what I ask Thee for!"

(—Unknown)

**2nd Speaker:** "Harry Emerson Fosdick once said, 'Existence is given to all of us to start with; our problem is, somehow, to make a life out of existence.' It makes us stop and think; do we really *live* or just *exist*? If you can say you really live you have gone a long way in knowing how to live a Thanks—*living* life every day!"

"Today one sees so many people who are bored and dissatisfied or who are living under terrific pressure and tension. It is high time to take inventory, to check our values, to weed out the nonessentials, to establish inspiring goals and ambitions.

"If you are not satisfied with the way you are living, then I admonish you, don't just stand there, *do something!* Is there disharmony in your household? Have you lost the art of neighborliness? Do you bemoan the fact that you do not have time to devote to your family? Do you long

for spiritual growth and enrichment? Well, don't just stand there, *do something!*"

**3rd Speaker:** "To help us get our lives in proper perspective I want to read 'A Dozen Demands'. 1. Thou shalt revive thy faith in self, in man, in God. Believe in the ultimate goodness of things. Your future lies under your own cloak. 2. Thou shalt not look like a graven image. Smile sometimes. 3. Thou shalt not curse this world. Dare to be different. Do the best you can with what you have. 4. Remember every day to make it happy. Do a good deed—or a dozen—daily. Save Sunday for the great things of the soul. 5. Honor thy children. Play and pray with them. Make your house a home. Home is where love is. 6. Honor mother earth. She still produces an economy of abundance. Native resources and resourcefulness are still here for the seeking. 7. Thou shalt not kill thyself with worry. Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday! 8. Thou shalt not fear. The dirge of fear forges the chains of defeat. Sing the rollicking song of faith. 9. Thou shalt be honest. It will soon be in fashion again. The luxury of integrity is yours. 10. Thou shalt love thine enemies. You made them. To have friends be one. Dynamic brotherhood is more powerful than atom bombs. 11. Thou shalt take on the marks of greatness. Link your life with a great cause. The joy of living is *giving*. 12. Thou shalt contribute to civilization today; tomorrow may be too late. 1961 is the time. Eternity is now. Immortality is here."

### Closing

**Leader:**

"To travel on a weary road  
To stumble 'neath a heavy load,  
To rise again and trudge along  
And smile and sing a cheery song;

*That's living.*

To rise at dawn, brave and strong,  
To help a weaker one along,  
To heal a wound or right a wrong,  
To fill a heart with gladder song;

*That's living.*

**Song:** "He Leadeth Me"

**Benediction:** "Our Heavenly Father, help us now as we go our separate ways to make it a truly Thanks—*living* time, not just one day out of the year but usefully, happily dedicating *every* day fully to Thee. Amen"

### THANKS

It's a gracious *word* when you think of it.

It's an encouraging *word* when you say it.

It's an inspiring *word* when you hear it.

It's a magic *word* when you mean it.

It soothes the *soul* and gladdens the heart.

There is great *power* in it, so do your part,

You will surely find *riches*, paid on demand,

If you use that *word* whenever you can.

"The Sunshine Magazine"



## FREDERICK LEAVES FOR EUROPE VERY SOON

Dear Friends:

I'm writing this letter to you during my noon hour, and what a racket accompanies the sound of this typewriter! Zooming right overhead — around and around, again and again — are the famous "Blue Angels" of the Naval Air Force. They are putting on a show for the Eastern States Exposition across the river from our house, and since the house is on considerably higher ground than the Exposition, the planes are coming in very close. There are six of them flying in very tight formations and doing the most incredible stunts. You couldn't possibly pay me enough to get me into one of those planes. Regular flying is fine, but none of this stunt business for me. In my younger years I might have liked it, but not now!

Perhaps while you are reading this letter I shall be winging my way across the blue Atlantic after having completed my preaching mission for the United States Air Force. I'll be preaching in the Air Force chapels at Bitburg, Sembach, Freising, and Ramstein in Germany, and Toul, France. There is a good possibility that I may fly on to Egypt for a few days, but there is nothing certain about that as yet. If it can be arranged for the Egyptian Air Force to pick me up in Germany to fly me down to Cairo, returning me to Germany after my Egyptian speaking engagements, I shall make the trip. I'm expecting word from Egypt on this matter very shortly.

Several of my friends have asked if I'm not worried about going to Europe right at this particular time of such international tension. Actually, I'm not. It is a fact that most of the people of West Germany and the Low Countries aren't worried about war—they refuse to believe that anything as terrible as another war could happen. Still in a state of shock from the last war, the idea of another one is so incredible that they laugh at the idea.

Four years ago, when I was in Germany, the people told me that another war meant the end of the world, and they were certain that men in the Kremlin didn't want to have the world end right now. On several occasions people said to me: "If you Americans can just keep out of war for another twenty years, the Russians will have become capitalists. The more they try to catch up with the West, the more capitalistic they have to become."

One of the miserable things about going abroad these days is the shots that have to be taken for immunization. Yesterday, I went out to the local Air Force Base and received in one arm a shot for typhus, a shot for typhoid, a shot for tetanus, and a vaccination for smallpox. At this very moment, my arm is stiff and sore. Fortunately, I don't seem to be having much fever with the immunizations. In other years they have made me quite ill for a day or two.

It was a big day for us when we loaded the car with everything from



When Frederick Driftmier and his children gather around the piano, they can really put on a recital! Mary Leanna accompanies David (with his clarinet) and Frederick (with his French horn) and, although she isn't in the picture, Betty often joins the group with her lovely contralto voice. No doubt they miss these "fun sessions" now that Mary Leanna is attending Northfield School for Girls.

pillows to a bicycle and started out for the Northfield School for Girls. Mary Leanna entered the ninth grade at the school and, with good fortune, will remain there for her entire high school course. Her great, great, great, great, great grandmother was the first schoolteacher in the town of Northfield, a lovely little village on the hills overlooking the beautiful Connecticut River right at the Vermont-Massachusetts border. We can drive to the school in just one hour and forty-five minutes. Perhaps you will remember that it was there that I broke my back two and a half years ago when I had taken some church young people on a winter sports' outing.

The school has a magnificent campus covering many acres, Mary Leanna is living in a large, brick house that was built back in the days when Dwight L. Moody founded the school. The old Moody homestead is part of the school campus. From the porch of her house, Mary Lea can look out across the river and over four ranges of foothills leading up to the mountains. In the fall of the year when the leaves are turning, that particular part of New England is spectacularly lovely. I hope that someday you can see it.

Every now and then people from the Midwest come out here to see our part of New England. How happy it makes me when they visit my church and stop to greet me after the service! A few weeks ago I was sitting at my desk in the church study when an old classmate of mine from high school days was ushered into the room. I hadn't seen her for several years, but when I looked up from the typewriter,

her name came instantly to mind. I called her by her maiden name, but in such a situation of surprise, I was lucky to be able to say any name at all! Some people seem to think that I have a good ability to remember names, but actually I have not. Most ministers know a great many people by name, and you would too if it were part of your job to know names. We all like to be remembered by name.

A short time ago I was standing at the counter in the neighborhood drugstore when a stranger came up to me and said; "Say, your face is familiar. I should know you, I'm sure, but the name doesn't come to me." Before I could tell the man that I was the minister of South Congregational Church, he exclaimed: "Oh! Now I know who you are. You're the man who has that big Weimaraner dog. I would like to get acquainted with that dog of yours!" And with that he walked away. At least he wanted to meet the dog!

It would be an interesting thing to learn just how people do identify us. That man in the drugstore remembered me as the owner of a Weimaraner. The local policemen probably remember me as a rush-hour traffic hazard. The local utility company remembers me as a purchaser of their product. The government remembers me as a taxpayer. The politicians remember me as a voter.

Back in the years when I lived abroad, I'm sure that people remembered me as one of those rich Americans. My \$500 a year missionary salary looked like a fortune to them. Do you usually go to bed with a satisfied stomach? If you do, more than a billion

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## WAY BACK WHEN

### From "Mother's Hour Letter" Thirty-Five Years Ago

On the cover of the November, 1926 issue of *Mother's Hour Letter*, was printed a prayer written by Mrs. C. S. Hanley. A portion of it is printed here.

The Hanleys had been missionaries for a number of years and when they retired from active service, they moved to Shenandoah to make their home. They were friends of the Field family and we children recall many happy visits to the Hanley home.

### "Give Thanks Always For All Things Unto God the Father"

I am thankful to our Father for glorified Womanhood through happy, willing, loving MOTHERHOOD; for the dear boys and girls who are unafraid of me as they bring their joys and sorrows, their questions and the imaginations of their precious innocent hearts with a confidence that has not been betrayed through untruthful dealings; thankful for the strength and grace given in time of need, to take and hold positions of trust and responsibility; thankful for the expressions of trust and conscientious questions of true mothers who still feel the need of Grandmother's advice or counsel; thankful for the five living children (themselves parents now) who claim seriously that they need me, and actually act like it whenever they are given a chance; thankful for fifteen grandchildren who treat me as a "Pal" and listen respectfully to what I have to say without making light of my opinion. And I am deeply thankful that not one of my grandchildren has been called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death and that their precious mothers and fathers have been spared that sorrow. I am thankful for the great open door to the world with which to neighbor and enjoy a Golden Rule fellowship.

### From "Kitchen-Klatter News" Twenty-Five Years Ago

### A PAGE FROM THE FIELD "MEMORY BOOK"

By Martha Field Eaton

Leanna was born early in April. Mother did not have the nourishment to give her so she had to be put on the bottle. The cow that supplied her milk was kept up and allowed to have only the choicest food and the cleanest water, but when an awfully hot summer came on, though the greatest care was exercised, even to milking the cow for each of her feedings, the dear, patient little thing did not thrive. Finally, cholera infantum set in and all of Dr. Bailey's medicines and Father's and Mother's loving care was of no avail.

On the day of which I am about to write, Dr. Bailey had advised trying a new food, Imperial Granum. She was too weak to take it from a bottle and a little had to be dropped on her tongue and allowed to run down her throat. Fever had wasted her little



Leanna Driftmier and her daughter Margery at a Harvest Festival twenty-five years ago.

body until she was a most pitiful looking mite yet she did not cry nor fuss—perhaps she was too weak.

It was a dry, sultry day in August. Dr. Bailey's team had been tied to the gate for many hours. Father and Mother had not left the sick room all day and Mrs. Swartz had told us that if we loved our Baby Sister we must stay out of the house and keep very quiet, so we went over to the wind mill and as we dipped our hot bare feet in and out of the horse tank, we discussed what we would do if Leanna really should die. Jessie was sure that she would die. "But Father said, 'While there is life, there is hope,'" I said. Just then we saw Mrs. Swartz coming over the hill. "She is coming to tell us she is dead," said Jessie. "No," said I, "They would send for us first. They always have to kiss them goodbye." She told us the baby was almost gone and our bare feet flew over the dusty ground as we ran wildly to the house. Dr. Bailey, with his eyes full of tears, was in the sitting room trying to put his things back into his well-worn case. There was nothing more he could do and he felt that the scene was too sacred for even his kindly eyes.

As we tiptoed into the bedroom where the other children had already gathered, our eyes traveled from Mother, who had given up and was weeping beneath her apron, to the little still form on the bed and then rested beseechingly on Father who, the last to lose hope, was leaning over her with a mirror to see if there wasn't still a faint trace of moisture (the sign of life) on the glass. She had been such a dear little baby, so sweet and good and had such a wonderfully sweet smile. It was so hard to give her up. Wasn't there something we could do? Father shook his head. "Aren't we going to get to kiss her?" I asked. "It would take her little breath," Father said, "But you may all pat her little hand." After we had reverently done so, Father placed his hand lovingly over it, the tears streaming down his cheeks. As he did so, she gave a little faint, beautiful smile and he said between sobs, "We can never see that smile again." Even as he said it, she seemed to struggle for breath. Father's quick eyes noticed it. "Bring the little bath tub," he said, excitedly. A good neighbor coming in to see if it wasn't time to make the funeral arrangements thought poor Mr. Field was losing his reason, but

the little tub was brought. With clumsy but gentle hands, he removed her clothing and lowered her limp form into the warm water with which Mother had filled the tub. Gently he dipped her in and out again and again. Then, carefully wrapping her in a soft blanket, he called for the bottle with "Imperial Granum" on it. She had not opened her eyes but was breathing regularly by this time and when the bottle was placed into her mouth, the little lips puckered and the little cheeks began to pump for the first time in many days; her forehead became moist and she sank into a deep, natural sleep.

Did she decide that she guessed she would stay after all, that even though this old world was a hot, bad place and artificial food was not very good, she could stand it for the sake of being with brothers and sisters and parents who loved her so much and did she kick up her heels at the death angel and say, "I guess I'll stay" when she gave that little smile, or did the Lord decide that we loved her too dearly and needed her too much to give her up? I guess it was the latter for we all did need her and she has gone on smiling ever since. We could never get along without Leanna and her smile.

(Editorial comment: When a friend read this page from the Field Family Memory Book over the radio, many friends wrote in and asked that it be printed in the *Kitchen-Klatter News*. Now, twenty-five years later, we reprint it again by request.)

## MY LIFE

My life is but a weaving between my Lord and me.  
I cannot choose the colors nor all the pattern see;  
Sometimes He chooseth sorrow and I, in foolish pride,  
Forget He sees the upper and I, the under side.

Not till the loom is silent and the shuttles cease to fly,  
Will He reveal the pattern or tell the reason why  
The dark threads are as needful, in the weaver's skillful hand,  
As the treads of gold and silver in the pattern He has planned.

## Grab Bag Letter

"My sister-in-law and her little daughter, four years old, had been out in the garden planting radish seed. The child's mother had just gone into the house to get supper when her little girl came running into the house saying, 'Mother, that old rooster is wiping his feet on your radishes!'"

—Harvey, Iowa

"When my children were small, playing store was one of their favorite activities. Empty coffee cans and oatmeal boxes were carefully saved to fill the grocery shelves. Paper money was made. The toy telephone and cash register (which they had received one Christmas) helped to lend reality to the business transactions. It was really educational and lots of fun."



## MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

One of my friends just telephoned and the moment she spoke I noticed a desperate ring to her voice. "Did you hear the weather forecast? What are we in for, anyway?" Mary's anxiety was due to the fact that her little daughter is having a birthday party tomorrow—quite a large group of youngsters—and she has planned a wiener roast in one of the city parks. Well, I'm afraid I didn't sound very optimistic, for this is a gloomy day with a threatening looking sky and if the forecast for this area "sticks", we can expect some bad weather. It looks as if my friend will have to make alternate plans "just in case".

Last month I started telling you about our vacation trip and although I'm considerably behind in the current activities of our household, I believe I'll conclude the account of our trip.

I left you high atop Lookout Mountain. We had always heard about the "battle above the clouds" so Lookout Point was our next stop. From every little foot trail we had a different, interesting view of the city of Chattanooga and lovely winding Tennessee River. It was easy to see how the battle acquired its name for we were above hazy, misty clouds which clung to the mountains.

Our descent was made on a different road which brought us out onto the highway a short distance from "Confederama". This building held a miniature display of the Battle of Chickamauga and Chattanooga in action—an intricate reproduction of the terrain, tiny little soldiers with cannons and guns, which lit up by way of electronics to show the stage by stage account of the fighting. We stayed to see it through twice so that we could more completely familiarize ourselves with the battle for our next stop was the large battlefield a few miles from the city. We can't recall how many acres this national park contains, nor how many monuments have been erected by states to the different divisions which were involved in this battle, but everywhere we looked there were monuments. I can only say that we were very moved by the tragedy that they represented.

We returned to Chattanooga by way of the South Crest Road along the top of Missionary Ridge, noting markers indicating where the northern troops smashed through the Confederate lines. This was one of the turning points of the horrible "war between brothers". We had wanted to see something of this period of our nation's history but now we were ready to leave it behind us and fill our minds with happier thoughts.

Leaving Chattanooga, we headed towards Great Smoky Mountains National Park, taking highways 64 and 19. All of this area is mountainous so we didn't cover any great distance that day. This was the first day that we didn't make advance reservations for the night, but were fortunate to find accommodations in Andrews, North Carolina. The next morning we drove as far as Bryson before stopping for breakfast. This gave us a fair start on



Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, is one of America's famous homes. The Stroms stopped in Lexington, Ky. to see it.

the day.

Everyone with whom we had talked prior to the trip, had spoken most enthusiastically about the beauty of the Smokies. Sometimes this leads to disappointment for you have had time to build up mental pictures beforehand. However, this was not the case, for we were thrilled with the great beauty of the mountains. The smoke-like mist pouring up from the dense plant growth was as spectacular as we had envisioned.

Our route took us through Newfound Gap where we stopped, as do all tourists, to take in the magnificent views. We wondered where the much-publicized bears were for we hadn't seen any on our ascent, but the ranger said that a tourist had just reported having seen five on the other side of the pass. We started watching intently, but there was no need for that for everytime we came upon a group of cars at the side of the road, we knew that a bear had been spotted! We joined the others with our cameras, heeding the printed warnings by staying *inside* the car.

We arrived in the interesting old town of Gatlinburg in time for lunch which we ate in a sidewalk cafe. This was a new experience for us and we thought it was great fun. We wished for more time to linger in the lovely shops but we had reservations at Knoxville so we were on our way.

There were a number of points of interest in Knoxville but our plans called for stopping at Berea, Kentucky where we were most anxious to visit Berea College, so Knoxville was left for another trip, another time.

Berea College is most unique in that it is the only liberal arts college in the country having a Dean of Labor. All students are provided with the opportunity to earn all or part of their college expenses. For instance, Boone Tavern Hotel is staffed 90% by students who are earning part of their expenses, and all of the rooms are equipped with student-made furniture. Other student industries include the bakery, dairy farms, ceramics, candy making, weaving, needlecraft, woodcraft, broomcraft, and printing. If you are ever travelling in that vicinity, do stop to see the college, and by all means, plan to eat at the Boone Tavern Hotel for the food is superb!

When we arrived at Lexington it

started to rain, so we settled down in our motel room and studied the literature we had accumulated thus far. The next morning dawned bright and beautiful so we took a tour of some of the famous horse farms and then drove to Ashland, the home of Henry Clay. It is one of the most famous homes in America and one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. We can be so grateful that it is being preserved by a memorial foundation.

The first floor, with the exception of the kitchen which is in the process of being renovated, is open to the public. The second floor is in the process of renovation also, but it is expected to be open to visitors soon. Although we were fascinated with everything we saw, we were most impressed with the library which was paneled in light and dark walnut and was octagonal in shape. (No, maybe it was six-sided. I'm not sure.)

Here, as at the Hermitage (Andrew Jackson's home in Nashville, Tenn.) the garden was especially lovely.

Our next stop was Frankfort, the state capitol of Kentucky. We toured the State Historical Museum first. Oh, yes, I must tell you that we saw Daniel Boone's rifle and also the lining of the fur coat George Washington wore at Valley Forge. Other points of interest in Frankfort were Daniel Boone's grave, a home designed by Thomas Jefferson, and the Capitol Building.

By evening, we had reached the outskirts of Louisville, where we stayed at Middletown Motor Manor. It was conveniently located near a restaurant with fine food. (We had elegant pie here!)

Early the next morning we drove to the Military Cemetery and saw the monument and tomb of Zachary Taylor. Then we drove to Churchill Downs where the famous Kentucky Derby is run each year. The grounds were beautiful with lovely formal gardens. I hadn't realized how old this famous track is, but 1961 was the 87th year of the derby.

At this point we weren't far from the fairgrounds where an afternoon baseball game was scheduled and, since Oliver and Martin are ball fans, we stopped to see the game before returning to the motel.

Leaving Kentucky, our destination was Hales Corners, Wisconsin to visit my brother Donald, Mary Beth and the three children. The car simply couldn't go fast enough to suit us for we had seen only pictures of little Adrienne and naturally, excitement mounted as we neared Chicago! On the outskirts of Hammond, Indiana, we decided it was too late to start up the Tri-State Tollway which skirts around Chicago, so we stayed over night and then drove to Hales Corners the following morning. Mary Beth's letter last month gave you an account of our visit with them so I won't repeat it now.

From Mary Beth's and Donald's home we drove to Rockford, Illinois where we enjoyed a few days' visit with Oliver's sister Nina, and her husband, Robert Lester. Then we were homeward bound!

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## A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is a lonesome rainy Saturday morning and I just can't seem to "get in gear" to do all of the things a farm wife should be doing on a Saturday morning. I decided I would much rather get out my typewriter and visit with you.

Some of you may have seen daughters off to college this year so perhaps you would like to hear about Kristin's great exodus. She is very systematic and good at packing and I felt certain that she would leave with a minimum of luggage and cartons. Even so, when I saw the accumulation of boxes, suitcases and garment bags, I wondered how we would ever get them all into the car. But this wasn't the biggest worry. What if it rained and we had to drive the car out to the gravel before we could load it?

She was to leave on a Tuesday morning, so we anxiously listened to all weather forecasts the preceding few days. Our worst fears were realized when it started to rain on Saturday night and *again* on Sunday night. By late afternoon on Monday, Frank decided to go out to where the car was parked on the gravel road and see if he thought he could possibly drive in without getting stuck. When he pulled up to the back door, I heaved a sigh of relief. It looked as if it could start pouring down at any minute, but at least we could hang the garment bags full of nicely pressed clothing on the rod behind the front seat, and wouldn't have to lay them down on the floor of a wet wagon—(a horrible thought after all of the pressing we had done!) Frank assured me that if it rained again he could get us out to the gravel *some* way, even if he had to pull the car out with the tractor. Luck was with us and the rain held off, so early the next morning we packed the car and started to Maryville on schedule.

Kristin and I drove to Allerton to pick up Frank's sister Edna, who went with us. It was cloudy and misty when we left home but by the time we arrived at Maryville, the sun was shining in a clear, bright sky.

Cars were lined up for a block in front of the dormitory, all of them with clothes hanging in the back and loaded to the hilt, such as ours. Before we started unloading the car, we went in to the main hall of the dormitory where girls were signing in and picking up the keys to their rooms. By a wonderful stroke of luck, there was space directly in front of the building when we came out, so I moved the car and we started the many trips up to her third floor room. Kristin's roommate arrived at the same time with a comparable amount of "stuff" and when the last suitcase and box had been carried in, there was very little room for parents! The girls were anxious to put everything in its place and make their beds before going downtown to eat, but with many hands to help, it didn't take long.

After lunch, Kristin and Sue shopped for bedspreads and curtains. The walls of their room are painted a salmon pink, so they picked out bedspreads in grey, pink and white, and



We took a number of pictures of Kristin Johnson and Juliana Verness before they left for college and particularly like this one taken with their grandfather, M. H. Driftmier. Kristin (on the left) attends Northwest Missouri State College at Maryville, and Juliana (on the right) is at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. Maryville isn't far from Shenandoah so we see Kristin occasionally, but it will be December before Juliana can come home.

plain white curtains. A large grey shag rug to put between their beds finished the shopping. The freshmen dormitory is new and the rooms are lovely with everything built right in. Each girl has her own bed, dresser, desk and closet plus extra storage space. The outside wall is glass from the top of the desk to the ceiling so the rooms are very light and cheerful.

We have heard from Kristin frequently in spite of her busy schedule of classes and activities. In all of her letters she sounds radiantly happy—"College is wonderful and I'm loving every minute of it." She isn't the least bit homesick (she was afraid that she would be), and has expressed no desire to come home for a week-end. She is too afraid she'll "miss out on something"! All of these reports have been like music to our ears for we know that it means she is experiencing no difficult period of adjustment.

Many daughters of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends have made a special effort to look her up and become acquainted. I'm sure that they have helped to bridge the gap between home and college and have played an important part in making her "feel at home" in this new and exciting life. For this we are grateful and once again our thanks go out to you, our friends.

A club in Chariton to which I belong always opens its first meeting with a dinner prepared and served by the program committee. Since I'm a member of that committee this year, I thought you would be interested in what we did. Our program for the evening was to be an account of a camping trip that one of our members and her family took through the west this past summer. We decided to preface this program with the one perfect theme—a Chuck Wagon Supper. Since we were serving 45 women, the simplest way to handle it was to serve buffet style. Our serving table was covered with a red-and-white checked

tablecloth and we used a covered wagon for the centerpiece. A cowboy doll sat in the driver's seat and the wagon was filled with miniature bedrolls and small boxes painted to look like trunks. A small bucket hung on the back of the wagon. It was simply darling!

Our menu included baked ham, escalloped potatoes, applesauce, sliced tomatoes, onions and cucumbers, hot rolls, a choice of four different kinds of cake and coffee.

Five committee members wore bright colored squaw dresses and the sixth wore a cowboy outfit, complete with ten-gallon hat, holster and gun. As the members arrived, our cowboy "held them up" and collected the money for their dinners. This started the evening off in a gay mood and everyone had a wonderful time.

Along the farm front—our crops look very good this year and now all that we need is some nice dry weather for harvesting them. We thought that for once we were going to get through a year without a flood, but no such luck! When Hurricane Carla was playing havoc in the south, she also dumped nine inches of rain (according to our Chariton paper) on Lucas County. The ground was dry and able to absorb most of the rain that fell during the day, and at 9 o'clock in the evening the creek had scarcely risen at all. But it rained very hard during the night and by morning there was water all over the bottom. The head of our creek is west of Lucas in the next county and, fortunately, they only got one inch of rain, so when the water started to recede that evening, it went off just as rapidly as it had come out. Frank can't see that any damage was done.

One of the cleverest Thansgiving centerpieces I have seen is the one that Frank's sister Edna arranged last year. Using just the tops of cornstalks, she made a shock of corn about a

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## OUR HERITAGE OF RELIGION

by  
Evelyn Birkby

(With the use of pictures gleaned from church school files, church and National Geographic magazines, this article may be presented as an illustrated "talk". It just might save the day for someone who is called upon to give a paper when a planned program falls through. You may have other individuals whose names you would like to include. For those of you who are not Methodist, some worthwhile quotation from the founder of your denomination may easily be substituted for John Wesley.)

Perhaps, first of all, we should determine what heritage is.

"Heritage," says the New Century Dictionary, "Is something allotted to or reserved for one; also, anything given or received to be a permanent possession."

Does this sound a bit dull? Until we translate such a definition into experiences and into the lives of real people it can seem boring. The heritage of religion which we have received as *our possession* is ours only through the faithfulness and dedication of many, many people down through the centuries. That gift can only be expressed and truly appreciated in the lives of these individuals.

Where do we find the beginning of our religious heritage?

As I moved back in the pages of history, I found myself compelled to walk back, back, back until the very first pre-historic man was found who worshiped in the fire, in the water, in the sunset and in the wind a *spirit greater than himself*.

We have to take a long leap from this early cave man to the written pages of the Bible, where we find the recorded history of the men who found in their hearts and experiences the *One True Spirit*. How thankful we are that Moses lifted up his stuttering voice to share with his downtrodden people God's revelation to him. From his great experiences and close walk with God we today have in our possession the *Ten Commandments*.

The prophets who walk the pages of the Old Testament bring us many precious gifts. Amos, who came when the people of Israel were sure they were keeping God's laws carefully and rigorously, brought to their unwilling minds the great truth that God wanted them also to help the widows and orphans, to show sympathy and compassion.

"Ridiculous," the people said, as they killed Amos. "God is too far away, too busy with important details to concern himself with the way we treat our neighbors." But the seed was planted. Amos was martyred, but the *heritage of love had started*.

Can you imagine the scene in a far away day in a far away land—a tent with a huge fire in front, around the fire sit the father and grandfather, the children and the grandchildren? An old patriarch quietly tells those around him the wonderful story of creation, of the delivery of the Israelites from Egypt, of Noah and the Ark

and the many other stories of his people. These grandfathers were the teachers, the text books, the preachers and the judges of that day. One day, when a scribe was present who had learned the newly developed art of writing, the spoken words were carefully written down. Thank God someone found these stories important enough to *preserve*.

The very oldest writings in the Bible are songs . . . Lamech's Boast (Gen. 4: 23, 24), Miriam's Song of Victory (Exodus 15: 21), the Ode to Deborah (Judges 5:3). The first prose written down were the powerful books of history, First and Second Samuel. These narratives have been credited to Abiathar, the great priest in David's court. He preserved for us the story of David and Nathan (II Samuel 12: 9-13) which pierces the cruelty and injustice and moral blindness of antiquity and acknowledges that *in the worship of God there must be righteousness*.

Some unknown writer about the year 950 to 850 B.C. collected old manuscripts, listened to stories told about the campfire, studied ancient pictures and markings on rocks and vases. Writing on papyrus with a quill pen, he sorted and evaluated and, with God's guidance, put together in a running narrative the materials he had collected. This writer has been called J and his work the J documents. What did they include of our religious heritage? Due to his faithful work, we today have the record of The Creation of Man, The Garden of Eden, Cain and Abel, Noah and the Ark, Abraham and the Promise, Issac and Jacob, Joseph's Adventures, Moses and the Exodus, The Invasion of Canaan and The Stories of the Judges. Through these accounts runs the rich thread of *faith*—noble, simple, majestic and direct.

Our religious heritage followed Israel's fortunes until it reached the great life of Christ. Someone said to me the other day, "I don't like the phrase non-Christian religions. It sounds degrading. Every religion includes some truth and has value."

"Yes," I replied, "Each religion does have its value, but the results in the lives of people is basically the place where the test comes. Some religions have the effect of degrading the individual. Some have a depressing and unsympathetic approach. I like best the words of the great missionary to India, E. Stanley Jones, who said that all religions of the world are windows which show us a little of the truth, but Christ is the *sun* which *shines* brightly in through those windows."

So our heritage is now bathed in that bright light which is Christ. Those who have carried His love and compassion down through the centuries have suffered much and died often so that the bright flame of His life would come to us.

Do you know Augustine? Born in 354 AD he led a wild and unbridled childhood becoming the father of an illegitimate child at the age of 17. He mentioned later that if there was anything sinful in the world to be done he had done it. He came under the influence of Christianity and was baptized in 387. He turned his life com-

pletely from one of sensuous seeking of pleasure to love and sensitivity for his fellow man. His one theme was the restoration of fallen man in relationship to God. He emphasized *faith as loving trust* which gives God the power to restore. *The imprint of God on each man's soul* was stressed by Augustine.

In the thirteenth century there lived a friar. He belonged to a very democratic, loosely organized group. The friars worked with the people. St. Francis of Assisi had been born a wealthy son. He was full of life and enthusiasm and he turned this energy and pep into the area of religion. He took poverty and humility as his daily companions. He loved every living creature God had placed on this earth. He gave us hymns, the first creche, a happy Christmas observance and was *joyous* in his approach to the Christian life. He was a *master in the art of living* close to nature, close to his fellow man and close to God.

As we move quickly forward to look at hands which have held the faith high we can see many coming out of the past. Who can measure the strength and courage of Martin Luther as he reached up through a maze of questions with love, compassion and intelligent searching to discover that he could work with God on a person to Creator level? He wrote and lived, *"A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark, never failing."*

May we walk for a moment with John Wesley into the great slums of London, into the deep coal mines of England, into the factories whose work was being carried on by children? May we hear his bold stand against abuses and poverty and sinfulness wherever he found them. The last words he spoke before he died are ours to keep forever, *"The best of all is, God is with us!"*

This torch of faith has been cast into our present day, flaming high. It has been held aloft by Helen Keller, who from her world of darkness and soundlessness met Christ and made Him the light of her life. From the depths of this strong glow in her heart Helen Keller admonishes us to use our God-given powers, never to surrender to misfortune or circumstances or even our faults, hopelessly. She urges us to give no quarter to spiritual slavery but to *take the initiative, look at ourselves fearlessly, search out new ideas* of what to do and ways to develop.

In the heart of deepest Africa is a man who is holding our heritage of religion firm. It has been said that three things make Albert Schweitzer great; he has taken his talents and sublimated them to the talent of human service, he had proven his philosophy of life in action, he has given a little more than the world and life expected of him. He tells us that everyone should exert himself in that state of life *in which he is placed and to practice humanity* to all fellowmen.

We have traced our heritage of religion, this something which is allotted and reserved as a permanent possession for us, from its very beginning down to the present day. We could

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## ABIGAIL WRITES AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THEIR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

Dear Friends:

Each year the American Association of Nurserymen sponsors two management training schools—one in New York and the other in California. The latter is conducted by the University of California at their conference grounds located at Lake Arrowhead in the mountains above Los Angeles. When the Wilmores decided to send Wayne to this school last August, it seemed the one opportunity in the foreseeable future to take the children to see something of the sights between Denver and the Pacific Ocean.

Because we had returned so recently from our trip East, we could spare only fifteen days. Needless to say, this restricted us to skimming just a few of the multitude of attractions. However, there was tremendous variety in all that we saw and each day proved fascinating and memorable.

It was 7 o'clock on a Thursday morning when we drove away from our home and down the few blocks to join U.S. 6 and head west. Between Denver and Glenwood Springs, Colorado, there is nothing but magnificent and spectacular scenery. It was particularly lovely this August because of the plentiful rainfall. At Glenwood Springs the country flattens out into mesas on either side of the highway which follows the Colorado River into Grand Junction. The fruit orchards which surround Grand Junction were just ready to yield their rich harvest of peaches. The municipal park proved to be a very pleasant place to stop for a picnic lunch.

The orchard country of western Colorado soon gives way to semi-arid rangeland. We didn't find the country particularly interesting but the weather was co-operatively cool. By the time we reached Price, Utah, we felt we had enough driving for one day, so stopped there for the night.

The small city of Price made a very favorable impression on us as did the other small cities and towns of Utah. They were clean, neat and well cared for. Big impressive-looking homes were a rarity in the Utah towns through which we passed, but even the most modest homes looked well maintained. The main streets were largely free of clutter and trash. Inevitably, the finest building in town was the Mormon church. The various civic buildings were good-looking; many were new, all were attractive. Not one of these small towns gave the appearance of being run-down and neglected.

A fine municipal building in Price houses a young museum and after dinner we found their collection of Indian artifacts, rock and dinosaur bones most interesting. We found it refreshing to be able to enjoy each individual item in the still modest collection.

We left the next morning to head in a southwesterly direction on State Highway 10 as far as Salina, where we picked up U.S. 89. Being quite unacquainted with the state of Utah, we



The three smiling youngsters ready to leave for church are Emily, Alison and Clark Driftmier, children of Wayne and Abigail, who live in Denver, Colorado.

hadn't anticipated any scenery until Bryce National Park was reached, so it was a most delightful surprise to find the entire drive one of beauty. Somehow or other, I had gotten the idea that Utah and Nevada were much alike. It came as a totally unexpected pleasure to find Utah abounding in such spectacularly lovely scenery. (There also may be beautiful scenery in Nevada but somehow it escaped me.)

Bryce Canyon National Park is another one of the beneficiaries of the "Mission 66" program. There is a fine new Visitors Center and the campground was most tempting. (We didn't camp on this trip because of the limited time and the distance to cover. However, we generally make a quick inspection of campgrounds in any location to which we hope someday to return.) I would never attempt to describe Bryce for neither a writer nor a photographer can really do it justice. Let me just say that no one should ever forego the opportunity to visit there. Rain deepens the colors and we were privileged to find rain on the 20-mile drive up to Rainbow Point. Soon after we reached this farthest view-point, the rain stopped. The sun shone in a blue, blue sky over the rain clouds gradually dissipating in the tremendously colorful eroded valley below. What a sight!

Mt. Carmet, Utah, a tiny village, was our stopping point this night. We could have reached Zion National Park, but we simply could absorb no more in one day.

Fog and damp cold greeted us the next morning but before the day was half gone we were in blistering desert heat. The fog soon lifted and in a short time we were inside the mile-long tunnel that leads into Zion National Park. It is amazing that two parks so close together as Bryce and Zion should be so completely opposite. At Bryce, visitors arrive on the rim and the uniquely delicate formations fill the valley below. At Zion, the visitor arrives on the floor of a river canyon filled with great massive formations.

It is always preferable to stop at the Visitors Center before preceding into any of the national parks or monuments. We reached Zion before the Center opened so we drove on to the end of the valley, stopping many times to take in spectacular views.

It is a very easy one-mile hike from the end of the road to "The Narrows". The canyon walls are so close here that sunlight penetrates only at mid-day. The vegetation along the walls is all moisture-loving and quite in contrast to the rest of the area. The campgrounds at Zion are located in groves of large trees and might prove less dusty than those of Bryce. The Visitors Center had opened by the time we returned from our drive and hike so we stopped there before continuing on toward St. George, Utah.

(Perhaps I should add one note before leaving Bryce and Zion. Very little of the area in these two parks is accessible by automobile. Great stretches are available at the present only to those willing to pack in—either on horseback or on foot.)

We were still wearing sweaters when we arrived in St. George, but they were discarded in a hurry as we left this small city on the edge of the desert. All of us found the cactus country considerably more interesting than sagebrush. There is one tall cactus-like plant which is infinitely attractive in its weird shapes. We guessed that this particular plant might be the Joshua Tree. It was fascinating to watch the changes in plant life as the elevation dropped lower and lower. Finally, even that cactus couldn't survive!

None of us felt like eating a picnic lunch in the burning desert sun. An air-conditioned restaurant in Mesquite, Nevada, was much more inviting. Almost every restaurant provides a roofed parking lot for the cars of its patrons to offer protection from the intense heat and for the first time we saw drive-in restaurants with air-conditioners that attach to each car.

As we started up the engine to drive away, Wayne said, "That engine does not sound right to me. We'd better find a garage." Fortunately, there was a garage in town and the mechanic diagnosed the trouble as a burned-out generator. With rivers of perspiration pouring down his face, he installed a re-built generator—all the town afforded. We really couldn't be angry with our car. We were just thankful that this mishap didn't occur on the desert out in the middle of nowhere!

Our destination that night was Boulder City and it was a sweltering family of five that reached its cool shaded streets. We drove through Las Vegas to reach Boulder City but had no desire to linger in that "honky-tonk" town. Boulder City is truly an oasis with lovely green lawns and parkways, attractive homes, and best of all, trees. And it certainly is a quiet city compared to its flashy neighbor. We secured a motel with swimming pool but postponed a refreshing dip in order to visit Hoover Dam first.

Even after seeing the great monuments of Nature, it is still impressive to see this great man-made structure.

(Continued on page 20)



## A LETTER FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

This day has dawned crisp and beautiful and Donald and I are filled with ambition to accomplish gobs of work. Wisconsin has displayed a lovely, invigorating fall. I hurried to get my housecleaning finished sufficiently so we could get outside and work on the windows. The nights turned positively cold so, in the interest of conserving heat, it surely did behoove us to get at those storm windows.

Don is finally putting the finishing touches on the lawn. The back yard has been bulldozed and raked and seeded and covered with straw. We should, by all rights, be green and beautiful come spring! This business of having a brand new home is certainly a two-sided blessing! Without counting the small jobs which needed to be done around the interior and exterior, there are enough large jobs left to fill up all of Don's spare hours until this time next year. It is certainly a good thing we live in a climate that provides us with varied and distinct seasons, otherwise I fear Donald would be working all winter on the outside tasks. I, for one, am delighted to have the summer a thing of the past even though I felt considerable regret to see it gone so soon.

With school functioning we all, and I do mean *all*, are up and at 'em by 6:30 in the morning. The littlest ones are dressed and settled at games in the family room much more promptly than when we prolonged the breakfast and dressing hour. My gears seem to run more efficiently and the housework benefits in direct proportion to cooler weather. I would surely be a poor one to live in the tropics or even the southern United States.

This year school means a great deal more than a half day of kindergarten we had last year. I have been so interested in watching Katharine adjust to real *learning* instead of the easy pace of last year. But I must tell you, the day she started to first grade I felt just like the mother pictured on so many fall magazine covers. This, indeed, was the end of an era. Now Katharine will be developing an independence which will eventually take her away from us. Although I would have it no other way, it was still with a large lump in my throat that I walked the four blocks back to our house alone. The past six years have gone much too fast and I know that the next eleven will rush by with equally unwanted haste. Thank goodness I have two more little ones to love and hug and mother while I get used to having Katharine gone all day.

School is an all day proposition, too. Despite the fact that we're so close to school, the cafeteria program is so inviting we are allowing Katharine to eat with the other children in her class. She finds everything connected with school simply *great*! At first she was so completely fatigued I wasn't able to get any information out of her concerning any facet of the day. But now she is more adjusted to first grade routine and is telling us more about this fascinating new adventure.



Paul, son of the Donald Driftmiers, has found life quite different since his big sister, Katharine, is in school all day.

Breakfast time has now become a period of sounding out the shortest words on the cereal boxes. Katharine's eyes simply beam when she says the letters very slowly and discovers that she can read a word all by herself. It goes without saying that Mother and Daddy are proud and delighted to see this progress.

If you have a first grader or a child you would like to interest in learning to read, get Dr. Seuss' beginner books. Dr. Seuss calls them "I Can Read It All By Myself" books. We have a few of this wonderful series of books and they are titled: *One Fish, Two Fish, Red Fish, Blue Fish*; *The Cat in the Hat*; and *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back*.

When school started it meant the loss of Paul's best pal and playmate. He moped around the house the entire first week. I couldn't force him out the front door to play. He was all set to revert to his trusty blanket and spend the morning rolled up in a ball on the davenport when I decided it was time to take steps. The garage needed cleaning and sorting out so I gathered Adrienne and Paul and we went outside to make a start at playing and working without big sister.

Now, although she is still a green volunteer, Adrienne has been allowed to take Katharine's place. Where before it was Katharine who shared with Paul and treated him like a mother chicken with one chick, Paul has found that he is the one to do the sharing and protecting of someone else. It is a good role for him to learn and one that isn't *always* to his liking.

Adrienne is simply crowing over this new inclusion in Paul's play. She acts like she's found a new friend. If I am any judge of this little babe's determination, she will very shortly be a good playmate for Paul. She is already trying to drive Paul's scat car and if her legs were just a shade longer she could get up on the tricycle seat without assistance. I may consider her my "baby", but it is quite evident this is not the capacity in which she sees herself.

Now that Adrienne is completely self-propelled I have added another blanket-dragger to the family group! You may know what *this* classification of child looks like—they are tall enough to reach in their beds and old enough to be walking wherever they want to go. If they want to high-tail it for their bedrooms after breakfast and drag their beautiful, pastel, satin-bound blankets out from their clean resting place, you can be sure *that* is exactly what will happen. I don't know why *all* of my children have been obsessed with this urge to fondle satin or any silky fabric, but they have all been driven, literally, by an attempt to keep a piece of slick material in their fingers at all times. Adrienne has discovered where I keep Katharine's hair ribbons after they are wrinkled from wearing. Many, many times a day I catch her trudging along with a satin ribbon twined through four fingers while she sucks her thumb.

To show you how times have changed this particular mother; when Katharine was a wee sprout I would never ever allow her to drag a clean blanket around regardless of the floor's state of cleanliness, and I used to make a dozen trips into her room at night to pluck her thumb out of her mouth before she was sound asleep. But she grew up, and her teeth aren't out of shape from sucking her thumb, and she has outgrown the habit *despite* my unsuccessful attempts to make her stop doing it. Later, I could not keep up my housework and follow Paul, constantly picking up and hiding his blanket when he dragged it around the house. He didn't contract any horrible diseases, either!

Thus, you see, Adrienne has a reasonably pleasant time of it since Paul and Katharine have broken me in, so to speak. Sanitation does prevail, however, for we wrap Adrienne's luscious, pink blanket into a neat square and secure it with rubber bands so she can have her binding and not clean the house at the same time.

I can just imagine that all through the children's lives it will be Katharine who will endure the brunt of our well meaning rules and regulations. Then, by the time Paul, and later Adrienne, come to the point where they need the same rules, they will be greatly altered! I'm praying for the wisdom to deal fairly but wisely with my children as they grow up!

When I was in my teens I tearfully announced to my mother that I would never be as strict with my children as she was with me! Well, already I am doing just what I said I would not do! I insist that they turn off electric lights for example, after they are through using them. That was *one* freedom I vowed I would give my children—provided I ever had any. Goodness, but I was rash and rebellious of guidance when I was young. I guess it is a good idea when we are rearing children to remember that we too were young once and were just as full of silly notions.

Life has gone on, even though it sounds as though all I do is live and breathe my children. I've been asked

(Continued on page 18)



# Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### Thanksgiving Menu

#### Bouillon

Roast Turkey with Stuffing  
Giblet Gravy — Mashed Potatoes  
Lemon Sweet Potatoes — Chinese green beans  
Cranberry Salad — Stuffed Celery  
Spectacular Hard Rolls  
Pumpkin Surprise Pie

#### SAUSAGE STUFFING

7 cups white bread crumbs  
5 cups cornbread crumbs  
3/4 cup butter  
1 cup onion, minced  
1 cup celery, diced  
1 lb. fresh link sausage, cut  
1 tsp. salt  
A dash of pepper  
1 1/2 tsp. powdered sage  
1 cup broth, bouillon or hot water  
Combine the bread and the seasonings. Melt the butter in a skillet and saute the onions and celery until tender, but not brown. Remove the onion and celery. In the same butter, brown the sausage links which have been cut up. Remove the links from the skillet. Stir the broth in with the butter until it is hot. Combine all of the ingredients together, tossing gently. Use to stuff the neck and body cavity of a 12 pound turkey. Diced cooked giblets may be substituted for the sausage if you desire.

#### SPECTACULAR HARD ROLLS

1 pkg. dry yeast  
1/2 cup lukewarm water  
2 Tbls. shortening  
1 Tbls. sugar  
1/2 cup warm water  
2 tsp. salt  
2 egg whites, beaten  
4 to 5 cups flour  
Dissolve the dry yeast in the 1/2 cup of lukewarm water. Put the shortening, sugar, 1/2 cup of warm water, salt and 1 cup of flour in a bowl and beat well. When the batter is smooth and the yeast is well dissolved, put the yeast mixture into the batter. Then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Lastly, add enough flour, about 3 to 4 cups, to knead easily. Knead until smooth and satiny. Put in a greased, covered bowl and let rise until double in bulk. Punch down, cover and let rise until double for the second time. Form into tiny loaves, or buns (you know the shape of the hard rolls which you buy). Sprinkle corn meal in a thin layer on a cookie sheet. Lay the rolls on top of this corn meal layer. Let rise until double in bulk.



Make up a glaze using:

- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 2 Tbls. water

Beat the two ingredients together and brush over the top of the rolls. You can sprinkle poppy seeds on the top of each one if you like. Set the oven at 450 degrees and put a large pan of boiling water on the floor of the oven. (This moisture is necessary to make the rolls just right when baked at such a high temperature.) Bake for 15 minutes.

#### LEMON SWEET POTATOES

6 medium sweet potatoes  
2 Tbls. butter  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
Cook the sweet potatoes until tender. Mash them and add the butter, lemon flavoring, salt and half of the brown sugar. Mix well. Put into a greased 1-quart casserole. Sprinkle the remaining brown sugar over the top. Dot with English walnut halves for a fancy touch. Bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees, for 20 to 25 minutes.

Whole lemon sweet potatoes may be prepared with this same recipe by laying the whole, cooked sweet potatoes in a baking dish. Combine the other ingredients with 1/4 cup hot water. Pour over the sweet potatoes and bake.

#### ELEGANT SWEET POTATOES

- 6 boiled sweet potatoes
- 1 1/3 cups brown sugar
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup coconut

Cut the boiled sweet potatoes in half or into thick rounds. Place them in a baking pan, dot with butter and sprinkle with brown sugar to which the coconut flavoring has been well-blended. Stir it well so that the coconut flavoring is mixed evenly throughout the brown sugar. Bake in a slow oven, 275 to 300° for about 30 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven and sprinkle the coconut over the potatoes. Return to oven to broil until coconut is light brown.

#### PEARS WITH CRANBERRY-MINT CENTERS

Mash the contents of a 1-lb. can of jellied cranberry sauce (or use your own homemade cranberry jelly). Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring. Spoon into the center of pear halves and lay on a bed of green lettuce. Chill until time to serve.

#### STUFFED CELERY STICKS

Celery sticks

Chunk-style School Day peanut butter

Green stuffed olives, sliced

Combine the chunky-style School Day peanut butter with the sliced stuffed olives. Fill the center of each celery stick with this mixture. Chill until time to serve.

#### CHINESE GREEN BEANS

- 1 qt. green beans
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 6 Tbls. water
- 1 1/2 tsp. soy sauce

Boil the green beans and salt to taste. Combine the melted butter, cornstarch, water and soy sauce. Bring to a boil and cook over low heat, stirring, until it thickens slightly. Drain the beans and pour the sauce over them. Garnish with sliced water chestnuts or slivered almonds.

#### CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 small orange
- 2 cups cranberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Stir the gelatin and the sugar into the boiling water and continue cooking until the mixture is clear. Let cool until it begins to congeal. Wash the cranberries and the orange and put through the food grinder, rind and all. Add the ground fruit and the flavorings to the gelatin mixture and pour into a mold. Chill until time to serve. This may be cut in squares and served on a lettuce leaf, made into various shaped molds or chilled in a pretty bowl and placed right on the table as a compliment to a fine turkey dinner.

#### FROZEN CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 cup whole cranberry sauce
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Combine all of the ingredients. Put in a freezer tray and freeze until a short time before serving. Cut in squares and put on a lettuce leaf with a bit of cut out cranberry jelly on top for garnish.

#### UNUSUAL CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 cup of cooked rice, sweetened
- 1 cup cooked cranberries, sweetened
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup pineapple, undrained

Prepare the gelatin with the 1 cup of hot water. Stir in the rice, cranberries, and pineapple. Set in the refrigerator. When serving, top with coconut or chopped nuts. This may be made up with strawberries instead of cranberries.



**RED TOP SALAD**

- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 10 large marshmallows
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2/3 cup shredded American cheese
- 1 cup whipping cream

Dissolve strawberry gelatin in the 2 cups of hot water and add the strawberry flavoring. Pour into mold and let congeal.

Pour the 1 cup of hot water over the lemon gelatin. Add the lemon flavoring and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the marshmallows and return to very low heat and stir until the marshmallows dissolve. Let stand in refrigerator until completely cool. Fold in the crushed pineapple, celery and shredded cheese. Fold in the whipped cream. Pour over the firm strawberry gelatin and let chill until firm.

**PUMPKIN SURPRISE PIE**

- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup cooked or canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

In a saucepan put the milk and the butter. When hot, stir into the milk and butter the pumpkin, sugars, spices, flavoring and the eggs. Continue cooking over low heat until the mixture is hot through. Pour into the unbaked pie shell and bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes or until the center of the pumpkin custard is firm. When the pie is cool, prepare the following custard.

- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 egg yolks, lightly beaten
- A dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine all of the ingredients, except the egg yolks, in a heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat, beating with a rotary beater constantly, until thick. Stir a little of the custard into the egg yolks and put them in the mixture. Continue cooking for 1 more minute.

Pour this custard over the pumpkin layer. Top with a meringue and bake in the 375 degree oven until brown.

This makes a perfectly marvelous flavored pumpkin pie. Naturally, you can make just a plain pumpkin pie using only the first part, but the addition of the thin custard layer and the meringue hiding it all and deliciously brown on top makes a truly elegant dessert. No whipped cream or other topping is needed. It is, indeed, a delightful *surprise*.



JULIANA VERNESS

**YOU'VE ASKED FOR THEM ! ! ! ! !  
HERE THEY ARE ! ! ! ! !**

**4 Brand New Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**

**BUTTER  
BLUEBERRY**

**PINEAPPLE  
RASPBERRY**

Add these four wonderfully delicious Flavorings to the other twelve Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings that you depend upon and you have a grand total of SIXTEEN ways to be a champion in your own kitchen.

It took us close to two years to perfect the formulas for these new Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. We wouldn't settle for anything but the very best, and if you want the very best you can't whip it up overnight!

But after more work and more testing than you can possibly imagine, we found exactly what we were after. And thank goodness we got everything done in time for all the extra cooking and baking that begins about this season every year.

The fastest way you can get these wonderful new Flavorings in your kitchen is to tell your grocer you want them. If he has even **one** bottle of Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring in his store, he knows where he can get the rest.

These are the sixteen **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you should have on your cupboard shelf to turn out wonderfully fine food.

**Butter  
Blueberry  
Banana  
Strawberry  
Cherry  
Orange  
Lemon  
Almond**

**Pineapple  
Raspberry  
Coconut  
Maple  
Burnt Sugar  
Black Walnut  
Mint**

**Vanilla (3 oz. and jumbo 8 oz.)**

Every single cap liner is valuable. Save them for the splendid premiums we offer.

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER PRODUCTS CO.**

**Shenandoah, Iowa**





## Tempting Turkey Leftovers

### TURKEY CHOW MEIN

3 Tbls. butter  
3 cups cold turkey, diced  
1 can mushrooms, juice and all  
1 1/2 cups celery, diced  
1 cup bean sprouts, drained  
1 small onion, diced  
3 Tbls. soy sauce  
1 tsp. molasses  
2 cups left over turkey gravy  
Salt and pepper if needed  
Melt the butter in a skillet and brown the onion and celery lightly. Add the gravy, which may be thinned out with a little water if necessary, soy sauce and molasses. Cook until the flavors are well blended and the gravy is thick. Usually no more thickening is needed, but 1 Tbls. of cornstarch combined with a little cold water and stirred into the mixture may be added. Simmer, covered, for about 15 minutes. Serve with chow mein noodles.

### HOT TURKEY SANDWICHES

1 1/2 cups cooked turkey, diced  
2 Tbls. butter  
2 Tbls. onion, minced  
2 Tbls. celery, diced  
1 cup bread crumbs  
Broth or gravy  
Melt the butter in a skillet and cook the onion, celery and bread crumbs in it until they are golden. Stir in the turkey, salt and pepper to taste, and enough gravy or broth to make it hold together. Spoon into hot buns or onto slices of toast. Serve piping hot.

### HOT TURKEY SALAD

2 cups cooked turkey, diced  
1 cup celery, diced  
1/2 cup chopped almonds or peanuts  
1 Tbls. onion, finely chopped  
1 Tbls. lemon juice  
2/3 cup mayonnaise  
1 cup grated cheese (cheddar or mild American, depending on taste)  
1 cup potato chips, crushed  
Salt and pepper to taste  
Combine the turkey, celery, nuts, onion, lemon juice and mayonnaise in a mixing bowl. Toss lightly until well blended. Add the salt and pepper as needed. Put into a greased casserole and top with the cheese and then the potato chips. Bake at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes or until the cheese bubbles and the top is lightly browned.

### PERFECT PRUNE PIE

2 cups uncooked prunes  
Water to cover  
Bring dried prunes to boiling point, cover and then simmer gently for 20 minutes, or until fruit is tender. Remove from fire and cool.  
9-inch unbaked pie shell  
2/3 cup sugar  
1/4 cup flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 cup light cream  
1/4 tsp. cinnamon  
Line bottom and sides of pie shell with cooked prunes that have been thoroughly drained. Combine sugar and flour; then add to the remaining ingredients. Pour over prunes and bake in a 400 degree oven until filling is set in the center. A very delicious and unusual pie that will call for "one more bite" even from people who say they don't care for prunes.

### CORN FAIRFAX

Combine:  
1/4 cup minced onion  
1/4 cup minced celery  
4 Tbls. butter or bacon fat  
Simmer for 5 minutes and then add:  
2 cups cream style corn  
2/3 cup green beans  
1 Tbls. minced parsley  
Cook slowly for 5 minutes, then add:  
1 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. paprika  
Blend well and then stir into all:  
1 1/2 cups rich milk  
Cook 4 minutes, then add:  
2 well-beaten eggs.  
Pour into buttered baking dish; cover with 2/3 cup crumbs, blended with:  
4 Tbls. butter  
2/3 cup grated cheese  
Bake in a 375 degree oven until done.

### CHICKEN PILAF

2/3 cup rice  
3 Tbls. chopped onion  
1 Tbls. butter or margarine  
2 1/2 cups tomatoes  
1/2 bay leaf  
3 ribs celery with leaves  
1/3 tsp. salt  
1/4 tsp. paprika  
1/2 tsp. brown sugar  
1/4 cup grated cheese  
1 cup cooked, diced chicken  
Boil the rice. Brown the onion in the butter and then add it to the rice. Make a sauce of the tomatoes, bay leaf, chopped celery and leaves, salt, paprika and brown sugar. When thick, remove from heat and strain. Add the grated cheese and return to low heat until the cheese is melted. Add the cooked, diced chicken. Combine these ingredients with the rice and season with additional salt if needed.

If you prefer, you may prepare this as a casserole. In that event, put the ingredients in a greased casserole, reserving the cheese to sprinkle over the top with bread crumbs. The casserole could then be put into a 375 degree oven until the top is nicely browned. Serves 6.

### TUESDAY CLUB DESSERT

1 white cake, two layers  
2 cups heavy cream  
1/2 cup instant cocoa mix  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
Split both layers of cake so that you have four layers. (I like my own homemade white cake for this because it is extra moist and rich.)  
Whip heavy cream until it begins to thicken. Then add cocoa mix, vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Beat until just at the point where a few more turns of the beater would be too much!  
Spread between layers of cake and cover the top. Chill in refrigerator at least one hour before cutting and serving. These exact measurements give a delicious and unusual taste to a dessert that is easy to put together, but looks and tastes like something complicated and "different".

### QUICK AND DELICIOUS SOUR CREAM COFFEE CAKE

2 cups sifted flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/3 cup butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
1 cup commercial sour cream  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly, and then add eggs, beating vigorously. Add Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Then add flour and sour cream alternately, stirring only until smooth. Turn into a 9" square cake pan and sprinkle the following over the top.

#### Topping

1/3 cup brown sugar  
1/4 cup soft butter  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1/4 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 cup finely chopped nutmeats  
Sprinkle this mixture evenly over the batter. Bake for about 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Serve piping hot. (Any that is left over can be reheated very successfully by wrapping it in foil and returning to oven.)

### CHEESECAKE BELOVED

20 graham crackers  
1/2 cup butter, melted  
1/4 cup sugar  
A dash of cinnamon  
1 lb. cream cheese  
1/2 cup sugar  
3 eggs  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
2 cups sour cream  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
Slivered almonds, to garnish  
Combine the graham crackers, butter, 1/4 cup sugar and cinnamon and line an 8-inch square pan, patting down firmly. Bake at 350 degrees 5 minutes to form the crust.  
Now soften the cream cheese to room temperature and beat smooth (Continued on next page)



with the 1/2 cup of sugar. Add the eggs one at a time, blending well after each addition. Lastly, add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Pour this cream cheese mixture into the graham cracker crust and bake in a 350 degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

While the cheesecake is cooling, combine the sour cream, the 1 1/4 cups of sugar and the 1 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Pour this very, very gently over the cooled cheesecake. Sprinkle the top with slivered almonds. Bake for 10 more minutes. Chill for 24 hours—not one minute less for the best results. This is absolutely the *supreme best* in any cheesecake I've ever eaten.

—Mary Beth

## THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by  
*Frederick*

One good lady out in Kansas who reads this column each month was quite disturbed to have me advise that the best way to prepare lobster is to boil it live. She asked me if that were not a very cruel way to end the life of a fish. Actually, it is not.

With the exception of shellfish, all fish life caught by humans dies a slow death of suffocation. I'm sure that you have seen fishermen with their catches lying on the pier, or the deck of the boat, slowly dying for lack of oxygen. Not so with a lobster! Lobsters are killed instantly when they are dropped into boiling water. Don't feel sorry for the lobster when you boil him alive. That is a merciful way to prepare him for the nourishment of the human animal.

Do you eat broccoli at your house? I hadn't eaten broccoli until I came East about twenty years ago. The first time I ever ate it was at the Union Seminary in New York City. It is one of the most common vegetables in any New England market, and we eat it a great deal. As a boy, I don't remember ever seeing it in an Iowa vegetable market, but times have changed. Now, it is one of my favorite vegetables and very likely one of yours too.

Betty prepares broccoli by boiling it until barely tender and serving it with melted butter with a little lemon juice added, or serving it with a Hollandaise Sauce. But one day when I had a hand in the preparation of dinner, I fixed Broccoli Supreme.

### Broccoli Supreme

Boil two pounds of broccoli until barely tender. Chop it until very, very fine. Add the broccoli to a cream sauce made of the following:

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of paprika

Beat the broccoli into this cream sauce until it is light and fluffy and then pour the mixture into a baking dish. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese. Put into a hot oven until the cheese is melted. One minute under a hot broiler will usually do the trick.



## KITCHEN-KLATTER SWEETENER

**Not a Single Calorie! — Completely Different!**

See those dotted lines? That's the way our friend looked before she bought our Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener!

All the clothes she wore in the dotted line days had to be torn up and made over from scratch—or else she just plain passed on those big sizes to someone who is still huffing and puffing.

Not many of us can go out and buy all new clothes from scratch. We're penny wise and pound wise if we keep a sharp eye out all the time and depend upon Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener to make food taste downright good.

People who use it tell us that it makes food really taste RIGHT and satisfies their craving for sugar. With this craving taken care of, it's not necessary to sneak to the kitchen after everyone else has gone to bed!

You have your choice of 3 size bottles: 3 oz. (for table or to carry in your purse); 6 oz. for run-of-the-mill kitchen use; 16 oz. Giant Economy Size for refilling smaller size bottles, or for giving a lift to flat, uninteresting food.

Don't let any of those cap liners get away from you. They will make it possible for you to have some wonderful things for your house that would be 'way out of the question at regular prices.

**FRANKLY, WHY DON'T YOU BUY A BOTTLE TODAY  
AND SEE IF IT ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEM?**





November is harvest time and even small children can help gather in the results of the summer's work. Their appreciation and thankfulness for the plenty which is ours usually increases as they take such responsibilities. Here, the Birkbys' three boys, Jeffrey, Craig and Bob, Jr., are hulling black walnuts and boxing them in preparation for good winter eating.

## THANKSGIVING BELONGS TO EVERYONE

by  
Evelyn

Most children know well the story of the Pilgrims and the first Thanksgiving celebrated in our country. But I wonder how many know that it is not only an American festival but goes back to other countries as well? For thousands of years people in many lands have held harvest festivals. With feast and prayer they gave thanks for the blessings which they received during the year. We can trace our religious observance back to Bible times when the Hebrew people celebrated their autumn festival of Succoth.

Since the Hebrew people were primarily agricultural, they were terribly dependent on rains in their semi-arid country. They knew there would be no harvest at all unless rains fell during the winter season. Knowing how completely was their need of God, they thanked Him and praised Him during the joyous week-long festival observed each autumn after they had harvested their crops.

When the Hebrew people became less agricultural the celebration in the fall was changed to include thankfulness for the Torah (the first five books in the Old Testament) and the synagogues carried out ceremonies which stressed the giving of the law to Moses. In the homes it grew to be the Festival of Booths. With palm branches and vines, each family fashioned a hut-like structure in which they spent some of the days and nights of the holiday. Fruits and nuts were hung from the ceiling. Meals were frequently eaten inside these booths. The people were not only reminded of their bountiful harvest but also thought of their ancestors who had lived in tents and moved from place to place.

Today the Festival of Booths is still celebrated by the Jewish people. One room, usually the dining room, is de-

corated with palm branches and fruit, vines and nuts are hung here and there. The family ceremony draws attention to the fact that God is everywhere, that He is King of the Universe and has brought forth bread upon the earth. Following a holiday dinner a final blessing is said.

It seems surprising to tie in our national Thanksgiving with *Mary Had a Little Lamb*, but the same women who wrote this familiar little poem, Sarah Hale, is also known as the Mother of Thanksgiving as we know it. She was a well-known journalist who persisted in writing editorials and letters about the idea of proclaiming one day in November as a national day to give thanks. It was her definite opinion that George Washington had planned such a day when he issued a proclamation in 1789 calling for such an observance. She felt it would bring unity of the people if the nation as a whole would give thanks for their bountiful blessings.

Mrs. Hale worked through deep personal trouble and the catastrophe of the Civil War to get the day of national prayer set aside. Finally, in 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation setting aside the last Thursday of November of that year as "a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father". He issued a similar proclamation in 1864. From then until 1941, the president each year formally proclaimed the date to be celebrated as Thanksgiving in our country. Then in 1941 congress finally decreed that the fourth Thursday of November would be a legal holiday and from that day on would be held as our national Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Hale lived to celebrate 15 Thanksgiving days. Her persistence and devotion to her ideal are today a blessing to each one of us.

The Harvest Festival of Succoth and the American journalist, Sarah Hale,

may seem very far apart, but they really are not. They both had the same goal in mind; the emphasis of our dependence on God and the desire to thank Him for His magnificent blessings. Thanksgiving, you see, is *truly* for everyone.

## A THANKSGIVING LITANY

For these O God, I give Thee thanks:  
For autumn hills all tapestried in gold,  
For sleeping valleys nestling near Thy heart,  
For gleams of burnished silver on a stream,  
For jewels flashing in the night time skies,  
For soft horizon haze,  
For bare brown earth and rugged wind-swept trees,  
For rain, for dew, for frost, for Nature's sleep,  
And then for glad resurgent life of Easter-time.

*For these, O God, I thank Thee!*  
Again, O God, I give Thee thanks for these:

For friends who understand,  
For useful work and laughter, lightening toil,  
For comradeship with youth, strive to know and do,  
For mellowed age,  
For home where happy children's voices sound,  
For tables spread with daily sustenance,  
And couches that give rest when day is done.

*For these, O God, I thank Thee!*  
I give Thee thanks, O God,  
For these, Thy gifts, unbought with coin,  
For beauty of the earth and sky,  
For goodly heritage,  
For life and love and fellowship,  
For that great Gift surpassing all,  
The gift of Thine own life to men,  
*For these, O God, I give Thee thanks,  
And lift my hymn of praise to Thee!*  
(From a church bulletin)

## HEART-CHAPEL DOORS ARE OPENED

Sear, tattered fields are silent;  
undisturbed  
By any noise, though recently men rushed  
To finish harvesting their corn, and curbed  
Anxiety where Summer's voice was hushed,  
And now the laughter echoes in each home  
Where kinsmen gather round the festive board.  
It matters not that earth is monochrome  
When families share these bounties of the Lord.  
The precious golden key of gratitude  
Makes possible, and sure the opening  
Of all heart-chapel doors, to prayer embued  
With praise of every blessing from the King.  
As children and their elders humbly pray,  
All know the meaning of  
Thanksgiving Day!

—Thelma Allinder



## A THANKSGIVING PARTY

One of the most exciting ways to celebrate Thanksgiving is to invite folks who are far away from home to share it with you. If you live near a college you could undoubtedly find a number of young people who are lonely. Foreign students not only learn from the experience of being in our American homes but also bring an enrichment into the lives of those who open their hearts to them.

A pretty invitation may be written in gold ink on brown paper turkeys with the following verse:

"Our home is waiting,  
Our welcome is true;  
Thanksgiving Day at six,  
May we see you?"

Leaves, pumpkins, rosy apples and golden oranges are pretty decoration when piled into big bowls around the house. A cornucopia spilling fruits and nuts and candy favors is a lovely centerpiece for the dining room table or decoration for a buffet.

To keep unfamiliar guests from feeling uncomfortable give them something to do immediately after they have been welcomed. Have a huge bowl of cranberries on the coffee table. Give each guest a needle and thread and have them *string cranberry "necklaces"*. (This may be made into a game by having everyone start at the same time and set a time limit. The one with the longest "necklace" wins. A box of mock cranberries, "chocolate covered cherries", would be a good prize.)

Put a small jar filled with pumpkin seeds where everyone can examine it. Have them *guess the number of seeds* in the jar. A pumpkin, real or simulated or even a tiny pumpkin pie, would be a good prize for the lucky guess.

A game which is apt to get exciting is a *cranberry roll*. Mark a sheet of paper with ten small circles just a little larger than a penny. Lay this on the floor and have each player roll ten cranberries from a starting line. It is difficult to get the cranberries to roll into a circle and then to stay there. This could be played with sides to see which group could count up the most cranberries which land inside the circles. Or have two people "compete" against each other with the rest of the guests *rooting* them on. Numbers may be written in the circles or just have each one count 10.

A stunt which is hilariously funny is played by choosing several people to stand up so as to face the rest of the guests. While the leader counts to ten slowly, the players must all hold a smiling expression. As soon as ten is counted the smile must fade and a serious expression held while the leader again counts to ten. Continue this for three full turns. Whenever a player fails to hold his expression correctly he must sit down. The rest of the guests, of course, will do everything they can to get the players to laugh when they should be grim.

If you do not want to conclude with the standard Thanksgiving menu why not plan a more simple buffet-style supper? Turkey sandwiches or a hot turkey casserole, stuffed celery sticks, cranberry salad, pumpkin pie and lots

Well, we're back again! Back to short days and sometimes a lonesome feeling wind and rain.

If your husband leaves early and comes home late, and if you are all alone for the whole blessed day (or tied right to the house with little children who don't provide exactly what could be called "adult conversation") it's pretty nice to have a morning break with the Kitchen-Klatter Family.

We don't pretend to be home economists or fancy cooks with food uppermost in mind all the time. But we **DO** like to catch our breath and sit down to share with you whatever it is we're up to.

We sort of lean on these late autumn and winter months to renew old friendships and to make new friends. Maybe this is the year you'll get acquainted with our Kitchen-Klatter Family.

Here are the stations where you can find us every weekday morning:

**KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KWPC** Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

**KCFI** Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KWBG** Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

**KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

**KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

**KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

of hot coffee would surely be welcome fare.

## FALL FROLIC GAMES

*The Cow's in the Corn:* This is a noisy game—but fun! Hide a limited number of grains of corn. Choose partners, letting one person in each pair be Little Boy Blue and the other one the Cow. When Little Boy Blue sees a grain of corn he makes a noise like a horn blowing. Only the Cows can pick up the grain of corn. Any Cow can pick up any grain of corn, so Little Boy Blue's horn should sound only to guide his partner to the grain. The couple picking up the most corn is the winner.

*Kiss Relay:* This may sound deceiving because the kisses are only *candy* kisses. Divide the group into teams. Each player, in turn, runs to a given goal, unwraps and eats a candy kiss, whistles and then returns to his own line. Naturally, the *kissingest* group wins. (A nice prize for this game is a plastic bag full of candy kisses.)

*Fly Away:* This is a fun version of the old game *Simon Says*. The leader stands in the center of the room and names a list of objects. After each one he says the word "fly". He may say, "Dogs fly", "Cats fly", "Birds fly". Each time he says the word "fly" he flaps his hands to make a flying motion, but the players must flap their

hands *only* when the leader mentions something that *really* can fly. A player caught "flying" at the wrong time becomes "it".

*A Pumpkin Favor:* Since pumpkins are so often prominent at fall frolics, give your prizes or candy favors wrapped in orange paper so as to resemble a pumpkin. Cut a circle out of crepe paper, lay the favor in the center, then gather the edges. Around the gathered top wind wire which has been wrapped in green to resemble the stem. Glue on a green leaf or two.

—Mildred Cathcart

## TURKEY TIME FUN

*Carve That Bird!* Fill in answers with parts of the Thanksgiving bird:

1. What hath the angels, too? (*wings*)
2. Eight quarts make a ..... (*peck*)
3. Something for pretty hair. (*comb*)
4. A slang expression meaning to defraud. (*skin*)
5. Used in a band. (*drumsticks*)
6. The most popular pronoun. (*I-eye*)
7. A part of a kite. (*tail*)
8. What do 24 inches make. (*two feet*)
9. A greedy person eats this way. (*gobble*)
10. A young man offers to the girl of his dreams. (*heart*)
11. Worn by a cowboy. (*spurs*)
12. The mighty Atlas had a strong one. (*back*)

—Mabel Nair Brown





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### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

people in this world will think you very rich indeed. Have you a home where you may go at will to find rest and shelter, and when you want quiet, can you be in a room by yourself? If so, the world thinks of you as one of the rich and privileged few. When you are sick, do you consult a doctor as a matter of course; and when your tooth aches, do you go to a dentist? If so, you are exceedingly rich in the eyes of the world. And Jesus said: "Woe to you that are rich!"

A Kitchen-Klatter reader wrote to ask my opinion of the proverbial tithe, the giving to the church of one-tenth of one's gross income before taxes. It is my opinion that not everyone should be expected to do it. A man with a family and an income of only \$3,500 a year would find it much more of a sacrifice to give his tithe of \$350 than would a man with an income of \$35,000 find it a sacrifice to give to the church \$3,500 a year. The higher one's personal income the less of a sacrifice it is to tithe, for a man with a big income will tithe out of his surplus, while a person with a small income will tithe out of his essential bread and butter funds.

I like to tell people: "Don't give until it hurts! Give until it feels real good!"

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

### MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

to serve on a Safety Committee at Elmwood School by the P.T.A. Here, at least, I am thrown with adults for a change. As a result of this appointment I've been learning lots about Wisconsin school laws concerning bus transportation and the political set-up in our township! I'll tell you more about it later.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

## Is This Your Own Magazine?

If it belongs to someone else, you'd better be sending in your own subscription. \$1.50 per year—12 issues. Send to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa

And remember . . . nothing makes a nicer gift than a year's subscription to Kitchen-Klatter. Don't disappoint the people who received it from you as a gift last November or December. The nicest thing you can do for them is to renew their subscriptions.

We send gift cards telling them exactly what you ask us to write, and for Christmas gifts we have a special card. Be sure to take care of this early before the mails are jammed.





Here is the picture we promised last month—the eight daughters of my brother Henry Field. Back row, from left to right: Mrs. A. L. (Josephine) Nelson, Clinton, Ia., Mrs. M. L. (Jessie) Wasserman, Appleton, Wis., Mrs. E. R. (Mary) Hamilton, Shenandoah, Ia., Mrs. Kermit (Ruth) Seehawer, Appleton, Wis., and Mrs. Ray (Letty) Bianco, Marseilles, Ill. Front row: Mrs. Welton (Faith) Stone, Escondido, Calif., Mrs. Hoover (Georgia) Talbert, Aurora, Mo., and Mrs. Leo (Hope) Powek, Oakland, Calif. This was taken when they held a "Sister Reunion" this summer.

#### LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

beautiful time to visit Colorado and since we have done so for several years, it has almost become traditional. It isn't a long drive so perhaps one of these nice fall days we'll phone them that we are on our way. We hope to go sometime before Thanksgiving for after that date the weather is apt to present complications.

I know you feel as we do this Thanksgiving, that, although we are living through troublesome times, we can all see much for which to be thankful. When Martin (our fourteen-year-old grandson) was a little tyke, he often asked the blessing at our dinner table. He would thank God for the food, the sky, the rain, the birds, his pets, concluding with: "Well, God, thank you for *just everything*." Many times we grownups feel that our words of thankfulness are insufficient. This is a good time to read the Psalms—true expressions of thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

#### MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

It had been an interesting vacation, containing much of educational interest as well as providing happy memories of the time spent with members of the family.

Next month I'll bring you up to date on current activities.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

DID is a word of achievement.  
WON'T is a word of retreat.  
MIGHT is a word of breavement.  
CAN'T is a word of defeat.  
OUGHT is a word of duty.  
TRY is a word for each hour.  
WILL is a word of beauty.  
CAN is a word of power.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thought you  
bring,  
A heart may heal or break.

#### OUR HERITAGE—Concluded

very well say, "There, that completes the discussion." But before we write "end", it would be well to realize that this great heritage of ours will *only continue* as we ourselves have the courage and strength and faith to carry it fearlessly and pass it on to those yet to come. If you and I were the *only* channels through which this faith could pass, how sturdy would it be in the hearts of our children? Do we *dare* falter when others have sacrificed so much to see that it has come to us?

May we close with the powerful and timely prayer of St. Francis of Assisi, dedicating ourselves as we do so to carrying on this heritage of religion which is ours?

"O Lord, our Christ, may we have thy mind and thy spirit. Make us instruments of thy peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

"O divine Master, grant that we may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen"

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## SLOW ME DOWN, LORD

"Slow me down, Lord! Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind.

Steady my hurried pace with the vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me amidst the confusion of my day, the calmness of the everlasting hills.

Break the tensions of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory.

Help me to know the magical, restoring power of sleep.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations—of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, to read a few lines from a good book.

Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise that I may know that the race is not always to the swift; that there is more to life than increasing its speed.

Let me look upward into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew great and strong because it grew slowly and well.

Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's enduring values that I may grow toward the stars of my greater destiny." —Unknown

## ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

Our children had never seen one of our country's great dams before and it was quite an eye-opener to them. We took the tour down inside the dam and through a stroke of luck, the last of the giant turbines was in the process of being installed. The outside casing had not been put in place and it was possible to get a good idea of the mechanics of these machines.

Never has swimming seemed more refreshing than the dips we enjoyed before dinner and again before bedtime! Night swimming in Denver is not very tempting since the temperatures are usually cool but Boulder City had no such deterrent and we all much enjoyed swimming under the stars.

We detoured back up through Las Vegas the following morning in order to drive along "The Strip". The luxurious motels looked truly fabulous. But there was something quite pathetic about the tiny commercial wedding chapels stuck in just anywhere among the business establishments. These pseudo chapels struck the wrong note with me.

It may also have been that I was starting to worry in earnest about the driving that would confront me in only a few hours, for we would be leaving Wayne at Lake Arrowhead and the children and I would be on our own. I wasn't the least bit at ease about tackling the Los Angeles freeways for the first time and in Sunday afternoon traffic. Next month I'll tell you about our experiences in California.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is the gift that arrives 12 times a year.



This is a monument that the Stoms photographed when they visited some cemeteries and battlefields of the Civil War.

## TO THE BRAVE

by

Harverna Woodling

Are you interested in the Civil War years of our country? We are—very deeply. A few people, perhaps, give only a passing nod to that period sparked by the present centennial year; but for many there is an ever-growing fascination as more books and articles are read and new facets are discovered of "The War Between the States".

It would be foolish for a lay reader to pretend to be a historian. Of course the battles and statistics are part of the story, but even more exciting are the personalities, characteristics and human quirks of the people involved. These are the things which make the events of the period really come alive.

One hundred years is such a long time. It would be enlightening, perhaps a saddening experience, to be able to move back in time those one hundred years. There was excitement in the North, great turmoil throughout the South. For some, both Northern and Southern, the issues seemed clear cut. For others, loyalty was divided and decision as to right and wrong was very difficult. It is elementary that each side originally believed that its own victory was destined to occur quickly and easily in spite of the fact that there had been no actual practical preparation.

It is easy to understand that the first volunteer soldiers felt they were leaving a prosaic, work-a-day world and embarking on a jolly, romantic adventure. Just imagine the excitement felt by the citizens of Charleston as they flocked out to watch the bombardment of Fort Sumter and witnessed the defeat of Kentucky-born Major Robert Anderson and his small brave garrison in April, 1861. The comparable incident in the North occurred when crowds of people from Washington rode out in their carriages to see the Battle of Bull Run or Manassas in July, 1861.

Inevitably, much of the glamour of war wore away as hard work, fighting, or sometimes just plain boredom set in. We read of acts of great bravery on the battlefield and of courage (Continued on next page)

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in the homes and hospitals; of hunger and poverty as the war progressed; also of gambling, greed, drunkenness, profiteering, thievery, cheating, cowardice, desertion, brutality and cruel military punishment.

Everyone knows that suffering is unavoidable in wartime. It is appalling to realize how much pain was endured by the wounded because of the very short supply of anesthetics and infection-killing drugs, especially in the South as the war grew older. The prison camps became pitiful places, usually with woefully inadequate food, shelter, medication and sanitary facilities for the confined men. Often these conditions were not intended. There was simply no way to remedy them.

In this day of swift transportation it is difficult to realize that Union and Confederate soldiers had one vicious enemy in common. That enemy was mud—ordinary, clinging, sucking, grasping, dragging mud; mud to break hearts and backs; mud to wear out men and horses and mules; mud to mire wagons and stall cannons; man-frustrating, horse-killing mud!

Another handicap to commanding officers was the lack of accurate maps. What a difficult task it must have been to plan campaigns without the help of reliable maps.

An amazing aspect in the Civil War was the leading role played by "political officers" who attempted to handle battle commands for which they were so sadly fitted.

It is extremely interesting to those of us who live in Missouri to learn that our state was a highly active and important area, war-wise. It was torn among Unionists, Secessionists and guerrillas. It was the scene of raiding, fighting, burning and terrorizing. Some of this was due to its strategic value as a border state and some of it was due to bushwhackers' pleasure in killing and robbing. Secessionist Governor Claiborne Jackson, Unionist Governor Hamilton R. Gamble and Grant himself were involved in Missouri Civil War history. And, of course, there were "Bloody Bill" Anderson, Quantrill, the Youngers and the James brothers who claimed allegiance anywhere it seemed practical and paid it only to themselves.

The years from April 1861 to April 1865 were years of great contrast in economic, industrial and social conditions between the Union and the Confederacy, but we know that both sides had great and humane leaders. Grant and Lee, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis, come immediately to mind.

Then there were all the ordinary soldiers, some of whom were undoubtedly quite extraordinary. They fought just as hard as the famous names, got just as tired and cold and hot and hungry and homesick. They were just as brave, suffered just as much as all those whose names have been well preserved by the historians.

I have read several of the many good books written about the Civil War. Once these books are read, the war between the states will become very real. It will never again be a dry-as-dust series of dates in a history book. Some of the favorites which I would recommend are:

*Rebel Boast* by Manly Wade Wellman is the story of the life lived by actual Confederate soldiers, loving as well as fighting. It is truth, not fiction, and much better than the imagination.

*The Army of Tennessee* was written by Stanley F. Horn who was born in Tennessee. It covers the operations of the Confederate Army as it fought between the Appalachians and the Mississippi. It is the story of great effort, courage, retreat, defeat and despair; of Shiloh and Chickamauga; of the fall of Atlanta and eventual surrender.

*High Tide at Gettysburg* by Glenn Tucker is the story of three days of swelling, ebbing, surging turmoil; of death, blood, blunders and bravery. It presents two great opposing generals, Meade and Lee.

*The Compact History of the Civil War* by Ernest Dupuy and Trevor Dupuy is just that—full of much interesting material; concise, but never dry. Any Civil War enthusiast who does not read it will miss a very fine book.

And, of course, there are all the wonderful books by Bruce Catton: *Mr. Lincoln's Army*, *Glory Road*, *This Hallowed Ground*, *A Stillness at Appomattox*, *Grant Moves South*. They are masterpieces!

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There are so many *ifs* in the history of the Civil War; if this general had moved faster or sooner, if that army had fought longer or attacked once more, MacKinlay Kantor has presented his picture of what might have happened in his *If the South Had Won the Civil War* published in the November 22, 1960 issue of *Look Magazine*. The if which would have been most miraculous for both North and South is, "How would the country have been reconstructed if Lincoln had not been killed but had lived to complete his work?"

But that war is over. The *ifs* can change nothing. We, one hundred years later, can only read and wonder.

### A THANKFUL HEART

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father  
For every earthly good.  
For life, for health, for shelter,  
And for our daily food.



**Lovely SWEETHEART SCROLL CENTERPIECE**  
**Roses Smell Like Real Flowers**  
**..... ONLY 50¢**  
 Lasts a Lifetime! Bend down and catch their delightful fragrance. A thrilling magnificent breath-of-spring centerpiece with rich green leaves and life-like flexible long stems that bend for any arrangement. Petal soft washable polyethylene... won't fade or wilt. Yellow, Red, Pink, Assorted, in Golden Kraftex Scroll.

**IN ETERNAL BLOOM ... NEEDS NO CARE**  
 With 4 roses only 50c. 8 for 90c. BARGAIN: One Dozen only \$1.25.

Money Back Guarantee. Send cash, check or money order. Add only 20c for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please. **KENNEDY CO., 55 E. Washington, Dept. 201-EV, Chicago 2**



Mrs. Douglas J. Baldwin  
 1926 Apple Valley Road  
 Rockland, Connecticut

## 500 NAME-ADDRESS LABELS-25¢

500 gummed economy labels printed in black with ANY name and address, 25c per set! In two-tone plastic gift box, 35c per set. 5-day service.

### DE LUXE GOLD-STRIPED LABELS - 500 for 50¢

Superior quality paper with rich-looking gold trim, printed with ANY name and address in black. Thoughtful, personal gift; perfect for your own use. Set of 500, 50c. In two-tone plastic box, 60c. 48-hour service.

### DISTINCTIVE SCRIPT LABELS - 500 for \$1.00

Free Plastic Box De luxe paper - rich gold trim - up to 3 lines of fancy script type. 2" long. Set of 500 in free plastic gift box, just \$1.00. 48-hour service.

Script Type Money-back guarantee. Postpaid.  
 2511 Drake Bldg.  
 Walter Drake Colorado Springs 12, Colo.

## DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

foot high. Around the base of this were various small pumpkins, which she had found in the dime store, and a couple of little turkeys. A fence went around the entire scene. Of course, a centerpiece like this was a "natural" for the peanut pixies—they climbed over the fence, rode the turkeys, played on the corn shock, and rolled the pumpkins. If you've ordered some of my pixies, you may want to use them in this way.

We haven't made plans for Thanksgiving as yet. We know that Kristin will be home and that the Johnsons will be eating a turkey dinner together *somewhere*. I put it that way for it depends upon weather conditions. We're hoping for a fair day so that the family can come to our house this year.

I just heard Frank turn into the lane and that is my cue to put on the coffee-pot. He has been to the mailbox and I'm anxious to see what the mailman left for us today.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

traits he found endearing and worthwhile in 1842 are the traits we still have today; and the things he found trying and objectionable so long ago are just as trying and objectionable today. I had no idea Dickens was such an astute and shrewd reporter. *Nothing* missed his eye.

Anyone who has seen our congested Eastern seaboard in recent years will feel a pang when he reads Dickens' description of the magnificent countryside. Nothing of that countryside is left. (And how I laughed when I read his statement that it was a great joy to leave the frenzied chaos and turmoil of Boston! You can imagine how much frenzied chaos and turmoil there was in Boston in 1842 compared to the Boston of 1961!)

His account of trips made to hospitals for the mentally ill, schools for the handicapped, prisons, etc., were fascinating. I don't know how many genuine strides we've really made in some of our institutions, but at least I could take a deep breath and say: "Thank God we no longer have such a prison custom in our country" when I read his report of a trip to visit a prison in Philadelphia.

All prisoners were escorted into this prison and then into their cells with a black hood tied over their heads. They never had the slightest clue to the physical place in which they were held. And each prisoner served his entire term in solitary confinement. He never saw a human face aside from the guard who brought his food. And the cells were constructed in such a way that no sound penetrated from one to the next. He had no idea if a living human being was on the other side of the wall, or if only empty space was there.

Dickens' description of prisoners who had suffered long periods in such solitary confinement was a masterpiece of powerful reporting. He found it inconceivable that men should spend many years in total unawareness of where they were or of who was near them. When they left, the hood was again placed over their heads and thus they were escorted to the outside gates and NEVER had the faintest idea of the physical place where they may have spent fifteen or twenty years of their lives.

I found it inconceivable too when I read about it, and I can only say that no matter what ghastly threats stare us in the face today, at least we have put behind us this one particular kind of barbarous and totally inhuman treatment of human beings in penal institutions.

Space is tight this issue and I've already used more than my allotted share, so I must go out and stir up the fireplace fire and say goodbye to those of you who have been kind enough to let me come in and "set a spell" on this dark autumn day.

Faithfully always . . . .

*Lucile*



## JACK & JEAN BESTER

Would like to send you their News Letters every month, which tell about fascinating AFRICA, its lands, people, and their folk lore; its wild animals, attractive birds, beautiful flowers, trees, and shrubs, also about their exciting plant-hunting safaries. These News Letters are interesting and entertaining. \$1.00 bill helps pay postage, and keeps you on our mailing list for the next twelve months, and becomes a \$2.00 refund on your first order, for any of our many rare and unusual seeds we sell.

Wont you write us to-day,

P/B MEYERTON, Transvaal, South Africa.

## JACK & JEAN BESTER

## IT'S A MAN-SIZED WORLD!

Ensconced in the snug security  
 Of chairs and tables that fit me.  
 The walls, the floors, the roofs I  
 prize,

All proportioned to my size,  
 I marvel at the little folk  
 That such Gargantua must provoke,  
 Struggling on their mountain stairs,  
 Puffing at their hill-top chairs—  
 Their tables billow high and wide!  
 Such inconvenience must provide—  
 Even to fork, knife and cup—  
 Incentive to *fast growing up*  
 —Helen Harrington

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 1961.

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.) 63,765.

Russell Verness, Business Manager  
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1961.

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

Send Ads To  
The Driftmier Company  
Shenandoah, Iowa

**HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD**, Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

**FREE CATALOG**, showing complete equipment for CAKE DECORATING and UNUSUAL BAKING. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby or profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-KK Raleigh Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

**STONEGROUND CORNMEAL** from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. BROWNVILLE MILLS, Brownville, Nebraska.

**HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS** and starlings with famed "Black Lily" elevator traps. New information everyone should have. It's free. Simply address, Sparrowtraps, 1012 Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

**BOOKLETS:** Sewing Ideas; Handcraft Ideas; Items from coathangers; Jiffy Made Items; Catalog; 25¢ 5-\$1.00. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Penna.

**RAISE RABBITS SUCCESSFULLY** by knowing Facts, 48 Page Book, 38 Illustrations describing 25 Breeds, Housing, Breeding, Feeding, Markets and Marketing. Bulletin etc. 25 cents, American Rabbit Association 10 ARBA Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**LADIES NYLON BARGAINS**, S. J. Sales, 3329 Superior, Ashtabula, Ohio.

**SENSATIONAL** new longer-burning Light Bulb. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee—never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merlite (Bulb Div.) 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-74L, New York 16.

**3-DAY SERVICE** on beautiful, personalized slim-line Christmas cards made from your photo or negative. Dramatic black-and-white or dazzling COLOR cards. Write for free samples and price list, Lincoln Studios, Box 13, Dept. KK, Lincoln Nebraska

**NEW CROSS STITCH BORDER** Patterns for aprons, dresses; turkey, maple leaves, acorn, squirrel, "South of the Border," Colonial Lady, Reindeers—\$1.00. Geometric borders 7-\$1.00. New catalog no. 7 with one pattern—25¢ coin. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa

**BEAUTIFULLY MADE APRONS**—Swiss embroidered cotton or nylon organdy—lovely for weddings and parties \$2.50 and \$3.50; Christmas \$2.50; organdy lace trimmed \$2.50; short cobbler—dotted swiss \$2.35; prints \$1.75; gingham wide cross stitch border \$3.75; toddlers cover up \$1.30. State color choice. Ad always good. Mrs. Doris Reilly, Coggon, Iowa.

**IRON ON CLOTH LABELS** identify clothing, yours and your childrens. They stick firmly through washing and cleaning. Help identify the child as well as the article of clothing. Handy 2x½ inch size. Three lines for name and address, 50 labels for \$1.25 postpaid. Please Print. M. D. Andersen, Valley, Nebraska.

**XMAS CARDS** \$1.00; 21 birthday card \$1.00; 21 get well \$1.00 Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha 2, Nebr.

**BEAUTIFUL 42"** embroidered pillow slips with lovely crocheted edge \$5.00; 7 dish towels embroidered \$3.35; lovely plastic wall plates—rose center \$2.50; 24" TV rose doily \$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, R.1, Houston, Minnesota.

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

**FOR SALE:** Nice ladies home made half aprons. Assorted styles and colors. Prints \$1.00. Organdies \$1.25. Wagner Supply Co., Hampton, Iowa.

**MAKE** beautiful rugs on barrel hoops. 35¢ Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colo.

**18 CROSS STITCH** patterns, \$1.00. Mrs. Vencil Hanus, Traer, Iowa.

**CROSS STITCH LINEN** samplers and gingham aprons, new designs, each \$3.00. Mrs. Carl Vought, Humboldt, Iowa.

**YOUR FAVORITE PRAYER**, verse, motto, etc., professionally hand lettered 8 x 10 with appropriate art \$1.00. Suitable for framing. Veecee Studios, Box 1401, Downton Station, Omaha 1, Nebr.

**A QUILT THAT** is quilted as you piece. Fascinating new idea, directions only \$1.00. M. Stovar, Circleville, Kansas.

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN** pillow slip edgings 42"-\$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edges 47"-2 strips \$1.00 on hand. Mrs. Edna Sutherland, Craig, Missouri.

**LOOKING FOR A "DIFFERENT" CHRISTMAS CARD?** We can reproduce your Christmas notes, complete with photos of your family or home into a personal letter to solve the problems of writing to friends and family at holiday time. For details write Kessinger Printing Company, Junction City, Kansas.

**"QUILT AS YOU APPLIQUE"**—make beautiful, large quilts the EASY way—on your sewing machine, in parts, without frames. Special original patterns—Flowers and Tiny Hearts, Gala Tulip, Millie's Bouquet. 35¢ each, 3 for \$1.00. Luetta Leininger, R. 2, Archbold, Ohio.

**TWO "WILL" FORMS** and "Booklet on Wills", \$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

**DAINTY LOVER'S** knot edged linen hankies \$1.04 each. R. Kiehl, 2917—4th N. W. Canton, Ohio.

**FOR SALE:** Gingham aprons—cross stitch \$2.00; print \$1.00; organdy \$1.50; child's jewelry boxes \$3.00; tea towels embroidered \$3.75 a set; bath towel sets \$3.00; doilies all sizes from \$1.00 up to \$3.75; chair sets \$5.00; tote bags \$3.50. Mrs. Carrie Carlson, 400 No. Osborn, Oakland, Nebr.

**PRINT APRONS** \$1.00. Fancy \$1.35. Glenna Spanel, Long Pine, Nebr.

**PHONOGRAPH RECORDS**—45 RPM. 4 for \$1.00 Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, 1134-16th Street, West Des Moines, Iowa.

**CROSS STITCHED APRONS**, lunch cloths. Velma Kolpin, R. 1, Aurelia, Iowa.

**TATTING** and crocheting. Mamie Hammond, Shelbyville, Mo.

**LOVELY NYLONS** three pairs \$1.10; six pairs \$2.00. Guaranteed. National-K, 6709 East End, Chicago.

**PRETTY KITCHEN APRONS** \$1.00; organdy aprons \$1.25; cross stitch gingham aprons—scallop and flower design \$3.00. Humpty Dumpty or Penguin pajama bags \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**CROSS STITCH APRONS**. Beautifully worked. State color. Price \$2.50. Etta Shafer, Cleghorn, Iowa.

**GIFT APRONS**—half type bright colors—percale, chintz \$1.25 or 5 for \$5.35 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 2, Hudsonville, Mich.

**CHRISTMAS DOLL CLOTHES**—will make Barbie and Mitzi dresses. Casual 75¢; party \$1.25; slips 50¢ undies 25¢ plus 25¢ handling. Mrs. Irwin Bean, Yale, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Linen hankies. Exquisitely fine crocheted lace edgings. Beautiful gifts. White or colored linen. \$1.00 and \$1.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. Esther Hazel, 520 N. Central, Pierre, South Dakota.

**DAINTY WHITE** linen tatted edged hankies \$1.25. Assorted colors. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

**RUG WEAVING**—I'll prepare weave materials \$2.00 yd.; you prepare \$1.25. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

**LADIES:** 1962 Kitchen recipe calendar with your name on it \$1.00. Your friends will all want one. Imprint Service, 2149 Stanford, St. Paul 5, Minnesota.

**BEAUTIFUL 13"** crocheted ruffled doilies. White star center. Ruffle-pink, white, blue, green, lavender, or yellow \$2.00. Ready to mail. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

**SHELLED PECANS**, Walnuts, Almonds, Brazils, Filberts, Cashews \$1.50 pound. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

**PRETTY BORDER** cross stitch gingham aprons \$2.50. Machine embroidered print aprons \$1.60. Mrs. Ernest Klinehart, Nashua, Iowa.

**PRETTY CROSS STITCH** gingham aprons \$2.50; embroidered huck towels \$1.50; crocheted hankies \$1.00. Mrs. Henry Mack, Ionia, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** While they last—6 large embroidered dish towels \$4.00; gingham cross stitch aprons \$2.50. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, R. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

**HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS** made by sending your measurements (include waist length), material, buttons, thread, zipper, \$1.50 and return postage. An apron free with orders for three. Lovely rose sprays for your TV set in red or pink. Make wonderful gifts. \$1.98. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

**CROSS STITCHED CHECK** gingham pillow cases, lunch cloths, etc. made to order. Huck weaving pillow tops and crocheted doilies on hand. Postpaid. Write for list. Mrs. Mike Bennett, Arlington, South Dakota.

**GINGHAM CROSS STITCHED** aprons, new design, dainty, latest checks \$3.00 each. Mrs. Carl Hollrah, Charter Oak, Iowa.

**NEW COOK BOOK** containing 600 recipes. Compiled by W.S.C.S. \$2.25. Shirley Pritchard, Faulkton, South Dakota.

**CROCHETED POODLE** bottle cover in wool yarn—any color—fits (4/5's or 1 quart narrow neck type bottle) \$3.00 each. Mary Kernes, Craig, Nebraska.

**NEW CROSS STITCH** Catalog No. 7 plus one beautiful pattern 25¢ coin. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

**BILFOLD WITH HEAD OF CHRIST** \$2.10; Automatic needlethreader—2 for \$1.75; lovely all occasion and Christmas cards \$1.00 and \$1.25; kitchen aprons with towel on side \$1.50. All items plus postage. Ad good anytime. Alice Morgan, 2934 Leavenworth, Omaha 5, Nebr.

**NYLON OR TAFFETA** Kleenex holder and pattern \$1.00—Pink, blue, white. Mrs. John Norris, Alton, Kansas

## PEANUT PIXIES

Let these colorful little men help you with your Christmas entertaining — hang them on the tree, tie them to your packages, perch them on your table centerpiece, use them as favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming only. 12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Please order as early as possible so you'll be sure to have them in plenty of time. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.



**MUSICAL CHRISTMAS APRON**  
Bells jingle with every movement. Only 50¢

Why such a Big Bargain? Because we want you as a new customer. Adds Gay Holiday Touch. Bright and Colorful —so cheery. Attractive bow and bell design, with REAL tinkling Golden Bells that greet well-wishers with a merry, jolly "Hello". Handsomely tailored in gorgeous Holiday colors.

**Name Glows In The Dark**  
Available plain (without name) for only 50¢. Artistically hand-lettered with name for only 15¢ extra. You'll be delighted. Not more than 2 Aprons to each person at this Bargain Price. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Add only 10¢ to each apron ordered for postage and handling. No C.O.D.'s please. Kennedy Co., 55 E. Washington, Dept. 201-EM, Chicago 2



## Autumn Poetry

### FLIRTATION WALK

Silvery moonlight flirts  
through black lace shadows;  
The night wind whistles  
with wolfish woo-woos;  
When Autumn comes, dressed  
in sunset colors  
Jack Frost follows in  
silver-buckled shoes.  
—Evelyn S. Cason

### THE TURNING

When hills lay blue as indigo,  
Gold laced each early morn,  
And fields bereft of rustling skirts  
Had long been thriftily shorn.  
When black haw and persimmon  
Lend yearly, schoolboy sweet—  
And cowbells tap repeatedly  
In swaggs along the creek.  
When new smoke lifts indolently  
With not a breath to hinder,  
Thus—through all our upping years  
Came the "turning" and young  
winter.

—Annie Slankard

### PRINCESS-BEGGAR

Nature lately flaunted  
Clothes in red and maze;  
She was like a princess  
During brief fall days.

Now she has discarded  
Sumptuous drapery;  
She looks like a beggar  
To her devotee!

—Thelma Allinder

### SECURITY

Sometimes I drive along at night  
Past an empty farmhouse, bleak and  
cold;  
Its darkened windows, a dreary sight  
And, suddenly, I *feel very old!*

No smoke from the black chimney  
curls;  
In vacant room, the walls are bare.  
The floors are chill and naked too  
Since there's no family living there.

Then long ere I turn in our lane  
A shining window, brightly lit  
Sends out a gleam across the snow  
And I am warmed by the glimpse of  
it!

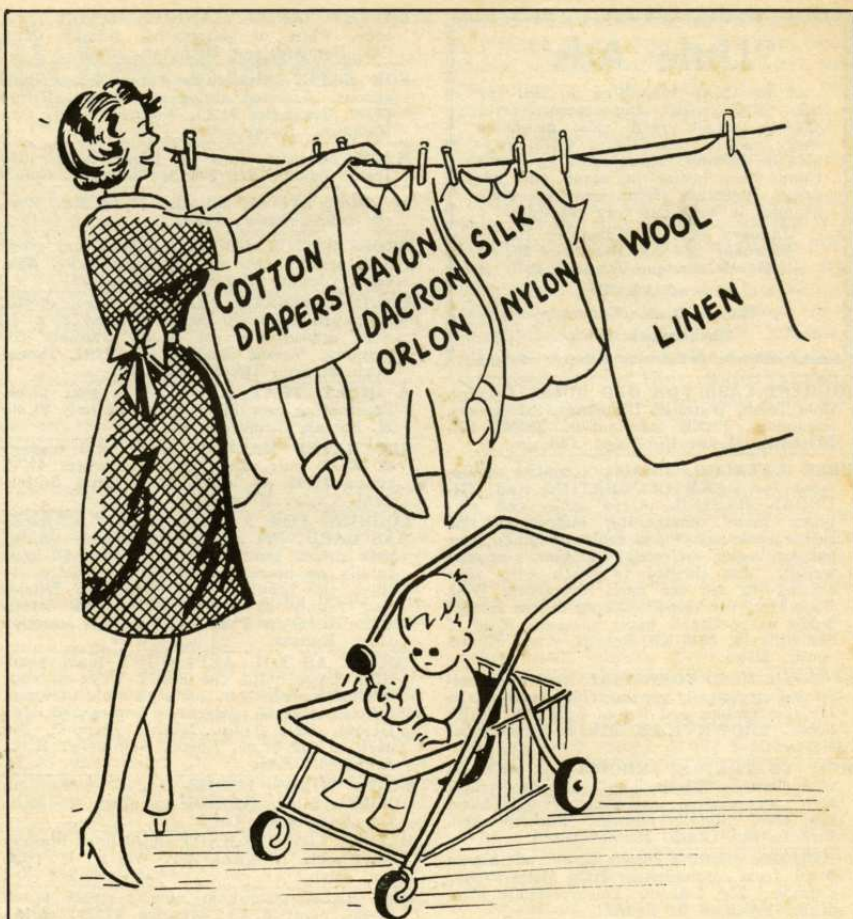
My spirits quicken, soar and rise!  
The welcoming rays reach out to me!  
me!

I feel the love these small rooms hold  
And, suddenly, I *am young*, and *free!*

—Martha Elizabeth Rogers

### A PRAYER

Guide me through another day;  
Chart my course where love may  
sway.  
Keep me free from selfish wrong.  
Teach me patience, make me strong.  
Keep me pure in thought and deed,  
Bring me near when others need.  
Give me work, and strength to do,  
Make me gentle, keep me true.



**Whites are snowy . . .**

**Colors sparkle . . .**

**Everything is Safe, Safe, Safe!**

Your fine clothes deserve the best. You want them clean . . . of course you do . . . but there's no need to shorten their lives with harsh, chlorine bleaches.

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** works gently but firmly, even on delicate synthetics. Clothing, towels, linens, curtains, all last longer . . . look new longer . . . when you depend on all-new, all-fabric **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

**We know it's safe! We make it!**

**KITCHEN-KLATTER  
SAFETY  
BLEACH**