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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 26

NOVEMBER, 1962

NUMBER 11



It is time to give thanks.

W. C. PARSON NOV. 1962
112 HAMBURG AVE
ST. JOSEPH, MO.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published Monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa

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Dear Friends:

Has there ever been a day in your life so filled with the beauty of autumn that you have never forgotten it? One of our trips to Massachusetts to visit our son, Frederick, was made when the Berkshire hills were a blaze of color. A very dear friend lived at the crest of one of these hills, and to reach her home we followed a winding road arched with golden maple trees. The sun shining through the leaves gave a yellow glow to even the plainest of weeds and shrubs along the roadside. From her home we could look out over the surrounding countryside—a breathtaking sight! Watching the leaves turn color this fall, I'm reminded of that beautiful sight once again, and hope that some day I can make another visit to New England at this beautiful time of year.

Many of our readers have also come to the place in their lives when they can no longer drive their own cars long distances. It's hard to accept the limitations age places on us, but that is life. Mart and I are fortunate to have members of our family who are able to step out of their busy lives to make short trips with us. In fact, we've just returned from a visit with our son, Wayne, and his family who live in Denver.

Our granddaughter, Kristin, entered the University of Wyoming this year, and the ideal way to transport her belongings was by car. When it came right down to the final arrangements it seemed logical that Dorothy (her mother) could drive our car, since it has a very large trunk, and we could all make the trip together.

Our visit with Wayne and Abigail and their children was a very happy one. I could scarcely believe that the youngsters could have grown so much since we had seen them last. They were bubbling over with enthusiasm for their new fall schoolwork. In the past the children would plead with their parents to stay home from school while we

were there, but with growth comes a sense of responsibility to studies and they happily left the house each morning.

We thought the children's new poodle was a darling, and if I felt that we could take care of a puppy, I'd be tempted to get one just like theirs. He is the softest, silkiest, cuddliest dog I've ever been around.

Abigail is a wonderful cook and you wives know how pleasant it is to sit down to meals that someone else has prepared. Her menus were well planned in advance so that she didn't have to spend much time in the kitchen.

It's always interesting to meet your children's friends and on this visit Dorothy and I were included in an invitation Abigail received to attend a party in the neighborhood. One of her friends had been seriously injured while vacationing with her parents, and upon her return to Denver the neighbors planned a "Sorry-you-were-laid-up---but-glad-to-have-you-back" party.

Jumping ahead a bit, I must tell you that on our return trip we ran into our hostess when we stopped for lunch at Wray, Colorado. We had seen her so recently that it came as quite a surprise to meet her in Wray.

This was our first opportunity to see the lovely new Garden Center at the Wilmore Nursery which our son manages. They have a complete line of equipment that gardeners need as well as potted and field-grown plants and shrubs. The grounds are beautifully landscaped and if the pictures we took turn out well, we'll share some of them with you.

The nursery has also added a shop where cut flowers are sold as well as a department where artificial floral arrangements are made. I'd never seen such beautiful artificial flowers—so "real" that I had to touch them to be certain they were not fresh ones. I brought home two arrangements: one of white mums to put on the television

set, and the other of red geraniums for the dining room table.

Dorothy will tell you about our drive up to Laramie to leave Kristin at the university so I'll omit any details of that part of our trip.

Margery and Oliver told us to be sure to see Pioneer Village at Minden, Nebraska, so we stopped there on our way back home. We were sorry that we didn't plan this stop on our way out while Kristin was with us for she would have enjoyed it so much.

Mr. Harold Warp has done a fabulous job of collecting over 30,000 items, and exhibits them in such a way that they fully depict the lives and achievements of the pioneer men and women who settled our great frontiers. If you're planning a family vacation next year which will take you through the state of Nebraska, I hope you'll make it a point to stop at Minden and spend several educational hours.

It is fortunate that we arrived home when we did for the very next morning the phone rang and one of the few cousins on my mother's side of the family, Robert Whittacher, was in town. He and his wife, Bernice, live near Toulon, Illinois, where my mother was born and grew up. What a thrill this was for me for I hadn't seen Robert since he was a boy. We had a grand visit and although they had to hurry on the following day, we were grateful for even a little time together.

Instead of trying to put into my own words what this Thanksgiving season means to me, I'll close with this beautiful poem which expresses my feelings.

FOR ALL THESE THINGS

Golden chrysanthemums tipped in wine;
A child's trusting hand placed in mine.
The secret touch of fog, the slash of rain;
The certain truth that Spring will come again.
Books to read and a fire that is bright;
My family near with the coming of night.
The rolling sweep of beauty in our land;
Your patience when I cannot understand.
These, Dear God, are things I shall remember.
These things I thank you for this chill November.

—Harverna Woodling

Isn't this a lovely poem? I hope that you read it many times as we approach Thanksgiving Day.

Sincerely,

Leanna

KRISTIN ENROLLS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

Dear Friends:

In my letter last month I told you of Kristin's plans to attend the University of Wyoming this year, and hoped that a schedule could be arranged so that I could drive her to Laramie. Since Mother and Dad had been wanting to visit Wayne and his family in Denver, we decided this would be the ideal time for their trip for I could drive them to Denver and then take Kristin on to school.

Mother will give you some of the details of the Denver visit, so I'll tell you about our drive on to Laramie.

At eight o'clock on Sunday morning Abigail and the girls, Mother, Kristin and I started out. It was a beautiful sunny day, although cool and windy. When we reached the outskirts of Denver we had to stop at a railroad crossing for a train with an old steam engine and several cars filled with men, women and children. A steam engine is an unusual sight in this age of big diesels, and Abigail thought it was probably the Denver Railroad Club out for a Sunday excursion. It looked like fun and the group certainly had a lovely day for their trip.

The highway to Laramie took us through Fort Collins and past the campus of Colorado State University which is very beautiful. All of the country between Denver and Laramie is picturesque as the road winds around through the Hogback Mountains (named so because of the flat rock formations at the top). The climb was gradual and although the altimeter in the car registered a little over eight thousand feet at one point, the altitude at Laramie is a little over seven thousand feet. We must have made a gradual descent at some time during the drive.

Kristin was eager for us to see how beautiful the campus is at the university so we drove around a bit before we parked in front of Hoyt Hall, the dormitory she will call "home" this year. After she had checked in and picked up her key we all pitched in and carried her luggage to her room on the second floor (with the exception of Mother, who had to remain in the car because of the step situation). When the housemother told us that there were twelve girls on cots in the basement because of the crowded conditions, we felt fortunate that Kristin had been assigned to a room.

It didn't take long to transfer the suitcases, and then we went to the Connor Hotel for our Sunday dinner. Before driving back to Denver we made



Visiting with her cousins in Denver, Colo., Kristin Johnson admires their new poodle dog, "Lucky". Emily Driftmier stands by Alison, who holds the pup.

a leisurely and thorough drive around the campus, stopping to take pictures of some of the buildings to show Frank. I took a long, long look at our girl after goodbys were said and she turned to climb the steps of the dormitory, for we won't see her until Christmas. Kristin writes excellent letters, and next month I'll tell you about her schedule of classes and how she finds life at the university.

This was my first trip through western Kansas and Nebraska. Since I'm a farmer's wife, I took particular notice of the large ranches and the crops that were growing in this part of the country. Acres and acres of winter wheat, grain sorghum, sugar beets and alfalfa spread out as far as the eye could see.

We passed several large cattle-feeding yards and I noticed one in particular just outside Brush, Colorado. I'd never seen so many cattle together in one place before or so many huge silos. It was hard for me to visualize how much feed it would take for that many head of cattle. When we stopped at a service station, the attendant told Dad that they feed from eight to twelve thousand head at this one feeding yard all the time!

THANKSGIVING BRIGHTENS NOVEMBER

Thanksgiving brightens each November
Making patriots remember
That the pilgrims kneeled to thank God
For this land their feet first trod.

Each true American today
Should also humbly kneel and pray
That God can always bless our land
And guide us by His gracious hand.

—Grace Stoner Clark

There was one thing I didn't see on this trip although I looked and looked—a jack rabbit! I have never seen one and thought surely I would, but no such luck.

I took the train home from Shenandoah and Frank was at the station to meet me. He was anxious to hear all about the trip, the university buildings, campus, Kristin's room and so forth. We talked a blue streak all the way home.

Frank had accomplished many things while I was gone. He had finished the fall plowing, made a new stand for the oil barrel and had it painted and back in place, all hooked up ready for old man winter. His current project is making a new feed bunk for the cattle.

Thanksgiving will soon be here and this year we have had a wonderful crop so have much to be thankful for. This will be the first Thanksgiving that Kristin will be away from home but she is planning to spend that vacation with her Uncle Wayne and his family. Time flies so swiftly in our busy household that it will be time for Christmas vacation before we know it.

This seems a good time to make a request of those who plan to order peanut pixies for your Christmas decorating. Please get your orders in as early as possible, for I simply cannot make deliveries after the 15th of December. I want to spend my time after that date planning a wonderful Christmas with my family.

Speaking of pixies, I must close and get back to my "factory", so until next month.... Sincerely,

Dorothy



A Thanksgiving Devotion

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

On a table arrange one or two stringed musical instruments, such as a violin and an autoharp, with some choice fruits, vegetables, fall leaves, flowers and a hymnal to make a lovely arrangement. A candelabra would add greatly to the effect, also.

The person giving the meditations should stand nearby, but have the one who is taking the part of "the voice" stand off stage, preferably behind the audience. If the service is being held in a sanctuary which has a balcony, the balcony would be the perfect place from which to hear "the voice" proclaim the scriptures.

The words to the hymns might be mimeographed on song sheets if hymnals aren't readily available.

Program

Prelude: "We Gather Together".

Voice: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High. To shew forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon psaltery; upon the harp with solemn sound. For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the work of thy hands. O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep."

Hymn: "O For a Thousand Tongues To Sing".

Voice: "O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him: talk ye of all his wondrous works. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord. Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore. Remember his marvellous works that he hath done; his wonders, and the judgments of his mouth."

Meditation: "For humble hearth, with happy hearts aglow; For droning

schoolroom, where youth's visions grow; For spired temple, whence God's praises flow, America gives thanks, O Lord, To Thee." (—William Reid)

"The seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew" we read in Zechariah, and as we pause here for these few moments to count our blessings, we cannot doubt that the scriptures have been fulfilled. America's barns are full. God has been good.

"From the scriptures, too, we learn that holy men of old took the first fruits of the harvest into the temple and presented them unto God in humble thanksgiving for His blessings and His mercies. Our nation's founding fathers also gathered in thanksgiving for daily bread and for freedom of worship.

"Thanksgiving Day is a 'three-dimensional day'—the great spiritual significance, the recognition and giving of thanks for material and civic blessings, and the enjoyment of sharing our abundances. Let's not lose sight of the Pilgrims' precepts for this observance."

Hymn: "Now Thank We All Our God".

Voice: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations."

Meditation: "The responsive heart brings into a true and larger focus the gifts of Life bestowed upon us by a generous Heavenly Father. The outward circumstances for that little Massachusetts colony would appear to offer little that would call for a special Thanksgiving celebration. Privation and hunger had taken toll of the lives of almost half the colony. Danger flung a constant shadow over the daily lives of the few survivors. Yet, these devout, courageous few looked above and beyond these discouraging conditions and saw rewards for which to give thanks to the Almighty. This is the transformation that the TRUE spirit of thankfulness can make in all of us. It will enable us to see the real worth of these possessions which are so easily lost sight of in the distractions, the pressures, the hustle and bustle of living today—the infinite love, the unfailing mercy, the tender care of God for each and every one of

us. 'Bless the Lord O my soul and forget not all his benefits.' "

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Voice: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom has thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches." "These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season." "That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good."

Meditation: "As we look about us with greater perception at Thanksgiving season, we become very aware of all the material blessings that come to us as persons, as families. We see, too, the great blessings heaped upon our community, our nation. Yes, we see these, but do we have a genuine feeling of gratitude to God for making it all possible, or does that big 'I', that self-important 'ME', the great 'US' and 'OURS' obscure true Thanksgiving?

"Are we prone to want ALL the the glory, ALL the recognition for the goodly life we have, for the prosperity of our country, forgetting that 'all we have is thine alone, a trust, O Lord, from Thee'?"

"Let's look at the great bins of stored grain, the well stocked larders, our comfortable homes, our wonderful schools, our magnificent highways and industries, and humbly acknowledge that they are ours because of a generous and loving God. He gives these as gifts to use, and to share, and to want for others. Only as we pass along from His abundance to us do we prove real gratitude."

Hymn: "The Voice of God is Calling" or "We Give Thee But Thine Own".

Voice: "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, for with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

Meditation: "The strengthening of family ties, the deepening of fellowship with friends, the broadening of world brotherhood, all through loving and sharing—that is the true essence of Thanksgiving. All men crave security above all other comforts or satisfactions. Even in so homely a task as making a cake, the homemaker wants the security of a tested recipe, dependable ingredients and a reliable oven!

"The smallest infant can sense security, or the lack of it. We have all heard instances where a seemingly very sick child responded miraculously to extra doses of love and

(Continued on next page)

attention. As one grows older the need for security grows. And what is real security? Always and ever it goes back to that need to be loved, to be wanted, to be cared for and to be understood. Friendship---security---is a universal need. When we truly love, we give, we share. That is real Thanksgiving."

Voice: "O come let us sing to the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation! Let us come into his presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise unto him with songs of praise! For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all Gods. In his hands are the depths of the earth; the heights of the mountains are his also. The sea is his, for he made it; for his hands formed the dry land. O come let us worship and bow down...For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand."

Hymn: "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee". (Let all stand and at the conclusion of the hymn, remain standing for the closing prayer.)

Prayer: "All we have---and are---are thine, our dear Heavenly Father. We thank Thee for our homes, for our daily bread, for our families, for our brothers everywhere. For all the blessings thou hast poured upon us and upon our nation, Our Father, we give humble thanks. Help us to be worthy of thy gifts and to share with others, as we give thanks this Thanksgiving Day. Amen."



SILHOUETTE

Oh, you valiant elm with your sparse golden leaves!

Brave hero and conqueror of many a storm!

The cold biting winds of nippy fall days

Have scattered your foliage, depleted your crest.

Your sturdy black trunk and high reaching limbs

Are etched on the sky like a fabulous giant;

Your thin golden crown stirred by each swaying breeze

Pays suitable tribute to a steadfast patrol.

May your years still be faithful and often renewed;

May you shelter from sun and silhouette on the skies;

May a long winter's rest when your leafage is gone

Bring you back to our hearts in e'en greater grace.

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

The First Thanksgiving Proclamation

"Inasmuch as Ye Great Heavenly Father has given us this year an abundant harvest of Indian corn, peas, squash, and garden vegetables, and has made ye forests to abound in game, and ye sea with fish and clams, and inasmuch as He has protected us from ye ravages of ye savages and has spared us from petilence and disease, and has granted us freedom to worship God according to ye dictates of our own conscience; now I, your Magistrate, do proclaim all ye pilgrims, with your wives and little ones, do gather at ye meeting house, on ye hill, between ye hours of nine and twelve in ye day time, on Thursday, November 29th, of ye year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and twenty-three, and ye third since ye pilgrims landed on ye Plymouth Rock, there to listen to ye Pastor and render thanksgiving to ye Almighty God for His Blessings."

William Bradford

Ye Governor of Ye Colony

REIGN OF THE GOLDEN KING

by

Frances Decook

Centuries before Columbus, and while Europe was still shuddering in its dark ages, the Indians of South and Central America had developed a civilization rivaling the culture of ancient Greece and Rome. They were skilled in the arts of weaving, pottery-making and wood-carving; they built majestic temples; had elaborate irrigation systems; were advanced in metallurgy (gold, silver and copper); built artificial mountainside terraces and an intricate system of roads and aqueducts. They even had developed a calendar which was one ten-thousandth of a day more accurate than the one in use today.

The golden age of these tribes is now long past, but historians tell us that none of it would have been possible without the golden grain the Indians called maize. It laid the foundation for this great civilization. By growing corn, the people were freed from the never-ending, day to day chore of hunting down their meals with rock, club, spear and arrow in the dangerous and difficult jungle. Corn assured them a year round food supply, giving them leisure they had never had before. With this new-found leisure, their artistry blossomed, resulting in a great new civilization.

The ancient Incas of Peru in South America were the first corn farmers of the world. They grew small patches at the extreme southwestern edge of the Amazon where the great Andes mountains tower above the jungle and grasslands. Gradually this great crop spread out from the Amazon-Andes region

northward into Central and North America as migrating tribes carried the precious seed of the maize plant with them and planted it with success wherever vegetation would grow. When Cortez, the Spanish explorer, set about to destroy the great Aztec Empire in Mexico, he found cornfields wherever he went. And by the time Columbus set foot on American soil, corn was raised by Indians in almost every part of this country.

The story is told that Columbus, landing at Haiti, believing he had reached China; received reports of a powerful king who later invited the white men to a great feast on Christmas day. Columbus accepted with alacrity and he and his crew looked forward to sitting down to a Christmas feast as guests of a great Oriental king in a court glittering with gold and treasure. But that day the Santa Maria pounded itself to wreckage on a coral reef, and the feast had to be postponed for one day. The following morning, Columbus boarded the Nina, received King Guanagari, then accompanied the native ruler ashore for the dinner. What a surprise that feast turned out to be; hardly what Columbus expected from the table of an "oriental" ruler.

The meal consisted of roasted hutia, the meat from a large Caribbean lizard; an unfamiliar dish of unseasoned yams or sweet potatoes; and cacabi or bread made from Indian corn. From Columbus' report of the feast in the historic ship's journal, it is clear that, with the exception of the bread made from corn, the first Christmas dinner in the New World was disappointing. How-

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YOUR LETTER FROM LUCILE

Good Friends, One and All:

Last month I took much more than my fair share of space to tell you in considerable detail about all kinds of things connected with this magazine, and if I had known, when I wrote that letter, what was lurking in ambush right around the corner, I'm sure I never, never could have written that letter at all!

We knew that the very first issue we turned out with our own hands with our own new equipment would have loads of complications--plain old horse sense would tell anyone this. We were all braced, so to speak, for a pile of commotion and rumpus. These new machines, dazzlingly expensive and unbelievably efficient, couldn't be mastered by having a quick run-in. We *knew* it would take Time and awfully hard work to get the upper hand on them and make them turn out the kind of handsome pages they were built to turn out.

But what we *didn't* know was that trouble (and this should really be put in huge letters and printed in red ink) was marching stealthily towards the whole works. Now that it's all over and daily life seems halfway reasonable, I can tell you that for about seven staggered days it looked as if you might not get the October issue until well nigh the end of October--or even creeping up to Thanksgiving!

It's a tribute to a whole lot of people who poured the proverbial blood, sweat, toil and tears into exhaustingly long hours that the October issue went out right on schedule--and this will be a marvel to me as long as I live! No one ever again will be able to convince me that anything is impossible. I know better.

Now there were a lot of things about the printing angle of that first issue that we could see easily enough with our own eyes and regretted. None of you looked at those too dark pictures half as unhappily as we looked at them. But we aim to do better and it won't be too long before we can turn out a magazine that looks the way it *should* look. At least we know how it *should* look--and that's something!

Juliana is back in Albuquerque, of course, and my! how empty the house feels, not just a corner of it but the whole shooting works. It's strange, isn't it, how we don't get "adjusted" to our child's departure.

Of course we want our children to go out into the world and make their own lives. That's what has kept this world moving and we'd be pretty poor specimens if we knotted up the apron strings and kept them right by our sides. Only the mothers of sorely handicapped chil-



In Denver, Dad and Mother (the M. H. Driftmiers) enjoyed a tour of Wilmore Nursery with son, Wayne, (behind Mother), and Scott Wilmore.

dren who can never go out into the world to make their own lives know the full measure of the tragedy that follows because they cannot go.

But I realize now that in our hearts there is always a place where our children abide forever, and passing years and changing events never alter this special place in the slightest. I remember reading not too long ago about one of the competent, big giants of industry, a man fully sixty-four years old, who told one of his friends ruefully that his mother, an exceptionally alert woman with not one single indication of advancing age and failing powers, still worried that he might not be dressed warmly enough when he started out on a trip--and was he sure he had his rubbers?

Well, that's just the way mothers are! And if that was the worst thing wrong with this world it would be a wonderful world, wouldn't it? So I can say without apology that the house feels empty without Juliana, and now I must find things to take up the slack.

Although this is the November issue and talk about Christmas may seem to be rushing the season, there is something I want to mention right now because you'll have time to turn it over in your minds.

I've never yet met a mother who didn't want her children to have a chance at good books and good music; this has always been true and it is particularly true in these days when we're bombarded from all sides with stuff and junk that impoverish a child's mind and heart rather than enriching it.

This is why I want to suggest that if you have a phonograph, old or new, that you purchase "Amahl and the Night Visitors".

I have always found it interesting that this piece of work was commissioned by the National Broadcasting Company to a gifted young Italian composer--it was to be presented on television back in the days when television was new and exciting. There was a deadline to

meet, and the young man found himself more and more bereft of inspiration as that deadline approached. Then, when he was almost at his wit's end, he went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York) one day and wandered around, probably because there was nothing better to do.

But as he wandered he came to a painting that suddenly recreated for him all of his childhood in a poverty stricken home in a poverty stricken village in Italy, and suddenly, magically, the whole piece of work took shape in his mind--every bit of it. In a few hours of feverish concentration he wrote "Amahl and the Night Visitors", and I'm sure that no one, least of all the composer, dreamed that he had written something that would go straight to the hearts of everyone who heard it.

Every year this is shown on television on Christmas day. I recall so clearly the first time I saw it because the folks were in California that year and we had Aunt Helen and Uncle Fred for Christmas dinner, and after dinner all of us watched it--and were moved to tears. Every year I'm scared the television company will yank it off because they think there isn't enough of an audience, but so far they've come across, and I hope they always will.

However, you'll enjoy the Christmas day performance much more if you are already familiar with the music and the words, so that is one good reason why I'd like to see you turn it over in your minds--buying the album, that is. It is put out by Victor, non-stereo, and with tax it comes to \$5.08. If you have a record shop in your town you can order it there, but if you have to send away for it I'll suggest that you order it from Ralph and Muriel Childs right here in Shenandoah. They're working hard to give us a good record shop, and since they have young people in college I know what those long hours mean, so if you have to send away for it anywhere, you might as well send here.

I've never done anything like this in my own letter, but it means a lot to me to say something about an album of music that will grow increasingly important to you and to your children as time passes. I know that \$5.08 seems like a lot of money, but if you can somehow manage it for your children or for your grandchildren, or for nieces and nephews who are as dear to you as if they were your own, you will never regret it.

And now my space is gone. And probably more than gone. I must close the door this very instant and say goodbye.

Faithfully always. . . .

Lucile

FREDERICK'S CHURCH HAS SOME EXCITEMENT

Dear Friends:

What a joy it is to welcome Kitchen-Klatter friends to our church here in Springfield, Massachusetts. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Fred Weber of Philadelphia came up and spoke to me after the eleven o'clock service. Mrs. Weber used to live in Winterset, Iowa, and she has been a faithful reader of *Kitchen-Klatter* for many years. They were visiting friends near Hartford, Connecticut, and it was a very easy thing for them to come to Springfield for the morning service.

They told me that they were going to pay a visit to the famous Sturbridge Village a few miles east of Springfield on the road to Boston. I wish that I had had the time to visit Sturbridge Village with them, for I am in love with the place. It is a New England village just as it was 200 years ago.

Our town of Springfield is located in what we affectionately and proudly call The Pioneer Valley. Actually, it is the Connecticut River Valley, but it is that part of the valley where the pioneers first settled back in 1632. The pioneers came from the Boston and Hartford areas. There were many bloody and terrible fights with the Indians before the town was finally established and a church built. Whenever I visit some of the historical spots in the Middle West I find it hard to believe that this part of the country was old and seasoned before the Middle West got its start. My church is 120 years old and it is still thought of as one of the newer churches in town!

The population of our city is 180,000, but if you were to include the population of the towns that adjoin us—those using our buses, water and light systems, etc.—it would be about 300,000. Sometimes people ask me how large our city is and I say: "Well, inside the lines we have 5,000 fire hydrants and 10,000 street lights." That may not tell them the size, but it does make them curious to learn more. We don't think of our city as a large one by any means, but it is large enough to have a police force of 300 men, and a fire department with 500 full-time firemen.

Even with our good police force we have plenty of crime, and this past week our church was burglarized. It happened late Sunday night just after I left my study at the church to drive home. We don't know how the robber got into the building, but the chances are that he had been hiding in it all the time I was sitting there in my study thinking that I had nothing to worry about as far as my personal safety was concerned.



Shad, taken from the Connecticut River near Springfield, Mass., will make good eating for these two fishermen, Frederick Driftmier and his friend, Henry Haskins.

The burglar cracked open our large safe and took the entire offering of that Sunday morning—a substantial amount. In addition, he broke into the office of my Associate Minister and left it in a shambles. He broke into my secretary's office and literally tore it apart. He broke into my office and didn't touch a thing. I would like to think that the picture of Jesus hanging over my desk gave him a pang of conscience, but I'm inclined to think that he was quite sure I kept no money in my office.

We had detectives on the case right away, but they have come up with no leads of any kind as yet. A farm woman over near Albany, New York, called a local bank and said that her little boy found an old bank deposit bag in a ditch near their farm home, and that in the bag there were some checks made out to our church. All we learn from that is the fact that the robber must have come from New York state and was not a local man.

After the robbery I resolved not to work in my church study so late at night and we've taken some extra precautions. Beginning today we have a young graduate student from one of the local



PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE

Dear Lord, please guide my hands,
that they

May do some work for Thee each day.
Please guide, O God, my lips to say
The prayers that Thou wouldst have
me pray.

Please guide my feet and let me know
The places Thou wouldst have me go.
Please guide my heart in seeking Thee,
And help me find eternity.

Please guide my life with light above,
And make it one of peace and love.
Amen.

—Kristin Johnson

colleges living in the building. Our church has a bedroom nicely furnished for the use of guests, and from now on this young man will live here and take a bus to the campus each day.

This is "Fair Week" in Springfield. Massachusetts doesn't have a state fair, but we do have the Eastern States Exposition, which is nothing more than an enormous state fair covering all the six states of New England. Yesterday I took my family to the fair, and we had a grand time visiting the agricultural exhibits.

We did one thing that we had never done before—we went to see Lawrence Welk and his band at the fair. When I drove up to the house to get Betty and David to take them to the show, they asked me if I had the tickets. Why I had had those tickets in my coat pocket for three days, and it was silly for them to question me in that way. Of course I had the tickets! That is, I *thought* I had them, but after the long drive across the city to the suburban bus station, and then the bus ride to the fairgrounds, I walked up to the door of the auditorium, looked for my tickets, and found that I had left them at the office.

There was no time for me to take a bus back to the city to get them, so I called my secretary and had her find the tickets and send them to me in a taxi. We got them just in time and then found ourselves seated so far back from the stage that we couldn't make out whether we were watching Lawrence Welk or John Philip Sousa! There were 13,000 people in there trying to see Lawrence Welk at the same moment we were, and our seats were just a little over one city block from the stage!

After the show we went to one of the big church tents for our supper. Several of the churches in the city have food tents at the fair, and my! how those church people do work. The tent in which we were served a fine turkey dinner usually makes a net profit of about \$12,000 in one week at the fair. That particular church gives 80% of what it makes on the food tent to missionary causes. It takes a great deal of expert management to serve a varied menu from early morning to late at night for a whole week.

It hardly seems possible that Thanksgiving Day will soon be here. Oh, how much we Americans have for which to give thanks! Every time I return from a trip to some other country I come back wondering what we Americans have done to deserve the riches that are ours. Surely God must have some great purpose in mind for us to achieve. From those who are given much, much will be required, and it frightens me to think how great is the debt we owe to God.

Sincerely . . .

Frederick



Office

Girls'

Lunch

by
Lucile

In these last few months, as time and circumstances have permitted, I've gotten a lot of pleasure from fixing special meals at noon for the girls who work with us at our Kitchen-Klatter offices. I limit the group to four at a crack so it will take me a long, long time to make the rounds; but it gives me a chance to test new recipes and it gives them a chance to eat someone else's cooking.

I think most of us cook things as quickly and cheaply as possible most of the time, but there *are* occasions when we want to do more than this. My luncheons for the office girls are a good example of what I mean. So every month, if space permits, I'd like to give you the recipes I've used for one particular meal, and maybe some of it will come in handy someday when you're primed to do something out of the usual routine.

It's awfully hard to get recipes to come out right at the end of the column the way they should come out, so in this particular feature I'll ask you to overlook anything that isn't lined up the way it should be lined up.

MENU

Chicken Salad
Asparagus Casserole
Hot rolls--grape jelly
Easy but Elegant Cheese Pie

I bought the rolls and heated them, but here are the recipes for the other things. There were six at the table and not one scrap left of anything!

CHICKEN SALAD

3 1/2 cups diced chicken
1 cup white seedless grapes
1 1/2 cups pineapple
1/2 cup celery
1/2 cup slivered almonds

Split the grapes in half and drain the pineapple very thoroughly. Combine all of these ingredients with a dressing made by beating together 3/4 cup of mayonnaise and 1/2 cup of salad dressing. To this add 1 tsp. curry powder--not one speck more. It's exactly the right amount to make your chicken salad absolutely perfect.

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

3 Tbls. butter
4 Tbls. flour
2 cups thin cream
5 eggs, slightly beaten
1/4 tsp. allspice
Salt and pepper to taste
3 1/4 cups asparagus (see below)

I used 2 packages of frozen asparagus for this because I had it on hand, but I measured it because you might want to use canned asparagus and 3 1/4 cups is what you want. Be sure that asparagus is well drained.

Melt butter, add flour and blend in cream. Then add the eggs, slightly beaten, plus salt, pepper and allspice. Mix this with the asparagus. Turn into a buttered casserole that you can stand in a pan containing hot water, and bake in a 350 degree oven for at least one hour. The shape and thickness of the casserole will determine how long it should be in the oven, but it's not done until a knife inserted in the middle comes out clean--same test as for a pumpkin pie. Just to be on the safe side, allow more time than you really think you need. And it's not going to fall or do anything else, once done, so you can serve it when you get good and ready.

EASY BUT ELEGANT CHEESE PIE

2 eggs
1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1/2 cup sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup commercial sour cream
2 tsp. sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 crumb crust

Beat eggs and add the cream cheese (don't even think about starting this unless that cheese is at room temperature), 1/2 cup of sugar and vanilla. When thoroughly mixed, turn into the crumb crust and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove and cool. Mix together the sour cream, sugar and 1/2 tsp. vanilla and spread this on top of the pie. Return to a 350 degree oven and bake for 5 minutes. Cool and refrigerate.

I've served this to a lot of people through the years and it's so simple I'm almost embarrassed to give them the recipe! It tastes as if you'd spent hours fooling around with it!

Success consists of getting up just one more time than you fall down.

A GIFT THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL ENJOY



That's what a gift subscription to **Kitchen-Klatter** will mean. And frankly, in this day and age, you just can't say this about too many magazines.

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Kitchen-Klatter is \$1.50 for a full year--an issue every month. (Subscriptions to foreign countries are \$2.00 per year.)

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A VISIT WITH MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Since I didn't write a letter to you last month, I have some catching up to do.

After school was underway and there were a few days when I could be away from the microphone, I took a little trip to Illinois to visit two of Oliver's sisters and their husbands. We had arranged that I should be met at the Aurora station on the main line of the Burlington, which was only a short distance from the St. Charles area where Viola and her husband, Dr. Carl Anderson, live.

Viola and her dear friend, Lisa McKinstry, had planned two wonderful excursions for my visit. One of them was to Oakbrook, a new shopping center southwest of Chicago. We enjoyed looking through the stores, admired the beautiful landscaping around the shops and ate a delightful lunch at Henrici's, a famous old Viennese Restaurant which was established in 1868 and had a downtown Chicago location until its recent move to the shopping center.

The color scheme of the restaurant has become almost a trademark—red and black plush carpet, light blue furniture, gold chandeliers and beautiful white drapes with red swags of the Austrian type. There were magnificent oil paintings on the walls, and the entire atmosphere was very elegant.

The second day we drove to Long Grove, often called Four Corners, I understand. The old Farmside Country Store, established in 1871, is the main attraction, although in recent years a number of antique shops, tea rooms, dress shops, and gift stores have been added, making a real little community and a very well known one. We enjoyed luncheon in one of the tea rooms and then returned to Viola's home, for we were expecting Oliver's sister, Nina, and her husband, Robert Lester, who were stopping by to pick me up so that I could return with them to Rockford, Illinois, for a little visit.

While in Rockford, we enjoyed a dinner at The Wagon Wheel in nearby Rockton. I had eaten there on a number of previous trips and it is always a treat. We ate in the Martha Washington Room, one of several dining rooms. And this room is also worthy of description, for it, too, was very beautiful with its white beamed ceilings, white wainscoting and plate rails holding a magnificent collection of antique plates. There were oil paintings of early American personages, including Martha Washington, of course. A small string ensemble softly played minuets and chamber music.



Many of you are acquainted with the children of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Brown of Ogden, Iowa. Here their younger daughter, Sharon, proudly holds her niece, Kristin Diane Fineran. The baby's mother is the former Regina Brown who is the wife of the Rev. Kenneth Fineran of Buffalo Center, Iowa.

Now that I've returned, I find that my club meetings are in full swing as I expect yours are also. This month I thought you might be interested in hearing a little about the programs in our federated club.

The theme is "Take Time for All Things". The September meeting was a Dessert Luncheon, when the year's work was outlined and explained by the president and the program committee. We called it "Take Time to Begin".

The October meeting was a Guest Day Luncheon and was appropriately titled "Take Time to Be Friendly".

Now for catching up on news about my family. I had told you what a "different" kind of summer we had had because my husband, Oliver, was in summer school at Drake University. He took some courses in the graduate school on Guidance and Counseling which will be very helpful in his work with the State Employment Office here in Shenandoah. Since his return home, he's been very busy lining up testing programs in the high schools in this vicinity which will be followed with individual counseling of seniors who will be seeking employment after high school graduation. He finds this work very interesting. The state recently constructed a new office building here—a much-needed building for the employees were very cramped in their old quarters.

Martin, our son, is a sophomore this year and like most parents we're having to adjust our thinking and trying to refer to him as our *young man*. His subjects this year are World

History, English II, Biology and Geometry. His extracurricular activity is vocal music, and not only does he enjoy singing in school groups, but also in our church choir.

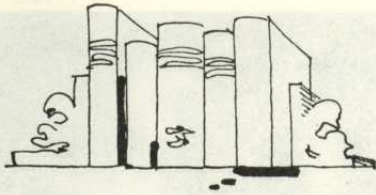
We had thought earlier in the summer that we might start some remodeling on our house by late August or early September, but Oliver and I were so busy with our respective jobs that we will wait until next spring before any work is started. This fall we couldn't put our minds to the countless details that are necessarily involved in major changes. I hesitate to go into detail even now as to what our plans entail.

For the first time, we have a home freezer. Actually, it is a new combination refrigerator-freezer, but it is a good-sized one with ample space for storing frozen goods for our small family. It's fun preparing foods for it—foods that I can fall back on for a meal when I'm exceptionally busy. Yesterday I bought some stewing hens at a special bargain, and later this week I'll cook them and prepare the meat and broth for freezing. I'm also going to save leftovers and fix my own TV dinners. Frequently I have little dabs of this and that—hardly enough to save, but too much to throw away—that would freeze nicely for individual servings.

This afternoon I'm going to make frozen salads for the freezer, so I must check over my recipe and make out my shopping list and be off to the grocery store.

Sincerely,

Margery



BOOKS FOR THE FAMILY

by
Armada Swanson

Books make excellent gifts on any occasion, but are particularly appropriate for Christmas gifts since the long winter nights that follow the holidays offer plenty of time for reading. With that season approaching here are some suggestions for book gifts which will fit adults and children on your Christmas list.

"Our cup runneth over," said E. Jane Mall to her husband as they looked over their children's heads and met each other's eyes. Childless for years, the Malls suddenly found themselves parents to five children (adopted within 30 months). *P.S. I Love You* (Concordia Publishing House) is the tender, genuine story of Pastor and Mrs. Mall and their international family circle. Pastor Mall was with the U.S. Army Chaplaincy at Nellingen, Germany, when Mrs. Mall wrote the book, or, as she says, the children wrote the book and she "took dictation". There's Mitzi, a Japanese-American who captured their hearts but eventually left an ache there; John and Marie, a brother and sister who speak only German; two unloved German babies, Carlton O.K. and Heide Jane; and Wolfgang, an East German refugee.

The complexities of raising such a family do create problems, but with the Malls' Christian understanding alleviates them.

Another book by Mrs. Mall is *Kitty, My Rib*, the story of Katharine Luther, the wife of the great reformer, Martin Luther. This book would fit in any church library. It gives the story of the home life of the Luthers with warmth and tenderness.

The Malls are now living in San Antonio, Texas, where the children are attending American schools. Mrs. Mall says she intends to write another book. Judging by her two successes, it will be well worth reading.

The intriguing title, *The Chinese Ginger Jars*, led me to check out this book from the new books section of the library. Written by Myra Scovel, it is the story of an American missionary family in China during the Japanese occupation and under the Communist regime. For some twenty years Mrs. Scovel and her doctor-missionary husband lived in China, raised their family, and taught and tended to the wants and needs of the sick with faith, courage and humor. This book reminded me of *The Exile*, the deeply moving story Pearl Buck wrote of her mother, Carrie.

In her new book, *A Bridge for Passing*, Pearl Buck writes of the loss of her husband, the aloneness which she felt, and her gradual climb back to serenity when she assisted in the filming of her book, *The Big Wave*, the setting of which was in Japan.

A touch of Americana our family enjoyed this summer was a trip to Madison

County, Iowa, to view a covered wooden bridge for which that section of the state is noted. We found Hogback Bridge, built in 1884. Jon, our eight-year-old son, said he felt "that true pioneer spirit" as we crossed it. We hope to go back with colored film to capture the beauty of the rolling countryside and the other scenic wooden bridges. A paper-bound booklet *Covered Bridges in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin* by Leslie C. Swanson of Moline, Illinois, gives much information concerning these antique and charming bits of Pennsylvania-New England influence in the Middle West.

Our neighbors bought a set of the *Little House* books for their Bob years ago. Now Bob is in college and his three younger brothers have read and re-read these books. Their favorite was *Farmer Boy*. They think so highly of these pioneer books by Laura Ingalls Wilder that when a baby sister joined their family circle six years ago, she was named Laura in honor of their favorite writer.

Even my dear grandmother enjoyed the *Little House* books, as it took her back to her childhood days. She remembered hiding behind her mother's skirts, peeking out to see the Indians going by in single file across the prairie. When my sister was teaching school some years ago, she and her pupils wrote to Mrs. Wilder, thanking her for her books and mentioning grandmother's enjoyment of them. Back came a letter from Mrs. Wilder, written on dainty notepaper, with special greetings for grandma. To the children she wrote, "Be good boys and girls this summer and have a wonderful time." That would certainly spur any child on to establish the reading habit.

Those of you who are devoted fans of the Wilder books will be happy to know that a recently discovered manuscript found in Mrs. Wilder's effects, after her death is to be published this month in time for the Christmas gift season. Titled *On the Way Home*, it is a diary of the trip from Dakota Territory to Mansfield, Missouri, in 1894 when the Wilders with their small daughter, Rose, came to their Rocky Ridge farm.



FRIENDSHIP

Tell me, how long will friendship keep,
If it is very strong and deep?
Will it go on indefinitely
And last throughout eternity?

A friendship that is true will last
Long after days on earth are past;
It shines—an ever-burning light
For those who try to make it bright.

— Kristin Johnson

GOOD BOOKS A LASTING GIFT

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ON THE WAY HOME

The Diary of a Trip from South Dakota to Mansfield, Missouri,
in 1894, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, with a setting by Rose Wilder Lane.

In 1894 Laura Ingalls Wilder, her husband Almanzo, and their daughter Rose left South Dakota and traveled in a wagon to their new home outside Mansfield, Missouri. Laura's diary recorded the towns they passed through, descriptions of the land and crops, conversations with people they encountered, and anything else that seemed interesting or pertinent.

Rose Wilder Lane, who was seven at the time, recalls, with a child's vivid and intense perception, much that her mother did not put down in the diary. In a detailed foreword and afterword to the diary, Mrs. Lane imparts the emotion, suspense, excitement, and wonder of the journey and the first days in the new house in Missouri. Illustrated with 17 photographs. Price \$2.95.

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THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS REPORT ON FALL ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Our family living has settled back into a state of predictable routine. Last June I was delighted to see the close of school approaching because it meant an occasional morning to sleep beyond 6:30. However, the hours I lost throughout the day as the result of starting later weren't worth the extra rest I gained. Therefore, I'm happy to be back on our old schooltime schedule.

Katharine has turned a corner on her own personal morning routine. Last year it was a constant struggle to get her out the front door and on her way to school at the correct time. But this year she is up and about her business at the first blast of the alarm clock. She has, in fact, had time to sit down and read a little before time to start for school. It is my sincere hope that this new attitude is here to stay and won't wear thin as the year progresses.

Paul is mourning the loss of his best pal and buddy. Every morning I have to explain again why Katharine stays away for such a long time. Waiting from morning until after his nap seems like an eternity for a small boy. I have the feeling that Paul isn't one half as lonesome as Adrienne will be next year when both her brother and sister go off to school together!

Next Thursday is Parent-Teacher Meeting night at Elmwood School, and this year I've accepted the chairmanship of the Room Representatives Committee. In more everyday terms, I'm the person responsible for lining up all of the mothers in the individual school-rooms who will be willing to bake cookies for the Christmas and Easter parties. These are room mothers and since there are just seven grades plus two kindergarten sections in our school, it isn't too large an undertaking.

I guess the most interesting part of being a committee chairman is that it entitles me to attend the board meetings of our school. Even though our town of New Berlin has a consolidated school system, we've continued to maintain our own P.T.A. board. It really is very discouraging to find the intense degree of indifference among so many parents when it comes time to get behind the P.T.A. When I stop to realize that Katharine now spends as many of her waking hours under the influence of someone else as she does under her parents' influence, I find that I'm personally *very* concerned with the way her school is directed and organized. The P.T.A. isn't the deciding power behind school policies but it is a very good way to take the pulse of your school.



Although she is dressed and in her crib, Adrienne, youngest child of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, seems reluctant about settling down for the night. Other members of the Wisconsin family are back on schedule with their civic and school responsibilities now that fall has come to their area.

The same thing is true of our city government. Don and I have discovered that a major percentage of the tax money collected in our city of New Berlin is spent on the school budget. The remaining percent is given to the City Council to dispense which really isn't much. Regardless, we decided that it would be most interesting to attend the Consolidated School Board meetings and see how our dollars were being spent instead of waiting until the annual meeting in August. We've been attending these bi-monthly meetings--they're open to the public at all times--and it is truly fascinating to learn the mechanical operation of our public school system.

On past occasions I've referred to our address as Hales Corners, Wisconsin, so for the sake of clarity, let me explain that we *haven't* moved again. The area that we live in was not serviced by its own post office but rather received delivery from Hales Corners. Now, however, we are the proud new city owners of our own post office and postal machines so letters which are posted locally are stamped "New Berlin". This makes three times in a year that we've had to account to all the people and publications that would need to be notified of our different addresses and I haven't caught up with all of them yet. So if you thought we had moved again, we haven't!

We're still just a stone's throw from beautiful Whitnall Park. Several weeks ago, before the early morning hours were so dark and all the birds had departed, we went on a conducted bird

and nature hike through this lovely park. We assembled at the administration building--80 strong we were--and from there we followed two guides on a long hike over one of the many nature trails.

Katharine had been looking for a Monarch butterfly caterpillar, or even the harder-to-recognize chrysalis, for many weeks this summer. As luck would have it, a little boy hiking just ahead of her along the trail happened upon a Monarch caterpillar and claimed ownership with great jubilation. She never did find one but she has satisfied herself by arranging an inside home for two large homely caterpillars which should soon quiet their activities by hiding inside a cocoon.

I haven't been able to learn if this nature interest is normal to most children of her age, but she has been towing spiders and bugs into the house since she was two years old. I wouldn't be too surprised if this interest developed into an avocation.

We've hung our Indian corn beside the kitchen charcoal broiler and we look quite "Fallish". We're all looking forward to Thanksgiving which we will spend at my mother's home in Indiana.

I hope your Thanksgiving will be as pleasant an occasion as I'm sure ours will be. Being together with one's family makes such a holiday doubly meaningful.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

Recipes Tested

by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

TURKEY CASSEROLE

- 1 1/4 cups raw spaghetti
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups diced turkey
- 1/4 cup diced pimiento
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup broth or gravy
- 1/2 lb. grated American cheese

Cook the spaghetti in salted water until done. Drain and mix with 1/2 the amount of cheese. Add the remaining ingredients, mix well, and put into a greased casserole. Sprinkle with a few crumbs and the remaining grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes.

This recipe is also delicious made with chicken in place of turkey.

MARY BETH'S BAKED CABBAGE ROLLS

- 8 large cabbage leaves
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 2 cups ground cooked ham
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 tsp. paprika
- Dash of pepper
- 2 cups milk, scalded

1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
Drop the cabbage leaves into boiling, salted water for 2 minutes; drain and cool. Mix rice with ham, onion and chili sauce. Place on cabbage leaves, roll, and fasten with wooden picks. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, paprika, pepper and milk. Cook until thickened and smooth. Stir in the Parmesan cheese and pour over the rolls. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

PEANUT BUTTER WAFFLES

- 1/3 cup peanut butter
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cup milk
- 1 3/4 cup flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the peanut butter and shortening. Add the sugar; beat and add the 2 eggs. Stir in the milk. The mixture will be very thin, of course, but stir well and the milk will blend in. Sift together and add the flour, baking powder and salt. Beat until very smooth.



TURKEY PIE WITH PIMIENTO BISCUITS

- 2 cups left-over turkey
- 1 1/2 cups turkey broth
- 1/2 cup rich milk
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1 cup diced celery
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. minced onion

Mix turkey broth with milk and season to taste. Thicken with the flour that has been mixed with a little water and cook until thickened. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into a casserole and cover with pimiento biscuits. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for about 30 minutes.

Make the pimiento biscuits by adding finely chopped pimientos, about 1/4 cup to a 2-cup recipe for biscuits, to the dry ingredients before adding the liquid.

SOFT BANANA OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup ripe mashed banana
- 1 3/4 cups rolled oats
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts, if desired

Sift together the dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening and add the beaten egg and flavorings. Add mashed banana and rolled oats. Blend well, and then add the nutmeats, if they are used. Drop by teaspoon onto an ungreased cooky sheet and bake in a 400 degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes.

DOROTHY'S FAVORITE PRUNE CAKE

- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup cooked chopped prunes
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Mix together the oil, butter flavoring, sugar and eggs; beat well. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the sour milk. Add the prunes, vanilla and black walnut flavorings, and the nuts; mix well.

This recipe will make a three-layer cake, or it can be baked in a 9 x 13 inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees until done. The time will depend upon the size pan used.

APPLE ROLL

- 3 medium sized apples
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1/3 cup milk

Make a biscuit dough with the flour, salt, baking powder, shortening and milk by usual method. Combine sugar and water and boil slowly for 5 minutes. Roll out biscuit dough 1/2-inch in thickness and spread with peeled, chopped apples. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut slices 1 1/2-inch thick. Pour syrup into baking dish and place slices in syrup. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Bake in hot oven about 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with cream.

SOUTHLANDER'S RICE

- 1 onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 2 cups diced chicken
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup raw rice
- Dash of curry

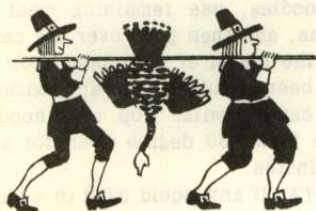
Lightly brown the onion and celery in about 2 Tbls. cooking oil. Add the chicken and cook a few minutes. Add remaining ingredients and bring to a boil. Cover and cook very slowly for 30 minutes, or until the rice is done. Serves 4 to 6.



Recipes for Thanksgiving

SPICED APPLE CIDER

Simmer 2 quarts of apple cider with 1 tsp. whole allspice, 1 stick cinnamon, and a few whole cloves for 15 minutes. Strain. This is delicious served either warm or chilled.



ROAST TURKEY

The ideally sized turkey for roasting is 10 to 12 pounds. At that size it will be not too young and not too old, but just right. Plan on 3/4 to 1 pound per person.

Wash the fowl thoroughly inside and out and then dry it with a cloth. Rub salt on the inside cavities and fill them loosely with dressing. Remember that the dressing will increase in bulk as the turkey roasts. Frequently we will put one kind of dressing in the body cavity and a different kind in the crop. Sew up the openings or use skewers to fasten them shut. Tie with string so the wings are bent behind the back and the legs are close to the body. Dip a cloth in unsalted fat and place it over the breast and legs. Roast, uncovered, in a slow oven, 300 degrees, until tender. Allow 20 minutes per pound. Baste frequently (every 1/2 hour is often enough) with drippings from the pan. The last half hour, remove the cloth so that the turkey will brown nicely.

ABIGAIL'S SWEET POTATOES

- 1 cup applesauce
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. grated nuts
- 1 large can sweet potatoes

Butter a loaf pan and place half of the sweet potatoes (halved) in a layer. Mix together the applesauce, brown sugar and nutmeg and place half of this mixture over the sweet potatoes. Repeat layers. Dot with butter and sprinkle grated nuts over the top. Bake for 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

OYSTER DRESSING

9 cups bread cubes
1/4 cup melted butter
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tsp. powdered sage
1 pt. can oysters (entire contents)
1 pt. can oysters, thoroughly drained
Trim crusts from bread and cut into cubes. Add the melted butter, seasonings, and then both the oysters and liquid from 1 can; lastly add the oysters from second can and be sure they are thoroughly drained. Toss together and then stuff cavity of turkey. This will be enough for a fowl that weighs 10 to 12 lbs.

Frozen oysters are ideal for this and in the interests of economy you can certainly get along without the second can. There is the right amount of liquid from one can to moisten the bread cubes. However, oyster dressing is a great old favorite of many people and when two cans of oysters are used you come close to serving a separate oyster dish such as escalloped oysters, long a classic with turkey dinners.

Here are two things to remember about any kind of stuffing. One: don't try to make stuffing (or dressing) out of fresh bread, the soft commercial bread. If there is no other bread at hand, then dry it out in the oven—put it on the racks in a 200 degree oven; don't brown it. Two: never cram so much dressing into the fowl that it falls out into the roaster. Dressing expands as the fowl bakes and if it has been stuffed too full you will have a heavy mass; better too little dressing than too much.



ONION CASSEROLE

Place drained, boiled onions in a casserole and dot with butter. Top with a mixture of 1 can cream of mushroom soup, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts and 1/4 cup cream. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

SPECIAL CRANBERRY SALAD

This isn't a new recipe, but it has always been sort of a special one to serve around Thanksgiving time at our house.

- 1 pkg. cranberries
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup crushed and drained pineapple
- 1 10 1/2-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 1/2 cups halved Tokay grapes
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 pint whipping cream

Grind the cranberries; add the sugar. Let stand in refrigerator until cooled and the sugar has dissolved. Add marshmallows, pineapple and grapes. Lastly add nutmeats and fold in the cream which has been whipped. Serve in lettuce cups.



MINCEMEAT-PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 2/3 cups mincemeat
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup pumpkin
- 2 eggs

Combine the mincemeat, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and salt. Thoroughly blend the sugar and pumpkin and add to the mincemeat mixture. Stir in the two well beaten eggs. Pour into a 9-inch unbaked pie shell and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for 20 minutes. Reduce temperature to 375 degrees and bake 35 minutes longer. This is truly a delicious pie.

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

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

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

DOUBLE BOILER OMELET

- 3 eggs
- 5 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. butter
- Salt and pepper

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler. Combine the egg and water and beat well. Add the salt and pepper. Pour the egg mixture into the double boiler and cover. Simmer (do not boil hard) for about 10 minutes before you remove the cover. If the center of the egg is not firm, run a spatula around the edge of the omelet so the uncooked portion will run underneath. Do not try to turn this over. Replace the cover and continue cooking until all is firm. Turn out carefully onto a hot plate. This serves two people nicely.

This recipe may be varied by using milk or tomato soup in the same proportion as the water. The omelet will not be quite as puffy as it is when made with water. When you use tomato soup, go lightly with the salt and pepper as the soup is seasoned well.

DOROTHY'S OATMEAL MUFFINS

- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1/3 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Soak together for one hour the rolled oats and sour milk. Cream the shortening and sugar thoroughly; then beat in the egg. Sift the dry ingredients and stir into the shortening mixture alternately with the rolled oats and sour milk. Bake in greased muffin cups in a 400 degree oven 20 to 25 minutes.

SPICED CARROTS

Steam or boil carrots until tender. Combine 2 Tbls. vinegar and 2 Tbls. sugar. Add 1/4 cup butter and 4 or 5 whole cloves. Simmer a few minutes and then pour the sauce over the carrots after removing cloves.

A LITTLE SPECIAL HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

- 1 large size can Chinese noodles
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 3 medium size yellow onions
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 Tbls. salad oil or shortening

Heat salad oil or shortening (preferably salad oil) and stir in it until browned the 3 onions, chopped into small pieces. Remove onions and then fry meat, broken into chunks, until it is lightly browned.

Grease a casserole or baking dish and put in a layer of Chinese noodles. Spread half of the browned onion and meat over noodles. Make another layer of noodles, use remaining meat and onions, and then pour over the casserole the cream of mushroom soup that has been diluted with approximately 3/4 can of milk. Top with noodles. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes.

NOTE: If any liquid used in a casserole dish, such as cream of mushroom soup diluted that is called for here, is brought almost to the boiling point before pouring over contents in casserole, the total baking time is greatly reduced.

This is a very quick and easy casserole to prepare and the Chinese noodles make it a little bit special.

PEANUT PILLOW COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/3 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Crushed cereal flakes

Cream together the butter, peanut butter and the sugars. If you use margarine, add the Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Stir in the dry ingredients. A little more flour may be added if needed, but if the flour is measured unsifted it should be just right. Refrigerate dough for at least one hour for easy handling. Shape into elongated rounds, the shape of pillows. Roll in crushed cereal flakes. Place on greased baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. This will make from 3 1/2 to 4 dozen cookies. It is an excellent recipe to double, for this is a good freezer cooky.



**It'll Take
More Than
a New Hat
To Cheer
Me Up**

Poor gal! Her only crime is her fondness for sweets: sugar in her coffee and tea, rich desserts, sugared cereal. Isn't it a pity she hasn't heard about **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**?

Someone should tell her how you use it in place of sugar, wherever sugar's called for. In cooking, in coffee, on cereals. And how it never tastes artificial, never leaves a bitter after-taste. And never, never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use!

If you have a sweet tooth, but don't want the extra pounds sweets put on, use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. You can pick it up at your grocer's.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

BEST-EVER DATE PUDDING

(An old favorite!)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup diced dates
- 1 cup broken nut meats

Make a batter of the above ingredients and pour into an 8-inch square pan and then cover with the following mixture which has been cooked for a few minutes:

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter (If you use margarine, add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

SPICED ORANGE SALAD

- 1 can mandarin oranges
- A dash of salt
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. whole cloves
- 1 6-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Chopped nuts (optional)

Drain the juice from the mandarin oranges and add enough water to make 1 3/4 cups. Combine the juice and spices in a pan and simmer for 8 minutes. Remove from the fire, cover and let stand for about 8 more minutes. Strain. Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the hot juice mixture. Stir in the cold water and orange flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Stir in the orange sections and, if you like, the nuts. Chill in individual molds. Turn out on lettuce leaves and serve with a light whipped cream dressing.

MARSHMALLOW-CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1/2 pound marshmallows
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 3 squares semi-sweet chocolate

If you use large marshmallows, snip them into small pieces. If miniature marshmallows are used, this won't be necessary. Put the marshmallows in the top of the double boiler with the cream. Heat over boiling water until the marshmallows are melted. While this is in progress, grate the chocolate, then add to the melted marshmallow mixture. Stir to dissolve and then cool until time to serve over ice cream. This is good on vanilla, chocolate or peppermint ice cream. Makes about 1 1/2 cupfuls.

For a variation, you might add just a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring, or about 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

This month I have a recipe to share with you that really is a delight to prepare. The other day I was with a group of clergymen having lunch in a beautiful, old New England church where it was quite appropriate that we should be served a fine old New England dish. We had a seafood casserole that was so good I immediately went out into the kitchen to ask the church ladies for the recipe. I have it here for you in quantities to serve 15 persons. If you want to serve more persons, increase proportionately.

NEW ENGLAND SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

- 1/2 lb. fine egg noodles, cooked in salted water
- 2 small green peppers
- 1/2 cup chopped onions
- 2 cups diced celery
- 1 13-ounce can crab meat
- 3 4-ounce cans shrimp
- 2 1/2 cups mayonnaise
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- Butter to dot the top

Cook the noodles, chop the vegetables and cut the shrimp in half unless they are tiny ones. Mix these ingredients, plus the crab meat and mayonnaise. Place in a casserole and sprinkle the crumbs over the top. Dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

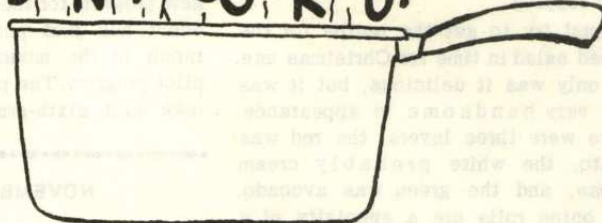
If you like, you can substitute frozen seafood for the canned. You can also use lobster instead of, or along with, the crab meat and shrimp. This makes a wonderful church supper dish when you want something very special.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORS



COOK IN...

DON'T COOK OUT



There's never need to worry about **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** baking out or cooking out. The flavor (and tempting aroma) stays right in, right up to eating time.

And how these tempting flavors help in holiday entertaining! It's no trick at all to turn everyday recipes into reputation-building surprises, just by using **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** and a little imagination. Just think how a custard pie will blossom when it's perked up with a surprise flavor! There are sixteen to choose from:

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Strawberry
Orange
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Raspberry
Pineapple
Blueberry
Lemon

Almond
Coconut
Black Walnut
Maple

Burnt Sugar
Butter
Mint
Vanilla

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

SAVE THE CAPLINERS FOR VALUABLE GIFTS

THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS HOSTED A DINNER PARTY

Dear Friends:

Sitting before me on the dining room table is a lovely centerpiece of lavender and purple asters with just a few white carnations for accent. Covering the table is a beautiful tablecloth that Mother cross-stitched in shades of pink and green. What a lift a pretty table gives to the whole house! I don't always keep our dining room table this dressed up and I really should because it is the first sight one sees when entering our front door.

Because a floral shop was added to our new garden center, I help to promote this phase of the business by making use of cut flowers whenever we have guests in our home. Last Saturday we hosted a covered-dish dinner for fourteen and this was the arrangement I used.

The dinner was in honor of our minister and his wife. There are six families in this immediate neighborhood who are Episcopalians and we had been talking for months about having a barbecue for the Vicar and his wife. We all consider them very special and wonderful people. Knowing that the beautiful fall weather couldn't last forever, we finally set the date. The menu was barbecued chicken, molded aspic salad, tossed salad, a casserole of zucchini squash, onion rolls and homemade ice cream served in meringue shells with strawberry topping.

I must try to get the recipe for the molded salad in time for Christmas use. Not only was it delicious, but it was also very handsome in appearance. There were three layers; the red was tomato, the white probably cream cheese, and the green was avocado. The onion rolls are a specialty of a local bakery and are one of my favorites. They are rich, round flat rolls topped with poppy seeds and very finely chopped onion. Wayne turned the two freezers of ice cream, and I used up the sixteen left-over egg whites in the meringue shells.

With the advent of school, life certainly gets busy. Emily is in the ninth grade this year. In our county the junior high consists of seventh, eighth, and ninth grades so she is not yet in high school. She has a full schedule which includes English, Spanish, Algebra, Science, Civics, Journalism and Band. She is a member of the pep club again this year and I must make her a new uniform. Emily has grown so rapidly in recent months that it seems impossible the old uniform fit last spring. She has started wearing glasses but is one of the fortunate ones who doesn't have to keep them on at all times.



Clark Driftmier of Denver, Colo., eagerly switched from summer baseball to football this fall.

Alison, as a sixth-grader, is a member of the ranking class at elementary school. She is carrying on, reluctantly at times, with the flute. Her main interest is still animals, especially dogs, and her determination to become a veterinarian shows no signs of slackening. At the moment she and the other sixth-graders are driving their teachers slightly wild by their questions about a new program for their class. Our school board has just purchased a 500-acre ranch in the mountains for use in a pilot program. The plan announced is to take each sixth-grade class up to the

NOVEMBER IDYLL

November weeps for Indian Summer
past,
For loss of frosty asters' glowing gold,
And shining misty webs that float in
air;
She shrugs drooping shoulders, pinched
with cold.
Great gushing tear-drops wash my
window panes,
Through which a dimmer view of dreary
hills
Replaces scarlet sumac's glorious
cloak,
And all the Autumn tapestry that thrills.

Yet, November owns a witching sway,
When wild winds whirl beneath a
brilliant moon,
And lacy branches whisper to the sky,
"Gay Autumn is past, and Winter is
coming soon!"

—Pearl E. Brown

ranch for one week's study of nature, conservation, astronomy, geology and like subjects. Of course each one of the sixth grades is positive it should be first on the list to go.

Now in third grade, Clark's consuming interest is football. As was the case with baseball the past summer, this is the first year he has been old enough for Little League play. Although his baseball team won their league's championship, he finds football much more interesting. This is probably because in football he is kept on the move all the time. He is large for his age and is prohibited by his size from playing in the backfield. Currently his position is right tackle. Very fortunately another boy from the neighborhood is on the same team, and we mothers can trade off on the transportation chores.

Sundays are busy days at our house, also. Every other Sunday Wayne serves as a lay reader at one of the three morning services; Emily and Alison sing in the choir, frequently at two services; I teach the fourth-grade class at one service; and Emily serves as an officer of the Youth Group which meets in the evening. Wayne is assisting with the Every Member Canvas, now in progress, and if the building committee continues its present rate of progress with the architect, it won't be many months until a building drive is underway.

November is the major birthday month at our house. Emily will celebrate her fourteenth on November 4th, and Clark will reach nine on the 30th. We're anticipating a Thanksgiving visit from Kristin unless she decides to spend her holiday with one of her new University of Wyoming friends instead.

I haven't included any details in this letter of the very welcomed visit from the Folks and Dorothy and Kristin. I figured it was more their story than mine. But one of these winter months I do want to tell you about our family's trip last summer down to the southwestern corner of Colorado.

And now I'd better stop writing this letter and begin on one back to my hometown of Onawa, Iowa. Next year is the twentieth anniversary of my high school class's graduation and I'm anxious to find out if progress has been made towards getting a reunion organized. I haven't been back to my hometown for a long, long time and it would be nice to see everything and everyone again. It has been my hope that such a reunion could be timed for June for we expect to travel back to Iowa then to join in celebrating Mother and Dad's fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Sincerely,
Abigail

* * *

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Unless the weather is unusually warm, outdoor gardening practically ceases in the northern sections of the country and gradually lets up farther south.

Did you know that comparatively tender plants can be wintered in cold-frames? If the frame is located in a sheltered spot, pack the plants that require protection (chrysanthemums, kniphofias, gerberas, etc.) closely together and tamp moist soil around the roots to exclude air pockets. After the ground has frozen spread a covering of hay or of dry leaves over the plants and place a board covering over this. The frames can be further protected by banking with marsh hay, straw or other insulating material. Glass sashes are not recommended as the temperature can soon become too high within the frame if the sun is bright.

Most house plants relish a rest period during the months of November and December when the days are short. Water very lightly during this time and do not fertilize flowering plants. Foliage plants that have an abundance of leaves, such as ferns, dracaenas, philodendrons, etc., may be given light feedings at intervals as their roots are no doubt pot-bound and need the added nourishment.

Even properly insulated window sills get cold on frosty nights, so move tender plants away from the glass or do as our grandmothers did--place several sheets of newspaper between the glass and the plants. Try to give house plants all the sunlight available and keep them away from hot radiators and hot air registers. Setting those that like a lot of humidity in trays of damp sand will help to keep them contented, as will frequent syringing with tepid water.

If you nursed an azalea gift plant through the summer, and brought it indoors when frost threatened, with hopes it would bloom again, then treat it in this manner. Water lightly and place the plant in a cool room for six to eight weeks. The temperature should be between 40 and 50 degrees F.--an unheated bedroom with a south window is ideal. Azaleas require this "cool period" in which to form their buds, and if it is denied them few or no blooms will appear in the spring. In mid-January, set the azalea in a warmer place where it will get sunlight and water it more generously. As soon as new growth is noticeable, feed the plant with a good soluble plant food. A spoonful of sulphur spread over the surface of the soil and watered in will help maintain an acid soil.

GOLDEN KING - Concluded

ever, the cornbread was described as delicious and appetizing.

Columbus went to his grave thinking that he had found India by sailing west even though he did not find the fabulous treasures of silks, jewels and spices that he sought for Queen Isabella of Spain nor the gold that he always asked for at each island he visited. Although he never realized it, Columbus had found in the New World a wealth beyond measure; a discovery far more important than the treasures of the Orient which he sought but did not find. It was Corn--a Christmas gift from an "oriental" king who never saw the Orient.

Historians claim that the colonization of North America might have been delayed by a hundred years or more, had it not been for the substance provided by Indian corn because it helped the earliest settlers survive long enough to become established.

The harvest of the corn crop removed the fear of hunger and gave the colonists a deep feeling of security...a feeling that manifested itself in the setting

aside of three days for thanksgiving.

Indian corn quickly became a standard of values for the colonists. It could be taken from the ground by hard work--eaten, fed to stock or traded for necessities. The Massachusetts Bay colonists contributed corn, instead of money, to the founding and support of Harvard University.

Corn in our day provides more food for men and animals than any other crop in the world. It grows in Central and South America, the Mediterranean, India and South Africa. It is used in making soaps, greases, paints, varnishes, rubber substitutes, plastics, fabrics and many other chemicals. We have since done things with corn that the Indians or their ancestors never dreamed of, but we owe most of what we have accomplished to the fine work they did in the beginning.

Centuries have come and gone since Christopher Columbus stumbled onto a vast New World, but time has not dimmed the importance of the Golden King, he is still on the throne--for corn has long been, is, and always will be the King of all Crops.

Do You Ever Get to Feeling Lonely? Does the House Ever Seem Far Too Empty and Quiet?

Well, we can't give you an iron-clad guarantee that our 30 minute visit will really help, but a lot of people have told us that it perked them up when they turned on the radio and heard how things were going with the **Kitchen-Klatter** family.

Here are the stations where you can get in touch with us:

WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 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.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.

THANKFUL THOUGHTS

by

Evelyn Birkby

I like November, even the grey, dismal days. Just as the earth begins to relax from its long upsurge of growth, so the days become just a bit less frenzied. At long last the canning is completed. The garden is plowed into rough, dark furrows; its year's task finished. A few hardy mums still hold their heads brightly above the black and frosted leaves of the other flowers. A white vase is filled with them and placed on the center of the dining room table; their value enhanced because blossoms have become so scarce.

The view outside the dining room window is one of brown, with only here and there a touch of vagrant green. The light brown stalks of corn and the dark brown heads of milo exude a patient air as they wait for harvesting. Our big, black collie frantically tries to keep the crafty squirrels from carrying away the harvest of walnuts from the ground under the tall, spreading tree.

Occasionally, a warm day still comes along. Usually it must be used, fast, for necessary tasks at hand. The clothes must be washed and hung out in the sunshine; tomorrow it may be cold and disagreeable. The last of the windows should be cleaned, and the storm windows put on.

When a warm day does arrive it is a signal to be outside as much as possible. Now is the time to look for the last few leaves with a bit of color left, which cling tenaciously to a branch here and there; to appreciate the stark outlines of the trees so long hidden from view; to listen for one last bird song which may be a farewell message before the long trip south.

Morning arrives late with smattering fingers of color giving warning of the coming of light—slowly, hesitantly, completely unlike the swift, hot, summer dawns. Evening descends rapidly, brilliantly, leaving supper preparations to be completed by artificial light.

November evenings are to be cherished as glowing and friendly. A good



Soon after this picture was taken, Craig Birkby, 6, lost a front tooth.

book, a tasty red apple, a crisp pan of buttered popcorn, and a favorite family, are all the ingredients needed for a perfect period of calm.

We really should be set for a rather peaceful winter within our homes. Any ailments can be blamed on the flu. Radio interference, TV wiggles, motor knocks and the like can be blamed on any of a great number of known or mysterious objects circling the earth. Family arguments should be kept at a minimum this year!

Outside our homes it does not seem so peaceful. I picked up a newspaper last evening and by the time I finished reading of all the troubles of the world and our own nation I wondered if anyone, anywhere, had anything at all for which to be thankful this November. Then I began looking through back issues of the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine (always good therapy when a person gets lonesome or blue) when my eyes fell upon this poem from the November, 1956 issue:

THANKSGIVING DAY

November winds blow cold and strong,
And earth is monochrome;
But there is joyful gratitude
To God within our home.

There could have been no food to share

Without our blessed Host,
Who gave us sunshine; sent us rain
When it was needed most.

Who guides each white-flamed star along

Its farthest apogee,
And clothes the lilies of the field
Can care for you and me!

---Thelma Allinder

It was strange how this Thanksgiving poem was exactly what I needed! God cares for me...for that one gift of loving concern I will be thankful for the rest of my days.

And it is true that God cares for us *all* the time. The phrase "fair-weather Christians" surely is a misnomer; it should be "foul-weather Christians". When things are going along just fine, how often do we feel that we have things under control and do not need God? We may proclaim a definite faith in God and yet only pray when things go wrong. We tend to forget God when the weather is fair, but when the storms come we rush to His feet and ask, "Why did this happen to me?"

But, if we are constantly aware of God's presence, then we know that He does care for us *all* the time. Our practice of *thanksgiving* needs to be broad enough to cover the bad times as well as the good. Perhaps we find it difficult to thank God for the struggles and difficulties and sorrows which come, but in many ways they are the forces which make us grow *most* spiritually. We may not be able to be thankful for the difficulties which happen, but we can surely thank God for the lessons we learn, for the strength which carries us through and for the victories we gain through overcoming our problems. In other words, we *can* be thankful for everything: the good, the comfortable, the difficult, the painful, for the lessons we learn and the growth we make.

Over many things we have no control, but we do control the way we think. Dr. Roy L. Smith uses the phrase, "think thanks". If we "think thanks" all year long, then when the periods of crisis come we have the inner strength upon which to draw. Jesus taught us that. He began His prayers with adoration and thanksgiving. Then, when courage and strength were needed they were available to him.

"Thinking thanks" and confidence is a pattern practiced in *years* of living. It is not something which we can take out and open on Thanksgiving morning and then put away for the rest of the year. It is based on the one, single, secure thought expressed by the poem—*God cares!*



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LET'S HAVE A PARTY

by

Mildred Dooley Cathcart

November is a fine time for entertaining whether for the whole clan at a Thanksgiving feast or for just a few guests at a friendly get together.

At any rate, Thanksgiving time is the time to "talk turkey" so why not begin with turkey invitations? Cut a turkey out of brown construction paper and add a few gay tail feathers if you feel artistically inclined. Use a sharp blade to cut around the wing, then slip your invitation under the turkey's wing.

Favors or name cards of pine cone turkeys are simple to assemble, and children will love to help make these. Select suitably sized pine cones and gild the tip of each. Turn the cones sideways to form the turkey's body. Secure these bodies to a heavy cardboard base either by gluing or by running a rubber band around the body and through two tiny holes in the base. From heavy paper, cut the turkey's head and also a fan-shaped tail. Insert these in the pine cone body and you will have a most likely looking bird. You may print names on the bases and use as place cards, or you may glue small colorful nut cups in front of the turkey and fill with candy corn "for the bird".

If you are entertaining family-style, it might be well to have something for the youngsters to do so the parents can visit. Here are a few suggestions for games to entertain them. Perhaps the adults would even want to join in the fun.

FINDING THE TURKEY is a good hunting game. Make numerous turkeys dividing them so that each turkey will have a body, head, tail and two legs to be hidden. At a given signal, each player begins to hunt for the parts of the turkey. When time is called, the player who can assemble the most completed turkeys is winner.

For a quiet game give each player a pencil with a slip of paper bearing the word **THANKSGIVING** in red letters. Below is a list of clues to the words which can be found by using the letters in the word "Thanksgiving".

1. to call upon (visit)
2. skein of thread or yarn (hank)
3. light brown (tan)
4. small insect (gnat)
5. to believe or imagine (think)
6. manner of walking (gait)

7. early men from the North (vikings)
8. a ruler (king)
9. a large tub (tank)
10. proud (vain)
11. giving light (shining)
12. duty, lesson (task)
13. children's game (tag)
14. to profit (gain)

To test the memory play **HORN OF PLENTY**. From magazines cut out twenty brightly colored pictures of food--apples, corn, cakes, cranberries, etc.. Either paste the pictures on a large sheet of paper or hold them up to be viewed once. Then see who can write the most complete list of items in the Horn.

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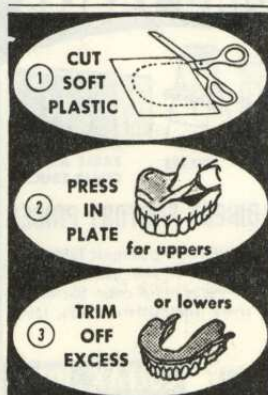
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WHAT DOES POETRY MEAN TO YOU ?

by

Helene Dillon

What is poetry? Let us not answer this question in terms of rules, such as form, meter, elegant words, etc. Instead, let us consider what inspires us to poetic thoughts, stirs our emotions, and makes us aware of the beauty around us.

Poetry can make of our hearts great cathedrals where we may store our beautiful experiences. Poetry can make a beaten path from the humdrum existence of everyday living to the very core of our being, taking a silent, sacred route.

Whether we make the enjoyment of poetry our life aim, or we accidentally find this treasure, the delights and enjoyment are the same. Many people experience the true ecstasy of poetry only a few times during their lifetime, while others, more fortunate, reach it often.

Poetry is sometimes a strain of music, that melodious sweetness which points the way to our inner cathedral. A royal sunset may mean poetry to your soul. Do you remember praying earnestly, forgetting self? Hasn't this, too, added to your poetic richness? The hand of love has inspired many immortal poems, and some have found poetry from experiencing a deep sorrow. All nature is poetry: the star-studded heavens; the majesty of the trees; and the robin's lullaby at the close of day. With a poetic soul every dancing sunbeam becomes a glorious rainbow.

All of these things are poetry to him who pauses to meditate and to enjoy the wonder of things about him. True poetry is an awareness of all things, above, about and within, and a communion with the Giver of all good.

This is poetry to me!

If you *think* you can't succeed you are probably right.—Anonymous.



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TURKEY TIME TRICKS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Hawaiian Gobbler Fruit Bowl Center-piece: Choose the prettiest, largest, fresh pineapple you can find. After laying the pineapple on its side on a cutting board, cut off the top third of the fruit, being careful not to cut off any of the leaves for they will be Sir Gobbler's gorgeous tail. Cut around the inside of the pineapple leaving a half inch shell. Scoop out the center with a sharp edged spoon and save this pulp which can be cut in wedges or large cubes for the fruit bowl mixture.

Trace a pattern for a large turkey head upon a piece of paper; then using this pattern cut a head from a thick slice of a large potato. To prevent the potato head from turning dark, place it in cold water until serving time. Then drain it and attach wattles cut from red pimiento, a beak from a carrot and raisin eyes; all of which are attached with toothpicks. Cut a slit in the end of the pineapple opposite the "tail" and insert the head into it, holding it in place with more toothpicks. Fill the pineapple bowl with a combination of colorful fresh fruits such as pineapple chunks, banana slices, whole strawberries and raspberries, grapes, cherries, whole apricots, and orange and grapefruit sections. Served upon salad greens on individual salad plates, along with a bowl of fruit salad dressing, this becomes a lovely salad. Sprinkled with powdered sugar and served in your prettiest sherbet dishes, it is a "jewel" of a dessert to top off a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner.

Mayflower Nut Cups: Fashion a boat from brown construction paper. Begin by folding a six-inch square of paper in half; then fold each corner to the center of the folded side forming a triangle shape. Fold the point of the triangle up to the center of the folded side and staple to the two corner points, thus forming the boat. Use three toothpicks for the masts, sticking each pick through two small squares of white paper--these are the sails. At the top of each mast, glue a tiny colored flag or pennant. Glue or tape the masts to the stapled side of the boat. Write "The Mayflower" on the side of the boat. When the boat is filled with nuts and candy, it will stand upright on the table or tray.

Tom Turkey Nut Cups: For the turkey's tail, begin by cutting a four-inch square of brown or gold paper. Fold and cut the largest circle you can from it. Cut this circle in half. (Each half becomes a tail for a turkey.) Fold the



Peanut pixies decorate this clever Thanksgiving centerpiece made by Mrs. Raymond Halls of Allerton, Ia. Pumpkin and turkey candles and a cardboard fence set off the miniature corn shock, formed of real leaves.

half circle three times--you now have it folded in eight pie-shaped folds. Cut the outside edge to make a pointed scallop, and along each side of folded edges cut out tiny diamond and triangle shaped wedges to make a design. When opened out, you should have a fan-shaped paper with eight pointed scallops and cut out designs in the center. Glue this to one side of a small brown nut cup for the turkey's tail. Cut a turkey head from brown paper and glue on red paper wattles. Mark the eyes with a crayon. Make a slit in the side of the cup, opposite the tail, and insert the neck through, then staple. Insert a 5-inch length of pipe cleaner up through bottom of the nut cup and cut to form the turkey's legs and feet. Wind a shorter length at end of each leg to shape into three T's and bend into shape so the turkey will stand upright.

Pilgrim Figures: These are easily made from clothespins which can be given cloaks of black crepe paper and large white paper collars. Fashion tall black hats for the men and little white bonnets for the women. The figures are especially effective when used in a Pilgrim scene designed with a rail fence and log cabin using a child's toy log set.

Walnut Turkeys: Used as place favors or in a Pilgrim scene these turkeys have a walnut for the body and the tip end of a chicken feather glued on for a tail. The head and legs are

made of pipe cleaners and glued on. The legs are stuck into a large gumdrop to make the turkey stand.

Turnip Mums: Cut paper thin slices of turnip and let stand to crisp in ice water. Also cut several thin carrot sticks. When ready to garnish the turkey, use five petals (slices of turnip) for each flower and arrange in a flower shape with the petals overlapping. Cut three tiny pieces from a carrot stick and fasten to the flower center with a short piece of toothpick. Arrange these turnip mums around the bird on a platter and add "leaves" made of sprigs of celery leaves to each mum.

Heirloom Centerpiece: Do you have an old pewter or silver heirloom in the family? They make such lovely containers for fruit, flowers or autumn leaves, and you could ask for no lovelier traditional centerpiece for Thanksgiving. Pitchers, bowls or plates work out equally well for this, or combine them for an even more striking arrangement. Grandmother's old stoneware beanpot would also make a beautiful container for some gold and bronze mums. Allow them to trail gracefully over the side and down among colorful autumn leaves on the table.

Mayflower Centerpiece: This can be made like the nut cup except on a larger scale. Fill it with an arrangement of choice fruits and vegetables and autumn leaves. Beside it place a small rock upon which the words "Plymouth Rock" are printed.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

This is a rather lonely world, this world where night never ends, where the morning never dawns, where the sun never shines; where the sky is never blue, the grass never green, the flowers never in bloom.

Do you enjoy watching the leaves flutter in the breeze? Have you ever thought much about your shadow; what if you couldn't see it on a sunny day? How do the stars twinkle in the heavens in the "recess of your night"? Tell me what a snowflake is like. How big is a mountain? Does the ocean really stretch farther than your eyes can see? Help me to see a rainbow. What color is red?

No, please don't laugh. You see, I am blind. My days begin and end in darkness. I've never seen the world stirring from its slumber early on a bright, cheery morn. I've never seen the sun smiling down on us creatures moving about the globe in the pursuit of a little happiness. I've never seen the moon gliding across the sky pulling the blanket of night over the earth and tucking us in for a few winks before proceeding on the journey of life.

I've heard birds singing, but have never seen one fly. I've heard brooks rippling over stones, but have never seen the cool water. Picnics are such fun, but they must surely be more enjoyable when you can see the flames playing in the fireplace and can see the smiles on the faces of friends.

I've never seen a baby. I've heard them cry; I've heard them coo. I've cuddled them, but I've never had the thrill of seeing one.

Don't say that life is cruel. We take so much, maybe most of the best things in life, for granted. So, if you ever feel lonesome, think of those who exist in this world of darkness, and you will feel less lonely. If you ever feel like complaining, look around you and think of those who never see the daylight, and you will have more appreciation for the everyday blessings. If you have ever had criticism for those less fortunate, please remember, it could have been you.

If you should feel pity for anyone, we beg you not to waste it on us. This world of darkness is a bit lonely, but not really an unhappy one. We are so busy enjoying the beauty of the world as we feel it, that we actually have little time to be unhappy about what we cannot see with our two eyes. Perhaps, we should pity those who have the gift of vision but take everything so much for granted that they do not realize how beautiful, how precious this big, wonderful world is.

—Name Withheld

MAMA'S

ROLLING

PIN



My mother was a wife and mother at 18. She lived on the outskirts of a village on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi. A tribe of Indians came from the north and camped on the other side of the river, and when the water froze, they made nuisances of themselves as they came begging for food. Food was not too plentiful among the settlers and they hated to part with it.

Father had put some turnips in the cellar, but they had proved to be so strong that the folks decided that is what they would give the Indians when they came begging.

One morning Mother was baking bread when four Indians, three women and a man, just opened the door and walked in. They never knocked. Mother had a white pine floor in her kitchen and she always kept it immaculate. The Indians tracked in mud and stood there with muddy water dripping onto Mother's clean floor.

She gave them their turnips, but still they stayed. Mother knew they smelled the bread baking. She left it in the oven as long as she could, but finally she had to take it out or it would burn. She thought she probably would have to give them one loaf. As she put fresh loaves out on the kitchen table, she saw, out of the corner of her eye, the squaws each take a loaf and put it under her blanket.

The man reached for the last loaf. That's when Mother exploded. She grabbed her rolling pin and cracked him sharply across the knuckles! He

let out a howl and bounded out the door. When he caught up with the squaws, he gave one a cuff and took her loaf away. Mother watched them go down the road tearing big chunks out of her bread and eating it hot.

When Father came home, Mother told of her experience. Father was frightened and told Mother never to hit an Indian. After all, they were only half civilized, and there was no telling what they might do for reprisal.

The day the Indians broke camp to move on Father said, "Wrap up the baby—I'm going to take you down to your mother's to stay. Don't leave until I come for you tonight." There were no reprisals, but my father worked in the general store and knew the ways of the Indians. He knew that Mother's act could have been dangerous instead of funny!

—Leona Haskell McDaniel (reprinted from Topeka Kansas Daily Capital)



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CHRISTMAS APRONS, lovely gifts, print and organdy from \$1.00 to \$3.00. Minnie Bruce, 2617 Belle Terrace, Bakersfield, Calif.

PIECED DOLL QUILTS \$2.00 postpaid. Dora M. Cedarholm, Marquette, Kansas.

LIST of 50 firms needing homeworkers—25¢. Farmer, 210K Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

REPLICA OF LAURA INGALLS WILDER DOLL, Charlotte. Hand made, period dressed. Price \$3.25 prepaid. Authentic covered wagon as used by Laura's family—\$3.50 ppd. Wilder Home notepaper, 24 sheets and envelopes—\$1.25 ppd. Character dolls from Little House Books—18 sheets and envelopes—\$1.25 ppd. Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum, Mansfield, Missouri.

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SMOCKED round corduroy pillows (stuffed) \$5.50 postpaid. Mary Kerns, Craig, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL PILL BOX STYLE HATS—crocheted of wool yarn. Loop stitch. Nice and warm. Black and white; lavender and purple; or beige and brown. \$2.75. Terry cloth smocked pillows. Stuffed with foam rubber—washable. Lavender, cocoa or gold. \$2.75. Nice ladies half aprons. \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wagner Supply Co., Hampton, Iowa.

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LOVELY machine embroidered print aprons \$1.60. Nice wide cross-stitched border gingham aprons \$2.50. Martha Klinehart, Nashua, Iowa.

WHITE LINEN HANKIES—tatted edge \$1.25. Assorted Colors. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Missouri.

APRONS print \$1.00; organdy \$1.25; huck toweling \$1.00; cobbler \$1.75; smocked or cross stitch gingham \$2.00. Clothes pin bags \$1.00; pillowcases each with crocheted edge \$3.75; crocheting all kinds. All old ads are good. Mrs. Carrie Carlson, 400 N. Osborn, Oakland, Nebraska.

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PRINT APRONS \$1. Anytime. Mrs. William Schwanz, Vail, Iowa.

LOVELY 42" embroidered pillow slips—crochet or hem \$4.50. 7 towels \$3.50. Take orders. Marie Ledebuhr, 118½ Walnut St., Winona, Minn.

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WANTED TO BUY: OLD fancy china plates. Deloris Dyer, Rockwell City, Ia.

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BEAUTIFUL crochet aprons \$3.00. Crochet bibs-ribbon trim 50¢. Lovely cotton hankies crochet edging—3 assorted \$1.00. Crochet rose holders—3 assorted \$1.15. 14" Crochet pineapple doilies \$1.50. Crochet booties 75¢ pair. Alma Kracke, Hope, Kansas.

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BELLS, made from tin can lids, group of 3 strings—18 bells. \$1.00 per set. Mrs. Otto Luken, Alexander, Ill.

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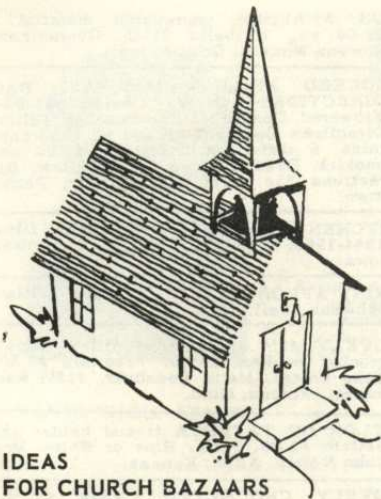
LEANNA'S

TULIP GARDEN QUILT

At your request Mother and I have prepared the pattern and directions for another one of her beautiful applique quilts—the Tulip Garden. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

Fall Festival

Men Carve



IDEAS
FOR CHURCH BAZAARS

(Editor's Note: This is the time of year when many church groups are planning bazaars and dinners. A number of interesting letters have come in telling of ways in which different organizations do their seasonal money raising. We thought it worthwhile to share some of them with you.)

Main Street Dinner

"I want to write you an idea our church developed when we lived in Oregon. We called it a *Main Street Dinner*. It was held in the school gym which gave us lots of good space to work with. Marking off about half the gym, we built booths along the wall. Each booth was then decorated to represent a store front.

"The first booth was the *Hardware Store*. Here everyone picked up his tray and silverware. The next booth was the *Salade Shoppe* with a beautiful array of different salads. Following was the *Bakery* with a variety of breads and hot rolls, the *Beverage Booth*, a *Vegetable Stand*, a *Sweets Shoppe*, a *Meat Market*, and an *Oriental Booth* which served only Chinese food.

"Naturally, the stores can be arranged in any order you wish, but from experience it was best to have hot foods last in line so they would still be hot when people reached their tables with the trays.

"Right in the center of the gym we created a pretty park. We borrowed artificial grass, made some trees and a make-believe pool, set up a park bench and a street light. The remainder of the space in the gym was set with small tables. It gave the effect of a *Sidewalk Cafe*.

"Since we were using a school gym, we had classrooms available, also. Here we displayed our bazaar items. If room had permitted, we would have added a *Dry Goods Store* and *Five-and-Dime* in the gym area.

Mrs. R. C., Iowa

"We recently held a *Fair* at our church. It was a huge success. Ours is a small country church, so when I tell you we raised \$350.00 in one morning you'll see why we felt it was a real achievement!

"We had a *baked goods and candy booth* and the girls selling had on red-and-white striped dresses and caps and looked just like sticks of candy. In the *farm produce booth*, the girls wore overalls and tractor caps. We had a *plant booth* with clerks in pretty print frocks and sunbonnets, a *sewing booth* where the girls wore the brightest, prettiest aprons which were for sale and a *rummage booth* with clerks decked out in a wild array of odds and ends from their attics.

"The room in which the sale was held was decorated like a garden. This could be called a *Fall Festival* or a *Spring Fair*, depending on the season it is held. It was really lots of fun to put together."

Mrs. L. M., Iowa

"Early in the fall our church has a turkey supper. The kitchen chairman assigns various tasks in this department to her committee. The dining room hostess has a committee of waitresses and they are responsible for the decorations. A clean-up group takes over after we have served around 500 people a family-style turkey dinner. The menu consists of turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, corn, fresh tomatoes, cabbage slaw, cranberry relish, rolls, jam, pickles, pie and coffee. The turkeys are roasted by the ladies in their homes and delivered to the church an hour before serving. The men do the carving and the slices placed in electric roasters to keep hot. The ovens at the church are thus free for other things. This has been a successful venture for us."

Mrs. D.B., S. Dak.

"An oyster supper planned and prepared by the men in our church has proved successful."

Mrs. A.D., Minn.



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