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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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NUMBER 11



—H. Armstrong Roberts

Let Us Give Thanks





# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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### LETTER FROM LEANNA

My Dear Friends:

Many of you remember bringing your families to the fall "Jubilees" in Shenandoah which were sponsored by the local radio stations. There were pancakes and hot dogs for all, hog calling and fiddling contests, and a chance to visit with the radio people you had come to know via the air waves but had never met. These festivities ushered in the fall season and if we were lucky, rains held off until the last pancake was eaten and the last fiddle was replaced in its case.

The passing of the years have changed many things. Now Shenandoah merchants and radio stations join in entertaining the surrounding communities with food, entertainment and special attractions. One feature this year was an auction sponsored by the members of the Hospital Auxiliary. Donations of all kinds were offered for sale—everything from chocolate cakes to antique furniture and unusual art objects. There were such crowds of people on the streets that it was no place for my wheel chair, but my friends enjoyed it and gave me a full report of all the goings-on.

It was necessary for Mart to return to the hospital so my sister Jessie has been staying with me much of the time. It is wonderful to be able to see him every day, and especially heartening to find him gaining strength again. We pray that it won't be long until he can come home again.

It has been a comfort to have my sister with me. We spend the sunny part of the day in the garden, putting the flowers to bed for the winter. Today we brought in the last of the marigolds and zinnias. The fall flowers are always so large and beautiful. We planted many of the new improved varieties which produced magnificent blooms.

Jessie came to stay with me on one condition—that she could bring Bonnie, the blue-eyed, white Persian kitten a friend had given her. I was delighted,

for I like cats and it had been years and years since we had had one around the house. We have a large glassed-in back porch where Bonnie spends most of her time perched on a high stool where she can watch the activities of the neighbors' dogs from a safe distance. She enjoys coming into the house too, and often when I'm resting on the davenport, she'll curl up beside me and take a nap.

When Dorothy came to help with the broadcasting and address the magazine, she took me home with her over the weekend. The weather was beautiful so I spent much of the time outdoors. Frank wheeled my chair down to the farm pond and I did a little fishing. Yes, I caught five fish! I should say that it was a joint project, for Frank helped bait the hook, but I held the pole.

Our time indoors was spent at "the pixie table", for Dorothy snatched as much time as she could to catch up on her pixie orders. After five years of making them, the sales continue to grow. She doesn't charge enough to afford to hire someone to help make them so it is time-consuming, but she enjoys her little business.

I just washed and ironed a new cross-stitched tablecloth. A few weeks ago my neighbor, Eltora Alexander, brought over one she had completed—a beautiful oyster linen cloth cross-stitched in ecru and light brown. Although I had decided *not* to make another tablecloth or bedspread, I *couldn't resist* changing my mind after I saw hers! This one is going into my own linen drawer, at least for the present time. With seven children, birthdays roll around pretty fast, so I'm not promising that it will stay at home.

This is the time of year that we begin to think about apples and apple cider. This last Saturday Oliver and Margery, Jessie and I drove to Nebraska City to buy our fall supply. There is nothing like the fragrance that hangs over the big storeroom where

many bushels of all varieties greets the customers. It is hard to decide which to choose. I'm especially fond of the big Delicious, Grimes Golden, Snow apples, and, of course, the old favorite, Jonathan. When the family was still at home we bought several bushels, but now we buy small baskets of several kinds, and they will last us for quite a while.

There are always jugs of fresh apple cider to load into the car, and once again I recall, as I do each fall, how the wagons used to be lined up to our farm for farmers for miles around would bring their apples to my father's cider mill. Those were exciting days for us as oftentimes our friends would accompany their fathers and we'd have a gay time together while the work was being accomplished.

I've had a lifetime of wonderful memories—not only of my childhood, but of the days when the children were all at home.

I have so much to be thankful for this year, and I know that you have, too. Among the great blessings are our seven children and their families who have helped us in so many ways. Their visits, phone calls and letters always boosted our spirits. Howard, Oliver and Russell have seen to wintering the house and car, inspecting the furnace before severe winter arrives, taking out the air-conditioners and all of the details that Mart looked after before he became ill. Nothing can take place of the love and consideration from one's own family. God has blessed us all the days of our lives and for this we thank Him.

Lovingly,  
Leanna

### THANKSGIVING SOLILOQUY

The golden-breasted thrush no longer  
trills

His fluent melodies across the land;  
Deep silence reigns upon the far-  
flung hills

And in the valley; rivulets are spanned  
With ice and drifts of snow, but thank-  
fulness

Is Heaven's language for the human  
heart;

An ever gracious God saw fit to bless  
Both farmer and the worker in the mart.  
We can translate the love of God for  
man

Who has made him the fruitful earth's  
trustee.

Now soil must rest according to His  
plan,

That it may bear new crops abund-  
antly.

The Lord transmutes His grace to us  
this way,

And we are grateful this Thanksgiving  
Day!

—Thelma Allinder



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month I took so much space telling you in detail how I managed to fall and shatter my right hip that no room was left to mention something that strikes me as worthwhile to discuss. This is the field of nursing and the various brackets within it that most people do not have occasion to know about until they land in trouble.

Let me say first that nursing, like everything else in this world, has changed enormously within these last few years. I number several registered nurses among my good friends and they all tell me that if they were to return to their profession after a long, long spell away from it they would almost have to start from scratch to learn all the new techniques. The hospital routines that they knew when they left to get married and have their children have simply gone with the wind.

For one thing, registered nurses today spend an awful lot of their time doing what they call "paper work". There seems to be endless, endless kinds of paper work to crowd into their hours on duty, and they don't see nearly as much of the patients as they did in former years. Back in "the good old days" when hospitals weren't so crowded and registered nurses weren't so scarce, there was time to visit and get acquainted and sort of feel at home with these girls and older women in white uniforms. This is no longer true.

It still takes time and it still takes money (much more money) to become a registered nurse. The compensation for all of this is the fact that wages are higher, once one has graduated. There's quite a gap between what is paid to a registered nurse, to a licensed practical nurse, and to a practical nurse.

Now all hospitals vary in their requirements, of course, and I suppose that from community to community, to say nothing of from state to state, situations are different; but after putting in my session at the hospital in Shenandoah I learned quite a bit about this business of becoming a licensed practical nurse—as far as Southwestern Iowa is concerned.

This is a profession that can be acquired by any girl (or woman) between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five. I cannot think of a single thing open to a woman fifty-five aside from this, and there are countless women of this age who are widowed and *must* support themselves; or women whose children have grown and gone and Time hangs very, very heavy. Life is



This darling little baby, sporting his first cap and practically his first smile, is Jeffrey Pearson, tiny son of Sue and Gerald Pearson. Sue and her mother, Mrs. Vern Vogt, were two of the nurses who helped with Lucile's care.

a much more gratifying experience when one can make a genuine contribution to the welfare of human beings, and certainly nurses stand high on the list of those who make a big difference to people.

One must be a high school graduate, of course, and then a full year of intensive training and studying must be forged through. Here in Southwestern Iowa we have a two-year junior college at Clarinda, and this college offers the year of training it takes to become a licensed practical nurse. At the end of the year a State examination must be taken, and if you have mastered your work you emerge from this examination with the dignified status of "Licensed Practical Nurse" and are qualified to work both in hospitals and on private duty cases in the home. You won't command the wage scale of a registered nurse, of course, but your investment in time and money will pay you better than anything else I can think of.

I'm sure that tuition expenses vary from college to college, and it is entirely possible that some junior colleges do not offer this course; but it doesn't cost a cent to make investigations and it might hold the answer to your problem.

Some of the licensed practical nurses whom I got to know skimmed through without too much trouble. They were unmarried (thus no family complications) and they were fresh out of high school and still in the habit of studying. Other girls who were older and with small children made great sacrifices to pull through that year. There were times when they almost threw in the sponge! And still older women, let's say in their late forties, didn't

have family complications but *did* find it very hard to do the intensive studying required after so many years away from school.

But I was impressed with all of these girls, young or much older, who crossed my path. They had created for themselves a dignified professional life and in this most uncertain world they could always put their shoulder to the wheel and make a good living. There is a terrible shortage of nurses today and it looks as if this condition is going to get worse, not better, so I don't think that any competent licensed practical nurse would find it hard to get a job.

Yet over and above all I was struck by the fact that this gave the older women of our communities a chance to get out into the world and face up to challenging experiences. Last year more than 50% of the girls in our country were married before they were twenty. Well, babies have a way of growing up awfully fast, and what are you going to do when the last child has gone out into the world and you're back in the house with only your husband (if you're fortunate) as you were when you started out? These are the years that can be wonderfully rewarding, or terrifyingly empty. Most women cannot be truly happy "killing Time" just doing this and that—fooling around, you might say. Nursing is *hard work, demanding work*, but oh! the gratification of having a real reason to get up and out to a job where you are needed, where people look forward to the hour when you appear on duty. You can make a lot of difference to a lot of people, so—if you're wondering right now what in the world you can do that will make your life more gratifying, turn all of this over in your mind. It *may* be the solution.

Juliana is now in her third year at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque and working like the proverbial dog. She is majoring in Art Education and hopes to teach at high school level when she graduates in 1965. One of her classes is designing jewelry and she has turned out some beautiful things that I covet! The only drawback about this class is that the materials are so expensive—she's kept bankrupt buying the needed metals and stones.

I try to visualize Kristin married and settled in her own apartment in Laramie, but somehow my mind just goes blank and I can't swing things into focus! I first saw Kristin when she was three minutes old, and truly that doesn't seem so terribly long ago. It was a great disappointment to her Uncle Russell and to me that we couldn't attend her wedding back in

(Continued on page 20)





## "For All the Blessings of the Year"

*A Thanksgiving Devotion*  
by  
*Mabel Nair Brown*

**SETTING:** Arrange the altar by placing small cartons to form three steps. Drape this with material in a rich wine or lovely gold color. Put the Bible, opened to the 103rd Psalm on top. On the next level bank an arrangement of fall leaves, nuts, and fruits, allowing some to spill over to the level below. In the center of the lower level, place a loaf of homemade bread.

**QUIET MUSIC:** "For All the Blessings of the Year" (Play softly as a prelude and continue as background music through Call to Worship and the Scripture reading.)

**CALL TO WORSHIP:** Glad I would be to see a miracle today. (pause) All about I see miracles of His creative power. A diamond dewdrop sparkles in the grass; I touch the velvet petal of a rose; nearby darts a hummingbird. All these I now behold with new appreciation.

I see garden, orchard, field, and granary, rich with God's bountiful gifts and beauty, until the sunset becomes a crimson sea with promise of a starlit night.

I see my little ones playing with their toys upon the floor in the soft glow of the shaded lamp, my husband reading the daily paper in his easy chair.

"Dear God," I pray, "Thy miracles are as countless, as glorious, as Thy love for me and mine. I bow my head in gratitude, and praise God for His omnipotence and love!"

—adapted from Sunshine Magazine  
**SCRIPTURE:** Psalm 103.

**SONG:** "O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea".

**PRAYER:** Lord of seed time and harvest, God of loving kindness, bless us this day, we beseech Thee, and grant us an awareness of all Thy goodness and Thy mercies to us. Inspire us, O God, to live more worthily of the countless blessings that come from Thee, and to share of our abundances with those who have not. Amen.

**LITANY:** The responses may be written on slips of paper and handed out so that the audience can share. It

is effective if two persons read responsively, with their voices coming from a balcony or the back of the room.

### Let Us Give Thanks

For the open doors of churches, and for the faith of the men and women, who sit inside with bowed heads,

WE THANK THEE, O GOD.

For the deep, rich smell of soil upturned, the fragrance of roses climbing on a picket fence, berries ripening in the sun, and for rough hands that know the feel of earth,

WE THANK THEE, O GOD.

For the comfort to be found in daily things—in an uncensored newspaper, the cleansing foam of a soapy bath, teaching a little child to play ball, watching a mother cat and her kittens at play, the relaxation of a cup of hot tea, and in shuttered windows that shade the faces of people sleeping,

WE THANK THEE, O GOD.

For friendship and laughter shared, for houses lived in and loved, for dishes to wash, and meals to cook for those we love,

WE THANK THEE, O GOD.

For the land on which we thrive, and the goodness we get from it; for freedoms of this country which we enjoy, for the people who are our friends, neighbors, and fellow countrymen,

WE THANK THEE, O GOD.

For the compassion that will save the earth someday, when men and women can no longer support the knowledge that there are children who lie down hungry at night; for work to be done and the strength to do it; for all these things,

WE THANK THEE, O GOD.

**LEADER:** Thanksgiving! Here is a holiday that commemorates no hero, celebrates no battlefield. No lobby, sect, or political party is behind it. We are the only nation, which, by proclamation of civil authority, observes a universal Thanksgiving Day. That is a distinction for which we can be proud, but are we worthy of the privilege? Do we, as individuals, give sincere meaning to our Thanksgiving?

WHAT MAKES THANKSGIVING DIFFERENT FROM OTHER HOLIDAYS? What makes it so beloved here in America? WHAT MAKES IT REAL?

**1st SPEAKER:** WHAT MAKES IT REAL? Some would say the answer is simple: Thanksgiving is an affirmation. It is our heart's testimony to a deeply held conviction—the conviction that these things we call free and decent and just, and AMERICAN, did not just happen. We do not have them because we are wiser, or more clever, or more worthy, or even luckier.

This conviction is the sum of many beliefs and experiences—the belief in the dignity of the human being; the belief in a very real right and wrong; the belief in honesty and integrity, in responsibility, under God, for our fellowman the world around.

For these beliefs, and the American way of life, Thanksgiving Day is our joyous affirmation of a kind and loving God for His blessings and His guidance.

**2nd SPEAKER:** HOW DO WE GIVE SINCERE MEANING TO THANKSGIVING? We will know its genuine meaning when we appreciate the daily blessings that are ours. We live in a free land where, as free citizens, we can worship as we choose, elect whom we see fit to fill our public offices. We can criticize our laws, our officials, the policies of our government—even our president—to our heart's content, all without fear of reprisal.

We can have the security of a good job of our own selection. We can spend our own money as we choose. We can buy a home if we wish and furnish it to our liking. There is no doubt that we are the world's best fed, best clothed, and best housed people. The luxuries we have are almost beyond comprehension to much of the rest of the world.

It is true that we and our forefathers have worked hard, yes, and fought, to bring these things to pass. But let no one deny that without God's grace and favor none of this would have been possible. When we realize this, and humbly bow our heads and with folded hands give thanks to a living God—that's the true THANKSGIVING.

"Be thankful every day for bread,  
And every night for restful bed;

For words of kindness heard and spoken,

And promises fulfilled, unbroken;  
For faith in goodness, truth, and right;

For freedom every day and night!  
For friends congenial, cheerful true,  
And work each day that you can do;  
For clothes and shelter, clean and warm,

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brase



Cutting the wedding cake



Juliana and Kristin

## This Month Dorothy Tells More About Kristin's Wedding

Dear Friends:

After one of the busiest summers I can ever remember, life at the Johnson farm has settled down to what Frank and I call "normal living". Kristin's wedding was the climax, of course, and it was a special joy that Mother could attend and give you such a complete account of it in her letter last month. It is just a beautiful memory now, but when Kristin was in summer school in Wyoming, and I was in Iowa, and all the planning and details had to be worked out by correspondence, I didn't see how we could ever get everything done. It was foolish of me to worry so because when Kristin did arrive home, all the plans we had made began to fall into place. When the big day arrived everything went off smoothly.

Several days before the wedding Kristin had her wedding portrait taken at the photographer's studio and since we have a good friend who lives near the church, we decided it might be wise to leave her wedding gown there just in case of rain on her wedding day. Sure enough, it began to rain the night before, and although we awoke to a bright day, it was a comfort to know that the dress was safe in town.

Our only problem was with the bridesmaids' dresses. By the time Kristin arrived home, there wasn't time to mail the dresses to the girls for fittings and alterations (if alterations were necessary). The girls sent their measurements and the dresses were selected. Juliana was able to spend a weekend with us earlier so the fit of her dress was the only one we were sure of. Joan and Pat arrived just before the dinner and rehearsal, but they took time to hurriedly try on their dresses. Joan's was too big and Pat's was too snug! Measurements can

change in a few weeks! After the rehearsal we pulled out the sewing machine and made the alterations, but there were a few uneasy moments, believe me!

I am happy that the picture of the wedding cake turned out so well. The cake was made by my friend, Louise Stark of Lucas, and it was just as delicious as it was beautiful. Louise and I took the same adult education class in cake decorating, but, unlike myself, Louise has gone ahead to do wonderful things with her training. She used her own favorite white cake recipe and said she had to make it *ten times* for this cake. She used fourteen pounds of powdered sugar in the icing! It was a big job and we certainly appreciated the results.

Kristin and Art are now settled in Laramie, Wyoming, where both are juniors in the University. Kristin is taking education courses now and she is very enthusiastic about them. Art is majoring in art and history. They both have part-time jobs. Kristin has classes all morning and works in the afternoons. The rest of her time is consumed with housework and studies, so she is a pretty busy girl.

Besides going to school, Art is catering manager for all of the big banquets served at the cafeteria. Kristin wrote that in September they served a banquet to 150 people in honor of the King and Queen of Afghanistan, so it sounds as if his job is an interesting one—at least at times.

Their place is unfurnished and they have been having a lot of fun fixing it up. They went to an auction and picked up a few things which she says are going to be very attractive when they get them refinished. With all the things Kristin has been accumulating through the years, plus their

lovely wedding gifts, I'm sure they will get along beautifully.

Our first fall calf arrived early in September and now we have several frisking around. They are nice and husky and will have a fine start before winter weather rolls around. We have had fine pastures this year and all the cattle look good.

Frank hauled some fodder in and shocked it again this year where it will be closer to the hamermill, so I have my picture rows of tepees to look at once more. The fall plowing is done, and when the corn is picked and cribbed I guess we'll be able to say that the farm is ready for winter, although I hate to think about cold weather. If I could pick and choose the weather, I would have *Indian Summer* the year around!

After having Kristin at home for a few weeks and all the extra people in and out of the house before the wedding, Frank and I were dreading the time when everyone would leave. We had only been alone a couple of days when we had an unexpected visitor to help us get through the transition from chaos to quiet. Frank's sister Edna walked in one day with her suitcase and said she had come to stay for a few days if we could put up with her. The chimney in their house had to be taken out and replaced, which meant plaster dust and *more* plaster dust. It created an impossible situation for Edna because of her allergies. We were sorry for Edna and Raymond, but oh how glad we were for us. I'm sure no one ever had a more welcome guest.

This must be all for this month.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*





## A WONDERFUL AMERICAN HOLIDAY

The deck was stacked against the Pilgrims.

As members of the Scrooby congregation of Separatists, they had emigrated from England to Holland when the British religious climate grew less than congenial to their beliefs. But Dutch environs had proved no more satisfactory, and by 1620, the little group was ready to gamble on a settlement in America.

It was a long shot at best. Two English colonies had been formed fifteen years before in the New World. One, the original Plymouth settlement on the Kennebec River in Maine, had failed outright. The other, the Virginia colony, had survived, but not without severe hunger, disease, and poverty. The Virginia colonists had emigrated under a strict contract binding them to service for seven years, after which they received only their freedom.

Weighing the experience of their predecessors against their longing for life in a land of religious freedom and economic opportunity, the Pilgrims decided to take the gamble.

London merchants financed their venture with seven thousand pounds. The Pilgrims had a seven year contract too. But they were shareholders, rather than servants. Profits from their colony's economy were to be returned to their stock company, which would in turn provide them with food, clothing, and other necessities.

Landing in the winter of 1620, the Plymouth Bay group found the going tough. Disease took fifty persons. The survivors did not have enough food. The winter was cold and shelter primitive.

But when the spring sun began to melt the snow, they got straight to work. By the autumn of 1621, things had changed. The Pilgrims had concluded an Indian peace treaty. Their spring plantings had yielded a bountiful fall harvest. They had become expert at capturing game and fish in surrounding forests and waters. Seven houses and four public buildings stood on First Street. And the foundations had been laid for an economic system

that would enable them to buy back from London merchants their interest in the stock company.

The new Americans had worked hard and steadily. Save only their weekly day of worship, they had had no holiday and no day of rest. With the colony facing the winter well stocked and reasonably prosperous, Governor Bradford declared a holiday to combine rest and recreation with heartfelt thanksgiving to God for their blessings. Friendly Indians were invited to the celebration, and for three days joined their Pilgrim hosts in feasting, games of skill, and good fellowship.

Observance of Thanksgiving remained a regional custom for about two centuries. Gradually, it spread beyond New England, and in 1863, President Lincoln proclaimed it a national holiday; the same holiday on which contemporary Americans combine the happiness of their family reunions and sharing of good fortune, with the giving of thanks.

Today, 342 years after the Pilgrim celebration, observance of the holiday has changed very little. But there is at least one place where it has not changed at all. In Plymouth, Massachusetts, on a grassy knoll at the edge of the sea, the Plimoth Plantation recreates a Pilgrim village of 1627 as a fitting reminder of the meaning, tradition and spirit of the most truly American holiday.

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### THE LIGHTS OF THANKSGIVING

by

Mildred D. Cathcart

#### Setting

Place a table in the center of the stage, and cover it with a cloth. One in a pretty autumn color would be attractive. At the base of five candles place gold letters spelling "G-I-F-T-S".

This candle-lighting ceremony may be presented as a part of any Thanksgiving program or devotional meeting. However, this is ideal for a Thanksgiving or pre-holiday offering, either of money, food, clothing, or other type of gifts. The candle-lighters could remain and sing a hymn of offering as the gifts are placed before or on the table. If a collection of money is taken, the candle-lighters might receive the offering and place it before the lighted candles and golden letters.

#### Meditation

*Narrator:* Thanksgiving is that time of the year when we set aside a special day to express our gratitude and appreciation for all the good things God has bestowed upon us during the year. It is a time of gladness — a time of light.

*Reader:* (From Bible, reads Psalms 100)

*Narrator:* Thanksgiving is a time for praising God for all His goodness to us.

*Reader:* (Psalms 95: verses 2 and 6)

*Narrator:* There are many gifts for which we give thanks, but let us light our candles for five of the greatest gifts of all.

(Five candle-lighters enter singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow")

*First Candle-Lighter:* This golden letter "G" stands for all *Good Gifts*. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." So for all *GIFTS*, I light this candle.

*Second Candle-Lighter:* This letter "I" is for *Increase*. "So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." For all the *INCREASE* in our crops, our worldly goods, and our daily blessings, I light this second candle.

*Third Candle-Lighter:* This letter "F" is for one of our most cherished gifts — our *Friends*. "A friend loveth at all times." I light this candle for a wonderful gift that money cannot buy — *TRUE FRIENDSHIP*.

*Fourth Candle-Lighter:* This letter "T" is for *Triumph*. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." During the year many of us have experienced adversities and sadness, but God can help us find peace and triumph in our daily lives through abiding faith. For this *TRIUMPH* in Christ I light this candle.

*Fifth Candle-Lighter:* Our last letter "S" is for God's *Son*, the greatest gift of all. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." For that unspeakable gift, The *SON* of GOD, I light this last candle.

*Reader:* (From Bible: II Corinthians—Chapter 9: verses 15, 6, and 7)

*Narrator:* Leave there thy gift before the altar.

#### "THE TURNING"

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

— Annie Parish Slankard



## AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Here in Springfield, Massachusetts, all of us church people are getting excited about the municipal elections to be held soon. Two years ago the church people of every denomination worked together to elect a "reform mayor", and now, after his first two years in office, he is running for re-election. Naturally, we want him to win. As a "reform mayor" he has brought about many changes for the better in our town government. He has prevented new liquor licenses; he has cut taxes; he has done away with political "payoffs"; and he has given a new respect to city government. We are planning a big meeting for him at one of our church suppers, and I am hoping that all of our people will get out and work for him. When we have an honest man like our present mayor, we want to keep him in office.

For two years I have been Chairman of the Board of Public Welfare, a volunteer public service, struggling with that eight million dollar department trying to make both ends meet. My difficult job would be made *impossible* if we did not have an honest mayor. So many people are asking for public welfare money, and it is hard enough to hold the line without having someone call from City Hall to ask favors for this friend or that political helper!

I haven't told you very much about my work in the Welfare Department, and perhaps I should. My church people urged me to take the appointment when it was offered by the present mayor, because our church has a long tradition of leadership in public welfare matters. Of course, a big part of my job is that of being a "watch-dog" over department funds, but another big part of it has to do with trying to cut down the welfare rolls. The one success of which I am most proud has been the establishment of a Work Relief Program. Every day we now have anywhere from 50 to 100 men working in our city parks to earn their relief checks. We put this work relief system into effect in spite of much opposition from the professional politicians and professional social workers, but it has worked, and the men on the jobs are themselves happy about it.

In the Welfare Department we have one man working full time to find the regular, well-paying jobs for the relief workers. Every time we are able to take a man off the welfare rolls and give him a job in private industry, we are helping the man as well as helping



Betty Driftmier, Frederick's wife, displays some of her cup-and-saucer collection on an Early American buffet.

the city. Last year our little system saved the city many thousands of dollars.

For the past two weeks I have been busy helping the mayor make arrangements to move the Welfare Department to a new building. For months and months I have combed this city looking for just the right building in the right location at the right price, and now at last we have what we want. We are moving into what was once a large super market, all air-conditioned and newly painted, with enough room for our 125 employees. And oh! how much better it will be than our present building—a school building that was condemned as unsafe twenty years ago.

You ought to see some of the large buildings that are being constructed near our church. Just one block up the street an insurance company is building an enormous home office that will cover an entire square block. Two blocks from here they have just completed a ten-story apartment house with deluxe penthouses on the top floor. That apartment house held an "open house" yesterday, and you can imagine the embarrassment of the management when thousands of people arrived. I am told that they were prepared for 300 and they got 3,000!

We have about 175 children in our Sunday school. This is a small number for a large church, but it is not small for our church situation, located as we are in a section of the city where there are few children. Last week we had our annual Fall Picnic for the Sunday school, and what excitement there was! And oh! the worry of it! Do you know that there are few bigger worries for Sunday school people than the worry of "What shall we do if it rains on the day of the picnic?" For several days before the picnic day I never miss a weather broadcast, and always I am hoping and praying that something good will be said.

Next Sunday we are going to try something completely new for church people in this city; we are going to have a church dinner following a morning service. The ladies tell me that it will be a chicken barbecue dinner with cafeteria service. From the way the reservations have been coming in, people are obviously looking forward to it.

The Driftmiers are going to have some *Kitchen-Klatter* friends as their guests, both at the morning service and for the dinner that follows. Col. and Mrs. James F. Moir and two of their children are coming down from Sudbury, Massachusetts, to be with us on that day. In a letter to me, Mrs. Moir wrote: "We are originally from Illinois and became acquainted with *Kitchen-Klatter* when we lived in Lincoln, Nebraska. Col. Moir is in the Air Force, and we follow your monthly letters with great interest! We have a complete file of *Kitchen-Klatter* from 1950 through the most recent issue. They go where we go."

I paused while writing this letter to make a call to the Police Department. I just remembered that I had forgotten to notify the police of the fact that we now have two college boys living in the church parish house. These boys, have a bedroom, study room, and bath, and they have the use of one of our church kitchens. In return, they act as guards for the church during the night and help in the Sunday school on Sunday. Last year we forgot to tell the police about a boy living in the parish house, and one night the police came in and accused him of being a thief. We don't want that to happen again!

When I finish this letter I'm going to write my Children's Sermon for next Sunday. Thinking of that task reminds me of a cute story I heard this week. It is the story of the little boy who heard his minister preach on the subject: "Think Big and Big Things Will Happen for You". The next day he met his minister and said: "I am going to sell my puppy for \$50,000!" The minister thought that that was thinking a bit too big and suggested that he try a more reasonable price, but the little fellow was determined. A week later he told the minister that he had sold the puppy. "Did you get your \$50,000 asking price?" inquired the minister. "Oh yes," said the boy, "but I had to take in trade two \$25,000 cats." Don't you like that? If you have children around your Thanksgiving dinner table, you might entertain them with this little joke.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*





## "SICK TRICKS"

by

Mildred Grenier

If we have a few "sick tricks" in mind, the time will pass much more quickly and pleasantly for both us and the children, when they become ill.

Last winter when our little girl was confined to bed for several weeks, we hit upon several "sick tricks" which I would like to pass on to you. It was possible that she might have to be hospitalized. I wanted to prepare her and take as much of the strangeness and possible fright from it as possible, so from the first day of illness, we began "playing hospital" at home. The "nurse" helped her wash up and get ready for breakfast each morning; then her breakfast was brought in on the tray (small portions, pretty dishes, fixed attractively). After breakfast the nurse or nurse's aid came in to give her her bath, clean nightie, and to change the bed. Then the janitor came in to clean the room. Next, it was time for the doctor, who looked at her chart, checked her temperature, etc. After lunch it was nap time, then play time or visiting time, the evening meal, then preparation for sleep—with the back rub, of course! In my case, *Mother* had to play all the roles, but a white cap on my head made me the nurse, Daddy's cap on my head transformed me into the janitor, and a doctor's stethoscope (from the play doctor's kit) made me the doctor! The "chart" mentioned was one we improvised on which the child got to check whether she ate all meals, drank the required liquids, took the medicines, took a nap, etc. For a very good chart, sometimes the "kind doctor" slipped the child a small treat!

I have found that when the days in bed are divided into "blocks" like this, with something to look forward to each hour, the time goes much more pleasantly—and this is true for adults as well as children. A TV or radio in the room gives that "something to look forward to" as one waits for favorite programs. Start reading the child a good book, a chapter or two a day, always stopping at an exciting place so he will be eager to hear "what is going to happen" tomorrow.

There are several "tricks" for playtime. Do you still own a washboard? Insert it between the back of the pillow and the pillow case and prop against the headboard of the bed, for an impromptu back rest. If your child has a discarded wood play table, shorten the legs and use for a bed tray for eating or play time. If not, lay a board on two small boxes on the bed, or lay a table leaf across the bed, with the ends resting on the backs of two chairs.

Last season's mail order catalogs are invaluable for entertaining bedfast children! They love to cut out entire families of paper dolls, even the pets! Provide small boxes for rooms, and the children will cut out furniture and spend hours with the make-believe families. Have plenty of spring type clothespins handy to make the figures stand up. Children also like to cut up pictures from the catalogs to make "jig-saw" puzzles. Or you may have a "Sick Bed Treasure Hunt". Make a list of "treasures", like ring, beads, wrist watch, doll, etc., which the child is to find and cut out of the catalog. Have a small prize ready—chewing gum, lollipop, bright hair ribbons, comb or perfume for a small girl. Save your discarded sewing thread spools for the sick child. They will help make the furniture for the paper doll's house; children also enjoy making "Cart Wheel Toys" with them. Paste a cardboard circle on each end of the spool, then cut out and paste an animal or other figure inside the circle. When the spool is rolled, the figure will do cartwheels. Features may also be colored on the spools with crayons, and clown and other faces made, using bits of crepe paper, yarn and ribbon.

Mix one cup flour, one-half cup of salt, three teaspoons alum, vegetable coloring, and enough water to hold the mixture together, to make modeling clay. The child will like to use the yarn, ribbon, old buttons and jewelry to decorate the figures that he makes. Or he may press the modeling clay in the bottom of a shallow dish or tray and, with tiny twigs, mirror lakes and small plastic buildings and figures, make farms and other scenes. Don't forget to plant some quick growing seeds in a shallow dish of soil if the child will be bedfast long enough to watch them grow.

A child never objects to staying in bed so much, if there can be someone in the room with him part of the time. There are many tasks that we can take in the child's room and do, such as preparing vegetables, ironing, mending and sewing. Sew a new outfit for the child's favorite doll; or, if the child is old enough, give her scraps of material and show her how to sew a doll dress, or how to embroider. "Sit-Still-Hide-

And-Seek" is a game the two of you can play while you iron or sew. You and the child take turns deciding in your mind where you will "hide"—under the bed, behind the door, or in the closet. When one guesses where the other is "hiding", it becomes his turn to "hide."

When our daughter was well enough to be out of bed, I found the best "trick" to use to stimulate her appetite was to let her prepare some of the simpler foods herself—mixed fruits and vegetables for salads, sandwich spreads, and fruit and milk drinks. The fact that she "cooked" it, made it much more appealing. Ice cream cones filled with sherbets, fruit ices, and puddings, as well as ice creams, soon disappeared. Drinking straws for fruit drinks and even some clear soups, as well as medicines diluted with water, made them taste much better.

Finally, here are a few more "tricks" to make illness and convalescence more pleasant. If the child cannot have a shampoo with water, wrap cheese cloth around her hair brush and brush through hair, changing cloth frequently. You will find a medicine dropper invaluable for giving a small baby medicine, or the baby who can drink from a spoon but who objects to *any* medicine. Older children do not object to taking medicine with an unpleasant taste, if you will have them hold an ice cube on the tongue for a minute or two before the medicine—the ice will partially desensitize the taste buds. To prevent blurring of medicine bottle labels, cover with transparent tape.

★ ★ ★

## A BIBLICAL QUIZ

Answer each question with a book of the Bible.

1. Which book would a hobo avoid? (JOB)
2. Which book could be used to feed cattle? (TIMOTHY)
3. Which book would a fortune-teller need? (REVELATION)
4. Which book would help you in arithmetic? (NUMBERS)
5. Which book would you see in Italy? (ROMANS)
6. Which book would you be afraid to meet if you had broken a law? (JUDGES)
7. Which book would your little brother do if he had a new box of crayons? (MARK)
8. Which book would wear a crown? (KINGS)
9. Which book could be used for singing? (PSALMS)
10. Which book would be used to divide a play? (ACTS)

— Mildred D. Cathcart





## ACCORDING TO OUR TRADITIONS

(A Thanksgiving Skit by Mabel Nair Brown)

A table is set up in the center stage upon which the different speakers will place an object as indicated.

**Leader:** Can you imagine the solemn gratitude, the satisfaction, the assurance, that came to the Pilgrims that winter's day as they gathered to celebrate that first Thanksgiving Day, as they looked about them to see visible evidences of their perseverance, their faith in the new land? The rough but snug dwellings, the stores of harvest, the first meetinghouse they had built in this new world — all this they had wrought by the toil of their own hands, the fortitude of their courageous spirits, and the help of a kindly God.

Their minds must have gone back to that bleak day when they first came ashore in the new land. Governor William Bradford wrote of that momentous hour in history: "They had now no friends to wellcome them, no inns to entertaine or refresh their weatherbeaten bodys, no houses or much less townes to repaire too, to seeke for succoure . . . What could they see but a hidious and desolate wilderness, full of wild beasts and wild men? . . . What could now sustaine them but the spirit of God and his Grace?" Then he went on to write, "May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say,

'Our fathers . . . came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie . . . Let them therefore praise the Lord, because he is good and his mercies endure forever. Yea, let them which have been redeemed of the Lord, show how he hath delivered them from the hand of the oppressor. When they wandered in the deserte wilderness out of the way, and found no citie to dwell in, both hungrie, and thirstie, their sowele was overwhelmed in them. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindness, and his wonderful works before the sons of men.' "

(from Bradford's *History of Plimoth Plantation*)

**First Speaker:** (dressed in Pilgrim costume) Reads from a large scroll

Governor Bradford's 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 with 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 pestilence and disease, and has granted us freedom to worship God according to ye dictates of our own conscience; now I, your Magistrate, do proclaim that all ye pilgrims, with your wives and little ones, do gather at ye meetinghouse on ye hill, between ye hours of nine and twelve, in the daytime, 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 Plimoth Rock, there to listen to ye pastor and render Thanksgiving to ye Almighty God for His blessings." You have just heard the reading of the first Thanksgiving proclamation. How full must have been the hearts of the little band who gathered that day in response to the governor's proclamation! (Place scroll upon the table.)

**Second Speaker:** (also in Pilgrim costume) The tune "Old Hundred" dates back before the time of the Pilgrims, so it is quite probable that it was used at this first Thanksgiving feast. Reverently, yet joyously, as did our Pilgrim forefathers, let us sing this beloved hymn "All People That on Earth Do Dwell". (As hymn is finished, she places the hymn book, or an old Psalter, upon the table, then speaks again.)

Let us bow our heads as we hear again the prayer of Elder Brewster given upon that great occasion. "Blessed will it be for us, blessed for this land, for this vast continent. Nay, from generation to generation will the blessings descend. Generations to come will look back to this hour and these scenes of agonizing trials and say; 'Here was our beginning as a people. These were our forefathers. Through their trials we inherit our blessings. Their faith is our faith, their hope our hope, their God our

God.' " It is like prophetic prayer as we hear the words read now after all these years.

**Third Speaker:** (dressed as a Pilgrim, or a very early New England pioneer) It has been an old New England custom to place five grains of corn in a small dish at each place at the table on Thanksgiving. The story is told that after the first terrible winters of severe cold and famine, the Pilgrims were so happy to have better cabins and a crop harvested that they decided to have the Thanksgiving celebration. However, just before the feast, a storehouse burned down, and with it a big share of their corn supply. Still they knew they had much for which to be thankful, so each person was given five grains of corn as a symbol of the few grains left for them to plant the next spring, for which they were to give a special thanks. The custom has spread so that now families put out the five grains to help them recall the Pilgrims' gratitude and their own Thanksgiving. Each person tells five things for which he is most grateful. *I will place this dish with the five grains upon our table, and then as we go around the room will each one give his own five reasons for Thanksgiving this year? (This part, of the audience making the list of five things, may be omitted if time is short.)*

**Song:** (all) "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow"

**Fourth Speaker:** (dressed in modern dress) The proclamation issued by Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut in 1938 is considered one of the most beautiful of all Thanksgiving proclamations. I'd like to read it now at this time.

"As the colors of autumn stream down the wind, scarlet in sumac and maple, and spun gold in the birches, a splendor of smoldering fire in the oaks along the hill, and the last leaves flutter away, and the dusk falls briefly about the worker bringing in from the field the late load of its fruit, and Arcturus is lost to sight and Orion swings upward toward the great sun upon his shoulders, we are stirred once

(Continued on page 22)



## OLD THRESHERS REUNION

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Get up the steam; jump onto the back platform; blow the whistle; watch the gauge; throw the throttle; see the fly-wheel move; let's go to a real old-time threshers' get-together.

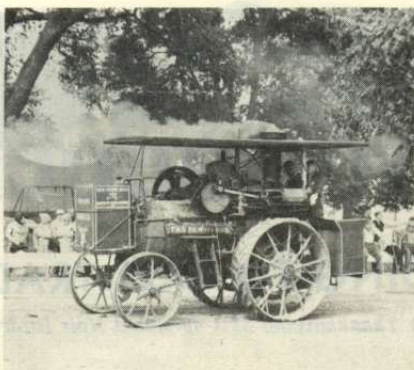
The present revival of interest in the steam engine which was used to run the grain separators, sawmills, and related machines, is understandable. They are strong, sturdy, magnificent giants, sources of incredible power. The restoration of such an engine is indeed worthy of a man's time, attention and the investment needed.

Across the country threshers' reunions are springing up. For, pray tell, what use is such a hobby if it is not shared with others? The nostalgia for days gone by, the need for a place to gather with favorite cronies, the fun of a game of horseshoes or checkers, a display of memorabilia of grandmother's day, and the pleasures of a glimpse at life when it seemed more peaceful and less harried than it does today, has helped these celebrations to grow. Interest in antique autos, old gasoline engines and restored buildings of an early era have also helped build attendance. However, the powerful steam engines remain the nucleus of such a show!

My husband and I had the exciting experience of attending the fourteenth annual reunion of the Midwest Old Settlers and Threshers Association (a local, non-profit organization) at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. It is recognized as the largest event of its kind in the United States and is held each year for four days beginning the Wednesday following Labor Day.

No need to direct us to the park where the celebration is held; as we drove into town we could see the haze of coal smoke hanging low over the area. We were greeted at the gate by a 1901 steam-powered *Locomotive* driven by an appropriately costumed pair. Around and around the park it drove to encourage people, no doubt, to view the fine antique auto display. By the time we parked the car, six o'clock had arrived. Since every one of the steam engines on the grounds had a whistle, the rumpus which greeted the hour of six o'clock was terrific! They blew, and they *blew*, and they BLEW! My ears still ring!

We soon discovered our three-hundred-mile jaunt across Iowa was a mere step compared to the family of wheat farmers from Oklahoma, a "flying thresher" from Idaho, two elderly gentlemen from Minnesota (who come each year to spend their vacation at



Old Threshers), a bus carrying twenty-four nursing home residents from Wellman, Iowa, including a one-hundred-year-old lady, Mrs. Grace Snider, and travelers from Germany, South Africa, Brazil, Mexico, Canada and Natal.

The engines were brought in by truck or lowboy from far places also: a Reeves from Columbus, Ohio, an Advance Rumley from Livonia, Michigan, an Avery from Kansas City, Missouri, and a Case from West Liberty, Iowa, to mention only a few of the one hundred and sixteen originals, models and miniatures. And they *all* ran (one of the requirements for entrance)! They huffed and puffed and steamed and whistled and galumphed their way around the central area of McMillian Park taking visitors for rides, giving demonstrations with a sawmill, a prony brake, threshing machines and *just showing off* their power.

Several times during the four-day reunion, a "Cavalcade of Power" was held in front of the grandstand. No movie star or cowboy actor was needed to attract attention. The stars of the show were the engines themselves and thousands came to watch. It is one experience to see a steam engine quietly displayed in the enclosure of a museum. It is quite another thing to see engine after engine, with fire blazing red in the fireboxes, the firemen stoking in the coal, the gauges moving higher and higher as the smoke belches from the stacks, and the steam moves the heavy flywheels. Whistles blow mightily as the giants, miniatures and models, move in majestic parade around the amphitheater track.

Robert and I were especially impressed with the spiritual atmosphere which prevailed. At the "Cavalcade of Power" the afternoon of our visit, the Chaplain of the Association opened the program with a memorial service and meditation. Each morning at 9:30 one of the ministers of the community gave an invocation over the public address system. The food tents were *all* run by church groups—no outside concessions of *any* kind were permitted—and one had prayer cards on the tables with complimentary copies to take home.

The people who came primarily to eat were not disappointed; there was breakfast and snacks and lunch and afternoon coffee and dinner and evening refreshments. There was turkey and fried chicken and catfish and potato salad and pies and cakes and hot dogs and hamburgers and fresh apple cider and gallons and gallons of coffee. When all the other menus were exhausted, the old-time popcorn wagon dispensed its fragrant wares which included the best candied apples we've ever tasted anywhere!

After attending the Chautauqua performance in the evening (and *that* is another story) we were entertained by a long-time friend, Mrs. Ethel Garretson of Iowa Wesleyan College. The following morning the three of us went out very early to McMillian Park (7:30 to be exact) and found many others there before us. We watched the fires being built and the steam rising in the boilers. We ate a huge "threshers" breakfast of hot cakes with all the trimmings. The antique display and sales room attracted our attention along with Mrs. Frank Monson, who gave a demonstration of spinning on a spinning wheel which has been in her family for over one hundred and fifty years. Another world was entered through the doors of the country schoolhouse, old barbershop, general store and the railroad depot.

It was fun to watch (and ride) the coaches of "Maria", an original 1891 wood burning steam locomotive topped with a high "cabbage" smokestack. This train runs a full mile around the park and occasionally provides a *robbery* for excitement. After the fun of the train ride, our attention turned to the steam calliope playing its happy music as the steam driven merry-go-round turned its galloping horses. (All of this equipment has been purchased, restored and is maintained by the Association.)

And we watched the people doing just as they pleased: playing horseshoes and checkers, attending cooking school, exhibiting hobbies, playing with the Fife and Drum Corps—or dancing a jig to its music—sitting, watching others go by, standing beside the medicine wagon and listening to the hawker, or just visiting.

*Never* have we seen so many happy faces in such a large group. Not a cross word was spoken. No one hurried or rushed or acted pressured. No commercial *come-on* men dinned into our ears to do *this* or do *that*! It is not just the old threshing machines, steam engines and marvelous threshers' meals which have been reconstructed at Mt. Pleasant, but the very neighborly, friendly spirit of those early days as well.



## MARY BETH DESCRIBES AN UNUSUAL SCHOOL

Dear Friends:

I have come to a gigantic conclusion this very early morning! It is my firm conviction that man and woman were intended to live on a schedule! Regardless of the tightness or unpleasantness of the schedule, I believe more can be accomplished in this world if it is done in an orderly, regulated manner.

Take our household, for instance. Since school has started we are *all* up earlier than ever before, the children are dressed for the day, (*all* of them), breakfast is over, the table is cleared, Katharine has her day's piano practice over, and the children and I are on our way to school at 7:45. The children are suddenly able to dress in a reasonable length of time and eat reasonably quickly when there is a schedule to keep, and the routine of this is repeated six days a week. It takes this early rising on Sunday, too, for us all to get to church on time. I truly believe the children are happier living an orderly life such as this as opposed to rising later in the morning as they do during the summer when dressing and eating drag out over an interminable period. Now they have something to show for their time when the day is over.

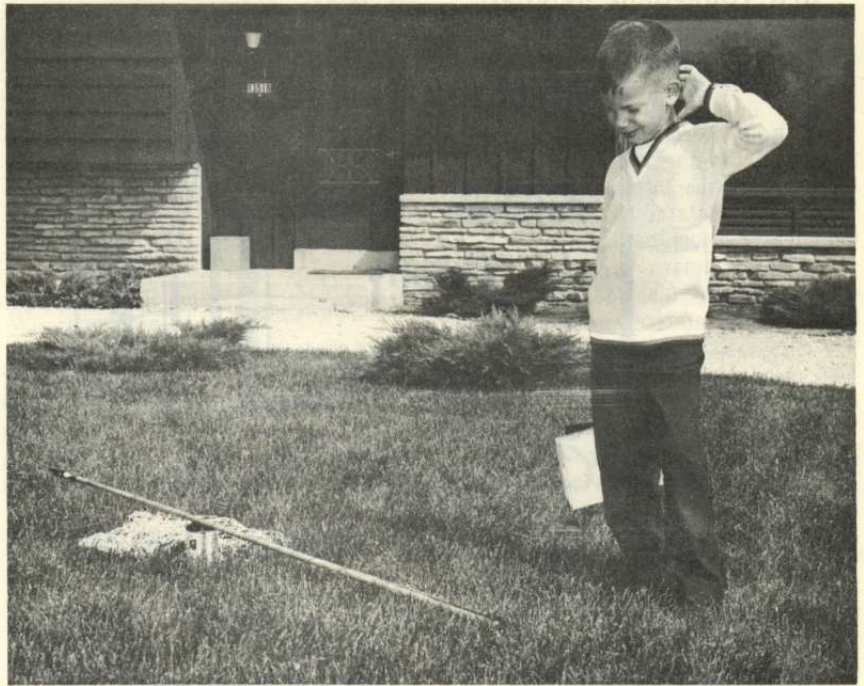
This business of accomplishment reminds me of the truth in the first poem Katharine was assigned to commit to memory at school: Isaac Watts' *How Doth the Busy Little Bee*.

"In books, or work, or healthful play, Let my first years be passed;

That I may give for every day some good account at last."

Katharine's class memorized this four-stanza poem for presentation at their daily assembly preceding the opening of school. Their opening exercise consists of the Pledge of Allegiance at which time the colors are raised, recitation of an opening prayer which all of the students (from Paul's five-year-old age group through the eighth grade) were expected to have committed to memory by the third day. Then following this, a grade which has a presentation to make, makes it before the entire assembly of teachers and students. I understand from other parents that this makes for keen competition between the different classes.

Allow me to mention here, before I forget, that for a year I have been aware of and very interested in a school that opened its doors for the first time in 1962. It is located about 13 miles from our house and is an independent, non-profit, non-demoni-



Like thousands of little children all over the country who have just started to school, Paul Driftmier, Donald and Mary Beth's young son, is learning that there is a time to work and a time to play.

national, day school for boys and girls called The Academy of Basic Education. A number of such schools have been set up in cities throughout the country. Perhaps you've read of them for they are receiving considerable publicity.

After much thinking and consideration of the fine program that this school offered, I decided that I would never be satisfied until we had tried sending the children there for one year. If this school proves to be all that we have heard it is, we shall probably continue to send them there.

The name of the school, that of Basic Education, gives a clue concerning the courses which Paul and Katharine are taking. Katharine has English (reading, spelling, grammar, composition, speaking, literature), arithmetic, history, geography, science, and music. And she reports that a French teacher is coming any day.

Paul has been admitted on a full day's basis. He is physically as big or bigger than most first graders so we knew he had the stamina for the full day of school.

Emotionally, the teachers who administered the entrance test to him agreed that he was capable of doing the work. During the summer, Donald and I prepared him for his entrance test by teaching him his alphabet. He could recite it and recognize the upper and lower case letters; he could count and recognize his numbers from one to twenty; he could recite a two-stanza poem by memory. His courses, in what amounts to the first grade, are printing

to penmanship, phonetics to reading, numbers to elementary functions, art and music. In addition, each day the children have twenty minutes of calisthenics and the exercises are considerably more rugged than President Kennedy's physical fitness program.

This school is not one of frills and luxuries; it is, in fact, a converted private home. There is no hot lunch program, and every evening while Katharine and Paul do their homework at the kitchen table, I make up sandwiches and fill thermos bottles with milk to be stored in the refrigerator until morning. The children eat in their classroom on unpleasant days and outside on the twelve-acre, semi-wooded yard when weather permits. They may not be getting as good a lunch as they would with a hot lunch cafeteria, but by the same token no teacher is burdened with the paper work or lunch-counter supervision that accompanies a school cafeteria.

There is homework! Every day Paul practices his lower case printing for fifteen minutes. He devotes another fifteen minutes to his Hay-Wingo, *Reading with Phonics*, and fifteen minutes to learning about numbers through the use of colored, varilengthened wooden rods. Katharine has oral reading to do every evening, practice on spelling words for the next day's "bee", arithmetic and penmanship which takes about 30 minutes. All told, she puts in 90 minutes each evening.

(Continued on page 22)





## Fall Cooking At Its Best

### QUICK BOILED DINNER

- 1 head of cabbage, cut in wedges
- 1 lb. wieners
- 1 qt. boiling water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. prepared mustard

Put the cabbage wedges and wieners into a large kettle and add the boiling water and 1 tsp. of salt. Cover and boil about 10 minutes, or until the cabbage is tender but crisp. While this is boiling, melt the butter in a small saucepan. Add the flour and stir until smooth. Add the milk, stirring constantly. Then add the 1/4 tsp. of salt and the mustard and continue heating over low heat until thickened. Place the cabbage wedges and wieners on a platter and spoon on some of the mustard sauce. Put the remaining sauce in a small bowl and pass.

### LEMON MERINGUE PUDDING

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 4 egg whites

Cream butter. Add flour and sugar mixed together. Mix thoroughly until fluffy. Beat egg yolks until light and add to first mixture. Add lemon juice, flavoring and milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a buttered 8-inch square baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a 350 degree oven about 50 minutes. Chill.

#### Topping

Spread pudding with whipped cream and top with graham cracker crumbs. Serves 8.

### GOURMET CHICKEN WITH NOODLES

- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 3 cups fine noodles
- 2 3/4 cups chicken broth
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 cups cooked or canned chicken, diced

1/4 cup slivered almonds, toasted  
3 Tbls. snipped parsley  
Cook onion in butter until tender but not brown. Add butter, noodles, chicken broth, flavoring, and salt; bring to boiling. Cover; cook over low heat 25 minutes or until noodles are done. Stir in sour cream and chicken; heat. Top with nuts and parsley.

### LORETTA'S THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

- 2 hard-boiled eggs (peel and mash fine with fork while warm)
- To warm mashed eggs add:
- 1/4 cup sweet pickle relish
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. celery seed
- 1 cup mayonnaise (do not use salad dressing)

Combine all above ingredients and you'll have the most delicious salad dressing you ever tasted.

### SHOESTRING POTATO SALAD

- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1/4 cup onion, minced
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 can tuna fish
- 1 4-oz. can shoestring potatoes

Combine the cabbage, celery, onion, tuna fish and salad dressing. Chill well. Just before serving, toss with the shoestring potatoes. Serve in lettuce cups with crispy crackers. Cooked, cubed chicken may be substituted for the tuna fish.

### SUPERB COVERED DISH CASSEROLE

- 2 cans of tuna (2 cups)
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup (scant) of mayonnaise
- 1 cup of mushrooms and juice
- 1 cup of asparagus tips
- 1 cup of Old English cheddar cheese
- 1 pkg. (8 oz.) of fine cooked noodles
- 1 green pepper, diced fine
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Combine the tuna and both cans of soup and heat. While heating, add the mayonnaise and mushrooms and juice. Stir until the mixture is well blended.

In the bottom of a good-sized casserole, well buttered, place a layer of the cooked noodles. Then add a layer of asparagus tips, the cheese that has been cut into small pieces and then a layer of the tuna mixture. Repeat this for a second layer. Then combine the finely diced green pepper with the slivered almonds for the topping. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes.

This is an absolutely delicious casserole that would be perfect to take to a covered dish luncheon, or to serve as the main dish if you are entertaining at home. If you wish, 2 cups of chicken or turkey could be substituted for the tuna fish, but the original recipe that came from an old friend in Tucson, Arizona, called for tuna fish and that is what we used when we made it.

### ENGLISH APPLE PIE

- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped apple
- 1/2 cup nuts

Beat eggs; add sugar, flour, baking powder and salt. Add apple and nuts. Pour into greased pie pan and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Cut in wedges and serve warm or cold with whipped cream.

### QUICK SALMON PIE

- 2 cups medium white sauce, seasoned
- 3/4 cup American cheese, grated
- 1 cup cooked peas, drained
- 1 No. 1 can salmon, flaked
- 1 pkg. canned biscuits (or your own baking powder biscuits)

Combine the cheese and white sauce and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until the cheese melts. Add the peas and salmon. Pour into a greased 2 qt. casserole and top with the biscuits. Bake in a hot oven, 450 degrees, for 20 minutes.



### SWEET POTATO — SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

4 cups mashed, cooked sweet potatoes  
1/4 cup soft butter  
1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1 cup unsweetened applesauce  
Coffee cream, if desired  
1 to 1 1/2 lb. ready-to-eat smoked link sausages

Combine hot sweet potatoes, butter and brown sugar. Whip until fluffy. Blend in applesauce and a little cream if desired. Spoon lightly into greased 1 1/2 qt. baking dish. Place sausages on top and bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes until sausages are nicely browned.

### LAKE SUPERIOR PASTIES

1 cup raw potatoes, finely diced  
1 cup carrots, finely diced  
1/2 cup onion, sliced  
1/2 lb. round steak cut in 1/2-inch pieces  
2 tsp. salt  
2 Tbls. parsley (optional)  
Pepper to taste  
1 cup bouillon  
1 pie crust recipe

Make up your favorite pie crust. Roll out and cut in 6-inch rounds. In a bowl, combine the potatoes, carrots, onion, steak, salt, parsley and pepper. Put a layer of this mixture on each round of pastry. Sprinkle with 2 tsp. of the bouillon on each. Dampen the edges of the pastry and fold over. This can be done to make half-moons or the dough can be brought up from each side and then tucked in at the ends to make a shape similar to a large hard roll. The latter shape is the one used most frequently in the iron country where pasties are a specialty.

Prick the top of the crust and lay on a cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes, then lower the heat to 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes or until done. Serve hot with gravy (the left over bouillon can go into this) or with catsup. This is also very good eaten cold as it originated as a one-dish-meal for the iron miners to carry in their lunch pails.

### MEXICAN SCRAMBLED EGGS

2 Tbls. onion, minced  
1/2 clove garlic, minced (optional)  
1 small green pepper, diced  
1/3 cup tomato soup  
A dash of pepper  
6 eggs, slightly beaten

Combine the onion, garlic, green pepper, tomato soup and the dash of pepper. Simmer over very low heat for 3 minutes to combine the flavors. Beat the 6 eggs slightly with a fork. Stir into the hot mixture, continuing to stir occasionally until thickened. Salt as needed.

### FROZEN STRAWBERRY SALAD

16 marshmallows  
2 Tbls. water  
1 cup crushed strawberries  
1/2 cup crushed, drained pineapple  
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
1 cup whipping cream, whipped  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve marshmallows in the 2 Tbls. water in the top of a double boiler. Cool. Soften the cream cheese in the mayonnaise. Add the rest of the ingredients and combine with the first mixture. Pour into trays and freeze.

### HONEYMOON STAND-BY (Cheese Rarebit)

2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
2 Tbls. flour  
1 cup milk  
A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1 lb. American cheese, cubed (4 cups)  
1/2 tsp. dry mustard  
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
1/4 tsp. salt  
A dash of pepper

Make a medium white sauce by melting the butter or margarine, blending in the flour, stirring in the milk and continue stirring over low heat until thick. Add the Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring and put in a double boiler. Add the rest of the ingredients and continue cooking over boiling water until the cheese melts and the sauce is hot. Serve over toast with cooked bacon slices and sliced tomatoes arranged attractively at the side. (This is a *honeymoon special* recipe because it is an excellent combination for the new bride to prepare for company. It is simple to fix, will keep hot until ready to serve and looks pretty on new wedding china.)

### SUNSHINE SALAD

1 Tbls. plain gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 cup hot pineapple syrup  
1/2 cup orange juice  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
1/4 cup mild vinegar  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1 cup grated raw carrots  
1 cup diced orange segments  
1 1/2 cups diced pineapple

Soak gelatin in cold water. Then add to hot pineapple syrup and stir until dissolved. Add remaining ingredients as soon as syrup-gelatin mixture has cooled, and turn into mold. Very refreshing.

### TRIPLE FUDGE CAKE

1 pkg. chocolate pudding mix  
1 regular size box chocolate cake mix  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1 6-ounce pkg. chocolate chips  
A few nuts as desired

Cook the chocolate pudding mix according to directions on the box. (Be sure and use a large saucepan.) As soon as this is prepared, pour the contents of the cake mix (the regular size is approximately 1 lb. 4 oz.) directly into the warm pudding. Do not add anything else, just the *dry* cake mix. Beat this well with the electric mixer. Add the flavorings and continue beating until the batter is light and fluffy. Be sure every bit of the dry cake mix is beaten into the pudding. Pour into a greased 9 by 13 pan. Sprinkle the chocolate chips over the top. Add nuts if desired. Bake at 350 degrees about 35 minutes, or until a straw or cake tester comes out clean. This has a shiny appearance on the top, even when done.

This makes a very delicious, rich, fudge-type cake. It is moist, but firm enough to cut. For an emergency company cake it is the best I've found to date. Naturally, it can be varied with different flavorings. A mint-chocolate combination can be made with 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring added. Use 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring to make it into a fine nut-flavored cake.

— Evelyn

### SPECIAL LUNCHEON SALAD

1 small can crushed pineapple  
1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
3/4 cup sugar  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
1/2 cup cold water  
1 cup nut meats (or less)  
1/3 cup cheese, grated  
1/4 cup maraschino cherries, drained and diced  
1 cup cream, whipped

Drain the pineapple juice from can, heat and add sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add the gelatin to the cold water and let set until dissolved. Stir into the hot mixture. Add pineapple flavoring. Cool until syrupy and add the drained pineapple, nuts, cheese and cherries. Lastly, fold in the whipped cream. Turn into an 8-inch square pan. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaves. This is a marvelous company salad. With tiny sandwiches and cups of hot coffee, you can serve a luncheon which will be both simple and delicious.



**LORETTA'S WONDERFUL COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream all above ingredients together until the mixture is light and fluffy.

- 2 eggs (well beaten)
- 2 cups of all-purpose flour *plus*
- 2 Tbls.
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Fold in beaten eggs and then add the dry ingredients that have been sifted together. Lastly add 16-oz. pkg. of chocolate chips, 1 4-oz. can of coconut, and 1 cup of finely ground black walnuts. Drop by teaspoon on a greased cooky sheet and bake from 10 to 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Makes about 80 cookies.

**NOTE:** These cookies are absolutely delicious made "as is", but if there are people in your family who cannot eat coconut, eliminate this and add 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring. The finely ground black walnuts referred to are available in small packages in the grocery store and are so pulverized that no one with "tooth troubles" would have to pass them up.

**SALTED PEANUT COOKIES**

- Mix together well:
- 2 cups brown sugar
  - 1 cup shortening
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- Sift together and add:
- 2 cups sifted flour
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. soda

Then mix in:

- 2 cups quick cooking oatmeal
- 2 cups cornflakes
- 1 cup salted peanuts

Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes.

**SMACKING GOOD BARS**

- 1 1/4 cups of flour
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups dates, chopped
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate bits
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup of milk
- 1/4 cup water, less 2 tsp.
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1/2 cup chopped English walnuts

Sift flour with soda and salt. Combine dates, brown sugar, water and butter in large sauce pan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until dates soften. Remove from heat and stir in the chocolate bits. Then add beaten eggs, stirring vigorously. Combine milk, water and orange flavoring and add alternately with the dry ingredients. Lastly add nuts. Spread out on a large cooky sheet that has a raised edge and bake at 350 degrees for approximately 20 minutes. If you don't have a cooky sheet with a raised edge, then use two oblong pans, but mixture must not be too thick, so adjust pan accordingly. While still warm, spread the following glaze over it:

Combine 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar with 2 Tbls. melted butter, 2 or 3 Tbls. of cream and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

This is a rich, delicious bar that can be made quickly and easily. Be sure to use amounts of orange flavoring given here.

**BUTTERSCOTCH SOUR CREAM COOKIES**

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 4 cups flour

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg and beat. Add sour cream and flavorings. Mix well. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Place a pecan half on each cooky. Do not press down as they flatten out during baking. Bake about 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

Let *Kitchen-Klatter Kleener* go to work for you. It will do a perfect job every time.



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

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

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

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

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

<b>KHAS</b>	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
<b>KLIK</b>	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>KFEQ</b>	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>KOAM</b>	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWPC</b>	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
<b>KCFI</b>	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KSMN</b>	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
<b>KVSH</b>	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.





## TURKEY TALK

by  
Enid Ehler

From the day that the Pilgrims and Indians feasted on wild turkey, no Thanksgiving menu has been truly genuine unless it, too, featured turkey. The youngsters attending grade school bring home pictures of brightly colored turkeys long before the day arrives. And it certainly would be difficult to leaf through a November issue of a magazine without seeing a turkey.

Pilgrims landing at Plymouth Rock in the winter of 1620 saw wild turkeys, a new experience for them, which were to become one of the means of their existence in times to come. By the end of their first year the Pilgrims had made an entirely new life for themselves, and inviting their Indian friends who had helped them in so many ways, had their first Thanksgiving. Wild turkey was included in this feast.

Perhaps you have seen a *Meleagris gallopavo*, the scientific name for the common wild turkey. They are still around, but scarce. Turkey farms have taken over. Turkey raising is difficult since turkeys are very susceptible to the elements, and a baby turkey caught in a rainstorm will most probably die. I can remember my father's saying that if you raise chickens, it's nearly impossible to raise turkeys, too.

The turkey we Americans know most about is the bronze turkey, which outranks all other domestic birds in the "I'm-bigger-than-you-are" department.

Mr. American bronze turkey is from Mexican wild turkey stock, and weighs forty pounds or more. White, pied, and buff turkeys can also be raised successfully.

Pheasant and grouse are relatives of the turkey. Although the turkey has a bare head and neck, its square tail usually holds fourteen to eighteen feathers with buff tips and metallic colorings of green, copper, and bronze. This display is especially attractive to the eye when the male bird spreads

his tail like a fan above his back. The hen turkey lays about twelve eggs, and raises one brood in a year's time.

Turkey is economical these days. This is far different from the days when turkey was king at the holiday season, but seldom thought of, or available, during the rest of the year.

Turkeys are now available in every grocery store. They come in all sizes. Smaller but meatier birds are now being raised. The hen turkey will have more meat than the tom in relation to weight because of the hen's plump breast.

Turkeys are available for roasting, frying, broiling, and barbecuing. Some are sold already cut in halves, quarters, or pieces. Smoked turkey is available, as are turkey steaks, and even turkey-burgers.

A large turkey is generally a more economical purchase. If it is too large to be consumed at one meal, it can be carefully wrapped and frozen for future use. Turkey leftovers are easily used: creamed, hashed, rolled, in casseroles, omelets, aspics, soups, stews, turnovers, salads, and sandwiches.

When preparing the holiday bird, you should know the bird's weight to determine correct cooking time. Time-tables are available in almost any cookbook. The most reliable method for determining the exact time the turkey will be done is to use a meat thermometer. This will register 185 degrees F. when done. Insert the thermometer between the turkey body and thigh before putting the bird into the roaster.

Happy Turkey Talk this Thanksgiving!



Compare this picture with the one of Kristin and Juliana on page 5. Quite a difference, isn't it? This was taken in the summer of 1948 when the two were ringbearers at the wedding of their cousin Eugene Rope and George Ann Apple of Clarinda, Iowa. To this day it is difficult for us to say "ringbearers", for the girls called themselves "ringlands"!

## FROM A WIFE'S VIEWPOINT

When the furniture is dusted,  
Floors polished to a "T";  
When the windows are washed  
And through them we can see;  
When the coffee pot is perking  
And for coffee there is cream;  
When my hair is brushed and shiny  
And my apron's starched and clean;  
When there're cookies in the jar  
And I'm really on the ball —  
Why can't it be *Then*  
That company comes to call?

— Author Unknown



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City..... Zone..... State.....



## THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS DISCOVER A NEW CAMPGROUND

Dear Friends:

A load of just-washed towels is now hung out in the bright fall sunshine. It takes more than a small amount of self-discipline to settle down here at the dining room table. On such an enticingly warm, clear morning the outdoors beckons so temptingly. Undoubtedly, the fact that a carload of "gals" from the neighborhood is taking off for a day in the mountains and I'm not going has something to do with this restless feeling.

A year ago a group of us started almost weekly expeditions throughout the fall season to get out and enjoy the autumn show of Nature. It combines ideally with our mutually-shared interest in the mountain mining towns and Colorado history. We depart immediately after the children are off to school, planning to be home in time to greet them upon their return. If the particular trip takes us away from any town at lunch, we enjoy a picnic. At other times it is a real treat for us cooks to enjoy a sandwich or a bowl of soup in a restaurant along the way.

When Thanksgiving approaches we will discontinue these outings until after the new year is well underway. Then we are considering reviving the expeditions with a change in locale. We want to concentrate on the museums and places of interest within the Denver area. We talked about this a year ago, but all of us became so bogged down with other activities that our plans failed to materialize. Possibly the same thing will happen again.

After the busy summer of hosting visitors and traveling and being visitors ourselves, I must have built up a real momentum for "going" that just won't run down.

We managed only one camping trip this past summer but it was to such a beautiful location that I must tell those of you who are campers about it. We and another family from the neighborhood spent five days at Maroon Lake Campground, located about eleven miles above Aspen, Colorado. The elevation is about 9,600 ft. in one of the most photographed spots in the entire state. Getting up to the campground required considerable effort and difficulty. The road was being reworked and was in terrible condition in places. We had a flat tire going up. Both times we drove down the road we encountered cars broken down as the result of driving over the rocks too fast and puncturing the oil pans.

Perhaps you wonder *why* anyone would persist on a road in that kind of shape. The answer is that this is



Clark Field Driftmier takes his little cousin, Clark Stephen Morrison, for a piggy-back ride. You can faintly see the log cabin in the upper right-hand corner.

purely and simply a place of such beauty that it is worth the effort and trouble to get there. The suggestion has been made that this area be incorporated into the national parks so that it could be opened via excellent roads to tourists from all over the country. There is considerable opposition to this suggestion from devotees. They don't want the area developed and "overrun" by casual tourists who are unable to appreciate the primitive and unsullied character of this section. Just one word of warning to campers. This is high in the mountains so come prepared for rain and very cool nighttime temperatures, even in July.

Shortly before the start of school, our family spent a week in the White Mountains of Arizona. My brother, Clark Morrison, and his family have built a summer cabin in these mountains about 200 miles east of Phoenix where they live. The last time I saw my brother and his wife, Carol, they had only one child, Anne, who was then a few months old. I was terribly eager to see these three and the two little sons, Clark Stephen and John, for the first time.

The cabin is two-days' driving distance so we went as far as Santa Fe for the first night. Along the way we

stopped at Ft. Garland, Colo., to see the old fort which is presently being restored by the Colorado Historical Society. It was almost dark by the time we stopped for the night so once again we missed any chance of seeing Santa Fe.

The weather could not have been more perfect for these two days, with one exception. After driving south to Socorro, New Mexico, we turned west. This is wide open country with only very small towns, widely separated. As we approached the New Mexico-Arizona border we encountered one of Nature's spectacular and somewhat frightening displays — a violent desert rain, hail and thunderstorm. There was no place to stop and wait for the storm to pass. The water and hail were pouring in torrents along beside the highway and occasionally across it. Much of the time the rain and hail were so heavy the windshield wipers were useless. This storm lasted and lasted and lasted, but *eventually* we did drive out and were we grateful! The remainder of the drive to Lake Hawley was peaceful and quiet.

The five Morrisons were on hand to greet us as we pulled up in front of their log cabin in the pines. One of the first orders of business had to be deciding what to call the three Clarks in the cabin. My brother, of course, had "Uncle" attached to his name, his four-year-old son wanted to be called "Pardner" and our Clark kept his name unchanged.

This was the first opportunity our children had had to be the "big" cousins. They enjoyed the chance to watch out for Anne, who is five, "Pardner", and to a certain extent "Big John", aged fourteen months. The latter was pretty uncomfortable with the struggle to cut new teeth and usually preferred the companionship of his parents. Anne and "Pardner" were more than delighted to keep up with the older ones. Our Clark immediately launched into building a raft to pole along the shores of the lake. Earlier in the summer he had found an abandoned raft up at Maroon Lake. This had been so entertaining that he couldn't wait to get started on one for use on Hawley Lake.

For Wayne, the children and me, it is a rare occasion even to see an Indian. So it was quite an intriguing experience for us to live for five days on Indian Reservation land and have daily contacts with these Apaches. But I have an appointment with the dentist and this letter must get into the mail. Perhaps next month I can explain how the cabin happens to be built in Apache territory.

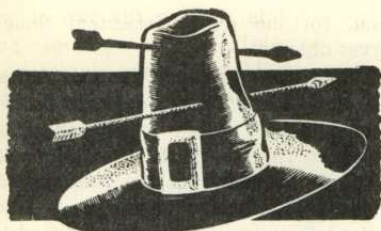
Sincerely,  
Abigail

### INSIDE TRACKS

After long and artful training,  
Not to mention nervous straining,  
The youngsters learned to scrape their feet.  
The problem now, that has me beat,  
Is how to teach the dog and cat  
To use the family welcome mat.

— Gladise Kelly





## WHEN YOU ENTERTAIN IN NOVEMBER

by Virginia Thomas

A "WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN'" arrangement is timely and easy to contrive. Use clean hickory, or other, nuts, or even large seed pods for pumpkins. Paint them orange with green tips (stems). For shocks of grain, use dried grasses in about six-inch lengths. Tie these in bundles, leaving about two inches above the cord for the top of the "shock". Trim the bottoms evenly so they will stand. Arrange the little pumpkins in groupings around the base of the shock. Stand a black paper cat beside or on top of it for accent. Two or three of these shocks, with pumpkins, enclosed in a rail fence fashioned from a child's Tinker Toys, or log set, makes an effective fall arrangement. Perch paper or peanut owls and cats on the fence posts.

PINE CONE TURKEYS can be used in a variety of ways at this season. Cut the tip from the end of a pine cone and glue feathers to the cut end for Mr. Turkey's tail. To the other end glue a short length of pipe cleaner for the neck. Use a tiny cone for the head. Glue on wattles of red yarn. Fasten on pipe cleaner legs, bending them to make the feet, which you glue to a small flat piece of bark so that the turkey will stand.

Try a PILGRIM HAT WITH A CHUCKLE to decorate a place card or a November party invitation. Cut the hat from black construction paper. Use white ink to outline the hatband and large buckle and crown. Cut an arrow from white construction paper. Make two slits in the crown of the hat and insert the arrow through the slits to indicate Mr. Pilgrim's narrow escape from an Indian warrior's arrow! Mount the hat on orange paper.

A PUMPKIN PUNCH BOWL is attractive to use for fall parties. Simply cut a large circle from the top and scoop out the seeds. Fit a large bowl inside the pumpkin shell to hold the punch. Encircle the base of the pumpkin with colorful fall leaves, pine cones, nuts, and gourds. "Matching" pumpkins to use as place favors, and in other ways with this punch bowl, can be made from oranges which have a green paper stem (or use green modeling clay to fashion the stems).

TURKEY APPLE CANDLE HOLDERS are a pretty addition to a table. Use the apple for the turkey's body. Pleat brown paper for the "fan" tail and also for the wings. Cut slits in the apple and attach the wings and tail. Use a length of pipe cleaner for the neck, and a prune, or a small nut, for the head. Use an apple corer to make a hole in the top of the apple to hold the candle. An acorn squash can be used in the same manner, if you wish a large turkey for a centerpiece. I like to pleat gold metallic paper for tail and wings for the acorn turkey.

GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S CORNHUSK BASKET would make an unusual centerpiece for your Thanksgiving table. Use dried husks from field corn, and cut in pieces about 2 by 4 inches. Soak in water if they are too dry to handle easily. Fold each rectangle in half. These are then sewed to a cardboard box to make the basket. Use long stitches to sew the husk squares to the box, sewing them on cornerwise so a folded point is up. Start the first row at the top of the box so the next row will cover the stitches. Fill the basket with an arrangement of fruits and vegetables.

FOR THE SOCIAL HOUR:  
*Thanksgiving Menu.* Fill blanks with name of food:

1. Life is just a bowl of \_\_\_\_\_. Cherries
2. As like as two \_\_\_\_\_ in a pod. Peas
3. The \_\_\_\_\_ of human kindness. Milk
4. Solitary as an \_\_\_\_\_. Oyster
5. You're the \_\_\_\_\_ in my \_\_\_\_\_. Cream - coffee
6. The \_\_\_\_\_ hangs high. Goose
7. You are pretty small \_\_\_\_\_. Potatoes
8. Don't try to eat your \_\_\_\_\_ and have it too. Cake
9. Sweet as \_\_\_\_\_, that's my Ida. Apple cider
10. Don't ever buy a \_\_\_\_\_ in a poke. Pig
11. A husband should bring home the \_\_\_\_\_. Bacon
12. \_\_\_\_\_ and kings. Cabbages

*Cooking Thanksgiving Dinner:* Before the guests arrive, have small pictures of food (cut vegetables and fruits from magazines, etc.) hidden about the room. The object is to see who is first to "cook a meal" by finding ten different foods. Players may trade pictures, but the trade must be "sight unseen".

*Pumpkin Toss:* Use a large scooped-out pumpkin for a "basket" into which players must toss kernels of corn from a line several feet away. Divide the group in teams, and give each player five kernels of corn. Teams get a point for each kernel which lands in the basket.

## WHAT MAKES A GOOD HOME?

A good home for children may be a one-room apartment, a trailer, or a twelve-room house, but it is a *good* home for a child if:

1. He is loved and wanted—and *knows* it.
2. He is helped to grow up by not having *too much* or *too little* done for him.
3. He has some *time* and some *space* of his own.
4. He is *part* of the family, has *fun* with the family, and *belongs*.
5. His early mistakes and "badness" are *understood* as a normal part of growing up; he is *corrected* without being hurt, shamed or confused.
6. His growing skills—walking, talking, reading, making things—are *enjoyed* and *respected*.
7. He *plans* with the family and is given real ways to *help* and *feel needed* throughout childhood.
8. He has *freedom* that fits his age and his needs; he has *responsibilities* that fit his age, abilities and freedom.
9. He can *say* what he feels and *talk* things out without being afraid or ashamed; he can *learn* through mistakes as well as successes. His parents *appreciate* his successes rather than dwell on his failures.

10. As he grows older, he knows his parents are doing the *best* they can; they know the same about him.

11. He feels his parents *care* as much about him as they do his brothers and sisters.

12. His family *sticks together* and the members *help* each other.

13. He is moderately and consistently *disciplined* from infancy, has *limits* set for his behavior and is helped to take increasing *responsibility* for his own actions.

14. He has something to *believe in* and *work for* because his parents *live* their ideals and religious faith.

(From a bulletin prepared by the Committee on Home Responsibility of the National Conference on Juvenile Delinquency.)

## HOW TO BE MISERABLE!

Think about yourself. Talk about yourself. Use "I" as much as possible. Mirror yourself continually in the opinion of others.

Listen greedily to what people say about you.

Expect to be appreciated.

Be jealous and envious.

Be sensitive to slights.

Never forgive criticism.

Trust nobody but yourself.

Insist on consideration and respect in everything.

Demand agreement with your own views on everything.





## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

*Forgotton Pioneer* (World, \$4) is Harry Golden's latest book. The author of five best-sellers, including *Only in America* and *Enjoy, Enjoy*, turns his writing skill to the story of the old-time pack peddlers who walked the countryside from the earliest beginnings of our country until the mid-20's.

Mr. Golden feels the "forgotten pioneer" of American history should not be ignored. In this small book (157 pages) he writes specifically of three peddlers. One is a Connecticut Yankee trading with the Indians and

settlers; another, a horse-and-wagon peddler in the Southern states; and the third is Levi Strauss, the German immigrant who "invented" the denims of today.

"The peddler made certain that at sundown he was not too far from a farmhouse where he nearly always found it possible to barter some of his goods for a night's lodging and early morning breakfast." This sentence alone should recall memories to many of the days of the peddler and his treasure-trove of goods.

A beautiful book for little girls (ages 4 to 8) is *The Sky Was Blue* (Harper and Row, \$2.95) by Charlotte Zolotow. Author of many beloved books for children, Mrs. Zolotow tells the story of a little girl looking at the family album which includes pictures of her mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. She wonders what it was like to be young long ago. Her mother explains there is very little difference in children from generation to genera-

tion, for the really important things never change.

Illustrations by Garth Williams, artist for the eight *Little House* books by Laura Ingalls Wilder, add a special touch to this delightful, tender book.

The June issue of the *Palimpsest*, monthly publication of the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the 125th anniversary of the Territory of Iowa and the first territorial governor, Robert E. Lucas. We read with interest how Governor Lucas built his home, Plum Grove, at Iowa City in 1844 after retiring as governor. Our children showed particular interest because the grade school they now attend is named to honor Robert E. Lucas.

On a recent Sunday, Plum Grove beckoned. The red brick, green-shuttered home, restored in 1946, gave us the feeling of being back in the early era of Iowa history. Period furniture included spool beds covered with quilts sewn with the tiniest stitches imaginable, the original desk used by Governor Lucas, the grandfather clock ticking in the hallway, and the comfortable rocking chairs by the fireplaces.

The ultimate in luxury to our son is a home with a fireplace. As we left Plum Grove, Jon remarked with wonder, "And just think, Mom, there are seven fireplaces!"



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



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Did you get your garden thoroughly cleaned last month? If not it is a wise idea to take advantage of the first warm November days and complete the job. Collect the dead plants of annuals and the leaves and tops of perennials. Place them on a compost pile along with all the leaves you can collect from trees. Water the heap thoroughly so that fermentation will start. Next summer you will have some fine organic material to spread on your flower beds.

You can plant deciduous trees and shrubs as long as the soil isn't frozen. Mound up soil around hybrid tea and other tender roses to a depth of ten inches. After the ground starts freezing later on in the month, cover the mounds with deep layers of leaves or other mulch material. Anchor the mulch in place with chicken wire and boards so that the wind doesn't whip it off and expose the roses.

Newly planted evergreens should have the soil soaked thoroughly around their roots and some sort of protection put up to prevent winds and sun from damaging the foliage. Burlap bags, or some of the new plastic covers made for this purpose, work fine and are well worth the small cost and labor.

House plants should be watered lightly during the short days of late fall and early winter. Withhold fertilizer until needed toward spring. Cut off the dead foliage from gloxinias, achimenes, and tuberous begonias. Store the bulbs in a cool, dry basement or frost-free room until early spring.

Take advantage of a warm, sunny day to make one last field trip to gather loot for Christmas decorations. Dried grasses, seed pods, cones, and nuts can be used to advantage when the time to make wreaths arrives.

It is time to provide for the birds too, by cleaning and putting out bird feeders. Birds appreciate water as much as feed after puddles and streams are frozen.

See that the cold frames where fall-started cuttings are to be wintered, are well protected. Cover the frames with straw and boards allowing some air ventilation.

A reader writes: "What can I do to get my Christmas cactus to bloom? I have summered it in the garden." Answer: Bring the plant indoors to a cool room where there is good light. An unheated bedroom or sun porch that does not freeze is ideal. Buds are formed during this "cool period" and later the plant may be moved to a warmer situation.



## ONLY IN AMERICA

### Proclamation for Thanksgiving

"The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added, which are of so extraordinary a nature, that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

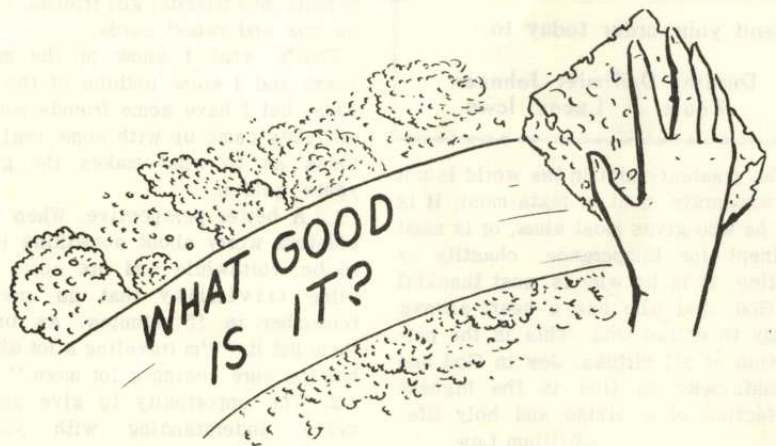
"No human counsel hath devised nor

hath any mortal hand worked out these great gifts of the Most High God. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and one voice by the whole American People.

"I do therefore invite my fellow citizens to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November as a day of Thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father . . . And I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with human penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged."

—October 3, 1863

A. Lincoln



What good is the froth and foam left when you use most household cleaners? Well, it might build your muscles as you scrub, rinse and wipe it away, but that's all we can think of.

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Try **KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER** soon. Remember:



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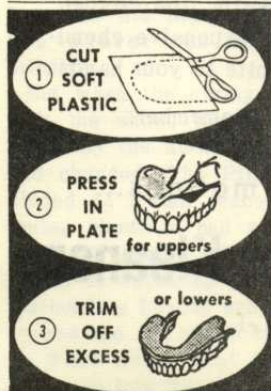
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The greatest saint in the world is not he who prays most or fasts most; it is not he who gives most alms, or is most eminent for temperance, chastity or justice. It is he who is most thankful to God, and who has a heart always ready to praise God. This is the perfection of all virtues. Joy in God and thankfulness to God is the highest perfection of a divine and holy life.

—William Law

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54 W. Van Buren, Chicago 4, Ill.**
**'HARVEST YEARS' HAVE A LOT OF GOOD POINTS**

by

Betty J. Stevens

I've had a message from a lady who describes herself as being in the "harvest years". She asked if I didn't realize that old people are the gung-ho teenangels we've been talking about, grown old. I hadn't really thought of it and I think she put it very well.

I guess that's what Robert Browning was talking about when he wrote:

"Grow old with me,

The best is yet to be

The last of life, for which the first  
was made."

I thought as long as we're talking about different ages I ought to throw in a good word about the middle years, but so help me I couldn't think of a good word! The middle years are so full of children with homework, drivers' permits, boy friends, girl friends, chicken pox and report cards.

That's what I know of the middle years and I know nothing of the later ones, but I have some friends who do, and they came up with some real good ideas as to what makes the golden years golden.

1. A better perspective. When these oldsters worry about something it has to be worthwhile and not some sniveling triviality that no one will remember in 15 minutes. As one of them put it, "I'm traveling a lot slower, but I'm sure seeing a lot more."

2. The opportunity to give and receive understanding with younger generations. The reason for this is simple. Understanding, like wisdom, very often doesn't arrive until you've lived awhile.

3. You can get away with murder. This is a figure of speech. But several older people have told me that they can tell a joke that lays an egg but it really doesn't matter for everyone laughs anyway. And they can get away with things like misplacing their silverware when they are eating out or

forgetting what they were going to say next and no one ever thinks of criticizing. Old age may be just what I need.

There are other reasons. An elderly gentleman told me that he has been interested in pretty girls all his life, but he didn't realize how interesting pretty girls could be until the girls were his granddaughters. He also told me with a grin that he never gives a hoot about his draft status.

You'd be interested in knowing these people, but I don't dare mention their names for not one of them considered himself old until I asked, and you can lose a lot of friends that way. It seems to me that's the secret of growing old. You just don't grow old. When you stop growing, you are old.

They've convinced me, the sugar really is the sweetest in the bottom of the cup. I'm headed in that direction and moving fast.

(Reprinted by permission of  
Sun Publications)

**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

August, but at least Mother got to go and that was more important.

At this time Russell and I are here in New Mexico and the sun has done a lot to bring me back to life! Every day I try to achieve something new to give me more strength and more independence. I'm going to need all the fortitude and courage I can muster when it comes time to go somewhere (we haven't yet decided where) to get a new artificial limb and to learn to walk all over again. My biggest problem is fear. I'm terrified of falling again and breaking my hip and it's a temptation to sit in a wheelchair and avoid all risks. Well, this I cannot do, of course, so I'll just have to rally up my forces and struggle through.

I'm looking forward to having a family dinner at our house in Iowa when Thanksgiving rolls around, and maybe we'll be lucky enough to have Cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband, Clay, join us again. It's quite a drive from Iowa City, but they were willing to make it last year and we *did* have a very happy time.

Now it's Indian Summer back home and the harvest is in. May all of you have your own harvest of love and faith and happiness.

Until December . . . . .

*Paul*



**NOVEMBER DEVOTION - Concluded**

And God's protection in life's storm;  
For life and health, and those who  
care;  
For peace and quiet, love and pray-  
er!"

—Sunshine

That's really THANKSGIVING!

**LEADER:** 342 years ago, on a bitter December day, the Pilgrims landed in this country.

We all know why these hardy, God-fearing people left the Old World. We know, too, how during the years that have followed, America has been the home of religious liberty.

Many countries in the Old World do not enjoy these rights to religious liberties, and we are hard pressed to do much about it in many instances. But we must make every effort to prevent the spread of those forces which are against religious freedoms from gaining a foothold in this country. We can best do this by making ours a **PRACTICING, ACTIVE, GROWING** faith that is the very center of our existence and our being, and thanking God each day that ours is a free worship. **THAT'S REAL THANKSGIVING!**

**SONG:** "We Gather Together".

**3rd SPEAKER:** We make Thanksgiving **REAL** when we give thanks for **THE THINGS WE OVERLOOK** or that things are not as **THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN**. Have you ever thought of that?

We overlook so many things for which we should give thanks! When fortune smiles on us it is easy to give thanks. But how about the little things that come into our lives every day, without our acknowledging them with a "thank you" prayer? Give thanks for what? The things you forgot; the fire on the hearth; the cheerful kettle's hum; dear faded books—perhaps a friend has come to share your day—someone has sent a flower, or else to one in need you gave an hour. Give thanks to what? — The things you forgot.

I share this poem by an unknown author to suggest another way to be truly thankful.

"I thank Thee, Lord, that I have  
missed the tears  
I might have shed today;  
And all the griefs—a lengthy list—  
That might have come my way.

Death passed me by, and ache and  
pain and troubles,  
Oh, I had a few, but small.  
I dreamed no rosy dreams in vain;  
I saw no castle fall.

I face the future undismayed, and  
offer thanks  
To Thee today—  
Not for the gains that I have made,  
But what came *not* my way."

**LEADER:** Officially, Thanksgiving Day comes to our nation once a year; to the honest grateful Christian it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow; that is, every day of the year!

**SONG:** (All join hands in friendship circle and remain so through song and closing prayer.) "For All the Blessings of the Year".

**PRAYER:** Our gracious, loving Father, give to us now Thy peace and Thy grace. Grant that for each of us Thanksgiving will mean more than just a national holiday. Let it be a Holy day of really grateful praise and Thanksgiving, and then let this gratitude be with us throughout the year ahead. All this we pray in the name of our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

\* \* \* \*

There is just one discouraging thing about the rules for success—they won't work unless we do.

**Mother's Prayer**

God, You care for each little thing:  
Baby lamb, young bird on wing,  
Suckling pig and gay frisky colt,  
Newly hatched chick, turkey poul.  
Keep Your eye on the little heir  
Trusted to this mother's care.

— Fay Blodgett Shores

**DECEPTIVE STORM**

Apprehension sifts upon the heart  
As snowdrift blows from branches,  
Resembling the chill of fear,  
Simulating blizzards.  
Look past trees into the sky  
Beyond anxiety and snow.  
Perhaps the storm is only sighing wind,  
And fright is man's heart reaching  
Toward the hand of God.

— Vivian Baumgartner



# The THIRD CHOICE

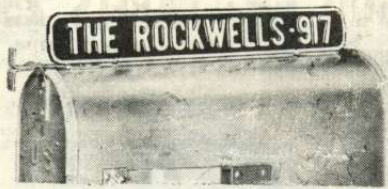
Time was, you had only two choices in household bleaches: The lazy kinds that couldn't possibly get things clean and pretty because they just didn't have the power — and the harsh liquid bleaches that depended on chlorine to get the job done . . . with resulting damage to fine fabrics.

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There will be dozens of Christmas albums in stock by the middle of November. We will gladly answer questions about them, but please ask about a SPECIFIC artist or SPECIFIC songs. There are too many for us to be able to send complete lists of all albums, with their contents. We'd appreciate a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Allow at least 2 weeks for delivery.

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**THANKSGIVING SKIT — Concluded**

more to ponder the Infinite Goodness that has set apart for us, in all this moving mystery of creation, a time of living and a home . . . .

"In such a spirit I call upon the people to acknowledge heartily, in a friendly gathering and house of prayer, the increase of the season nearing now its close; the harvest of earth, the yield of patient mind and faithful hand, that have kept us fed and clothed and have made for us a shelter even against the storm. It is right that we whose arc of sky has been darkened by no war hawk, who have been forced by no man to stand and speak when to speak was to choose between life and death, should give thanks also for the mercies we have enjoyed, beyond our just deserts or any estimation of justice, freedom, loving kindness, peace — resolving, as we prize them, to let no occasion go by without prompting or some effort worthy in a way, however humble of those proudest among men's ideals, which burn though it may be like candles fitfully in our gusty world, with a light so clear we name its source divine."

At this time we give the Bible a place of honor on our table, in recognition of that eternal source divine. (Places the Bible.)

**Leader:** Many of us find that though our hearts may be overflowing with gratitude and praise to a generous Heavenly Father, we cannot express our feelings in words. But through the words of great spokesmen from our country's past, which we have shared here today, I am sure we have all been able to know and to sense a bit better the genuine spirit of thankfulness for which this special day has been set aside.

Shall we now stand and sing together the beloved patriotic hymn "America"? Let us bow our heads as we sing the last verse and let it be the closing prayer of our program.

**Song:** "America"

**NOTE:** If desired, the proclamation issued by our president for this current Thanksgiving might be used in the skit following the fourth speaker.

\*\*\*\*\*

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Lucas, Iowa.

**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded**

There are decided rules and regulations at the children's school. They were announced to each child on the first day of school and told at the same time that there would be no repeated statements concerning the rules to be observed. It was made clear that the unruly and discourteous student would simply be sent home. No teacher is able to accomplish her obligation to the entire class when interrupted to discipline the few.

So you see, when I said our life is running along pretty well defined lines of routine, you can understand why. There is no one from our end of the town that goes to this school so I transport the children. Even so, I'm home and launched on my day's work by 8:30 and that is really a very noble hour to be industriously engaged! Each evening, I'm supervising closely Paul's homework. This is a very new phase of life to him and he needs help and guidance. When Donald is home he takes Paul aside and I work with Katharine, listening to her reading and testing her spelling words. Otherwise, when Donald is out of town, Katharine works entirely alone until Paul has completed his assignments.

This all sounds very restricting and it is! However, my heart is considerably more inclined to spend these fleeting years with the children, even if it is bent over a school book, than out at some meeting. I'm still going to allow time for my once-a-month D.A.R. meetings and my membership on the New Berlin Scholarship Fund, Inc. I was invited to help set up a system of scholarship awards in our new high school in New Berlin along with a citizens' committee of eight other people. It's quite a challenge, I'll tell you, because to date we have no money to award!

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*



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**101 ITEMS** from Coathangers and Christmas Catalog — both only \$1.00. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Penna. 18224.

**ADDRESS LABELS** printed on high quality Krome-Kote gummed paper. Comes in plastic box packed in double shipping container. Limit copy to 3 lines, not over 24 letters or spaces to line. \$1.00 per 1,000. LARRY'S, Dept. B, 427 E. Avenue 43, Los Angeles 31, Calif.

**METHODIST COOK BOOK**—\$2.00. Postpaid. Dora Ostrander, Rt. 2, Evansville, Wisc.

**HAND MADE "Weave it"** or hair pin lace infant sets consisting of blanket, sweater, cap, booties in white and pink wool yarn. Write for prices. Gingham aprons with cross stitch designs in all colors. Dotted swiss aprons with Swiss embroidery at \$3.50 each. Mrs. Josie Smith, 630 7th Ave., S. E., Dyersville, Iowa.

**PRETTY CROSS-STITCHED APRONS** nice wide borders \$2.50; Lovely machine embroidered print aprons \$1.65. Martha Klinehart, Nashua, Iowa.

**SHELLED PECANS, Almonds, Black Walnuts, English Walnuts, Brazils, Pepper, Sassafras, Cinnamon \$1.25 Pound. Dried Mushrooms \$3.00. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.**

**NEW QUILTS FOR SALE.** Mrs. E. Comer, Skidmore, Missouri.

**APRONS** — Christmas Design Print \$1.35. Red Organdy \$1.50. Postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

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

**FOR SALE:** Attractive felt mitten book Markers — price 30¢. Pearl Shaddock, 1007 W. Thomas Ave., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**APRONS,** prints \$1.25; hostess \$1.75, state color; red and white gingham \$1.50. Ruth Springer, 1301 Elm, Marysville, Kansas.

**RUGWEAVING:** Unprepared materials \$2.00 yard; prepared \$1.25. Firmly woven boil-proof warp. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

**LOVELY LINEN HANKIES** — lover's knot edge, white or variegated. 2 for \$1.55. Free gift with order of six. Mrs. Carl Denner, 115 East Spring St., New Hampton, Iowa.

**CROCHETED ANGELS;** Santa lapel pins, 30¢. Mary Langhorst, Rt. 2, Fremont, Nebraska.

**SPECIAL** — neat 5 row edged linen hanky \$1.15 — CASH! R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**GROWING AND CARE OF THE AFRICAN VIOLET** — Four page folder 25¢. Mrs. Glaser, 1645K-Arden, Staten Island, New York. 10312.

**HANDKERCHIEFS,** aprons. Tatting trimmed. Crocheting. Mamie Hammond, Shelbyville, Mo.

**500 THREE LINE,** address stickers 50¢. Walco, Kenosha, 55-KK, Wisconsin.

**21 CHRISTMAS,** Birthday, Get Well, or All Occasion cards. \$1.00 plus 10¢ postage. Gospel Supply, Stratford, Iowa.

**DIFFERENT STYLES** trimmed half-aprons, \$1.00 and \$1.25. Mrs. William Schwanz, Vail, Iowa.

**CROCHETED tablecloths** — ecru and white. Mrs. George Mann, Logan, Iowa.

**"CUTE KITTY"**, Baby's first toy, made of heavy terry, foam rubber stuffed. Machine washable, non-toxic dies in red, royal, pink, blue \$1.25 each or 2 / \$2.25. LARRY'S, Dept. B, 427 E. Avenue 43, Los Angeles 31, Calif.

**APRONS** — print \$1.00; large \$1.25. Gingham cross-stitch \$2.00; Cobbler \$1.75; Clothespin \$1.00. Embroidered pillow cases with Crocheted edge \$3.75; Embroidered Tea Towels — 7 to a set \$3.75. Doilies all sizes from \$1.00 up to \$3.00. Mrs. Carrie Carlson, 106 North Davis, Oakland, Nebraska.

**CHURCH WOMEN:** Will print 150 page Cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

**DIPLOMAT DESK SET** COMBINING Ruler, Magnifier, Letter Opener, Desk Pen and Note Holder ONLY 59¢ each or 2/\$1.00. **INEXPENSIVE BEAUTIFUL X'MAS GIFTS** or Gift for Any Home. LARRY'S, Dept. B, 427 E. Avenue 43, Los Angeles 31, Calif.

**CROSS-STITCH GINGHAM APRONS**—\$1.75, \$2.25; Cobbler and slipover — \$1.75; Print \$1.25; Mother-daughter print \$1.75; Terry 75¢; Organdy \$1.25, \$1.75. Postpaid. Rosa Albertsen, 1621 Carroll Ave., Ames, Iowa.

**LOVELY SMOCKED PILLOWS** — any color, ruffled edged with lace \$3.50; pillow cases embroidered edge \$4.50; 7 dish towels embroidered \$4.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

**CROSS-STITCHED GINGHAM APRONS,** \$2.50. 42" tubing cases, embroidered hemstitched, crocheted edge, \$4.75. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, Houston, Minnesota, Rt. 1.

**21 CHRISTMAS CARDS** \$1.25, Greeting cards of all kinds \$1.25. Bear, 2118 Burt St., Omaha 2, Nebraska.

## 500 PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢



**RICH GOLD TRIM**  
500 Gummed Labels printed with ANY name and address and Zip Code, 25¢ per set 4 sets (same printing or all different) \$1.00 Jewel-type plastic gift boxes only 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many or as few sets and boxes as you want. Only 25¢ per set. Guaranteed.

**LABEL FOLKS,**  
Box 1658-BW, Topeka, Kansas

**PILLOW CASES** — Ladies crocheted skirts, \$5.00 pair; Medallion across front, \$5.00 pair; Smocked aprons, \$2.50 each; Cross-stitched aprons, \$2.00. Laura Fuss, Rt. 1, Ord, Nebraska.

**SCHEFFLERA SEEDS — NEW CROP.** Now you can grow the beautiful glossy green plants that are rapidly gaining favor for interior decorating. Make excellent gifts. Per packet \$1.00. 7 packets for \$5.00. Postpaid. Mid-Continent Traders — Dept. K, P. O. Box 418, Topeka, Kansas.

**BABY SAFETY BELT** that allows baby to safely play or sleep in bed, crib, automobile, etc. Made of sturdy double thickness muslin, double stitched all points of stress. You'll never have to worry about baby being away from bed unprotected. Adjustable to size of child. \$1.95 each. LARRY'S, Dept. B, 427 E. Avenue 43, Los Angeles 31, Calif.

**42" TUBING PILLOW CASES,** embroidered crocheted edge, \$4.00; Cross-stitched gingham cases, \$3.00; Smocked gingham pillow covers, \$3.00. Free list of crocheted articles. Mrs. Mike Bennett, Arlington, So. Dakota.

**ATTRACTIVE RHINESTONE/PEARL** Earrings or Necklace (manufacturers close-outs) Inspiring Poems and Quotations \$1.00 each. Henrys, 316 Barat, Kansas City 23, Mo.

**PRETTY PANSY DOILIES 16"** — \$1.50; 12" — \$1.00. Star in Wheel Doily 18" — \$1.50. 12 Rose Doily 18" — \$2.00. All White Tulip Doily 15" — \$1.25. Vadyne Allen, Box 886, Quincy, Illinois.

**GENUINE LEATHER** Mad-Money Coin Purse with Key Chain attached. Pocket size. Holds over \$1.00 in change. Snap fastener. Suitable gift for anyone — 50¢ each; 3 for \$1.00. Long-wide, Heavy Drill, elastic bound Ironing Board Cover — \$1.00. Large Treated Dust Cloths 3 for \$1.00. Everything postpaid. Raidt Mfg., Shenandoah, Iowa.

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN OR TATTED PILLOW SLIP EDGINGS** — 42" — \$1.00 pair. Tatted hankie edges — 47" — 2 strips \$1.00. Any color. Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Missouri, 64437.

**PRINT APRON'S** \$1.00. Mrs. Will Patten, Cherokee, Iowa.

**PAJAMA BAGS** — Cat — Dog — color choice \$1.25 each. Mrs. Lavern Reno, Osborn, Missouri.

**CHECKED GINGHAM APRONS** — morning glory or pansy cross-stitch trim \$2.50. Cosmos Petal Aprons \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**BLENDALL NYLON THREAD,** Brand new, Actually disappears as you sew. Matches any color of material. Two Spools 600 ft. — 35¢; six spools — \$1.00. Money-back guarantee. Kolb's Sales Co., Maysville, Missouri.

**"PARIS IN THE SPRING" PERFUME.** Beautifully Packaged in one ounce Spill-proof bottle. Not worth \$22.50 price shown on box, but worth several times our price of \$2.89 each or 2/\$5.00 or 4/\$10.00. **WONDERFUL X'MAS GIFTS.** LARRY'S, Dept. B, 427 E. Avenue 43, Los Angeles 31, Calif.

**"LOSE 35 POUNDS!"** — No Drugs, Exercises, Hunger! Thousands Thrilled! Guaranteed Plan \$1.00. GLICK, Box 369-KK, South Pasadena, California.

**WHITE LINEN TATTED-EDGE HANKIES**—assorted colors 2 for \$2.25. Tatted 12-inch ecru star-shape doily \$2.00. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

**CROCHETED LINEN HANKIES** \$1.00. Order always good. Mrs. Lake Green, Harlan, Iowa.

**WANTED:** Machine quilting, fancy stitches, reasonable prices. Mrs. Gladys Hamilton, Modena, Missouri. 64663.





## SALUTE TO NOVEMBER

by  
Harverna Woodling

In years gone by, we have been guilty of making very disagreeable remarks about November, but we've decided to apologize. November, we are sorry.

Of course, November has not always been kind to us. Last November we had a decided tussle with something we called a virus infection.

Secondly, on Thanksgiving Day, one year removed, we conducted a scientific experiment which proved conclusively that our wrist watch would neither bounce nor run when dropped on the floor. It wouldn't run afterward, either!

So November is a hint of illness and accident.

Still some very nice things have been known to happen in this month. Of course, there are visits from friends. One especially pleasant incident we remember was a visit in our church and in our home by our church's county missionary and his wife, the Reverend and Mrs. Fred Terry. They are interesting and friendly people. We remember the subject of Reverend Terry's sermon: "Everybody is somebody with God". This was a comforting yet stirring theme as we were reminded of both the privileges and responsibilities inherent in such a "partnership".

So November gives us mental and spiritual stimulation.

Last November also included a successful money-making project sponsored by our Meadville R-IV P-T.A.

This was a pie-and-soup supper served in our school's "Home Ec." room. The vegetable soup, chili, and pie were donated by the P-T.A. families. Various ladies did the many chores—the pie cutting, coffee making, soup dipping, dish washing, etc., while the men of the P-T.A. were handsome, industrious, and proficient waiters. Equally important, the diners were hungry, polite, and generous.

Following the supper, the school band presented a fine concert. Many remarks were made about an exceedingly pleasant evening.

So November is sociability, friendliness, and a touch of community service.

November also marks the observance of National Book Week which we consider a very fine thing because we think every week should be Book Week or at least Reading Week. Any device that encourages good reading is surely valuable. And November's indoor days and cozy fires are the ideal motivations for reading.

Then, too, November is a fine time to plan Christmas presents and what better present than a book, a magazine, or perhaps a library card? We hope you have already given your children the realization that reading can be a source of entertainment, knowledge, and happiness for this is a long-term project.

So November is good books and magazines and the desire to read.

November could not be November without Thanksgiving Day. Each family has its own customs, but we truly believe that most take time out from

gaiety and good food to realize and be grateful for our blessings as Americans.

So November is food and fun, family and friends, and gratitude to God.

In our own family, each November day points steadily toward the first day of December because that is Little Sis's birthday, and birthdays are very important at our house.

Thus we tell November goodbye, and November is anticipation and happiness.

+ + + +

## WINTER'S WAY

There's nothing here to desecrate

This hallway until fall.

When winter comes we designate

This entrance as "Boot Hall".

— Gladise Kelly



## ONLY 15?

### You're missing something!

If your kitchen shelves hold only 15 **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**, you may be missing the very one which could add so much to your next meal. The very next pie you bake, or gelatin salad you mold, could be crying for that extra touch that only **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** can give. They're so inexpensive, so handy, so delicious . . . shouldn't you be sure you have all sixteen? Here they are:

Banana  
Strawberry  
Orange  
Cherry

Raspberry  
Pineapple  
Blueberry  
Lemon

Almond  
Coconut  
Black Walnut  
Maple

Burnt Sugar  
Butter  
Mint  
Vanilla

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and jumbo 8-oz.)

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

## Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.

Shenandoah, Iowa