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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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—Photo by Blaine Barton





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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My dear Friends:

It has been several months since I've written to you, but the rest of the family have kept you informed as to how things have been going with us. We are very thankful that we have wonderful nursing care for my husband and that he has been able to be up some almost every day. Being in a wheel chair there are some things that I am unable to help with in his care, but I can do the cooking and spend a lot of time in the kitchen preparing foods that I think will be appetizing to him.

Fall is Mart's favorite season of the year, and although he hasn't been out in the car lately to drive around the countryside, he enjoys sitting in the library in his easy chair, and watching the seasonal changes from the many windows. Our trees are the "soft" maples whose leaves turn yellow. They've been lovely this fall. The squirrels are busy storing up their winter supply of food and they've helped entertain us. We tied some ears of corn to the limb of a tree and now only cobs hang there.

One year we spread walnuts out to dry and in just one night squirrels carried all of them away. We didn't feel too badly about it for we enjoy seeing them frisk about in our trees.

Speaking of trees, the Dutch elm disease has taken several trees in Shenandoah and I'm afraid that our lovely elm-shaded streets may look very bare before long if something isn't discovered to halt its spread. Property owners are urged to inspect their trees carefully and have dead limbs removed.

Although I don't leave the house often, I did enjoy a few days with Dorothy and Frank on their farm near Lucas, Iowa. The weather was ideal and much of my time was spent outside. Frank wheeled me down to a good fishing spot and I actually caught a fish! The cats followed us, as is their habit when anyone fishes, and sat with

their eyes fixed on the bobber. When I jerked the fish out of the water they almost got it before Frank could snatch it off the ground! We had a bonfire and toasted wieners and marshmallows — something I hadn't done in years and years. What fun! Perhaps I can get up there again before cold weather settles in to stay. There are many beautiful drives through the wooded hills in Lucas County which are very colorful this time of year.

One thing I missed at Dorothy's was being awakened in the mornings by the guinea fowl. They strayed too far into the timber and something got them — probably a fox.

Kristin and Art brought little Andrew to see his great-grandparents. As you can see by his pictures, he is a real husky boy. Their trip to Iowa had to be short because of classes at the University, but we appreciated their bringing him to see his Iowa relatives.

Lucile stopped in before leaving for New Mexico to pick up the jars of watermelon preserves I had made for Juliana. This is one of her favorite foods and I always make up some jars especially for her.

As many of you know, 34 years ago we were in an automobile accident in which my back was broken. Because of my paralysis we've always sent our laundry out so we've had no need for a washing machine. Today we are having a washer-drier combination installed in our kitchen. It just fits into the only wall space we had left with only two inches to spare. The commercial laundry will still do work for us, but we needed this machine to care for the extra washing that had to be done almost daily. I felt that it would be much handier for the nurse, but I'm finding it a big help also. I had no idea that it would be so simple to operate that I could run it from my wheel chair. The clothes are washed and dried in the same machine.

Our son Wayne, Abigail and their three children plan to come from Denver to spend Thanksgiving weekend with us. Our family dinner will probably be with Margery or Lucile, but I'll make the mincemeat pies — an assignment I ask for each year, for I enjoy making them.

I count it a special blessing that I can still do most of my own work. It is also a great blessing to me that I have such fine eyesight that I can still do all the handwork I please without eye strain. The last piece I worked on was a cross-stitched tablecloth which I gave to Frederick's wife Betty for her birthday. What am I making now? Well, I wanted to work on something different for a change, so I'm crocheting a "Granny" afghan in pastel colors. The blocks are four inches square. This is nice pick-up work and the blocks are fun to make. Before I finish it, I'll put it aside to make some Christmas gifts. I'm anxious to start on some pillow cases and tea towels using Dorothy's new set of patterns.

Although we had dry weather in August and September, the corn crop turned out better than we expected. All of our grain is fed to the livestock and they look as if they have had plenty to eat! We people in the Midwest have so much to be grateful for this Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

### THE GREAT GIFT

There is so much to thank You for,  
dear Lord,  
For life and love, and beauty of the earth;  
The splendor of the dawn and sunset glow,  
Of rivers spilling down a mountain side;  
For power to skim the clouds at super-speed,  
Or just to slowly walk beneath the stars.  
But thanks for that one greatest gift of all,  
For freedom of our will to choose the way  
That we shall travel by our patterned code,  
The choice is ours to chart life as we will;  
So let us then look up in faith to You  
And find the strength to choose the upper path.

—Alice G. Harvey



## FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

We are all excited today about a big fish. My twelve-year-old nephew, Stephen Crandall of Rhode Island, just caught a 525-pound tuna. I don't think that Steve weighs more than 100! It all took place just off the south shore of Nova Scotia where the big tuna are to be found in the fall of the year. Betty's brother Robert, Steve's father, caught his first big tuna when he was only fourteen years old, and now his son has beat his record by two years. Of course my David is green with envy, and he won't be happy until he gets one of the big ones. Actually, David and I cannot afford to fish for those big tuna because of the cost of renting the boats and the guides. Big game fishing is not a sport for clergymen!

A few days ago I drove down to our little lake in Rhode Island to take our boats out of the water. Do you know of anything much more lonely than a summer cottage on a dark and cloudy day in the fall? It looked so rather pathetic without any signs of life — no children playing about, no sound of music from within, and no aroma from a nice hot soup on the stove. Believe me, it was some job getting those boats out of the water and up the steep banks, but the hardest job was that of getting our swimming raft safely secured for the winter. We had to tow the raft across the lake and into a little cove where it would be protected from the strong north winds, and I thought for a few minutes that we would never make it. The wind was blowing at the time, and I was using the smaller of our two outboard motors. Against the wind I had to run the motor full speed just to stand still.

Today and for the next ten days our town of Springfield is a "fair town". The Eastern States Exposition, often called "The Show Window of New England" is now in full swing with nearly 100,000 people a day pouring through its gates. I am told that the attendance is not expected to be as large as usual this year because of the terrible drought we have been having out here in the Northeast. The farmers have suffered some frightful losses, and only today I read that there is almost a famine of hay. They are finding it difficult to get enough hay to properly care for the hundreds of animals on exhibit at the Exposition. The last time I called Iowa on the phone was during a big rain storm out there, and we just hope and pray some of it will get out this way.



David Driftmier (right) and his cousin Steve Crandall are all set for an overnight hike. Steve is the boy who caught the huge tuna.

There are few things which make parents realize how quickly their children are growing up than to have one of them begin to drive a car. We met that crisis this past summer when Mary Leanna — who is now seventeen — got her driving license. Betty and I both agreed we should let her do as much driving as possible, believing that the more she drove the more experiences she would have and the more skill she would develop. I think that our judgment was correct, for certainly she did prove herself to be a competent driver. However, I had something of a shock when, while I was back at the church in Springfield one day late in the summer, I called the cottage and discovered that Mary Leanna had taken the car by herself and driven to Providence, Rhode Island, one of the worst cities in the world for traffic! I stammered into the phone: "But how did this happen? Did you give her permission to do this?" Then it was that her mother reminded me of the fact that I had been the one to give her permission. It seems that I had done so in one of those moments when I was thinking about something else and was simply saying "Yes, yes!" without any idea of what I was saying yes to. Well, she made it there and back as fine as could be, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

The children are doing well in school. Mary Leanna is away at boarding school where she is in her senior year and one of the co-editors of the school's yearbook. I think she must take after her Aunt Lucile and her Aunt Margery when it comes to writing. This year we decided to give her her own checking account instead of our sending her money as she needed it, and I quote a sentence from her last letter to us: "Where does the money go? I only wrote a few checks and now

my money is half gone!" Oh, she will learn! We believe that her having her own checking account this year will be good preparation for her days in college, but of course, the real test of this experiment will come when she finds her checking account drained and still in need of money. Will we give in? Only time will tell.

So much of my time these past few months has been spent in the search for a new Associate Minister for our church. The fine man who had been with me for the past five years has been called to the ministry of a large church out in one of our suburbs. We are happy for him but feeling very sorry for ourselves. In most Protestant churches the minister himself is the man who picks his associate, and then the final approval and the working arrangements are made by the church. That is the way we are proceeding, but if I don't find the right man pretty soon, I'm afraid that the church committee will have to take over. What we would really like is a young man, married and with a family, who is presently serving with success in a small town church. Not every minister would like to be an associate in a large church like ours, and sometimes the men who would like to be are not the men we want. Whenever I am talking to a prospective candidate I say: "It has been my experience that the one quality most needed by the man who serves as the associate, the quality of grace. It is not easy to be the 'Number two man' in the ministry, and only a very gracious and a very patient and understanding man can do it."

Last night we had a meeting of our Sunday school teachers, and I talked to them about the importance of helping a child at the very moment he wants help. Sometimes we think we are too busy to take the time to answer a child's questions, or we are too quick to give a short answer with no explanation and no opportunity for further questioning. Many a child's faith has been hurt by an impatient reply to a question which was desperately important to the child. While I was talking to the teachers I remembered an incident I had heard about one evening when a group of us were sharing our religious experiences. We had been talking about our most beautiful and thrilling moments of religious inspiration when a librarian told us this story.

She said: "Late one Saturday afternoon when I was alone in the library at the close of a very busy day, I was about to leave the desk to check all of

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**Setting:** Cover a small table with a cloth of deep green, letting it fall nearly to the floor. Cover an easel-type prop with matching material, and place this at the center back of the table. Place a small sheaf of grain against the easel in an upright position. Lay the Bible, opened to 2 Cor. 9:6, in front of the grain. Roll a piece of paper in scroll fashion, and write on it the question "Will we come rejoicing?" in gold letters. Pin the scroll to the front of the tablecloth, or fasten against the wall above the setting.

**Prelude:** "Bringing in the Sheaves", continuing for the Scripture reading. This may be read responsively by two readers, mimeographed on sheets of paper so that the audience can read responses, or read by one person. (It always adds a dignified touch to special services if those taking leading parts wear choir robes.)

**From the Scriptures:**

*The heavens are telling the glory of God; and the firmament proclaims his handiwork.*

**O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD,  
FOR HE IS GOOD.**

*The sea is his for he made it; for his hands formed the dry land.*

**O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD,  
FOR HE IS GOOD.**

*In his hands are the depths of the earth; the heights of the mountain are his also.*

**O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD,  
FOR HE IS GOOD.**

*He covers the heavens with clouds, he prepares rains for the earth, he makes grass grow upon the hills. He gives the beasts their food.*

**O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD,  
FOR HE IS GOOD.**

*The steps of a man are from the Lord, and he establishes him in whose way he delights.*

**O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD,  
FOR HE IS GOOD.**

*O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy creatures.*

**O GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD,  
FOR HE IS GOOD. Amen.**

**Prayer:** (Call to Worship.) Lord of seedtime and harvest, bless the hands of those who have sown, tended, and harvested the bounteous stores we see about us. Give to each a joy in his task, and a vision beyond his furrow, of bounty enough to spare — to share — with others. Teach us anew, O Father, from the gardens and the fields, the meanings of the lessons we may find in the seedtime and the harvests, the sowing and the reaping. Soften our hearts in these quiet moments of thanksgiving, that we may hear the Master's voice speak to us, and go forth to tend his vineyard, that we may come to Him at last in rejoicing, because we can offer the sheaves of our fruitful obedience. Amen

**Hymn:** "Bringing in the Sheaves".

**Leader:** *He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully. (2 Cor. 9:6).*

Let us think for a moment of the harvest, the harvest in terms of our spiritual lives — the sowing and the reaping of daily living. What will that harvest be? Will we come rejoicing? Or will we come with hanging head and excuses?

As we apply some of the principles of the planter to our own lives, let us see how it works.

**First Meditation:** What we reap depends upon what we sow. *Do men gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles? Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*

This is the harvest time, an end of a beginning, a sowing. What are you taking into the storehouse? Will your arms be filled with beautiful sheaves of golden grain, or just a few scanty wisps? Will the quality be good, or will there be weeds to mar its perfection? What did you sow? Let us ask ourselves some questions.

Did I sow a generous amount of neighborliness and friendship? Did I plant a sense of wonder in the mind of a child, drawing him closer to his Creator? Did I sow the seeds of joy in the ordinary labors of the day?

Did I sow the seeds of sympathy to one in sorrow, offer some time and cheer to some lonely one? Did I share laughter, tenderness, and understanding in the intimacies of the little duties, customs, and traditions that make up my family life?

Have I sown the seeds of brotherly love, of worldwide Christian fellowship by the way I spoke and acted each day?

Have I sown the many seeds of gratitude — gratitude for life's simple treasures — the love of family, for roof overhead, for food each day, for health to do the tasks to be done, for the warmth of friendships, for the beauty of the earth about me daily? All of these deserve daily prayers of gratitude; but even more, there's the gratitude for the darker hours that taught me fortitude, for failures that teach me humility, for fears and storms that help me to build hope and faith, for wrongs that teach me to play fair, for heartaches that have taught me to be thoughtful of others, for the pain that made me learn mercy. How much the quality of the sowing is revealed in the reaping! Whatsoever I sow, O Lord, let it be for good! Thus may I offer my harvest to Thee with rejoicing.

**Leader:** He who sits by the fire, thankless for the fire, and not sharing it with a less fortunate brother, is as if he had no fire. Nothing is possessed save in appreciation, of which thankfulness is the indispensable ingredient. That which is shared and divided cometh back multiplied; yea, a thousandfold, in love and friendship.

**Hymn:** "Somebody Did a Golden Deed". 1st, 2nd, and last verses.

**Second Meditation:** The amount we reap also depends upon the amount we sow. Those who put little into living will get little out of it. We must put ourselves into living — our lives, our talents, our time, our personalities, our services — sowing the "activated" best that is in us, that we, like Jesus, may "grow in wisdom and stature" in the field of love and brotherhood for all mankind.

"Give and it shall be given." Too many bargain hunters are trying to raise bumper crops, using inferior seed and short changing on the cultivation!

Every thought we send out brings back its own kind; every deed we do works for, or against, us. Everything depends on what we planted! Our thoughts, our deeds, our emotions, our dreams — daily we sow them to the four winds. What will our harvest be? How

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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) held her little great-grandson Andrew for the first time when he and his parents, Kristin and Art Brase, came from Wyoming for a visit.

Dear Friends:

The day finally arrived! Kristin, Art and little Andrew came to visit us, and what a thrill it was for all of us! It was a long, hard trip to make for such a short visit (they could only stay a day and a half), but we all felt it was worth it.

Kristin said they were all packed and ready to leave Laramie at four in the morning. Art's mother rode with them as far as Ravenna, Nebraska, where she stopped off to visit her sister and family. Kristin and Art spent about two hours in Ravenna and Grand Island, Art's former home, making short calls on relatives and friends, and then drove on to Shenandoah, arriving at Margery's at 10:00 that night. They noticed lights on at the folks' so they took Andy down to show him off to his great-grandparents even before they unloaded the car and called to tell us that they had gotten there safely.

They spent the night with the Stroms, had breakfast at Aunt Lucile's, saw Howard and Mae, and then headed for the farm. They said they would make the 125 miles before dinnertime, and sure enough, they did!

Andy is *all boy* — no one would ever mistake him for a girl! He has blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and looks like his daddy. We can see that he is going to be tall and husky like Art, for he is long for his age, strong and solid. Every minute that he wasn't asleep, his arms and legs were going a mile a minute! He is still too little to enjoy the teeter-chair I fixed for him, but we propped him up with pillows and tried it out anyway.

Our little dog, Tinker, really had his nose out of joint. Not only was there a baby in the house who got all the attention, but also another dog. Just four days before they left Laramie, Art brought home a pure white Alaskan Husky puppy (I think I'm right about the breed), and they brought him along. He was the quietest, best behaved puppy I've ever seen, *and* the cutest!

Previous to their arrival we had a lot of rainy weather, and, since Frank and I both knew how much Kristin would want to be outside tramping around the

farm, we hoped for a change. How happy we were to see sunny skies — perfect weather for their visit.

Frank's sister Edna and her husband drove up from Allerton after dinner and spent the afternoon. In the evening we went in to Lucas to see the rest of the Johnson relatives at his sister Bernie's. Bernie had called a few close friends who wanted to see Kristin, Art and Andy, so they dropped in for a few minutes. This was nice since they wouldn't have time to make other personal calls.

It would be a toss-up as to who had the most enjoyable time the next day. Frank had Kristin and Art with him while he did his chores, toured the farm to look at crops and the new calves, even stopping to fish a little. But I had Andy all to myself!

We invited the Johnson relatives to our house for supper, and we had a wonderful evening together. We were sorry that Frank's sister Ruth and her husband, who live in Kansas City, were unable to be with us but they had previously scheduled a trip to Arkansas which couldn't be canceled. However, Ruth phoned during the evening and had a nice visit with them.

Kristin and Art brought some colored slides which none of us had seen, so after the dishes were done, we set up the screen and projector and looked at pictures.

At 10:30 the next morning they started back to Wyoming. Since they planned to go by way of Shenandoah to pick up Kristin's old crib for Andy, I rode that far with them. They stopped only long enough to load the crib, have another visit with Granny and Grandpa, and were on their way. They spent the night with Art's Aunt Sally in Ravenna, and after a nice visit and a wonderful

chicken dinner, they started on the last leg of their trip.

It was hard to say "goodbye" when we knew it would be several months before we would see them again, but we were grateful for the time we did have together. They have such a busy, busy schedule, that it was difficult to get away, and it was a long hard trip with a baby, but we all appreciated the effort they made to get here.

Kristin called us the night after they got home, and when I asked her if the baby had shown any ill effects from the trip she said, "No. He *has* been a little fussy today, but when he discovers that Grandma and Grandpa Johnson aren't here to pick him up every time he fusses, he'll get over it!" She laughed then, and said it was all right because that was the reason they had made the trip — so we could hold him and love him.

All the signs of fall are prevalent on the farm. The corn from the cribs has been shelled and delivered to the warehouse, and the cribs have been cleaned out in preparation for the new corn yet to be picked. Most of our fall calves have arrived. The ground is covered with acorns and hickory nuts. Frank picked up a bucketful of hickory nuts yesterday. I love the flavor of the nuts but hate the job of picking them out. We don't have any of the great big nuts in our timber. All of ours are the very small ones, and they are so *tedious* to pick out.

We had an accident in our family recently; Frank's sister Bernie broke both bones in her right arm just above the wrist. Since she operates a beauty shop, this is going to close down her business for a few weeks. We try to tell her this is one way she is being *forced* to take a *much needed* rest, but she tells us it is a mighty painful way to take it.

Frank has taken on some more land for next year. He is going to farm his uncle's ground that adjoins our farm. He traded his tractor the other day for one with more power so he could work a little faster. This one is a Diesel tractor and he likes it very much. He has a lot of the fall plowing done — as much as he can do until the corn and beans are out. He hopes to get everything fall plowed if the weather cooperates, because our bottom ground works up much better in the spring if it has been plowed in the fall.

This is all the news I have to report from the farm, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



## My Antiques Speak to Me

by Evelyn Witter

There was a time when I saw my precious family heirlooms only twice a year, when I washed them during spring cleaning and fall cleaning. At these times they brought back incidents, personalities, and family folklore so vividly that I was reluctant to pack them away, but they were stored away again.

Finally, their appeal was so great that I had a hutch built in the dining room just to accommodate them. And when they came out of hiding, they added much pleasure to our daily living.

Now we use them every day; and every day they speak to me. What they say really forms a philosophy — a philosophy of good living.

Take Grandma's meat platter, for example. Grandma told me that when she got the platter from her grandma, there was a note on it which read: "God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks. So learn meat cookery for God's sake."

The large, lidded vases always contain dried rose petals, because, as flirtatious Aunt Bea, from whom they came, told me, "The flowers of the valleys their fresh scents flinging, can do more to hold a man than even an enthusiastic embrace."

The compotes of patterned glass tell of the brides who came into the family for several generations. These compotes were their wedding gifts. All bright and sparkling still, they are like the eyes of brides on their wedding days, like the pictures of those brides in our red plush family album.

The souvenir hands from the St. Louis Centennial, bearing the date 1876, I remember from early childhood. They were the only ornaments on the two little drawers of Grandma's marble-topped dresser. When she was sixteen, she received identical gifts from the fair from her two suitors. Each gave her the commemorative hands. She didn't marry either of the young men, but the hands gave her the pleasure of reminiscing of the time when she was being vied for.

The three vinegar cruets came from Grandma's "cooking grandma". According to reports, the cruets stood on a specially made, hand-carved oak



shelf in the kitchen. There was a sampler above the cruet shelf on which Great Grandma had sketched the three cruets which she then embroidered in cross-stitch. She also embroidered these words on the sampler:

"To make a gala salad be sure to see,

That in it oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree."

The origin of the early American-Asiatic pheasant dinner set can't be traced, but for several generations they were the "extra nice" dishes used for special occasions, such as when the pastor came for Sunday dinner. They look so pretty on a white linen cloth that I can't resist following the family pattern!

The creamer and sugar collection were contributions from "in-laws" of foreign birth. In these pieces of china they brought bits of their own countries. There is bone china from England, Limoges from France, Belleek from Ireland.

The Haviland dessert plates were a gift from a dear elderly couple who

were our neighbors for years. Very often during those years, when I baked something especially good, I liked to share some with these neighbors. When they broke up housekeeping to move out of town to their son's home, they brought us these plates, saying, "We knew you'd appreciate these. It's our way of saying thank you for all those plates of cookies and cakes and rolls you've brought to us over the years." I do treasure those plates, just as I treasured their friendship.

Finally, there is the Haviland tureen. The first time I saw it, it was on a dealer's shelf at an antique show. "What do you think of that piece?" my husband asked me.

"If you ever want to give me a gift to express your love," I told him, "get something like that lovely thing."

I don't know when he had a chance to buy it without my knowledge, but on my birthday there it was, with a scrawled note which read: "To express my love, Bill."

Of course, we use our antiques every day. They speak to me, and I like what they say.



## THE DENVER DRIFTMERS ATTEND A FIESTA

Dear Friends:

It seems a bit strange to me when I find myself sitting down on a Monday morning. There are always so many household duties to encounter anew each working week that I feel more than a little disconcerted to find myself sitting rather than "doing" about the house. Of course, on Monday mornings throughout the school year, the sudden silence that descends after both students and wage earners depart is most pronounced.

Our children had this same vaguely uneasy feeling one morning when all three were kept out of school. We were departing that day for a long weekend trip to Santa Fe but didn't get underway until about 9:00 that morning. They said it just didn't seem right to be staying home on a school day when they were feeling all right.

Wayne and I decided earlier this past summer that we would like to visit Santa Fe during the Fiesta. We had never seen a fiesta and this is one of the outstanding such affairs in the country. All three of our children study Spanish and we thought this occasion would be a good chance for them to participate in a Spanish-type festival. The Santa Fe Fiesta is always held on Labor Day weekend. Our schools started early this year so they were in session before this holiday weekend arrived. We decided that missing some classes was preferable to joining the weekend traffic on the highways. Therefore, we departed on Friday and returned on Tuesday.

The weather was perfect and again we chose to follow U.S. 285 for a very scenic drive. As is our preference, we brought the makings of a picnic lunch and turned off the highway at Nathrop, Colorado. We followed Chalk Creek for 10 miles up to the campground where we had hoped to camp this past summer. Even though we didn't get any camping in there or elsewhere we did find this a beautiful place for a picnic.

Lucky, our poodle, had to remain behind in the kennel. Lucile had warned us of the expanding rattlesnake population in the area around her place, and we knew with Lucky's abounding curiosity, he'd never ignore such an unusual plaything. The children were warned emphatically to be mighty wary of where they stepped outside of the house. Much to their disappointment not a single rattlesnake was sighted!

Without continuous human occupancy, wild life does have a habit of moving



You who have visited Santa Fe, New Mexico, will recognize this scene of The Plaza with the Palace of the Governors in the background.

in until frightened or chased away again by returning people. We teased Alison about how her love of animals was "rewarded" by finding a large hairy spider in her bed the first night. The following morning she awakened to find a tiny lizard eyeing her warily from the floor of her bedroom. The poor creature was so frightened he didn't move a muscle and at first glance seemed to be a tiny statue. He seemed to relax considerably after a hasty removal to a large rock bordering the patio.

When we arrived in Santa Fe we had no idea just what events made up a fiesta. I had written the Chamber of Commerce to find out the information they could provide but apparently not early enough to receive a reply. The obvious solution was to pile into the car after dinner and find out what was going on in town.

The Santa Fe Fiesta started in 1712 and must certainly be this country's oldest community festival. The opening event of the Fiesta occurs on Friday evening when Zozobra (Old Man Gloom) is burned. Then everyone adjourns either to one of the nightly dances or to the Plaza which is still the center of activity for the city after several centuries.

Throughout the holiday the Plaza is encompassed on three sides by booths where Spanish and American food specialties and novelties are sold. On the fourth side, facing the Palace of the Governors, is erected a large platform. Here music and dances are presented throughout the afternoons and evenings whenever no pageant or parade is in progress. The local Spanish idiom is the primary language of the Plaza for the Fiesta. Fortunately for us visitors, essential announcements and explanations are also made in English.

Parades are a frequent occurrence throughout the next three days as well

as a pageant commemorating one of the most famous men and events in the history of this historic city. In 1692 Don Diego DeVargas recaptured the city from the Pueblo Indians who had held it for twelve years after defeating and evicting the Spanish-Mexican settlers. DeVargas brought with him an image, La Conquistadora, to whom he credited his victory. Rosario Chapel is said to be a part of the chapel DeVargas raised in his camp before he recaptured Santa Fe. On Sunday night during the Fiesta a candlelight procession to nearby Ft. Marcy Park commemorates the martyred settlers honored at Rosario Cemetery, the miraculously peaceful recapture of the city by DeVargas and the gratitude of all Santa Fe for the reassuring presence of La Conquistadora.

There is a Fiesta queen, of course, who demonstrated most eloquently the beauties of her Spanish ancestry. Besides presiding over the festivities of the Plaza, she reigned over the Fiesta Balls at the La Fonda Hotel. The latter was beautifully decorated in farolitos or luminaries.

In between the planned activities every one walks around the Plaza. It really is most interesting just to sit and watch the people walk by. It is a carefree, colorful, and tremendously varied crowd that passes by.

Santa Fe is certainly anything but a typical U. S. city of 35,000, or at least it certainly isn't what many of us think of as typical. It has been there so long in comparison to the other cities of this country that we certainly can't question its historic right to acclaim. But I can't think of another city so close that offers such a change in atmosphere. If that appeals to you, you might enjoy visiting during the Fiesta in 1965.

Sincerely,  
Abigail



## Do-It-Yourself Doll Clothes

by  
Mildred Grenier

If you have bought any doll clothes for the teenage or other small fashion dolls so popular with girls now, you know how very expensive they are. I have found that adorable clothes for these dolls can be made easily at home — and your small fry will cherish something Mother makes even more than something bought at the store. In fact, many of these clothes can be made by the young girl herself, which will bring her even more pride and joy.

If your dolls need hats, get a supply of plain nut cups — about one and a fourth inches across the bottom — and go into the hat business. If you wish to make wide-brimmed, floppy, summer hats for the dolls, select scraps of pretty white or pastel lace, nylon, or other summery fabrics. You can also use pretty colored paper napkins or facial tissues instead of cloth. Cut three circles, six inches in diameter, of the material or paper. Lay them on top of each other, and place the nut cup, bottom down, in the center of the circle. Stitch or staple the bottom center of the cup to the circles. Press the material down the sides of the cup, tie a narrow ribbon around the crown of the hat, and tie with a tiny bow. Smooth out the brim of the hat. You can make the hats even more attractive by stitching small flowers, feathers, or bits of veiling to the ribbon.

To make winter hats for the dolls, select pieces of a heavier material such as light-weight felt or velvet for the circle. You will need to cut only one circle this time. Cut this circle about five and a half inches in diameter. Put together as you did the summer hat. Tie a narrow velvet ribbon around the base of the crown, and trim with tiny bright-colored beads or flowers.

You can make charming little purses to complete the doll's outfit, using cups cut from cardboard egg cartons. Cut a circle seven inches in diameter of the material you have selected for the purse. Thread a large needle with 18 inches of yarn of a contrasting or matching color, and stitch around the circle, about one-fourth inch from the edge, using tiny running stitches. Place a small amount of glue on the bottom of the cut-out cardboard cup, and glue it directly in the center of the circle of cloth. Draw the yarn until the circle comes together at the top. Cut the yarn at the needle's eye, and



When Kristin put Andrew down on the floor, Lucile's Chihuahua, Jake, was fascinated and couldn't take his eyes off him, but kept his distance behind the big stuffed elephant Mother made for the baby.

tie each strand in a tiny knot. Pull out the yarn from the opposite sides, of the purse to make loops of a size to fit over the doll's arm.

Knitted dresses can be easily made for the dolls by using small girls' or boys' outgrown anklets. Cut off the top part of the anklet, measure to fit the doll, and hem the bottom. The material clings and makes a stylish strapless sheath. You can add a pocket and a belt of a bright contrasting shade. If you want to complete the outfit, you can make a beret by cutting off the end of the toe of the sock to fit the doll's head, hem, and sew narrow white ribbon to the sides of the beret to tie under the doll's chin. The heel of the sock will make her a matching purse. Cut it in a circle and stitch around in the manner mentioned earlier in this article. Knit anklets, white, colored, or striped also make one-piece strapless bathing suits for the dolls. Sew a few stitches in the middle of the bottom hem to separate the legs. You can make a matching bathing cap from the toe of the sock, and a "beach bag" from the heel.

### AUTUMN MAJORETTE

Autumn leads the gay parade,  
Trees behind her promenade,  
Golden maples, scarlet oaks,  
Each in Nature's special cloaks.  
Tawny cornstalks keep in stride,  
Pumpkin partners side by side,  
Flute-like breezes, trumpet winds  
Are calling all of Autumn's friends,  
To come and join the lively beat,  
To keep in step with Autumn's feet,  
As with baton she marches yet —  
The merry Autumn majorette.

—Mary Margaret Trapp

Men's discarded neckties also make beautiful sheath dresses. Slip the doll into the necktie and mark it to fit; cut, and hem the top and bottom. You can make a small white jacket to wear over the dress with a belt to match if you wish. My daughter's doll wears hers "as is", and we found a small golden chain (once a part of a locket) which she ties around her for a stylish chain belt. Chain belts for the dresses can also be crocheted or knitted. If you wish to make a long evening dress for the doll, cut the dress ankle length. Small rhinestones glued hit and miss fashion over the dress give it a grown-up, glamorous air.

I like to use felt for making skirts and jackets for the dolls. It does not have to be hemmed, and holds up well. To make a felt skirt for the doll, cut a circle six inches in diameter. Cut a small circle in the center, and gather around the skirt band to fit the doll's waist. Sew on a snap at the waistband to fasten the skirt. Very small figures, such as animals, hearts, or dolls, can be cut from felt of a contrasting color and glued around the skirt.

You can make colorful and "comfy" robes and beach jackets for the dolls, from bright-colored turkish washcloths. If your child owns a boy doll, you can make "scuffs" for his feet from scraps left over after making the robe. Cut soles of cardboard to fit his feet, and cover by gluing on the turkish cloth cut to fit them. Glue a strap of the turkish cloth across and over the soles to slip his feet into.

Accessories for the dresses are even more fun to make. From broken strands of discarded beads, select the smallest, string a loop long enough to slip over the doll's head, and tie. Key chains, which you can buy for a nickel, are just the right length for necklaces which can be snapped and unsnapped. Small charms can be slipped on the chains. The key chains can also be shortened to make bracelets.

If you have an old fur-trimmed hat or coat you are no longer wearing, you can make luxurious "mink" capes or stoles for the dolls. Cut and sew to fit, and sew lengths of narrow ribbon to each end so that the cape can be tied in front. "Ear warmers" for the doll's head can be made in the same fashion. Or a small muff can be fashioned and ribbons attached at each end to slip around the doll's neck.

If you have these dolls, "too expensive to support", use your cast-offs and ingenuity, set your daughter's feet on the first steps of learning to sew, and have fun.



## "WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN"

### A THANK-OFFERING SERVICE

by Mabel Nair Brown

**LEADER:** (Background music, "For All the Blessings of the Year".)

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea  
To Thee all praise and glory be!  
How shall we show our love to  
Thee,  
Who giveth all?

The golden sunshine, pleasant air,  
Sweet fruits and flowers, Thy love  
declare;  
When harvests ripen Thou art there,  
Who giveth all.

For peaceful homes and healthful  
days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and  
praise,  
Who giveth all.

To Thee, from whom we all derive,  
Our life, our gifts, our power to  
give,  
O may we ever with Thee live,  
Who giveth all.

**RESPONSIVE READING:** (by two readers)

Let the people praise Thee, O God;  
let all the people praise Thee. Then  
shall the earth yield her increase; and  
God shall bless us.

**God shall bless us; and all the ends  
of the earth shall fear Him.**

Let all the earth praise the Lord.

**What shall I render unto the Lord for  
all His benefits toward me?**

I will pay my vows now in the pres-  
ence of all His people.

**I will offer to Thee the sacrifices of  
Thanksgiving, and call upon the name  
of the Lord.**

He that soweth of the Spirit shall of  
the Spirit reap life everlasting.

**Let us not be weary in well doing;  
for in due season we shall reap if we  
faint not.**

**LEADER:**

Our days are spent in pleasant  
paths;

We tread Christ-guided ways;  
We lift our hearts in thankfulness  
And sound our notes of praise;  
But God expects our lives to show  
The gratitude we feel;  
Our gifts, to needy brothers given,  
True thankfulness reveal.

Come now, as you will, and lay your  
offering upon the Lord's altar with  
thankful heart and praise to Him who  
gave it. (Each places his thank-offering  
box or envelope at the altar while



America's first Thanksgiving did not take place in New England, as popularly believed, but in what is now known as Virginia. It was in America's first permanent colony, some ten years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, that men, women, and children gathered together in public thanksgiving. These colonists came together in gratitude to God for helping them to stay in America just when they had given up hope and had decided to abandon their efforts to establish a colony in the New World.

Two years after the English colonists landed at Jamestown, they were able to boast a population of 500. However, a year later, in May, 1610, because of what they referred to as the "starving time", only 60 colonists remained alive. They were in such extremity that only quick action could save this dwindling group.

Fearful that their colony might utterly disappear, like Raleigh's earlier settlement on Roanoke Island, they re-

pianist softly plays, "Bless Thou the Gifts", or "For All the Blessings of the Year", or both, as time requires.)

**LEADER:** (Reads slowly, and with great meaning, as the offerings are brought, some, or all, of these scriptures.)

Hear then what Jesus had to say about giving, and why we give:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

"Thou shalt give unto the Lord, thy God, according as the Lord thy God has blessed thee."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

America's

First

Thanksgiving

luctantly decided to give up their venture in the New World. On June 8 they headed out to sea in two small boats to return to England.

But much to their amazement, having sailed only a short distance, they saw a fleet of three vessels coming toward them. These were the boats from England bringing them supplies and new settlers. Joyfully the Jamestown colonists turned back to begin life afresh.

Upon reaching Jamestown, they rejoiced in the good providence of God who had brought them help just at the time when they had given up all hope. Old and new colonists alike found their hearts filled with gratitude that God had made it possible for them to continue the colony in the new land. Together they knelt in prayer. On their knees they offered up to God their prayers of thanksgiving for his help in establishing their colony.

This was America's first Thanksgiving.

—Sunshine Magazine

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."

"Pray ye therefore to the Lord of harvests, that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

"Behold I have set before thee an open door."

"Remember the words of our Lord Jesus, how He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"Let everyone of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him."

**DEDICATION OF OFFERING:** We give Thee but Thine own, Lord, whatever the gift may be. All that we have is Thine, a trust, O Lord, from Thee.

—Amen.



## A DIFFICULT QUESTION

by  
Evelyn Birkby

The other evening we were reading a story which we've read before. Because it reaches into an area which causes children deep concern, we bring it out frequently to re-read and discuss. The book is *Tell Me about Heaven*, by Mary Alice Jones. It is one of the finest books we've discovered on the subject. For, if you've had any need to look up material for explaining death to a child, you already know the amount of help available is pitifully small.

One reason people hesitate to write about such a difficult question is the problem of putting into one place answers which will satisfy everyone. We all reach convictions about life and death from quite different roads. Some believe one thing, some another. We all begin where we live when we talk to our children and answer their questions.

But answer them we must. And the sooner we discuss some of the aspects of death the better it is. Too often we find the task uncomfortable, or confusing, so we put it off, hoping we won't need to face a situation where an explanation is needed.

Death is a part of life and some contact with it comes even to a small child. Television shows it. Radio newscasts mention it. Newspapers and magazines illustrate it. Even if it does not come in a personal way, young children are aware of its presence.

Children who live on a farm or near nature are particularly fortunate. Here they see in plants and animals a natural process of birth and growth and death. Knowing that animals die and perhaps experiencing the death of a pet gives intense meaning to the word.

Do children still play "funeral" the way I did as a child? How well I remember a little calico kitten which died. I was overwhelmed with loss until Mother brought me a shoe box and suggested it would be nice if I gave it a burial. Not only did I take care of what was left of the kitty, but I got Dad's Bible, read a few verses at random and prayed a long, involved prayer. By the time I had arranged a bouquet of flowers I felt much better.

Don't misunderstand; this was not just idle play. It was the need of a young child to identify with the overwhelming problem at hand, and doing it as adults do, by working out a ritual.

A game which has helped us so much with our children came from the pages



Evelyn and her three sons, Bob, Craig and Jeffrey.

of the *Martin and Judy* books by Verna Hills. We say to one of the boys, "I want to touch your love. Is this your love?"

"No, you are touching my elbow!" he'll laugh.

We do this with eyes and hair and ears, etc. and then we finally decide the love part, or the part that is really him, is not something we can touch. From this concept we can go on to the thought that the part that is really us lives inside a "house" called our body. When something happens, then, to hurt someone's body, or it gets so sick or worn it will not work, it is planned so the person doesn't have to stay inside any more — just as we take off an overcoat that isn't useable or step out of an old, worn-out car. How awful to be sentenced to live inside something which wouldn't function any longer.

Another value of this "love" game is the knowledge that our love can go with family and friends wherever they are. "How can God's love be everywhere?" Craig asked me one night. I searched my mind for something in his realm of experience with which to illustrate.

"Why, Grandma Corrie lives far away in Des Moines, but you know her love is right here with us all the time." Craig nodded his assent. "And Grandma's love is down in Arizona with Aunt Ruth and Cousin Lynn, too." Yes, Craig nodded, he was sure it was. "So, Grandma's love can be many places at the same time, just as our love is in many places. God's love is much greater than ours and can be with all of us."

One blessing of children's knowing God through the home and Church School is this understanding that God's love is always with us. Whatever happens in life to bring trouble or sorrow (as well as joy) God is standing by. Because of this it is so important to guard against someone's saying to a

child, "It is God's will", or "God took her." Surely such thoughts can only strike terror and distrust into the heart of a child at a time when he needs to feel that God is helping and loving, not one who snatches away a loved one.

An uncle of our boys died very suddenly this past summer. That night we were saying our usual goodnight prayer which begins "Thank you, God, for this happy day". Jeff looked up with sad eyes and said, "Today hasn't been a happy day to say thank you for."

"We are sad, Jeff, because Uncle Bob is not here with us anymore," I explained. "But we are happy that God is taking care of him. We are thankful that we knew him and lived close enough to have fun with him and his family. We are glad his love is still with us and we can love him even though we can't see him anymore. We are thankful, too, that we were close enough to go and help today with the rest of the family. You helped a lot by playing with Tom and keeping him busy."

Jeff smiled and agreed that we could say "Thank you, God", even when the day had been difficult for us all.

The problem of heaven is, of course, a hard one to explain. That is one reason we turn to books like Mary Alice Jones'. But the basic concept which we've worked out is that while we don't understand many things about heaven, we are sure that whatever happens after a person dies is all right. It will be different, but it will be very wonderful, for God has arranged it.

One more suggestion, if death does come to a family it is so important that the child be a part of the situation. Whether he attends funeral services or not depends a great deal on the age of the child and the emotional calm of the rest of the family, but he needs to be taken into the confidence of the family and feel he is sharing in this experience instead of being hushed and shut out.

Several good sources of help on this subject, besides the books already mentioned, are:

*God, Help Me Understand . . .* Dorothy L. Hill

*When Children Ask . . .* Marguerite Bro

*When You Lose a Loved One . . .* Public Affairs Pamphlet #269; 22 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y. (25¢)

*Interpreting Death to Children . . .* Sherrill — National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y. (5¢ leaflet)



## MARY BETH DESCRIBES A PROGRAM

Dear Friends:

This past week has been a busy one for the Driftmiers of Wisconsin, but don't we all have times when everything comes at once? While dinner cooks in the oven (baked beef brisket with horseradish sauce), I'll bring you up to date on some of our activities.

Donald had his annual week-long meeting at one of the downtown hotels with the members of the industries to whom he sells tractor and heavy-duty lighting equipment. Each fall this meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers is held here in Milwaukee for the Tractor Section. He always has a great many details to attend to and has to be on hand at all times, so we saw very little of him during the entire week. He kept in touch with me by phone and brought me up to date on how things were at his end of the line, and I, in turn, could keep him posted on the "home front". This seemed a good time for me to catch up on some of the fall housecleaning jobs yet to be done, so I tackled them with gusto.

Most of the children's winter clothing has come out of storage now, and once again I'm amazed at how the youngsters have grown since last winter. Evenings, after the children are tucked into their beds, Donald builds a small fire in the fireplace in the family room (just enough to take the chill out of the air), and I settle down with one of the girls' skirts to be lengthened. This is the usual routine when he is in town, of course. Much of the time he is traveling, and then I find time passes more quickly if I hustle back to the kitchen and bake some cookies, or bring out the typewriter and write a letter.

I also find it very rewarding to participate in a few outside activities. Because I'm adult chairman of the Children of the American Revolution (an organization in D.A.R. for youngsters) for the next two years, I have the responsibility of arranging the details for their meetings. One of the big worries is whether the program will be of interest to *all* the children, for they range in age from little youngsters to teenagers.

The speaker at our first fall meeting really held these children spellbound — and the adults, too. Her name is Mrs. Dixie Larkin, and she is a woman who has devoted her life to Conservation. Her talk was titled "The Wheel of Life". She worked with a large flannel board upon which she stuck small reproductions of the main points of her



Donald Driftmier lights the logs in the fireplace of their family room.

talk. She began by asking the children to define conservation. One of the children replied that it was the saving of our natural resources. Mrs. Larkin said that this was a good definition, but she liked to consider it as "the wise use of our natural resources". She then explained the meaning of the word *Ecology* as a science that deals with the relations between living things and their environments. Then she started her lovely educational talk.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." At the bottom of the flannel board she put the first spoke of the wheel of life — three cutout paper rocks. Above this, going counterclockwise, she added the next essential to God's plan, the rocks having been broken down by the pounding of surf and erosion — bits of sand. After this came the soil. All this was done in subtly shaded hues of ordinary art paper. Upon this sand eventually grew moss, the first growing thing that God gave us. Next, came the grasses, then small shrubs and larger trees. Living next to these trees in forests were rodents, followed by herbivores, those animals that eat and live on plants. The children were absolutely fascinated as the picture wheel developed! They began to anticipate what might come next as she placed insects, then fish and birds, which were seed and bug eaters as well as the predatory birds, who lived upon the next form of life, as she placed the picture of reptiles. The next to the last spoke of the wheel was for predatory animals who also perform their function in God's feeding plan. Finally, she produced the figure of man. She said that man belonged at the end of the circle to complete the wheel, not at the center of the wheel, for God, of course, belonged in the center and man might

well remember it. She ended her speech on the note that each of us, particularly growing children, should take renewed interest in preserving our beloved country's natural resources, such as protecting our birds with sanctuaries, and practicing good conservation habits.

I wanted to bring this to you for we, as adults, are often careless and need to be reminded from time to time to watch our own conservation practices and be good examples for our children. I think this would make a fine program for any gathering of youngsters and it would be easy to present for the materials are simple and easily assembled. Dinner time is our family time. This is the precious hour when the children report on their day's activities for they have the undivided attention of both of us. Katharine and Paul, of course, have things to report concerning school, and poor little Adrienne makes a desperate attempt to think of something equally interesting, although her day hasn't been as exciting as her older sister's and brother's. Often her little choice bit to add to the conversation is hilarious in her effort to make it seem important, and it is sometimes difficult for us to keep straight faces!

Donald just pulled into the driveway so I must close and hear the news of the day before I set the table.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

Every morning lean thine arms awhile,  
Upon the window sill of heaven,  
And gaze upon Thy Lord.  
Then, with vision in thine heart  
Turn strong to meet the day.

—Anonymous



# Recipes

## Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### BAKED FISH WITH BROCCOLI

(This is another recipe that sounds sort of scary and far out! The friend who sent it said that it was a tremendous success at a luncheon, but we toyed with the idea for quite a while before we tried it. We wish now we had had this recipe long ago.)

- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh broccoli or 2 pkgs. frozen broccoli
- 2 pkgs. any frozen white fish (sole is good)
- 1 cup chicken consomme
- 1 can of mushrooms (buttons or stems and pieces)
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup shredded American cheese

Cook broccoli until just tender-crisp.

Sprinkle thawed fish lightly with lemon juice and let stand 15 minutes. Then simmer for about 5 minutes in the chicken consomme.

Arrange broccoli with alternating pieces of fish in a shallow baking dish. Melt butter, add flour, mix until well blended and then gradually stir in the cream, 1/2 cup of the chicken consomme and drained mushrooms. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Reduce heat, add salt, and then add cheese. When all is well blended, spoon over the fish and broccoli and bake uncovered in a 375 degree oven for about 25 minutes.

### CAULIFLOWER WITH ALMONDS

- 1 large head of cauliflower
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 clove of garlic, minced
- 3 Tbls. butter

Steam cauliflower until tender, leaving the head whole. Melt butter and stir remaining ingredients in it until the almonds are golden and the bread crumbs are crisp. Turn over the cauliflower when ready to serve. A very delicious way to use cauliflower and a very nice change from the usual cream sauce or cheese sauce.

### WESTERN CASSEROLE

- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1/2 large green pepper, minced
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1 cup Minute rice (or substitute 2 cups uncooked noodles)
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

In a large skillet, cook the onions in the shortening until they are yellow. Add the green pepper and ground beef and fry until the meat is cooked. Stir in the tomatoes, rice, chili powder, salt and pepper and pour mixture into a greased 2-quart casserole. Cover and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove cover and bake for 15 additional minutes. Serves 6.

### FRUIT BREAD

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup mashed ripe banana
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1/4 cup chocolate chips
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the flavorings. Sift flour, soda and salt and add alternately with banana to the egg mixture. Mix in remaining ingredients. Pour into a greased 9-inch bread pan and bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

### TURNIP-AND-ONION CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. turnips
- 3 cups thinly sliced onions
- Salt and pepper
- 1 chicken bouillon cube
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Pare turnips, cut in half and then into thin crosswise slices. Arrange alternate layers of turnip and onion in a greased 2 1/2-quart casserole. Sprinkle layers lightly with salt and pepper. Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water and pour over vegetables. Dot with butter. Cover and bake 1 1/4 hours at 400 degrees, or until turnips are tender.

This is an exceptionally delicious way to prepare turnips.

### PARTY APPLE PIE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3 cups sliced apples
- 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- Dash of cinnamon
- 1 cup cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Mix the sugar and flour together. Put half of the apples in a pastry-lined pan. Sprinkle half the sugar mixture over them and then sprinkle on half the butterscotch chips. Add a dash of cinnamon. Repeat the layers again. Pour the cream, to which the flavorings are added, over all. Bake for 15 minutes at 400 degrees, turn the oven temperature down to 350 degrees and continue baking until apples are done and the mixture has thickened.

### GINGER CREAM DRESSING

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. chopped, candied ginger

This quick and easy dressing has a unique taste because of the candied ginger. We've had this several times to top a fruit salad and have found it to be highly successful.

### MOLASSES OATMEAL COOKIES

(Soft and mouth-watering good)

- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup of raisins
- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 6 Tbls. molasses

Sift together the dry ingredients. Add raisins. Combine melted shortening and sugar. Add eggs, molasses and the flavorings. Blend well. Add dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoon on greased baking sheets and bake in a 325 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. This recipe makes between 5 or 6 dozen cookies, and everyone who tasted them thought they were exceptionally good and tempting.



Most of you will be serving turkey on Thanksgiving Day, along with stuffing, mashed potatoes and giblet gravy. Perhaps certain other dishes are traditional in your home, but we hope there will be room on the table for a few more, selected from these fine, tested recipes.

### FLORENCE'S CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 qt. ground cranberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 20 marshmallows, cut fine
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Mix all ingredients but cream and stand overnight. Add whipped cream just before serving.

### PUMPKIN BREAD

- 3 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup melted shortening
- 4 eggs
- 2/3 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups canned pumpkin
- 3 cups sugar

Sift together the dry ingredients, including sugar, into a mixing bowl. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add all remaining ingredients. Mix together until smooth. Divide the batter into three regular bread loaf pans that have been greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. When cool, wrap in foil or plastic and store in the refrigerator. This bread can also be frozen. It should be made at least one day before using. — Dorothy

### HARVEST SALAD

- 1 1/2 cups carrot juice (12 oz.)
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 cup cabbage, shredded
- 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
- 1/3 cup onion, chopped
- 1 Tbls. horseradish, drained
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Heat carrot juice. Dissolve the gelatin in it. Chill until syrupy. Fold in all the rest of the ingredients. Mold in a pretty mold or in individual molds. Serve on lettuce leaf. Top with mayonnaise. The horseradish may be cut in quantity if you are a bit timid about using a full tablespoon. It does give this salad a fresh, tangy flavor, however.



### SUPERB EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

- 1 large eggplant
- 2 medium-sized tomatoes
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced onions
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Peel eggplant and cut into 1/2-inch cubes. Cook for 6 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain thoroughly. Scald tomatoes, peel and chop coarsely. Melt the 2 Tbls. butter in skillet and add onion; cook until tender. Mix eggplant, tomato, onion, parsley, salt and pepper and pour into a shallow baking dish. Mix together the 2 Tbls. melted butter, bread crumbs and cheese and sprinkle over eggplant. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes, or until crumbs are lightly browned.

### PIQUANT GREEN BEANS

- 1 1/2 lbs. green beans
- 4 strips of bacon, diced
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 2 Tbls. red wine vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. sugar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 drops Tabasco sauce

Cook beans until tender and drain thoroughly. Fry bacon until crisp and then remove from pan. Add remaining ingredients to bacon drippings and bring to a boil. Pour over the beans and top with the crisp bacon.

Do give this a try when you're tired of just plain green beans. It is spicy but it's a welcome change after a long siege of regular green beans.

### RED RASPBERRY SALAD

- 1 (10 oz.) pkg. frozen red raspberries, thawed
- 2 (3 oz.) pkg. red raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 pt. vanilla ice cream
- 1 (6 oz.) can frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Drain raspberries, reserving syrup. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add ice cream; stir until melted. Add lemonade, raspberry syrup and raspberry flavoring. Chill until partially set. Beat smooth. Add raspberries. Chill until firm.

### FAMILY REUNION CORN PUDDING

- 4 slices bacon
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 1/2 cups corn

Fry the bacon until crisp; drain and crumble it. Melt the butter in a small skillet or pan. Add the green pepper and onion and saute until lightly browned. Break the eggs into a bowl and beat until light and fluffy. Add the milk, sugar, salt and pepper and beat again. Stir in the crumbled bacon, green pepper and onion. Combine this mixture with 2 1/2 cups cooked and drained corn. Bake in a casserole for 1 1/2 hours in a 325 degree oven. This recipe will serve six and can safely be doubled or tripled to serve large groups.



**MOTHER'S DATE-NUT PIE**

14 soda crackers, rolled extra fine  
 12 dates, cut or chopped fine  
 1/2 cup pecans or walnuts, chopped  
 Place these in a pan together and mix well with finger tips or fork.  
 4 egg whites, beaten  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat the egg whites and gradually add the baking powder and sugar, beating until stiff peaks form. Add vanilla flavoring. Combine both mixtures and pour into a buttered pie pan. Bake for 35 minutes in a 300 degree oven. Cut in wedges & serve with whipped cream.

**OYSTER STUFFED CHICKEN**

(It would be impossible to exaggerate how good this chicken truly is! The next time you have broilers on hand be sure to give it a try if you want something absolutely delectable.)

3 broilers, split in half  
 1 pint oysters  
 3 Tbls. chopped green pepper  
 2 Tbls. chopped celery  
 3 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley  
 2 Tbls. chopped onion  
 1 clove garlic, crushed  
 4 Tbls. margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 cup bread crumbs  
 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper  
 1 tsp. salt  
 Dash of freshly ground pepper

Drain oysters (save the liquid), chop into small pieces and put in skillet with the melted margarine. Cook lightly, then add vegetables and seasonings and cook for 10 minutes. Add the bread crumbs and 1/2 cup of liquid drained from the oysters.

Place chicken in baking dish cut side down and dot with butter. Add 1/2 cup water to the pan and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes, or until brown. Turn chicken, skin side down, fill cavity with the oyster stuffing and scatter over it a few bread crumbs that have been lightly browned in melted butter. Bake 20 additional minutes or until golden brown.

We've tried many chicken recipes in recent months but this comes close to being our top favorite.

**CURRENT COOKIES**

1 cup shortening  
 3 cups quick-cooking rolled oats  
 1 cup sugar  
 3/4 cup sifted flour  
 1 tsp. soda  
 1/2 tsp. ground cloves  
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/2 cup dried currants  
 1/4 cup milk  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Softened the shortening in a large mixing bowl and blend in the rolled oats and sugar. Add the flour, soda, and spices. Stir in the currants, milk, and flavorings. Mix well. Shape into small balls, about an inch in diameter, and place on greased baking sheets about three inches apart. These will flatten and make thin rich cookies. Bake in a 350 degree oven 12 to 15 minutes, or until light brown. This recipe makes about four dozen cookies.

**BEST EVER BLACK WALNUT COOKIES**

1 cup vegetable shortening  
 1 cup brown sugar  
 1/2 cup white sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
 2 cups flour  
 2 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup black walnut meats

Cream together the shortening and sugars. Add eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt and add. Lastly, add the black walnut meats. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees. Allow room for spreading — at least 2 inches between spoons of dough.

**BUTTER-PECAN BISCUITS**

2 cups sifted flour  
 2 Tbls. sugar  
 3 tsp. baking powder  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/3 cup shortening  
 3/4 cup milk  
 Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt into a bowl. Cut in the shortening. Add the milk and butter flavoring. Stir with a fork until all flour is moistened. Put the dough on a lightly floured board and knead gently a few times. Roll to 1/2-inch thickness and cut with a biscuit cutter. This will make 12 biscuits.

**Syrup**

1/4 cup melted butter  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
 2 Tbls. water  
 Pecan halves

Combine the above ingredients and place 2 tsp. of the mixture in 12 muffin cups. If margarine is used, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Arrange the pecan halves on top of the mixture. Place the biscuits in the prepared muffin cups and bake in a 425 degree oven 15 to 18 minutes, or until golden brown. Turn out of the pan at once.

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## COLORFUL CRANBERRIES

by  
Enid Ehler

Colorful cranberries belong to the holidays. Many of us remember when cranberries were served *only* at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Then, and only then, Grandmother's huge white milk glass bowl was filled to the brim with syrupy red cranberries bursting their skins. That was unless, of course, one lived in the cranberry regions of the New England states, New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, or in one of the several cranberry regions of Canada. This was before the era of commercially canned sauces, juices, and frozen berries.

The cranberry is a holiday season fruit. It ripens late and keeps until spring because of the firmness of the berry.

Originally the berry was named "crane-berry". The name referred to the stems, which remind us of the curve on the neck of a crane, and also to the tiny pink flowers, which have the shape of a crane-bill. Eventually the name was shortened to cranberry.

These berries thrive in low, peaty ground. During the winter the bogs are flooded, and then, in April, they are drained. The flooding provides moisture, rids the plants of pests, and is a protection against unseasonable frosts.

In the fall months, usually September and October, the berries are picked for storage. The best grade of berry is picked by hand and the rest by rake scoops. At times the cranberry is raked from the bushes to the ground. When the ground is flooded, the berries float in the water, and, by being drawn down sluiceways, are recovered.

Indians called cranberries *sassamanesh*. They ground dried venison and cranberries together to make *pemmican*. Pemmican consists of dried meat pounded into a paste with melted fat and dried fruits, and pressed into cakes.

It has been said that the tart berries were not eaten on the first Thanksgiving, as many believe. Sugar was scarce and the red fruit was too sour, without sugar, to be of any use. By the early 1700's, however, cranberries were included in the typical families' diet, and tarts made from the bright berries were listed as the dessert being served at a popular inn of the day. Nearly a century later bogs were seeded, and the cranberry became a commercial product.

The large cranberry that we know grows only in North America. It is truly

"our fruit". There is a smaller variety, however, growing in other areas.

The cranberry is a member of the "heath" family, other members of which are wintergreen, snowberry, huckleberry, and blueberry.

This sour red fruit of the marsh is a delicious accompaniment to chicken, goose, turkey, duck, tongue, ham — in fact, whenever a bit of colorful tartness is appreciated.

We now find recipes using cranberries in breads, meat loaves, plain or spiced relishes, salads, sauces, ketchup, in plain jelly, with quince in jelly, as well as crystallized, in conserves and chutneys, as a juice, in cakes, and in many other dishes, all delicious.

This year, let's add a few cranberries

to the pancake batter on Thanksgiving morning. The older children might enjoy making a batch of cranberry jelly for the holidays, while every member of the family will enjoy stringing cranberries to garland the Christmas tree.

Colorful cranberries belong to the holidays.

### REASON FOR BEING

No life is worth living

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—Margaret Aamodt



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## HOW TO WRITE A LETTER

by  
Muriel Preble Childs

It's impossible to tell anyone how to write a good letter, but I've had some experiences recently that have been lessons to me. May I share them with you?

A few months ago I faced the sweet-sad task of re-reading all the letters that my mother wrote to me, from the time I went away to college, at the age of 17, until she finally came to live with Ralph and me, about a year after we were married. That spanned my several years of teaching before marriage.

I had assumed that most of them would be thrown away. That was not the case. In almost every letter, along with local news, was a line of encouragement when I was low in spirit, a word of praise for some minor triumph, a word of hope when I saw no light.

This all seemed so casual when these letters came that I did not realize what they really meant to me. I only know that I hoped to find one or two a week in the mailbox. For the lift each one gave me, I saved it. Sometime they must be weeded out again. These letters are not important enough to be of interest to our children.

One thing I can say here: writing letters is not a one-way street. All the many years away from home I wrote back regularly, one or two letters a week. This never seemed to be the burden that letter-writing is to me today. Perhaps it was because the home-folks were more interested in everything that I was experiencing and doing than any friends are now — however dear. We kept a close, happy contact.

Since re-reading those letters, I've wondered if my letters to our children away at school are as encouraging. I doubt it. We depend so much on a telephone call — a quick, unexpected dash home by the student not too far away — that letters are more of a "filler". One hates to think that his child gets no mail, but the important things can be taken care of at the dialing of a phone.

Thinking of those letters from home, it was only a step to think of letters from friends and relations. Letter writing is certainly an art that can be cultivated. For instance, I have a friend whose life takes her into hotels,

clubs, and fine restaurants that I shall never see. These places she mentions "in passing". How much I would enjoy some details of the decor, the service, the "cuisine", that make these places superior! But, as I said, she just mentions these experiences, and then tells in detail about house-cleaning, scrambling for a meal from the refrigerator when her husband comes home early from a trip away from home — all so familiar to me that *that* is not news, nor is it particularly interesting. I'd much prefer the glamour that she could well bring into my life.

You young parents who write to grandparents and close friends are privileged in your subject matter. You can do the dull thing, such as reporting that the children still enjoy the sand-pile, and go swimming almost every day, and are getting tanned. That is so general that it can apply to almost any red-blooded American family. However, and this is the important thing, it is a rare week when each child in the family doesn't either say, or do, something newsworthy. They are the greatest natural humorists in the world — not that they are trying to be funny — but that, in trying to adapt to an adult world, they do humorous things. How much better to report an unusual experience of each child than the over-all picture of "all as usual"! All is *never* "as usual" with children.

Once our almost-four-year-old boy and his almost-year-old brother woke before Ralph and I did. The older boy felt adequate to get breakfast for the two of them. He knew where the cocoa-mix preparation was that I used for quick cocoa or chocolate milk. That was *good*! So he found that package, and he fed it, dry, to his little brother and to himself. You should have seen the mess! Sheets, pajamas, boys — all caked with dry cocoa! But they were happy, and felt grown-up. We were both amused and irked. That is the sort of story, told in detail, that can be much more interesting than any general report of good health and good behavior.

Remembering, and telling, such details about children are the things that can make children come alive to grandparents and friends who rarely see them. And it is the sort of detail that

can make letter writing much more fun.

Some of the worst travesties in the guise of friendly letters are written in once-a-year Christmas messages. Certainly I don't believe in the perennial "Pollyanna" approach to life. But when I get a Christmas "greeting" with such a message: "My husband had a bad heart attack last summer, and my arthritis is worse. My new dentures are giving me all kinds of trouble. Cousin Agatha lost her husband and is left with three small children. (You never heard of Cousin Agatha.) We hope daughter Mary will get home for Christmas, but her husband has never cared for us."

That is no "Merry Christmas" message, but I expect one or two such each year. If the bad news *needs* telling, as in family sickness, it should be reported when it happens. If only bad news is reportable during the Christmas season, that can be the *one* time to send a card with no message. Perhaps we could re-word the message: "My husband is on the road to recovery from a heart attack." For now we'll forget the arthritis, the dentures, and Cousin Agatha (unknown). If there is a ray of sunshine to bring in, bring it in now. Just don't leave all the bad news for that one season of good-will-to-men.

Each letter we write is a little extension of ourselves. We can make it a happy and anticipated occurrence — one in which the recipient cannot wait to tear open the envelope to get at the message, or it can be a dreaded thing — something that makes the heart drop when taken from the mailbox. It is easy to work off worries and fears in letters. But if we put ourselves in the place of those to whom we write, how much more fun to give them a lift each time, hoping that whenever we write, our offering will be something anticipated, not apprehended.

When our oldest son joined the Navy, one of the official communications we received was that our letters should be cheery and encouraging. That appalled me, because I could not imagine any parent writing otherwise. But if the Navy has made such advice official, too many parents must put burdens on their young sons away from home, in a strange environment, learning a new way of living.

We have often been told to put curbs on our tongues. We must put curbs on our written words, and, beyond that, try to offer encouragement, hope, and love.

Remember, the written word lasts longer than the one spoken.

❖ ❖ ❖



## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

My! but these mornings and evenings have been nippy! I love brisk fall weather, though, so I'm not complaining. Every Friday evening we bundle up and head for the football game. The athletic field is only a few blocks from our home, so we usually walk. Martin helps with the Hi-Y popcorn stand and has to leave the house at 6 o'clock so we have a very early supper on football nights.

Martin has been busy with the Senior class play practices. Although he has assisted with the stage crew on a couple of plays, this is his first acting role. The play will be performed for the public next week, and, naturally, we're hoping that it is a huge success.

Oliver's fall roses have been gorgeous. Our neighbors have particularly admired a large lavender bloom, but my favorite is a lovely yellow one. Oliver plans to set out more rose bushes next year, so it looks as if roses might become a hobby.

Last fall, as you'll recall, we had our house painted. This fall we decided we'd had enough grief with leaky eaves and down spouts, and that it was necessary to replace them. We knew that a few spots were too bad to repair, but we didn't realize how bad they actually were until the workmen came and examined them carefully. It made sense to replace all of them, for as sure as the world if some questionable ones were left up, they would give away within a year or two.

I'm always curious as to how various jobs are done, no matter what kind of work it is, so I was interested in the new eaves. The work was done so efficiently! All the measurements were taken and the eaves and down spouts were made in the shop. When this step was completed, they were delivered to the house, the old came off, and the new installed. In spite of the size of our old-fashioned home with its many roof angles, the work went quickly.

I didn't know that eaves are supposed to "weather" before they are painted. Once again I was glad that we had chosen to paint our house grey — unpainted eaves and down spouts don't affect the appearance at all.

My inside project for our house has been fixing up the den. This room was formerly my office, but we switched the office and the den last year. The "new" den was uncarpeted and through the summer months we left the floor bare. Now with winter coming on, we decided we wanted something on the



The Stroms live in a large old-fashioned house located on a corner of a triangular-shaped block. The folks live two doors away on one street, and Lucile lives in the fifth house down the other street. It's especially handy to be in the same block when we're testing recipes and taking samples back and forth between houses.

floor. I selected a large wool braided rug in shades of brown and beige. Since the colors in the room were so neutral, I bought bright slip covers to liven things up a bit — kelly green for the davenport and bright gold for Oliver's big easy chair. These colors are also prominent in the drapes. To give you a complete picture of the room, I'll add that the TV set and coffee table are nutmeg maple, and on one wall is a reproduction of a favorite Renoir painting, *The Swing*, which is predominantly green. Now you are up to date on the changes at the Stroms!

We had the cleverest program at the opening meeting of our Women's Fellowship of the church. It is an idea that any of you could use, so I'll tell you a little about it.

The general format was handled like a TV quiz panel. The president introduced the members of the panel, each of whom was chairman of a department, such as Religious Education, Friendly Service, Youth Fellowship, Social Action, etc. Questions were submitted beforehand pertaining to the work of our church. These were drawn out of the box and directed to the panelists for answers. Incidentally, each lady wore a hat she had decorated in keeping with her office. For instance, the President had a gavel fastened to her broad-brimmed hat; the Friendly Service chairman had dolls from foreign countries attached to the crown of hers. All the hats were as clever as could be.

Occasionally, the program was interrupted for "a word from the sponsor" who was CHURCH, "a tonic known to do the job" . . . "easy to take" . . . "long-lasting" . . . etc.

The microphone was also brought out

into the audience for interviewing so that each could tell what responsibility she held in our church, or to ask an impromptu question. We certainly felt better informed when the afternoon ended.

Do you have a coin collector in your family? If so, I wish you could have heard the program at a club meeting I attended recently. The speaker, a local businessman, has been a serious coin collector for many years and told some fascinating facts about this hobby which now claims over 3 million participants. After hearing his stories about rare coins, I understand why someone's discovery of a certain dime made headlines in the newspapers recently.

Martin is going to run some errands for me when he gets home from school so I must stop and make out my list.

Sincerely,

Margery

### COVER STORY

On Thanksgiving morning many of you will be preparing a turkey for the oven, as is Margery Strom in our cover picture. The members of our family felt lucky to get in on a pre-Thanksgiving dinner, for after this picture was taken for the cover, Margery roasted the turkey and had a big family dinner, complete with all the trimmings — a preview of what will be coming our way on the big day.



Shhhh!

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TODAY!



## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The week of November 1-7 is Children's Book Week so let's *Swing into Books* for children.

Because of a desire to share her childhood experiences in a rural Mennonite community in Indiana, Elaine Sommers Rich has created *Hannah Elizabeth* (Harper and Row, Publishers, \$2.95). Written for children ages 8-12, we learn that ten-year-old Hannah Elizabeth Shrock wished to become a poet. Though she never doubted the teachings of her parents or the Bible, there were things she did not understand.

The Mennonite way of life is charmingly woven into the Shrock family reunion. . . piano lessons at Mrs. Dargent's. . . apple butter and ancestors . . . the homemade Christmas tree with decorations of popcorn, chain links, paper birds and a foil star. . . wild flowers in the spring woods. . . Easter Sunday with the congregation . . . the death of her beloved Grandfather Shrock and the birth of a new cousin, Hannah Delight. . . Hannah Elizabeth's world falling into place when she learned the meaning of the favorite psalm, *There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God*.

Mrs. Rich has written a very warm and humorous story in this, her first novel.

*A Horse Called Mystery* (Harper and Row, \$2.95) by Marjorie Reynolds will win new friends for this author. Written also for children ages 8-12, the story concerns Owlie, a boy with a limp who spent money intended for a new bicycle on a crippled horse. Although Owlie



Church libraries can circulate well-selected books for children as well as for adults. This was taken in the library of Frederick's church.

knew nothing about riding and had no place to keep the horse, by the end of summer both had reached a new stature. They also solved a real mystery and taught the town an important lesson.

Charlotte Zolotow, author of many now-classic picture books, has written *A Rose, a Bridge and a Wild Black Horse* (Harper and Row, \$2.95). For children ages 4-8, the story tells of a little boy and his plans for his sister when he grows up. He promises to climb mountains, capture a wild black horse, and yes, even do all her arithmetic for her! Drawings by Uri Shulevitz create this same world for young readers.

The author of books on covered bridges and old mills, Leslie C. Swanson, has written a new book *Canals of Mid-America*. This noted historian has set down a guide to old canals of the Midwest, their history, and something of the new canals which are a part of the modern transportation scene.

(*Canals of Mid-America*, paperback, \$1.50, can be purchased directly from Leslie C. Swanson, P. O. Box 334, Moline, Illinois.)

November 22, 1963, will be remembered as a sad day in the United States and the world. Many books have been written about the late President Kennedy, but a slim volume just published called *The Kennedy Wit* (The Citadel Press, \$3.00) has especially interested me. Compiled and edited by Bill Adler, it contains the best of that wit gathered from speeches, press conferences, and prepared addresses.

Here is a sample. At the White House dinner honoring Nobel Prize winners he said:

"I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House — with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

© 1964 by Bill Adler. From *The Kennedy Wit*, edited by Bill Adler. Published by The Citadel Press, \$3.00.

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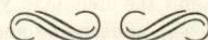
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In reading as in eating — appetite provides half the enjoyment.



## Flowers from the Cornfields

by  
Oneita Fisher

Could you use a basketful of exotic-looking, long-lasting flowers, perfect for fall arrangements and for sharing with your friends? If you live on or near a farm, you can have them, and they're free for the asking.

You'll ask permission, of course, to enter fields that are not your own, but farmers are gentlemen and they'll let you glean a bushel of "waste" material. Take a sharp knife, a basket, and your oldest pair of scissors. Gather some shucks from stalks where the corn has been picked. Look for those that are fairly intact, with a "stem" left on. They'll look like this:



(Cut on dotted line with scissors.)

Use your knife to cut them from the stalk. They should be rather dark and mildewed on the outside.

Now, with your scissors, cut off the ends of the husks an inch or two above where the ear itself was attached. Discard the husks and keep the stem portion, which will have a "center" where the cob broke off. The outside husks are the petals of these "corn-flowers", which resemble poppies in size and shape. Some will be prettier than others; keep only the loveliest. Maybe you'll need to cut the petals shorter on some of the flowers. Experiment!

These out-of-this-world blossoms are more colorful if the outer husks have weathered and darkened somewhat. They are lovely as they are, in shades of cream, tan, pinkish-brown, and gray, but you can spray-paint them any color to harmonize with your table arrangement.

The short, stiff stems limit the use of cornflowers, but because of their rough texture and irregular shapes, they can be stacked easily and they stay in place. If you want a pliable stem, cut off most of the stalk, pierce the stub with an ice pick, and insert a pipe cleaner. The flowers can be tucked in among evergreens, fruits and nuts, or at the base of arrangements using driftwood or other autumn flowers and foliage. Beeswax candles in nat-

ural cream color are attractive with arrangements using cornflowers.

You can store these permanent flowers indefinitely if you want to, but it's more fun to gather fresh ones every fall. When you go back for more, be sure to bring some whole shucks for your friends. Show them how to make the flowers, but let them have the thrill of creating something beautiful from waste material.

You might try the same idea next summer with green corn. Ask a popcorn grower to let you have a few miniatures from his field, or cut some with longer petals and fringe them. Try working with damp husks, turning some of them outward like ruffled petals. (Dip the shucks in hot water for a minute or two before you cut them.)

Best of all, you can have "what-in-the-world-are-those" flowers, without either an aching back or a green thumb. And they're free!

Kindness gives birth to kindness.

## FOR THANKSGIVING ROLL CALL

"The worship most acceptable to God comes from a thankful and cheerful heart."

"O Lord, who sends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness."

"A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all other virtues."

"The private and personal blessings we enjoy, the blessings of immunity, safeguard, liberty, and integrity, deserve the thanksgiving of a whole life."

"A grateful thought toward Heaven is of itself a prayer."

"A grateful mind is both a great and a happy mind."

"If only I have the will to be grateful, I am so."

"Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever."

"Now thank we all our God with heart and hand and voices."

"My blessings are as countless as the falling leaves."



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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Visitors to our little greenhouse often exclaim, "Look at the Flowering Maple - Mother used to have one nearly as large as a tree, but one seldom sees this plant anymore." Or, "Star of Bethlehem! I haven't seen one of these for years."

Because people seem to dote on these old-fashioned house plants we have made it a point to collect them over the years and the benches in the greenhouse proper are filled with old varieties of geranium, fuchias, fern, begon-

ias, ivy, Star of Bethlehem, abutilon, and myrtle. Another plant I would like to add to this collection of oldies is the Leopard plant or Ligularia Kaempferi. I haven't seen one since my mother had one in her parlor when I was a little girl.

The Leopard plant has large roundish leaves, spotted with yellow or creamy-white dots, and it produces yellow daisy-like flowers. It likes a rich, humusy soil, plenty of moisture and a cool location.

Abutilon, or Flowering Maple, (in case you are not familiar with the plants) have large ornamental leaves and pretty bell-shaped pendulous flowers which are born in summer and autumn. The plants belong to the Mallow family and though cultivated out of doors in warmer climates, they should be treated as tender house plants in the North.

Abutilons can be grown from seed. I planted a packet of hybrid seed last February and was delighted to have blooms appear on the young plants in July. The plants have a tendency to grow "leggy" so I pinched out the tops and rooted these in moist sphagnum moss. The rooted cuttings began to bloom quickly so I soon had a treasure of these delightful plants. Abutilon Striatum Thompsonii has large green and yellow leaves with orange colored blooms. It is said the variegation is caused from a virus, and when a shoot is grafted to an ordinary green stalk, the latter becomes infected and produces variegated leaves too. During the winter months keep the soil on the dry side as the plants like to rest.

If you don't determine to make something of your life you give the devil a golden opportunity to make nothing of it.



## FINE FOR HORSES

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## NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded

good was the seed? Did we plant enough? Why are we prone to be miserly, to hoard the seed for ourselves, or our own group?

How glorious the harvest when we open our heart's stores wide and sow generously of gratitude, bravely flinging out great heaps of courage, tossing out heartload after heartload of love and good will, sprinkling laughter everywhere, and filling up every corner, and around every border, with faith!

Sow, yes; but sowing is not enough. There's the cultivation, not just on special days, but everyday, at every opportunity. We cultivate by offering understanding and friendship to next-door neighbors, a gift of time and cheer to the shut-ins and the lonely, the daily reading of God's word for strength and guidance, giving of our wisdom, our love and our humor to the young, showing genuine friendship for all peoples of all races, and finding joy in the simple, daily chores of home and in good, honest toil for humble hands to do.

Then it is we may "praise the Lord with gladness and thanksgiving" and come to Him rejoicing, "bringing in the sheaves" from our harvest.

## Leader:

"Let thanksgiving be a way  
Of life, not simply one day  
Set aside for gratitude.  
Truly I will find renewed  
Cause for joyous praise  
When I know that all my days  
Are in God's keeping. May I  
Let His goodness purify  
My thinking, and His kindness  
Flow through me to cheer and bless  
The lives I touch. May I show  
My thanks in deeds that glow  
With love. Let thanksgiving be  
A shining way of life for me."

—Selected

When we come to the time of harvest, the reaping after the sowing, we look about us and see the visible beauty and abundance that our Heavenly Father has showered upon us. We examine ourselves to see what the inward growth has been this year, and find ourselves echoing the words of the song "Heaven and earth are full of Thee! Heaven and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!" It seems fitting, as we are here contemplating the end of the harvest, so like the close of day, that we sing the lovely hymn, "Day Is Dying in the West" as our prayer of praise to Him in commemorating this Thanksgiving season.

Please remain standing for the benediction.

Hymn: "Day Is Dying in the West". (Pianist plays it softly as benediction follows.)

**Benediction:** Eternal God, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee, Creator of all the beauties and the bounty that surround us, Giver of all the blessings so richly fallen upon us. We humbly beseech Thee that Thou wilt help us always to prove ourselves mindful of Thy favor, and fill our hearts with love and compassion that we might share it with others, and thus all mankind come to Thee in rejoicing and praise. Amen.



## NATURE'S GLADNESS

The days of autumn slowly dry and freeze.

Around the rims of lakes and fields and streams,

While grains and fruits securely are tucked in,

As leisure comes from labor now subdued.

The startling beauty of a glamorous world

Has faded to a sodden, barren gray,  
Until the glory of the dazzling snow

Has ushered in new, crisp majestic days.

Then comes a pause, when deeply reverent thanks

Pour upward from the awkward hearts of men

To vibrate through the outer universe  
Until they meet the sacred heart of God.

—Alice G. Harvey



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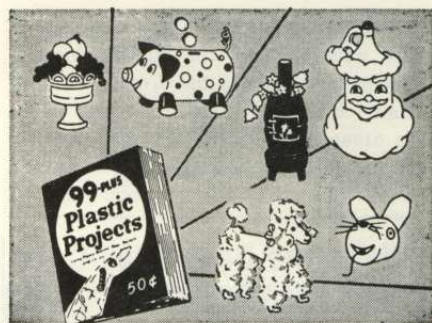
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**FREDERICK'S LETTER** - Concluded  
the windows and the lights, when a young boy entered the front door. Before I could tell him that I was about to close for the day, he came directly to the desk and asked: 'Do you have a book that will tell me about God? I

want to learn about God.' Well, all of a sudden I knew that that was my moment of truth! I felt almost helpless in the sense of responsibility that was mine. It seemed that I could almost hear God saying to me: 'Be careful what you say, for right now you hold a human soul in your grasp. One bit of impatience, one hasty word, one bit of poor direction now would be a sin against the Holy Spirit!'

Someday I am going to write a sermon on the subject: "Are You the Answer to Someone's Prayer?" Certainly I am convinced that many prayers will never be answered until we permit God to use us for the answers. Every morning when I wake up, my first thought is a very brief prayer. Before I even open my eyes to see what kind of day it is, I manage to say something to God. For many months I used to begin my day by saying: "Thank you God for another day." Lately I have been beginning the day with this: "Dear God, help me be the answer to someone's prayer today."

Sincerely,  
Frederick

When I am sore beset, I seek some quiet place,  
Some lonely room, or barren, wind-swept hill,  
And there, in silence, wait alone until I see the smile upon God's face.  
I feel His presence fill me like the dawn  
And hear once more His whispered "Peace be still,"  
And know again the strength to do His will.  
I turn to take my load and find it gone.

-Author Unknown

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## Fun for Turkey Day

by  
Erma Reynolds

Thanksgiving is here again! The day for homecoming, company, laughter, and lots of good eating.

But beware, hostess! There's a danger period in the day's festivities, when the Thanksgiving dinner has been eaten and the guests are sleepy and dull from the effects of too much good food. This is the time to come to the aid of the party with a few sprightly games, all of which feature Tom Turkey.

**Drumstick Toss:** Clean off one of the drumsticks after dinner, removing every vestige of meat. The guests form in couples. One of the pair sits in a straight chair and holds the drumstick in his mouth. The partner, given ten rubber jar rings, stands on a goal line about five feet from the chair. At the starting signal he proceeds to toss the jar rings at the drumstick in his partner's mouth, trying to ring it. The seated partner is permitted to twist his head every which way, helping to catch the jar rings. When everyone has had a try at this stunt, a prize is awarded to the couple who got the most ringers.

**Turkey Hash:** A sit-down game comes next. Each player is given a pencil and sheet of paper bearing the following list of mixed-up words, each one a part of the turkey. The first player to decipher all the words, or the one who has the most words correctly translated at the end of ten minutes, wins a prize.

1. GEL (leg)
2. MSTIDUCKR (drumstick)
3. RESTFHAЕ (feathers)
4. NIGWS (wings)
5. HINSEBOW (wishbone)
6. NIKS (skin)
7. SATREB (breast)
8. EKCН (neck)
9. BOMC (comb)
10. LІBL (bill)
11. WASLC (claws)
12. AKCB (back)

13. BLISTEG (giblets)
14. WETIH TAME (white meat)
15. PORC (crop)
16. RIVLE (liver)
17. RAKD EMTA (dark meat)
18. TARHE (heart)
19. DIZRAZG (gizzard)
20. BLEBGO (gobble)

**Gobble:** Do you remember the good old game called "Buzz"? "Gobble" is a variation of that. The guests seat themselves in circle formation. Start

with one person and count rapidly around the circle, one number to each player. When it becomes a player's turn to say the number *seven* or a number with *seven* in it, such as 17, or a multiple of seven, such as 14 or 21, that person says "Gobble". When a player fails to say "Gobble", or when the next player fails to pick up his next number in turn, he is banished from the game. This contest continues until there is only one "gobbler" left, or until the number 84 is reached.



Don't forget this important grocery-list item! **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** isn't just a kitchen helper; every room (and outside, too) has one job or more that seems to cry for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Bathtubs lose their rings, walls lose their fingerprints, dishes lose their grease when this fast-acting powder goes to work.

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