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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 29

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— H. Armstrong Roberts



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Well, here I am back at the old home base in Shenandoah, Indian Summer is at hand, and I'm firmly rooted in the long familiar routine of down to the office and then home again. Although I was gone for about a month it all seems like a dream to me — that's what getting back to the job does to one.

By far the most important thing about my trip to New Mexico was the opportunity I had to spend practically the entire time with Juliana. I arrived out there just as she started her vacation after summer school, and she stayed with me until the fall semester opened; and then came back for a final weekend before we left to make the return trip to Iowa. This was the longest period of sustained time I had spent with her for about four years, and every minute of it was priceless to me. Now she and Chris, her roommate through all of these years in New Mexico, are back in their little apartment near the campus and hard at their classes.

I didn't do anything much off the beaten track while I was gone. Looking back on it I realize that we went into Santa Fe only twice, once to see the interesting fiesta that is an annual celebration, and the other time just to buy groceries. We did make it down to Albuquerque for a two-day visit with Juliana in her apartment and had a very good dinner once again at the Chinese restaurant I've mentioned before, plus a most interesting tour of the highly beautiful exhibits at the Department of Anthropology on the university campus. We also drove to a big and fascinating Japanese store where there is a tremendous collection of things to browse around and study (I didn't buy as much as a single tiny

bow!), and then we did something that I just practically never do — we went to a movie!

We had so much rain all of the time we were in New Mexico that there really weren't too many opportunities to get out and roam around the countryside. I hadn't been out there for several months and I was shocked by the condition of the gravel roads in our area. Some of them we didn't dare to try and negotiate, and others were mighty hazardous, to put it mildly. To get to our rural mailbox we must cross the Nambe River, but the bridge had been washed away and the banks were so steep we couldn't ford that small stream. Every trip for the mail meant a six or seven mile long-about trek, and when we made that trek and found the box empty — well, it gave us a let-down feeling.

On one of the few bright and sunny days we drove up to Taos and spent some time at the Taos pueblo. This is the largest Indian pueblo and has been in existence for hundreds and hundreds of years. I might add that it is totally impossible to describe it — you must simply see it for yourself. There was great activity going on the afternoon we were there for adobe was being mixed and many, many places were getting a fresh coat in preparation for winter. I'd never been there before when this work was going on and it was interesting to watch. Incidentally, there were almost no tourists around and as I sat in the car and observed things while the others roamed about, I had the feeling that we were seeing life in the Pueblo as it is for nine months out of the year. During the summer tourist season you get an entirely different impression of the place.

Fortunately, we had beautiful weather for our return trip to Iowa and the country we passed through was wonderful. We spent our first night at Trinidad,

Colorado; our second night at Dodge City, Kansas (I'd never been there before); and our last night at Fairbury, Nebraska. In Nebraska we had two extremely interesting and worthwhile experiences: we stopped for two hours at the Willa Cather Memorial Museum in Red Cloud, and we spent another two hours at the beautiful Homestead National Monument outside of Beatrice. I wouldn't have missed these things for the world and at a later time I'd like to comment about them in detail.

Right now I want to get to the two things much on my mind that I mentioned in my letter last month.

Through the years we've asked you friends to write to us about your personal experiences on various subjects and always these letters have been tremendously interesting because they reflect so clearly a lot of different viewpoints. You get a lively sense of how America really lives when you read such a collection of letters.

The first subject has cropped up quite a few times during this past year and it is one that I have no personal contact with at all since I don't have grandchildren, and circumstances have not permitted me to be in the homes of young mothers to see what is going on. I could quote at considerable length from many of these letters, but since space doesn't permit this I'll boil down the facts as best I can so you can get an idea of what has aroused my curiosity.

It seems that quite a few grandmothers are dismayed by the way their grandchildren are being reared. The youngsters rule the roost, do pretty much what they choose to do, whine and fuss constantly, and quarrel among themselves endlessly. One grandmother said: "It's a terrible thing to say, but after three days at my daughter's home my husband and I just can't wait to get home again and be out of the constant commotion."

Now it's understandable that older people react to the noise and confusion that is almost bound to exist where there is a family of growing children, but one comment repeated many times really surprised me because I hadn't expected it. The grandmothers who wrote these letters expressed great disappointment because their daughters or daughters-in-law were so terribly impatient with their children. They shouted and yelled at them constantly, jerked them around,

(Continued on page 18)

## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

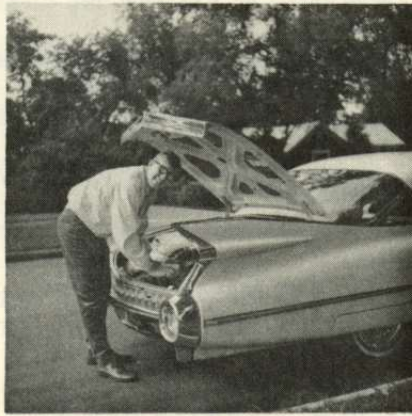
This is a strangely quiet household now that Martin, our only child, is in college. He entered Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, early in September, and since it is not much over 100 miles to Crete, we drove him over and returned that same day.

The first stop was at the admissions office to pick up Martin's room assignment. Then we drove over to Men's Hall to unload the car. We hoped to meet his roommate, Peter Lake from Marshalltown, Iowa, but since his father is a minister, and since it was Sunday, they had to make the trip after church services and he didn't get into Crete until quite late.

In the afternoon the president, Dr. Donald M. Typer, spoke with the parents in the chapel, and this was followed by a reception to meet the members of the faculty. During the afternoon we met many freshmen and their parents. We were quite surprised, although we shouldn't have been, to learn that there were young people from all parts of the country. The students were given name tags upon arrival and we saw addresses from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Colorado, California, and many other states quite some distance from Nebraska.

Since Oliver still had some vacation coming, we decided it was the ideal time to take a little trip. That, we felt, would ease us through those first few days. For some time Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope had been asking us to visit them at their retirement home in Arkansas near Lake Norfolk, so we called and made arrangements to spend a few days there. Uncle Albert is a fishing enthusiast and they had selected that particular area because it is possible to fish the year around. They purchased a large mobile home and have it parked at Barth's Bayou Resort, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Nothwehr. We stayed in one of the lovely cottages at the resort, and although there was a lovely kitchen in the cottage, my aunt and uncle insisted that we eat our meals with them so we could have more time for visiting.

Yes, we did a lot of fishing and had very good luck. We fished in the mornings for croppies and in late afternoons and early evenings for white bass which were starting to bite since the water in the lake was beginning to cool down. Since I hadn't *really* fished before, it was quite an educa-



When Martin stopped at the folks' house to tell them goodbye, he came out with a package to put in the trunk — a sack of his favorite cookies, of course!

tion for me, and I'm eager to participate more in this fine sport. It looks as if I'll have many opportunities in the future for Oliver has bought an out-board motor.

(Oh, yes! I caught the biggest fish; although no one will believe me because I don't have a picture of it! In our haste to load the car and get started, I forgot my camera. You'll just have to take my word for it!)

One thing that appealed to us about Lake Norfolk was the natural scenery around the shoreline. The government owns the land some distance away from the lake and no homes are built along the shore. Every few miles there are public launching facilities and docks and public campgrounds, but they are scattered so that they don't interfere with the lovely scenery. We were so impressed with the beauty, as well as the fishing, that we hope to return again soon.

Girls, this was our first experience with mobile homes and we're quite taken with them. We never dreamed that there was so much livability in one. As a matter of fact, it was hard to believe that we weren't in a house! I mean in a *real* house. Because of our interest and enthusiasm we spent one morning going through some mobile homes, and more than once Oliver said, "This is what I want when I retire." And he just might want to park it down near Mountain Home!

Because of inclement weather, we didn't fish that day, but, instead, took a drive around the countryside. We drove down to see Norfolk Dam, the trout hatchery, and other points of interest.

When we arrived back in Shenandoah, it was a disappointment not to find a

letter from Martin. We waited as long as we could and then called him. Everything was fine, he said; he just hadn't had time to write, but promised to get a letter off to us every week. He has been true to his word and we're getting *dribbles* of information about life at college. We'll see him soon, however, when we drive over for Parent's Day.

My spare time has been taken up with knitting lately. After making two sweaters for Martin, I decided to knit for myself. I ordered some light blue mohair-orlon yarn and have started a cardigan. This is my first experience with fuzzy yarn and I've learned *the hard way* that I don't dare make a mistake for it is harder to rip out this type of yarn than it is others.

Our neighbors, the Alexanders, are getting ready to leave for their new home in Tucson, Arizona. They have been spending winters there the past several years to be near their two daughters and their families. We knew that the time was approaching when they would decide to move there permanently, and now that time has arrived. They were fortunate to find a home for sale across the street from one daughter and only a few blocks from the other — an ideal location. How lucky for them, but how sorry we are to see them leave. We've been neighbors for almost 40 years!

Since Eltora has been sorting through things at her house, deciding what to take with her, I've been inspired to do some sorting myself. Our church has set the date for its annual fall rummage sale and *this time* I'm going to try to get rid of more stuff! (My usual vow, but not always carried out as it should be.) While our dinner is in the oven tonight, Oliver and I are going to sort through a big box of old dishes that has been standing in the basement for months and months and see what we can discard there. Also, on the top shelf in the kitchen cupboard there is an accumulation of odds and ends that might just as well go to the sale for I haven't used anything out of that collection for a year or more. And that's just *the start* of the cleaning out I'm going to do.

Now I must stop and get the casserole ready for the oven. It is 5:07, which means that Oliver will be pulling into the driveway any second now.

Sincerely,

*Margery*



## The Brimming Cup

A Thanksgiving Worship Service

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Drape the worship table with a cloth of heavy material in rich deep red, purple, or autumn gold. On it place a large chalice-type cup or vase. Around its base (if possible, slip a small box under the cloth to make a raised level for the chalice) arrange a loaf of homemade bread, the open Bible — immediately in front of the chalice but on lower level, a small American flag in a holder.

**Prelude:** Use a medley of Thanksgiving hymns.

**Call to Meditate:** The Lord, our God, has two dwellings: one in heaven and the other in a meek and thankful heart.

### THE BRIMMING CUP

Created and divinely willed  
For my brief span of living,  
My years are but an empty cup.  
Oh, prayerfully I hold it up!  
It must be spent in giving  
The treasures that Thy love has  
spilled,  
Lord, keep it ever filled!

—Hall

**Prayer:** Heavenly Father, open our hearts and our minds in these quiet moments that we may feel Thy love about us, and, as we marvel at Thy goodness to us, count the many blessings that are ours, knowing all things come of Thee. Amen

**Prayer Response:** "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow".

**Scripture:** (Have a speaking choir of from four to eight voices, equally divided on each side of altar.)

**Left Voices:** *It is good to give thanks to the Lord, to sing praises to Thy name, O most high.*

**Right:** *To declare Thy steadfast love in the morning, and Thy faithfulness by night, to the music of the lute and the harp, to the melody of the lyre.*

**Left:** *For Thou, O Lord, hast made me glad by Thy work; at the works of Thy hands I sing for joy.*

**Right:** *The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice . . . O sing to the Lord a new song, for He has done marvelous things!*

**Left:** *Enter His gates with thanksgiving and His courts with praise . . . for the Lord is good; His steadfast love endures forever.*

**Right:** *Make known His deeds among the peoples! Sing to Him, sing His praises, tell of His wonderful works!*

**Left:** *Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name!*

**Right:** *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.*

**In Unison:** *Bless the Lord, all His works, in all places of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul. O come let us worship and bow down . . . for we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.*

**Hymn:** "Come Ye Thankful People Come" — 1st verse.

**Leader:** There are voices which question: "With so much unloveliness and evil in the world, will Thanksgiving this year not be an empty farce?" The truth is that only the pessimist will stifle his inner desire to be thankful, while the optimist will look to the dawn to see there the promise of a better day.

I believe in gratitude because I owe so much to God for my country, my forebears, my family, my friends, my home, and my faith.

I believe in gratitude because it is essential in that human order which would follow the teachings of Jesus, and because the finest men and women we know have been grateful persons. Let us meditate for these few moments upon those daily blessings which fill our BRIMMING CUP.

**First Meditation: (Home and Family)** Genuine thanksgiving is not a mere verbal acknowledgement, nor a formal declaration of praise, nor just a beautiful song of rejoicing for benefits received. Oh, yes, these have a part in our outward expression of thankfulness; but true thankfulness means an acknowledgement of all our gifts and blessings from a divine source, plus a willing effort to repay our indebtedness through service to others and the sharing of our blessings with all mankind.

True thanksgiving is three-fold, beginning with the home — the family — the daily bread we often speak of so glibly. Thanksgiving should be woven through the very fabric of our home life. We owe humble gratitude for the fire-

side and the intimate talks of friendship, for the little traditions and customs of home, for meals eaten together in fellowship, for shared laughter, yea, even for sorrows and troubles shared which challenge the soul to stretch and grow! We owe thankfulness for the mutual confidence and trust which build for strength of character in the Christian home. We owe a prayer of thanks for the blessed security of home as we stir up a cake for supper, gather an armful of clean, sun-fragranced clothes from the line, or place glasses of jam on a basement shelf. This verse sums up the blessing of HOME.

Thanks for toil that sweetens sleep,  
Thanks for loved ones near;  
Thanks for homes our toil can keep  
Free from doubt and fear,  
Thanks for little happy things  
Of friendship and of cheer!

Sing a song of giving, for if we do not share  
Of our good with others, life is bleak and bare!

Gifts, from riches of our own,  
For a needy one;  
Gifts of love to one alone,  
Gifts of joy and fun,  
Gifts of little friendly words,  
Deeds with pleasure done.

Sing a song of praise for friendships old and new,  
For happy homes and happy hearts and love forever true!

Thanks for home where grace is said  
By a loving father, mother;  
Thanks for the gift of daily bread  
Shared gratefully with each other,  
Thanks for love that teaches us  
All mankind must share as brother.

Sing a song of praise to Him for homes that still our fears,  
For homes where life and love grow sweeter with the years!

—M.N.B.

**Hymn:** "Happy the Home When God Is There".

**Second Meditation: (Country)** Thank God for COUNTRY. Do we really stop to think what we mean when we say "God Bless America"? Are we truly, thankfully aware of the rich abundance of America's harvest fields and her wealth of natural resources? Do we appreciate her factories humming with industry, her scientists searching for answers in test tubes, her wonder drugs and antibiotics, her telephones and television, her public schools, her hospitals and clinics, her paved high-

ways, and the miracle of her skyways?  
Wilfred Peterson in *Sunshine* states it thus:

America — a bit of Heaven surrounded by chaos and confusion.

No dogs of war, no cannons roar, no warring men, no bombing planes on home shore.

Smokes lifted from chimneys of millions of quiet homes.

Snowflakes fall softly on peaceful acres.

Old rail fences run uphill and down, joining neighbor with neighbor.

Children laugh merrily in the streets of towns and cities.

Somewhere off afar a church bell rings.

Men and women look hopefully forward to golden tomorrows.

Youth dreams of pictures to paint, bridges to build, poems to write.

To build, not to destroy, is the American way.

To free men, not to enslave them.

To war only on the common foes of poverty, disease, and ignorance.

To preserve on this continent a citadel for treasures of peaceful living.

Let us bow and give thanks for America!

And in thanking, let us resolve not to rest until all mankind may know the blessings of love and freedom from want and fear.

**Song:** "America" or "America the Beautiful".

**Third Meditation:** (*Faith*) Thank-giving itself is not a matter of time, but of spirit. It is an awareness of God, with a heartfelt of gratitude for the greatest blessing of all — our FAITH. How thankful we should be that here in America there are church spires to point men heavenward through the efforts and prayers of consecrated teachers and ministers and Christian brothers! Our faith a "bulwark never failing"! Truly we must ever be whispering to ourselves, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: all that is within me bless His name" for the peace that those who know God may know. Someone has said that the very essence of November is to remember! Hear what one poet would have us remember:

"Be still and know that I am God,"  
That I who made and gave thee life  
Will lead thy faltering steps aright;  
That I who see each sparrow's fall  
Will hear and heed thy earnest call.  
I am God.

"Be still and know that I am God,"



A radio friend from Wright City, Missouri, took this picture of the Methodist Church in Sidney, Iowa, when she passed through the town last year. She remembered that the Birkby family attends services there each Sunday.

When aching burdens crush thy heart,  
Then know I form thee for thy part  
And purpose in the plan I hold.

Trust in God.

"Be still and know that I am God,"  
Who made the atom's tiny span  
And set it moving in my plan,  
That I who guide the stars above  
Will guide and keep thee in my love.  
Be thou still.

—Selected

**Hymn:** "My Faith Looks Up to Thee"  
or "We Gather Together".

**Leader:**

Give me a humble heart that I may see  
What God and home and country mean  
to me.

I know the beauty of my native land,  
Its quiet hills; its mountains covered  
with snow;

Its waters shall make the desert bloom  
With strangest loveliness; all this I  
know.

And I have learned of men who gave  
their lives

In service that a dream might be fulfilled,

Remembered words have echoed down  
the years

A song of freedom that shall not be  
stilled.

And yet it would be well if, for a day  
My life could be a sharper contrast  
shown

Against a background, somber and  
austere,

Deprived of all the sunlight I have  
known.

Because, perhaps I take as if by right  
Unnumbered blessings, scarcely giving  
heed

Of thanks to that vast fellowship of  
men

That, by the grace of God, has met  
each need.

Too flippantly I speak of sacred things;  
In every diamond I see a flaw.

Too carelessly I tread on holy ground  
Forgetting to remove my shoes in awe.

Forgive me: clear my vision till I see  
What God and home and country mean  
to me!

—Anonymous

**Leader:** Shall we bow our heads for a  
few moments of guided prayer?

Let us think of the blessings of home,  
of families and communities — the  
richness of fellowship, of joys and sor-  
rows shared, of the strength and friend-  
ship in working together. (Pause)

Let us think of the common everyday  
things we take for granted — soap and  
hot water, bathtubs and washing ma-  
chines, detergents and dishwashers,  
supermarkets overflowing with plenty  
for all; doctors and nurses, mail car-  
riers, and milkmen. (Pause)

Let us think of the fragrance of  
honeysuckle and new-mown hay, of  
robins on the wing and a cardinal at the  
birdbath, of "brooks and trees and  
skies and seas", of fields of grain, of  
cattle grazing on the hillside, of chil-  
dren playing on the lawn. (Pause)

Let us think of the church spire and  
the stained glass windows of the  
church of our choice and those who  
work therein. (Pause)

Let us remember the lonely, the hun-  
gry, the war-torn, the sick and the  
helpless, and what God would have us  
do about them. Let us remember that  
morning by the sea when young fishers  
heard Jesus calling, "Come follow  
me!" (Pause)

Let us remember our many personal  
blessings — gifts of love and friend-  
ship and understanding — and resolve  
to make our future days, days of  
"thanksgiving". (Pause)

Grant us the wisdom, O God, to share  
and use what thou givest, and aware-  
ness of all our blessings, we pray.  
Amen.

**Benediction:** May the Spirit of Him  
whose love is eternal be within us to  
refresh us, above us to bless us, around  
us to protect us, underneath us to hold  
us up, and before us to lead us on; One  
God, world without end. Amen.



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Tell me now, is there a more lonely place in the late fall or early winter than a summer cottage? Before the first snow falls, Betty and I always make a trip back to the cottage on the lake. There is something sad about that annual pilgrimage, and I suppose it is the suggestion of all the happiness, all the fun and excitement, all the joyous family gatherings that will not be again in that lovely spot this year. We walked along the shore, kicking the fallen leaves with our feet, hearing no voices, no laughter, none of the gay sounds of summer. As we walked along together, I knew we were both thinking of the pleasant times we had had there with our children, and wondering if ever again in other years it would be quite as nice. It seemed sad not to see our little boats bobbing at their moorings, and the swimming raft shining in the sun. These had been taken out of the water weeks ago as a precaution against hurricane damage. We hated to leave, and yet we knew we wouldn't like it there for very long. A summer place really needs the summer and vacation to make it the fun it ought to be.

While at the cottage I stood for some time at the very spot where last Labor Day I slipped and fell, hurting my back most dreadfully. As I studied the steep bank where the brown oak leaves were as slick as ice, I simply could not believe my carelessness. I had started down the bank to get a rope thrown to me from a raft that was being tied up for the winter, and just all of a sudden my feet went up and my back went down! A quick trip to the hospital where X-rays showed no broken bones, was somewhat reassuring, but some of the pain is still with me. Here it is, weeks later, and I am not yet able to bend over to tie a shoe! My doctors tell me that the muscle damage will require several more weeks for complete recovery. In the meantime I am going about my work as usual.

When our friends from Wales visited us for a few days, we took them for several drives along New England roads. You will never guess what surprised and pleased them the most! It was the roadside fruit stands with the pumpkins, gourds, and multi-colored ears of corn. They bought several gourds and some of the corn to take back to Wales with them. You may have heard our guests when they talked on



One of Frederick's special interests from which he receives much pleasure is teaching a class at the American International College in Springfield, Massachusetts.

the Kitchen-Klatter program, and if you did hear them, you heard them speak about our wooden houses. They do not have wooden houses in Wales, and they found them quite a curiosity. The way our houses differ in style and size and color also interested them. Evidently the Welsh homes have a great similarity about them. When Betty and I were in Wales we did notice how many of the houses looked exactly alike, but I don't think we thought of this as being peculiar to Wales. It is true in many parts of the world, including some of our own American cities.

Yes, Mary Leanna likes college! After four years in a girls' school, she is finding it quite interesting and novel to be in classes with boys. We are pleased to learn that she has been accepted to sing in the college choir. She likes choral work and is particularly fond of church music. Knowing that she will be singing in the choir relieves us of one worry — we know she will be in church on the Sabbath. So many college young people do not attend church very faithfully, and, of course, it would bother us a great deal if either of our children did not attend church. The temptation is very great for young people away from home to skip church on Sunday morning, and when they do that they miss a great deal. College churches often have some of the most outstanding preachers in the country.

Here in Massachusetts where the first Thanksgiving was observed by the Pilgrims, that special day probably means more to us than it does to some Ameri-

cans. If we have an opportunity, we may drive over to the town of Plymouth around Thanksgiving time. To me, there is something sacred about that little seaport — a sacredness one does not always sense during the summer months when the Plymouth streets are crowded with tourists.

Sometimes we take too much for granted the wonderful heritage of faith and courage handed down to us by the Pilgrim Fathers. In spite of the fact their numbers had been cut in half by sickness and death, they found reasons to give thanks to God. They had gained their foothold on the edge of an inhospitable continent, but at what a price! They were well recovered in health and strength, and they were trying to make the best of a hard life in the wilderness. Perhaps their biggest reason for gratitude was the fact they had proved they could sustain themselves in the new land in the very face of the worst disasters. They were assured of the success of their purpose of establishing freedom. They had made firm friends with the Indians who had been so kind to them.

According to the best records I can find of that first Thanksgiving, the Pilgrims and their Indian guests gorged themselves on venison, roast duck, goose and turkey, clams and other shellfish, succulent eels, corn bread, hasty pudding, leeks and water cress, wild plums, and dried berries. All of this food was washed down with wine made from wild grapes. Though some have questioned it, I believe that the Indians really did introduce the Pilgrims to their first taste of popcorn during the three days of the feasting. The whole affair was more like an outdoor barbecue for the entire village, than it was like a family reunion dinner such as we have today.

I wonder why the American people finally settled on the turkey as being the chief Thanksgiving dinner food? It is obvious that deer, duck, goose, clams and eels have just as much right to fame. My boy, David, would gladly trade turkey for clams on any Thanksgiving Day.

I hope that all Americans of every race and creed will stop and give thanks to God for this blessed country of ours. Of course, our country is not perfect, and there are many injustices that need to be righted, but what other country has treated its children so well?

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

## A LETTER FROM THE FARM

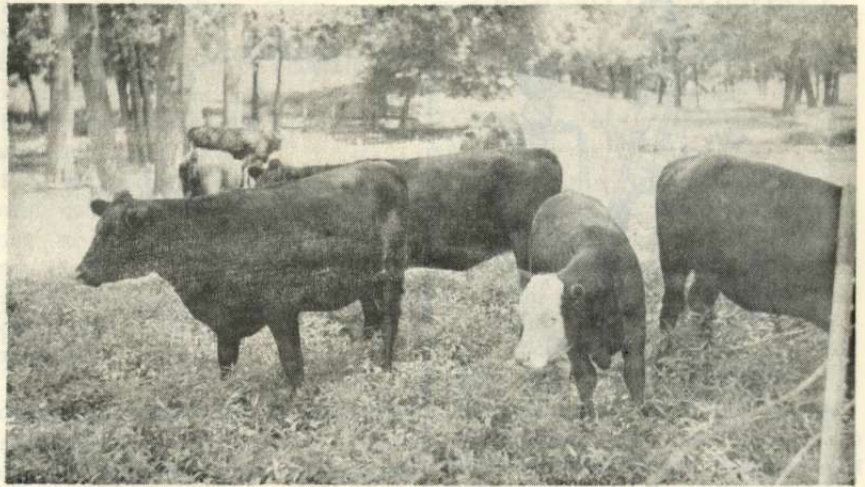
Dear Friends:

I don't know how weather conditions have been where you live, but in our part of Iowa we think we have had more than enough rain to last us until next spring. As I write this it is raining so hard that it sounds as if the sky has opened up and is pouring all the water out at one time. It is a real electrical storm and poor Tinker, our dog, is a nervous wreck. He is frightened of storms, and stays right beside one of us all the time when it is lightning and thundering.

The other day Tinker had gone to the field with Frank when he took the tractor out to see if he could do a little plowing. A sudden shower came up. It wasn't long before the phone rang and it was Frank's aunt to say they had an awfully wet and scared little dog up there. Apparently Tinker had come to the house, but I didn't hear him scratch at the door. When I didn't let him in, he went on up the road to get protection at Aunt Delia's. Frank soon came in and went up after him.

We had so much rain in September that it caused considerable flooding on some of the streams. There was high water over our fields, but it didn't get high enough to cover any of the ears of corn. Now we are hoping it will dry up enough before corn picking time to get the harvest into the cribs. Frank has not been able to get much of his fall plowing done, so we would like to see the sun come out and stay out.

Luckily, we had nice weather when most of our fall calves arrived. There are a few more cows to calve and I'm hoping that none of them come into this world tonight. As hard as it is raining I'm sure they would be washed away. Frank has his cattle in two different pastures, one of them about a mile from the house. He goes up every morning to be sure everything is all right. The other morning he came home and said he had found a calf in the timber that was bawling its head off. He couldn't figure out which cow it belonged to, since each seemed to have a calf. He had come home for a bucket of corn and was going to call all the cattle over to the calf and see which cow the calf would go to. When he came home he brought the calf with him and said he had found out all right — the cow had had twins and wouldn't claim this one. It was a good thing it was a strong husky calf, because it had never had anything to



No picture of the twin calves yet, but here are some of Frank's Angus.

eat. I made some formula and Frank fed it from a bottle.

That afternoon Frank got Roy Pennington, our neighbor, to help him bring the cow and other calf back to the house. He shut the twins in a shed and left the mother cow outside until evening when he turned her in with her babies. She let both of the calves suck and didn't put up a bit of fuss, but Frank says if he would turn them both out with her she would probably take the one calf and head for the hills. Having twin calves has been a new experience for us. In all the years we have been farming, this is the first pair of twins we have had. They are identical, husky, and cute.

Those of you who have taken the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine for many years will remember Kristin's first pony, the tiny little Shetland Frank bought for her when she was a little girl. Although Little Champ was so tiny that Kristin didn't get to ride him very long before she outgrew him, she always loved him dearly, and it was a very sad time at our house when he died.

We had gotten Little Champ from our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sullivan. The other day I was overwhelmed when Hildreth Sullivan called me to say that Ed had a present at their house for little Andy. It was a gentle little Shetland filly colt, and Ed thought by the time Andy was big enough to play with her, she would be big enough for Andy to ride. They wanted him to have his own pony when he came to visit his grandparents.

I was so thrilled at their thoughtfulness and kindness toward our grandson that I was almost speechless. When I ran out to tell Frank, he was just as overcome and happy as I was.

All these years I have been writing

letters to you from the farm, I have made frequent references to Frank's sister Edna and her husband Raymond Halls, who live on a farm near Alerton, Iowa. When Edna was a child she suffered with asthma, but for many years she seemed almost over it until about five years ago. Since that time it has been increasingly hard for her to breathe in this locality where we have such a high humidity most of the time. She and Raymond decided the only thing to do was to try the hot dry climate in Arizona to see if it would be beneficial for Edna. They hated to pull up stakes and leave until they were sure that it would help her, so Edna has gone to Phoenix first with her sister Ruth. If she finds that it is better for her there, Raymond will soon join her, and they will make their home there. Although we hate to see Edna and Raymond go so far away and will miss them terribly, we will be happy if it means a return to good health for Edna.

Last year we had a bumper crop of black walnuts — this year we have none. I don't know why this is. We never have walnuts two years in a row. Sometimes it's even two or three years between crops. Frank's sister Bernie has one walnut tree in her yard from which she gets bushels of nuts every year. I've heard it said that if there weren't any black walnuts it meant we were going to have a long and hard winter. I have heard many signs which were supposed to indicate the weather, but never this one about walnuts. Bernie lives only five miles from us — she has walnuts. So if she isn't going to have a "long hard winter", I think I'll move in with her!

Until next month . . .

*Dorothy*



## Happiness for Homemakers

by  
Agnes Thomas

Are you one of those mothers who complains about the monotony of housework? Do you feel that your routine is dull, lonesome, and uncreative and that your talents are atrophied? If so, perhaps the following suggestions will offer a solution to your problems and enable you to find joy and satisfaction in your daily life.

Begin each day by thanking God for a night of rest and sleep. Ask Him to guide you during the day and help you to do His will. By rising a few minutes earlier than the other members of your family you will be able to make yourself presentable before breakfast and have time for an enjoyable meal. A mother's hurried attitude often sets the pace and mood for others in her family. Her calm manner will help start the day without the usual rush that accompanies most early morning departures.

When the house is quiet, with the TV doing the baby-sitting for the youngsters, take time for a second cup of coffee while you read the paper and make your plans for the day. Check your calendar for church meetings, dental appointments, or music lessons. Then wash dishes, make beds, and straighten up the house. (Don't unexpected guests always seem to arrive on the day you fail to get these things done?)

Don't feel that because it is Monday and all of your neighbors do their laundry on that day, that you must do the same thing. If it's raining and you don't have a dryer, or if you like to hang your wash outside, then wait for a sunny day. The usual blue Monday can be a pleasant day if you use the time to do something you have been wanting to do for ages. Clean a closet, read a book, or catch up on your correspondence.

Before you go to market, study the newspaper ads carefully, noting stores with the best bargains. Check supplies and make a complete list of needed

items. While in your favorite store take time to compare different brands, note new products, and sometimes dare to buy something out of the ordinary. If you have never served artichokes, buy a few. Then surprise your family with a new dish for dinner.

If ironing happens to be the job you most dislike, then make it as pleasant as possible by doing it while you watch TV or listen to your favorite radio program. Sprinkle the pieces that need ironing and put them aside until time for your program. With comfortable shoes, and a properly-adjusted board, your dreaded job will be over before you know it.

Have a hobby. If your children are all in school, perhaps you might like to continue your own education. (With the modern math our children are studying, we parents need to be brought up to date in teaching methods if we are to be able to help our youngsters with homework.) Many cities offer extension classes or night schools, or you might receive instruction in sewing, painting, or creative writing at your local YWCA. Raising a family can be successfully combined with hobbies or other outside activities.

Always have needlework, mending, crocheting or some type of handwork ready to pick up when unexpected visitors drop by. Instead of being frustrated about wasting time while you sit, you will have a feeling of accomplishment. And do take time to be a sympathetic listener. Many people desperately need a friend in whom they can confide. (Of course, if something is told you in secret, you must never betray that trust.)

Make it a point to listen to news reports, read about current events, and follow radio and TV accounts of latest happenings. If you hear a good joke, read a beautiful poem, or come across an article of special interest to some member of your family, clip it and post it on the bulletin board for all to see.

Personal messages and reminders should also be posted for the convenience of all.

Remember the Scout motto and 'do a good turn daily'. Visit a newcomer to your neighborhood or call on some lonely or ill person. If it is impossible to go out, check your date-and-address book and see who's having a birthday soon. Or you might just drop a card to someone you have not heard from in a long time. Take time to let them know you care.

Revive the family altar. This might be a simple reading of Scripture and devotional material from one of the fine books available at your church or religious bookstore. Let each person take part. Even the two-year-old can be taught to fold his hands while the blessing is being given or prayers said.

Encourage each child to relate his day's interesting events and participate in family discussions. Ask children's opinions of current happenings and take time to listen to their ideas.

Clear the table and put dishes in to soak immediately! Get children started on homework, helping them with it later, if necessary. Then when dishes are washed and little ones tucked in bed, you might have time for a few minutes of personal conversation with your husband before he falls asleep in his easy chair. Following these suggestions, a homemaker can end the day with the happy thought that God has called mothers to a life of service built on dedication and devotion.



### LOVE IS

Love is a sphere round and true —  
True to circle a halo in its perfect form . . .

Form of never ending continuance into  
forever and ever.

Love is forever; forever is you; you  
are love.

Love is beauty and its plainness —  
Plainness of frank experience and  
clear truths . . .

Truths telling of the inner being all in  
all.

Love is beauty; beauty is you; you are  
love.

Love is life at its gayest —  
Gayest and saddest and most emotional . . .

Emotions running from cold doubt to  
warm assurance.

Love is life; life is you; you are love!

—Louise Ann Witter

## THE DENVER DRIFTMERS SEE MUCH OF CANADA'S BEAUTY

Dear Friends:

While the left-overs that are scheduled for lunch heat in the oven, I'll start this letter to you. Many of my neighbors, whose husbands are gone from morning until evening, think it must be a terrible chore to prepare lunch for a husband almost every day. That is just one of the advantages of marrying a man whose childhood gave him a willingness to enjoy food in every conceivable shape, form and substance. Whether it's a simple fried egg or a complex Crab Louis, Wayne will be just as likely to enjoy it.

Most of the time this past summer when Wayne, Emily and I were traveling in the northwestern United States and Canada, we prepared our own simple lunches. We took along one of the lightweight styrofoam coolers to keep milk and fruit chilled. This gave us a chance to enjoy a quiet lunch beside a stream or lake and an opportunity to walk around a bit and stretch our legs.

However, on our first full day's drive eastward on the mainland of Canada, we abandoned plans for a picnic lunch. When the appropriate time arrived, it must have been 105 degrees, a hot gale was blowing and, although we were beside the substantial Fraser River, there wasn't a tree in sight. We drove down into the tiny hamlet of Lytton and found one semi-air-conditioned cafe.

That morning we had left Victoria on Vancouver Island for the delightful ferry trip to the mainland. Because time was so limited we by-passed the city of Vancouver and took a cut-off directly eastward to the junction with Trans-Canadian Highway No. 1. It is the most important highway east and west across the entire length of Canada. We found it in excellent condition and our only criticism is that it should be four lanes wide near Vancouver to handle adequately the amount of traffic.

We were surprised at how rapidly the countryside becomes semi-arid once you get inland. The highway follows the Fraser River north a considerable distance, then turns east. This soon leads into lake country and we did appreciate the beautiful long uncluttered lakes. We knew it would be early evening before we reached Revelstoke, so we called ahead for motel reservations. This was most fortunate. In this section of Canada even the small cities are separated by a good many miles



Wayne and Abigail Driftmier were much impressed with the scenery in the Canadian Rocky Mountains between Banff and Jasper.

and the tourists like ourselves were numerous. Our late arrival prevented us from watching one of the local sports, bowling-on-the-green.

Revelstoke is the western gateway to five of the Canadian National Parks: Mt. Revelstoke, Glacier, Yoho, Banff and Jasper National Parks. Needless to say, from here on the scenery became very spectacular. Many visitors from the U. S. come into this area from the southeast through Calgary. They drive as far as Banff and Lake Louise. They may think they have seen Canada's most spectacular beauty, but they haven't. If ever you get as far as Lake Louise be sure to go on west through the Selkirk Mountains to Golden and also north to Jasper. The scenery is magnificent!

We stopped briefly at Lake Louise; there were so many other tourists on hand that we didn't stay long. Some of them were Wally Byam Caravaners. A large group must have left their convention in Laramie and driven up to Canada. As we turned north on Highway 93, the Banff-Jasper Highway, we met great numbers of these people driving south towards Lake Louise pulling their trailer homes behind.

Surely this 142-mile stretch of highway must be one of the most scenic in the world. Called the "ice-field highway" because of its proximity to many large glaciers, it is bordered as well by booming waterfalls, lovely mountain lakes and much animal and plant life. Construction had one main purpose: to provide the traveler with an opportunity to see and enjoy the peculiar features of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. As a result, this broad two-lane highway has ample parking lanes along its entire length. It is always

possible to stop for photographs, to view up close the myriads of wild flowers, or to take another glimpse of a particularly appealing segment of the scenery.

The town of Jasper contains a feature we found in every small Canadian city we traveled through — a lovely parkway in the heart of the business district devoted to a handsome lawn highlighted by formal plantings of gay annuals, all immaculately groomed.

Our favorite scenic attraction near Jasper was Maligne Canyon. We just happened to see it noted on a map and drove up to investigate. Here one of the powerful glacier-fed mountain streams has cut a narrow gorge through solid rock — a vivid example of the tremendous strength of flowing water. All of the rivers and streams and lakes are a milky shade of blue or green. This is caused by eroded glacial deposits carried in suspension in the water.

On our trip back towards Lake Louise and Banff we stopped at Athabasca Glacier. We decided to take a Snowmobile trip out on to the surface of this portion of the great Columbia Icefields.

The main street of Banff was jammed when we arrived, so we took a quick glimpse and drove on. The quick glimpse did include a character straight out of fiction. Wayne had been complaining the entire trip that Canada was great except for one thing — he had seen nary a Mountie. In Banff he saw his Mountie. Dressed in his colorful red uniform, this Mountie was at least 6 feet 8 inches tall, weighed at least 250 pounds, and had the physique of an athlete — in a word, the epitome of every story written about the romance of this service.

We stayed all night in Calgary, and my! but that is a booming city! There were substantial buildings newly completed or under construction all over the city. From here our return home was through another three of the U. S. National Parks, Glacier, Yellowstone and Grand Teton. There isn't room now to write about this part of our trip. However, I must offer one bit of advice to those of you who are planning a similar trip in the future. Take this trip the opposite way from what we did. Go to Grand Teton, Yellowstone and Glacier in the U. S. before you visit the Canadian Rocky Mountain Parks. The Canadian parks are a better climax.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

## Bedtime in the Country

by  
Elaine Derendinger



The position of small children in the country is very different today from what it was in the 1930's. Instead of being seen and not heard, they are both seen *and* heard! More likely to be found watching TV than reading books, they seldom walk if wheels are available. But I think the greatest difference is in the way they go — or don't go — to bed.

It was not unusual when I was a child to be in bed and asleep at eight o'clock. I mean the entire family! The old saying about going to bed and getting up with the chickens was no exaggeration — although we neither crowed nor clucked.

Unless he exercised madly all day, a child was often not really tired; so there was plenty of time to lie awake and "daydream" at night. I had different dreams depending on the season. Near Christmas, for instance, I often heard Santa rubbing frost off the window and peering in to see if I had been good. (How he could see this in the dark, I do not know.) In summer I heard fairies plan parties in the petunias and insect orchestras reach a noisy climax at midnight.

It always seemed to me that I was never a bit sleepy until time to get up. Daddy could not bear to have a child sleep late, and would insist we be out of bed by eight A.M. at the very latest. It mattered not if we did nothing but sit in a chair by the window. At least we were "up and about" — up, anyway.

If I suggest (all right, insist) that my own children go to bed at 9:00, 9:30, or even after 10:00 P.M., I'm greeted with mournful pleas: "But I don't have my lessons!" or "I want to finish this book!" or just a disgusted, "Oh, Mom!" However, like me, they are not ready to be "up and about" at eight o'clock in the morning, either.

Once we went to bed — and there was no question about going — we stayed, except when on rare occasions we became ill during the night. Getting up in the darkness was so unusual that if it were not for the discomfort, an oc-

casional night-time illness was a welcome break in the routine.

Even though an ear ached or a stomach seemed to go in circles, a part of our mind was aware of the pleasantness of having the lighted lamp on the dresser (the only one alight in the entire neighborhood), and of someone's coming softly now and then to check on us. If we could not sleep, there was a mysteriousness about the shadows the lamp created in the corners, because no lamp lit a room *completely* as they do today, and the black squares of windows with the glass being scratched now and then by the elm tree.

In winter we wore a long flannel gown or pajamas to bed over our undies, and if the room was icy cold, as it usually was, we added socks and carried a heated sadiron well wrapped in newspaper. The covers were so heavy and piled so high our arms were likely to ache with the weight of them.

Today's child can go to bed in transparent nylon the year around if he chooses. They need carry no heated iron, and one blanket is usually sufficient. But they are missing the thrill of that wild, mad race from the icy floor of the bedroom to the warm spot behind the kitchen stove.

Put a child in bed today and he pops up like a jumping jack the instant you turn off the light. First he is desperately thirsty and water is just down the hall in the bathroom. We seldom got thirsty at night because who wanted to go out and pump a drink of water under a pale, ghostly moon.

The natural aftermath of a drink of water is a trip to the bathroom. This, too, we shied away from. No one wanted to take a walk out back because it was too scary and cold.

Another reason we did not get up for drinks of water, stuffed animals, etc., was the fact that we had kerosene lamps, and once they were blown out, that was it. A sip of water was not considered important enough to go to the trouble of lighting the lamp. Com-

## END OF A WINTER DAY

Blue shadows lean upon the crystal snow;

A little flock of sparrows spread their wings

To seek the nooks of shelter that they know.

Soft silence widens on the ribbonings  
Of paths where feet boot-tracked at  
choring time.

Gray chimney smoke curls up in friendly way

As if it seeks to weave a subtle rhyme  
Of peace and beauty at the end of day.  
Light gleams from windows with a welcome cheer

To those who will be in to eat warm food

Prepared by hands of ones who hold them dear.

The winter twilight is an interlude  
Of deep contentment with a glad desire  
For family talk beside the hearthstone fire!

—Thelma Allinder

## REVELATION

It came to earth in the night!

Silent and pure

As a kitten's paws,

Snow padded the lawn with white.

That vestal robe, in the dawn,

Gleaming with light,

Sharply reveals

The truth — that Autumn is gone.

—Pearl E. Brown

plete darkness discourages a child from wanting lots of things at night; a bed seemed like a soft rectangle of safety.

In the 30's, if you were riding home late in the country, you did not see any houses all lit up as you do now. A blanket of darkness lay over the land. If you did see a light, you knew that Mr. Henry was probably ill, or the Moore child had an earache, or Mrs. Sooner's baby was due.

Now, of course, a light late at night in any home probably means exactly what it means at our house. The youngest child imagines she hears a suspicious noise and gets herself and her sister up to investigate. One of the boys is sleepwalking by the light of the bedside lamp. Another is up eating an apple.

In fact, if I wake at any time of night, I am likely to hear someone moving about. So, if a burglar ever prowls the place at night, he is likely to have a pillow thrown at him with the warning, "Get back to bed, you silly child!"

How nights have changed!

**DATE-OATMEAL MUFFINS**

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

- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1 egg
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in the shortening until the mixture is well blended. Stir in the rolled oats and chopped dates. Combine the beaten egg, milk and flavorings, and add to the dry ingredients. Bake them in well-greased muffin tins, or in paper cups, for about 20 minutes in a 425-degree oven.

**MEATBALLS IN MUSHROOM SAUCE**

- 1 lb. ground chuck
- 1/4 lb. ground lean sausage
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 1 large egg, slightly beaten
- 1/4 cup fine bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 can water
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. ground thyme
- Pinch garlic powder

Combine meat, salt, poultry seasoning, catsup, egg, and bread crumbs. Shape into 1 1/2-inch balls. Brown on all sides in shortening. Reduce heat and cook for about 10 minutes, or until meat is done. Remove meat balls to a bowl. Stir butter flavoring, soup, water, paprika, thyme and garlic powder together and heat thoroughly. Serve hot over meat balls with rice, cooked noodles or potatoes.

Makes 6 servings, 3 balls each.

**ONION-PEANUT CASSEROLE**

- 6 medium onions
- 1 cup salted peanuts, crushed
- 1 tsp. butter, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup buttered bread crumbs

Peel and slice onions in thick slices. Simmer in salted, boiling water until almost tender. Drain. Make a white sauce by combining melted butter, flour, butter flavoring, milk and salt in a saucepan over low heat. Stir constantly until smooth and of gravy consistency. In greased casserole, put a layer of onions, cover with crushed peanuts; make another layer of onions and another layer of peanuts. Pour white sauce over all and top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes, or until crumbs are golden brown.

**DATE - APRICOT BREAD**

- 1/4 cup shortening or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped dried apricots
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk, stirring just until smooth. Stir in the fruits and nuts. Pour into a greased and floured loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

**APPLESAUCE CAKE**

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 2 cups chopped nuts
- 2 cups chopped raisins
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, packed well into cup.

2 cups thick applesauce  
Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices; mix about 1/2 cup with the nuts and fruit. Cream shortening until soft; gradually add sugar, creaming until fluffy; beat in eggs. Add flour mixture alternately with applesauce, beating well after each addition; beat in fruit-nut mixture. Turn into greased loaf pan, 11 by 3 by 6 inches. Bake at 325 degrees for about 1 hour.

**BAKED CHICKEN**

- 6 chicken breasts
- 1 1/2 cups corn flake crumbs

Combine:

- 2 cups sour cream
- 3/4 tsp. dried tarragon
- 3/4 tsp. dried thyme
- 3/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 2 tsp. salt

Dip chicken breasts into sour cream mixture, then into the corn flake crumbs, coating well.

Melt 1/4 cup butter in a baking dish. Place chicken breasts skin side down in the dish and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Then turn meat and bake 20 minutes longer.

To the remaining sour cream mixture add 1 cup (1/2 pound) cooked, cleaned tiny shrimp and 1/4 cup diced ripe olives. Pour this sauce over chicken breasts during last 10 minutes of baking time. Or sauce may be heated and served separately. Serves six.

**FANCY BAKED APPLES**

- 6 apples, cored
- Fill with mixture of raisins, coconut and nuts. Stuff marshmallow in top.
- Syrup of:
  - 1/2 cup white sugar
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1/2 cup water
  - 1/4 cup corn syrup
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Boil syrup for 2 minutes and pour over apples. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour. Baste with syrup occasionally.



## THANKSGIVING MENU

### Roast Turkey

Oyster Stuffing	Whipped Potatoes with Giblet Gravy
Candied Sweet Potatoes	Celery-Almond Casserole
Cranberry Juice Salad	Relishes
Hot Rolls	Butter
Pumpkin Pie	Preserves
	Coffee

### OYSTER STUFFING

- 1 lb. loaf firm white bread
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 stalk celery, chopped
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 pint oysters in liquid

Cube the bread quite fine. Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan and add the onion and celery. Cook until the onions take on a golden color. Stir in the fine bread cubes, then the parsley, salt and pepper. Drain the liquid from the oysters and heat. Cut the oysters in half and add. Cook until the edges curl. Drain and stir the oysters into the stuffing. The amounts given will stuff a 12- to 15-pound turkey.

### CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

- 6 sweet potatoes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cook the potatoes with their jackets on in boiling salted water until nearly tender. When done, peel and cut into slices about 3/4 inch in thickness. Place in a greased, shallow baking dish and sprinkle with a bit of salt.

Cook the brown sugar, water, butter and butter flavoring for a few minutes. Stir in the lemon juice and lemon flavoring and pour over the potatoes. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, basting occasionally with the syrup. Serves 4 to 6.

### CELERY-ALMOND CASSEROLE

- 1 large bunch celery
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup water in which celery was cooked

2/3 cup blanched, slivered almonds  
3 Tbls. dry bread crumbs  
Wash celery and cut into slices about 1/2 inch thick. Cook in boiling, salted water for 10 to 15 minutes, or until tender. While celery cooks, make a white sauce of the butter, flavoring, flour, milk and celery water. Add more salt if needed. In a shallow baking dish, alternate celery, almonds and sauce. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Serves 4.

### CRANBERRY JUICE SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup boiling cranberry juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1/4 cup diced celery

Dissolve the unflavored gelatin in the cold water. Stir together the boiling cranberry juice, sugar, salt, pineapple juice and flavorings until sugar is dissolved. Add gelatin and stir. Add the crushed pineapple, pecans and diced celery. Chill until set. Serves 6.

### LUCILE'S REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cake yeast (*See below*)
- 5 to 6 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. salt

(*Note: If dry yeast is used, dissolve in 1/4 cup warm water and reduce milk by 1/4 cup.*)

Scald milk and add shortening and sugar. When lukewarm, add yeast and dissolve. Add soda and baking powder to 3 cups of flour and add. Beat until bubbles come. Allow to rise 1/2 hour. Beat egg and salt until light and add to sponge. Add remaining flour to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl, grease top and place in refrigerator. When ready to use, shape into rolls as desired. When light, bake in a hot oven until lightly browned.

### PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 recipe pastry
- 1 1/2 cups cooked or canned pumpkin
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 3/4 cups milk

Blend pumpkin, sugar, salt, spices and flavoring together. Beat eggs slightly and add milk. Blend completely into pumpkin mixture. Pour into pastry-lined pan and bake for 10 minutes at 450 degrees. Reduce temperature to 325 degrees and bake 45 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. Serve with whipped cream flavored with Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

—Margery

**CHICKEN DUMPLINGS**

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour  
 3 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/4 cup vegetable shortening  
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter  
 flavoring  
 1 cup milk  
 1 3-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained  
 1 cup diced, cooked chicken  
 2 Tbls. chopped onion  
 1 pkg. frozen peas, cooked and  
 drained  
 1 can cream of mushroom soup

Sift together the dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening. Blend in 3/4 cup of the milk to which you have added the butter flavoring. Roll out on a floured board or a pastry cloth into a 12- by 18-inch rectangle. Cut into six squares. Combine the mushrooms, chicken, onion, 1 cup of the peas, and 1/2 of the soup. Place by tablespoonfuls in the center of the biscuit squares. Bring the corners of the dough up so that they lap over each other, then press the edges together to seal. Place in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake in a 425-degree oven 15 to 20 minutes, or until biscuits are done. Combine the rest of the soup, milk and peas and serve hot over the dumplings.

—Dorothy

**SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES**

- 2 1/4 cups flour  
 1 tsp. ginger  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 2 tsp. soda  
 2 Tbls. hot water  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup molasses  
 1 egg  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
 flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
 flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut  
 flavoring  
 6 Tbls. cold water  
 1/2 cup seedless raisins or chopped  
 nuts

Sift together flour, spices and salt. Dissolve soda in hot water. Mix shortening, sugar, molasses and egg until creamy. Mix in flour mixture alternately with cold water; then mix in soda and all but a few raisins or nuts. Drop by tablespoon, two inches apart, onto greased cooky sheet. Sprinkle with remaining raisins. Bake 12 minutes, or until done. Makes two dozen.

—Margery

**PERKY ESCALLOPED POTATOES**

- 6 medium potatoes  
 1/4 cup finely chopped onion  
 1 Tbls. parsley flakes  
 Salt and pepper  
 1 egg, beaten  
 1 cup milk  
 1/2 cup Cheddar cheese soup  
 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs  
 5 wieners  
 1/4 cup shredded cheese  
 Combine the beaten egg, milk and Cheddar cheese soup. Slice three of the

potatoes into thin slices and place in the bottom of a greased casserole. Sprinkle with half the onion, parsley flakes, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour half the sauce over this. Repeat, using the remainder of the ingredients. Cut the wieners in half, lengthwise, and lay them over the top of the potatoes. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and shredded cheese. Bake for approximately one hour in a 375-degree oven, or until potatoes are done when tested with a fork.



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## DON'T TURN ANYONE OFF

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Some time ago I saw a television program which had in it a sensitive boy who was reading several poems he had composed. Another boy was making fun of him. The adult in the story chided the second boy, "Don't stop him. Let him recite his poetry. He created it. It is important to him. Through it he will grow. *Don't ever turn anyone off*; it is one of the worst things you can do to another person."

Many times since I read that phrase it has returned to my mind: "*Don't turn anyone off*; it is the worst thing you can do to another person!" This simple incident in a play has made me aware of the times when, by word or expression or critical attitude, I have been guilty of stopping someone from expressing himself.

Probably the most common example is the little child who comes rushing into the house all full of enthusiasm about something he has seen or done.

"Mother, guess what happened today?"

And Mother, with her mind full of myriads of duties turns and says, "Look at those dirty feet, go wipe your shoes." Or, "Did you *have* to slam the door?" Or, "Don't shout! I've been working hard all day and I have a headache." The exciting moment is past and the child will be reluctant to share his experiences and thoughts again.

What we should try to do is *turn on* the spark of interest and nurture the desire to share experiences and opinions.

Did you, as a child, have an adult who gave you a love for some subject which eventually turned into a life work? Many a student decided to become a teacher because of the example of a fine, interested instructor. Some boys become forest rangers because of the talks and walks in the woods a devoted nature lover shared with them. How many boys have decided to become a minister because of a spiritual preacher who lived his Christianity?

Working in a church with young people and children in the field of religious education after teaching school for four years would never have been a reality for me if a wonderful minister (Dr. James W. Marlin) had not encouraged me to take the frightening step into a new profession. He had



—Photo by Stern Studio  
Evelyn Birkby

faith in my ability and gave me faith enough to try.

Bob's piano teacher, Miss Taylor, is a bubbling, effervescent, dynamic individual. She has devoted her life to music and her students. The other evening I stopped to see her a moment as I dropped Bob off for his lesson. A young boy was just leaving and I heard her give him a compliment. He walked through the door *beaming*.

When he was out of range of our voices Miss Taylor said, "I never let a student leave this room on a discouraging note. No matter how poor a lesson he may have I find something about which to compliment him. It would be terrible to let him go feeling that he had not accomplished something."

Miss Taylor's approach is based on the idea that each child has a God-given talent, some more than others, some in different patterns. She feels her task is to help find and encourage as much of that latent ability as possible. In so doing she gives each child a sense of his own worth. She *turns on* her enthusiasm for life and her love of music. In this way she *turns on* her pupils, helping them to develop that love and enthusiasm in their own lives.

Just a friendly word may be all that is needed to lift someone. In her book, "The Disciplined Heart", Ruth Iker-

man tells the story of a night she and her husband spent in their car by the hospital waiting for word from a very ill relative. A stranger came by and gave them a friendly nod and a cheerful, kindly comment. Their feeling of gloom began to change. At least they *had* gotten their loved one to the hospital. At least they *knew* they had doctors who were competent. At least they *were* confident the hospital was excellent. One kind word had changed the entire attitude from one of depression to one of optimism.

One of the most wonderful persons I've ever known was a woman in Waterloo, Iowa, who was completely paralyzed from the neck down. I went to call on Mrs. Jordan the second week I was in religious education work since her name was on the list of shut-ins and one of my duties was to call on such people. I went to help her; she turned the tables on me and became one of my greatest sources of strength.

In the first place, she listened to me and shared my problems in a most understanding way. In the second, she was always smiling and encouraging. She was not defeated, not for one moment, and she communicated that radiant quality to me. Her conversation was completely devoid of complaints or criticisms of any kind. She is gone now, released from that crippled body, but her spirit is still an encouraging factor in the lives of those who knew her. She gave freely of the one thing she had to share — encouragement.

Being a complaining, critical person can *turn off* family, friends or neighbors about as fast as anything I know. Psychologists tell us a constantly critical person is one who feels insecure within himself so he has to pull other people down.

One fact comes home with a shock: the person who is a critical, complaining person is stuck living life with a critical, complaining person! How unpleasant that must be.

Just thinking about these wonderful friends who have encouraged me in years past has given me a boost. Perhaps I need to put into practice more of the positive. I need to smile more, and listen more and be less critical. Showing a happy face and a cheerful, encouraging spirit may take effort and daily practice but it would surely make my home a happier place. It might even help me to do the very thing I've been writing about — *turning on* the enthusiasm, self-confidence and development of my family and friends.

### LOST . . . FOREVER

- . . . a spoken word
- . . . a spent bullet
- . . . a past life
- . . . a neglected opportunity.

# The Room Without a Name

by  
Carole Hefley Reese

The favorite room in our home does not have a name! Actually, this room came into being more by accident than by actual planning, but now that we have it, we wouldn't be without it!

When we bought our house, this room was the kitchen, but it was too small. When we decided to remodel, we started by moving the kitchen into a larger room. But then came the big question: What would we do with this room vacated by the kitchen? It was too small for a nice bedroom and besides, the two sets of small windows indicated it would be more suitable for something else — like a bathroom. But a room that measures 9 x 12 feet was too large for a bathroom. Or was it?

A bathroom was exactly what we decided to put in the room since our only other bathroom was upstairs. But we naturally had space left over after we had installed the usual bathroom fixtures. So we began to add other things.

The first item was a dirty clothes hamper. It was especially built by my husband to fit under one set of small windows. It is three feet high, five feet long, ten inches deep, and it has four sliding doors. Sometimes I'm suspicious that my husband's thought behind this deluxe hamper was to conceal his abundance of soiled clothing! But regardless of that, each member of our family, right down to the youngest child, cooperates in placing his dirty clothing into the proper section. This way the washing is immediately sorted. To make it easier for the children — not to mention the builder of this masterpiece — we numbered the doors. This created a great conversation piece out of the hamper. Visitors always look curiously at the doors marked 1, 2, 3, and 4, and ask, "What's that?"

The most logical location for the washer and dryer was right beside the clothes hamper. By placing the appliances there, I can stand in one spot and load the washer. We have two chrome rods above the washer and dryer on which to hang damp towels and clothing. This entire "mess" can be hidden by a shower curtain.

Nearby is a utility cart. Anytime I get real ambitious and wish to hang any clothing outside, I place it on the cart, wheel it over to the back door, and hang it on the line that is on the porch.

Now this business of a clothesline on the porch is another story. The idea was imparted by me to my mother after she observed the customs of the natives of a neighboring state. It saves miles of walking and out-smarts the rain clouds too!

Most of our clothing goes from the dryer to the large chest of drawers that fits beneath the other set of small windows. Even though our bedrooms are upstairs, we keep clothing in this large chest and in the clothes closet that is attached to the room. You won't catch me walking all over the house to deposit the clean clothing! This system saves me thousands of steps.

We have an ironing board always handy in this room. But because I'm a firm believer that one day soon women will be freed from the ironing board entirely, I'm disappearing it from my life by degrees. Our ironing board is a miniature that folds out of the way when not in use — another sample of my husband's handicraft. Because of careful purchasing, most of our clothing even now goes straight from the dryer to the clothes closet, by-passing the iron.

Not to be forgotten in this room is the sewing machine that is always handy for quick repairs to clothing.

I am saved many, many hours of work every week, thanks to this very special room in our home. Our clothing makes a complete cycle here; nothing leaves the room unless we are wearing it! The clothing is stored here when soiled, then washed, dried, mended, ironed if necessary, and put away to be within convenient reach when needed.

It has been somewhat of a problem what to call this room that has become so important to our family. Sometimes we joke about it being our "family room." At first, though, it was simply the "bathroom." Then it became the "laundry room," and then to sound more elegant, we called it the "utility room."

# Remember...



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We don't claim to be experts on any particular subject, but our 30-minute radio visit gives us a chance to be good neighbors.

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Once, when we'd had company for a few days and the washer and dryer were both in operation, one of our guests referred to it as the "engine room!"

I guess we'll just have to bide our time. Someday when the architects catch on to our work-saving idea, perhaps they'll be able to think up an appropriate title for our room without a name.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you worry about what people think of you, it means that you have more confidence in their opinions than you have in your own.

## DONALD AND MARY BETH HAVE MOVED INTO THEIR NEW HOUSE

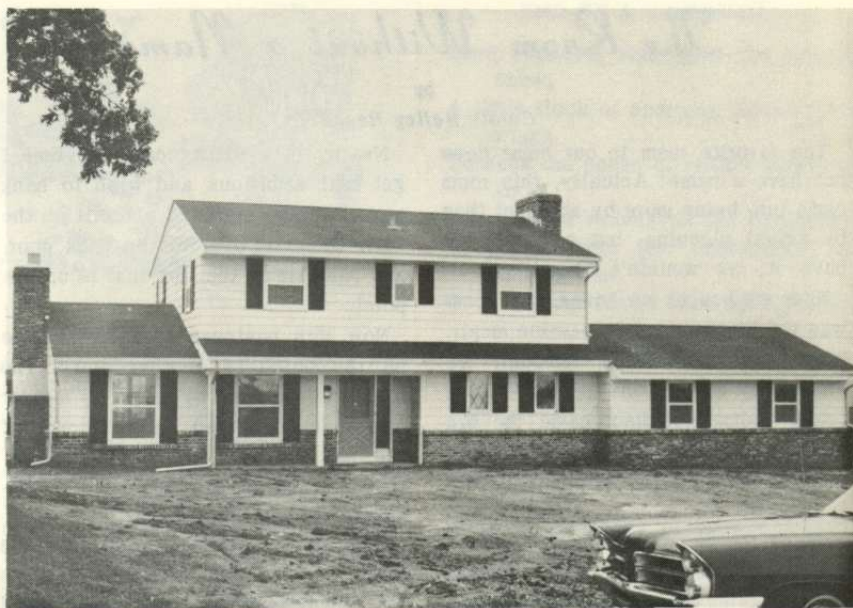
Dear Friends:

I believe that for a woman to maintain equilibrium it is necessary that she have a period that is completely and totally alone and quiet. This is my first morning without some last-minute house finisher under foot, and the silence is positively golden! Eloise, our basset hound, is rolled into a snug ball, drying her feet and coat after a thorough drenching in the rain. The children are *all* in school, and I am "queen of the house", as the song goes.

And I feel like a queen, too, with this perfectly lovely new house we have. I haven't had a chance to tell you any of the details about it, so for the next several letters I'll try to describe it for you.

First of all, we decided that we were sold on the old-fashioned, two-story house. I was confident that I would be able to handle the stairs, because they couldn't, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, involve more running up and down than has been involved in our tri-level house. From the economy standpoint a two-story house can't be beaten. If you're considering a four-bedroom house and you put it all on one floor in a long, rambling ranch-style home, there are extra miles of roofing and more miles of plumbing. Everything has to cover long distances.

We have a basement, to begin with. Don has now said, after living in a house with a basement for four years, and having grown up with one, that he will never again settle for a house without a basement. (I might add that he and I are both "savers", so a basement gets lots of mileage in our family.) I agree with him that basement houses are great. The latest trend in home-building in the less severe climates is to eliminate basements as an economy measure, which is an honorable endeavor; but our garage simply won't hold what a basement will swallow with ease. That includes furnace, water equipment — pump, heater, softener — and a multitude of little items. I will add that moving as frequently as we have been, we aren't saving quite so much as we might if we had settled into a house with a basement and lived there our entire married life. We did throw away with abandon on this last move. In fact, as we're settling things into a permanent place in this new house, I am continuing to throw out.



The pictures of Donald's and Mary Beth's new house came in time to include one in this issue. You'll read details about it in Mary Beth's letter.

On the second story are four bedrooms and two baths. The main bath has the lavatory, tub, toilet, and two lockable medicine cabinets built into the walls. Because the mirror over the lavatory was screwed tightly to the wall without a medicine cabinet behind it, I couldn't bear to think of the drugs and cleaning supplies which are so frequently poisonous being down at such an inviting level as the cabinets below the lavatory. So they're behind lock and key, and I can forget that problem. The second bath upstairs is directly off the master bedroom, and it contains the standard lavatory and toilet with only a shower. Because the upstairs is a square area, and the bedrooms are in the four corners, each has cross ventilation. I can also go from one child's bedroom to another to supervise bedtime or studies without running my legs off. Everything is compact and handy.

Down the stairs, on the first level, is a delightful home in which to live. The traffic pattern is perfectly planned. There is no excuse for children or dogs tramping across the living room or through the dining room. Both of these rooms are off to the left of the front door as one enters the house. Because we built a two-story colonial house, the front door is in the dead center of the house. One steps from the front door into an entry hall. From here the stairs go to the second story; a cozy half-bath opens; a guest closet opens; and two hallways open, one of which leads to the kitchen, and the other to the first-floor utility room.

At the end of the hall, directly ahead of the front door, are swinging louvered doors to lend privacy to the breakfast table area. This is the eating half of the kitchen, which I simply love. The kitchen windows all open to the northeast, so for the first time in years and years I have a sunny kitchen in the morning. The work counters are of rich, solid blue formica to which we managed to match the paint for the walls. I have a heavenly blue kitchen with a wood tone floor and cabinets and a stark white breakfast set. It is by far the prettiest kitchen I have ever had, and I'm still pinching myself that we're really living here.

If you're lost in this wordy trip through the house, let me add that through one door from the kitchen is the dining room (which is at the end of the living room), and at the opposite end of the kitchen is another door leading to the family room.

We have tried to pick up colonial touches in decorating. The builder advised colonial-style doors and paneled windows. Unlike the windows of early settlers, the dividers in the windows all over the house snap out for easy cleaning of the glass portions. The Williamsburg red-brick entry flooring is easy-to-care-for vinyl. It looks exactly like brick, and is laid in individual pieces, but they're a delight to care for. The flooring in the kitchen blends beautifully with the scored pine cabinets. Once again we put down vinyl, although in the kitchen and family room we chose wormy chestnut. Again this

(Continued on page 22)



## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Since the husband and father in this household has been transferred, that means we've been transferred, too! So we said our good-bys to the stately Old Capitol building at Iowa City, Iowa, where we heard the bell toll for freedom on Independence Day. We made one more visit to Plum Grove, historical home of Robert Lucas, first territorial governor of Iowa, and his wife, Friendly. We made another trip to "soak up" the charming old-world atmosphere of the Amana Colonies and vowed to reread Barbara Yambura's *A Change and a Parting*. Fascinating Hoover Park at West Branch was visited on the day the Herbert Hoover commemorative stamp was issued. We took our stack of library books back to the public library, where we've enjoyed the friendly service and facilities. We said good-by to the good *Kitchen-Klatter* reader who bicycled over last spring with fresh rhubarb.

A book which would be of interest to church groups is *Renewing Your Faith Day by Day* which I've been reading as a respite from unpacking boxes. Published by Doubleday and Company, \$3.95, the author is Dr. Robert W. Youngs, senior minister of the First Presbyterian Church in Wichita, Kans. An inspiring book of devotional readings, it is based on the daily meditations Dr. Youngs wrote for the *Christian Herald Magazine*.

Dr. Youngs' timely thoughts and humor will help each reader bring daily enrichment to his life. A scriptural text, a practical thought for the day, and a brief prayer are included in the meditations.

With the approach of Thanksgiving we've been reading *Pilgrim Courage* (Little, Brown and Co., \$3.25). It contains episodes from the original history of Plimoth Plantation with passages from the journals of William Bradford and Edward Winslow, adapted and edited by E. Brooks Smith and Robert Meredith. The journals contain the excitement of the Pilgrims' escape into Holland, their hazardous voyage to America, their arrival in the wilderness, explorations of Cape Cod and

troubles with the Indians. Children and adults will enjoy the first-hand accounts. We owe a debt of gratitude to the translator-editors for the care in which they retained the quality of language of those days.

Here are beautiful and thought-provoking quotations from that superb gift book *The Treasure Chest* (Harper and Row, \$4.95).

Action — "All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action."

—James Russell Lowell

Children — "Babies are bits of stardust blown from the hand of God. Lucky the woman who knows the pangs of birth, for she has held a star."

—Larry Barretto

Friendship — "'Stay' is a charming word in a friend's vocabulary."

—Amos Bronson Alcott

Life — "May you live all the days of your life."

—Jonathan Swift

So now this family says "Hello" to Sioux City, Iowa, where the children feel at home in Sunnyside School, my husband is pleased with his position, and I'm impressed with the friendly people. We'll explore this part of Iowa and the surrounding states, including the national monument to Sergeant Floyd, who was the only member to die on the Lewis and Clark expedition which opened up the West.

A visit to the branch library was a real pleasure. There on the desk lay a copy of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine!



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## LUCILE'S LETTER - Continued

spanked them severely and, all in all, showed so little interest in trying to handle them reasonably and with genuine love.

One grandmother wrote: "I raised seven children on a farm without any modern conveniences and I worked terribly hard from early morning until late at night, but we had peace and discipline in our home almost without exception. I've just come back from spending a week with my daughter who has three children, a lovely home with everything you could possibly want to make work easier, and in one day there was more screaming and trouble than I used to have in a month. I can't understand these young mothers in good health who are so extremely short-tempered with their small children."

Now this collection of letters set me to thinking and I am wondering if what they describe is really typical in many, many homes, or if their dismay and disappointment is the exception — and perhaps even a rare exception. If you have grandchildren and have opinions on this subject, I'd like to hear about it. Needless to say, your name and address will never, never be revealed. After all, a person wouldn't feel very free to express his frank opinions if he thought he would be identified.

(I can make only one personal observation on the subject and it is this: in recent years when I've traveled I have noticed how much din and commotion there is in restaurants when families come in with small children. The youngsters get out of their chairs and wander around, refusing to sit at the table and eat; the parents shout at

them; the children cry and, on occasion, throw a good old temper tantrum right then and there. At first I thought this was because everyone was tired after a day on the road, but then I began to observe that it happened in the morning and again at noon, and you couldn't hold highway fatigue responsible at those hours.)

The second subject I'm familiar with personally and I'm vitally interested in hearing from people who have had the same experience — that of losing one's husband. Thousands of you have had this experience and know only too well what it means to be left alone. The word "widow" is not a happy word.

There seem to be two courses of action open to those of us who are widows: we can stay in the home where we had our happy family life, where we are surrounded in every direction we turn by a million powerful memories; or we can break the pattern completely and start out over again in another place where there are no associations with the past.

Which is the most comforting course of action? I've given great thought to this. Some women say in their letters that they are staying right in their own home and don't dream of leaving that home until circumstances make it absolutely necessary. Other women say that they moved as soon as possible after they were left alone and that it helped a great deal to be in new surroundings. Still other women say that they left home base completely and moved to another section of the country — generally to be near a son or a daughter. Some of them were very happy with this move; others regretted it bitterly.

I haven't been able to get any clear picture from these letters and that is why I am now anxious to hear from as many people as possible who have had to face the decision of moving or of staying. Your experience is very important to other people — you've been through it and you know what it's all about. Practical personal experience is worth a thousand articles written by people who simply have ideas and theories as to the courses of action that can be taken. I want to share your experiences with other women and to help them if I can. All of us can profit by hearing about the decisions that you made and how you feel about them.

I know that it's time-consuming to write letters (I never cease to marvel that so many of you get letters off to

(Continued on page 22)



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## SEASON'S CHANGE

Autumn now is fleeing, Winter's on her route.

Nature rakes up all the leaves, then scatters them about.

The trees like barren silhouettes lift up their ghostly arms.

Flowers take their Winter's sleep, bereft of all their charms.

Autumn now is fleeing and takes her gay parade,

While Winter dresses Nature for a frozen masquerade.

—Mary Margaret Trapp

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Those of you who grow African violets, gloxinias and other gesneriads may not be aware of the national organization called the American Gesneriad Society. The official publication of the society is a bi-monthly magazine called GSN (Gesneriad-Saint Paulia News). The magazine is printed on slick paper, is beautifully illustrated in black and white and in color, and is chock full of cultural information. Space is given for chapter reports, for information on new and better varieties, for unusual plants and materials, and for growing tips. Anyone interested in growing gesneriads and in receiving information on these plants from both expert and amateur growers, is welcome to join the society. Individual membership costs \$3.50 a year and includes a year's subscription to GSN. Membership secretary is Theodore Bona, 505 S. 12th Street, Reading, Pennsylvania. (Remember to send membership dues directly to Mr. Bona and not to me or this magazine). Local African violet clubs may affiliate with the society if 8 or more members belong individually. For more explicit information, you may write to Mr. Bona.

Have you ever had trouble getting a Christmas cactus to bloom? The secret lies in giving the plant a "cold period" and no artificial light after sundown during this period. Schlumbergera bridgesii are "short day" plants and no flower buds will develop when the night temperature is maintained at 70 degrees F. or higher. Set the plant where it will get good light but where the temperature stays around 50 to 55 degrees F. for 6 to 8 weeks. Water only lightly during this time. After buds have started to swell, the plant should be moved to a warmer situation and watered and fed freely.

**Question:** My Christmas cactus blooms at Easter time instead of during the holidays. What can I do to make it flower on time?

**Answer:** Probably nothing. No doubt you have a Schlumbergera gaertneri, or so-called Easter Cactus, and thus it blooms at its proper time.

**Question:** What causes the buds on my Christmas cactus to brown and drop? It starts out beautifully and ends up a mess.

**Answer:** Most likely the temperature is too warm or the air is too dry around the plant. Low light intensity will also cause bud drop as well as tightly

packed soil. Check to see if one of the above may be the cause and correct it.

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## NOVEMBER FUN

**Familiar Pies:** (The answers start with "pi".)

1. Little gun. Pistol
2. Kind of cloth. Pique
3. Popular snack. Pizza
4. Desperate fellow. Pirate
5. Most musical pie. Piano
6. Tropical fruit. Pineapple
7. Pie that is adventurous. Pioneer

**The Thanksgiving Menu:**

1. A country. Turkey
2. A billy goat. Butter
3. Surely considered very dumb. Oyster
4. A dull color and a neckline. Gravy (gray-V)
5. Someone very silly. Goose
6. To go and leave behind. Dessert
7. Heavy traffic. Jam
8. A fruit tree of the tropics. Bread

**Oyster**

**Gravy (gray-V)**

**Bread**

**Dessert**

**Jam**

**Goose**

**Turkey**

**Butter**

**Pineapple**

**Pizza**

**Piano**

**Pique**

**Piggy Bank**

**Pistol**

**Pineapple**

**Pioneer**

**Pie**

**Pie**

**Pie**

**Pie**

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10. Adam's temptation. Apple
11. Terrible to be in one. Pickle
12. In it is found the proof. Pudding

**Fortune Pumpkin Vine:** Cut pumpkin leaves from green construction paper.

Using heavy green yarn for the vine, twine it down the middle of the dining table, or tape to a wall. Write a fortune on each leaf and fasten them here and there on the vine, turning the fortune side down. Each guest is allowed to "pick" his fortune from the vine. This is a nice idea for some humor at a family dinner. The fortunes can then be read aloud. The fortunes might be humorous couplets such as: "Be thankful you are frail and thin, According to the ads, the skinny ones win."

**Turkey Craft:** Give each guest a prune, bits of colored papers, raisins, some cinnamon "red hots", toothpicks, perhaps some feathers. Allow a few minutes' time to see who can fashion the best turkey gobbler out of the materials.

**Wishbone Relay:** The guests are divided into two teams, and the leader of each team is given a turkey wishbone. At the starting signal each leader hangs a wishbone on the bridge of his nose, and turns to the second player, who, without using his hands, maneuvers the wishbone onto his nose. The wishbone continues down the line in this fashion passing from nose to nose.

❖ ❖ ❖



## Thanksgiving Place Cards

by  
Erma Reynolds

It's a bit embarrassing for Dad to carve the turkey while family and guests are watching hungrily, so help him out by having riddle place cards to start conversation and get him out of the limelight.

Decorate each card with a turkey sticker and add a rhymed riddle, each one pertaining to a part of the turkey. Following are riddle suggestions:

This part which makes a man firm and brave,

He carries from cradle to the grave.  
(Backbone)

Here's a clue that is a honey.  
Get this part and you pay out money.  
(Bill)

See if this riddle you can unyoke,  
It names a part that's a swimming stroke.

(Breast)

To guess this part I'm sure you're able,  
It is seen on a dressing table.

(Comb)

This clue you'll guess 'fore the count of ten.

This part is found in field and garden.  
(Crop)

Here is a clue you should understand,  
This turkey piece is found in a band.

(Drumstick)

This turkey part is found on a boat,  
A needed rigging so it will float.

(Giblet)

Here's a fine clue to give you a start,  
Folks 'round you are now using this part.

(Head)

Answer this clue and you'll really shine,

You'll find this part on a valentine.

(Heart)

You will guess this part because you're smart.

It's a giraffe's most important part.

(Neck)

You should guess this part without a miss,

When you learn a peacock's proud of this.

(Tail)

This easy riddle will spare your brain.

This turkey part is found on a plane.

(Wing)

This part can be used after the meal  
When your wish and fortune 'twill reveal.

(Wishbone)

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If you haven't tried **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, you owe it to yourself and your clothes to do so. You'll discover new sparkle in everything you bleach — and you'll bleach everything you wash. Sound out of this world? No! It's at your grocer's.

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What fun Mary Beth will have preparing meals for her family in this beautiful new kitchen!

**MARY BETH'S LETTER** — Concluded is a copy of an actual floor in Williamsburg from which the company made a plaster-of-Paris form, and then hand-molded vinyl blocks which can be put down in a parquet pattern. It is impossible to imagine that it isn't a wood floor.

My mother came up from Anderson, Indiana, the week after we had moved in, and we set about making draperies. She could only stay two weeks, so we didn't curtain the entire house by any means. This was partly because in one case we made over-draperies, which took a long time. However, the family room is curtained and so is the kitchen, so the rooms in which we shall be spending the most time are in beautiful order.

Now to the outside of the house. There is a partial wall of burned brick across the front and around the sides of the house to about waist height. Above this is white aluminum siding. The fireplaces on the ends of the house are of burned brick, also. Burned brick is basically beige-colored brick which is left in the ovens and literally partly burned. This leaves the brick with quite a few dark streaks with considerable orange in it.

Don will be sending some pictures soon, I'm sure. He has loads of yard work ahead of him, but mud or not, he's exceedingly proud of his new house.

Sincerely,  
*Mary Beth*

## LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

your own family and then take the additional time to write to us), but if you have had personal experience with the two things I've discussed in this letter it would mean a great deal to a great many of us if you could write to us about it. We'll be deeply appreciative.

May it be a wonderful Indian Summer and harvest for you and yours.

Faithfully,  
*Lucile*

## "Little Ads"

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

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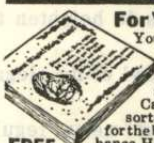
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Your group can raise all the money it needs, easily, quickly, without the cost to you! I'll send your group a supply of my assorted luxurious Christmas Carol Napkins in advance. Assorted cheery designs, with words for the best-loved Christmas Carol—enhance Holiday meals. Have 10 members each sell 20 packages; keep \$50 for your treasury, send me balance of proceeds. **Never Spend 1c of Your Own Money** Take up to 60 days; we give credit on napkins. You risk nothing to try my tested plan, used by over 100,000 groups. Rush name and address now for sample napkins. details of my Plan which brings you fast cash for your group, sent FREE, no obligation. Write today.

**RUSH NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY!**

ANNA WADE, Dept. 420bx, Lynchburg, Va.

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### BIGGEST LABEL BARGAIN in U.S.A.

1000 Deluxe, Gold Stripe, gummed, padded Labels printed with ANY Name, Address and Zip-Code, 25¢ for EACH set! No limit, but please include 10¢ EXTRA for pstg. & hdg. for each set. Order NOW before this offer is withdrawn. Money-back guarantee. Write for FREE Money-Making Plans.

Two Brothers, Inc., 808 Washington, Dpt. 207 St. Louis, Missouri

## DULL KNIVES?

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In a minute you put a super-keen edge on any knife. Cut and slice with ease, and delight at the clean, smooth action of the knife. Swiss Quality craftsmanship. First time offered in U.S.A. Guaranteed. Little Sharpie, only \$1, or 3 for \$2 postpaid. No COD. Dist. by Dull Knives, Dept. 6, P.O. Box 2097, Beaverdale Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50310



**FRIENDLY OR RELIGIOUS verse stickers,** assorted — 300 for 55¢. Including booklet true stories of pets free. Brownies, 6721-K South Halsted, Chicago 60621

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN** or tatted pillow slip edgings — 42" — \$1.00 paid. Tatted hankie edges — 47" — 2 strips \$1.00. Any color. Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Mo. 64437.



### THANKSGIVING TAKES TIME!

Thanksgiving takes time! There's Grandma and Mother  
Both terribly busy with something or other,  
But I'm busy, too, with sniffing and tasting  
And watching the mixing and testing and basting;  
All week I'm up early, the instant I'm waking —  
I have to chop raisins and nuts for the baking  
(And sample a couple to check on the flavor)  
And stir in the spices to heighten the savor,  
And then scrape the bowl of its elegant mixture —  
The kitchen will find me a regular fixture!  
And then on The Day, what a lot there is doing —  
It takes all my time to be smelling and viewing  
And hearing the sizzles, and tasting (not much)  
So all my five senses are busy but touch;  
I'll have time for touching (and how the thought lingers)  
When I get a drumstick held fast in my fingers!

### ALL LEARNING NOT FROM BOOKS

Whether or not you know it all is debatable. And though you think you know it all, there are several kinds of information every successful — meaning happy — person should know:

Learn to smile, even when nothing tickles. Those close to you will appreciate a happy face and those who must associate with you will be grateful.

Learn to listen, for that is half the art of conversation. In addition, you may gain some useful information.

Learn to be a good friend and you will have good friends.

Learn to keep your aches and pains to yourself. Everyone has problems, and your complaints add little to their comfort or to yours.

Learn to win when you are tops; learn to lose too — not with a whimper but with pride, knowing that you did your

best and will do better next time.

Learn to think for yourself. Rely on your own good judgment, your own ability.

Learn to follow directions. Leadership, that quality of managerial skill, develops after, not before, you can follow through with an assignment.

Learn to take good care of your body and your mind.

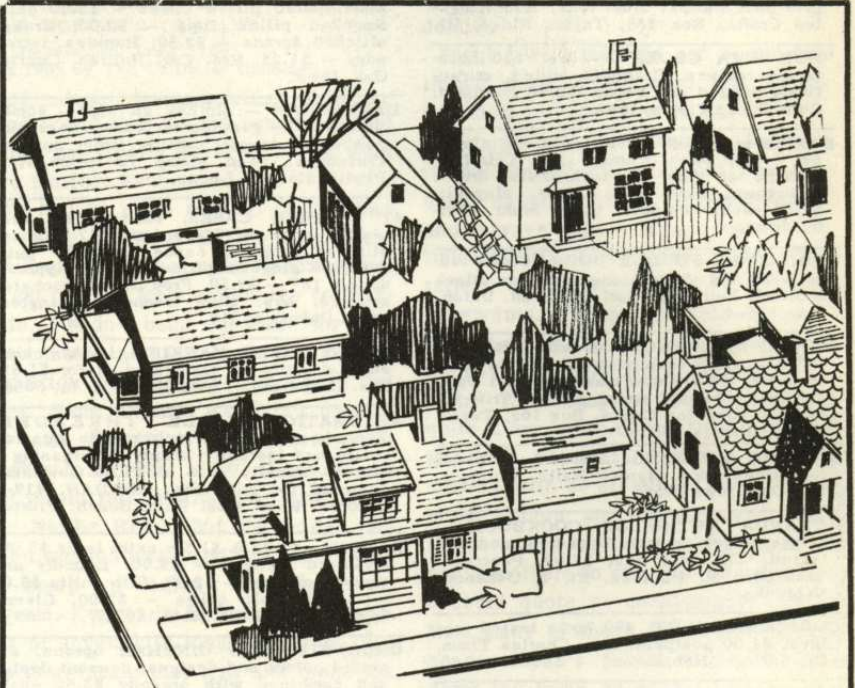
Learn to develop your own personality. You are unique. Take advantage of

your differences and your natural abilities.

Learn to be patient. The future belongs to those who know how to work and wait.

Learn to appreciate life and all its joys — music, art, literature. When your senses react to the treasure of mankind, every activity is an adventure in living.

Have a little learning today. Tomorrow too . . .



## GUESS WHICH?

Guess which house doesn't need **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** almost every day! The nearest one? Look at those windows — surely that lady wouldn't want to start washing them without the cleaner that doesn't leave scum and froth to rinse away. The next one? Even a small house has a kitchen, with floors to scrub and dishes to wash. And **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** does both jobs easily and quickly. The house on the far corner? They have a garage, and that means a car. And a car means whitewall tires to clean and upholstery to wash. They can't do without **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, either.

The answer is easy: every room in every home needs **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** . . . almost every day in the year. It saves money and time, cleans fast and completely. And you can pick it up with your groceries. Remember:



## Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

You go through the motions . . .

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**

Does the work!