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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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- Photo by Strom





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My dear Friends:

The rain shower we are having this afternoon is helping the trees shed their leaves. There isn't much color in the garden as the fall flowers are now gone. We picked all we had in bloom and kept them in buckets of water on the back porch, bringing in fresh ones as we needed them, but now that supply is exhausted.

Ruby, our nurse, never came back from her home empty-handed from the first blooms in the spring. She has a very lovely flower garden, as well as berry bushes and fruit trees, so we had her to thank for an abundance of flowers and fruit all summer and fall. But those days are over now until next spring, and the artificial winter bouquets will be used until then. This winter we'll be enjoying the fruits she froze and canned.

We had such unusual weather this year that even some of the flowers were confused. The clematis vines bloomed very little in the spring, but burst into their display of beauty this fall. I suppose the late rains revived them.

One morning a few weeks ago Ruby came downstairs and asked if we had a can of insect killer. Some wasps had built a nest as large as a grapefruit between an upstairs window and storm window. The storm window had been left ajar for circulation and being a room that is seldom used we didn't know that the wasps were building there. My! such activity! Ruby opened the window a crack and gave them a dose of spray. When she went back later she counted 75 dead wasps! Our daughter Dorothy is allergic to bee and wasp stings so we are glad that none had found their way into the house.

Soon I'll be in the business of making up mincemeat for our winter needs. In October we make an annual trip to a nearby orchard to buy apples and cider. I believe we've used apples in some form for dessert almost every day. Sometimes I get carried away in

my cooking and baking and make more than we need. For so many years I was accustomed to cooking for a large family and it is a habit hard to break. With some of the children nearby, though, it is easy to get rid of the extra pies and cookies. Margery says I should use my freezer more for these extras, but when you like to get into the kitchen as much as I do, you don't need to have these things put away to bring out later.

One morning last week a radio friend stopped to visit a few minutes, and when I mentioned that I enjoy doing all the meal preparations myself, she was surprised to hear that I could manage this from my wheel chair. I'm so happy that I can for I need a variety of activities. I enjoy reading and handwork of many kinds but one can tire of these and then it is a pleasure to go to the kitchen and stir up something special for the next meal. Everything I need is kept in the lower cupboards where I can reach them easily. If something is out of reach there is always someone at hand to get it down for me.

We've had such nice visits with relatives and friends since I wrote last. Margery tells me that she mentioned the Alexanders and my niece Gretchen and her husband Clay, so I'll catch up on the others.

My nephew Philip Field and his wife Marie drove east to pick up the trailer they had ordered while they were preparing to leave Africa. They returned to Shenandoah for a couple of weeks, and have now left to spend the winter traveling through the West. They have children, brothers and sisters and many friends to visit. We will be looking for them again in the spring when they'll have lots of good times to tell us about.

We've also had visits from some of my brother Henry's daughters — Hope stopped in on her way back to California from Expo 67, Lettie and her family came from Illinois, and Jose-

phine and her husband stopped in on their vacation. Also, Philip and Marie's daughter Billie Marie was here for a short time before starting her new job at the University of California at Berkeley.

As you can tell by the picture on the cover, our granddaughter Kristin and her little son Andrew paid us a visit also. She was able to come for a few days before school started. Her husband had already left for northern Wyoming for his practice teaching so she and Andy came by train to Omaha where Dorothy met them. Margery came in from the office and said, "Don't move until I get back!", and ran home for her camera so we could have this four-generation picture.

Mart's sister Adelyn and her husband, Albert Rope, from Mountain Home, Arkansas, were in Iowa for a visit and we enjoyed hearing about their activities. They are well adjusted to the life of retirement, but hearing about all the comings and goings, I believe they are more active than they ever were. As always, they brought us a package of fish fillets which we enjoyed on Mart's birthday.

We have so much to be thankful for! If one ever feels blue, all he has to do is count his blessings. I love the words of that old hymn which goes, "Count your many blessings, name them one by one, and it will surprise you what the Lord hath done."

In sharing and helping others along the way, can we best express our thanks. And when we help others we are helping ourselves. I don't know if this is exactly the place for such a story, but in a way it makes the point.

There is a fable about a great king who offered a bag of gold to any young man who would travel over a particular road in the best way. Some chose horse and wagon; some went by ox and cart; some, on horseback; some thought the most intelligent way was to fashion huge wings and imitate a bird. One however, went by foot.

As he walked, he noticed that the road was blocked in several places by large rocks and tree stumps. To help the next person who would have to travel that way, he removed the rocks and stumps to the side of the road. And under the last rock he found the king's bag of gold.

A fable, yes, but it tells a story. We who travel along the road of life are blessed by the thoughtfulness and the very goodness of others, and those who have smoothed the road certainly receive their reward.

Yes, we have much to be thankful for and many blessings to count as we observe Thanksgiving Day.

Sincerely,

Leanna



## MARGERY AND OLIVER HAVE ENTERTAINED HOUSE GUESTS

Dear Friends:

What a glorious fall we are having this year! Our former neighbors, Eltora and Howard Alexander, have been visiting us the past couple of weeks, and we couldn't have asked for better weather during their stay. I believe we had only one or two days of rain and nothing was planned for those days that a few showers could upset.

It had been almost two years since the Alexanders retired and moved to Tucson to be closer to their daughters and their families. The afternoon they arrived they experienced some tugs at their heartstrings when they stopped in our driveway instead of pulling ahead another few yards to park in front of the house where they had lived for over forty years. However, a few cold nippy mornings arrived at just that time and the thoughts of winter soon to bear down on Iowa gave them some second thoughts!

Having lived in Shenandoah so many years, they had lots of friends to see, so while I was busy with broadcasting and work at the office they made calls. I began to call myself their "social secretary" because of the countless phone calls with messages and invitations. Every time they returned to the house I would have another list of people who were trying to get in touch with them. We certainly had a full two weeks, and now that they have headed for Arizona the house seems terribly empty. We won't have to suffer this situation for long, though, for Martin is coming home for the weekend and is bringing one of his college friends. That will liven things up a bit around here again.

Cousin Gretchen Harshbarger wrote from her home in Iowa City late in the summer how lucky we were "to have various members of the Driftmier tribe wafting through from far parts!" And shortly after, Gretchen and her husband Clay came wafting through Shenandoah on their way to Colorado for a short vacation. It had been a long time since they had been able to arrange their busy schedules for a visit with us so we were delighted that they could include a stop on their way west. It was a perfect time to catch up on all the family news.

Gretchen, a landscape architect, has been extremely busy this past year on a number of projects connected with her profession. In an article which appeared in the Cedar Rapids Gazette, Linda Perrin wrote:

"Mrs. Harshbarger says she caught the gardening bug from her mother by osmosis (her mother, Helen Field Fischer of Shenandoah, had a radio



Gretchen seldom leaves her home, which overlooks the Iowa River, without some landscape plans in hand.  
—Gazette photo by Tom Merryman.

program on gardening for 25 years) before going off to college to learn what it was all about. She received a degree in landscape architecture from Cornell University, Ithica, N. Y.

"Only since her two sons have grown up has she devoted all her time to landscape architecture. She recently completed the planting plan for the Dubuque street parkway in Iowa City — a mile-long parkway on the northeast side of the city. Although the trees are planted it will be many years before Mrs. Harshbarger's plans will become a reality."

Gretchen was describing to us how necessary it was to select plantings that would create a lovely effect throughout the entire year. And this is foremost in all landscaping. She also designed plans for a number of parks in Iowa City as well as for private residences.

As if this weren't enough to keep one busy, she has just finished the *McCall's Garden Book* which is to be released by Simon and Schuster this fall. Naturally, this was a tremendous responsibility, and you'll appreciate her marvelous knowledge of gardening when you see the new book.

You never know how much children are going to absorb "by osmosis", as Linda Perrin put it. When our son Martin told us that he had decided to major in Art History, he added, "Well, I've been through so many museums on vacation trips, I just decided I'd like to work in one." We hope his dream comes true and the end result of his studies will be museum work. This preparation, however, could lead in

any number of directions, so perhaps it will take another path. There are so many opportunities for young people today to learn just what they want to make their life's work.

Do you have the Junior Achievement program in your town? We have had it in Shenandoah for a few years. It is a fine learning experience for children, and certainly teaches them how to conduct a little business firsthand. This year I've been named to the board of directors and it has been most interesting. And I'll have to add that being the only woman on the board with 27 men has been an experience too! Since the meetings are held over the noon hour, I've learned to eat a "man's lunch", for one thing! Kidding aside, it has been very worthwhile. I had bought Junior Achievement items at the door, but had no knowledge about the program itself until I was given the opportunity to serve on the board.

Club meetings are in full swing now and we've had some interesting programs. One that I particularly enjoyed was the report of a family vacation in Europe. Since they didn't take a conducted tour but, rather, went "on their own", it was a little different account of a foreign trip than I had heard before. Natalie said about the most important item they carried with them was "How to See Europe on Five Dollars a Day", and that the surprising thing was that one *could*! Frederick and his family were most impressed with Switzerland, and so were the Rays. It is not likely that I'll ever be able to squeeze in a trip to Europe

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*A Worship Service by Mabel Nair Brown*

**Setting:** On the worship table place a loaf of homemade bread on a breadboard, with a small bag of flour beside it and, if possible, a sheaf of wheat or other grain.

**Quiet Music:** "America the Beautiful" (piano, organ, or record player). This instrumental music continues softly through the Call to Worship, the opening poem, and Scripture readings.

**Call to Worship:** *Thine, O Jehovah, is the greatness and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heavens and in the earth is Thine: Thine is the Kingdom, O Jehovah, and Thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honor come of Thee, and Thou rulest over all; and in Thy hand is power and might; and in Thy hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.*

(A Reader reads the Scripture responses to the lines of the poem given by the Leader.)

**Leader:** (Slowly and with emphasis): "Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,"

**Reader:** *Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for man to cultivate, that he may bring forth food from the earth . . . and bread to strengthen man's heart.*

**Leader:** "And back of the flour the mill;"

**Reader:** *Man goes forth to his work and to his labor until evening. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all.*

**Leader:** "And back of the mill is the wheat, and the shower,"

**Reader:** *Thou hast made the moon to mark the seasons: The sun knows its time for setting.*

**Leader:** "And the sun, and the Father's will."

**Reader:** *I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the growth. So neither he who plants nor he who waters is anything, but only God Who gives the growth.*

**Leader:** *Jehovah, Thou hast been favorable unto Thy land.*

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

**Leader:** What makes Thanksgiving different? What makes it a special holiday? What makes Thanksgiving real?

The answer is a simple one and it goes beyond the groaning table, the

fine home, the good job. THANKSGIVING IS AN AFFIRMATION. To know a true Thanksgiving is to know that it is our heart's testimony to a deeply held conviction — the conviction that these things we call free and decent (yes, and American!) did not just happen to us. We did not get them because we were better, or smarter, or luckier. Ah, no! Rather, this conviction comes in the belief in the dignity of man — red, yellow, black, white — *all* men. It is in the belief that right is right, and wrong is wrong — in honesty, decency, and integrity. It is the conviction that we have a responsibility, a God-given one, to our brother man, wherever, whoever he may be. This is the THANKSGIVING that makes Thanksgiving real.

**Reader:** *These all look to Thee. To give them their food in due season. When Thou givest to them, Thy gather it up: When Thou openest Thy hand, they are filled with good things . . .*

*O give thanks to the Lord. Make known His deeds among the people! Sing praises to Him, tell of all His wonderful works!*

**Prayer:** (Directed prayer with leader pausing after each statement for silent prayer.)

Let us now consider the blessings of our days and, as we meditate, let our hearts in all things give thanks.

Let us recall the thrill of awaking each new day, the privilege of living in a world filled with beauty, excitement and wonder, and be thankful . . .

Let us think of the satisfaction of honest toil and a job well done and the pleasure of the knowledge of the mind to find the unending fascinations of the puzzles and wonders of the universe . . .

Let us remember the precious love of family, the warm fellowship of neighbors, the handclasp of a friend, the blessings of the church brotherhood . . .

Let us think of the simple, the lovely, the common things of daily life — the laughter of children; the delightful wisdom and faith of the elderly; the delight of a song, an instrument, and the printed page; conversation with a friend; the dew on a garden rose; the fragrance of bread baking . . .

Let us give thanks for the leadership of our nation, for teachers of our

youth, for all those upon whom we depend for the utilities and comforts of living . . .

Let us think of the treasure of health and happiness, the constant revelation of Thy love, the unknown blessings that flow from Thee to us day by day . . .

For all this we remember, and all that we do not know to count, we come to Thee now, O living Father, to offer unto Thee our humble thanks and grateful praise. Grant us Thy peace. Amen.

**Meditation:** Each Thanksgiving our thoughts return to our Pilgrim fathers to whom we owe the heritage of this day and each year we are once again aware of our gratitude that they reminded us to count our blessings.

Today let us think a bit about those Pilgrims and this heritage they left us. Let us think of John Robinson. He was the Englishman who believed in complete freedom of worship — this in a day when the church was not free as it is today. He went to Holland with the Pilgrims and as their pastor there prepared them for their daring adventure to America. He never saw America, but the faith he gave the Pilgrims is the great faith upon which our nation was founded.

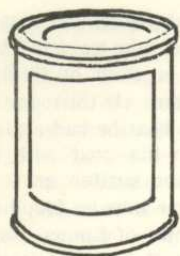
One of the first buildings erected by the Pilgrims after landing in America was the church. Their ideal was to spread the "Good News" in the new world, to show love to their fellowman. We all know the story of how they practiced this with the Indians. Thus they joined them in the first Thanksgiving.

What reason had the Pilgrims to give special thanks? When they landed at Plymouth many were weak and ill from the rough, long voyage and the skimpy diet. They were weak and tired and facing the beginning of a hard winter. During that first year more than half their number died. Only five of the eighteen wives survived. Of the original eighteen couples, only three saw both partners survive.

Then came the spring and in April the *Mayflower* returned to England. But not one of the Pilgrim survivors would return with it! Instead, they went to work. They hunted and fished and gathered wild fruits and berries.

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## When Is a Coffee Can NOT a Coffee Can?

by

Joseph Arkin and Judieth Jacovitz

This may sound like a quiz show stopper, but the answer is actually quite simple. A coffee can is *not* a coffee can when it becomes a collector's item.

Sounds impossible? Not really . . . It all started when coffee packers, who knew that housewives were dissatisfied with the key-strip cans, attempted to find a satisfactory substitute. None was ever found until plastic cover lids made their appearance.

Now 80% of all packaged coffee is marketed in cans with plastic overlids and these new, tall, slim coffee cans have emerged on shelves of markets and food stores all across the country.

The advantages of this new product are many. First of all, the new overlid can is a more economical item to package; and the savings are reflected in the price to the consumer. Secondly, even the most unhandy, fumbling individual need have no dread of opening the new cans. There's no key to turn; no worry about the key breaking off before the can is fully opened. All one has to do is to open the can like any other can; dispose of the metal lid and then cap it with the plastic overlid. This immediately provides an airtight seal and the coffee remains as fresh as the moment it was first opened.

Finally, but just about as good as the coffee itself, is the *empty* coffee can. Yes, the *empty* coffee can. This is our new collector's item.

Once emptied, these containers blossom into all sorts of useful ideas. The disguises are many; the uses are varied; and when *you* have discovered the potential of an empty coffee can in the kitchen, the workshop, for the children and indeed for everyone, you join the ranks of all those who shudder at the suggestion of a trash basket receiving this valuable object.

Imagination is a wonderful thing and here are some ideas offered by the many people who have put them to work.

The first place the coffee can assumes its new identity will undoubtedly be in the kitchen. A whole collection of these cans, covered by adhesive-backed decorative paper, can become unusually attractive canister sets. One housewife decorated her set to tie in with her kitchen color scheme. She used her leftover pieces of wall-

paper to decorate four different sized coffee cans. And these canister sets can be used for other things beside the regulation — flour — sugar — coffee — tea. They make marvelous containers on the pantry shelf for split peas, macaroni, rice, breakfast cereal, raisins, beans.

The large three-pound cans make great cooky jars. Try it and see how useful it is to be able to recognize instantly what's inside. And for another kitchen extra, try storing potato chips, corn chips or popcorn. You can eliminate forever rewrapping once-opened packages of these snacks.

The new coffee can may also be utilized for a grease storing can in your refrigerator. The lids seal in any unwelcome odors. If you should wish to dispose of the grease, simply throw the can away, making sure the can has been filled to within one inch of the top and the grease has sufficiently hardened. The overlid keeps the grease tightly locked and you can discard it at will with no fear of messing up your garbage can.

Here's an idea that will surely interest the economy minded housewife. Have you ever had brown sugar harden like a solid rock in the very carton it was purchased? Try this. Put the brown sugar in one of the new coffee cans. Take a dampened paper towel and fold in half twice. Place the towel over the top of the can and snap the plastic lid, making sure the towel is in position. Go back in four to six hours, and you'll find a pleasant surprise. The sugar will have been revitalized and ready for use.

But the kitchen and the housewife do not have a monopoly on this new item. The men of the house are finding these cans a new convenience in their workshops. Once used for this purpose, they become tiny storage houses for nails, screws, small tools. The plastic overlids also provide wonderful protection against turpentine evaporation. Here again, the see-through aspect enables immediate recognition. And of course, the cans are helpful for soaking wet paintbrushes.

For the fisherman of the house, here's a hint on how he can keep tabs on his worms. Remove both ends of the can, snap a clear plastic lid on one end; then fill up the can with soil and

the bait and snap a lid on the other end. The experienced angler will recognize the value of this suggestion because he knows how the worms like to stay hidden deep in the dirt. Now with the can barricaded on both sides, he can outwit the slippery bait and get them from either end.

Let's not forget the children. They like to make use of these new collectors' items too . . . particularly if they had a hand in decorating them. And what youngster doesn't have a favored collection of junk — bits of clay and old crayons . . . erasers . . . ends of chalk and treasured bits of stones and rocks. Give the little ones a place of their own for their momentos — let them redesign the can, label it and they'll have a see-through collection.

The teenager, too, will find it useful for storing the rollers and clips for her hair.

The savers in the family will be interested to know that the one-half pound can is a new version of a "piggy" bank. Even though the shapes are different, the amount of pennies that can be held is the same. And here again, the plastic overlid not only keeps the money from spilling out, but helps the children to have easy access to their wealth when they want to have the fun of counting it.

And for the chauffering parents, here's an interesting idea from one mother of five. She took a coffee can, spray-painted it, labelled it "litter keeper", capped it with the plastic overlid and now she suddenly has neat children. Simple psychology! The fun is in snapping off the lid and closing it again once the refuse is safely inside.

So — don't throw your new coffee can away. It may not be a collector's item in the sense that antiques are, but the list of its uses is a long one. We may soon have a veritable warehouse of storage wealth in the cans we bring home from the markets.

The coffee manufacturers have been the pioneers of these secondary-use cans, but now others are beginning to package their products in the same way. Shortening is one example. It has been suggested that other canned food and non-food items earmarked for the overlid packaging are vegetables, baby food, dog food, peanuts, peanut butter, fruits, paint, to mention a few.

Enjoy your coffee and enjoy the varied uses to which you can put the empty can. The suggested uses are only the beginning. Put your imagination to work!

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A little smile adds a great deal to your face value.

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Man's most beautiful gift is hope.



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank has gone out to work on a fence he is building so I decided to get out the old trusty typewriter for my monthly letter to you. Since I didn't have a letter in the last issue of the magazine, I must collect my thoughts as far back as August to catch you up with our family activities.

Kristin and Art thought they would have almost two weeks between summer school and Labor Day to drive back to Iowa for a longer-than-usual visit, and were anticipating it when circumstances changed all that. Weeks before, Art had filed papers for his application for practice teaching the first nine weeks of the fall semester, and they waited and waited for his notification of where he was to be assigned. Finally deciding something must be wrong, and going to the office to check, he discovered that his papers had been misfiled and he hadn't been assigned anywhere. After everything was straightened out he learned he was assigned to a school in northern Wyoming which opened the last week in August instead of the day after Labor Day. There just wasn't time to drive back to Iowa. In fact, they had just a few days in which to get all his clothes washed and ironed and packed ready to go.

It was just at this time, when Kristin was in the midst of all the hurry and flurry, that I called to tell her that Frank's Uncle August Johnson was very ill and suggested that after she got Art off to school, she and Andy get a train reservation and come home for just a few days. She agreed, and I said I would meet her train in Omaha at 3:00 A.M. Otherwise she would have an eight-hour wait before she could get a train for home — a tiring wait, especially with a small child.

I was in Shenandoah at the time, and Margery volunteered to drive up with me and ride back with Oliver. The three of us went out for dinner and to a movie so the first part of the evening went fast and pleasantly. It was 11:30 when they dropped me off at the Union Station, and with plenty of reading material I felt the time would go fast until 3:00. Unfortunately the train was three hours late, but the long night was quickly forgotten when Kristin and Andy stepped off the train. Andy had slept all the way and looked cute in



Andrew was laughing at his Great-grandmother Driftmier's story as Margery snapped this picture.

his little red sleepers. Kristin was afraid I would get sleepy driving, since I hadn't had any sleep at all, but we were so excited at seeing one another, and had so much to talk about, that the miles just sped by.

Kristin spent a part of every afternoon at the hospital with her uncle, and although she was home for only three days, she managed to have a few short visits with old friends she hadn't seen for a long time, and we had time for a satisfactory visit. Andy loved going with his Grandpa Johnson to feed his little pony every day, and for rides on the big tractor. I took him to the park playground while Kristin went to the hospital. We spent one afternoon making cookie animals, because this is one thing grandmas are good at.

When it was time for them to leave, Frank's sister Bernie and I drove them back to Omaha, going by way of Shenandoah so Kristin and Andy could spend some time with Granny and Grandpa Driftmier and the rest of the relatives.

Kristin, Frank, and I will always be grateful that she made this quick trip, because on the morning of September 10th Uncle August passed away. His passing leaves a great empty place in our lives. He and his wife Delia lived on the adjoining farm and we saw them every day. Frank has been farming their land for them for several years.

There were three Johnson brothers who all came to this country from Sweden when they were young men. Frank's father and his brother Oscar came first. Oscar settled in Omaha and became an attorney. Frank's father wanted to farm and settled in Lucas County, where we now live, because he said it looked so much like the country in Sweden. Most of the land was native timber and he worked long and hard hours clearing off the big trees without the use of power saws or bulldozers to push them out, to make the rich bottom land for growing crops. August was the

youngest by several years, and came a few years later. He told me once that he couldn't speak a word of English when he came here at thirteen, so when he got off the boat he had a piece of paper pinned to his coat with his name and destination written on it. It always fascinated me how he found his way to the little town of Lucas, Iowa.

August lived with Father and Mother Johnson until the children were born, and then he moved into a house on the farm he had bought. So you see he was always a very "close" uncle and you can understand when I say his passing will leave an empty place in our lives. He and Delia had no children, so they spent a great deal of time with their nieces and nephew. Delia didn't want to stay on the farm alone, and since she doesn't drive a car she has moved into an apartment in Chariton where she will be close to town and to church, and close enough for us to see often.

How are the crops in your locality? The corn is a sorry-looking sight on our farm. First there was a flood and then a drouth after the corn was replanted, so the only corn worth picking is a little on the high spots that the flood didn't hurt. We will probably salvage enough to feed the cattle through the winter.

Frank has been working on his fences this fall — putting in some new ones and repairing others. He spent a few days helping Delia get her things organized for a sale.

Another neighbor has moved to town. Frank's very close friend Roy Pennington died of a heart attack in April and now his wife has sold her farm and is living in Chariton. Frank helped her get ready for her sale, also. We now have their dog Susie, strictly a farm dog that Lena didn't have the heart to keep chained up in town. Frank is glad to have her and she and our dog Friday have a lot of fun hunting together. Delia asked us if we would like to have her little dog Petey, but she decided to take it with her because it is house trained and would be a lot of company. We were several months without any dog at all and suddenly almost had three.

Kristin is happy with her rural school. She has 12 students in 5th, 6th, and 8th grades — three girls and nine boys. She wrote that the highlight of the first day came when an old mother duck quacked by with six babies; then she knew she was really in a rural school. When she was a little girl and loved rural school so much she said she wanted to grow up and teach a country school. Now she is there!

My space has run out, so until next month . . . Sincerely, Dorothy



## FREDERICK DOUBTS WE WOULD GO BACK TO "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Dear Friends:

Betty and I have been married for nearly twenty-two years, and in all that time we never have had the "collecting bug". We thought of collecting oil paintings, but that was too expensive. We thought of collecting Oriental rugs, but that was too expensive a hobby. Now at last we have both become very interested in beautiful china plates. It all began when one of the women in our church made us a gift of some beautiful plates, and then a few months later we were given another gift of plates, and now that people have learned how much we love them, we have been given some more plates. I do hope that someday you will have a chance to see the beginning of our collection; it really is quite fabulous, and we are so excited about it. The only danger in all this is our looking for opportunities to entertain so that we can have the pleasure of delighting our guests with the plates, when actually we are doing more entertaining now than our physical strength permits.

As I write this letter to you I am anxiously waiting to hear Betty's car come up the driveway. She has been in Maine for the past week getting a much-needed rest. One of our friends has a beautiful summer home on the shore of Frenchman's Bay, and Betty has gone there to relax and catch her breath after the fast-moving and somewhat hectic weeks of September. She worked so hard cleaning our house after we got back from Nova Scotia, and then she had to get both children ready and off to school, making long drives to carry their things for them, and then she had so many committee meetings about the work of the church and some of the social agencies she serves, that she became quite exhausted. While in Maine she has called me quite often, and from all reports she has had a good rest. She should be home any minute, and this morning I have worked with a frenzy cleaning up the kitchen. I never like to have Betty come home and find any dirty dishes or pots and pans, because she suspects that I let them collect while she is away, and of course she is right.

In a routine check of some of the rooms in our basement here at the house, I discovered that the wood I had laid in for a winter supply for the fireplaces had given off so much moisture that it was causing a growth of mold. I immediately went out to search for something I could use to remove the moisture from the air, and discovered that a neighbor had an old electric dehumidifier for sale. Now that it is in-



Among the special events at South Congregational Church was a dinner honoring 50-year members, some of whom are pictured here with Frederick.

stalled, I have to remember to run down to the basement every few hours to empty the collected water. Have you ever noticed how much water can be taken out of the air in a room? It is amazing!

Here in New England our major interest in October is the foliage both as a matter of personal enjoyment and as a matter of tourist attraction. When we have an unusually beautiful fall, the tourists come in here from far and wide, and so beginning in September and continuing right up until now we get "Foliage Reports" on the radio and in the newspapers in much the same way that we get "Weather Reports" all the year and "Ski Reports" in the winter. Have you ever seen or heard a "Foliage Report"? Early in the fall it would be like this:

"Vermont higher elevations, considerable yellow and bright brown. Lower elevations sugar maples turning, oak well advanced, swamp maple passed. New Hampshire higher elevations well advanced to north and at half peak central and south, Sugar maples very red, birch brilliant yellow, swamp maple lingering. Massachusetts and Connecticut full color in higher elevations all trees brilliant, in valleys and flat lands not quite half peak, should take another week for full color. Birch unusually good, oak average."

Now that our Mary Leanna is at Boston University we shall have more of an opportunity to see the lovely countryside between here and the east coast. There are two or three spectacular vistas along the Massachusetts turnpike, and now that both chil-

dren can drive, I shall be having more of a chance to enjoy the views along the way. The driver of a car never gets to see as much of the scenery as his passengers, and quite frankly I am enjoying the change. I would be content never to drive again, but I am afraid that is wishful thinking for the time being.

Do you know that there are three times more cars on the highways today than there were at the close of World War II? They build new super highways to take care of the increased traffic, and then it takes them so long to build the roads that the traffic has doubled during the process and the road is inadequate even before it is finished. All of the people in the neighborhood of our parsonage are complaining about the awful increase of traffic on our street. There are exactly twice as many trucks, buses and cars on our street as there were just six months ago, and it gets worse by the hour! I have gone to see the Mayor, the Traffic Commissioner, and some of the City Council trying to find what can be done about it, and I have gotten nowhere. The honest fact is that there is no place the traffic can go that would not make matters worse than they now are. If we manage to get the traffic re-directed somewhere else, it would mean that other homes would be in the same situation that we are in now. If a new highway is constructed, it would mean that many persons would lose their homes altogether. I guess that we shall just have to learn to live with it.

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# Fragrant Heritage

by

Edris Probstfield Hack

Today, as I drove along a busy city street, my nostrils twitched and flared to catch a familiar odor, reminiscent of the past. I slipped out of the stream of hurrying cars, pulled to the curb and pushed the button to lower the window. As the air rushed in, I breathed deeply and savored to the full the tantalizing smell of freshly baked bread, and I was assailed with memories that went back to the days of my childhood, — way, way back.

Tuesday and Friday were baking days in our home, without exception (save for the very rare occasions when mother was sick). On these two days we children always hurried home from school. We didn't saunter or sing, or play games or swing our lard-pail lunch buckets in circles at the ends of their carrying straps. We didn't pause to climb the thorn apple trees for handfuls of frost-bitten fruit, or to shout insults at the neighbor's bull calves from the safety of the intervening fence. Of one accord and with no word of reminder between us, we practically raced for home.

Before the door was opened we were assailed by that titillating, mouth-watering, flavorful odor which reached out and drew us inside and into the kitchen with an irresistible force. There they were, all six of the golden brown loaves, keeping warm under a red checked tablecloth. And there was Mother filling the milk glasses and waiting to minister to our appetites.

We stood around first on one foot and then the other, each one scarcely able to wait his turn. Mother sliced, and this in itself was an art worthy of comment. It took a thin knife and a sharp one, with a knowledgeable hand to guide it, to cut through the crusty exterior without tearing or mashing the bread itself. After each slice was spread with softened butter from a dripping pastry brush, it took two hands to hold the luscious morsel. Each one disappeared with appreciative gusto. Mother let us eat slice after slice of the moist, warm delicacy, and the wonder of it was that it never spoiled our appetites for the evening meal. At the supper table we were even ready for another slice or two.

Mother set her "sponge" on the night before baking day, using the "starter" she had brought home from a meeting of the Rural Improvement Club. (For a long time we children considered the "starter" the most valuable thing in the house, willing



There is nothing quite like the fragrance of homemade bread. Mother, who bakes twice a week, is buttering the tops of bread and rolls fresh from the oven.

to guard the quart jar in which it was stored with our lives if need be should any stranger invade our kitchen. (That was before we learned that it could be started again.) To the starter Mother would add sugar and shortening, and the drainings from the potatoes she had cooked for supper. The sponge was made just before bedtime and it was coddled by being placed near the heating stove, if it was stove weather. In the morning, if the fire had burned out during the night, it was coddled again by setting it to warm on the water reservoir that was attached to the kitchen cookstove. Care had to be taken to make sure it did not become too hot.

After breakfast Mother dipped a part of the sponge out and put it into a quart jar to be used on the following baking day. Then she added salt and flour, stirring till it became a thick batter. At this point the batter was divided into two parts. One part was set aside in a bowl, while to the remainder in the breadpan she added a generous amount of molasses, and then graham flour until a dough formed. This was turned onto the bread board, which was liberally floured, and then the kneading process began. What a punishment that bread took. It was kneaded and turned and slapped and pounded without mercy. Finally it was rounded up into a smooth ball and left to rest while the other half underwent a similar treatment, but without the molasses and dark flour.

Now there were two colors of bread, and these were returned to the original pan from which all traces of batter had been removed by the application of flour, and the two balls of dough were separated by a greased platter.

Next came the raising. The time for this varied with the temperature of the kitchen. When the bread reached the top of the pan, it was promptly punched down. This might be three or more

times, according to the pressure of Mother's other duties. When she was ready, she made the dough into slim, beautifully molded loaves, and laid them out side by side in large black bread pans. These were covered with a clean dishtowel.

When the loaves had doubled in size, they went into the oven where they baked for an hour. The fire had to be watched carefully, and only a small amount of wood added at a time, so the temperature would be just right to bake and not burn.

Six loaves was an average baking. When company was expected, a larger batch was made. Sometimes Mother would vary the pattern by making a pan of tea biscuits. These were shaped into small balls and placed side by side in a square cake pan. When baked they were a tall version of a small, individual loaf, which delighted us children. For an occasional treat there was a pan of cinnamon rolls, and what a fascinating process that was to watch on days when there was no school, or I was lucky enough to be kept home with a sore throat or a slight case of the sniffles. Mother patted and rolled and the springy dough jumped back once for every twice it was stretched. At last when it was almost the size of the rolling board and the shape of an overgrown turkey egg, she spread it with softened butter, sprinkled it generously with brown sugar and cinnamon, and rolled it up, pinching the dough together where the edges overlapped. Then she sliced it and put the beautiful brown and white spirals into a buttered pan. I watched my chance to "pinch" a piece myself if possible. The raw dough with its spicy sweet filling was almost as delicious as the finished product.

At Christmas time there was "Yulekage", a very special treat that was never baked at any other time of the year. These delicious loaves were baked in quantity and wrapped as gifts to be shared with the neighbors. The basis of "Yulekage" was the same starter sponge, but with many good things added. Eggs, sugar, butter, raisins, chopped candied citron, and ground cardamon seed were all a part of it.

After Mother left us I found her recipe for Yulekage written in her own fine, hard-to-read handwriting in her little secretary desk. I brought it back home with me, thinking to make a special treat for my family. But Christmas came and went and I didn't get it made.

Isn't it strange, I thought as I sat in my car, breathing in that marvelous, nose-twitching goodness, how little

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## A DREAM FULFILLED

(The story of one woman's perseverance)

by

Marjorie Spiller Neagle

Nearly a century ago Thomas Dunn English wrote, "Less good from genius we may find than from perseverance."

From Biblical times down to the present we have been enjoined to persevere. The great ones who have persevered and conquered against seemingly impossible odds are known to us. Others, who must remain forever nameless, have endured without expectation or hope of recognition.

One woman who singlehandedly fought to win a cause that affects all Americans is not well known. But this Thanksgiving it would be well to consider what she did, and be grateful.

Growing up in an era when education for girls was considered a wasted use of time and money, New Hampshire's Sarah Josepha Buell was fortunate in having a brother who not only shared his books with her but, later, when he came home from Dartmouth College, taught her what he had learned in the classroom.

Sarah married a brilliant young lawyer who died when she was thirty four, leaving her with five children to support. The indomitable Sarah (now Mrs. Hale) taught school, published several books, and in 1828 was offered a position with *The Ladies' Magazine*, a Boston periodical, and the only magazine for women in the country at that time. Eight years later *Ladies'* and the

new *Godey's Lady's Book* amalgamated. Sarah Hale was invited to be its "Lady Editor", a position she held for thirty years.

From her vantage point as editor Sarah continued a campaign she had been waging during her tenure with *Ladies*. She wanted her country to observe a national Thanksgiving Day. George Washington had proclaimed such a day in 1789, the year in which Sarah was one year old. There had been none since.

"Such a day," Sarah had written in 1828, "should, like the Fourth of July, be observed by all our people. There is a moral value in counting our blessings collectively."

In some parts of the country a day devoted to this end was observed annually, but each section chose a time that depended on the weather, the harvests, and the coming home of the cattle, as well as on the whims and traditions of the communities. Sarah's first mild suggestions had gradually developed into her fight against such sectionalism.

She wrote, by hand, innumerable letters to governors and congressmen, even to presidents, asking for their support. She harassed influential citizens with personal calls. She tempted the readers of her magazine by printing possible menus for the occasion, cleverly

choosing those that would appeal to northern and southern tastes alike. She recommended roast turkey with savory dressing; ham soaked three weeks in cider, stuffed with yams, and baked in maple syrup. She suggested pumpkin pie for dessert, and Frumety pudding of hulled wheat boiled in milk, with sugar, raisins, egg yolks, and spices added.

Sarah Hale's was not an easy task. At a time when women were not supposed to be heard outside the home she met with ridicule, indifference, and insults. She refused to be intimidated, and after nearly two decades was able to announce that 29 states and territories had united in a common Thanksgiving celebration. It remained for only Vermont and Virginia to join the others and make it possible for 23 million Americans to sit down as one family to feast and count their blessings.

But even this did not satisfy Sarah. She wanted the federal government to make the holiday a national one. She persevered in her efforts. Then, when victory seemed to be within reach, Civil War split the country apart. Broken hearted, but with undiminished determination, Sarah entreated President Lincoln to name one day when "enmity and strife" could be laid aside. The President made no reply.

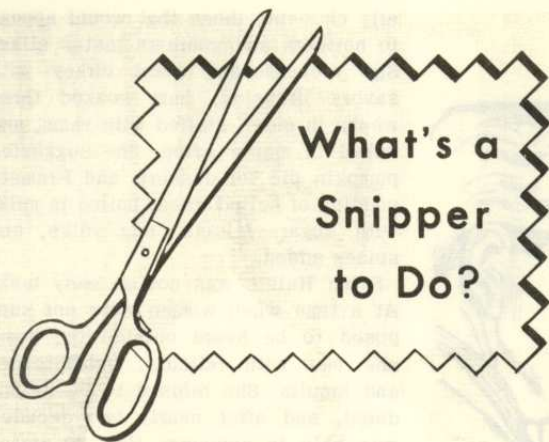
In July, 1863, the Battle of Gettysburg spelled the end of the Confederacy. Now, at last, reasoned Sarah, a day of Thanksgiving was imperative. She wrote Lincoln again. This time, either her eloquence or her persistence or his own desire for unity (or all three) led him in October of that year to issue the first Thanksgiving Day Proclamation since the first one by Washington 74 years earlier.

In his proclamation the President called upon his "fellow-citizens everywhere in the United States, those who are at sea and those who sojourn in foreign lands" to observe the day with feasting and "thanks to our beneficent Father Who dwelleth in the Heavens, and Who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath remembered us in mercy."

Of course Mrs. Hale was overjoyed with this victory. But it was not an absolute one. She wrote Mr. Lincoln repeatedly, and it is not unreasonable to assume that she visited him when she journeyed to Washington in 1864. At any rate, he promised her that the fourth Thursday in November should henceforth be set aside as a national Day of Thanksgiving.

In the month of her triumph Sarah Josepha Buell Hale was seventy-six years old. She had persevered for thirty seven of those years to accomplish a task and fulfill a dream.





by  
Margie Mitchell

Aware of the existence of a National Dairy Council, a Pineapple Growers Association and an Almond Growers Exchange, I groped for a council, association or exchange to appeal to for a solution. Being a constant snipper of recipes, household hints, poems, articles, travel tips, and how-to-make-its, etc., I possessed a veritable mountain of snippings. They reclined in hat boxes and shoe boxes, in drawers, cupboards and closets. Should they be filed? Or scrapbooked? Or lodged in sturdy, sagproof, jumbo-sized envelopes? My brow, wrinkled by household budgets, inflation and alarmingly climbing hemlines, smoothed miraculously at the thought there might be a Constant Clippers Council, or a knight, somewhere, to come to my rescue.

Only a few clippings fall into the "I'll probably never use this...but I'll save it anyway" category; most are prudently practical, being what catnip is to cats, what golf clubs are to Hope. When looking for a blueprint for a week's menus, hints to make leftovers more palatable, or a touch of poetic whimsy to lighten a chore-packed day, clippings really measure up.

At times I envied Old Mother Hubbard. Her cupboards were bare; she must have discovered a satisfactory solution to the snippings accumulation dilemma. Perhaps, in her day, magazines, periodicals, and booklet and leaflet distributors were not as solicitous of the average homemaker's plight. But nowadays...pelted with intriguing information from all sides, what is a snip-prone homemaker to do with the vast assortment she has so avidly snipped? It cannot remain in boxes and makeshift containers indefinitely. With closets cluttered, cupboards overflowing and drawers drooping, the time for decisive action had to be hastened.

Could a Pasting Party (along the lines of the old-fashioned Quilting Bee) be counted on? How many people

should be invited? Would two couples be too few; four too many? After poring through a deluge of recipe clippings and assembling menu statistics starring Chicken Kiev, the idea palled. Even after dining on Chicken Kiev and desserting on Chocolate Mousse pie, I feared the men would never become paste-mindedly co-operative. In my mind's eye, I saw them converged into a smugly superior group, discussing crops, cars, sports events. Dare I interrupt with a portly pile of scrapbooks and an enormous pot of glue? Decidedly not.

A Pasting Klatch for the feminine faction only? That too posed pesky problems, for most of them possessed pre-schoolers who would, without a doubt, clamor to assist in the project. Who has a pre-schooler who can resist a profuse pile of clippings and a huge pot of paste? The offspring could, perhaps, have remained in their respective abodes in the care of baby sitters, but where could one locate a sitter at 10:00 a.m. on a weekday morning? The high school girls were in high school, the collegiate sisterhood was in college, and the grandmothers, were, in all probability, on golf courses in summer and ski slopes in winter. The Pasting Klatch scheme was scratched.

The idea of having a "Let's Play Pasteman" fling for my second grader and other youthful paste devotees was toyed with briefly. Supposing, I thought, I scurried out and purchased five scrapbooks, half a case of paste, some frosted cupcakes, ice cream and fruit punch...could they be trusted to..., would I entrust them with..., even under close supervision, was it wise to...? I decided against it, not relishing the prospect of scraping paste off windows, walls, furniture or floors.

Not seeing any S.O.S. (signs of solution) in various and sundry schemes, I consulted a snip-prone, but unencumbered friend, who pointed in the direction of an office supply store.

Thereafter, a newly purchased filing cabinet became an abode for my compelling clippings. Although the cabinet and its folders were ideal for most items, they were not compatible with the smallest "snippets". Four scrapbooks and five pots of paste later saw the snippets lodged happily ever after in chic scrapbook residences. A supply of sturdy, sagproof envelopes added their aid in solving the pitfalls of prodigious clipping...they form wonderful "waiting rooms" for clippings to be scrapbooked or filed.

Publishers of magazines, newspapers and periodicals...I salute you. Manufacturers of filing cabinets, scrapbooks and envelopes...I thank you. As for clippings, shears and paste...I couldn't live without you.

## SCRAPBOOKS ARE FUN

by  
Marjorie Fuller

Sticky fingers, paste pot and damp towel or sponge indicate a scrapbook is in the making, a fun way to keep a record of your interest whatever it may be.

Quaint faces peer at me from the pages of my oldest scrapbook. Dad made it for me some fifty years ago. Lovingly handbound, it is full of magazine pictures of children, and pictures of interest to a child. With this scrapbook I was the only child with a picture book for children, such as the ones so familiar to the young today.

Newspaper clippings and pictures fill a scrapbook for each of our two children from birth through marriage. It is astonishing how much material accumulates through the years about perfectly normal children. Jim's first news picture was taken in the church nursery. Pat as a candy striper graced the third page. Sports, school plays, college news, etc., have filled the books. An interesting history as we reminisce.

I treasure two scrapbooks made for me by Pat's Brownie troop some years ago. They are bulging with the get-well cards I received when a leg injury kept me hospitalized many months.

A semi-invalid, dad still enjoys collecting and pasting. Political campaigns and topical news spreads interest him.

A fascinating scrapbook was given to a friend as she left on a long train trip. Full of quips and quotes, cartoons and gags, it kept the coach in hearty laughter throughout the trip. A friendly gesture from one who cared.

With pages of pasting at hand, wall-paper paste is an inexpensive paste to use and it can be mixed as needed.



## MARY BETH HAS A BUSY FALL

Dear Friends:

This is a powerfully busy time of the year for our family. The first week of September our teacher from Switzerland arrived and things have not ceased to move rapidly since then. She is an exchange teacher who was contacted through an organization that makes arrangements for as many teachers as possible to come to this country to learn our country's methods of teaching. She will spend only until January 15th with us and by then she will have learned much about our country and its school systems.

She has told us about the rather closely knit regulations that her country operates under, and I think it will be revealing for her to see firsthand what our system of free enterprise and individual freedom can and has produced. One thing she noticed was that quite a number of our stores are open on Sunday, whereas in Switzerland it is against the law for a business to operate on this day. Regardless to how one feels about the correctness of a person's working on Sunday, it is still a blessing that here a man is free to work when he chooses, to raise his family's standard of living by working a little harder than his neighbor, recognizing that each man's needs are different.

I was surprised to learn that Switzerland has state-supported churches. A percentage of each income is withheld on payday, similar to our withholding taxes, and this is split between the Catholic and Protestant churches. I think that we would do well to acquaint ourselves with some of the binding regulations which accompany the growth of enormous government, and then we could be even more thankful come November and Thanksgiving Day.

Paul and Adrienne are getting along happily sharing one room. The old saw that necessity is the mother of invention is proving itself valid once again. Adrienne's room isn't large, and she has a great many toys. When Paul lugged his models and books and assorted junk into her room it meant crowding up considerably. However, they are learning to pick up their own things a little better else a person is absolutely unable to even enter the room. Adrienne is learning to respect Paul's privacy when he is doing his homework. They are all respecting Fraulein Demicola's right to a clean bathroom, and I am astounded at the perfect condition of the bathroom each morning when I make a routine check for dirty laundry. The downstairs is staying cleaner because since I am busier with cooking for an extra boarder, the children, with very



A new picture of Donald Driftmier, who is a sales engineer with Guide Lamp Corporation (a division of General Motors), taken in his office.

few reminders, are remembering to pick up after themselves much better.

School is again starting out happily. The children have not wearied of the routine of early-to-rise and early-to-bed. They are fresh and full of enthusiasm for each of their classes. Paul and Adrienne have men teachers this year and I'm sure they are both under 25 years of age, so they are more than able to cope with the lively age that they are teaching. I sat in on Paul's class one day last week and the young, mild-mannered boy that I had met informally before school started was suddenly transformed into a dignified, stern, and mature teacher. He was trucking with no nonsense, back talk, or feeble excuses for incompleting assignments. I felt like shouting and tossing my cap into the air, for here was a teacher who was reinforcing the very standard which Don and I talk about as often as possible, trying not to sound bossy. He told them they were individually responsible for getting their work done and turned in on time, and of course Don has been harping (what else can a parent call it) on this business of doing one's work on time in a manner that one can be proud of.

The Academy has separated the boys and girls in seventh grade into individual classes. There is much to be said for this division, since this is about the time that they start developing an interest in each other. Perhaps this way they can concentrate on studies somewhat better, and still meet in other school activities.

Katharine has started the year by reading *Pilgrim's Progress* under the able hand of a young woman teacher, whom she has for all but two classes, and whose religious education makes her well qualified to discuss this complex book with the girls.

Her classics teacher has started them out with Charles Dickens' *Dombey and Son*. Katharine was shocked to learn that I hadn't read it, and believe me I was shocked even more that I had never even heard of it. So I'm waiting patiently to get the book as soon as she has completed her classwork with it so I'll not be so ill read. I knew there were lots of good books I had missed but from the description she has given me of the story it is surely a classic. I would be willing to bet that my mother had read it in school but when they passed out with books in my generation they forgot it.

I've been substitute teaching at the children's school again this year and in an effort to reinforce what I have grown rusty on I've been going to a grammar class that the Academy has been offering to the teachers three times a week. It's just in the nick of time because Katharine's knowledge of sentence usage and diagraming was rapidly catching up with what I remembered, so I'm delighted with the chance to oil my mind's hinges.

I've included a picture of Don for you this month. They were running a series of articles in his office newspaper and they asked for a picture of the Milwaukee office. You can't tell it from the

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## Recipes Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### FALL RECIPES FOR HEARTY APPETITES

#### JEFFY FIX-UPS

- 1 12-oz. can luncheon meat, cubed
- 1 green pepper, cut in squares
- 1 small can pineapple chunks, drained
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice (drained from chunks)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup onion, minced
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Prepare first three ingredients. These may be threaded onto a skewer and made into a kabob or put into a skillet (an electric skillet is very fine for this). Combine the remaining ingredients in a saucepan and simmer 10 to 12 minutes, or until it begins to thicken. Use this to brush the kabobs, or cover the meat, pepper and pineapple chunks in the skillet. Cook as desired about 10 minutes.

This is a fine sauce to use with other meats as well as the luncheon meats. Add a little brown sugar or Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener if you like a sweeter sauce. Add a little vinegar if you want it more tangy.

—Evelyn

#### STEAK ROLL-UPS

Use enough flat minute steaks for your family. Spread lightly with prepared mustard. Slice a pickle lengthwise and lay on each steak. Mince an onion and sprinkle generously on each steak. (If small green onions are available they may be laid whole on meat.) Roll each steak and fasten as tightly as possible with toothpick. Brush with melted butter or margarine or with salad oil. Broil over hot coals on a grill, turning to brown on all sides, until done as desired.

These may be broiled in the broiler of the stove, turning once. They may also be prepared in a greased electric skillet. A good quick meat combination for a busy day or unexpected company.

#### ENGLISH APPLE PIE

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

Beat the egg well and add all the ingredients in the order given. Be sure the batter is smooth and well mixed before stirring in the apples and nuts. Turn into a buttered pie pan (no crust to this pie) and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. After it is cool, cut into wedges and serve with cream.

#### GLAZED PRUNE COOKIES

- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups cooked prunes, chopped
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream together the brown sugar and shortening. Add the eggs and milk and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and stir into the sugar mixture. Add the chopped prunes, nuts and flavorings. Drop onto a greased baking sheet and bake in a 350-degree oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cool, spread tops with the following glaze:

- 3 cups powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 4 Tbls. orange juice

#### DELICIOUS LIME SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups pineapple juice
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 small can pimiento
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 1/2 cups diced celery
- 2/3 cup nuts
- 1 cup whipping cream

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot pineapple juice. If there isn't enough, add water to make the 1 1/2 cups needed. Add the cold water, lemon juice and flavoring. Chill until the gelatin begins to thicken and then whip until light. Add the pimiento to the cream cheese and mash well. Then add the pineapple, nuts and celery. Beat into the whipped gelatin. Whip the cream and fold into the salad. This makes a large salad, so use your 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill until firm.

—Margery

#### DELICIOUS TUNA-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 6-oz. can tuna, chunk style
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 Tbls. finely diced onion
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup finely crushed corn flakes
- 1/3 cup grated cheese

Drain the tuna and combine it with the rice, onions, lemon juice, salt, pepper, beaten eggs, milk, and half the corn flake crumbs. Put the mixture into a two-quart buttered casserole, sprinkle the top with the rest of the corn flakes, and the cheese. Bake 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

#### HEAVENLY PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 3/4 cups canned pumpkin  
1 9-inch unbaked crumb crust  
Combine pudding, sugar, spices, salt, milk, and butter in saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Remove from heat. Cool about 5 minutes, stirring once or twice. Add pumpkin and flavoring; mix until well blended. Pour into crumb crust. Chill at least 3 hours.

—Margery



**SAUSAGE-MACARONI CASSEROLE**

2 or 3 cups cooked macaroni  
 1 lb. pork sausage  
 1/4 cup sausage drippings  
 1/3 cup chopped onion  
 1/3 cup chopped green pepper  
 3 Tbls. flour  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 1/2 cups milk  
 1 1/2 cups shredded American cheese  
 Buttered bread crumbs

Add 2 tsp. salt and macaroni to 3 cups boiling water. Boil rapidly for 2 minutes. Cover, remove from heat and let stand 10 minutes. Brown sausage and reserve 1/4 cup drippings. Pour drippings into saucepan. Add onion and pepper and cook 5 minutes. Stir in flour and salt. Add milk gradually and cook until thickened. Remove sauce from heat; cool slightly. Rinse macaroni with hot water and drain. Add cheese to sauce, stirring until melted and blended. Drain meat and arrange one layer in bottom of 1 1/2-quart greased casserole. Cover with layer of macaroni. Repeat 2 more times. Pour cheese sauce over casserole. Sprinkle with crumbs and paprika. Bake at 350 degrees about 20 minutes. —Margery

**PINEAPPLE OVEN DESSERT**

1/4 cup butter  
 1 cup sugar  
 3 eggs, beaten  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1 cup milk  
 6 slices soft bread, cubed  
 1 #2 1/2 size can crushed pineapple  
 Cream the butter and sugar. Add the beaten eggs and flavoring. Add the milk to the bread and combine with the egg mixture. Drain 1/2 cup of the liquid from the pineapple. Add the remaining juice and pineapple to the mixture. Pour into a buttered casserole and bake 1 1/2 hours in a 325-degree oven. This is good served warm with whipped cream or a substitute, or is also good with plain light cream.

—Dorothy

**BAKED CARROT CASSEROLE**

4 cups cooked carrots  
 1 small onion  
 1/4 cup melted butter  
 1/2 lb. grated Cheddar cheese  
 3/4 cup crushed corn flakes  
 I sliced the carrots before cooking, but small whole ones could be used. Place the cooked carrots in a buttered dish and cover with the topping made as follows.

Saute diced onion in the melted butter. Add the grated cheese and corn flakes. Put the topping over the carrots and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. This should serve 6 to 8.

—Margery

**CHOP SUEY CABBAGE**

3 cups cabbage, shredded  
 1 cup celery, thinly sliced  
 1 cup green pepper, cut in long strips  
 1/4 cup onion, thinly sliced  
 6 slices bacon  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 2 Tbls. water

Fry the bacon until crisp. Remove from skillet, drain off all but 2 Tbls. bacon drippings. Add the vegetables, salt and pepper and the water. Cover tightly and cook only until *tender-crisp*, about 8 minutes. Stir two or three times during cooking process. Serve with bacon slices over the top.

This is an excellent version of that old favorite, fried cabbage. It is an interesting way to use the familiar vegetable. —Evelyn

**COCONUT-ALMOND ICE BOX COOKIES**

1/2 cup margarine  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2 egg yolks  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
 1 cup sifted flour  
 1/3 cup finely ground unblanched almonds  
 1/3 cup coconut

Cream together the margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the egg yolks and flavorings and beat until smooth. Mix the almonds and coconut with the flour and gradually stir into the sugar mixture. Form into rolls and wrap in waxed paper. Chill for several hours before slicing. Bake on a lightly greased cookie sheet for 8 to 10 minutes in a 400-degree oven. —Dorothy

**PEAR SALAD**

1 pkg. lime gelatin  
 1 can (#303) pears, crushed  
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened to room temperature  
 1 cup whipping cream (or whipped topping)  
 1 cup pear juice  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/2 cup quartered maraschino cherries  
 1/3 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the gelatin in pear juice which has been heated to boiling. Add water if you don't have a full cup. Beat in the softened cream cheese and add crushed pears. When cool and syrupy, fold in the whipped topping, to which you have added the lemon flavoring, cherries and pecans. Pour into an 8-inch square pan and chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce.

**CORN FAIRFAX**

This recipe for corn and green beans is not a new one to some of you for we have printed it before. However, we received more comments about it, I think, than any vegetable recipe we have shared with you. For that reason, we thought it advisable to print it again for the benefit of new readers.

1/4 cup minced onion  
 1/4 cup minced celery  
 4 Tbls. butter or bacon fat  
 2 cups cream style corn  
 2/3 cup green beans  
 1 Tbls. minced parsley  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. paprika  
 1 1/2 cups rich milk  
 2 well-beaten eggs  
 2/3 cup bread crumbs  
 4 Tbls. butter  
 2/3 cup grated cheese

Combine the minced onion, minced celery and 4 Tbls. butter. Simmer for 5 minutes, then add the corn, beans, minced parsley and cook slowly for 5 more minutes. Add flour, salt, paprika and blend. Stir into all 1 1/2 cups rich milk. Cook 4 minutes, then add 2 well-beaten eggs. Pour into buttered baking dish and cover with 2/3 cup crumbs blended with 4 Tbls. butter and 2/3 cup grated cheese. Bake for 15 minutes at 375 degrees. —Lucile

**MARGERY'S SHRIMP SALAD**

6 hard-cooked eggs, diced  
 4 cans large shrimp, drained  
 1/2 cup diced pickle  
 1 cup diced celery  
 4 cups shredded lettuce  
 About 3/4 cup mayonnaise

Toss all ingredients together lightly and chill before serving. The amount of mayonnaise you use depends upon your own taste.

**SCOTTISH FRIED POTATOES**

6 medium potatoes, peeled and sliced  
 1 to 2 medium onions, peeled and sliced  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 1/4 cup shortening  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 cup water  
 1 bouillon cube  
 2 to 3 Tbls. parsley (optional)

Heat shortening in heavy skillet or electric frying pan. Stir in butter flavoring. Arrange potatoes and onions in layers. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and parsley. Dissolve bouillon cube in cup of water. Add to potato mixture. Cover tightly and simmer until potatoes are soft and most of the liquid is absorbed. Turn several times during cooking. Add more water if necessary.

—Evelyn



**SUPER COMPANY SPINACH DISH**

- 2 lbs. fresh spinach, or 2 12-oz. pkgs. frozen spinach  
 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms — cleaned and sliced  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1 drop Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1 cup chopped cooked ham  
 1 cup medium white sauce  
 2 egg yolks, beaten  
 3/4 cup grated Swiss cheese  
 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs

Clean fresh spinach. Cook spinach in a very little salted water for 5 minutes. Drain. Cook mushrooms in butter and the drop of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Add this to the spinach. Chop the ham and mix with spinach

and mushrooms. Put into a buttered 1½-quart casserole. Make 1 cup of the medium white sauce (recipe below). Add beaten egg yolks to the sauce. Pour over the spinach mixture. Sprinkle with the grated cheese and bread crumbs. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 20 minutes. Serve at once.

**Medium White Sauce**

- 2 Tbls. butter  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 Pinch of pepper  
 1 cup milk

Melt butter and blend in the flour, salt and pepper. Add the milk gradually, stirring constantly until thick. This makes one cup of sauce. —Juliana

**LEMON DELIGHT DESSERT**

- 6 eggs, separated  
 1 cup sugar  
 1/2 cup lemon juice  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
 1/2 cup cold water  
 1 1½-oz. loaf angel food cake  
 1 cup whipping cream

In top of your double boiler, combine slightly beaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar and the lemon juice and flavoring. Cook over simmering water, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Remove from heat and stir in the gelatin which has been softened in water. Cool until the mixture begins to set.

Rub all the brown crust from the cake. This is done quite easily with a clean cloth. Tear the cake into bite-sized pieces.

Beat the egg whites until foamy. Gradually add the remaining 1/2 cup of sugar and beat until the soft meringue holds a peak. Whip 1/2 cup of cream and fold it into the meringue. Carefully fold into the gelatin mixture. Fold in the cake pieces. Spoon into a 7- by 11-inch pan and chill overnight. Cut into squares and serve with remaining 1/2 cup cream, whipped. Serves 12.

—Margery



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**CANADIAN PEA SOUP**

- 1 1/2 cups dried split peas  
 1 to 2 lbs. ham bones  
 1 medium onion, sliced  
 4 celery stalks and leaves, chopped  
 3 slices lemon  
 6 cups cold water  
 Salt and pepper

Wash peas; add 6 cups water and let stand overnight. Trim ham bones. Place in kettle with peas and water. Add onion, celery and lemon slices. Cover. Bring to steaming and then simmer over low heat 3 to 4 hours. Season to taste.

**SNAPPY BUTTER BEAN CASSEROLE**

- 3 cans butter beans  
 1/2 cup diced onion  
 1/2 cup diced green pepper  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1 can condensed tomato soup  
 1/4 cup water  
 2 Tbls. brown sugar  
 1 Tbls. vinegar  
 1 tsp. prepared mustard

Drain the beans, reserving 1/4 cup of liquid. Saute the onion and green pepper in the butter until tender. Add the reserved liquid and the rest of the ingredients except the beans, and heat. Place the beans in a 2-quart casserole and pour the sauce over them. Bake in a 375-degree oven for one hour.

—Dorothy



## A LETTER FROM EMILY

*Queridas amigas de Kitchen-Klatter:*

In my last letter I was telling you about my experiences in Costa Rica as a foreign exchange student. That year ended this past summer after my university classes finished for the semester.

My last weeks were filled with travel arrangements and passport confusion, shopping and last chance sight-seeing, final tests and term papers. This is to say nothing of the goodbys and last visits with Americans and Costa Ricans; a special goodbye party and tea for my seven families and, of course, the traditional serenade given to me by a special Costa Rican friend.

A good friend of mine, Elaine Corsi, was a graduate of the University of Massachusetts, studying in Costa Rica on a Fulbright Grant. When we discovered that we'd be leaving Costa Rica at about the same time, and that the direct flight home did not seem too imaginative, we decided to detour south and east for a week's vacation.

We very sadly left our "second home" on a Saturday morning, and within two hours' flight time had arrived in Panama. Our taxi ride showed us immediate differences to what we had known. The roads were better and wider, yet the general appearance was not as neat as that of Costa Rica.

There were many American influences due to the U. S. occupation of the Canal Zone. Everything in Panama reminded us of either Costa Rica or the United States, and we became homesick for both.

We dropped off our baggage and set out to make the most of our only afternoon in that country. Our policy was to "ask the man on the street, he knows and he's interesting to talk with". So we followed our policy and got directions for the wrong bus four times within one hour, but finally managed to find the Miraflores Locks. This locks station is the main example for visitors. We saw several ships going through the two passageways, and rising and lowering of the water level. I had remembered the mechanics of the Panama Canal from grade school social studies classes, but there is nothing like a firsthand view to give the books a meaning.

I asked one of the visitors' guides, a Panamanian University student, what he thought should happen to the canal when the United States' lease expires. He evidently couldn't think of a tactful way to express his opinions, because he simply stated it was not a question to be answered on duty! It resulted that he answered my question that evening when he and another guide took Elaine and me to the very exciting Panama Hilton.



Emily had the interesting experience of watching ships come through the Panama Canal.

The feature of one of the elegant restaurants was a folk dancing group. Their costumes were very colorful with flowing long skirts for the women. The group recalled to us what an unfortunately somber beginning the United States had with the pilgrims' greys and blacks.

We were only allowed to peek in the doorway since we were not dining, and then we adjourned to another room to listen to the Hilton's spectacular organ (one of the three largest in the world). Organ music is the national favorite with the Panamanians, but that particular organ attracted a goodly number of Americans. It was very gratifying to see my fellow countrymen adopting native customs and tastes.

We stayed overnight in a boarding house as the guests of a woman from Costa Rica that I knew. There were girls from all over the Americas — one from New York who was teaching in an Episcopal school, many from Central and South American countries, and a number of Panamanians from the coastal cities.

Early the following morning we left Panama and landed in Barranquilla, Columbia, the major port on the Caribbean Sea. Another interesting taxi ride from the airport to our hotel showed us all parts of the city. On the outskirts the houses were made of adobe, painted white, and we saw many burros with straw packed on their backs. We then entered the city proper, where in the downtown section a complete complex of new buildings was rising. Not only was a new cathedral under construction, but also a civil government and recreational and cultural facilities.

In Barranquilla we stayed in the most well-known hotel, El Prado Intercontinental, mainly because we were two young ladies traveling alone. We found it to be very reasonably priced, and compared to United States rates (or those of Jamaica) it was fantastically worth every peso.

Our first afternoon in Columbia we most naturally managed to lose ourselves! Following our "ask the native" policy again, we inquired directions from two college-age girls. They drove us to a favorite restaurant for lunch, then picked us up later that evening for a night tour and cola at the Country Club. Throughout those four days in Columbia they were extremely generous of their time in showing us around.

We took two all-day trips to cities outside of Barranquilla. The first was to Santa Marta, the El Rodadero Beach. On the bus we were serenaded by a

(Continued on page 19)



## Tune in to KITCHEN-KLATTER today.

KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



## ADVENTUROUS EATING

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Robert has long legs. He just could not get them wound around and underneath him so he could sit on the floor in the Japanese restaurant. His brother Jack, his sister-in-law Dort, and I sat watching, trying to keep our faces straight.

We had just arrived at Bush Gardens, a very beautiful Japanese restaurant in Portland, Oregon. A dainty Japanese girl dressed in a graceful, colorful kimono with a gorgeous obi in the back had guided us gently to the private room reserved for our dinner.

"Take off your shoes," she directed politely. Robert, who up to this evening had been wearing his camping shoes, grinned down at me.

"I just put these dress shoes on," he whispered.

But he dutifully untied the black shoe laces, placed his shoes neatly beside the others and stepped up two bamboo steps into the delightful dining room.

Our small room was dainty and artistically appointed. The movable walls were decorated with long scrolls painted with Oriental designs. A low table was placed against one wall and held a simple, delicate arrangement of leaves and branches.

A square table was set very low to the floor with two large cushions on each side. "If you kneel first and then sit on your legs you will manage very nicely," our waitress suggested.

So here we were, silently shaking with laughter as tall, angular Robert tried to fold himself onto a Japanese cushion with very limited success!

Finally the time came when I felt I should help. "Feel under the table on the floor," I suggested. "A hole has been provided for long legs like yours."

With a sigh he straightened out his legs and placed them in the space provided. Now we were all comfortable and hopeful that we appeared truly Oriental in our eating posture.

The food was magnificent. It was served traditionally with the soup in black teakwood bowls, tea served in handleless cups and mounds of white, fluffy rice to accompany every one of the courses served. The high point of meal was the preparation, cooking and serving of the sukiyaki by our delightful Japanese waitress right at the table. Throughout the meal we used chopsticks. This proved to be entertaining and finally, funny! Robert will never make a really capable Oriental but he tried manfully and worked his way, along with the rest of us, through the myriads of courses served, and



Su Mi, a native of Japan, was the delightful waitress who kindly agreed to pose with the Birkbys when they ate in the Bush Gardens in Portland, Oregon. Evelyn and Robert are on the right, Jack and Dort Birkby to the left.

eaten, with the chopsticks.

One of the advantages of living in or near a large city is the variety of eating places available. We may never get to Japan but having the experience of eating in this delightful Japanese restaurant makes us feel closer to that country. In the same way, the foods and atmosphere of different types of restaurants can make eating an adventure in itself.

When I was visiting my sister Ruth in Arizona several years ago we ate in several exciting places. One such intriguing restaurant is called "Monti's". It is housed in the first building to be put up on the Salt River at Tempe, Arizona — built in 1871! The building is of adobe with great beams brought down by horses and wagons from the mountains near Prescott. Large copper sconces for lighting were especially made for the building. First it served as a ferry house. Then it became a place for travelers to stop and find hospitality. Now it offers good food and a decidedly early-Spanish atmosphere.

Flaming torches greet the visitor at the front door. The rooms are small with whitewashed walls. Huge fireplaces are topped with dark, heavily carved wooden mantels. Red is the most frequently used color, complementing the dark wood and the stark white of the walls.

It would not have been surprising to see the gentle, hospitable wife of the

first owner, Charles Hayden, walk through the heavy plank door and bring us steaming cups of coffee, Monti's is that full of history.

Another place where the customer gets a feeling of history is Miss Hullings' Gray Ghost Room in St. Louis, Missouri. A great mural along one wall depicts the adventures of Major John Mosby. Major Mosby was the forerunner of guerilla tactics and kept disappearing into the forest or into the night's darkness, hence the name Gray Ghost. He is shown in the mural wearing a great plumed hat which was one of his trademarks. The food was as marvelous as the decor. It was here I found the recipe for the wonderful Coconut Mist Layer Cake (recipe is in December, 1966, *Kitchen-Klatter*).

Miss Hullings also has a delightful cafeteria decorated in pink and white with cute ice cream chairs and round tables in a garden party atmosphere. It is every bit as *delicious* looking as her fine confections.

Miss Hullings' Open Hearth is another restaurant I had the opportunity to visit when I was in St. Louis. It has a Colonial New England decor with wide plank flooring, comfortable chairs, delightful wall decorations and a cheerful fireplace which might well have been used to simmer the delicious soups served the customers.

Last fall Myrtle Felkner and I ate dinner in the Tipperary Inn on Chicago's Michigan Boulevard. It is as Irish as if it had been lifted from the sod of the old country and transported in one piece to the Illinois location. The walls are covered with brown leather printed with large golden harps. Each is framed with dark wooden strips. A fire glowed in a huge fireplace in the very center of the room. Our waitress was a real Irish colleen dressed in a full green skirt with white blouse and black vest laced firmly. She was adorable! Our Irish stew was served in black iron pots and the individual loaves of hot raisin bread were brought to the table on tiny breadboards. I fell in love with Ireland and its food right on the spot!

Thank goodness, my family is developing into adventurous eaters. We went through a number of years when the children wanted only "hamburgers, French fries and malted milks". These days have now come to an end. The last time we ate in a Chinese restaurant, Craig decided *this* time he would eat just Oriental food.

At the conclusion of his meal, Craig opened up the fortune cooky served to him. "You will soon be launched on a great adventure," it read.

"Your fortune has already come true, Craig," I insisted. "You started with a trip to China tonight."



### THAT PROBLEM

When you have a problem, don't worry . . . think!  
It may not solve it as quick as a wink  
But it may help you take life in its stride,  
And help you see that you do have a Guide,  
What shall you think about? the "whys" and "whens",  
And all of the ways you can make amends,  
And soon you may see by some method rare,  
That God will truthfully answer your prayer.  
—Ethel Rose



## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

The poster for National Children's Book Week — October 29 to November 4, 1967 — shows two grinning tots astride a crossbow preparing to *Take Off With Books*. Tomi Ungerer created these happy youngsters for his bright poster. So let's take off....

*The Year of the Raccoon* by Lee Kingman (Houghton Mifflin Co., \$3.50, 1966, ages 10-14) is a realistic novel of the problem many young people face. Joey had an older brother, a gifted musician, and a younger brother, a walking science encyclopedia. Joey's inclination was to enjoy life — to see what was going on with people, animals and nature. His father could not understand a son without an aim in life. As Lee Kingman explores Joe's relationship to his pet raccoon and family, the author dramatically reveals there are many talents in life.

*A Rainbow for Robin* by Marguerite Vance (E. P. Dutton and Co., \$3.25, 1966, ages 8-12) tells of Robin Preston, blind from birth, and her life filled with family activities, school, friends and music. Robin's talents as a pianist and her own musical composition bring her a special acclaim. The author has given us a glimpse into the life of a well-adjusted blind child and the accomplishments of a gifted young lady.

*Best Little House* by Aileen Fisher (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., \$3.95, 1966, young readers) tells of the boy hero who has moved to a new home in the country. Nothing can ever be the same. Then his mother helps him discover houses of nature: of mud and sand, of paper and of leaves. At the end is a delightful surprise for the boy and the feeling that for each of nature's creatures the best little house is home.

*Devil's Doorstep* by Marian Rumsey (William Morrow and Co., \$3.25, 1966, ages 8-12) is the story of Peter Burke and his summer on Devil's Doorstep, a peak two miles high in the Rocky Mountains. Peter's father, a fire watcher, and the whole family looked forward to their retreat. Complications arrive with Tornado, a mischievous goat, and a long stretch of fire weather. What happens on a trip when Peter tries to lose Tornado in the forest is exciting as boy and goat face danger together. A gripping story that young people will want to read.

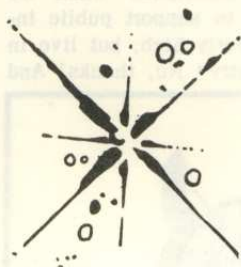
*Berries Goodman* by Emily Cheney Neville (Harper & Row, \$3.50, 1965, ages 10-14) reveals how Berries Goodman feels when his family moves from New York to the suburbs — lonely and uprooted. He makes friends with another outsider, Sidney. After a near-

fatal accident to his friend, Berries is forced to recognize the power of prejudice. He does not understand the reason for it; all he understands is that he has lost his best friend. Mrs. Neville's first full-length book for young readers, *It's Like This, Cat*, received the Newbery Medal in 1964.

Two attractive lists of award-winning books are distributed by the Children's Services Division of the American Library Association. "Caldecott Medal Books" features those judged the most distinguished picture

books for children since 1938. "Newbery Medal Books" lists the winners of the award since 1922 for an outstanding contribution to American literature for children.

You may obtain a single copy of the "Caldecott Medal Books" and "Newbery Medal Books" lists free by writing to: Children's Services Division, American Library Association, 50 East Huron St., Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed No. 10 (long) envelope when requesting the lists.



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## HURRAY FOR AMERICA!

by  
Harverna Woodling

Aren't you happy and thankful to be an American citizen with all the rights and privileges that citizenship confers? We all are consciously patriotic on Armed Forces Day, Flag Day, July Fourth, and Veterans' Day. In November, we are vocally thankful. But how about all those days in between? Why not a year-around combination of those sentiments? Let's scan just a few of our American blessings.

First is freedom of worship. We attend our own white country church on Sunday, join in prayer and devotional

readings, and (softly and untunefully) in the hymns. Up the road and down the road some of our neighbors go to other churches, each making his own choice, and all of us friends.

As Americans, we know the privileges and obligations of voting. Perhaps we are not always happy with majority decisions, but if we have voted, or even if we haven't, we may rejoice or grumble freely.

When we travel on good gravel roads or hard-surfaced highways (ah, we remember *mud* roads) we certainly appreciate American highway systems. We may complain sometimes when we think our taxes to support public institutions are overly high, but live in some other country? No, thanks! And

even when we grumble, no one will clap us in jail for our hasty, ill-tempered remarks.

We love the beauty of our own farm and community. We enjoyed the more distant scenic spots and sights we have visited. And oh! we hope to see much more of America! How our whole family appreciates the state and national parks and forests that help us enjoy our camping vacations, and the highway patrolmen, park rangers, and others who help and protect us.

We are certainly grateful for our good consolidated school and for the school bus that picks up our children right at their own front yard. We like to visit school, whether the occasion is an open house, room party, basketball game, class play, or concert. Who could resist pride in all those fine young people, the hard-working faculty, and even the well-equipped physical plant itself? Acting as "room parents" was one of the nicest "jobs" we have had.

Americans have unrestricted opportunities to be informed. We may listen to any program we choose on radio or television. Well, with two teen-age daughters, perhaps we do not always listen to what *we* choose but at least to what our family chooses.

Uncensored reading is a very great privilege. The magazines and newspapers that come to our mailbox each day (you bet we are thankful for our dependable rural mail carrier) are those of our choice. We also have access to a wealth and variety of reading material through the splendid public library in our neighboring town.

Our country offers an enormous choice of vocations and avocations. Our own teen-agers are planning some years ahead for their futures, and we are deep-down thankful to know they have at least a fair chance to realize their ambitions.

When we read history, we know that war and crime, poverty, suffering, and ignorance have existed through all the ages and still exist today. Yet there always have lived and do live men and women, famous and unknown, big and little, who have fought evil and encouraged good. Yes, Americans make mistakes, but from the time of the early settlers to the present day, they have cared and dared, done and kept doing.

Henry Van Dyke expressed American pride and joy exactly and beautifully when he wrote:

"To the blessed Land of Room  
Enough beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and  
the flag is full of stars."

I am thankful to be an American.  
Aren't you?



## FINE FOR HORSES

Sugar will make you friends in the old corral, but it certainly won't help you when you step on the bathroom scales! Fortunately, you no longer need sugar to satisfy your sweet tooth. Now, you can bake what you like, eat what you want, if you remember to sweeten with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**.

This clear, sweet liquid in the handy flip-top bottle makes any dessert or drink as sweet as can be, but never, never adds a single calorie. Economical, too! Pick up a bottle next time you shop.

# KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER



**MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded**  
picture but Don is losing weight. He has been doing his Air Force Exercises with devoted regularity, showing his son by example that perseverance is a virtue to be nurtured, and he is trimming literally inches off his waistline. He says he feels better, too.

I recently entertained our church circle, and invited Katharine's classics teacher to speak to the group. He was a high school teacher in New Orleans before he came to Brookfield to teach at the Academy and is an exceptionally talented speaker.

I must run now and hang out some clothes. The days for outside drying are numbered, so I'm using all of them I can find.

Sincerely,  
*Mary Beth*

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

Bad as the auto traffic is here in Springfield, it is nothing when compared to the bad airplane traffic situation in the small town just to the south of us. Because of the larger jet planes that are coming into use each month, the landing strips must be lengthened at the airport, and that means bringing the low-flying planes right over the lovely, quiet, suburban areas where people have moved to escape the noise and traffic of the city. Have you ever had the experience of visiting in a home located not far from the end of a jet plane runway? The noise is so bad that the dishes jump up and down on the shelves and all conversation has to cease until the plane moves on up and out. Right now it is simply frightful, and it is going to get so very, very much worse.

But do we want to go back to the old days? I don't think so. Bad as our modern problems are, and dangerous though the scientific age is, and impersonal though the technological era has become, I don't think we would want the return of the living conditions we had fifty years ago. There are times when we think that we would, but to actually have it so would be another matter. Traffic is bad, but isn't it nice to be able to go the distances we do in the short time now needed? The horse and buggy age was an age of poor and limited medicine when the average life span in this country was only about 54 years. We may not like the noise of the jets, but today our average life span is at least 70.

Last night I was calling on a person who said: "Dr. Driftmier, what on earth are we coming to? We were better off in the days of the depression than we are now! Do you know that our American dollar is only worth 41¢?" I agreed that the inflation is bad, and



Juliana, holding her cat Punky, poses in the front yard while her husband Jed takes her picture through the picture window in the living room of their apartment in Albuquerque.

the high prices very painful, but then I went on to point out something else. In spite of the high prices, people live better than they ever lived before. In spite of the fantastically high cost of education, there are more young people going to college than ever before. In spite of the high cost of construction, there are more churches being built today than at any time in American history.

I don't understand much about economics, but I do understand that with all of the troubles our nation is having with inflation, and war, and civil disobedience we are still very blessed by God. If you ever have taken a trip around the world you know better than many others that America with its problems is a more blessed place to be than anywhere else on the face of this earth.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

**EMILY'S LETTER - Concluded**  
local character, to whom we tipped a few small coins, and were pressured by the local folk to buy their pop-sicles, corn on the cob, candy, pop and fruit.

A man who was sitting behind us on the bus with his four blond-haired, blue-eyed children suddenly spoke to us with British-accented English, asking us if we were North Americans. The ice was broken and we had an interesting chat, for he and his wife had fled a communist country to settle in Columbia. They invited us for lunch at their vacationing apartment on the beach. Americans were always welcome in their home, they explained, for their oldest son was a student at Harvard, and they were expecting a California girl as a foreign exchange guest at Christmastime.

After lunch we went swimming and sunbathing on the beach and then took a boat ride. (Elaine says that El Rodadero Beach is far prettier than Acapulco.) It was a most enjoyable day.

Certainly the finest way to know the country is to make friends with the people living there. Elaine and I were fortunate in having sufficient knowledge of Spanish and the general Latin American customs so that this was possible.

I seem to have exhausted my space, so I'll tell you more of my experiences in a future issue.

Sincerely,  
Emily Driftmier

### I PLEDGE

James Bailey Upham, who wrote the Pledge of Allegiance, initiated the idea that the national flag fly over every schoolhouse.



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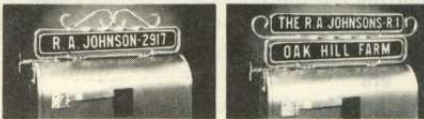
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### AT THE PASTURE GATE

Pushing back machines and wires and sockets,  
Shutting out the last shrill voices ringing in my ear,  
I pull the blue of sky about my shoulders  
And breathe the shadowed pasture of the hill.  
  
Old Bossy with her spotted calf slows her  
Downward pace, to ponder with unkenning eye  
The mystery of MAN. What fools these mortals be —  
To stray afar on distant hill at evening's homing time!

—Leta Fulmer



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) says her next big project will be to make a hooked rug for each of her grandchildren. Granddaughter Kristin discusses the various patterns with her.

### A THANKSGIVING PRAYER

We thank Thee, Lord, for simple things —

A kettle singing on the stove,  
Blue larkspur in a yellow bowl,  
The cooing of the turtle dove.

We thank Thee, Lord, for planting time,  
For buds burst into flower,  
For grazing herds; a cow bell's chime  
Foretelling evening hour.

We thank Thee, Lord, for harvest time  
As we gather in the yields —  
Of orchards, gardens, meadows, hills,  
Of woods and fruitful fields.

We thank Thee for Thanksgiving Day,  
For our daily bread,  
And as we meet around the board  
We ask our souls be fed.

—Mary E. Boyles

### FRAGRANT HERITAGE — Concluded

home-baked bread my children had ever had? It was always so much easier to pick up those bakery items at the local grocery store, where the delicious baking smells had already been dissipated. Not much of that delectable aroma ever remains inside a cellophane wrapper.

I started the car and edged carefully back into the traffic lane. How I have cheated my children! Each one is grown now and busily engaged in making a niche for himself in the world of his choice. But the day is not too far away when they will be heading back home, as couples, or families, or groups of families for summer vacations or Christmas holiday gatherings. I have decided that when they come, my home will be saturated with that magical, tantalizing fragrance which has the power to transport me back into the days of my childhood. It is not too late to provide that heritage for my grandchildren!

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

As outdoor gardening begins to wane the gardener can turn to some pleasurable indoor pursuits such as renovating house plants for a window garden or making a terrarium. The latter can be a fun project for the youngsters. First collect all the materials available from outdoors that may be used to make the terrarium interesting. These will include some leaf mold from under trees in a wood, a supply of coarse gravel, any interesting small rocks, and some sheets of moss gathered in the woods.

Webster states a terrarium is "an enclosure where small animals are kept" but to a gardener, a terrarium is a glass bowl or glass-sided container for growing small plants. Glass brandy "snifters", goldfish bowls, and rectangular goldfish tanks make splendid terrariums for plants. Place a 2-inch layer of coarse gravel in the bottom, mounding it higher on the back side, then cover this with about three inches of pure leaf mold. If the gravel and leaf mold are moist when placed in the container no more water need be added.

Many slow-growing small succulents and other interesting plants can be obtained at plant counters in department stores or bought for a small cost at your local greenhouse. Some good named varieties for terrarium planting are peperomias, podocarpus Maki, sanseverias, Boston compacta fern, fittonias and pilea. If you are unable to find any moss to tuck around the base of the little plants in your terrarium, try spotting a few leaves of Baby Tears. The emerald-green moss-like plant will root quickly and make a perfect setting for the other plants. You might display small interesting rocks, add tiny bridges and miniature scenery from Japanese gardens that are available at variety stores.

Keep the terrarium where it will receive good light but out of direct sun. Never pour water in it, but add moisture with a clothes sprinkler or syringe. Because evaporation is kept at a minimum, water needs to be added sparingly at infrequent intervals.

When plants in a terrarium have outgrown their container they should be severely pruned back or removed and the whole replanted. The latter is the most satisfactory as many terrarium plants can not be pruned successfully. A properly planted one with suitable plant material will be interesting and pretty for several months and is well worth the work involved.

The most important do-it-yourself project is your life.

\*\*\*\*\*

Nothing is forever except change.



**NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded**  
They made friends of the Indians and learned from them how to plant corn. They built homes.

So little to be thankful for, we think, but so much thanksgiving they felt! Seeing this, Governor Bradford declared that first day of Thanksgiving. Surely to think upon it can cause us to hang our heads in shame.

I wonder, are we blessed with too much? Have we so much that we spend our time deciding the menu — not how to provide; what to wear — not how to keep warm; what kind of heat — not if we will have heat?

Are we truly thankful? Do we, as the Pilgrims who had so little, share what we have — or merely hand out leftovers?

Let us think on these things.

The word "thanks" is the old form of the past tense of the verb "think". Giving thanks is giving "thinks" — letting the mind dwell on things which God has given us.

Thanksgiving Day does not take the place of a thankful life, but simply calls attention to the importance of always and in everything giving thanks. Do we?

**Leader:** Perhaps these words of an unknown poet express the sort of thanksgiving which the Pilgrims bequeathed to us — one which finds thanksgiving even for trials that stretch the soul.

**Poem:**

"I'm thankful for all good with which  
I've been blessed throughout life,  
For hardships, and for heartaches, too.  
For failures, trials and strife.  
I'm thankful for each little prayer  
Someone has said for me;  
For loving thoughts, for friendliness,  
For all good will I see.  
My thanks for hands, with which I  
could

Serve someone on life's way.  
I'm thankful for all happiness,  
Each long hour of deep sorrow;  
God thus in His great mercy gives  
More wisdom for tomorrow."

**Hymn:** "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand".

**Breaking of Bread — Thanksgiving Ceremony:** (If you prefer, this ceremony may be omitted. If so, go directly to the benediction to close the service. However, this will make a beautiful and impressive close to the devotional period well worth the extra preparation.)

The leader picks up the loaf of bread and says, "Now as we break of this loaf of bread, symbolic of God's blessings upon us, let us be in silent prayer of thanksgiving as we ponder the words from the beautiful one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalms." Then she breaks off a small piece, and eats it as

she hands the loaf to another. (Prepare her in advance so she knows what to do.) She breaks off a piece and passes it on to the next in the circle.

As the bread is passed, the **Reader** reads all, or excerpts from Psalm 138. How much is read is gauged by the size of the group. If necessary, Psalms 103 or 96 might also be read.

**Leader:** Surely it is appropriate that we close this service by singing together the "Old Hundred", "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow", with which grateful hearts have of-

fered their praises to God for generation. (All sing.)

**Benediction:** Let the words of our hearts and the meditations of our minds be acceptable in Thy sight, O Father, and may we find joy in Thy Peace. Amen.

#### TO BE GRATEFUL

Our gifts exceed a Pilgrim's dreams.  
We would not have them less,  
But let us grace our affluence  
With Pilgrim thankfulness.

—Flo M. Tidgwell



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

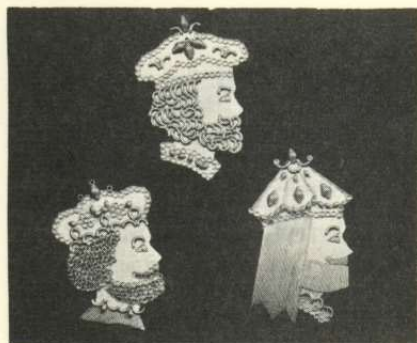
Your work is finished much faster, too — practically cut in half! You see, there's never any froth, foam or scum to rinse and wipe away. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is a once-over cleaner, because it does the job right the first time. Remember:

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We don't have a letter from Lucile this month because of her trip to New Mexico, but this new picture of her daughter Juliana and Jed came in time to share it with you.

**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**  
between issues of the magazine, but if I could, I would certainly want to stop in Switzerland to hear the echo of cowbells in the Alps which my friend said sounded like cathedral chimes. It must have been breath-taking! I took the refreshments for the meeting that day and the girls had to wait a little bit for their coffee and cake because I didn't want to miss a minute of her program.

With Martin bringing company home for the weekend, I'll have to put a little extra thought to making out my grocery list, so I'll bring this to a close and put my mind on food.

Until next month, Sincerely,  
Margery

### REMINDERS

NOV. 1-30 - March Against Muscular Dystrophy.

NOV. 11 - Veterans Day.

NOV. 14-DEC. 31 - Christmas Seals.

NOV. 17-23 - National Farm City Week.

NOV. 23 - Thanksgiving.

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As the Spanish, French, and English sailed off to struggle with the wilderness of the New World, they took along turkeys, pigs, cows, and sheep.

These immigrants from Mexico by way of a long sojourn in Europe are the real ancestors of the birds that grace the boards of millions of American homes.

### HUMOR IN THE CLASSROOM

I asked Susan why she was late. "Because Matilda went wild this morning and Mom couldn't leave her," Susan explained.

"Oh," I nodded sympathetically. "What did your mother finally do with Matilda?"

"Just held her tight until the last cycle."

After more questioning I learned that "Matilda" was the wash machine so named because when she wasn't loaded exactly right she waltzed madly all over the floor! -Evelyn Witter

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**PIECED** quilts - some silk ones - Susie Cook, Arlington, S. Dak.

**FOR SALE:** Folding hands book mark - 50¢, curler bag - \$1.50, embroidered dish towels - 55¢ and many more articles. Mrs. Julius Biaeck, 311 East Main, New Prague, Minn. 56071.

*Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.*

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## WAYS TO BOOST THE TREASURY

*It's the Cup That Counts* at this special tea party. With so many women collecting cups and saucers, it will not be difficult to collect enough so that each guest can have a different cup from which to drink her tea. Since these cups may range from tiny demitasse cups to large mugs, there can be much merriment over the refills. Let the main entertainment be the stories behind the teacups, with the owners telling how they acquired each particular cup and other interesting stories connected with their collecting "bug".

*Pay-as-You-Go Calendar:* On a large sheet of construction paper mimeograph a calendar for the designated month. Mark it off in large blocks, a block for each day. Type the date and the direction for each day and fasten to the appropriate block. If you want to add an element of surprise, cover each date square with a gummed label by attaching the label to the top only, so it can be lifted up. Staple a small heavy envelope to the bottom of the calendar. Inside the envelope put a note in which you have written "Uncover a square daily, immediately after breakfast, read the directions, and use this envelope for your deposit. Please return at the (month) meeting of our \_\_\_\_\_ society, or call \_\_\_\_\_, who will pick it up." If desired you may also tell how the money will be used. Decorate the calendar with some pretty seals, humorous sketches, or with the name of your organization.

Here are some ideas for directions to place in the squares:

1. 5¢ if you are on a diet.
2. 5¢ if you did not read your Bible yesterday.
3. 1¢ for each time you talked on the phone yesterday.
4. 2¢ for each bed in your house.
5. 13¢ if you did not attend (name of aid or club) this month.
6. 5¢ if you ate a piece of candy yesterday.
7. 4¢ if you wear glasses.
8. 3¢ if you own a pair of brown shoes.
9. 1¢ for each T.V. program you watched yesterday.
10. 6¢ if you can drive a car.
11. 2¢ if you made dessert last evening.
12. 10¢ if you have made no sick calls this month.
13. 2¢ for each organization to which you belong.
14. 1¢ for each inch of your waistline.
15. 5¢ if you did not attend church last Sunday.
16. 1¢ for each house plant you have.
17. 4¢ if you own a red dress.

18. 3¢ if your hair is in rollers or pin curls this morning.

19. 5¢ if you have blue eyes.

20. 1¢ for each window in your home.

21. 2¢ if you are going shopping today.

22. 3¢ for each child you have.

23. 1¢ for each letter in your first name.

24. 1¢ for every state you have been in.

25. 3¢ if you have a fur collar on your coat.

26. 5¢ for each cup of coffee you had for breakfast.

27. 2¢ if you have naturally curly hair.

28. 3¢ for each pet you have.

29. 1¢ for each grandchild you have.

30. 4¢ if you have a trailer or a camper.

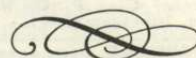
31. Take out 5¢ if you have been honest.

*Christmas Package Bazaar:* Each guest is to bring something she has made (food, clothing, decoration, novelty item) wrapped as a Christmas

gift. These are auctioned off to the highest bidder, or may be sold after a silent auction where bidders write amount they will pay on a slip of paper, to which they have signed their name, with each package on which they place a bid.

*Cooky Fair:* Let every member bake some of her prettiest and tastiest Christmas cookies. Arrange these in clever displays — on cooky trees, decorated Christmas plates, on pretty trays, on tiered tidbit trays — in as colorful a fashion as possible. Not only are the cookies for sale, but have copies made of some, or all, of the recipes and sell those, too, to those who prefer to bake their own.

—Mabel Nair Brown



### TERSE VERSE

Life itself can't give you joy,  
Unless you really will it.  
Life just gives you time and space —  
It's up to you to fill it.



## DOLLARS

and

## SENSE

Figure it out for yourself! If you can make your wardrobe last longer, look new longer, it's like money in the bank. And you can do it, too, by always using gentle, safe **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. This is the bleach that makes whites whiter, colors brighter, yet is designed to protect fabrics rather than destroy them. **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine — never weakens fibers. And, since you add the water, it's more economical than liquid bleaches, too. Start tomorrow to stretch your wardrobe. Ask your grocer for

## Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach