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Kitchen-Klatter

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a perfectly beautiful golden autumn day, and I have been sitting at the kitchen windows watching the three youngsters who live next door.

There are two little boys who look about three years old and a darling little girl who seems about the same age. Today they have been scampering around making up some kind of a game that involves chasing leaves and as I watched them it struck me again how amazingly well they play together. I never see them having trouble of any kind — they just have a grand time riding their tricycles down my front walk and around on the driveway. I much enjoy watching little children and after not having preschoolers in the neighborhood for a number of years it is a real pleasure to me to have them so close.

They would like to have Jakey-boy come out and play with them but he has never liked children and refuses to have anything to do with them. I don't know why he has always been so cross with small youngsters but he is certainly mighty disagreeable when they get anywhere near him.

Anita has been making the best of these fine fall days to get in as much golf as possible. She is an ardent golfer and has won all kinds of awards. People in our town who enjoy the American Legion Club so much must have a sinking feeling when they think of the approaching winter with its great drifts of snow over the golf course that is now so green and attractive.

But impending winter has one highly important event for Anita to anticipate and that is the return from Vietnam of her only son, Eric, who is due back in mid-November from a year's tour of duty. So many of you folks now have relatives in Vietnam that I'm sure you'll be interested in a clipping that Anita received a short time ago. This is from the Santa Fe newspaper.

"Army Lt. Colonel Eric F. Antila,

son of Mrs. Anita Turner, received the Silver Star in Vietnam on July 15. Colonel Antila received the award for gallantry in action in Vietnam.

"During the same ceremony, he received his third award of the Air Medal for heroism in combat aerial support of ground operations in Vietnam. Antila is the commanding officer of the 5th Battalion of the 9th Infantry Divisions 60th Infantry. He arrived in Vietnam in November, 1967.

"The Colonel, who has also served in Germany and Korea, holds the Bronze Star Medal, the Purple Heart, the Vietnamese Gallantry Cross and two awards of the Army Commendation Medal with one award for heroism.

"His wife, Marian and their two small daughters live in San Antonio.

"A 1945 graduate of New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell, Colonel Antila received a B. S. degree in 1951 from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. He received an M.S. degree in 1961 from the University of Arizona in Tucson, Arizona."

It will be a great day for Anita when he is safely home with this hard year behind him. She plans to go to San Antonio to visit her family as soon as he returns. I only wish that all of you with relatives in Vietnam could have them safely back from this war that has created such bitter dissension in our country.

As I write this, Mother and Dorothy are having an autumn trip to Denver and Laramie. They had several days with our Denver Driftmiers and then drove to Laramie to visit Kristin, Art and little Andrew. Thus far the weather has been wonderfully good for their trip. I just hope it holds on while Margery and Oliver are in Denver and Santa Fe. They plan to spend a couple of days in Albuquerque with Juliana, Jed and baby James and I'll confess that I wish I could get in the car and go with them.

Juliana is still in 7th heaven over the fact that they now have their own home and are finally out of cramped apartments. She is having a heyday

cooking in a kitchen where she has decent equipment for the first time. I never did figure out how she turned into such a fine cook with a stove that would bake *only* at 500 degrees and a refrigerator that had to be defrosted every other day. She said it would be a long time before she took her new stove and refrigerator for granted.

Mae and Howard were the first members of the family to visit them in their new home and I much appreciated all of the pictures that they took. Although Juliana wrote in careful detail about the lovely yard with its beautiful plantings I couldn't really visualize it until I saw color photographs taken from various spots outside. I had planned to send down some tulip and daffodil bulbs, but when I mentioned this to Juliana in a phone call she said that the former owners had been there to call and had told her there wasn't room for a single bulb! That should be a beautiful sight next spring when everything comes into bloom.

James now sits alone without toppling over and also creeps even though he does go backwards instead of forwards! I asked Juliana if he ever turned his head to see where he was going but she said no — he just started out. I'd love to see him in action. At this time I've no idea when that will ever be. Perhaps before winter sets in I'll just suddenly up and decide to go even though I am still in a wheelchair and have no expectations of being able to get out of it in the foreseeable future.

One pleasant thing in these last few weeks is the fact that three of my old friends have been here in town and we've had a chance to catch up on events of the past several years. It gave me a good excuse to have some company in and to get things jiggled up. Dorothy brought me stunning gourds and Indian corn for an autumn centerpiece which I put on the dining room table. In the living room I have a handsome arrangement of bittersweet that was a gift from an old friend who lives in Omaha. These things should continue to be attractive until it is time to get out the Christmas arrangements. With the way time flies by that doesn't seem too far in the future.

I think we're going to have our family Thanksgiving dinner at Mother's house this year. We are hopeful that our cousin Gretchen Fischer and her husband can come up from Nevada, Missouri, to be with us. They are spending a year there because Clay is the dean of the faculty at Cottey College. It still seems strange to think of them anywhere but Iowa City where they lived for so many, many years.

Your letters continue to be the high

(Continued on page 22)

MARGERY AND OLIVER ARE LOOKING AT TRAILERS

Dear Friends:

As I write this, we're enjoying "October's bright blue weather", and we hope it will linger for a few more weeks. I doubt that there is a Driftmier who doesn't say that fall is his favorite season of the year. A few days ago Mother and I were looking over Dad's files of colored slides and we commented on the great number that were taken in the fall of the year — trees which he considered the most beautiful in all of Shenandoah, farm scenes at harvest time, the grandchildren raking leaves — all evidence that Dad particularly loved fall colors and activities that accompany the season. We were going through the slides to search out the ones that might hold special interest to various members of the family. Mother wants us to have them in our own collections now.

It was shortly after that when we had a nice visit from Wayne. He came to Iowa as a delegate from Colorado to attend a church conference in Des Moines. Howard and Mae met him at the airport in Omaha and brought him to Shenandoah for an overnight stay before the conference and then he stopped for a few days with the family before returning to Denver. The occasion of his visit called for a family get-together at Mother's when the table, as usual, groaned with food.

Wayne left on Saturday, and the following Monday Mother and Dorothy left by car for Denver. (They hoped that Wayne could delay his departure two days and drive out with them, but he had commitments that made it necessary to return home on Saturday.) Mother and Dorothy will divide their time between Denver and Laramie. Next month Dorothy will tell you about their trip. It has been some time since she has seen her daughter Kristin and her family in Laramie, so we'll be particularly anxious for the latest news about them.

Mother's last words to me before the car left the curb were, "We'll see you in Denver." Oliver and I are leaving this coming weekend for Colorado and then on down to New Mexico for a few days. We'll see Juliana, Jed and James, of course, and I'll try to take lots of pictures for Lucile. Oh, yes, I'll share them with you, too, if they are good.

Oliver and I had much anticipated a trip together to Minnesota to visit one of his sisters and her husband, but at the last minute I was unable to go. Fortunately, a brother and his wife were able to go so Oliver didn't have to make the long drive by himself. Lucile and I made a couple of radio



Margery and Oliver live in what we refer to today as an old-fashioned home. Records show that it was built in 1898.

broadcasts in advance and I had just gone home to pack my suitcase when back pain sent me to the hospital instead. For a number of years I've had disc problems and had to be extremely careful about undue strain on my back. I don't know what caused such trouble after several years without any, but there it was. Since we knew what it was and that it wasn't serious, I convinced Oliver that he should go ahead. By the time he returned I was home again and on the mend.

Martin is back at Doane College for his final year. (I can hardly believe it. It seems like only yesterday that we drove him over to Crete, Nebraska, to start his freshman year.) Oliver and I drove over the same day back in September so we took the surplus that wouldn't fit in Martin's tiny compact car. The reason for our going to Crete that day was so I could attend an executive meeting of the Parents Association.

Since Martin has most of his requirements behind him, he signed up for two courses outside his field of study which he thought would be of special interest to him. One is on religions of the world and the other is on politics. This being an election year, the latter is very timely. I expect that class has some pretty lively discussions!

Some months ago (I can't recall now which issue of the magazine) I mentioned that Oliver and I were becoming enthusiastic about owning a trailer. This all came about when we first visited Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert after they retired to Arkansas and were living in a mobile home while they looked at houses. Our interest has been revived in recent weeks. Oliver works in the Council Bluffs office and, although it is a distance of only 55 miles, rather than making that drive every day, he stays in an apartment through the week and comes home for weekends. There are exceptions, of course, for he frequently

comes home during the week for church meetings or a family dinner when someone is home for a visit. Lately we've looked at the stack of rent receipts and thought seriously that they would come pretty close to paying for a mobile home or large trailer. A mobile home could be moved to a vacation spot for the family to enjoy eventually, but a large trailer could be used at any time. As we've had the opportunity we've looked at both types but haven't arrived at any decision. It's been a lively topic of conversation when we've been with family and friends. Mother's only request is that we settle on something she can get her wheelchair into!

One of Oliver's brothers and his wife celebrated their 40th wedding anniversary this month and entertained the family at dinner in a nearby town. Instead of taking the highway, we took a back road as we had ample time after church to get there. I love a ride in the country this season of year. We used to keep our eyes peeled for bittersweet, but I'm afraid those days are gone. It is a rare thing to come across bittersweet now.

We aren't having such a rich harvest in our part of the country as we usually have, but I guess this is to be expected once in a while. We all learn to accept what comes to us and keep our faith that things will be better next year. I believe farmers teach us this more than anyone else, don't you?

As we approach Thanksgiving we are mindful of our special blessings. This prayer which I clipped from our church bulletin is especially meaningful to me and I would like to share it with you.

"O God of Love, we give you thanks for all you have given us richly to enjoy — for health and vigor, for the love and care of home, for joys of friendship, and for every good gift of happiness and strength. May we use all these benefits in your service and to your glory."

Sincerely,

Margery

COVER PICTURE

The little boy with the big smile is Andrew Wade Brase, four-year-old son of Kristin and Arthur Brase of Laramie, Wyoming. His grandparents are Mrs. Mary Brase, who makes her home with them, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa. Mrs. M. H. Driftmier of Shenandoah is his great-grandmother.

Andy entered nursery school this fall, which makes him feel like a pretty big boy. This works out nicely for Kristin as it gives her the opportunity to work on her Master's degree at the University.



"I STAND AMAZED AT THE GOODNESS OF GOD"

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place an arrangement of choice fruits, grains, and vegetables on a small altar. On a dark cloth draped as a backdrop pin the letters to form the title of the service, "I Stand Amazed at the Goodness of God".

Quiet Music: "O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea".

Call to Worship:

If, like a bird that must choose to sing
On the lowest branch, come fall or
spring,

Only two notes, we could choose but
two

Words to repeat — let them be "thank
you".

If summer and winter and spring and
fall,

Only two little words were all
That man could utter, just these —
"thank you".

Over and over the whole day through,
"Thank you" to God and to those he
meets

In home and office, on busy streets.

If, as the song of the bird is sung,
These were repeated the same among
Drifting petals or freezing rain,
Sweet and certain through joy and pain,
What would they do for the world of
men,

Making it sane and whole again.

Making it sure of itself and others.
Two little words would make men
brothers! —Sunshine

Hymn: "To Thee, O Lord Our Hearts
We Raise", or similar hymn of praise.

Leader:

I stand amazed at the goodness of God—
Everflowing, abundant, and free
To the black man, the red man, the yel-
low, the white —

From mountain, to valley, to sea.

I stand amazed at the goodness of
God —

His universal fingerprint, for all to
see,

Crowning each year with bounty and
love

For my world brothers — and me!

Scripture: (Hymn, "For the Beauty of
the Earth", played softly while Scrip-
ture is read.) *Thou visitest the earth
and waterest it, Thou greatly enrichest
it; the river of God is full of water;*

*Thou providest their grain, for so Thou
hast prepared it. Thou waterest its fur-
rows abundantly, settling its ridges,
softening it with showers, and blessing
its growth. Thou crownest the year
with Thy bounty; the tracks of Thy
chariot drip with fatness. The pastures
of the wilderness drip, the hills gird
themselves with joy, the meadows
clothe themselves with flocks, the val-
leys deck themselves with grain, they
shout and sing together with joy.*

—(from Psalms 65)

Leader:

There is no unbelief;

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod.
He trusts in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of
snow,

The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down upon his couch to
sleep

Content to lock each sense in slumber
deep.

Knows God will keep.

—Author Unknown

Hymn: (Verses 1, 2, and 3) "O Lord
of Heaven and Earth and Sea", or "All
Things Bright and Beautiful", or vrs.
1, 2, and 3 of "For the Beauty of the
Earth".

Litany of Thanksgiving: (By a reader,
with all giving the response after each
statement.)

Reader: For the thrill of the morning
— sleeping meadows frosted in white,
the distant crescent of a fading moon,
the scarlet cardinal flashing in the bar-
ren branches of the old maple, a squir-
rel scurrying to check his winter hoard,
for old Tabby and her kittens sunning
on the back stoop — for the gifts of
wonder, the joy of discovery that each
day brings,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.

Reader: For God's smile on the land
— the grain bins overflowing, bales of
hay stacked, fat cattle chomping con-
tently in the feed lot, in the woods
and timbered slopes nuts strewn for
the gathering,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.

Reader: For the blessings of health
and welfare, for dedicated scientists

and doctors, for vigilant health laws,
for hospitals and new drugs, for hot
lunches at school,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.

Reader: For the comforts of home —
the sound of the furnace clicking on,
for light at the touch of a switch, hot
water at the turn of a faucet, for variety
and plenty in cupboard and freezer,
walking across a covered floor, a
glass of cold milk, an easy chair and
much to read,

For the satisfaction of honest toil —
joy in a job well done and the strength
to do it, for the peace that comes with
knowing we have done the best with
what we have,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.

Reader: For love of family, for loyal
friendships that bring cheery greet-
ings, the helping hand of a neighbor,
the concern of those who care, for the
warm closeness of our own fireside,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.

Reader: For our nation, for good
leadership, for all that has come to our
nation and to us from other nations,
other peoples,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.

Reader: For our faith and our
churches, for Thy constant and un-
ceasing love which showers all these
gifts upon us,

All: WE THANK THEE, O LORD.
WE FORGET NOT THY BENEFITS.

Scripture: *Take heed lest you forget
the Lord your God, by not keeping His
commandments and His ordinances and
His statutes, which I command you this
day; lest when you have eaten and are
full, and have built goodly houses and
live in them . . . and your silver and
gold is multiplied, and all you have
is multiplied, then your heart be
lifted up, and you forget the Lord
your God who brought you out of the
land of Egypt, out of the hands of
bondage . . . Beware lest you say in
your heart, "My power and the might of
my hand have gotten me this wealth."*

(from Deuteronomy 8)

Meditation: The apostle Paul would
have us all wear thankfulness as an
everyday garment. He tells us that
genuine thankfulness is something that
God forms within our life, that the
grace of thankfulness is a gift from
God. When we accept his will for our
lives, then we can be truly thankful for
everything. We will then not be de-
pendent upon "wealth or health, weal
or woe, pain or pleasure" for a thank-
ful spirit.

"True thankfulness is taking life as it
comes and making the best of it with
the help of the Almighty," Dermott
Reid tells us.

This thankfulness comes from a spirit
of gratitude that recognizes that the
individual is ever dependent upon

(Continued on page 21)



WHEN IT'S NOVEMBER

Tom Turkey nut cups or favors are made from milkweed pods which become the bodies of the turkeys. Clean out pods and glue a feather at the tip end for a tail as you glue the halves of the pod together, using one larger feather or several small ones. Cut a paper head from brown paper and glue to body, adding red wattles and an orange beak. Slit the sides of the body and insert feather wings. Attach pipe cleaner legs, winding the ends to make flat circles (feet) which will allow Tom Turkey to stand. (If this is to be used as a nut cup, use tape to fasten the body together so that it can be undone to eat the contents.)

Mr. and Mrs. Pilgrim Centerpiece: These sound more complicated than they are. For the base of each figure, use a large plastic protector which comes over spray bottles. (Mine are 2½ inches tall and about that in diameter.) Use a large styrofoam ball for each head. Glue yellow yarn bangs on one head for the hair of Mrs. Pilgrim. Make her a grey bonnet with a white brim from scraps of material. Paper can be used, but cloth is more effective for the bonnet. Pin to the head, with bangs peeping out the front. Cut eyes, nose, and mouth from bits of felt, and glue or pin in place. Cut a large round collar from heavy white paper. Fasten at the front neck with a metal paper fastener. (It will look like a big brass button.) To assemble, place a bit of modeling clay in the plastic cap, and insert a short length of pencil or a stick into the bottom of the foam head and then set it (first placing the collar on the cap base) in clay. Mr. Pilgrim is made the same way, except that he has brown yarn hair, which shows all around beneath his large black paper pilgrim hat. His

collar matches his wife's. I sometimes fill the plastic caps with marbles to weight them so they do not tip so easily.

ENTERTAINMENT

Thanksgiving Nuts: Invite the guests to go a-nutting, by wandering around the room and seeing if they can give the name of the nut or fruit represented on large cards placed about the room. Have the cards numbered so they can identify their guesses.

1. Picture of a seashore. (beechnut)
2. A large box or a jewel box. (chestnut)
3. Picture of someone making bread, or of yeast and loaf of bread. (doughnut)
4. Picture of a churn, or butter advertisement. (butternut)
5. The large figures of 1492 and 1776. (dates)
6. Some small rocks stacked up. (walnut)
7. Picture of two people, or two like objects. (pear)
8. Cup of steaming cocoa, or an ad for cocoa. (coconut)
9. A green ruler or tape measure. (green gage plum)
10. A can of vegetable and letter "P". (pecan)
11. Picture of money bag and a picture of a shoe. (cashew)

Thanksgiving Menu: Give guests pencils and paper. Have them write out a menu for Thanksgiving dinner, having each dish begin with one of the letters in the word "Thanksgiving", and asking them to have, as far as possible, a typical menu for this day.

The Pilgrims' Guests: (Answers are all tribes of Indians.)

1. Winding streams. (Creeks)
2. Girl's name. (Sioux)
3. Part of a fruit, a tree, and twice

a vowel. (Cherokee)

4. A way to get money and a double vowel. (Pawnee)

5. What a Scotsman might say to a tree cutter. (Chippewa — "chip awa"')

6. An Irish author and part of the body. (Shawnee)

7. Exclamation and an herb. (Osage)

8. It covers a hole. (Apache)

9. Black as a (Crow).

10. Girl's name and merchandise. (Delaware)

11. To cut and a bird of prey. (Mohawk)

12. To go ahead, to rend, and myself in debt. (Ontario)

13. Radio engineers say if often. (Huron — "you're on")

14. A single thing and a girl's name. (Oneida)

THANKSGIVING

Light the happy lights for Thanksgiving

With thoughtful thanks of gratitude.

Steeped with pleasant memories since last November

Give voice to sounds of feast and joy.

Together with those near and dear break the bread of love

And then, alone, pray honestly for those who cannot thank.



IN THANKS AGAIN

One more Thanksgiving and once more people throughout the land express the many reasons why we should give thanks. From Pilgrim times to the dangerous todays, the reasons are repeated — proof that we have an overabundance of things for which to be thankful.

How should one present the gratitude implied with Thanksgiving without the customary platitudes?

For one thing, all material things should be eliminated.

For another, the precarious peace should not be counted.

With wealth and peace out of "thanks" way, what then?

- For eyes still clear despite the dark,
- For healthy hearts beating warm despite the cold,
- For taste and touch and simple sounds,
- For silent sleep and things to do,
- For kitchen smells and food that crowds a void.
- For love that binds the family fun,
- For being you,
- For just being.

For all these things, give thanks. And these are but a thankful beginning.

FREDERICK OFTEN ASKED DIFFICULT QUESTIONS

Dear Friends:

I hope that I can type this entire letter without help, for I am typing it with fourteen stitches in my back! I had a small growth between my shoulder blades that the doctors had been wanting to cut out for the past six years, but I just never seemed to find the time to get it done. Finally it had to be done, and now I am anxiously awaiting the day when the stitches can be taken out and I can get my arm movements back to normal. Do you know what has bothered me the most? Driving a car! I have power steering and all that sort of thing, and the actual steering of the car is no trouble, but it is the getting in and out. Little did I realize how much twisting and turning one has to do just to get into the front seat of a car, but these fourteen stitches have made it clear to me.

There are many difficult things for a clergyman to do in the course of his daily work, but I think that the most difficult is that of comforting a family that has lost a child. I had to do that the other day when a handsome little six-year-old boy in our Sunday school was run over and killed on his way home from the neighborhood school just a few doors from our church. It was a tragic, tragic thing, and all of us feel so badly for the child's family. Only yesterday we had another sad thing happen when one of the men in our church accidentally ran over and killed another six-year-old child. I have done what I could to comfort this man, but what can anyone do to bring real comfort to a person in such circumstances. There are times when we just have to wait for "that heavenly peace which passes all understanding." I do not know the family of the second child that was run over for the accident happened in another city but how dreadfully sorry I feel both for the man who hit the child, and for the child's family.

If it were not for the happy duties of the ministry, a church minister would run the risk of an emotional breakdown. It is not humanly possible for one to be dealing all of the time with sadness without one's self breaking down. With the sad duties there are the happy ones, and I have been having many of them lately. For some reason or other, the fall months have been popular wedding months; almost as popular as weddings in June.

Only yesterday we had a perfectly beautiful wedding in our little Memorial Chapel. One thing that made it a bit more beautiful than usual was the music. Since both the bride and the groom were members of our South



Frederick's wife Betty and daughter Mary Lea leave for Boston where Mary Lea is a college senior.

Church choir, the entire choir sang three numbers in the wedding service. To have all that music accompanied by a brand-new organ being used for the first time, was quite a thrill and quite an inspiration to our new Minister of Music.

I suppose that most of you belong to large churches where you have large and beautiful pipe organs. My, but they are expensive instruments! Of course a large pipe organ will practically last forever, and that is more than can be said for the electronic variety, but it is a big expense to maintain them. We have to spend \$300.00 dollars a year to keep our big organ tuned, and then every few years there are major expenses. Perhaps the most damaging thing for a big pipe organ is moth damage. You know each of the pipes has some felt on it at one spot or another, and the moths just love to eat the felt. Many people do not realize how much damage cold weather does to pipe organs. I am told that it isn't the cold alone that does the damage, but the alternate heat and cold. Our church sanctuary as an enormous room with seats for more than a thousand persons, and the organ people have warned us about the danger of permitting that room to become too cold in the winter time. Alternate warmth and cold quickly puts an organ out of tune.

Whenever I am in Europe I make it a point to visit the old cathedrals, and in each of them I ask for an opportunity to see the pipe organ. Some of the organs in Europe are as much as several hundred years old, and what lovely instruments they are. I suppose that there are some people who do not care for organ music, but to me it is heavenly. The only music I like as well as organ music is violin music, or perhaps cello music, and in our church we try to have both. On all special Sundays we have guest violinists come in to play with our organ. There is some-

thing about beautiful music in a church that is good medicine for the soul. Music can be beautiful anywhere, but in a church there is a divine quality to it.

Last Sunday I told my church people how glad I was that they brought their children to the main church service on Sunday morning, for that is just about the only place where children can hear beautiful music these days. Oh, of course, they can hear it on records at home, but certainly they do not hear much lovely music on the radio. Hearing music on records does not begin to give a child the appreciation for fine music that hearing it in a church gives. Sometimes I have been asked why any church should spend a goodly sum of money just for beautiful music, and I usually answer: "Because God wants our children to learn to love beautiful music."

A few days ago I had some young people ask me some questions that would probably be of interest to you. The spokesman for the group said: "Dr. Driftmier, can you tell us in plain and simple English without a lot of reference to high-sounding theological phrases why the world is in such an awful mess?" I think that my reply jolted them a bit. I said that the reason things are as bad as they are is because there are too many litterbugs in the world! Then I went on to explain that actually there are just two kinds of people in the world: the people who care and the people who don't care. The world's trouble lies in the fact that there are too many people who don't care — they don't care about their neighbors, they don't care about God. All the problems of the world are no greater than the problem each one of us has just trying to keep his own front yard picked up from what other people have let fall there. I firmly believe that until we in this country can solve the problem of our own litterbugs, we might just as well give up trying to solve the world problems.

The other question I was asked was a bit more difficult to answer. The youngsters wanted to know what a Christian should use as the basis for deciding what was a right thing to do and what was a wrong thing to do. The boy who put the question to me is one who has been very concerned about student revolts on college campuses and what should be the attitude of Christian students. He put it very simply: "How do we know what is right and what is wrong?"

Naturally, I don't have the time or the space to tell you all that I said in reply to that question, but in brief I simply said that we had to make such decisions in the same way that Jesus

(Continued on page 19)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

My favorite time of the year has arrived, with the trees just beginning to turn color. During the years we lived in California I got homesick for Iowa when fall rolled around. The first year we were there in October I made a short trip back to Iowa to get this "feeling" out of my system. One contributing factor for my love of fall is the fact of so many happy childhood memories connected with it. We always lived in town, so the week-end drives we took to pick up walnuts in the timber, with a wiener roast after our work was done, made a lasting impression on me. I remember the bushels of beautiful Jonathan apples Dad would buy at a farmhouse, and in the evening our wrapping each apple carefully in paper and putting them in the basement to enjoy during the winter months. Happy memories are a wonderful thing, and our family provided many for us.

Kristin recently wrote that one of her classes discussed childhood memories, and she told about toasting marshmallows over the kerosene lamp. When we first moved to our farm, rural electrification had not yet been installed in our part of the county, so we had to use Aladdin lamps. Kristin was just three years old, and when she went upstairs to bed I carried the lamp up to her room. It wasn't safe to leave a lamp burning up there, of course, so it had to go back downstairs after she was tucked into bed. Until this time she had been accustomed to a small night light in the hall, so to compensate for its lack she was permitted a treat. She carried a fork with a marshmallow stuck in the end, and before I took the lamp back downstairs she got to toast it over the lamp. She has never forgotten it.

Last month I ran out of space, so I shall go back to the time of the Iowa State Fair. This year Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, the recognized founder of 4-H, had the great honor of being asked to serve as Grand Marshall in the parade which officially opens the state fair each year. Her daughter, Ruth Watkins, of San Mateo, California, flew back to be with her mother on this special day. Aunt Jessie also took part in the program which dedicated the rural school that had been moved



Dorothy chats with her grandson Andrew whose picture appears on the cover this month. Andy remembers the farm and asks lots of questions about tractors and horses when he has his turn on the phone.

to the fairgrounds and made a permanent part of the Iowa Heritage section on the grounds. I drove to Des Moines to attend this program with Aunt Jessie and Ruth, and also the luncheon which followed. They stayed at the home of Aunt Jessie's son Bill and his family, so we made arrangements for Bill to drive them to our house on Sunday in time for dinner. Then I took them on to Clarinda on my way to Shenandoah.

This was the first time Bill and Ruth had been at our farm, and happily the weather co-operated to give us a beautiful day. Ruth, a farm girl at heart, thoroughly enjoyed every minute she was there. While I was preparing dinner, to be served on the picnic table on the porch, Frank showed them his Indian collection. Ruth was interested in everything, and kept wishing her young son Jed was with her because he would have been so thrilled with it all.

While Aunt Jessie was resting after dinner, Frank and Bill visited, I cleaned up the kitchen, and Ruth embarked in the kayak for a tour of the bayou. She was gone so long that Bill and I became concerned and started out to look for her, but we soon saw her coming around the bend toward home. She had gone clear to the end (the bayou is almost a mile long) and she said she didn't know when she had had so much fun. Later Frank took them on the tractor for a tour of the farm.

Ruth and her husband Bob and their children plan to move back to Iowa sometime in the future, when I hope they will all be able to spend a longer visit at the farm.

So far Mother and I have not made our trip to Denver and Laramie, but we still plan to go before long. Our houseguests were able to come a little sooner than originally scheduled, and since there was no hurry about our

trip, we just postponed it until a later date.

Three years ago Frank's sister Edna and her husband Raymond Halls left their farm to move to Arizona because of Edna's health. During these three years Raymond has been back to see his mother several times, but Edna was never physically able to make the trip. Imagine how excited we all were, including Raymond's two sisters, when we heard that Edna and Raymond were both coming this fall. We had had beautiful weather until the day they arrived, when the days became damp and rainy — the worst possible weather for Edna who has bronchial trouble and asthma. They made their headquarters at Bernie's home in Lucas, and had many friends to see both here and in Allerton, their former home. We adjusted our schedule to theirs, but managed to all be together for at least one meal a day either at our house or at Bernie's.

Frank's sister Ruth came from Kansas City for a weekend, also a cousin, Edith Johnson, from Omaha, and we all felt bad that Kristin, Art, and Andy were unable to be with us. Mother was anxious to see Edna and Raymond, so she and Ruby drove up to spend a couple of days with us.

Frank suggested taking Mother and Ruby on a tour of the farm and to see the new pond. Since we couldn't drive everywhere in the car, he took the seeder off the seeder cart and hooked it to the back of the tractor. He found a place where he could back up to a bank and easily wheel Mother's chair right into the trailer. (Mother is such a good sport and always ready to do anything Frank suggests because she trusts him implicitly, and she knew he wouldn't take her anywhere that wasn't safe.) We put a lawn chair in the trailer for Ruby, and away we went. It was fun for all of us. Mother couldn't get over how tall the beans and corn are in our section of Iowa, since in southwest Iowa the crops were completely burned up with the severe drouth they have had this year.

It will soon be time to harvest the crops. As I write this, we haven't combined our beans yet. They seem to stay green longer on our bottom ground, but it looks now as if we will have a bumper yield.

We have had a lot of good hay this year, and the last cutting is baled and under cover. Frank has been working on his fences, and just finished putting in the new fence around the pond.

I must get busy and get something baked for supper tonight. Until next month

Sincerely, *Dorothy*



LET'S PUT THANKSGIVING BACK WHERE IT BELONGS

by
Evelyn S. Cason

It's half-past Autumn. Santa Claus is coming to town. And the favorite outdoor sport appears to be standing on the street corners watching the holidays go by.

Must Thanksgiving be the hapless, hopeless victim of this speeded-up season? Let's face it. Our traditional holiday is gradually being squeezed off the calendar. Or is it — out of our hearts?

While they are handing out National weeks for this and that, I wish they would devote one to putting Thanksgiving back into its proper place. It has been shoved back and forth by Presidential proclamation — not just recently, but all through its history. Now, there is a program afoot to have it, along with other legal holidays, fall on Monday, so that three-day holidays will occur by legislation, not just perchance.

But it isn't *WHEN* Thanksgiving occurs which disturbs me. It is *HOW*. I have been one of the diehards who insisted that Christmas had not been commercialized out of proportion; that only those sadly lacking in spirit contend it is so. But my argument lost heart the particular year that I caught my first glimpse of Santa Claus on Armistice Day! And even I could not argue that life — and holidays — were rushing past me too fast.

I think it was that same year that I gave ground even more when I went into the stores a week or so before Thanksgiving, seeking appropriate decorations for our festive table, and could find none. I pawed through piles of Christmas promotions on the counter. Finally, a helpful clerk found a few shopworn mementoes to fit the occasion stuck away beneath the counter. Fortunately, the turkey with its traditional trimmings were available; otherwise, I began to think we might have to celebrate Thanksgiving with leftover Christmas hash. I completed my Thanksgiving preparations amid peals of jingle bells and Christmas carols

as my heart gave silent appeal for a little more show of public gratitude for our pioneer heritage.

Merchants defend themselves against the charge of commercialization with assurance that the extended shopping season is at the wish and request of the shoppers themselves. People, they explain, have too much to do, are too busy these days to concentrate their Christmas preparations within too short a time. They need a longer period to make a better selection of gifts.

I couldn't agree more! That is the reason I started years ago to do my Christmas shopping all through the year, beginning to concentrate in earnest just about the first of August. An item found anytime through the year, which is particularly appropriate for someone you love on your Christmas list, is so much easier — and satisfactory — than the wear-and-tear, last-minute shopping — and for all their efforts, I don't think merchants speed up the holiday spirit when they bypass an opportunity to stress a time of proper Thanksgiving. Properly situated, such a time can give cause — not become after-effect — to the real meaning of Christmas.

Not too many years ago, President Roosevelt created quite a stir when he moved Thanksgiving a week ahead. "Thanksgiving has always been the last Thursday in November," dissenters lamented.

Actually, Thanksgiving has been moved about the calendar from winter to fall, summer to spring. One year, even the Pilgrims failed to proclaim a Thanksgiving Day. Some Presidents in the past had proclaimed it a national day at various times and seasons; some did not proclaim it at all, and more often it had been recognized individually by various states rather than the nation as a whole. Greatly through the efforts of Sarah Hale, who besieged the President with letters as well as thousands of letters distributed wher-

ever else she thought it would do the most good, was Thanksgiving proclaimed a national holiday by President Lincoln and has since remained so.

So it is not when, but how, which should urge us to see that Thanksgiving Day is restored to its rightful character. For never has our nation needed a *state of Thanksgiving* more than it does today!

It is the act of Thanksgiving which makes us, as individual and as a nation, recognize its responsibility to mankind. When we fail to count our blessings we tend to forget them. From forgetfulness comes smugness and a self-centered attitude. Counting them creates a desire to share, to grow.

We need Thanksgiving to pause and reevaluate ourselves and our nation. It gives us a chance to regain the wisdom and humility of those first Pilgrims. Perhaps some of their stamina and courage could and should rub off on us, that we might face the future, and the present, not judging by appearances which send us the tranquilizer of good — present, future, and past.

When we give thanks for what we have bountifully received, we are forcefully reminded that the Christmas to come symbolizes the greatest Gift which comes to us by grace — the Gift of His Love for us.

So please, America, let's put Thanksgiving back where it belongs!

GIVE ME A GRATEFUL HEART

When I thank Thee each Thanksgiving
For each gift you do impart,
Help me, Lord, to bless the lean times,
Give me, then, a grateful heart.

On the days when cares and worries
Seem to tear me all apart,
Strengthen me and lift each burden,
Give me, Lord, a grateful heart.

Help me to recall Thy mercies,
Blessings, even when tears start,
Let me raise my eyes to Heaven,
Give me, God, a grateful heart.

—Inez Baker

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

The sky became a canvas
Last evening after rain;
The melon turned to palest mauve
And back to pink again.
A brush that was invisible
Spread out the fiery red
And burnt-orange gently faded
To lightest umber thread.
The canvas changed in beauty
From gold to softest gray
As God, the Master Artist,
Brushed out the dying day.

—Ruby Harper Box

MOVING HAS ITS PROBLEMS!

Dear Friends:

As is my habit, I was up early this morning to get as much work as possible out of the way by nine o'clock. After changing bed sheets, whipping through the kitchen clean-up, and hanging out some clean laundry, I find myself dripping with a "glow". (Someone once told me that horses sweat, men perspire, but women "glow"! Here in humid central Indiana we are missing the brisk winds off Lake Michigan.

Last month I told you how smoothly our relocation from Brookfield, Wisconsin, to Anderson, Indiana, was progressing, but soon everything deteriorated into unbelievable chaos.

The day the packers were scheduled to arrive I became a tad uneasy when more than half of the day slipped away and no one came. So I made a phone call and was assured by a cool public relation's voice that they had been held up a little but would be here soon. It wasn't soon by any stretch of the imagination, but they did arrive and worked about two hours with the speed of lightning. Two men packed all the blankets (including the ones on the ends of our beds) so we froze at night in an unseasonably chilly spell. They also got busy on the first floor of the house packing the kitchen dishes (guess who then ate out) and, as a *coup de grâce*, they packed away and sealed the boxes with disassembled lamps and shades. Bear in mind, if you will, the "home of tomorrow" which the modern-day contractor builds does not have such things as centrally located light fixtures. No, no! These are considered ugly. One must hang a swag lamp or depend on table lamps for illumination. When our time came that evening to go to our cold beds, we did so by the light of the verticle fixtures along side the bathroom mirrors. This was amusing enough that we tried to make the best of the situation.

The next day dawned bright and sunny. I was terribly grateful that General Motors Corporation provided complete service for us, and that had I wanted to, I could have walked out of the house and left the men to their own devices, as is oft advertised by the moving companies. However, I didn't want to leave my worldly goods to the discretion of men whom I knew nothing of, so I stayed on the job, too. Besides, Paul and Adrienne and Katharine were having friends in for a final "over night" and going to visit at other houses for last-minute farewells, so it wouldn't do to leave.

The third day I kept half an ear tuned for the sound of a large semi-trailer straining up our hill. None came. How-



James, Lucile's grandson, is momentarily relaxed in his stroller, but he is beginning to sit up now.

ever, by considerable self-control I "kept my cool", as the children so aptly put it, until about ten o'clock, when I finally called the company again. The public relation's voice assured me the truck would be there directly. And, of course, the truck came directly; not a semi-trailer with adequate space, but a much smaller truck. I did a hasty double take and rushed for the contract which I had signed, indicating that we had better than 13,000 pounds of furniture to load. The driver came into the house and looked around and came forth with the statement that it would never fit on the truck the company had given him without his "cramming" things and possibly tying the excess on the tailgate.

I try to be reasonable, but after two nights freezing and without lights to see by, this was too much. I said, "Stop where you are! Before you load that first box there will be none of our belongings tied on any tailgate going

ROOM FOR HELP

Don't fill your days completely full,

But save a little space.

Emergencies always pop up

To slap you in the face.

Always save a little time

To help someone in need.

It may be just a little thing

Most welcome though, indeed.

—Gladise Kelly

MY FURNITURE

Some of it shows years of wear,

And on the sofa there's a tear;

Some of it is second-hand,

Of ancient manufacturer's brand.

Among it all there are a few

Pieces that look almost new.

A hodgepodge of the old and mod,

May make my house look rather odd,

But old or new, each thing you see

Reflects my personality.

—Gladise Kelly

300 miles down a dirty highway in goodness knows what kind of weather." The trucker and Don looked at me as though I were kidding. Again I went to the phone and called the friendly, public relation's voice of the moving company, and we had a little talk. I finally convinced him that our understanding and contract had called for one size truck but somehow they had sent the wrong one, and how soon would the semi arrive? Much conversation between the truck driver and Don and me and "The Voice" ensued and soon the truck driver took the little truck away to return immediately with the semi!

Would you believe it, nine hours later (it was by now seven-thirty in the evening) the semi-trailer arrived and the smaller truck and six men came in prepared to load our furniture, which I knew from experience would take a minimum of six hours! And no lights, if you please. I try to be reasonable, I repeat, but by now "The Voice" and I recognized one another's voices on the phone. During these nine hours of waiting "The Voice" and I had talked often. Frequently "The Voice" wasn't there; his secretary knew me by now. I was near hysterics, and poor Don was nearly crazy. He called the office of the vice-president of the parent company to see if we couldn't get some action on our move, because we had to be in Anderson for the opening of school in three days, and in that three days would fall a Sunday and a national holiday when no one would be working.

The neighbors, bless them, came in with food for us and coffee for the weary movers and extension cords and floor lamps to light the way down the stairs. They were simply marvelous. Movers are a jolly lot (the dilatory truck driver was unusually jolly, his spirits having been improved by alcoholic spirits), and before long I was convinced that from the way these six men were working there would be a move yet that day. We had no pajamas and no change of clothes, so it was necessary to leave after several hours and start our long trip to Anderson. By nine o'clock we bedded the children down in the back of the station wagon along with the gerbils and the cactus house plants, and started our 300-mile drive, assured that the truck would be arriving in Anderson by noon the next day. Our beautiful house looked eerie with outside flood lights stabbed into the ground and our furnishings standing outside on the grass. This was my last view through misty eyes of our house and an end to nine happy years in Milwaukee. My perils will continue next month.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



Flag Restoration

by
Martha Dudley Smith

A proper preservative of the fabric in an aged flag, often nearing disintegration, and the skill to restore the bits and pieces between nylon net led to an active life for Mrs. Josephine Roser, Fort Montgomery, N. Y.

Frequently referred to as a modern Betsy Ross, Mrs. Roser doesn't think of Miss Ross as she sews blood-stained flags. Rather, she often wonders how many have died and why did they die; why everyone can't live in peace and avoid wars.

Many buntings require ten or more ten-hour days for restoration. On occasion, Mrs. Roser has manned her post as many as 14 to 16 hours a day in order to complete a display on schedule.

After her process, the nylon net reveals the flag's former condition. Missing bits are still missing. In such spaces nylon net is stitched merely to the nylon net on the other side, and dyed the appropriate color. If shredded, the restored item divulges that fact, too.

The net increases the strength of the bunting involved. Following restoration, it is actually possible again to fly these time-honored banners out of doors.

Twelve flags in a special collection, on display at the Liberty Memorial Museum, 100 West Twenty-Sixth Street, Kansas City, Mo., reveal Mrs. Roser's technique.

In one case there, five flags on staffs stand alongside the remaining seven similarly-restored, folded banners. Essentially, this case houses flags of the five Allied Nations, prominent at the original dedication ceremony of the Liberty Memorial on November 11, 1921.

These standards include:

1. French flag
2. British flag
3. 129th Field Art. (nat'l color)
4. 129th Field Art. (reg't color)
5. 129th Field Art. (flag, Battery C)
6. American flag (nat'l color)

7. Third Reg't (reg't color)
8. American flag (nat'l color)
9. Italian flag (red, green, white)
10. Belgian flag (black, yellow, red)
11. Third Reg't (nat'l color)
12. 356th Inf. (nat'l color)

Mrs. Roser began working independently in this field during 1953. Since then, she has given new life to some 350 flags. Many of these date back to the Revolutionary and Civil Wars. Besides the ones at the Liberty Memorial, she has restored standards on exhibit in New York, Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Texas.

Her contracts have called for restoration of not only 160 flags from the New York state collection of more than 900 banners, but also 63 flags for the state of Maine. She has completed 38 standards of the First through the Eleventh Infantries of Michigan, volunteers in the Civil War.

At the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., very near her home, Mrs. Roser has a government contract to preserve the 700 flags there.

Some flags, she sadly acknowledges, are beyond repair.

From time to time Mrs. Roser's careful attention to detail in stitching these symbols of freedom is recognized in state-level ceremonies, usually featuring governors, senators, and those with military connections. At such functions, flags given her longevity treatment are received officially for public display once more.

Mrs. Roser's parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Bronislaw Maciejko, came originally from Poland. Her father was a master tailor, and her mother, skilled in needlecraft, assisted him. In 1949 the elder Maciejkos began flag restoration at West Point upon moving to Highland Falls, N. Y., from New York City.

Mrs. Roser continued the process, originating the use of dyed-to-match

VETERAN'S DAY

On the eleventh hour, eleventh day, eleventh month in 1918, that great war "to end all wars" came to an end. Or so the world thought after the armistice stopped the hostilities of World War I.

But the end was really a new beginning with a series of brush fire wars and revolts that finally led to World War II.

And with that concluded, new battles burst forth in Korea and in Vietnam.

Because they served and because they continue to serve, the freedoms of the United States remain secure. Because there are young men and women who place their country above personal ambitions and considerations, democracy remains a way of life for two hundred million people in America as well as for additional millions throughout the world.

The nation pays respect to all American veterans. In solemn proclamation each year, *the home of the brave pays homage to those of the brave who sacrificed their lives.*

Let us, too, pause and recognize that "freedom and justice for all" required many sacrifices. But recognize, too, that freedom and justice are worth many sacrifices . . .

* * *

CREDO

I am the American soldier. For the American people, my family, my fellows, my sons to come — I carry on. Born of explorers, colonists, hunters in deer skins; schooled in the wilderness, fighting for our continent — I carried on for the rights of man. Wherever I was needed, whenever I was called, I stood and delivered, I came through. I was America on the march. And now today here I come again, marching again at the same old job — same old, brand-new job — marching again with all free men. I am the ring of steel around Democracy; the ramparts that you sing about; I am the Citizen Soldier; the Nation in Arms. I am the eyes of the cannon, the marching refrain, the brains of the tank, the nerves of the plane, the heart of the shell. I am the Liberty Bell; the salt of our youth. I am the fighting man of every outpost from Alaska to Hawaii to Korea and beyond; from Panama to Puerto Rico to Iceland and beyond. Whatever the need — for the spirit of Liberty, for the future we're making — I, the American Soldier, am the ultimate weapon.

nylon net.

For six years Mrs. Roser, now middle-aged, has been training a younger sister-in-law, Mrs. June Maciejko, to carry on this work.

DENVER DRIFTMERS BUSY WITH MANY ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Summer and winter are walking almost hand-in-hand here today. Down here in the city the sun is warm and bright and balmy. The neighbors are busy with typical fall activities — yard clean-up and bulb planting. But lurking just to the west and obscuring the tops of the mountains is a blast of winter just ready to descend upon us. I expect we'll be enjoying a fire in the fireplace tonite.

Our family is deeply immersed in the activities which commence along with the opening day of school. After a summer spent far removed from studying, it was a welcome change for our three children to get back to classes again. Emily spent the summer working as a housekeeper for a family here in Denver. She counted herself fortunate to have two very well-behaved children, ages seven and nine, and a lovely home to care for. With no special working wardrobe or other on-the-job expense required, she was able to save most of her paycheck towards this year's college costs.

Alison looked over the limited money-earning possibilities available to her and decided her best opportunity lay in lawn work. Three neighbors hired her to mow, manicure and water their lawns this summer and fall. In addition, she put in six weeks of house-and-dog sitting for a neighbor. The big advantage with lawn work is the freedom to schedule working hours according to your own personal convenience. This is a rather important consideration for horse show entrants.

Clark put in two days a week this summer working at the nursery. Most of this time was spent wielding a hoe or stacking fireplace wood, although occasionally there was the somewhat more interesting job of labeling plants.

Four of us (Emily stayed behind to work) spent one August week in Santa Fe. Now that Alison and Clark both play golf we enjoyed the courses at Santa Fe and Los Alamos. Northern New Mexico had been blessed with an unusual quantity of rain and the countryside was lush.

One of the highlights of our vacation was a trip through the Jemez Mountains from Los Alamos over to Cuba. This is a beautiful trip in unpopulated and uncommercialized country. One of the unusual features of the region is a vast, high, treeless mountain valley called Valle Grande. It is the cone of an ancient volcano. Because we had been lucky about missing the rain showers, we decided to press our luck and take a dirt road, State Highway 126, through the back woods. Our luck continued



The favorite room in Wayne's and Abigail's home is the family room which was added to the house not long ago. They practically live in this room and wonder now how they managed without it.

and the rains held off until we were back out on asphalt again. The return trip took us near Ghost Ranch just north of Abiquiu, so we turned off for a visit to the Museum and a glimpse of the Ranch buildings. Over the years our family has heard often of Ghost Ranch from our Presbyterian neighbors next door and of course I had visited there a few years ago.

Denver is rather strategically located so we generally have quite a few visits or chats with travelers passing our way. Martin stopped in and gave us a firsthand report on his experiences in Mexico. My brother John and his wife and son were next, dropping in on their way back to San Francisco, and then Howard and Mae passed through on their way home from New Mexico. Frequently all that time allows is a phone call between planes or trains, but we always enjoy any contact at all with old friends and relatives.

This is an election year and for the first time in several years part of our family is rather substantially involved. Wayne has always had a deep amateur interest in politics; when we lived in Iowa, he was quite active. After several years of doing little more than attending caucuses and voting, he was ripe for additional effort. One of our friends asked him to serve as his campaign manager for his re-election to the Colorado House of Representatives. At the time he accepted it seemed like such an easy job — but

you know how "easy" jobs turn out. I decided that I should also make some contribution towards maintaining our elective processes, so I'm donating some of my time to one of the candidates for the U.S. House of Representatives.

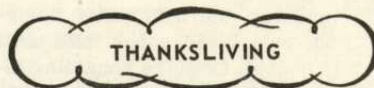
In our precinct we vote by machine. Somehow I have never felt the same assurance that my votes really get counted as I did back in Iowa when I marked the X's in the squares and put my own ballot into the receptacle. However, in the last election we had proof that Wayne's ballot was counted! One of the neighbors entertained at a post-election party; everyone arrived except for one guest who was an election official. Finally, three hours late she arrived, breathless and a little out of sorts. "Some so-and-so in this precinct had to write in a name and it's taken all this time to find and count that ballot!" The "so-and-so", who was so independent of the regular candidates was, of course, Wayne!

Wayne has had a great deal of entertainment in recent months from another source — watching and listening to reactions to his beard — or rather, the three beards he's grown in the past year. Originally he grew a beard to prove to the young people around us that any middle-aged, middle-class "square" has a very considerable amount of personal freedom to live as he chooses; that you don't have to drop out of society to get individual freedom. Twice he's shaved it off because of summer heat or because he was tired of it. But each time he found he missed the fun it brought him. Of course Emily and Alison apply a great deal of pressure to keep him as the only bearded father they know. One side advantage is that he finds it gives him a good topic with which to open his speeches. He's not a good joke teller so he never uses that technique of getting his audience's attention and putting them at ease. But some comments about the beard serve the same purpose. Unfortunately, the color is not very photogenic; there is too much gray and not enough black. So I'm not sure that Margery and her camera will be able to preserve this spectacle for posterity.

Well, there's a high school football game tonite and I haven't read over the material for the church school lesson for tomorrow so I must budget my time for the balance of the day. Dinner will be a simple affair made into something special by the gift of a loaf of homemade bread from a neighbor. I have never learned to bake good bread so this is a treat for us.

Until next month,

Sincerely,
Abigail



The art of thanksgiving is *thanksliving*. It is gratitude in action. It is applying Albert Schweitzer's philosophy: "In gratitude for your own good fortune you must render in return some sacrifice of your life for other life."



Recipes for Thanksgiving

FALL PUNCH

- 2 tsp. instant tea
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup fresh, frozen or canned lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 pint ginger ale, chilled
- 1 pint orange sherbet

Combine tea and boiling water. Pour over sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add juices and flavorings. Chill. Pour into punch bowl. Add ginger ale and scoops of sherbet. Makes 16 punch cup servings.

This is pretty served in individual glasses with a mound of sherbet spooned into each one. —Evelyn

ROAST TURKEY

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

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

SOUTHERN SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

- 6 cooked sweet potatoes, sliced
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 5 Tbls. butter
- 1 medium-sized orange
- 1/2 cup orange juice

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs

In a greased casserole arrange layers of the sweet potatoes and sprinkle with 3 Tbls. of the brown sugar. Dot with 2 Tbls. of the butter and cover with thin layer of sliced unpeeled orange. Repeat layers and over all pour orange juice and the flavoring mixed with the honey. Combine bread crumbs with remaining brown sugar and butter and sprinkle over the top. Bake, covered, in a 350-degree oven for about 40 minutes. Remove cover the last 15 minutes of baking time. —Margery

SAVORY BEETS

- 2 1/2 cups cooked diced beets, drained
- 1 slice onion
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter

Put 1/2 cup of the beets and the onion through the food grinder (or blend well in a blender), then combine it with the vinegar, cloves, salt, butter and sugar. Pour over the remaining beets in a saucepan and simmer for 20 minutes. —Dorothy

TOMATO CASSEROLE

- 6 slices bread, cubed
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 qt. canned tomatoes, or 4 cups fresh
- 1 cup tomato juice, or water
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- Salt-to taste

Cut bread into cubes. Place in greased casserole. Melt butter or margarine and combine with butter flavoring. Pour over bread cubes. Mix until bread is coated. Combine remaining ingredients and simmer, stirring frequently, 6 to 8 minutes. Pour over buttered cubes. Bake in 375-degree oven about 45 minutes. Serve as a vegetable with pork, beef or fowl. A very delicious and simple casserole which may be made a part of an oven meal.

FROZEN CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 lb. cranberries, ground
- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 lb. marshmallows
- 1 pint whipping cream or whipped topping
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Grind cranberries and combine with sugar. Let stand 2 hours in refrigerator. Whip cream or whipped topping, add cut-up marshmallows (or the miniature marshmallows) and let stand in refrigerator 2 hours.

After 2 hours, combine two mixtures. Fold in well-drained pineapple and Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring. Refrigerate in pretty bowl and serve directly or spoon into 9- x 5-inch pan or refrigerator trays and freeze. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaves.

This salad may be made a little more tart by substituting 1/2 cup mayonnaise for 1/2 cup of the whipping cream. —Evelyn

GREEN PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 pkg. (3-oz.) lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- 1 cup diced avocado
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Dissolve gelatin in hot water and add lemon juice and flavorings. Chill until partially congealed. Fold in the crushed pineapple and diced avocado. Whip cream and blend with mayonnaise and salt and fold in. Chill until firm. Serve in lettuce cups. —Margery

FLY-OFF-THE-PLATE ROLLS

I was sold on trying this recipe because the Kitchen-Klatter friend who sent it said: "This is a foolproof recipe if there ever was one. It has certainly made the rounds, and girls who have trouble getting light rolls can make them literally to fly off the plate."

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 2 cups hot water
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter (don't substitute)
- 6 to 6 1/2 cups flour (approximately)

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Heat two cups water and pour over the sugar and butter. Add 2 cups flour, beating as hard as possible after each addition and when mixture is warm, not

HOT, add to the dissolved yeast.

Then add balance of flour to which you have added the salt. Knead well and then place in greased bowl and let rise until double in bowl. Shape into rolls or buns, let rise again until double, and then bake at 375 degrees for about 18 to 20 minutes.

I want to say something about the flour.

The first time I made these rolls I sifted the flour and measured carefully. It took exactly 6 1/4 cups to make a dough of the right consistency. The next time I made them up I had a different brand of flour in the house and it took very close to 7 cups.

For part of the rolls I used a tubed cake pan and made a double row with the balls of dough just touching. These came out wonderfully light and tender and delicious. I baked buns with part of a batch, rolls in a shallow pan with another batch, etc.

BUT . . . here is something I want to pass on. The last few times I've made up the recipe I've used half of the dough for a loaf of bread. (I knead this very thoroughly before shaping into the loaf.) Russell's favorite of all foods was bread and he thought it was just about the finest he'd ever eaten. I baked this at 375 degrees for around 50 minutes or so — when you tap the top of the golden loaf and it doesn't give at all under your finger, your bread is done.

—Lucile

CHURCH SUPPER PUMPKIN PIE

9-inch unbaked pastry shell

1/2 cup eggs, beaten

1 3/4 cups pumpkin

1 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

2 tsp. pumpkin pie spices

1 3/4 cups milk

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
flavoring

Stir the pumpkin into the beaten eggs. Mix salt, spices and sugar and stir into the mixture. Mix flavorings with milk and add gradually. Pour into pastry shell and bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for about 45 to 55 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean.

—Margery

NEBRASKA FRUIT CAKE

1 1/2 cups raisins

1 1/2 cups dates

1 cup applesauce

2 cups sugar

5 Tbls. butter or margarine

2 cups boiling water

2 eggs, beaten

3 cups flour

2 tsp. soda

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. ground cloves



1/2 tsp. salt

1 cup nuts, chopped

1 cup gumdrops, diced

1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained
and quartered

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

Combine raisins, dates, applesauce, sugar, shortening and boiling water. Simmer 20 minutes. (I mashed this after 10 minutes of cooking and did not chop the dates. They blended in nicely.) Cool fruit mixture. Stir in beaten eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and blend in. Lastly, stir in remaining ingredients. Mix well. The batter is very thick.

Spoon into greased angel food cake pan or into two loaf pans. Bake at 325 degrees about 1 hour or until done. Lining the pans with waxed paper and greasing well is often done with fruit cakes and can be used in preparing the pans for baking, if desired.

Turn cake out on wire rack to cool. This freezes very well.

—Evelyn

CUSTARD CRUNCH MINCEMEAT PIE

1 cup sugar

2 Tbls. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted

3 eggs

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

1 cup ground nuts (I used English
walnuts)

1 cup mincemeat

Combine sugar, flour, salt and then mix in butter, mincemeat, eggs, flavoring and nuts and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake for 35 minutes in 375-degree oven, or until knife inserted comes out clean.

—Lucile

APPLE CAKE WITH SAUCE

1/4 cup margarine

1 cup sugar

1 egg

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon
flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1 2/3 cups flour

1/8 tsp. salt

1 tsp. soda

3/4 tsp. cinnamon

2 cups raw apple, peeled and diced

1/2 cup nuts

Cream together the margarine and sugar. Add the egg and flavorings and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture, blending well. Add the apples and nuts and mix well. The batter will be stiff, but let it stand for a few minutes before spreading into a greased and floured 9-inch square pan. The waiting will draw some moisture from the apples and the batter will spread easier. Bake approximately 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Sauce

1/2 cup white sugar

1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1/4 cup butter

1/2 cup cream

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
flavoring

Combine and bring to a boil. Serve over warm or cool cake.

—Dorothy

APPLE-NUT PUDDING

1 egg

3/4 cup sugar

1/2 cup flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond
flavoring

1 cup tart apples, finely cut

1/2 cup walnuts, chopped

Beat the egg and gradually add sugar, beating until dissolved. Add sifted dry ingredients and stir in flavoring, apples and nuts. Pour into an 8-inch square greased pan and bake about 35 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 6.

FROZEN CRANBERRY DESSERT

3/4 cup finely ground toast crumbs

1/2 cup brown sugar

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/4 tsp. nutmeg

1/8 tsp. allspice

1/8 tsp. cloves

1/8 tsp. ginger

3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1 lb. can jellied cranberry sauce

1/2 cup whipping cream

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
flavoring

Combine crumbs, sugar, spices, butter and butter flavoring. Press into 9-by 8-inch pan or use ice cube tray. Chill well. Crush cranberry sauce with fork and spread over crumb crust. Whip cream. Be sure cream cheese is room temperature, mash and beat with fork and then combine with whipped cream. Stir in orange flavoring. Spread over cranberry sauce layer. Freeze until firm.

—Evelyn

ORANGE-HONEY DATE BREAD

2 cups pitted fresh dates
 2 Tbls. shortening
 2/3 cup brown sugar (packed)
 1/2 cup strained honey
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 3/4 cup hot water
 1/4 cup orange juice
 1 large egg, beaten
 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt
 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
 Snip dates with scissors into mixing

bowl. Add shortening, brown sugar, honey, flavorings, hot water and orange juice. Stir well; let stand 10 minutes. Add egg. Resift flour with soda and salt into date mixture. Stir to a thick batter. Add nuts. Turn into well-greased 9- x 5- x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in a moderately slow oven (325 degrees) about 1 hour and 10 minutes or until loaf tests done. Remove from pan to wire rack and cool before slicing or storing. Makes 1 large loaf.

This is a wonderful dark, rich, moist fruit-nut loaf. Makes delicious sandwiches spread with softened butter or cream cheese. Good, just plain, with a cup of tea.

SUPERLATIVE CHEESE CAKE**Crust**

1 6-oz. pkg. zwieback
 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. allspice
 1/2 tsp. ginger
 1/2 tsp. cloves

Roll the zwieback into fine crumbs and blend with the butter or margarine. Mix the sugar and spices together and combine with the crumb mixture. Reserve one-half cup of crumb mixture for topping and press the remainder firmly into the bottom and sides of a 9-inch spring-form pan.

Filling

2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
 3/4 cup powdered sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 4 egg yolks
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 cup half-and-half
 4 egg whites

Mash the cheese then beat until light and fluffy. Sift together the sugar, flour and salt and mix with the cheese. Beat the egg yolks and add, along with the juice and flavoring. Add the half-and-half slowly, blending thoroughly. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold in. Pour into the crumb-lined pan, sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture, and bake 1 1/2 hours in a 350-degree oven. Cool before serving.

—Dorothy

**DECISIONS! DECISIONS!**

Sorry we made it so tough for you, trying to decide which of the sixteen great **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** to use today. And we can't blame you for having a hard time making up your mind. After all, the **Almond** and **Coconut** and **Black Walnut** and **Maple** are so rich and flavorful. And how about the tangy touch of the **Cherry**, **Orange**, **Lemon**, **Raspberry** and **Pineapple**! Don't forget the other favorites: **Butter**, **Burnt Sugar**, **Mint**, **Vanilla**, **Banana**, **Strawberry** and **Blueberry**.

Every one's delicious. Every one adds great flavor, aroma and color to whatever recipe you are using. And they won't steam out or bake out, either. And economical, too!

Well, we haven't helped you to make up your mind, but we've given you some mighty good reasons why you should try all 16.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00.) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

FROZEN SALAD

1 can jellied cranberry sauce
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/4 cup mayonnaise
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
 1 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)

Mash cranberry sauce; stir in lemon juice and a few drops Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Turn into mold or square pan. Freeze.

Let cream cheese warm to room temperature. Combine with mayonnaise, sweetener, and orange flavoring. Stir in nuts. Fold in whipped cream or whipped topping. Spread evenly over cranberry layer. Freeze several hours or overnight. Remove from freezer about 15 minutes before unmolding or cutting into squares.

This salad is delicious with ham, chicken or turkey.

—Evelyn

NOVEMBER RAMBLINGS

by
Evelyn Birkby

Indian summer is dissolving rapidly into November. The last dry leaves, which cling tenaciously to the trees as though reluctant to leave them completely unadorned, are drab and lusterless. The fireplace is used frequently to add a touch of glamour to the atmosphere of the evening meal. Craig's Junior High football suit is washed for the last time this year and duly returned to school. These may not be true signs of the coming of winter, but I'll put them alongside the thick fuzz of the woolly bear caterpillar and the end of the migration south of the geese and ducks!

I like November. Even the gray, dismal days are pleasant. Just as the earth begins to relax from its long upsurge of growth and harvest, so the days seem to become less frenzied. Knowing that at long last the canning is completed adds much to my sense of contentment.

Well do I remember the year I put up tomato soup on our wedding anniversary. Since the date for that auspicious event is November 3rd, my state of mind is best left unreported. Never again, I vowed! But the late autumn garden nearly ran me into November this year. The food storage shelves and the freezer space in the basement are well loaded with food, for which I am most grateful. But I developed the distinct feeling before I was finished that I'd been stuck in the kitchen forever.

It has been such a busy fall; the days have sped by with *jet plane* speed. Bob finished up his summer jobs with the hybrid seed company and the new Sidney grade school building, packed up and headed north to Sioux City, Iowa. He is now nicely settled at Morningside College for his Freshman year. Thankfully, the school has lived up to his expectations of what a college should be.

Bob's courses are basic first year work: History of Civilization, Literature, Chemistry, Physical Education, and Harmony. He is playing cornet in the marching band and continuing his piano study so he is *busy*!

At this writing Bob has not been home. Opinions differ so much about home visitation after a student goes off to college that it is impossible to make a flat statement which will fit every situation. Some parents feel that at least one weekend together soon after college starts helps bridge the gap. Most colleges encourage the students to stay on campus on Saturdays and Sundays and participate in the social and extracurricular activities



—Photo by Gene Dieken
Craig Birkby won the two plaques he holds for excellence in salesmanship. He was presented the awards as top salesman for the entire Mid-America Boy Scout Council in connection with a Fun Fair presented by the Scouts.

planned for those days.

Personal experience colors one's opinions. When my older sister started to college she was only thirty-five miles from home. She came home every weekend. She was *mighty homesick*! Now, it is possible she would have been homesick even if she had not come home, but my parents felt the ties were held too tightly for too long.

When it was my turn to go, I went some one hundred and sixty miles away. It was not easy to get back and forth so I knew it would be Thanksgiving before I would be home. Honestly, the adjustment came quickly and easily.

Because of these experiences, we felt it wise to encourage Bob to stay on campus and get into the various aspects of college life right from the beginning. At any rate, Sioux City is about one hundred and thirty miles from Sidney so running back and forth is not simple. We did leave the decision open-ended, however. Who knows when a dull weekend may loom, a ride become available and Bob may want to check up on his family. I wonder which of us looks forward to that first visit with the greatest anticipation?

Another project now in full swing this fall is Craig's orthodontic work. As many of you remember, we have worked through the years with Craig's speech to correct some very definite difficulties.

When Craig first began to talk he ran all of his words and sentences together. It was extremely difficult to

understand what he was saying. Encouraging him to talk more slowly and more distinctly helped, but the problem still was not solved.

Gradually we realized he was not shaping many of his letters correctly: *th*, *l*, *s* and *r* were among the letters which he just could not get his tongue and lips to form properly. It had been our understanding, also those of the teachers who had him in the first few years of school, that little therapy is done with a child until his permanent teeth are in. Seemingly a number of speech problems are just outgrown.

But Craig's speech did not improve with the development of permanent teeth. The year he entered third grade our school system hired Mrs. Dick Porter as a speech therapist. She quickly spotted Craig and began to work with him on an intensive basis. Besides school sessions, we arranged to have private work twice a week in Mrs. Porter's home.

We learned from Mrs. Porter that children as young as three years of age can profit from speech therapy. We know now that it would have been better if Craig could have been taught back in the very beginning how to use his tongue and lips properly.

When Craig reached the age of twelve, Mrs. Porter felt she had done all she could with his therapy. Our next step was to consult an orthodontist. Dr. Thomas Ludwick of Lincoln, Nebraska, made molds and took X-rays. He informed us that the shape of the teeth and their location was definitely a factor in his speech difficulties.

Several months of work on Craig's teeth have now been completed. Improvement is already noticeable. It may be another sixteen months before the process is finished, but Craig is already excited about both his appearance and his pattern of speaking. "When I get these braces off," he said smiling this morning at the breakfast table, "then you can relax and I'll finish up the job of saying my words right." So he is rapidly taking over the final responsibilities in this situation.

My ramblings are coming to a close, for Jeff just came banging through the door after a busy day as a Freshman in High School. He has a heavy load of books in his arms, portending a long evening of study. Brown sugar refrigerator cookies are waiting to be popped into the oven. While they are baking we'll have a chance to talk over the events of the day.

Man has proved his ability to learn, but with all his knowledge he has not yet learned to live with his fellow man.



Prosperity is wonderful! What a pleasure it is that we need not worry about obtaining food for the next meal. Far from it — indeed, we women find that this very availability of delicious food creates another problem: a distinct necessity for weight watching. Meanwhile, as we tackle the task of losing those insidiously acquired pounds, we welcome all tips on camouflaging them.

When shopping for ready-made clothes, you may wail, "These dresses all make me look like someone's great-grandmother!" Currently the style situation seems to be improving in the larger sizes, which for many years had small resemblance to their slimmer counterparts. The happy solution is to design and sew for yourself, so here are some suggestions for flattering style and color combinations you'll want to try. (The "don'ts" are kept to the basic minimum.)

You've surely seen articles advising chubbies to rigidly avoid all frills, gathers, splashy prints, pleats, and bright colors. "But," you protest, "if I follow all those rules to the letter, there's nothing left to choose!" You have a point there. Don't break the rules — just bend them discreetly to fit your own personal needs. Keep in mind the rules of good taste, and remember: it's important to choose styles becoming to the figure you actually have rather than the figure you dream of attaining.

Be sure to wear a well-fitted, high quality foundation garment, all-in-one, or at the least a long bra and a high rise girdle, to minimize bulges. Even while you're overweight, you want the best possible silhouette.

First, let's consider color values and fabric textures, and their visual effect upon your apparent size. For all colors, choose material without bulk, usually with some body, and with a flat finish rather than heavily textured. Shiny finishes (such as brocades, taffeta or satin) emphasize figure faults or bulges. Use of cool colors helps to diminish figure bulges. Small prints are becoming to almost everyone, yet the

less-slim woman often insists on wearing large, splashy prints in brilliant colors. These always add pounds to the appearance. Metallic colors and fabrics are best avoided. Pure shades of any color must be used only for accents. Deep-toned colors are most flattering to the overweight person; if variety in color is desired, choose the more subdued shades. It's not necessary to wear only drab, dull blacks, navys and browns, but is advisable to pay special attention to fabric textures and color values. If a favorite color is unbecoming for an entire outfit, it may be used for trimming and accessories.

Perhaps you have a cheerful outgoing personality, and red is absolutely your favorite color. You've been told, however, that red is "fattening". Not necessarily! For your new outfit, choose deep berry red in a dull finish material: light- to medium-weight bonded knit, light-weight wool flannel, Orlon crepe, medium-weight Dacron-cotton or cotton. Brilliant shades of red in large quantities will appear to add weight, but will be striking used as accent trim or accessories on a dark dress. Try red shoes, if you have pretty feet and ankles, paired with a red hat or scarf; these bright touches will draw the eye up and down.

Yellow comes in such lovely shades nowadays. If it is becoming to you, plan to use it for accents, or for a blouse or shell worn under your favorite dark suit; wait until you've successfully completed your slimming program before using yellow for the entire dress. Yellow is a good accent for deep green, brown, gray, or black. For a blouse, you may choose Dacron crepe or other soft fabric for an especially feminine look. Pink also makes lovely blouses, is a good choice for your dainty nightwear, or you may choose it for a hat or scarf. Either yellow or pink used for an entire dress will appear to add pounds.

Subdued blues and aquas are especially good. Aqua is becoming to most complexions. And — did you know that aqua or turquoise fabric will often give your dress a more expensive appearance than another color in the same fabric or one of equal quality? It also holds its own at a group gathering, since it does not clash with other dress colors.

Deeper shades of green and some of the subdued pastels give excellent results. Lavender and darkened purple are often lovely in soft winter wools, such as heather blend, wool flannel, or soft tweed.

For an entire dress, such as lace over taffeta, choose off-white or cream. Pure white can be used effectively for blouses or for trim. If you really wish

to appear slimmer, you will avoid entirely — or use with extreme caution — chartreuse, fuschia, and psychedelic orange.

If you, by plan or by accident, find a style that slims your appearance fifteen pounds the moment you slip into it — analyze it, point by point. Is it the color? the texture of the fabric? the style lines? Once you've decided, you'll want to incorporate that particular style feature into another flattering dress. This is one of the advantages of home sewing: you can have your exact preferences in style and color, with no added expense. Often, too, in the time you'd spend searching for a suitable ready-made — and perhaps not finding it — you can complete your own personally designed outfit.

You've planned your dress, but can't find the exact pattern? Don't let this stop you! Experiment a bit to get the effect you want. Purchase the nearest one available and adapt it; if necessary, buy two patterns and combine them. It's really very little additional expense, and you'll often plan to use your patterns more than once. The pattern companies are beginning to branch out with some basic yet stylish patterns for larger sizes, up to 54" bust. You'll want to consider the following slenderizing styles and, guided by your own proportions, choose those that best suit your needs.

If you're overweight, yet have good proportions, you'll find many usable ideas here.

Try these:

Tailored suits

Straight line sheaths in solids or neat paisleys

Chanel style suit with bright blouse, perhaps a shell with diagonal stripes

Chanel style jacket over sheath dress

Fitted bodice style with choice of skirts: sheath, A-line, with walking pleats, or occasionally with flat pleats at waistline to create flare at hemline

Semi-fitted shift, slightly A-line Princess dress with pleats set in at bottom of panels

Coachman dress, no waistline Princess dress, perhaps in black with white accents

Straight shifts, especially those with vertical tucks

Tent dresses

Overblouse and pleated skirt

When sewing for yourself, you can take advantage of the small fitting and style tips that often mean the difference between "just another dress" and that very special dress that makes you look and feel far more slender.

(Continued on page 19)



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Autumn is a lovely time of year! The harvest season with its brown and gold coloring seems to be preparing us for winter's white.

The Autumn Years Insights and Reflections (The Seabury Press, 815 Second Ave., New York, New York 10017—\$3.50, plus tax if applicable) by Florence M. Taylor is a remarkable book of warm-hearted observations on life combined with practical advice to help mature men and women find triumph and joy in their later years. A grandmother in her seventies, Mrs. Taylor reminds her contemporaries that while their physical activity is lessened, their hearts and minds can grow in awareness, understanding, and spiritual insight.

She writes, "Christ has no hands but our hands," sang the poet in a moment of insight. We may be grateful indeed that across the world, even with its present weight of woe, hundreds of thousands of hands are dedicated to doing 'His work' today."

We read in *The Autumn Years* that happiness is a spiritual achievement. "Too many of us," Mrs. Taylor says, "spend our days in useless repining over happy yesterdays now gone (instead of being grateful for such happy memories) or in dreading the future, worrying about calamities that, often, never happen." The Scriptural authority for this emphasis on living is Matthew 6:34 KJV. "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

In the Chapter "Good Company for Myself" we read: "A friend of mine in her eighties spent much of her time alone. 'Lonely?' she used to reply to inquirers. 'Oh, no! I'm very good company for myself.' What a tremendously valuable skill of living, the ability to be good company for oneself!" For the years of lessened physical activity, countless opportunities for enjoying "aleness" are available. Reading — "How fortunate we are to live in a country where libraries are usually as convenient as grocery stores!" she writes.

Records — "Closely related to books, records provide another source of easily acquired pleasure."

Letter-writing — She recommends that



Frederick's church library has a book cart service for members.

we don't let the friendly Christmas greetings be limited to Christmas.

Television, keeping a diary, solitaire and puzzles, creative arts and crafts, and service activities are opportunities for worthwhile occupation.

Regarding the presence of grandparents in the home, the author writes, "It is a priceless opportunity to develop in the children the very understandings and responses which will add blessedness to the years ahead (and not so far ahead at that), when the parents themselves will be 'the old people.'"

Counselors, clergymen — all persons related to or working with the older generation — will find much here to give them insights into the disappointments and the potential for happiness which are crucial factors of life in the later years.

*The Autumn Years** is like a strengthening visit with a friend.

Every week, 2½ million antiquers reach for the channel selector to tune in George Michael's *Antiques* show originating from Durham, New Hampshire, and aired over educational TV. *Antiquing with George Michael* (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$5.95) by George Michael is full of those qualities which have established his reputation and audience: enthusiasm, knowledge, experience, intelligibility, and the sharing of mutual enjoyment in the pursuit of antique furniture through attic and auction. Matters of identification, bidding at auctions, the art of buying, and refinishing and repairs are a few of the chapter titles. The Introduction reminds us: "... in the past ten years the prices of good American furniture, paintings, silver, pewter, glass and

pottery have risen to almost unbelievable heights. With such current prices, much of Mr. Michael's information may prove highly profitable to the prospective buyer in many ways."

In this election year with its unusual and tragic happenings, which could read from the pages of a novel, it is our duty to be informed on nominees and then exercise our right to vote.

(*From *The Autumn Years*, by Florence M. Taylor, © 1968, Seabury Press, New York.)



There are easier ways of doing things now — not only in preparing food, but in all phases of home-making. We share our ideas and also suggestions from you listeners on our radio visits heard each weekday over the following radio stations:

- KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- K SIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KCFI Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
- KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



TURKEYS

by
Marjorie S. Neagle

If the choice of selecting our national emblem had been left to Benjamin Franklin, the *piece de resistance* at our annual Thanksgiving feast would definitely not be turkey.

In Franklin's opinion the turkey was a far more respectable bird than the bald eagle with its "bad moral character" and should have been chosen to properly represent America.

When the Pilgrims and Indians sat down to their first Thanksgiving dinner three and a half centuries ago there

were at least five species of wild turkey roaming the North American continent.

A fleetier, slimmer bird than its domesticated cousins, the wild turkey has always lived in dense forests. But with the cutting down of so many trees, and the penchant so many Americans have for hunting wild game, it is now practically extinct.

Those that remain move about in groups, the hens and their young together, the gobblers by themselves.

The hen lays her eggs at the base of a tree or under a bush. It takes four weeks for the young to incubate and hatch. Two weeks later their wing feathers have grown enough so that they can fly into the trees to roost.

Indians hunted the turkey for meat and feathers, never for sport. The long wing and tail feathers were used in head dresses, the softer ones in blankets.

That the Tewa tribe held the turkey in high esteem is evidenced by one of their earliest legends. It was all about an Indian Cinderella who was befriended by turkeys, dressed in fine clothes, and sent off to a dance where she met her Chief Charming.

North American turkeys, though colorful, are nowhere as exotic as the Ocellated species found in the tropics of Central America. These have heads of bright blue, with orange warts and wattles. Their beautifully colored plumage is iridescent and resembles that of the peacock.

Strange as it may seem the word *turkey* evolved from *peacock*. When Columbus returned to Spain after his first voyage to America he took several turkeys back with him, believing them to be a kind of peacock. In Spain the birds were called *toca*, as peacocks are known in India. Jewish merchants of Spain called it *tukki*, and in time it became *turkey*.

The wild turkeys of that first Thanksgiving were as scrawny and tough as seagulls. Only after years of scientific feeding and selective breeding have poultry men been able to produce birds that are pleasingly tender.

Their color, too, has changed in the process so that today almost all turkeys raised for the table are white. They are preferred because their pin feathers are less noticeable. Consequently, the meat looks more palatable.

But white or no, we can be thankful that Franklin wasn't consulted about selecting our national bird. Otherwise we might be sitting down annually to a Thanksgiving feast of roast stuffed eagle, while a turkey perches on our flagstaff and adorns our Presidential Seal.



— IN THANKSGIVING —

Grateful hearts are as much a tradition at Thanksgiving as turkey and a festive table for our oldest national holiday began, as we all know, with the Pilgrims of 1621. Two years later Governor Bradford made the holiday celebration official with the following proclamation.

"To all ye Pilgrims —

"Inasmuch as the great Father has given us this year an abundant harvest of Indian corn, wheat, beans, squashes, and garden vegetables, and has made the forests to abound with game and the sea with fish and clams, and inasmuch as He has protected us from the ravages of the savages, has spared us from pestilence and disease, has granted us freedom to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience; now, I, your magistrate, do proclaim that all ye Pilgrims, with your wives and little ones, do gather at ye meeting house, on ye hill, between the hours of 9 and 12 in the day time, on Thursday, November ye 29th of the year of our Lord one thousand and six hundred and twenty-three, and the third year since ye Pilgrims landed on ye Pilgrim Rock, there to listen to ye pastor, and render thanksgiving to ye Almighty God for all His blessings."

BRITISH-AMERICAN QUIZ

British	American
Naught	Zero
Sweets	Candy
Tram Car	Street Car
Pavement	Sidewalk
Braces	Suspenders
Bottling	Canning
Holiday	Vacation
Lorry	Truck
Petrol	Gasoline
Biscuit	Cookie
Bonnet (car)	Hood
Pram	Baby Buggy
Tap	Faucet
Fortnight	Two weeks
Pullover	Sweater
Macintosh	Raincoat
Wireless	Radio
Settee	Davenport
Waistcoat	Vest



Thanksgiving is a get-together time and frequently the conversation turns to the Christmas season just ahead. Keep your ears open! You'll probably hear someone say:

"I hope I get a subscription to *Kitchen-Klatter* this year."

And that is one gift we'll be happy to take care of for you! We send gift cards, of course, when you ask us to.

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues
\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

Address your letters to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
made them. Jesus said that all of the laws and all of the sayings of the great prophets of old could be summed up in the one great commandment: "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your mind and with all your soul and with all your strength!" For Jesus as for us, God is the Great Creator, and when we love God, we are loving the creative force of the universe. It therefore follows that a thing is Godly and right if it is creative of goodness, constructive, and makes the world a better place. Likewise, a thing is bad if it is uncreative, destructive, and makes the world a worse place.

So much of what young people are doing in their attempts to change things is destructive, not constructive! If in our efforts to get our own way we destroy law and order (without which no civilization can exist), and if we tear down what it has taken so much effort and so much good will to build up, we have not sought our desired ends in the right way. There are too many people today who are seeking good ends in bad ways, and that must not be.

To every young person who sets out to change things I say: "Be sure that you get what you want in a creative, constructive, mature way!" Do you know of anything better to say to them? If you do, I wish that you would write and tell me, for I have to speak to them so often on this subject.

Here in Springfield with our three large colleges (each has approximately 2,000 students) we have had very little of the kind of social upheavals that have taken place on the campuses of some of the large universities. It has been my observation that where students have to pay a great deal of their own and their parents' money to go to school, they are not inclined to waste too much time in turmoil of strikes, etc. It has been in the large universities with low tuition costs where most of the trouble has been. Too many students do not appreciate what the taxpayers are doing for them. What do you think?

Sincerely,

Frederick

SEW SLENDER - Concluded

Don't fit your garments too closely - they should fit neatly, but never snugly. (This should be *One Unbreakable Rule.*) Sleeves should be comfortable, yet neatly fitted; much fullness here adds bulk to the entire silhouette, and more bulk is about the last thing you need! Some of the loose, "comfortable" sleeves used certainly detract from a

youthful appearance. Necklines, too, should be well fitted and should not sag. (You want your dress to have style, not merely ample yardage.) Sleeveless styles are slimming when your upper arms are reasonably trim. If you're using plaid, try cutting a fitted bodice on the bias. Very slenderizing! When using a belt, it should be in a narrow width, and in a harmonizing shade, never contrasting. White or bright accents at the neckline help

draw the eye upward.

Remember, when you sew, you can often have two dresses for the cost of one. If you love to sew, the time spent is a pleasure, the money saved an additional pleasure, and the compliments received always seem to have special meaning when you've designed and made your own slenderizing styles. So happy sewing, happy slimming, and may the compliments fly thick and fast!

Jack and Jill can eat their fill,
And not get any fatter.
They've cut down on calories...
Thanks to Kitchen-Klatter!



Wise kids! They, like thousands of parents, have learned that it isn't necessary to starve to avoid being overweight. Doctors will tell you that cutting down on calories means cutting down on fat. And slimming down makes you feel better as well as look better.

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Whether you're dieting on doctor's orders or just want to look a little trimmer, you can depend on

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Did you bring in some potting soil to use in late February when such seeds as pansies, foxglove, and pot carnations need to be planted? You might add a supply of sharp sand and a bag of peat moss in case you want to mix some potting soil for house plants during the winter. Before we had the greenhouse and floral shop this was one job that we did religiously in early November, as there was nothing quite

so frustrating as to need potting soil and find there was none available.

A lady stopped in one day recently to see if we could tell her what was wrong with her house plants. "When frost threatened," she related, "I brought them all indoors. I put the geraniums upstairs in a north bedroom but near a window so they have plenty of light. The others are near an east window in the dining room, but they look terrible. My fuchsia has lost all its leaves and appears dead. The shrimp plant doesn't look much better, and I think I'll have to throw away the



A wire corn dryer, used years ago by farmers for drying seed corn, makes an autumn decoration for the home. The corn dryer could also hold artificial evergreen and cones for a winter look, and artificial flowers for spring and summer.



JUST THE SAME



Space-age modern or Victorian gingerbread, all homes have one thing in common: They get dirty. Walls collect fingerprints. Windows are smudged. Floors are tracked. No house stays clean and new-looking forever.

But there is a way to clean every room of every home — and do it quickly and easily. Just be sure to use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** for every job. This is the modern powder that makes a hard-cleaning solution the moment it touches water. . . a solution that cuts right through grease and grime and dissolves it away like magic. Even better, it cuts cleaning time because it leaves no scum or froth to rinse away. Once over does it when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

If you haven't discovered this short-cut to easy cleaning, better pick up a box next time you grocery-shop. You'll soon see what you've been missing.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"

coleus as they are all full of moldy spots."

We suggested she bring her geraniums downstairs and put them near a sunny south window (she thought this would be too hot; thus the north window upstairs) and to move her fuchsia and shrimp plant to the upstairs. These two plants need a rest period and it does little harm if they shed their leaves. She was advised to keep all the plants on the dry order until after the days begin to lengthen in January. All leggy, overgrown plants that summered outdoors should be pruned back quite severely when brought indoors. No plant food should be given during November and December while the plants are resting. Coleus that is covered with white moldy spots should, indeed, be discarded as the trouble is not mold but mealybugs. Coleus is readily available in the spring whenever bedding plants are sold and it is better to discard old plants and start with new seedlings each year.

If you are trying to get a poinsettia plant to bloom, do not let it get any artificial light after sundown. You can cover the plant with an inverted opaque grocery bag at sundown each night or you can move the plant to a dark closet. Grow where it will get all the daylight available during the daytime and with luck you may get the bracts to color up and get a show of bloom during the holidays. Azaleas should be placed in a very cool room during November and December, as this is the period in which buds are formed. Water only moderately, but be sure they get good light. Christmas cactus should be treated the same way if the plants are to bloom for Christmas.

The time to start saving for a rainy day is when the sun is shining.

NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS – Concluded
 God's generosity and upon the contributions that other people make to the fullness of one's own life. Thus the heart overflows with emotion that God, and life, and people, are so kind.

Though we Americans may be grateful for a day set aside when we can join others of our land in counting our blessings and thanking God for them, and for the wonderful land we live in (in spite of all its shortcomings), still there is more for us to do. We are challenged to make every day a Thanksgiving Day and through *sharing* of all that we have, make every day a Thanksgiving Day for *all mankind*.

"A bell is not a bell until you ring it,
 A song is not a song until you sing it,
 And love was not meant in your heart to stay."

For love is not love until you give it away."

Thanksgiving is not thanksgiving until you give it away! When you see what such unselfish love can do when set loose in this world, you will truly **STAND AMAZED AT THE GOODNESS OF GOD**.

Hymn: "Awake, Awake to Love and Work".

Leader:

I have heard my Master calling, and
 His voice is music sweet;
 And He bids me march right forward,
 not dream of a retreat . . .
 So I walk highways and byways; and
 my hands are rough with toil,
 As I try to make a garden out of hard,
 infertile soil;
 But I see God's flowers a-growing
 where there grew no flowers before
 And my life is full of gladness, and I
 work God's work the more.

—Bishop Quayle

Closing Prayer: (Soft music in background.)

We came here, Lord, to find ourselves—
 It's so easy to get lost on life's way;
 Through quiet prayer and spoken word,
 Speak Thy will, God, and help us obey.
 A war-torn world awaits outside
 With many perplexing problems to face;
 In this short hour of prayer and praise,
 May we have found guidance, Father,
 and mercy and grace.

May calmness fill our troubled hearts,
 And Thy divine peace our lives now attend;

Go with us, Lord, on life's rough path,
 Be Thou our power, our guide, our friend.

Give faith and courage now, O Lord,
 To share our thankfulness, and not
 give way to fear,

Help us to know whate'er betide —
 Always we can find Thy presence near. Amen.

—Adapted

Closing Hymn: (As soloist sings, let everyone rise and form a complete circle around the room, joining hands.)

"For All the Blessings of the Year".

A benediction may follow the forming of the friendship circle, or all might sing one verse of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds".



FALL WARDROBE

One of these days I must go shopping. I am completely out of self-respect. I want to exchange some self-righteousness I picked up somewhere for some humility which they say is less expensive and wears better.

I want to look at some tolerance which is being used for wraps this season. Someone showed me some

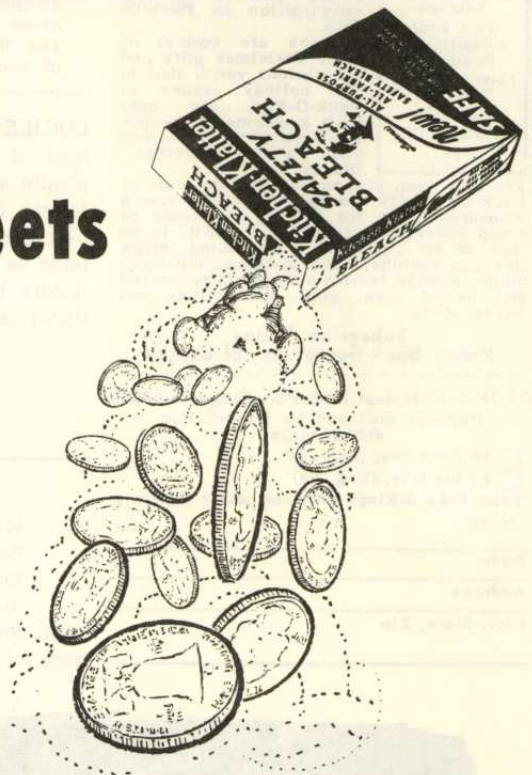
pretty samples of peace. We are a little low on that and can never have too much of it.

And, by the way, I must try to match some patience which my neighbor wears. It is very becoming to her, and it might look well on me. I might even try on that little garment of long-suffering they are displaying. I never thought I wanted it, but feel myself coming to it.

And I must not forget to have my sense of humor mended and to look around for some inexpensive everyday goodness. Isn't it surprising how quickly one's stock is depleted? Yes, I must go shopping soon.

—Author Unknown

More than meets the Eye

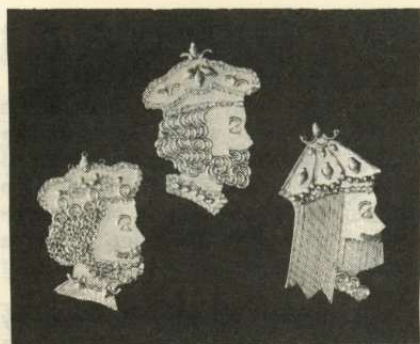


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Juliana still can't get over the good fortune of finding a house that exactly suited their needs. She spends lots of time in the kitchen, and out of this room will come some mighty tasty food as she has inherited Lucile's love of cooking.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

spot of the day for our family. Most people are so busy and have so many letters to write to members of their own family that it never ceases to surprise us that time is somehow made for letters to us. We appreciate it more than I can say.

Until next month . . .

Lucile

TIME IS . . .

. . . too slow for those who wait
. . . too swift for those who fear
. . . too long for those who grieve
. . . too short for those who rejoice.
But for those who love mankind and work for good, time is an eternity.

FRIEND

One whose grip is a little tighter,
One whose smile is a little brighter,
One whose deeds are a little whiter,
That's what I call a friend.

One who'll lend as quick as borrow,
One who's the same today as tomorrow,
One who'll share your joy and sorrow,
That's what I call a friend.

One whose mind is a little keener,
One who avoids those things that are meaner,
One whose thoughts are a little cleaner,
That's what I call a friend.

One when you're gone who'll miss you sadly,
One who'll welcome you back again gladly,
One, who though angered, will not speak madly,
That's what I call a friend.

One who's been fine when life seemed rotten,
One whose ideals you have not forgotten,
One who has given you more than he's gotten,
That's what I call a friend.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1968.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Margery Driftmier Strom, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business Manager, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa
Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa
Margery Driftmier Strom Shenandoah, Iowa
Hallie E. Kite Shenandoah, Iowa

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if none, so state.)
None

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting: also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.)
72,884

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1968.

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February ads due December 10.
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