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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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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 the kind of an autumn day that really gives me an acute case of wanderlust. Anyone could induce me to go anywhere when October's bright blue weather comes to southwestern Iowa. If it weren't for winter trailing so close behind I could almost say that right now we are in my favorite season.

Since I last wrote to you I've had a trip that I enjoyed tremendously. My ultimate destination was Albuquerque, of course, but at least I saw a wonderful section of country that was all brand new to me. Howard and Mae (my traveling companions) had been over parts of our route, but that was sixteen years ago and things had changed so much that they didn't recognize anything but the Badlands.

We started out on a Saturday morning and went to Council Bluffs to pick up Interstate 29. From this point on I was in unfamiliar territory. The only town we really saw was Onawa, Abigail's home town, for we took an exit at that point so we could get gas. Otherwise we stuck right on the Interstate and for the full length of it across Iowa I saw one town after another (the exits for them, I mean) that were well known to me because of all you friends who have written to us through the years.

At Sioux Falls, South Dakota, we turned west on Interstate 90 and headed across the state. For quite a stretch it reminded us of Iowa's farm land, but then the country began to change and we could see that we were in an area of large farms — or perhaps the people who live there refer to ranches rather than farms. In contrast to Iowa we saw very few abandoned houses, and certainly the great stands of baled hay that went on for miles and miles is completely different from what we see around here.

One thing that I had long anticipated seeing was the Corn Palace at Mitchell, and I must say that I wasn't disap-

pointed in it. We drove around the block several times so we could get a good look at it, and we all agreed that it must be completely unique in our country.

At Chamberlain we had to get off the Interstate because of road construction and this certainly was no sorrow to us — we had begun to feel that we hadn't seen a single South Dakota town. I'm almost sure that it was Chamberlain where we had a genuine surprise; suddenly the country changed completely and we were amazed that this happened so abruptly. Usually we have a slowly changing scene where you can't really tell when things began to look different, but at Chamberlain we left one type of country and were immediately in something completely new.

For years and years I've wanted to see the Badlands and finally this came to pass in the late afternoon. We left the highway and drove into the area, and when I saw it I knew why Howard had said that no words could describe it. There simply is no preparation for such a sight. It made me think of the craters of the moon, or something equally bizarre and remote. I suppose that eventually such a sight would be taken for granted, but to anyone seeing it for the first time it is truly overwhelming.

That night found us at Rapid City, a place that we really didn't see at all because the Interstate swings around the town. And right here I must mention a motel by name since so many, many people are in wheelchairs for one reason or another. The Holiday Inn at Rapid City has a unit built especially for people in wheelchairs, and because the Black Hills are so extremely popular during the tourist season, it may help someone reading this to know about such an accommodation.

The next morning we headed towards Lead and Deadwood, two towns that I had wanted to see since I was nine or ten years old! The reason for this is that our dear Aunt Anna Driftmier taught in the Lead schools back in

1919 or 1920, and in her frequent letters she described everything to me. People didn't travel then the way they do now, and if Aunt Anna had been in Tibet she couldn't have seemed farther away to me. I haven't seen as many steps in my life as there are in Lead or Deadwood, and when I looked around at what seemed to me hundreds and hundreds of steps, I just couldn't imagine what it must have looked like to Aunt Anna when she first arrived from Clarinda, Iowa.

Our next stop was at Mt. Rushmore and, like the Badlands, this is another thing that is impossible to describe. I've seen photographs of it for about as long as I can remember, but they don't begin to give you the *real* picture of such an overpowering sight. We studied those towering carvings at every possible angle, and how such work was done is a mystery to us.

I believe it was enroute to Mt. Rushmore that we saw a perfectly beautiful lake. The car was moving when I tried to make a note of the lake's name, but as nearly as I can figure out my own writing it is Lake Pocatala. Anyone who loves to camp could never hope to find a more wonderful place to stay. I've never had any hankering to camp, but that lake is so lovely that even I would like to pitch a tent under the towering pines along the shore.

(This lake doesn't appear on the maps we had with us, but I believe I remember that it is only 18 or 20 miles from Rapid City. We made almost a circle in our driving that morning.)

It was afternoon when we headed towards Wyoming, a state I hadn't been in for a good many years. One thing that struck us was the great number of small ponds and, again, the wealth of hay on ranch after ranch.

That night found us in Rawlins at a comfortable motel and we were lucky to get such good accommodations without an advance reservation. We had thought when we started out on this little trip that the tourist season would be over, but this was certainly not the case — we were only one of countless travelers.

At approximately 13 or 14 miles out of Rawlins we left Interstate 80 and picked up Highway 789 that was to take us down the western slope of Colorado, a route that none of us had ever been over. This particular highway went through an arid area in Wyoming where we saw hundreds and hundreds of antelope — I could almost say thousands of antelope. We marveled at the protection they had with their coats so nearly the color of soil and vegetation — you had to look sharp to see them. None of us had ever seen antelope before in their natural habitat.

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Some months I sit down at my typewriter and wonder what to write to you for nothing very interesting or unusual has taken place. This month, however, has been so filled with exciting events that I find it difficult to sort out what to share in a limited amount of space.

When our son Martin left for divinity school he had no idea what his housing arrangements would be as he was later than most with his application and the campus apartments were full. Fortunately, he had a place to stay while this problem was being solved as a former roommate from Doane College resides in Minneapolis and offered him a bed. In a few days he phoned that there was a vacancy on campus and he moved in with a student from Wisconsin. Martin and Wade found in short order that they have many common interests and are anticipating their year together. Oliver and I hope we can visit the seminary before winter sets in, but in case the opportunity doesn't arrive, we have had a first-hand report from our minister who had occasion to visit the school and had a good visit with Martin.

The first quarter's schedule of study sounds extremely interesting, particularly the day Martin spends on his field work, which presently is assisting the chaplain at the Minneapolis City Workhouse.

When I concluded my letter last month, I plugged in the coffee pot and watched for our houseguests, the Alexanders, who were coming from Tucson, Arizona, for a visit. My timing was perfect, for just as the coffee stopped perking they pulled into the driveway. We hadn't seen Howard and Eltora for two years. I had an oven dinner so we could visit a mile a minute without interruption. We did, too! They were with us for about three weeks, which gave them an opportunity to see all their old friends. How we missed them when they left! The house seemed so empty and quiet that I was relieved to have other things come along right then to consume my time and interest.

Perhaps you will recall that last spring our local United Church of Christ, of which we are members, participated in a course of study with the local Presbyterians. It was an interesting experience and I found it particularly worthwhile. Our religious instruction for children has been handled jointly, but this was the first experiment in joint adult lay education. This past month I was invited to attend a Presbyterian lay education workshop in Des Moines, along with a lay leader from the Presbyterian church. We will be planning more joint study sessions



Margery took this picture of Martin just before he left for school.

in the future, so my involvement in this workshop was of tremendous interest not only to me, but also to my church.

I'm one of those who enjoys attending conferences, seminars and workshops for I love meeting people and exchanging ideas. There is a seminar coming up later this fall which I'm hoping both Oliver and I can attend. It also concerns adult Christian education.

Recently the citizens of Shenandoah had an opportunity to hear a first-hand report from a doctor who has made two trips on the S. S. Hope hospital ship. Dr. Frederick Brush grew up in Shenandoah and was a classmate of our Frederick. We are fortunate that Dr. Brush is willing to share his experiences with us when he comes from Mason City, Iowa, to visit his mother. Living as we do in our comfortable homes with adequate food, medical care and more than the basic necessities for existence, it is difficult to envision the conditions that exist elsewhere in the world. Oh yes, we are becoming educated to the poverty in our own country, and are aware of the needs which are so great, but imagine conditions so horrible that thousands of people are without even water! It is almost impossible to believe the primitive conditions in which many people of the world live.

Dr. Brush stressed that the doctors where he visited are not short on intelligence, but are staggered by the overwhelming mass of people to take care of. They lack medical supplies, modern medical equipment and the instruction to use it. This is where the volunteer doctors, nurses, etc., instruct and assist so that these countries can better treat their own people. I had read a great deal about this "mercy hospital ship", but had no idea of the extent of the work.

He also showed the film "Legacy of

Hope". Perhaps some of you have seen it and recall the narrator's words, "There is no greater legacy man can give to man than hope." How perfectly the ship was named for, as the narrator also said, "Hope remains long after the ship leaves." If you have had a friend or relative who has volunteered for service on S. S. Hope, I would like to hear from you.

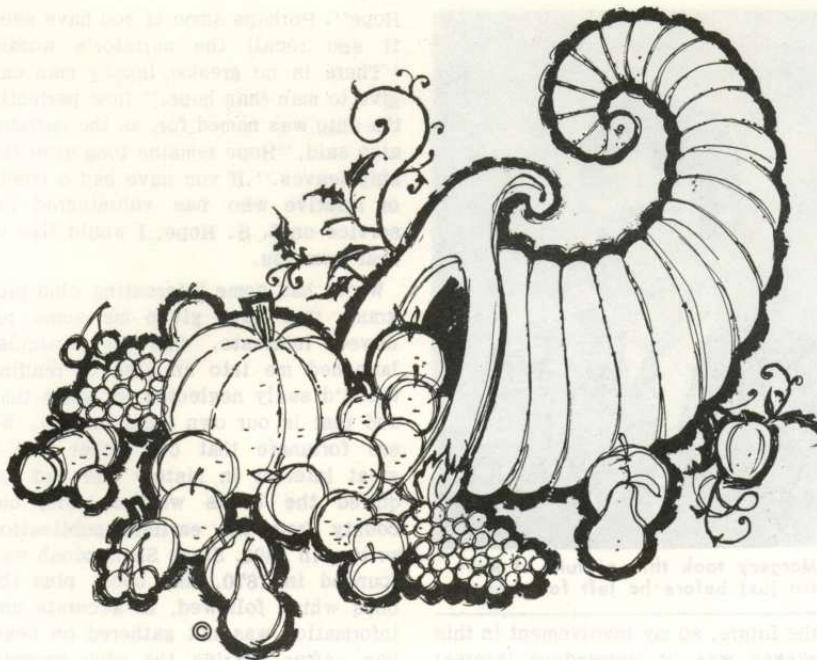
We've had some interesting club programs that have given me some renewed interests. One in particular launched me into an area of reading that I'd sadly neglected for some time and that is our own local history. We are fortunate that our father had a great interest in history and had acquired the books written about our county from the earliest publication written in 1890. Since Shenandoah was founded in 1870, this book, plus the ones which followed, is accurate and information was not gathered on hearsay. After hearing the club program about the founding of Shenandoah (first named Fair Oaks) and some of the fascinating facts and lively, interesting stories gleaned from Dad's books, which the reviewer had borrowed, I decided to delve into further reading. Our town has decided to observe its centennial on the anniversary of the town's incorporation, rather than the anniversary of its founding, so there is ample time to become more informed before the observance in 1971.

The history of one's own town is exciting reading, particularly when ancestors were among the early settlers. There were references to my Field grandparents in these books as Grandmother Field rode a pony into the little settlement to teach the first school. Grandfather was a teacher also, and rode in another direction to teach in the little settlement of Manti. When I look at our fine, new schools, I can't help but contrast them with Grandmother's school.

Oliver and I will be driving over to Doane College soon to attend a meeting of the National Parents Association, and it will seem mighty strange not to have Martin there. I thought when Martin graduated that those trips to Crete, Nebraska, had come to an end, but I've been asked to remain on the board as a member at large, so we'll be making a few more trips over there. Oliver and I will enjoy seeing Martin's friends who are still on campus, as well as taking in a fine football game, but we'll certainly miss our son!

Mother just phoned that a big kettle of stew is simmering on the stove, enough so Ruby set a place at the table for me, so I'll bring this to a close and join them for lunch.

Sincerely, Margery



“Freely Ye Received, Freely Give”

For Your Thanksgiving Worship

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Let the setting be a simple arrangement of our daily bread, bestowed upon us by a generous God — a school book, the Bible, grains and food, an article of clothing, a glass of water, church school papers, and a small radio, along with autumn flowers and leaves.

Call to Worship: “It is good to give thanks to the Lord, to sing praises to Thy name, O Most High: to declare Thy steadfast love in the morning, and Thy faithfulness by night.”

Quiet Moments of the Heart's Preparation: Quiet music: “We Gather Together.”

Hymn: “For the Beauty of the Earth”.

Scriptures: (By two readers, each reading a paragraph.)

For the Lord your God is bringing you into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and springs, flowing forth in valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley, of vines and fig trees and pomegranates, a land of olive trees and honey, a land in which you will eat bread without scarcity, in which you will lack nothing, a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills you can dig copper. And you shall eat and be full, and you shall bless the Lord your God for the good land he has given you.

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 when your herds and flocks multiply, and your silver and gold is multiplied, and all that you have is multiplied, then your heart be lifted up, and your forget the Lord your God.

—From Deuteronomy 8

Leader: The genuine Thanksgiving is not a mere matter of verbal acknowledgement, or of some formal tribute of praise, or some beautiful anthem of rejoicing because of benefits received.

True thankfulness is an acknowledgement of gifts received from the Divine Source, plus an effort to help repay our indebtedness for these gifts through service and love and sharing with others, in doing the will of God as He directs us. The true thanksgiving is a sharing with all mankind, not just one day of the year, but everyday.

Hymn: “O How Glorious Full of Wonder”. (Read a stanza, then sing it, using all verses.)

Leader:

God, be in my head,
And in my understanding.
God, be in my eyes
And in my looking.
God, be in my mouth
And in my speaking.
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking.

Meditation: John Magee, a professor of philosophy and religion, wrote: How often in this (Thanksgiving) season we have sung “Count your many blessings . . . See what God has done”. This is doubtless a valuable exercise

for dispelling the sentimental notion that we have suffered more than others and instead focusing our attention on the positive good which has come our way. BUT IF WE IMAGINE THAT THE MEANING OF THANKSGIVING IS FOUND BY KEEPING BOOKS ON THE LORD, WE ARE SADLY MISTAKEN, and the whole season will pass us by without its blessing. Genuine thanksgiving arises, not from any pattern of events (and benefits) occurring to us, but from the clear awareness of God at the center of life — and His will for us to love thy neighbor, feed the hungry, help the poor, heal the sick, befriend the friendless.

True thanksgiving is responding to this loving and generous God who calls us to joyful cooperation and faith, even in the face of bewilderment and trouble and grief. Remember the old New England custom of placing five kernels of corn on each plate as an act of gratitude, a reminder of those days when all were sick and over half of the little Pilgrim band were carried to the hillside cemetery? And at one time there were only seven who were able to nurse the rest who were sick! Yet they could feel gratitude for those spared, for the meager supplies they did have. True thanksgiving rises from suffering and adversity as well as joy and abundance and is based on faith and not prosperity.

Thanksgiving also rises out of the consciousness of the debt we owe to others who have lived before us — the great prophets, the leaders of our land and of the world, members of our family.

What shall I render to the Lord for all this bounty to me? is the question asked in Psalms 116:12 and, reading farther, verse 17 answers, *I will offer to Thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving.* Genuine thanksgiving calls us to give something of ourselves to God and to others, thanks GIVING, indeed.

Thoughts on Giving: (Two speakers give this, one the questions and the other the answers.)

What did Jesus say about giving?
IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.

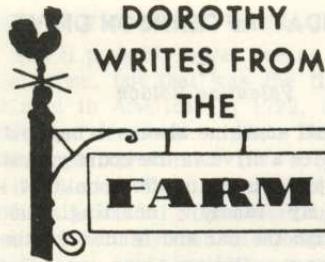
How does God wish us to give?
EVERY MAN ACCORDING AS HE PURPOSETH IN HIS HEART, SO LET HIM GIVE; NOT GRUDGINGLY, OR OF NECESSITY; FOR GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER.

What pattern has God given to us in giving?

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE.

What do we give?
WHAT DOTH THE LORD REQUIRE OF THEE, BUT TO DO JUSTLY, TO LOVE MERCY, AND TO WALK HUMBLY WITH THY GOD . . . LOVE THY

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Dear Friends:

We have been having some gorgeous fall weather — my favorite time of the year. This is the season for bonfires and wiener roasts. Not so long ago when we wanted to have a wiener roast we had to get out and scout around for enough dry wood to make a big bonfire, and now we have so many dead elm trees around our place I think we could have a bonfire every day of the year and still not get it all burned.

We had a beautiful big elm in front of our house which furnished shade all afternoon. In fact, since the front porch is on the west side of the house, we never get the morning sun so there was never a time during the day when we couldn't sit on the front porch and enjoy it. Every year we have been afraid our tree wouldn't leaf out since the Dutch Elm disease became so prevalent that everywhere we looked we could see nothing but dead elms. Last spring we anxiously waited to see if our tree was still alive. Sure enough, it leafed out and looked beautiful. Then gradually the leaves started falling and by the middle of the summer there wasn't one left. This tree had to be taken down immediately since half the limbs hung over the house, and what a job it was to get all of it hauled out of the yard!

Years ago when Frank's parents lived here, and my parents came up to spend the day with us, Dad and Father Johnson would sit out on the porch swing and visit. One day Dad laughingly said, "Frank, if you ever get rid of this big tree I'll have to stop coming up here." The day the tree came down I asked Frank if he remembered that, and he said he did. The house and yard look so different now that I can't get used to it, but ten years ago when a bad storm ruined the big elm in the back yard and we had to take it out, I thought I would never get used to that, but I did. We are going to set out another tree right away, but so far haven't decided what kind to plant.

Whenever Frank had some extra time this summer, he built more board fence around the barn lot. When Kristin was home she started painting it, and Frank and I finished the job. The new fence looks so nice and white that the rest of the fence looks dingy in comparison, so if the nice weather hangs on long



Dorothy's favorite hobby is sewing, and she does a great deal of it. She has made almost all of her daughter Kristin's clothes these past 26 years. She and Mother are looking over the material and pattern for a jumper.

enough I hope to put a fresh coat of paint on the old fence. We have managed to get quite a few painting jobs accomplished this summer. I painted all the woodwork in the kitchen, pantry, and bathroom before Kristin came home to visit. In fact, we redecorated the entire bathroom and it looks nice.

Our young college friend, Larry Allen, told us last spring that if we would get the paint he would paint the house for us this summer. Since we knew he planned to go to summer school we didn't see how he was going to find the time, so when he showed up one day and asked where the paint was, that he was ready to start his job, we had to confess we hadn't gotten it yet. He got the painting done before school started, and the house looks nice.

Kristin and her family have moved into another apartment, one with more closet space for their growing boys. It doesn't seem possible that Andy really started kindergarten this year. Kristin says she knows the newness will wear off, but right now it is great to have Andy dress and brush his teeth, make his bed and put his toys away after being told just once. He even let her wash his hair without a fuss, which she could hardly believe.

Kristin is enrolled at the University again this year, and Art has also registered for several classes in the evenings and hopes to pick up several hours of credit this semester. Kristin was able to get all her classes on two days of the week and is at home all the rest of the week. She was fortunate in locating a college girl who didn't have classes on these days and was tickled to get a job staying with the boys, so it looks as if everything is working out well for them.

Kristin called the other night and

said she had some important news to tell me, but first she would let Andy tell us about school. After he had finished his conversation Kristin told us that Aaron had just walked half way across the room for the first time, at the age of nine months and three weeks. She said he seemed to know he had done something special and was so pleased with himself he giggled and giggled.

When Kristin was home this summer I had her pick out a couple of pieces of material for jumpers, and I got one of them finished and mailed out to her. I hope to get the other one made soon, but will wait for a day when the weather is too bad to work outside. I got a beautiful piece of material I thought Lucile would particularly like, and made a dress for her as a surprise. This has been the extent of my sewing so far this fall, but I plan to get a lot of things made this winter when the snow flies.

As I write this, Frank's sister Bernie and her friend Belvah Baker have gone to Mesa, Arizona, to visit Edna and Raymond. Edna's health has been so poor this summer that they were unable to make the trip to Iowa as they had planned, so of course they have been anxiously looking forward to this visit with the girls. This is Bernie's third trip to Arizona since Edna went down there, but Belvah has never been in the Southwest before, so Raymond has a lot of places he wants to show them. I'm sure they will have a wonderful time and we are looking forward to their return so we can hear all about it.

If I'm going to get any painting done on the fence today, I'd better get at it, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

Dear Miss Parker

by
Nora Butkiewicz



Remember the many times you stressed "PLAN! ORGANIZE! ACCOMPLISH!" in your Home Economics classes? Often I've recalled your slogan, but usually too late. This is an open letter telling of such a day.

Sunday a picnic was scheduled. (You'll be glad I had planned ahead enough there to have a gelatin salad ready.) As we left for church, rain seemed to be falling by the quart rather than by drops. Only ducks could picnic in such weather. Home again, a phone call confirmed my opinion that our group would postpone the gathering a week. I decided the salad would go with TV dinners as a quick lunch and the day could be filled with hobbies and other relaxation.

As noon came closer, the dinners went into the oven. Before long, the phone rang. Some relatives were going to be nearby and would like to visit us a while. Fine! We'd enjoy seeing them.

Their baby was entertaining us and conversation flourishing when I heard someone invite them to lunch. My hearing is good but I wished there had been a mistake that time. The wife hesitated, saying she had left steak out to thaw and they had better eat with us another day. Hmm, maybe we would still have our dinners (smelling delicious now as they baked). But they decided to stay, and left for the errand that brought them to our neighborhood.

How to stretch five dinners? Hamburger was in the freezer but surely wouldn't compare with the steak they'd planned. We also had hot dogs, again not equal to steak. Time was ticking away -----

In desperation, we raced to a nearby store for ham. (How glad I was that no acquaintances saw us. We have never supported Sunday shopping!) There was a sale on plums, watermelon, potato chips, and tomatoes.

Choosing the right ham took more precious time since my glasses were left on the kitchen table. The sale items were picked up more quickly as I hurried the cart past other, rather desperate-looking shoppers. Only two clerks were on duty checking out.

My groceries were on the counter when the clerk said the cash register was broken. Three trips took everything to another counter, the melon and box of plums seeming even heavier.

Back to the car, the dash home, and the ham and I reached the kitchen

ahead of everything else. Too late to bake the ham, so slices were put under the broiler. (Our TV dinners were safely cooling out of sight for another meal.) Our company arrived as corn was heating, the table set, tomatoes sliced, and the salad served. Potato chips, cake, and milk completed the meal.

Grace was said and we sat down to eat. The ham would have been better baked, but nearly everyone had several slices. Our guests will never know the story behind that meal unless they read this.

They had gone and the house more quiet when I took a good look at the plums. It had been a foolish purchase as most needed canning *right away*. I was soon "plum" busy among canning equipment.

Our daughters helped with the pitting and, past supper, the last kettle of plums was cooking. Those filled jars on the table made me feel *a little* less tired.

Boxes to our children in the service were due in the mail soon. Two birthday gift shirts were wrapped as a favorite candy cooked. Sandwiches for my husband's lunch next day were made. The last jar of plums was filled. I'd soon be out of the kitchen.

While candy cooled I headed for the basement with the jars of plums. All went well till the last jar was being put away. That jar tipped, hitting another. Both smashed! The aroma was delightful, but what a mess! I said a little prayer of thanks that I wasn't hit by flying glass and that no more damage was done.

Upstairs again, I marched right past the clutter in the kitchen and on to the living room. This is being written as I do the relaxing planned twelve hours ago.

Yes, Miss Parker, I remember your cheerful voice saying "Plan! Organize! Accomplish!" You'd advise keeping a canned ham handy for just such emergencies. The riper plums *only* would have been canned, and the tray of jars placed so none would tip. But you wouldn't have looked "I told you so." You would have reminded me of the pleasure the guests had brought and that the day hadn't turned out too badly after all.

Thank you for these guiding memories.

—A grateful former student

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON DRIVE

by
Valentina Baldon

Warm fall sunshine always brings out the urge for a drive in the country. And it was just such an afternoon that I loaded my family, including Aunt Myrtle, into the car and headed for the rural byways. Riding along, enjoying the beauty of the countryside, I was less than amused to see the many different antics that drivers perform while at the wheel.

First there was Mr. Handwaver, who was so busy pointing out things of interest to his passengers that the driver behind him could not anticipate whether he was signaling for a turn, or waving at the birds and squirrels. He cruised along slowly, obviously unaware that he was keeping the drivers behind him guessing, and giving them a slight case of impatience.

Then there was Mr. Hornblower. Every driver enjoyed having Mr. H. behind him. (There is nothing more soothing to the nerves as traffic ahead moves slowly and picking up speed is impossible, than to hear the constant "beep, beep," of a Mr. Hornblower's horn as he leans on it and advertises to the world he is in a hurry.)

Mr. Sidewinder was there also, sitting as though he had wound himself into the seat, sitting slightly sideways at the wheel, and driving along with one hand, looking very much as though he were ready to leap out the door at any time.

Mr. Handcooler was next. (He is a prevalent type of driver on the road nowadays.) He went blissfully along and suddenly startled the driver behind him by thrusting his hand out the window and flexing his fingers, letting the breeze blow on his open hand for a minute, and quickly withdrawing it again. The driver behind him, after slowing down because he thought Mr. Handcooler was signaling for a left turn, relaxed only to get shook up again as the performance was repeated.

Mr. Hercules, the next driver on the list, you have all seen. He was the strong man of the road, not holding up the world, mind you, but performing another equally difficult task, that of holding up the top of his car. Don't get me wrong; one hand was on the steering wheel while he held up the top with the other, as he placed his hand, fingers spread apart, to the roof and, hanging on for dear life, sped down the highway.

Mr. Eager Beaver was another type, a common type of driver we see so much of today. He taxied along with a truck or a little old woman in front of him and then he came up from behind. After

(Continued on page 20)

A LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

This letter comes from what has become a relatively quiet and orderly household. The comparative silence which descends upon a place when more than a third of its population is removed is still strange to my ears. Emily and Alison are both away in college, so this leaves only Wayne, Clark and me, along with Lucky, our dog, in what has suddenly become a much larger house.

Alison has enrolled at Ft. Lewis College in Durango, Colorado. This is a long day's drive from Denver so she won't be coming home for weekends, just vacations. Ft. Lewis has been a four-year institution of higher learning only since 1962. However, its history goes back to the latter part of the last century. At that time an army post, Ft. Lewis, was made into an Indian school. From this it became a secondary school, a branch of Colorado A. and M. (now Colorado State University), a junior college, and now it has become a full-fledged liberal arts college.

As a relatively new state college, it prefers to experiment with some new approaches to education. One result is that it operates virtually the full calendar year which is divided into trimesters. Thus a student who wishes may complete a full bachelor's course in two and two-thirds years of continuous attendance.

When it became a full-fledged college the location was moved from the old army post site to a brand-new campus located on a mesa above and overlooking Durango, Colorado. Because of its spectacular setting and the harmonious Southwestern-style contemporary architecture employed for its buildings, it had an immediate appeal to us. The only other development on top of this mesa is the municipal golf course. It only enhances the spectacular view of the awesome San Juan Mountain Range to the north or the unending mesas stretching off in the other directions.

Alison's major is Biology with specialization in Natural History, and this college seems to be particularly suited to her interests. She loves the mountains and she loves the Spanish and Indian Southwest, so Durango is exceptionally well located. I'm sure a number of you have stayed there — perhaps before taking the famous narrow gauge Rio Grande Railway train to Silverton, or on your way to Mesa Verde National Park.

The enrollment at Ft. Lewis College this year is approximately 1900 students, eighty percent of whom are from Colorado. There are students from thirty-four other states and several



Alison Driftmier is a freshman at Ft. Lewis College in Durango, Colo.

foreign countries. Because of its unique history, academically qualified Indians may attend tuition free. Almost ten percent of the enrollment is American Indian; thirty tribes are represented.

One of Alison's apartment mates is an Alaskan Indian. One of the girls is from New Jersey and the other is from our same suburban area. The four girls are living in married student housing on campus. The girls were required to buy meal tickets and eat in one of the two school cafeterias. I think this was because their accommodations were substituted for unavailable dormitory space. Probably the housing office figured they wouldn't be able to cope with preparing balanced meals while getting accustomed to campus life. In Alison's case this would be especially true as she has a schedule of classes that is almost entirely science. With long hours spent in laboratory work and study, she wouldn't have time or interest for cooking good meals.

Alison waited until almost the last minute to decide to go to college so it was a real scramble to get the papers processed and ready to go. Luckily for me, she was completely disinterested in a new college wardrobe, so packing was just a matter of assembling the things she already had on hand.

In contrast, Emily had decided months ago that she wanted to enroll at the University of the Americas in Mexico City. This past summer she worked in Los Angeles and those three and a half months gave her plenty of time to get all the necessary "red tape" taken care of. This included getting her passport (which had just expired) renewed for another three years, a transaction vital to being issued a student visa by the Mexican Consulate.

Emily arrived to spend a week at home having just discovered she had lost the recently renewed passport somewhere in Los Angeles! Her visit became a frantic hassle to get passport pictures taken, a new passport issued and a student's visa to Mexico secured. This process normally takes at least three weeks and she had to get it done in six days! It isn't necessary for everyone traveling to Mexico to have a passport; most people travel there on a Visitor's Visa. However, this type visa is valid for only six months and then it must be renewed by crossing the border. So if you are a student staying for a longer period of time you must secure this special Student Non-immigrant Visa which is good for a year. The alternative is the expense of a trip to the border.

In order to obtain this special visa, numerous documents providing character references, letters of economic solvency, parental permission, good health, photographs and the like are required. But the document that impressed Emily the most was having to furnish a certificate of good conduct during the past six months from the Boulder Police Department.

The University of the Americas was founded as Mexico City College in 1940. In 1963 it was reorganized as the University with three divisions, the College of Arts and Sciences, the Graduate School and the Mexico City College. The latter has programs projected directly for Mexico City including evening and adult education courses. Currently it is the only U.S. type liberal arts institution of higher education in Latin America.

Emily's college major is Latin American Studies and she decided to enroll there for two reasons: First, because Mexico is such a very important part of Latin America, and just living there adds an incalculable experience for anyone with her interests; and secondly, because this particular institution has such a large number of courses in her major. She had considered the National University, but back at that time it was recuperating from the devastating riots which occurred during the Olympics. Because she had to be certain the University of Colorado would accept the credits earned in Mexico, she chose the University of the Americas which appeared less vulnerable to riotous dissension.

There are no dormitories and all unmarried undergraduate women must live in University-approved homes. "They may not live in unchaperoned apartments"; this is certainly a contrast to the University of Colorado. Fortunately, as the result of the year spent living in Costa Rica, Emily is familiar

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SEWING SUPPLIES BY MAIL

by Mary Feese

"I have my new dress all planned," you say happily. "It will be linen-look, permanent press fabric in that dreamy shade of blue, and I'll emphasize the waistband and hem with some of the newest scalloped trimming, and use an invisible zipper."

Alas for dreams! Several unsuccessful shopping trips later, you still don't have the findings for the dress of your dreams. You don't even have the fabric yet. You finally found linen-look material in blue — but you couldn't buy it because it was the outdated kind that wrinkles when you look at it (much less sit!). You found linen-look, next, in permanent press — but only in pink or lavender print, green stripes, or six solid colors, none of which are blue. You've shopped every store in town; not one has the coveted scalloped trim. And it looks as though you'll have to settle for a conventional zipper.

"It isn't worth it," you mutter to yourself. "I'll just give up the whole idea — make something entirely different." And yet . . . visions of that special Dream Dress still flit through your head. Now, what to do?

Yes, Virginia, there is a solution. Have you tried ordering sewing supplies by mail? This method doesn't preclude buying those items in town that suit your need, but it does allow you to be more selective. Once you get into the swing of it, you'll develop a list of favorite sources and will keep their catalogs conveniently on hand. You'll learn to plan a bit ahead, so that by the time you've finished your current project, all the needed items for the next one (or several) will have arrived in the mail. Many of you find that you have more time to sew during the winter months. You who enjoy planning ahead will often "stockpile" your anticipated needs for the winter, or at least enough of them to get off to a flying start. And you who are budget conscious (aren't we all, in these days of rising prices?) can watch for sales on suitable fabric, buy quantity lots of your most-often-used trimmings, perhaps purchase some fabric by the bundle. (One, for instance, almost always

has bundles listed in their large general catalogs; other mail order houses sometimes have listings on them also. They are especially useful and money saving for families with several small children, or for women that do a good deal of apron and quilt making.)

Some of you will have access to a good selection of sewing supplies where you shop, while others — ! "Our town," wrote a friend in Idaho wryly, "actually offers a choice of twelve bolts of material." Does this sound like your town? Or, perhaps you can't get out to the stores, for some reason or another: you've small children, and it's hard to take them along; or, the stores are closed when you get off work; or, the car isn't available, you're snowed in, there's illness in the family, you're confined to a wheelchair, or . . . the list is endless. But an infinite variety of sewing supplies can be as near as your mailbox, yours for the choosing. So, if one (or more) of these reasons apply, you'll surely welcome the addresses of some reliable sources of sewing supplies.

(Undoubtedly there are also many other reliable sources, over the country, and you may have your own favorites. This particular list is of the sources from which I repeatedly order, and have unfailingly received prompt and honest service.)

First, it's very convenient to subscribe to the home pattern catalogs published by your favorite brand of patterns, or you can buy a current copy at your nearest magazine stand. Then you can choose patterns at home, at your leisure, and can select exactly what you want, not hastily settle for something that just "will do". Some patterns by mail are prepaid, others charge a nominal sum for postage (often 5¢ per pattern). The pattern companies are making it as easy as possible for you to shop the "at-home" way, for each has one or more publications of this type.

Simplicity offers the Simplicity Fashion Magazine, one-year subscription (3 issues) for \$1.00, or Simplicity Home Catalog, one year (2 issues) for \$1.00. Their address is: Miss Pat Grey, Simplicity Pattern Co. Inc., 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

McCall's offer McCall's Home Catalog, in digest size, two years (4 issues) for \$2.40. Their address: McCall Corp. Dept. XHC, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio 45401. They also have McCall's Pattern Fashions, one year (3 issues) for \$1.80. Order this from McCall Corp., Dayton, Ohio, 45401.

Butterick has the Butterick Home Catalog, P.O. Box 1552, Altoona, Pa. 16603, at \$2.40 a year for 4 issues. This catalog has a section featuring the more expensive Vogue patterns, if

they are your choice.

Next where to buy fabrics? There are several "fabric clubs" you can join, and receive actual fabric samples by mail at specified intervals. I've personally ordered very little from these, to date. For value received for my dollar, I've relied on the larger mail order houses for excellent selections of fabrics. You're familiar, of course, with Wards and Sears, and surely you've all shopped at J.C. Penney stores. For the past several years, the latter has offered mail order service also. To be put on their catalog mailing list, send a post card with your name and address to: Catalog Request Dept., J.C. Penney, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Then, for trimmings-by-the-yard, tape, rickrack, ribbon, appliques, styrofoam balls and trims to decorate them, spangles, sequins, rhinestones, beads, thread, zippers, and assorted sewing notions, you'll want the little catalog put out by Home-Sew, Inc., Bethlehem, Pa. 18018. Just drop them a card with your request. Recently, I sent 25¢ for their Home-Sew Sample Club leaflet and was delighted, both with the leaflet and with the items I ordered from it. The leaflets are issued 4 times a year to members only, and you will continue to receive them so long as you order something from each issue. My latest purchase here was colored elastic waistbands, four for \$1.00, just perfect for making the newly fashionable dirndl skirts, or for making stretch belts. (A stretch belt, incidentally, is just the thing to nip in your last year's shift or tent dress for this year's belted look.) They're easy to make, too. Some of the elastics are solid color, some have stripes or elaborate multi-color patterns. Other offerings on the current sample club leaflet include lovely metallic braid, embroideries, laces, woven designed tapes, and other assorted trims. The prices seem very reasonable, and it gives you a nice assortment from which to choose, in addition to what your local stores offer.

And have you tried The Mill Store, Box 552, Palmer, Mass. 01069? Send a post card for their current price list; they have many discontinued and irregular trims, at greatly reduced prices, but all very usable. They have rickrack, braid, lace, seam binding, and such items; the prices here are unbelievably low, and they guarantee satisfaction. If you do a good deal of utility sewing, you can buy their larger quantities, and can save a substantial sum.

You might say I've saved the best till last: be sure to send 25¢ for the wonderful catalog put out by Newark Dressmaker Supply Co., Dept. 600, 140 Halsey St., Newark, New Jersey 07102. They offer sewing supplies — just

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THE SABBATH IN PLYMOUTH

by
Evelyn Witter

The Sabbath day was a hard day for the children among America's early settlers. The rules were strict, and the day was long.

The Sabbath began at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon in Plymouth. From that time until the following Monday morning, no one played and no one worked. All of the Sabbath was given to studying the Bible. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the Plymouth settlers and their children gathered at Elder Brewster's house. The elder talked for hours about the Bible. The governor of the colony talked for hours about the laws. After the meeting, the families returned to their homes. They stayed there until it was time to go to church at nine o'clock Sunday morning.

The Sabbath day worship began with psalm singing. The congregation stood for the half hour or more of singing. The room was cold and bare. The only heat came from the fireplace at the far end of the room. Standing for such a long time in a cold room must have been hard for the children. Psalm singing was followed by a prayer which lasted as long as the psalm singing. Then Elder Brewster read. He read from what he had written and from the Scriptures. The congregation listened to him for several hours as they sat quietly on their hard, backless seats of rough logs. No stretching, moving of hands, or stamping of feet was allowed — even to keep warm. Such actions during the service were thought to be sinful. If a child made the slightest disturbance, he was punished publicly and also at home. When the service finally ended, the Pilgrims went home to eat a hasty lunch and then returned to the meetinghouse for the afternoon service.

During this service all of the children had to repeat their Bible lessons. The afternoon service was even longer than the morning session. When this service was finally over, the governor and Miles Standish left the room first. Then Elder Brewster and his wife left. The men then went to the deacon's with gifts for the church — furs or corn or anything else they might have to give.

The families then formed a procession and walked slowly back to their homes. Not until after six o'clock on Sunday evening could the children even go out of their houses.

TEACHING THANKFULNESS TO PRIMARY CHILDREN

Thankfulness is not a theme to be used *only* at the Thanksgiving season. It should be impressed on Primary children at every opportunity. All seasons are suitable to remind children of the beauty or bounty of God's wonderful world and to inspire thankfulness in their hearts for their many blessings.

One very effective way to accomplish this aim is through the use of handi-craft materials, purposefully designed to make the children *work at* and *think through* what thankfulness means to them. This is how it was done in one Primary Department.

First of all the materials were assembled, such as:

1. Various color shades of manila paper suitable for the particular season.
2. Silhouettes of girls and boys cut from black paper (hands shown folded in prayer.)
3. Gummed pictures of flowers or fruits.
4. Gummed pictures of an open Bible.

The manila paper was cut into rectangles, 8x6 inches. These were folded 2 inches in from each 6-inch end to make 2 closing flaps that met in the center, thus making a folder. This was cut in a curve at one 4-inch end to simulate the Gothic curve of a church window.

In the middle section of the opened folder, the teachers printed: "A Thank You to God." At the bottom of the middle section they printed: "It is a good thing to give thanks." (Psalm 92:1).

On each flap, about 2 inches from the curved top was printed: "For."

In class, after the children were seated at their work tables, the folders were distributed, and each child selected a silhouette according to whether a boy or a girl.

"This is supposed to be a picture of you giving thanks to God," the teacher told them. "The Bible tells us, 'It is a good thing to give thanks.' And since we find this verse in the Bible, I want you to paste a little Bible right after the words, and write Psalm 92:1 under it. This tells where in the Bible we can find this verse."

Then the stickers of various flowers or fruits were laid out on the table.

"God has made our world a delightful place. Flowers and fruit are part of

that delight. Pick out two of the flowers or fruits you are most thankful for, and paste them in the upper corners of each flap.

"We are happy to give thanks, aren't we? In Psalm 100 we read, 'Come before his presence with singing.' Let's use a little, golden harp to remind us of this, and paste it at the very top in the center.

"Now, on each inside flap of your thankfulness folder there is room for you to write down all the things you are thankful for. Write down as many as you can think of."

The lists grew quickly. An interesting variety of items appeared on the folders. The project was successful. Through *doing, hearing, seeing, and feeling* the children had grasped something of the meaning of thankfulness.

REMEMBER THINGS MONEY CANNOT BUY

"What do you have to be thankful for, you poor guy?" challenged the wealthy man. "In this country, you're on top of the world only if you have enough cash in the bank."

"Maybe you're right," sighed the old philosopher. "Yes, from your point of view, you are definitely right."

"Knew you would agree," smiled the man of wealth. "At least you're smart enough to realize that without that folding green, you're out of it. And any nut who still gives thanks when he's broke deserves to be broke, Thanksgiving or no Thanksgiving."

"You must be right," agreed the philosopher again. "People spend a lifetime trying to get rich."

"And when and if they do," interrupted the wealthy man, "then they can give thanks. You see, then they have something to be thankful about."

"Still, I wonder," the philosopher questioned, "are there not things that can make one happy without money?"

The rich man's voice boomed, "Like name a dozen or so!"

"Like good friendships and good health kept through the years." The old philosopher paused and smiled. "That's two. Ten more to go for a dozen: 1—the smile of a child at play; 2—mountains reaching into blue sky; 3—library books and concerts in the park; 4—the basic goodness of man; 5—a mother's love and a father's understanding; 6—simple words of gratitude to those who teach us; 7—walking, talking, hearing, tasting, seeing, in short, the miracle of living; 8—honest love; 9—the power to think, reason, be human; and 10—that most precious gift: inner peace."

"All these things are free. And there is a great deal more."

NEVER DULL!

by
Evelyn Birkby

"Worship never needs to be dull!" This statement fell with the crisp freshness of a ringing bell upon the ears of the some 2,000 delegates to the National Convocation on Worship held in St. Louis, Missouri.

"Glory be!" the distinguished looking gentleman sitting next to me said, grinning. "I'm glad that was said. Whoever fostered the idea that worship had to be slow, repetitious and dull should be here. This man is great."

The man to whom my neighbor was referring was Father Jerard Sloyan, a member of the faculty of the Temple University, Philadelphia, Penn. His speech brought out an exciting emphasis on a varied Sunday morning worship hour. He mentioned that order is needed for continuity, but order does not mean sameness. Content should change because people are always changing, but a constant quality is important because salvation is constant. Each Sunday service should be a creation. It should have a spirit of lively expectancy, of curiosity and excitement. A Scripture sermon is great, Father Sloyan said, but it should be alive and varied.

Many other suggestions were made in his talk, but one stood out near the conclusion. Father Sloyan stated that happier pastors are needed; unhappy men cannot lead a congregation. Now the surprising part of this statement lies in the fact that his talk was supposed to be about the laymen's place in the worship service. Perhaps he was inferring that happy pastors inspire happy laymen and joyous Christianity will be the radiant result.

The convocation had started three days earlier in the huge Keil Auditorium in St. Louis, hardly a worshipful setting! But it proved to be a challenge well met. A number of church groups had brought worship banners — bright, symbolic expressions of faith. These were hung along the balcony railings. In the center of the room was a platform with a worship center. Around the large arena were chairs grouped in circles of eight. Each person found a chair and for most of the sessions of the convocation stayed in the same small group. After each speech or presentation of various kinds of worship services each group of eight discussed what had been heard and seen.

This "buzz group" situation not only provided a sharing of opinions, but it also gave us a group to which to belong. I did not know any of the other seven when I arrived alone at the meetings, but came to feel a part of a fellowship, far more than if all 2,000



Dr. E. Stanley Jones, noted Christian missionary, was one of the speakers at the Convocation on Worship.

delegates had been seated in long, formal rows.

Several of our group were young ministers and I have the greatest hope for the future of the church after meeting these marvelous, dedicated young men. The sharing of ideas was one of the most valuable parts of the meeting. For example, one young minister told of the decision by his congregation to eliminate new Easter outfits this past year and send the money saved to help in rehabilitation work among the needy of their city. It made for a rather interesting Easter Sunday when a number of the once-a-year attendees arrived in fresh, new finery to find the rest of the congregation dressed in common garb.

This same young minister gave us excellent ideas for using visual aids. He mentioned the fine film, "The Parable", which he showed to his congregation on a weekday family evening. After seeing the picture the people, gathered into small "buzz groups", discussed the meaning of the movie. The film was then shown again to the heightened interest and understanding of those present.

Since many forms are being tried in worship, the convocation presented examples in drama, group dynamics, various types of music, instruments which can add interest to a service, and five different communion services.

Communion by *intinction* was new to me, but it is used in many churches and can be developed in creative patterns. The word actually means to *dip in*. It is the act of dipping bread or wafer of communion into the wine or grape juice. This pattern is used by chaplains in the armed services when many people must be served. At one communion service, our Iowa Bishop, James S. Thomas, held a loaf of bread from which he broke pieces to hand to the congregation as they walked by

him. Another minister, the Rev. David J. Bort of Succasunna, New Jersey, held the cup into which we dipped our pieces of broken bread. With a meaningful meditation and music to blend with this unusual method, it proved to be a worshipful and meaningful experience.

Much fine material was on display to show what is available to help create varied worship experiences. At an afternoon workshop for youth leaders I discovered *The Innovator and Other Modern Parables*, by G. William Jones, Carl F. Burke's *God Is for Real, Man*, Mary Corita's book, *Footnotes and Headlines: A Play-Prayer Book*, and *Listen to Love*, published by Regina Press. An excellent collection of materials developed and used in actual worship services is *Ventures in Worship*, edited by David Randolph. All of these materials are available through COKESBURY, 1661 Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Needless to say, music was much discussed and used. One whole session was spent listening and evaluating church music ranging from early selections to the fresh, contemporary sounds. Among ideas suggested for local groups were: the record and music for "Joy Is Like the Rain", prepared by the Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia. An Episcopalian Folk Mass, "The Winds of God" has a marvelous blend of the old and new and is available from St. Paul's Episcopal Church, P.O. Box 1363, Burlingame, Calif. 94010. The Walther League of 375 North Dearborn St., Chicago 60610, has some excellent modern hymns in print as does the F. E. L. Church Publications of Chicago. (You can see how ecumenical this Methodist-sponsored convocation was with materials and speakers from many denominations represented.)

The final evening of the meeting, Dr. E. Stanley Jones, one of the great Christians of this century, spoke of faith as the foundation of worship. For many years Dr. Jones was a missionary to India. The man seated next to me for this session, a native of India, had been a Communist until he came under the influence of E. Stanley Jones' message of Christ. To me it was a testimony of the personal faith Dr. Jones lives and shares with others.

Worship, our group discovered as it searched in discussion through the sessions of the convocation, is different things to different people. It is praise of God. It is praise of life. It is meaning of life. It is celebration of the word of God. It is action and precipitates working for humanity. It is rejuvenation, revival and refinement. It is an offering of life, not an escape. It is a way of life. These are just a few

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FREDERICK AND BETTY HAVING AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

Dear Friends:

Oh, if you could see me now! I am writing this letter while seated in the forward cabin of a beautiful sailing yacht. Betty and I are guests aboard the famous *Yacht Yankee* that you have seen so many times in the National Geographic Magazine and on national television shows. Captain and Mrs. Irving Johnson are our host and hostess, and together the four of us are seeing Europe while sailing the canals and rivers. This yacht is one of the only boats in the world that can sail oceans and climb mountains, but on this trip we are just climbing mountains. We began in Holland a week ago, and after two days of sailing through the Dutch canals, we entered the great Rhine River and began climbing. Each day the river was a little higher in altitude and the water a little swifter as we left the lowlands of Holland and worked our way up through the mountains of western Germany. But let me go back and begin at the beginning.

We flew to Europe from Boston, Massachusetts, a port that we much prefer to Kennedy International in New York. Mary Leanna drove us to the airport and had a light supper with us while we waited to board our plane. Our trip across the ocean was a bit on the rough side, and we were greatly relieved to step out of the plane in London. There we took another plane to Holland. That flight was the exciting one since all of northern Europe was in dense fog. For two hours our plane circled Amsterdam and finally the pilot said that he would go down through the clouds to see if things had cleared up enough to permit landing. Just when I thought that we should be down on the ground the plane took a sudden surge and went charging back up into the clouds. Then the pilot came on the public address system and said to the passengers: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your Captain speaking. I am terribly sorry that I gave you a bit of a fright a moment ago, but it could not be helped. I have a wife and two children back in London, and I love them too much to try to land this plane in weather conditions like this. We are going to wait up here in the air until things get much better down on the ground."

After some more waiting, we finally did land, and once we were on the ground, all the passengers gave a loud cheer for the Captain. Then it was that we discovered our luggage was not on the plane. We had to wait at the airport for three more hours before our luggage arrived from London on another plane. We had a letter telling us to board the



Frederick Driftmier in his office.

Yacht Yankee at the town of Muiden, not far from Amsterdam. The travel people at the airport misdirected us to another Dutch town by the name of *Imuiden*, a port on the English Channel considerably further from Amsterdam than the wanted town of Muiden. Not finding the *Yacht Yankee* at *Imuiden*, we boarded a train to Amsterdam where we took a taxi to the place where we were supposed to be. What a lively taxi ride that was with rush hour and a million bicycles and motor scooters all pouring through Amsterdam at once.

When we found the *Yankee* moored in a beautiful canal alongside a dozen picturesque Dutch fishing boats, we felt as though we were dreaming. It was all like something out of a storybook — fishermen in quaint costumes, Dutch ladies scrubbing the steps of their houses on one side of the canal and school children walking along the bank on the other side. The boat itself was and is a delight. The Johnsons have living quarters in the stern half with a very compact and yet very adequate cooking and eating area, and Betty and I have the forward half of the yacht with enough space to accommodate several more people if necessary. In between the two living areas is the large deck area where we sit during the day when the yacht is underway. Since we only stop when it gets dark in the evening, we are out there on the deck practically all day long. We have our meals in the Johnsons' quarters, and what marvelous food we do have.

On the very first day of our cruise we had the unexpected pleasure of being invited aboard the big and luxurious houseboat barge belonging to the Hollywood movie star, Sterling Hayden. Mr. Hayden is an old and close friend of the Johnsons, and he made Betty and me feel as though we had known him for years too. He is in Holland making some special movies about Dutch life, and he had some of his cameramen training their cameras on us as we moved back and forth from our boat to his. Our two boats kept together for

most of that first morning as we repeatedly had to wait for locks and bridges to be opened. Don't be surprised if someday you see a brief film shot of the Driftmiers on some television show about Holland.

Every time I have been in Europe I have thought of how nice it would be to take a leisurely trip in a boat along the canals and rivers, and now that at last I actually am doing it, I can't believe it. Never was there a better way to travel than this way, and I not only recommend, I urge you to be sure to take some canal and river trips when you tour Europe. In Holland we slowly moved along little canals that took us through villages where the average tourists never go. Every few miles we would have to wait for a bridge to be opened so that our yacht could move through, and it was fun to see the bridge tender hand down a wooden shoe on a string in which we placed a tip. There are so many things to do on a boat of this kind, and Betty's particular job in Holland was to stand out on the very forward part of the boat and place the tips in the wooden shoes, tips for both bridges and locks.

I knew that we would see more boat traffic than we had ever seen in our lives, but never did I even begin to think that I would see the hundreds of boats we have seen. The Rhine River is comparable to the Mississippi River, and on each of the three days we were cruising the Rhine we saw literally hundreds of boats, all kinds of boats from the lowliest coal barges, to the biggest river steamers. The Rhine is much swifter than the Mississippi or Missouri, and sometimes it is frightening to see six or seven big boats coming down the river right toward you. I kept thinking: "How oh how will we ever get through that line of boats without hitting one of them or without being hit?", but always we did manage to avoid collision. The boats keep signaling each other with flags and lights, and it didn't take me long to learn the signals. Betty and I both take our turn at the wheel, and when we do, we keep a fine pair of binoculars within instant reach so that we can study the approaching ships and decide how best to avoid them. You see, it is not a simple matter of just keeping to the right the way one does when driving a car. Boat traffic moves back and forth across the river depending on the current. We have been going up river, and so we always keep to the side of the river that has the slowest current, sometimes moving from one side of the river to the other side several times an hour. The boats going down the river always keep to the side of the river where the current is the

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Recipes Tested
by the
Kitchen - Klatter
Family



MOLDED GINGER ALE SALAD

2 envelopes plain gelatin
6 Tbls. cold water
1/2 cup boiling pineapple juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 cup sugar
Dash of salt
1 pint ginger ale
1 small can spiced white grapes
8 slices of pineapple, cut in pieces
1 small can mandarin oranges
1 small can grapefruit sections
Soften gelatin in cold water. Then dissolve it in the boiling pineapple juice. Add sugar, salt, flavorings and ginger ale. When chilled turn in the fruit which has been well drained. Mold this in one large fancy mold or in individual molds. Serve on a crisp green lettuce bed and top with mayonnaise.

This salad has a very refreshing taste — people enjoy it. —Lucile

BAKED CHICKEN WITH ORANGE SAUCE

1/2 cup flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. paprika
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 3-lb. chicken, cut in serving pieces
1/4 cup vegetable shortening
1/4 cup margarine
Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 cup orange juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
2 Tbls. brown sugar
1/2 tsp. thyme
1 small onion, sliced
Combine the flour, salt, paprika and pepper. Dust the chicken pieces and brown in combined vegetable shortening, margarine and butter flavoring. Place in a large casserole. Simmer the pan drippings, orange juice, orange flavoring, brown sugar, thyme and onion. Pour over the chicken. Bake, covered, for 1 1/2 hours at 350 degrees. Baste occasionally with the sauce. Serve with hot rice. —Margery

DIFFERENT TURKEY CASSEROLE

5 or 6 cups leftover turkey, diced
1/2 cup butter or margarine
3 cups bread crumbs
3/4 cup celery, chopped
1 onion, chopped
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning
1 egg
3/4 cup broth or milk
1 can cream of mushroom soup
Arrange the turkey in a large baking dish. Melt the butter or margarine in a large skillet and saute the crumbs, celery and onion. Add salt, baking powder, pepper and poultry seasoning. Beat the egg and combine with broth or milk. Add to the crumb mixture. Pour over the turkey. Spread the soup over the top. Sprinkle with additional buttered crumbs, if desired. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to an hour. Add additional liquid if needed. This should serve around 10 or 12. —Margery

BUTTERSCOTCH BREAD

1 egg, beaten
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 Tbls. melted shortening
2 cups sifted flour
3/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
Nuts if desired
Beat egg. Stir in sugar and shortening. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk which has been combined with flavoring. Add nuts if desired. Pour into greased bread loaf pan. Let stand 15 to 20 minutes before baking. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes.

This recipe may be varied with flavorings and fruits. I especially like blueberries and the Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring to make an excellent blueberry coffee cake.

—Evelyn

MARY BETH'S PUMPKIN MOUSSE

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
2 Tbls. water
3 egg yolks
1/3 cup plus 1 Tbls. sugar
1 1/4 cups pumpkin, smooth as can be
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. allspice
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sprinkle the gelatin over the water in a small bowl. Place the bowl in simmering water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Beat the yolks with the sugar. Stir in pumpkin, spices, and the dissolved gelatin. Whip the cream until it holds a shape and add vanilla. Fold gently into the pumpkin mixture. Pour into a mold and chill thoroughly. Serve with Vanilla Sauce. (Serves four.)

Vanilla Sauce

1 cup milk
1 cup light cream
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
4 egg yolks
1/2 cup sugar
Pinch of salt

Scald the milk and cream. Add vanilla. In top of double boiler heat the egg yolks with the sugar and salt. Gradually beat in the hot milk mixture and cook the sauce over hot water, stirring constantly, until it thickens and coats a spoon. Cool. Serve over Pumpkin Mousse.

LEMON BAR COOKIES

1 cup flour
1/4 cup sifted powder sugar
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine ingredients. Cut together until crumbly. Pat into 9- by 9-inch greased pan. Bake at 350 degrees 15 minutes. Cool.

3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
2 eggs, beaten
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1/2 cup flaked coconut (optional) Combine sugar, flour and baking powder. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Add remaining ingredients. Spread on top of baked crust. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar and a bit more coconut if desired. Coconut flavoring instead of lemon flavoring could be used if you wish to cut down on the amount of coconut used. A delightfully refreshing bar cookie with the fine taste and appearance enjoyed in school lunches, for a snack, or on a pretty tea table.

UNUSUAL CRANBERRY SALAD

2 pkgs. cherry gelatin
 2 cups hot water
 1 cup juices and water (Drain fruit and add water to make the 1 cup.)
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries
 1 13 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple
 2 cans whole cranberry sauce
 12 large marshmallows

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Drain the thawed frozen strawberries and pineapple and add water to make 1 cup liquid and add to gelatin. Add flavorings. Chill the gelatin until it starts to congeal, then add the berries, crushed pineapple and cranberry sauce and the diced marshmallows. Return to refrigerator until congealed. Serve on lettuce with a little mayonnaise.

5-HOUR STEW

2 lbs. cubed stewing meat
 3 diced potatoes
 3 diced carrots
 1 large onion, diced
 1 can tomatoes (2 cups)
 1/2 cup water
 3 Tbls. minute tapioca
 1 Tbls. sugar
 Salt and pepper to taste

Brown meat in a small amount of shortening. Then combine with all other ingredients and turn into a covered casserole. Set temperature of oven to 250 degrees and bake for 5 hours.

Paula and I enjoyed this so much that we have had it four or five times. It is unusually delicious. —Lucile

REFRIGERATOR ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

3 cups white sugar, less 2 Tbls.
 1 cup vegetable shortening, plus 2 Tbls.
 5 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt
 4 cups Kellog's All-Bran cereal
 2 cups Nabisco 100% All-Bran
 2 cups boiling water
 4 eggs
 5 cups flour
 1 quart buttermilk

Pour the boiling water over the Nabisco Bran. Cream the shortening and sugar and add the beaten eggs and milk. Add the Kellog's Bran. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add to the ingredients. Fold in the soaked Nabisco Bran. Bake in greased muffin tins for 15 to 18 minutes at 400 degrees.

This batter will keep in the refrigerator in tightly covered containers for up to 6 weeks. When storing, don't fill the containers too full, for there might be a little expansion to the batter. Spoon out for muffins as needed. —Margery

BANANA CREAM PIE

1 baked 9-inch pie shell
 2/3 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 Tbls. flour
 3 cups milk
 3 egg yolks, beaten
 1 Tbls. butter
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 2 or 3 sliced bananas

Mix together the sugar, salt, cornstarch and flour. Stir in gradually the 3 cups of milk and cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat and slowly stir half of mixture into beaten egg yolks.

Then blend into the remaining mixture and boil 1 more minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and blend in the butter and flavorings.

Slice 2 or 3 bananas and line baked pie shell with them. Pour the custard over the bananas.

When ready to serve cover the top with 1/2 cup heavy cream which has been beaten until stiff with 1 Tbls. powdered sugar and 1/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring.

This is mighty good eating and not difficult to make. —Lucile

EXCELLENT PUMPKIN BREAD

3 cups sugar
 4 eggs
 1 cup salad oil
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 cups pumpkin
 3 1/2 cups flour
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 3/4 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. allspice
 2 tsp. soda
 2/3 cup water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 cup nuts

Cream sugar, eggs, oil and butter flavoring. Add pumpkin. Sift dry ingredients together. Blend water and flavorings and stir in alternately with dry ingredients. Add nuts. Bake in greased and floured pans filled 2/3 full. Bake at 350 degrees until done. (About 45 minutes in loaf pan.) Makes four 7 x 3 x 2 pans.

After baking, remove from pans and cool on racks. Serve warm with butter or cheese spread. Cool and wrap for freezer storage. A very delicious, moist, delicately flavored bread.

—Evelyn

APPLES IN BLOOM

6 cooking apples
 2 cups boiling water
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/4 cup red cinnamon candies
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 cup orange juice
 A few drops each of Kitchen-Klatter

lemon and orange flavorings

Wash and core apples. Cook in boiling water until just tender. Turn as needed to cook on all sides. Remove apples and place in a serving dish. To water in which apples were cooked add rest of ingredients. Simmer until 1 cup syrup remains. Cool and pour over apples. Serve with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

This recipe can also be used for making apple rings. Slice apples after washing and coring. Follow directions given. Use as a garnish for ham, pork or beef roasts. The addition of the orange and lemon juices and flavorings give these apples an especially delightful flavor.

CREAMY COLESLAW

1/4 cup mayonnaise
 1/4 cup white corn syrup
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 tsp. salt

1 qt. cabbage, shredded
 Other vegetables, if desired

Combine all ingredients except cabbage and vegetables. When well blended, shred cabbage into bowl. Add shredded carrots, onions, celery, whatever vegetables you might like to put with the cabbage. Spoon on dressing. Cover and chill. Serve for a very cool extra creamy addition to a meal.

—Evelyn

DELICIOUS BARBECUED SPARERIBS

4 lbs. country style spareribs
 1 lemon
 1 large onion
 1 cup catsup
 1/3 cup Worcestershire sauce
 1 tsp. chili powder
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 2 dashes of Tobasco sauce
 2 cups water

Place ribs in shallow roasting pan and on each piece place a thin slice of unpeeled lemon and a thin slice of onion. Roast in a 450-degree oven for 30 minutes.

Combine remaining ingredients, bring to a boil and pour over ribs. Continue baking in a 350-degree oven until tender — about 45 minutes to 1 hour. Baste with sauce every 15 minutes. If sauce gets too thick, add more water.

This is surely an extra-special way to serve spareribs. The sauce would also be good used with pork chops. —Lucile

MEAT BALLS WITH SPAGHETTI

1 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup of salad oil (or shortening)

2 cups tomatoes

1 6-oz. can tomato paste

1 8-oz. can tomato sauce

2 cups water

1 Tbls. sugar

1 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. paprika

Several dashes of pepper

Brown onion in the salad oil — use a cast iron skillet for this if you have one. Combine all of the above ingredients and put on simmer.

1 lb. ground beef

1/2 lb. lean ground pork

1 cup fine dry bread crumbs

1 sprig of parsley, minced

1 clove of garlic, minced

1/2 cup milk

3 well-beaten eggs

Combine all of the above ingredients.

Shape into small meat balls and brown on both sides. Then pour sauce over the meat balls. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally.

When ready to serve turn it out on top of the cooked spaghetti.

Note: If your family likes something spicier than this, add 2 tsp. of chili powder.

—Lucile

SPICY COFFEECAKE

2 1/3 cups flour

3/4 cup white sugar

1 cup brown sugar

1 tsp. nutmeg

1 tsp. salt

3/4 cup salad oil

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 cup nuts

1 cup buttermilk

1 tsp. soda

1 egg, beaten

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Combine flour, sugars, nutmeg, salt and salad oil. Take 3/4 cup of this mixture and add to it the cinnamon and chopped nuts. Set aside. To remaining mixture add buttermilk, soda, egg and flavoring. Mix well. Pour into greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle on topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares. Serve warm or cold. This keeps nicely and freezes very well.

The addition of nutmeg makes this an out-of-the-ordinary coffeecake. It has a surprisingly delicious flavor. While the maple flavoring is very nice to use, vary this recipe by using 1 tsp. of burnt sugar flavoring. Fine fare for a morning coffee or a hearty hot breakfast bread.

—Evelyn

COUNTRY CARROTS

1 green pepper, diced

1 medium onion, diced

3 Tbls. butter or margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 16-oz. can sliced carrots (or 2 cups cooked carrots)

4 or 5 drops Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener

Salt and pepper to taste

Brown pepper and onion in butter or margarine until golden. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to boil and simmer until ready to serve.

This is a simple way to dress up carrots into a company dish. The same method could be used with green beans, asparagus, etc. to give an extra flair for the vegetables needed in our diets.

—Evelyn

CHICKEN-CRANBERRY MOLDED SALAD

1 envelope unflavored gelatin

1/4 cup cold water

2 cups whole cranberry sauce

1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple

1/2 cup chopped nuts

1 Tbls. lemon juice

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the cold water and heat until completely dissolved. Add the cranberry sauce, pineapple, nuts, lemon juice and flavoring. Mix well and pour into an 8-inch square pan to chill until firm.

Second Layer

1 envelope unflavored gelatin

1/4 cup cold water

1 cup mayonnaise

1/2 cup water

3 Tbls. lemon juice

3/4 tsp. salt

1/2 cup diced celery

2 Tbls. chopped parsley

2 cups chopped chicken

Dissolve the gelatin in the cold water and heat until dissolved. Blend in the remaining ingredients and then pour over the chilled cranberry layer. Chill until set.

—Mary Beth

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

1 envelope plain gelatin

1/3 cup water

1 cup heavy cream, whipped

1/2 cup mayonnaise

1 cup pineapple pieces, well drained

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 cup white cherries, well drained

1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, well drained

Soften the gelatin in 1/3 cup of water. When it has dissolved, put over heat to turn to liquid.

Whip cream until stiff. Carefully fold in the mayonnaise and pineapple flavoring. Then add well-drained fruit. Turn into a square pan and freeze. When this is well frozen and you want to serve it, take out and let it stand at room temperature for an hour.

The friend who sent this said that she had used several different recipes for frozen fruit salad, but that this was her favorite. People always asked for the recipe.

—Lucile

The Vicious Circle**... And what to do about it.**

We all know that the easiest way to avoid more inches around the waist is to avoid some calories at mealtime and snacktime. Unfortunately, some people haven't heard about the easy, painless way to do this.

We're talking about **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** — the sweet-tasting, handy, economical sugar substitute that works so well in almost anything you cook. In coffee, in tea, on cereals, in desserts, **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** adds nothing but delicious sweetness (no bitterness, no aftertaste, and never, never any calories). Pick some up at your grocer's, and go to work on *your* extra inches. Your tongue won't know the difference, but your tummy will!

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.

MARY BETH'S FAMILY IS A BUSY ONE

Dear Friends:

Don and the children started off for school promptly at 7:10 this morning after only *one* trip back into the house for a needed raincoat and one left-behind lunch sack. Then the All-knowing Cat heard the sounds of the unusual traffic and decided to join the group on the way out, and away she went. Usually I can hear her paws as she stomps at full trot down the hall, but when it comes to slipping out the door she can suddenly move soundlessly. Fortunately, this house came equipped with an electric garage door opener and if she doesn't run pell-mell through the garage I can usually get the door closed ahead of her by pressing the door-down button. This morning was one of those days when she was attracted by some smell and I managed to trap her in the garage. She has a powerful urge to explore the great outdoors and one of these days I'm afraid we'll lose our beautiful blue-eyed kitty.

I might add that by now Eloise, our basset, has decided not to destroy the loathsome creature that came into the house when *she* was the pet of pets! The cat has decided to accept Eloise as a playmate and she has in turn changed her kill-the-dog tactics into tease-and-taunt. They play wildly together as lamps teeter on their tables (not due to the graceful cat but to the heavy, awkward hound), and then vie for the prime spot in front of the refrigerator where the motor which runs the refrigerator kicks out the exhausted hot air. This had been Eloise's spot all winter long because it was so deliciously warm, but Madam Cat soon learned of its virtues and staked it out as hers, so now they quarrel over it and seldom share equally. It is a great revelation to us all to have this cat in our house. We're all enjoying her.

Donald and the children will be on the road about 20 minutes getting to the Academy. They will stop at one house and pick up two girls who were in need of a ride to school, so Don really starts his day as a mini-bus driver.

Don's classes begin at 8:15. Each class is 45 minutes long, and with the exception of one 30-minute period out to drink his dietary lunch, he teaches right up to one o'clock in the afternoon. He has all math classes and they range from college preparatory geometry and calculus to fourth-grade arithmetic, which Adrienne is taking.

He was grading his papers the other evening and we determined that each day he takes up 60 papers in the form of prepared homework that the children



We just received this picture of Adrienne and Katharine with their cousin Judith Wallace, whose wedding Mary Beth described in her letter last month.

turn in. These he grades, records the grades, prepares assignments for the next day and the evening assignments and gets tests worked up for each of these five classes. Five days a week he does this routine, and if you have ever tried to read some nine-year-old's scratchings on a page of arithmetic you can imagine how long it takes him some evenings. All afternoon at school he is available to any student who needs extra help in addition to keeping the entire math department stocked with needed books, test sources, and all the detail work that goes with the math section.

Each four weeks our school issues report cards to the parents indicating the progress their child is making in each subject, so this schedule, as you can see, keeps both students and teachers on their active toes all the time.

He brings the children home in the micro-mini-bus by about 4:30 in the afternoon, STARVED! All of them are ready to be fed and we've been having an early, early supper since the beginning of September. This is a tricky operation on the days when I substitute teach, but once again this lovely house is equipped with a magic oven which turns on at a pre-set hour and will cook at the proper temperature any meat or one-dish meal I leave in it in the morning. Twice I have set all the correct dials, turned to the correct temperature, and put the frozen dinner into the oven to cook while I was away, only to come home to find that the human element (me) had failed to turn the one important knob which turns it to automatic.

and I had a hungry family and a cold oven to cope with. However, as I tell the children, experience is the best teacher, and now I remember to check *every* dial before I leave to teach. There are many teachers this year and I'm having ample opportunity to fill in their positions when they are ill.

We're really having a good year. Each school day is devoted to academic endeavors. Their homework is only two hours in length and with good use of their time and well-organized planning they have time for some meaningful free time games. Paul is at present getting into Scouting and he is having his first overnight camp-out this weekend, which I hope won't be unusually cold.

Katharine is sewing and getting herself accustomed to contact lenses. She is very blind without her glasses, and although we had determined not to go into the contact lens program until she was sixteen, we moved this undertaking up by two years. Katharine's nose cartilage was taking on a shelf-like hump where her glasses rode on her nose, and in an effort to halt this as a permanent part of her profile, we took the plunge. I should never say "we", because all I did was sit by and watch her go through the unusual experience of being fitted for these lenses and then watch her get accustomed to having them in her eyes. At this point I cannot report that she finds them so comfortable that she forgets she is wearing them, but her perseverance is such that I know that eventually she will be able to tolerate them twelve or fourteen hours at a time.

I've included a picture taken of Katharine and Adrienne at our cousin Judith Wallace's wedding last August. As you can see, Katharine is without glasses, and isn't she getting tall? When I look at her beside the bride, who was in high heels, I know that she, *also*, will never wear this wedding dress. (I tried this same dress on fifteen years ago and although it would not zip shut because of my width, neither did it touch the floor. Since "maxi" length wedding dresses were not in style I was unable to wear the family-type wedding dress.)

This is a meet-your-neighbor time of the year. All are spending their spare minutes outside raking up the leaves. We don't have quite so large a yard as last year, but there are as many or more trees and most of them are oaks. I am happy they are not elms, which would have to come down eventually, but oak leaves have to be picked up if one values his stand of grass. Someday I hope to have a hornbeam and a ginko tree.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



COME READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

"I come from the very heart of America," said General Dwight David Eisenhower at the Guildhall address in London, 1945. In Abilene, Kansas, on Oct. 13, 1959, he remarked of his home town: "It seems to me there's a sort of cross-section of the deep convictions that truly motivate the United States."

A visit to the Eisenhower Center and the town of Abilene, Kansas, confirms these sincere statements. The family home, the Eisenhower Museum, the Dwight D. Eisenhower Library, and the non-denominational chapel, "A Place of Meditation," are now contained in the Center. As our family toured the historic site this past August, we found crowds of visitors, interested and respectful.

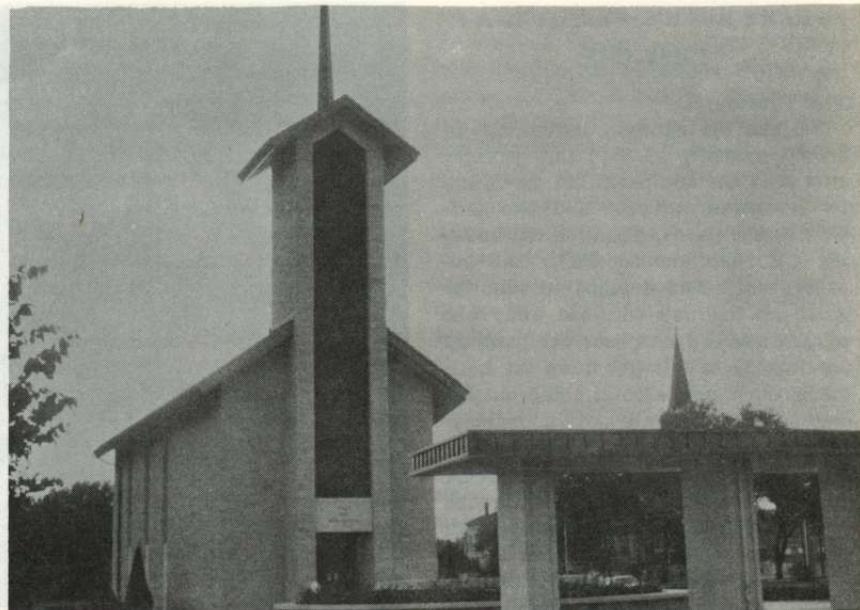
On entering the Eisenhower family home, the white two-story house on Fourth Street, one realizes in this simple, neat place the Eisenhower brothers were shown their mother's strict pattern of personal conduct, her tolerance, and loyalty to her religious convictions. After her death in 1946, the home and adjacent grounds were deeded to the Eisenhower Foundation.

The home is kept just as it was when she died. Crisp, ruffled curtains hang at the windows. Potted plants flourish at the bay windows. Comfortable easy chairs are in the parlor. The dining room buffet holds Mother Eisenhower's fine china and glassware. Her familiar dust cap is in evidence. The family Bible is open to the record of former President Eisenhower's birth.

It was by this home that each boy was given a garden plot by Father Eisenhower. In his book *At Ease Stories I Tell to Friends* (Doubleday & Co.) Ike wrote how he chose to raise sweet corn and cucumbers to sell, because they were the most popular vegetables. His mother taught him to make hot tamales, which he sold. The leftovers were consumed by the cook and his brothers. He wrote that they were a cheerful, vital family.

There are six granite pylons at the approach to the Museum. These were a gift of the Kansas D. A. R. and the Soroptimist Clubs of Kansas. One plaque expresses feeling concerning the home place:

"To this homestead divine providence brought David Jacob Eisenhower and



Always working for freedom's cause and continuing peace, Dwight D. Eisenhower now rests in the Place of Meditation at the Eisenhower Center, Abilene, Kansas.

Ida Stover Eisenhower. They lived in piety and Christian service, brought sons into the world, and taught them the ways of righteousness, of charity to all and reverence to God."

The Museum is a modernistic building constructed of native Kansas stone. Murals decorate the lobby walls. The Museum's West Wing reflects the General's military career. One case contains the original copy of the Inaugural prayer address; another, one of the original Eisenhower jackets. One section depicts the early family history of the former President. The East Wing, or Presidential Room, includes articles received since he became President. There's an original Grandma Moses painting, a 17th century Meissen tea service (from Chancellor Adenauer), and a collection of "First Lady" dolls. The "Mamie" doll wears a replica of Mrs. Eisenhower's inaugural ball dress. Considerable time can be spent in the Museum viewing the marvelous displays.

The Dwight D. Eisenhower Library, directly across from the Museum, was established to preserve the papers, books, and other historical materials relating to former President Eisenhower and to make them available to the people in a place suitable for exhibit and research. Records show his love of country and his quest for peace among nations. The exterior is Kansas limestone; imported marble and American walnut paneling are used inside.

The spiritual qualities of General Eisenhower are felt upon entering the Place of Meditation. Beyond the door is a three-sided enclosure of marble, with a wrought-iron railing on the fourth side where devoted Americans may

view the final resting place of Dwight David Eisenhower and his son, Doud Dwight, who died from scarlet fever at the age of three.

Beautiful stained glass windows add to the reverent feeling. Down the aisle to the end of the chapel are pews where visitors may sit in meditation before a non-denominational altar. In this quiet, sacred atmosphere our family could reflect on the ideals which made General Eisenhower a great man. From the white house where he lived, to the Lincoln School which he attended, to the Belle Springs Creamery where he worked, then to West Point and the White House, he kept his humbleness. Such a man makes one put real faith in the American Dream.

(The Eisenhower Center is open 7 days a week, 9 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. Closed on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. It is located two miles south of Abilene exit off Interstate 70, Kansas.)

SECOND WIND

I must hurry now. The years rush By. They stumble on each other's Heels in frenzied haste — no time To waste. I dreamed these sunset Years to be a time of peace, Tranquility. How wrong Was I!

So many things still left Undone, so many yet to do. I cram each hourglass span With more than sixty minutes' Worth of time. And still I Can't outrun the clock That ticks away My life!!

-Leta Fulmer



Just for Fun

by
Mabel Nair Brown

GUESS THIS INDIAN CHIEF

This Indian chief lived long ago,
When white men first this land did know.
He came in furs and feathers dressed
When as the Pilgrim's special guest
He graced the first Thanksgiving board,
Surrounded by his warrior horde.
His skin was red, his heart true blue.
When he gave his word; he kept it, too.
Loyal in peace, in war adroit;
His name was good Chief _____.

(Answer: Massasoit)

The Thanksgiving Menu: Pass out paper and pencils and have the guests write out a Thanksgiving menu, each dish on the menu beginning with one of the letters in the word *Thanksgiving*. The dishes, as far as possible, should be in keeping with the usual food served for this holiday. The letters also are to be used in the same sequence as in the word *Thanksgiving*.

Cutting the Punkin' Pie: Each player is blindfolded and given an orange and a black crayon. A piece of wrapping paper is pinned to the wall on which the player is to draw the picture of a pumpkin pie with the orange crayon and then "cut" it into six pieces with the black crayon. The player drawing the neatest, best picture wins.

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

1. What part of a turkey does the farmer watch anxiously?
2. What part does sister keep on her dressing table?
3. What part of the turkey unlocks the front door?
4. What is the most unpleasant part of the bird?
5. What part of a turkey is part of a sentence?
6. Why is a glutton like a turkey?
7. What part of the turkey is an Oriental?
8. Why is a turkey immodest?
9. What is the dressmaker's favorite part of the turkey?
10. In what country is he cooked?
11. What part of a turkey is a story?



In this most recent picture of Lucile's grandson James, you can see that he is changing rapidly.

12. What part is one of little John's noisemakers?

ANSWERS: 1. Crop; 2. Comb; 3. The last part — key; 4. Bill; 5. Claws (clause); 6. He gobbles; 7. Turk; 8. We can see his dressing; 9. Pin (feather); 10. Greece (grease); 11. Tail (tale); 12. Drum stick.

NUT CONTEST

What nut is a sandy shore? Beechnut.
What nut is a girl's name? Hazelnut.
What nut is a stone fence? Walnut.
What nut is a strong box? Chestnut.
What nut is a mission field? Brazil nut.

What nut has a hole in the middle? Doughnut.

What nut is a vegetable? Peanut.
What nut is good for bad boys? Hickory nut.

CARDS OF THANKS

by
Evelyn Witter

At the mere mention of a holiday, Americans hurry to send greetings to each other, making themselves the greeting-est people in the world. The multi-million-dollar greeting card business proves it.

Sending Christmas cards has been an established custom for about a hundred years and still exceeds in volume all other holiday greetings. Cards of greeting at Thanksgiving were not used to any measurable extent until just after the close of World War I. A few were published in 1909, but they were a bit crude, mostly being of the postcard type.

One of the earlier designs was printed in black on bright yellow, Italian, handmade paper with handcolored poppies to harmonize. This verse was printed beneath the flowers:

Some golden poppies I'm sending,
They're on golden paper, too:
The envelope ev'n is golden,
And so are my thoughts of you!

By 1919 Thanksgiving cards, speaking out for the spirit of thankfulness everywhere at the close of the war, became more popular. They have slowly but steadily increased in popularity ever since.

However, Thanksgiving Day greetings have not changed in character as much as many other greeting cards have. Their coloring and design have become

(Continued on page 20)

HANKSGIVING

IS THE TIME FOR FAMILY GET-TOGETHERS.
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

SIMPLE THINGS

We Thank Thee, Lord, for simple things:
For sun and wind and rain,
For morning haze upon the hills,
For healing after pain.

For pure clear mountain rivulets
That chatter all day long,
For birds and happy folks at work
Who lift their voice in song.

For life and love and work and play,
For friends that we hold dear,
For all the simple things in life,
That prove Thee ever near.

—Marion Louise Gee



KITCHEN-KLATTER a "household word"? In thousands of homes the answer would be YES, for KITCHEN-KLATTER is now in its 43rd year of radio broadcasting.

Perhaps you are a second-generation listener, or even a *third!* If you are enjoying our radio visits, tell your friends that we can be heard over the following stations each weekday:

KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

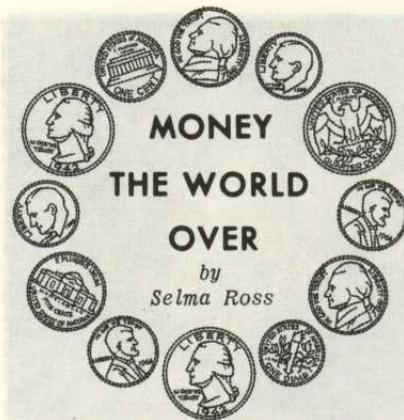
KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.

KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



Next time you jingle coins in your pocket, that's history talking out loud to you. Hard money links all civilized races of man.

As far back as 2500 B.C. Egyptians recognized the superior value of metal as a medium of exchange. It lasted far beyond paper or animal "money".

The clever Chinese bought farm lands and exquisitely embroidered tapestries with measured cubes of gold around 2100 B.C. In crucibles, or melting pots, small chunks of precious metal were melted and formed into easy-to-store blocks to be saved for rainy-day spending.

Even the Bible mentions the use of gold and silver bullion for money. In Genesis 23:16, we find that "Abraham weighed unto Ephron 400 shekels of silver, current money with the merchant". The price covered a burial place for Abraham's family.

Lives of ancient peoples were usually centered about their temples or other places of worship. Around 550 B.C. men did their banking at the temple. They deposited what gold and silver they could spare, or borrowed from the "bank" at suitable rates of interest.

About that time the Lydians' King Croesus decided to take the guesswork out of finance. Metal money was always of uncertain value. Too many fakers were melting impure metals in with the precious stuff, and the time had come to certify the true value of money. Coinage by means of dies or stamps was begun. The purity and weight of the metal were marked on each coin, and even if it wore a little thin with wear, every trader along the line credited the coin at its original value from Croesus' mint.

Coinage became an art when the Greeks borrowed the method from Lydia. Grecian coins were cut better and decorated in a more beautiful manner. From Greece, the custom traveled to Rome.

Emperor Nero is infamous for many things, but did you know he was the first known counterfeiter of coins? What Croesus thought was a sure-fire

solution to trickery seemed only a challenge to Nero's ingenuity.

When the trading value of metal fell, back into the crucible it went to be transformed into jewelry, sword handles, delicate goblets, or candlesticks. In the early days of hallmarking, people converted their easily-stolen coins into household valuables which could be marked by the smithy, and identified if stolen and recovered.

Hard money is still one of the most important products of our modern crucibles.

At the United States Mint in Philadelphia, alloys for different denominations of coins are melted in crucibles in electric furnaces. When they reach the right temperature, these molten metals are poured into molds and cast into ingots of various sizes. The ingots go through rolling mills which flatten them to the proper thicknesses for coins. Then blank circles are punched out of the strips, polished by various solutions in tumbling barrels, and finally struck with dies which make them the money we're used to seeing. The back, front, and reeded edge are stamped all at one time.

Most coins are made from an alloy of several metals. The silver in your pocket, for example, is one part copper to nine parts silver. Five-cent coins are 75% copper, 25% nickel. Bronze pennies are 95% copper, 5% zinc and tin combined.

Did you know that no copper cents were struck at the U.S. Mint during 1943? If you own an alleged copper penny with that date, it's a phony — either zinc-coated steel that was copper-plated after it reached circulation, or a genuine copper penny of another year with the date altered.

Another wartime restriction in the use of metals caused a unique five-cent piece to be created. A silver-copper-manganese substitute alloy was adopted temporarily, and the mint mark was changed from its usual position at the right of Monticello to a position above the dome of that building. The letter "P" was used on all Philadelphia five-cent coins for the first and only time in the history of that mint. After the war, the old appearance of the coin was restored.

Did you ever wonder what the "J" on the Roosevelt dime means? The letters are the initial of the designer of the coin, John R. Sinnock.

If you're the proud possessor of a silver dollar, hold onto it. None have been struck since 1935, and the old ones are becoming more valuable. Don't try to buy silver dollars from the government at any time; they don't sell them. Try a bank instead.

(Continued on next page)

MONEY THE WORLD OVER — Concl.

You'll probably never see or spend a half-dime, but that was the first coin minted in America. In 1792, the first Director of the U.S. Mint, David Rittenhouse, presented the President's wife, Martha Washington, with a batch of half-dimes. None were put into circulation. By act of Congress the half-dimes were issued expressly as a gift to the First Family of America: and the father of our country distributed them among friends as souvenirs.

More pennies are turned out of the mint each year than any other coin — about two billion in number. It was on a now-defunct bronze two-cent piece that the motto "In God we trust" first appeared in 1864. According to records of the U.S. Treasury Department, the suggestion to recognize God on the coins of our country is credited to the Rev. Mr. M. R. Watkinson of Ridleyville, Pennsylvania. The motto chosen, however, didn't become mandatory on all U.S. coins until July 11, 1955.

"Wealthy as Croesus" doesn't necessarily mean a man has all the money in the world, but it means he knows the extent of his wealth to the last penny.

BEWARE OF THOSE WHO ARE NOT THANKFUL

It was considerate of the Pilgrims to have stood up under the rigors of their first year here in America.

Crops had been poor and the winter months cruel, but by fall of the following year, the Pilgrims had turned about from poverty to wealth from the land.

Of course, when they proved they could be self-reliant and stand the severest adversity, they offered prayers of thanks to the Lord for all He had provided in their new found home.

And we, of course, now have a nice excuse for a holiday each year.

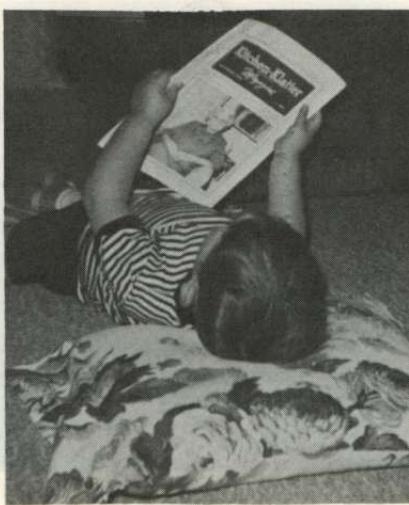
However, in a Thanksgiving message which paid moving tribute to the Pilgrims and the ideals which they left us, J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI had this to say:

"Regrettably, too many Americans no longer care about religious ideals and heritage."

"To some, our country is a fantasyland filled with complimentary handouts of rights and freedoms without obligations."

"With patent indifference, they shirk the mere suggestion of individual responsibility."

Other great Americans also point to history, which records that freedom goes by default in those nations in which the people shirk their individual responsibilities and lean more and more on government to provide things for them.



Three-year-old Thomas Dean Winkler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Winkler of Essex, Iowa, enjoys looking at the pictures in *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* when he isn't chasing balls outdoors with his daddy, who is a football coach. Thomas Dean's grandmother, Mrs. Paul Winkler of Hamburg, Iowa, sent this picture.

AUTUMN'S CARPET

Down the lanes and woodland ways,
Nature makes a leafy carpet in the
autumn days.

Soft and thick beneath our feet,
A thing of beauty spread,
Rust and russet — flame and amber,
Yellow, gold and red. —Unknown

ABIGAIL'S LETTER — Concluded

with the Spanish attitudes towards the personal conduct expected of females in particular.

Meantime, back here the daily visit of the postman takes on added importance. With Clark's entrance into Jefferson High School we have a renewed interest in those activities and events. In addition, there are major painting and sewing projects to be done. First on the agenda is repainting our "senior high school" bedroom for Clark. Now it is time for me to say "Good-bye" until next month.

Sincerely,
Abigail

WE WON! (so did Mom)

Mom couldn't do much about the black eye, except for ice pack and sympathy. But the dirt, and stains, and ground-in grime . . . she could handle them, all right, with her new laundry "team".

With **Blue Drops** laundry detergent and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** in the washer, she could be confident that that filthy uniform would be sparkly clean for the next big game.

And that goes for everything else in the family's laundry hamper, too: from baby's diapers to filmy, dainty underthings. Everything that's washable needs **Blue Drops** detergent and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** (even fine synthetics and the new permanent-press fabrics). Put both of them on your team, next time you grocery-shop.



KITCHEN-KLATTER

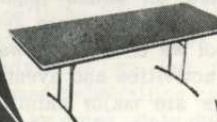
BLUE DROPS & SAFETY BLEACH

FAT GIRLS DIETS !

See Diet Specialist Ruth Pfahler's list in this paper on page 23.

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SUNDAY DRIVE — Concluded

weaving in and out of the traffic at the risk of his own and others' lives, he squeezed past us and into a small space in front of us. Then he began his performance of waltzing back and forth, straddling the line, trying to get around the car ahead, only to waltz back again to the small space in front of us, as a car came at him in the opposite lane.

All these drivers can be seen any Sunday afternoon on the highways.

CARDS OF THANKS — Concluded

almost as traditional as the day is itself. Mostly printed in fall colors, turkeys, fruit, vegetables, harvest scenes, old-fashioned country churches and beautifully foliaged trees have been and still are favorite designs.

The sentiment of the Thanksgiving Day greeting has not changed through the years either. The expression of gratitude for material plenty is still the real reason Americans send these greetings, as an early card said:

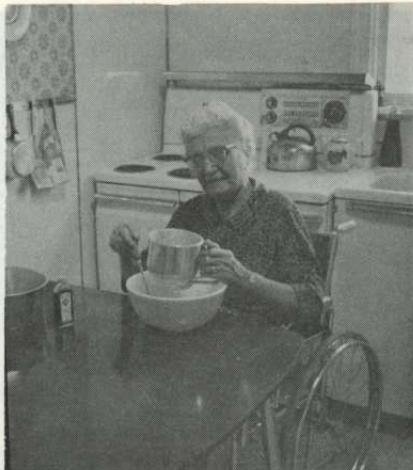
Hope you have a lot of cause

Thanks to be a-giving,

I'm as thankful as can be

Just that you are living.

The Pilgrims' gift to us, setting apart a day for giving thanks, started a custom which is one of the most significant and enjoyable to all people who live in this bountiful land. It is so appropriately American that the greetingest people in the world should express thankfulness to each other by sending Thanksgiving Day greetings.



Once or twice a week you could walk into Mother's kitchen and find her mixing up a cake. One of her favorites is angel food and she bakes them for special occasions that come up in the family.

THOUGHTS WHILE BAKING

A CAKE

by
Marie Mitchell

As I ticked off the ingredients during a cake-baking session, my mind wandered down the path of truths and pleasures connected with this fine art.

In the process of cake baking through the years, how many cups of flour have I sifted? How many pounds of butter, margarine or shortening have I creamed? How many cake pans have I greased? Enough to form the longest cake walk imaginable!

When flour has been added to cake batter, it cannot be removed. Similarly, words hastily spoken cannot be withdrawn as if they had never been said.

The sifting of flour ensures a cake of finer texture. If we sifted our words in our minds before saying them, couldn't it result in friendships of finer texture too?

A birthday isn't a birthday without a cake, of course — a fine homemade cake four layers high. He doesn't mind if you cheat a bit on the number of candles, providing you don't forget the date.

Again, baking someone's favorite cake, be it chocolate, spice, pound, or whatever, is a good way to rid yourself quickly and easily of the nagging feeling that someone is overdue something special to add a little sparkle to life.

Cakes are compatible with all seasons.

"What a cake!" cries a son enthusiastically as he comes into the kitchen, stamping snow off his boots. Two pieces of freshly frosted cake are cut, two glasses of cold fresh milk are filled. Soon a few crumbs upon two

plates are the only evidence that a companionable snack had been enjoyed.

Is cake baking a hobby, a talent, or a harmless vice? Whatever selection is indicated, I plead guilty to wanting to keep my thumb in fine form and fettle at every conceivable opportunity.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

For many of us outdoor gardening virtually ends with the advent of November. If your "green thumb" refuses to go dormant along with the garden, you will have to appease it with window gardening. This can be a rewarding and fascinating undertaking and all one needs to get started is a sunny window sill, a few plants and some good potting soil.

All plants need varying amounts of light and those that are grown for their bloom need more than those grown for their decorative foliage. If you don't have a window that faces to the south where it receives the most sun, you can settle for an east or west window and choose plants accordingly. Some of those that require a maximum amount of light are geraniums, fuchsias, shrimp plants, and abutilons. African violets, begonias, achimenes, campanulas, and all gesnerias will grow well without direct sunlight. The one nice thing about indoor gardening is that plants are movable and can be manipulated so that all receive some good light part time at least.

Most house plants like to rest during November and should not be prodded with fertilizer and over-watering. Many of them will make no appreciable growth until the days start to lengthen after the Christmas holidays.

Oftentimes readers will write in to ask why the lower leaves on their geraniums turn yellow and eventually drop off. Frequently, the cause is from too dry air and poor circulation of the air around the plants. If this happens, pinch the tops back severely (root these cuttings for outdoor planting in the spring) and see that the soil does not get overly dry. It is true that geraniums do not like their roots to be constantly soaked, but they do appreciate adequate watering and will respond accordingly with healthy green foliage and larger flower heads. We have learned in our greenhouse work that geraniums do better, too, if they are fertilized regularly with a well-balanced plant food when they are in active growth. We get deeper, brighter colors in the flowers and the plants have beautiful foliage when fed a 15-15-15 formula plant food.

NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

NEIGHBOR . . . BEHOLD HOW GOOD AND PLEASANT IT IS WHEN BROTHERS DWELL IN UNITY. . . GIVE TO THE POOR . . . LOVE YOUR ENEMIES AND DO THEM GOOD . . . HEAL THE SICK . . . A MAN'S LIFE CONSISTETH NOT IN ABUNDANCE OF THE THINGS WHICH HE POSSESSETH.

Leader:

Our days are spent in pleasant paths; We tread Christ-guided ways; We lift our hearts in thankfulness And sound our notes of praise; But God expects our LIVES TO SHOW The gratitude we feel; Our deeds to needy brothers given True thankfulness reveal. The cup of water in His name — The bread to needy sheep — Constant concern for fellow men — This is our command to keep.

Hymn: "Open My Eyes That I May See", verses 1 and 3.

Meditation: (Will need a reader-helper.) Thanksgiving Day. What does it mean to you? A football game, a big turkey dinner? A family reunion, a special church service? There should be gratitude expressed every day, in adversity and in prosperity, to our God of immeasurable love, but it is good to pause together for a time to recognize the Giver of all our blessings and to consider the ways of our gratitude.

For what are we grateful?

(As the speaker gives her list of blessings, she will pause after each one to allow her helper to read a clipping of contrast from current news in daily paper.

A GOOD HARVEST (Clipping on famine.)

PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD FOR OUR TABLES (Clipping of a starving people.)

OUR HOME (Clipping on the homeless.)

OUR SCHOOLS (Clipping on illiteracy in Appalachia.)

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS OPPORTUNITIES FOR LEADERSHIP (Clipping on failure at peace talks.)

FOR THE SEASONS OF SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER. (Clipping on damage of a tornado.)

FOR FLOWERS AND TREES (Clipping of vandalism.)

OUR CHURCH AND CHURCH SCHOOL (Clipping on places where there can be no churches.)

OPPORTUNITIES FOR SERVICE FOR OTHERS (Clipping about some crime or injury being done while onlookers watch without offering aid.)

Are you thankful for your blessings? How does your gratitude show, not just on the last Thursday in November but every day that you live? "Think on these things!" Opportunities lie before us every day, on every hand. Do you

need them?

Leader: May God warm our hearts with His love. Helen Steiner Rice puts it this way:

Oh God, who made the summer and warmed the earth with beauty, Warm our hearts with gratitude and devotion to our duty,

For in this age of violence, rebellion and defiance

We've forgotten the true meaning of dependable reliance.

We have lost our sense of duty and our sense of values, too, And what was once unsanctioned, no longer is taboo.

Our standards have been lowered and we resist all discipline, And our vision has been narrowed and blinded to trouble and sin.

Oh, put the summer brightness in our closed unseeing eyes

So in the careworn faces that we pass we'll recognize

The heartbreak and loneliness, the trouble and despair That a word of understanding would make easier to bear.

Oh, God, look down on our cold hearts and warm them with Your love,

And grant us Thy forgiveness which we're so unworthy of. Amen

Hymn: "For All the Blessings of the Year" or "Now Thank We All Our God!"

Benediction: Open our eyes and our hearts, dear God, that we may be fully

aware of our blessings — the little things that come our way, those things we so often take for granted, the miracles of every day which we are too blind to see. Help each of us to remember that the key to true gratitude is giving and living and send us forth to be about Thy business of love and concern for others to make every day a day of ThanksLIVING. Amen

GRATEFUL PRAYER

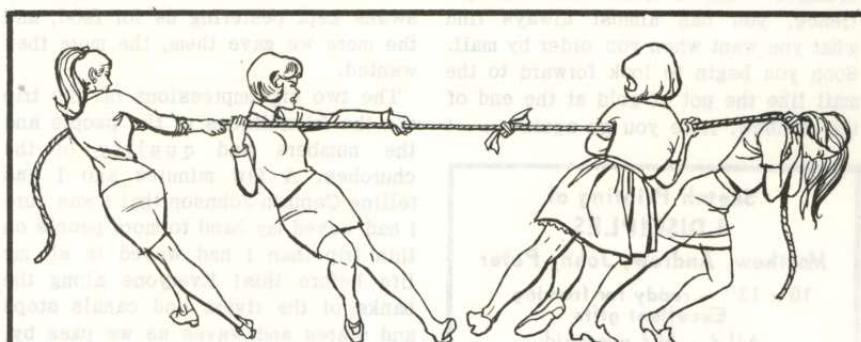
God likes it when we pray the prayer of gratitude on Thanksgiving Day.

Our joy in shelter, food, warm fires and those we love, our thanks for them made clear, shows understanding of the blessings of the year.

Our praise proves we have seen, in matter and in mind, progressions — what they mean: that the seed is kind whether in land or heart and as the sun and rain, and we, have done our part there has been growth and gain.

God has His ways to lead us always when we seek Him out in urgent need; He understands us, meek in reverence; but as dear is the glad prayer of the strong, who with him persevere, singing a confident song.

—Helen Harrington

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Whatever your reasons, ladies, we love you . . . and we're going to keep right on meriting your confidence.

(And if you haven't tried **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, pick some up at your grocery store. You'll like our team!)

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

SEWING SUPPLIES BY MAIL — Concl.
 about everything! — at discount prices. Their ad states "Save to 50% on hundreds of items", and if there are sewing supplies you need, usual or unusual, it's very likely that they will have them. Just a sample of the sometimes-hard-to-find items they carry are sequins by the yard, pearl beads for trimming bridal gowns, specialty buttonhole scissors and thread clippers, scalloping shears, genuine mink buttons, horsehair braid, dry-cleanable or washable weighted tape to use for curtain hems or garments, insulated linings, plastic apron clips, tape, boning for bathing suits, lingerie shoulder guards, and the current fad of maribou (feathers) by the yard for robes and evening wear. This catalog seems to have most of the conventional sewing aids you will need and many specialties — there just is not room here to list them all! I send once a year for the current copy of this catalog, for I absolutely wouldn't be without it. Try it and see if you don't agree with me.

And now, your problems are solved, for you've found where to order the fabric, the trim, the zipper, for that Dream Dress. Or are they? "Well, no," you admit, "For while I was looking at the catalogs I found this lovely new pattern. It would be perfect trimmed with some metallic floral-pattern tape. Oh, yes, and I'm planning a new pant-dress, too."

So — one dream realized, two more dreamed. With a little time and patience, you can almost always find what you want when you order by mail. Soon you begin to look forward to the mail like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Here you go again . . . !

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Little James Lowey, pictured with his father and Grandfather Lowey.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
 swiftest. But wherever the current is, it is the boat going up river that has the right of way. Part of the problem is the fact that at all times there are big boats passing you as well as meeting you. It is really something to experience, and rather unnerving at times, and it is something that you simply cannot comprehend until you do experience it.

Finding a place to park a big yacht like this one is not easy. On several nights we have tied up to another boat in a little lagoon or some small harbor out of the way of the main stream of river traffic. One night on the Rhine there were four boats all tied side by side with anchors out. Last night we were tied alongside a beautiful sailing yacht in the lagoon of a lovely park in Coblenz, Germany. We had an unusual problem there, and that was the swans. Believe it or not, several big white swans kept pestering us for food, and the more we gave them, the more they wanted.

The two big impressions of this trip are the friendliness of the people and the numbers and quality of the churches. A few minutes ago I was telling Captain Johnson that I was sure I had waved my hand to more people on this trip than I had waved in all my life before this! Everyone along the banks of the rivers and canals stops and stares and waves as we pass by, and of course all the pilots of the other boats wave to us. There is a wonderful spirit of comradeship between boat

people, and we feel complimented to be accepted as "one of the clan". The most excited waving comes from the big tourist boats that happen to have some Americans aboard. As soon as the Americans see the American flag flying from our red, white, and blue yacht, they wave madly and call to us, and we wave and call back.

I believe that the most lasting impression of this wonderful trip will be the churches. Every village has one and sometimes two or three big, beautiful stone churches with high spires. At sunset the church bells ring, and as dusk falls over the river and we begin to look for a place to stop for the night, a feeling of peace comes over us. Always my last prayer before sleeping is: "Dear God, please save this beautiful land and these good people from another war."

Next month I shall tell you more about this interesting chapter of our life.

Sincerely,

Friedrich

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

Another thing we'd never seen before was the very large number of log cabins and log outbuildings in northern Colorado. Most of these buildings were in active use — we saw only a very few that seemed to be abandoned.

The western slope of Colorado is surely a very, very beautiful section of country. We were particularly taken with Grand Junction, a town that Howard said he'd like to live in when he retires. We could never remember ever seeing a town with such gorgeous displays of flowers. The climate and the soil must be just right for roses, snapdragons, carnations, etc. I suppose their winters are very hard, but summer must be perfect for flowers.

At this point I must tell you that Highway 789 goes through Ouray, Silverton and Durango. Now if you love mountain driving you'll have a marvelous time on that road, but if you're as nervous as I am about sheer drops, no guard rails, etc., STAY OFF IT. The road has just enough room for two cars, and there are such endless sharp curves that 5 miles per hour is the posted speed at many places. Howard never lifted his eyes from the road — and I didn't either! Both of us missed what many people consider the most spectacular scenery in the United States, but it just couldn't be helped. Nothing in the world could ever induce me to go over that road again.

Next month Juliana is going to write to you and she'll bring you up to date on James and their daily life.

Until then . . .

Ruth

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BEAUTIFUL SOAP doilies. Nylon net and flowers trim. \$1.50. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo. 63561.

APRONS: Percales — \$1.35 or five different — \$6.00; Organdy — \$1.75; Xmas print — \$1.35. Postpaid. Winkler, R 4, Hudsonville, Mich. 49426.

DAINTY FLORAL tatting hand decorated note cards, envelopes, 10 for \$1.25. Esther Gommels, Manson, Iowa 50563.

WANTED: Kitchen-Klatters — 1939 through 1949. Please write first. Mrs. Moir, 1 Linden Road, Sudbury, Mass. 01776.

FIVE POINT STAR, double scalloped edge, 15" metallic centerpiece — \$3.00. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton, Ohio 44708.

EMBROIDERED DISH TOWELS — 60¢. Large crochet pineapple doily — \$5.00; Crochet ripple baby afghan — \$10.00. Many more articles. Mrs. Julius Bisek, 311 E. Main, New Prague, Minn. 56071.

CROCHETED PINE TREE picture pot-holders. Tatted handkerchiefs — 50¢ each. Thank you. Mary Langhorst, Box 341, Dodge, Nebr. 68633.

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS fancy gingham aprons — \$3.00 each. Smocked, spider web medallions, Queen Anne's lace. Give color. Ad good anytime. Louise Dudley, Cowgill, Mo. 64637.

BI-MONTHLY FLOWER, gardening, nature magazine. Sample 25¢. \$1.50 per year; Back issues — 10¢ plus stamp. Country World, R #2-KK, Carmi, Ill. 62821.

SEND FOR PATTERNS for magnetic refrigerator. Raccoon, elephant, dachshund, blue bird, stuffed mouse, fish (3), goose. All for \$1.25. Ask for set #3. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Rt. 2, Garner, Iowa 50438.

PATTERNS you'll love! 40¢. List 10¢. Preister, Northbend, Nebr. 68649.

CHURCH WOMEN: will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

FREMONT FAMILIES FAVORITES: Cookbook compiled by Farm Bureau Women. \$2.85 postpaid. Mrs. Lloyd Lorimor, Rt. 2, Farragut, Iowa 51639.

BARBIE, KEN, Skipper clothes. 35¢ each plus postage. Joan Laughlin, Seymour, Ia.

SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS, Cashews, Almonds, Brazil, Black Walnuts, Pecans \$1.75lb. Sassafras \$4.00lb. Dried Mushrooms \$4.50lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago.

BARBIE'S SPECIAL: 14 piece wardrobe, 7 outfits for only \$5.00. Mrs. Patty Kennedy, 714 No. 16, Nebraska City, Nebr. 68410.

FREE CASH REFUNDS from food manufacturers: 25¢, 50¢, dollars. Hundred offers listed in our monthly magazine. Three months \$1.00. GOLDEN COINS, 364, Muscatine, Iowa 52761.

PRETTY CROSS-STITCH gingham aprons, nice wide borders — \$2.75. Machine embroidered print \$1.85. Martha Klinehart, RR 1, Nashua, Iowa 50658.

TWO BOOKS, "Old Mills in Midwest", "Covered Bridges". Ideal Xmas Gift. Swanson's, Box 334-KK, Moline, Ill. 61265

FINE COTTON HANKIES — 75¢; linen — \$1.00. All white or variegated blue or pink crocheted edges. Cash postpaid. Lorraine Eichman, Haddam, Kansas 66944.

RECIPES: 50 choice no-bake cookies — \$1.00; 50 luscious cakes money can't buy — \$1.00. Both for \$1.75. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

KOWANDA METHODIST COOKBOOK: 250 signed recipes by church ladies. With pages of basic cooking information. Loose leafed. \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. Glen Paulsen, Oshkosh, Nebr. 69154.

BARBIE, FRANCIE, SKIPPER, KEN doll clothes. Well made, fine materials. Eight piece wardrobe \$5.25 plus 25¢ postage and handling. Stamped envelope for price list of individual garments. Ad good all year. Audrey Westfall, 106 South Broadway, Toledo, Iowa 52342.

SNOWBALL or SNOWMAN candles — \$1.00. Pastel shades. Alma Travis, R. 3, Kearney, Nebr. 68847.

SEND FOR PATTERN for large Humpty-Dumpty doll. \$1.00. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, R. 2, Garner, Iowa 50438.

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NEVER DULL! — Concluded

of the list we compiled; you could add much more for we just scratched the surface in the short time we were together.

It was a great convention and I wish I could share the actual color, the enthusiasm, the sense of fellowship, the music and the inspiring speeches with each of you. It was just the beginning of what can be done in worship. One gentleman spoke well when he stated, "Many new ideas and fresh experiences of worship as well as beautiful traditional patterns are shown here, and it's about time!"

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RUTH PFAHLER, Diet Specialist, Dept. 13-18, Decatur, Ill. 62525.

Name _____ Address _____

Poetry

NOVEMBER'S HERE

Overshoes stand near mittens and caps,
Kittens by the fire take long, cozy
naps,
Dogs chase and frolic in falling snow,
Baby in the window laughs at their
show.
Mother's in the kitchen making mince
pies,
Father shovels walks under gloomy
skies,
Junior's train whistles on the parlor
floor,
Sister's cutting paper dolls . . . this
one tore!
Autumn's yearly harvest is finished
now,
Shocks are in the cornfield, hay in the
mow.
Now begins the best season of the
year;
Look at the calendar . . . November's
here!

—Inez Baker

SETTLING THOUGHT

Now that my family's all full-grown
And raising babies of their own,
I marvel at the rapid pace,
With which they face our big "rat race".
They stay up late; they get up early,
A merry-go-round, a hurly-burly,
While I have slowed to a creep and
crawl,
And joys of youth begin to pall.
Their energy just wears me out.
While on this subject, I'm about
To say, if there's a handicap
That's called the "generation gap",
About which some are quizzical,
I'm sure it's mostly physical.

—Gladise Kelly

MODERN PILGRIMS

If Pilgrims were living in this age —
today,
I wonder just what they would have to
say;
The turkeys, all dressed and ready to
bake,
Dressing in boxes — just moisten and
shake.
Canned pumpkin, mincemeat, canned
cranberries, too,
A box of pie mix — all they'd have to
do —
Open, mix, fix it, the ovens are heated,
In just a short time the meal is com-
pleted.

Or, if too tired, they could gather their
guests,
Flip yellow pages for cafes they'd like
best.
Would they be more thankful, our pious
pioneers
Who trail blazed the way for us through
the years? —Mollie Pitluck Bell

THE TATTLETALE

"You think she's so nice,
You know what she said?"
I let the sharp gossip
Float over my head.
Told out of context
The meaning may change,
Words spoken in jest
Can begin to sound strange.

And in the transit
A story may grow,
Enlarge and destroy
Like a hurricane's blow.

Shall I tell her the proverb
So old and still true?
Mom told it to me.
I'll tell it to you.

BEWARE OF THE DOG
WITH A BONE TO CHEW.
IF HE'LL DRAG ONE FROM ME,
HE'LL DRAG ONE FROM YOU!!

—Leta Fulmer

BABY'S PHOTOGRAPH

A grandchild was born the other day,
About two thousand miles away,
And right away I got a slide,
Sent with all the parents' pride.
Around the babe the father hovers,
But all I see are eyes and covers.

—Gladise Kelly

MY FARM IN WINTER

A perfect hill for coasting,
A glassy pond to skate —
My rural home in winter
Is absolutely great!

When outside chores are finished,
The kitchen's warm and bright
As Dad and I drink coffee
That Mom has brewed just right.

A closed-in feeling settles
With snow that winters bring;
A warm and happy snugness
That's in my heart till Spring.

—Kristin Brase

The guest list isn't the only

thing that's different.



Can you imagine what it must have been like to try to prepare a meal for company . . . without any of today's cooking conveniences? Even your grandmother didn't have the short cuts you have: frozen and freeze-dried foods, brown-and-serve breads, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

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