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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 34

NOVEMBER, 1970

NUMBER 11



-H. Armstrong Roberts

70
MRS. W. E. P. A. 4-10-70
302 HAMBURG AVE
ST. JOSEPH, MO. 64502



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.

Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Albuquerque, N. M.

Dear Good Friends:

My! What a gorgeous October morning this is! We are accustomed to blue, blue skies in New Mexico, but when October arrives there is an intensity of color that we rarely see at any other time of the year. Very shortly the mountain aspens will turn golden, and then it will truly be a breathtaking sight.

Juliana just now ran in and out to borrow some window cleaner, and from her breathless haste I knew that this was going to be a jam-packed day. Her bridge club arrives at 2:00 o'clock and we all know what a frantic going-over the house gets on such occasions. Most of the members are girls of her own age who have small children and I'm sure they're not given to peering around critically, but even so you like to have things slicked up as much as possible and you're anxious to have the refreshments turn out just right. The only thing I could think of to do to help was to ask Juliana, Jed and the children to come across the street for dinner tonight, so at 6:00 o'clock we'll sit down to a leg of lamb and the long-anticipated day will be almost over.

After so many years of good driving conditions for these treks to New Mexico it seems rather strange that 1970 should see an about face. Back in early spring Mae, Eula and I were blizzard-bound in Amarillo, Texas, and this last trip out in mid-September was very bad as far as the weather is concerned. The three of us, plus Howard, left Shenandoah in a torrential downpour and never once did we run out of it as we had fully expected to do. The windshield wipers worked frantically the entire day, and when we reached LaMar, Colorado, (a distance of 658 miles) we were just about pulverized. I think that was the worst day I've ever spent on the road, barring none.

The next morning we got up to bright skies, thank goodness, so we could

enjoy the beautiful drive down through Raton, Las Vegas and finally Albuquerque. We arrived too late to see James and Katharine that night, but the next morning Juliana brought them over about 9:00 o'clock and I felt that my long-anticipated visit had finally begun.

Katharine is an adorable baby, and if I do say so myself in typical grandmother fashion, she is unusually pretty. Her hair was jet black when she was born, but now it is dark brown with such intense auburn highlights that it looks copper colored in full sunshine. Her eyes are a deep blue . . . sometimes. I think it's too early to know what color they will be when she is older.

In a way I'm surprised that she is so solid and plump for she has been (and still is) what we call a colicky baby. At the same age James had a widely varied diet of strained baby foods and enjoyed them, but it is a real struggle to get even one teaspoon of cereal into Katharine's mouth. And as for strained applesauce and comparable things . . . well, she can put up an amazing fight. Her sensible pediatrician tells Juliana not to fret — says she is a very healthy baby and will come around to something other than milk in due time.

All of us say that it's so nice to have a cuddly baby! She loves to be held and will smile happily and try to talk for long periods of time as long as there is activity going on around her. James could never stand to be cuddled in any way and still scrambles to get down if you try to pick him up. All in all, Juliana is learning at first hand that children can be completely different in every conceivable respect. I haven't yet noticed a single characteristic in which they seem to be alike.

On this trip I feel that I'm really getting acquainted with James for he is talking fluently now and holding up his end of long conversations. Never have I seen a child with such a passion for machines! I've never paid much attention to heavy equipment, so it amuses me when we're out riding to have him

correct me firmly if I confuse a road scraper with a bulldozer. There is much building going on in this area and his idea of sheer joy is to watch big cranes pick up beams, dump trucks dumping their big loads, and cement mixers grinding away.

The other day when we were out riding I glanced up and said idly: "Look, James, there's a plane in the sky." He looked and said instantly: "That's a helicopter with a big propeller to make it go." And so it was. I just thought of anything in the sky as a plane, but he's a child of our Time knowing the difference.

Incidentally, just the day before we arrived Juliana had a real scare. James had been put down in his crib for his afternoon nap, and as usual he sang and talked for a long time. Suddenly it was quiet, so she opened the door just a crack to peep in and see if he had gone to sleep. There was no James in the crib, and at that she rushed in and called him. Not a sound . . . no sight of him. As she stood there completely flabbergasted she heard a merry giggle, and then she discovered that he had climbed up on the railing of his crib and hidden on the window ledge behind the curtains! Jed says that the ledge is only 3½ inches wide and is a little over 4 feet from the floor, so he had to be a human fly to manage it.

Aren't these big suburban shopping centers really something for people who live in small towns? We spent a couple of hours the other day at the Coronado Shopping Center and I thoroughly enjoyed seeing the tremendous quantity of merchandise displayed. My one foremost goal had been to do "The Grandmother Act" and I'll give you exactly one guess as to what this means! But after this had been accomplished we went to a fine bookstore and I noticed several copies of a book that I've been wanting to mention to you friends.

Hard Times, An Oral History of the Great Depression by Studs Terkel is one of the most absorbing things that I've come across for a long, long time. This is a skillfully edited collection of dozens and dozens of tape recordings by a tremendously varied group of people who simply remembered in a relaxed way how they had lived through the depression years. It gives you a picture of this country that we've never had before and is invaluable as a piece of real Americana. I cannot imagine anyone, regardless of his age or background, who wouldn't find this fascinating.

Before long Juliana expects a visit from her dear friend, Chris Crouse of San Francisco. She wants her parents in Roswell to see little Keith, so on

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I have been busy in the kitchen baking all morning, although I would much rather be outside with Frank on this beautiful fall day. He has been trying to get some of the dead elm trees cleaned up and burned. As soon as the trees are dead it doesn't take long for the bark to fall off, and then the least little wind will break off limbs. Sometimes the whole tree will go down with the limbs breaking and flying in all directions. We had many elms in the pasture north of our house, and Frank likes to mow it several times during the summer to keep the weeds down. This summer it was impossible to mow because of the fallen trees. After he got the last hay crop in and it was too wet to plow, he decided to work on the trees.

Right now I have a loaf of cranberry-orange bread in the oven. The Birthday Club I belong to is having a bake sale, rummage sale, and luncheon tomorrow at the community hall in Lucas, and since there are only twelve members in our group, we each have to furnish several things so we can have a nice sale. I made several dozen cookies, some caramel apples, and the bread. I still have a salad and two pies to make, and would like to make a fresh apple cake. We ordered a new stove and I was in hopes it could have been installed yesterday with all this cooking to do today, but it didn't come.

Frank's sister Bernie and her friend Belvah Baker and Aunt Delia Johnson just returned from a two weeks' trip to Roswell, New Mexico, where they visited Edna and Raymond Halls, Frank's sister and her husband. We were awfully glad Bernie could give us such a good report about Edna, who has been feeling much better. Bernie also took another friend with her as far as Tucumcari, where she took a bus on to Santa Fe to visit relatives. Edna and Raymond had planned a whole week of activities and side trips for them so they could see as much of that area of New Mexico as possible, since none of the girls had ever been there before. Bernie came home completely sold on New Mexico, and said everywhere they went and everything they saw was beautiful. They spent one day in Carlsbad Caverns, which of course are spectacular. This is a place I would like to



Kristin sent this picture of Aaron and Andrew in her last letter to her parents. She wrote that Aaron is simply lost without his big brother to play with all day long.

see sometime. On the day they drove to Alamogordo and on down to see the White Sands National Monument, they drove through Ruidoso and saw the large and famous race track. They were also in Capitan where Smokey the Bear was born and was burned so badly in a forest fire.

They stopped at the beautiful Pine Lodge where hunters come and stay during the bear season. Bernie said the bear season was open, but they didn't see any. In fact, they didn't even see any antelope or deer at any time on their trip except in the Roswell Zoo.

Coming home they drove through the Ozarks and stopped in Silver Dollar City, which they thought was most interesting. They fell in love with Eureka Springs, Ark., and thought it was one of the most unusual and beautiful towns they were in.

Frank and I were happy they had such a successful trip with no car trouble of any kind. And most important of all, that Edna was feeling so well she was able to accompany them everywhere they went. This was the happiest message we had heard for months.

Frank just called for me to come out to watch a big flock of geese as they passed over the house headed south. They were flying very low and we could clearly see how large they were and the color of their wings. I don't know if this is an ominous sign or not, but it seemed to us the geese started going south much earlier than usual.

The trees started turning yellow earlier this year, also. I don't know if it was the dry summer or the wet fall which caused this, but they started turning long before we even had a

frost. This is my favorite season of the year on the farm, and we hoped we'd have a visit in October from a friend of ours whose home is in Washington, D. C. Mary was born on a farm in Ohio but has never been in Iowa, so when she planned a trip to California in October we suggested she stop off and see us a few days. The timber is always beautiful, the crops are soon to be harvested, and we just wanted her to see an Iowa farm in the fall. She wrote that her schedule couldn't be worked out to include the stop this time, but I have written her again trying to get her to change her mind.

Kristin's family is well and busy. When I was out in Laramie Andy was unhappy because he was going to a different school this year, since they had moved to another area of the city. He decided he would go home to live with me so he wouldn't have to go to school. When I told him he would have to go to school anyway he said he might just as well stay there then. When he went to the new school it was so crowded that the school board decided to send all of those beyond a certain street to the other school. When Kristin told Andy he would go back to Thayer School the next day he was really excited and happy. He rides the school bus, and has hot lunch at school, both of which are new experiences for him. I'll bet Aaron is one lonesome little boy with Andy gone all day this year.

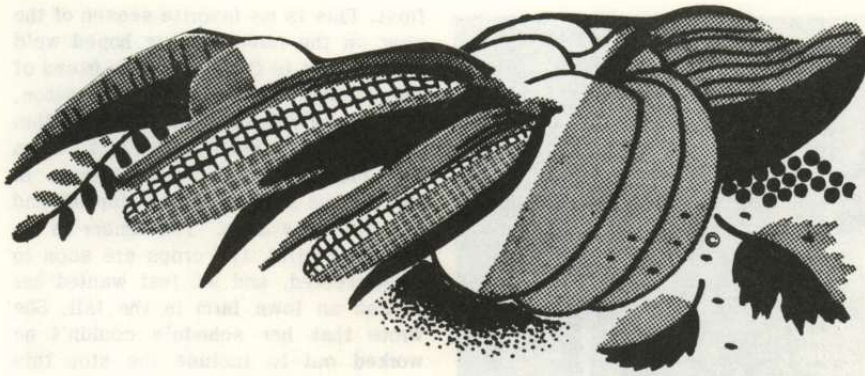
Before school started I made Andy four long-sleeved T-shirts, which Kristin said fit him so well and washed so beautifully, drying without a wrinkle, that she wondered if she could prevail upon me to make him a couple more. I made him three and got them in the mail this week. Aaron didn't need any shirts but Grandma had to send him something, so I got a cute pair of bedroom slippers that looked like little puppies. He likes shoes he can put on by himself, and I know he will love these.

Kristin is enjoying her work very much. She is working part time as a counsellor in one of the elementary schools in Laramie, and attending classes at the University in the afternoon. While the weather was nice this fall they started working on the patio they are putting in the back yard, made with flat rocks and cement. They like what they have done so far.

I must take the bread out of the oven and get busy making the salad and pies. Bernie just called and said to put her name on the bread so it wouldn't get sold to anyone else. Until next month . . .

Sincerely, *Dorothy*

Sing a song of Thanksgiving time,
Call it forth with glee;
For we all have heaps of blessings —
Just count them in and see!



Remember Now Thy Creator

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Spread a cloth of deep brown on the altar or on a small table. Place an arrangement of choice fruits and vegetables toward the center back, with a shallow wooden bowl placed in front of it. To the right place a candleholder with an unlighted autumn-colored candle.

Have ready five kernels of corn to be placed in the bowl as indicated in the service.

Quiet Music (continues through Call to Worship and to the opening hymn): "Come Ye Thankful People, Come".

Call to Worship:

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be!

How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who giveth all?

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

Hymn: (all) "Come Ye Thankful People, Come".

Prayer: Our Heavenly Father, we come to Thee many times to voice our requests, but too seldom to express our thanks. We often complain about the things that are not to our liking, but often forget to offer Thee praise for all the many good gifts that come to us each day. Now, on this day set aside by our forefathers, we are reminded to "remember our Creator".

We give thanks to Thee for life itself, for the goodness and beauty of each new day. We thank Thee for our families, and that we and our loved ones can in Thee find the hope and promise for tomorrow.

Keep us ever aware of the daily miracles Thou bestows upon us, and keep alive in each heart a sense of wonder and appreciation for all the blessings of nature, of knowledge, and of science, which come from Thee.

Give us a truly thankful heart, O Lord, that will enable us to live in a

spirit of rejoicing, in generous sharing with all mankind, abiding always in the assurance of Thy great love. Amen

Leader: We here in the United States tend to think of Thanksgiving as our own special holiday, but the fact is it is one of the oldest celebrations in the world. Thanksgiving is a harvest festival, and from the beginning of recorded time the harvest has been man's way of survival.

Down through the centuries has come the story of the festival of praise held annually by the Hebrew people. It was called *Shabuoth*, the Festival of the First Fruits, and was a time of great rejoicing and thanksgiving.

It was one of the old Hebrew laws that the head of every household should journey to Jerusalem to place upon the altar of the great Temple a gift of the first fruits of his orchards and a measure of his grain.

What a joyous occasion it was! Often the men took their families with them. The roads to Jerusalem would be filled with these travelers, and friends found it a time for visiting and singing together. Sometimes it took many days for this journey on foot from their homes to the Holy City. At night they would rest under the stars, gathering around the campfires to catch up on the latest family news, to share the news brought by the camel caravans, to tell the stories of their tribes handed down from generation to generation. Above all, they were eager to make this journey to keep this festival of praise and thanksgiving to their Jehovah, who had given them life, and food, and shelter, and hope.

Scripture Readings: (This may be read by one person, or by two readers alternately. They wear dark choir robes.)

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His holy place?

The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof: the world and they that dwell therein. I will extol Thee, my King: and I will bless Thy name forever and ever.

I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together; Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

He watereth the hills from His chambers; the earth is satisfied with the fruit of Thy works. He causes the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.

'O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou hast made them all; The earth is full of Thy riches.

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name: make known His deeds among the people.

Leader: The Pilgrims who settled our country were Puritans, religious reformers in Europe. Whether or not we agree with their particular expression of faith, we must remember that our heritage from them is a religious one, one of the important parts of which is Thanksgiving Day.

It was Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony who called upon his fellow Pilgrims to observe a special day of Thanksgiving that fall of 1621. George Winslow, later governor of the colony, wrote this account of that first Thanksgiving to a friend in England on December 11, 1621:

"God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn, and our barley indifferent good. But our peas are not worth gathering Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out fowling, that so we might, after a more special manner, rejoice together

"These four, in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the company almost a week many of the Indians coming among us, and amongst the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom, for three days, we entertained and feasted; and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation

"Although it is not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet, by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we wish you partakers of our plentie."

Old records and legends tell us it was a jubilant and prayerful time, but when the palefaces emptied their

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

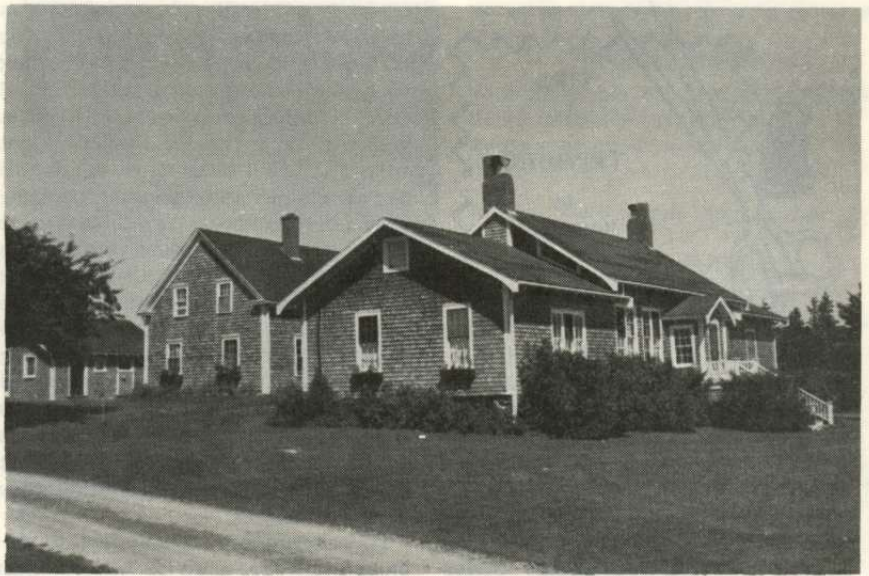
By now I am sure that you have heard that Betty's father has sold the beautiful summer estate in Nova Scotia. For twelve summers we have had the use of it, and its sale is a blow to us. Actually, we have known for two years that it was for sale, but until now, no one had shown any interest in such a large and extensive place. It was becoming more and more difficult to maintain it, and as the family members developed other interests, there were fewer and fewer of us to use it. There were twelve bedrooms and eleven bathrooms, many hundreds of acres of woods, and seven lakes. Of course we loved every rock and tree, and in the years that we used it, I think that we have soaked up enough beauty to last us a lifetime.

Our church people are going to miss it. Each year for the past ten years we have taken anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five church members with us as our guests, and just this past summer thirty-five of them helped to make it one of the friendliest and nicest summers we ever have had. As the word about its sale has leaked out, our phone has been ringing day and night with calls from church members thanking us for having permitted them to share Argyle Lodge at sometime in the past. Without exception, people have asked: "Now what are you going to do in the summer?"

Before we left Nova Scotia last August, we looked around for another place, and we found one that we would very much like to have. There is one big problem: the present owner does not want to sell. We are thinking of buying a house to which we could retire someday. We would not want to live in Nova Scotia all through the year, but I do think that we would like to spend six months of the year there, and then perhaps spend the other six months in Rhode Island, or perhaps in Florida. We want the next place to be right on the ocean so that we can have a large sailboat.

Right now, we are thinking in terms of nice summer travel. For a long time we have wanted to visit Oregon and Washington and British Columbia. We probably will go out there next summer, flying to San Francisco and then renting a car for the drive north. Once we get as far north as Vancouver, we shall probably take the boat trip up to Alaska. Yes, we might even decide to go on from there to Japan. Time will tell.

There is one disturbing development in our city that has us very worried — the increase in robberies and purse-snatching. In the past few months,



Frederick and his family will miss the summer vacations at Argyle Lodge.

several of our church members have been attacked while on the way to church, and almost without exception, those attacked have been women. Just last week one lady was attacked by three boys who knocked her to the ground in an effort to snatch her purse. She was left with a broken hip and a broken arm. Our church secretary had her purse taken right outside the church parking lot, and that resulted in our having to have every lock in the church changed because of the keys that were in her purse.

Last Saturday we had the most brazen incident of this kind. During a beautiful wedding reception in the church parlors, three boys walked into the ladies' cloakroom and snatched a purse. The police were very prompt in catching the boys with the help of some of the people at the reception. Later that day at the police station, the detectives asked if I would be willing to go to court to testify against the boys. One of them said: "Dr. Driftmier, I hope that you will agree to back up the police in the court. So many people are willing to drop all charges once they have their belongings returned to them. More often than not they say: 'Oh I don't want to get involved. I don't want somebody getting revenge on me!' And that makes it so hard for us policemen."

Naturally, I feel a reluctance to speak against three boys, and of course as a clergyman I have much compassion and sense of forgiveness. However, this time I am going to testify against the thieves. Too many women are being hurt by these purse snatchers, and I think that attacking women is just about the lowest form of criminality. If people are not willing to place charges against those guilty of such foul conduct, they not only endanger the com-

munity, they hurt the guilty ones too.

For many years we have been wanting to put wall-to-wall carpeting in our parish house where we have all of our church parlors, Sunday school rooms, and office spaces, but always we have thought that it was too expensive a proposition. A few bad accidents on freshly waxed floors changed our opinion, and now the carpeting is being installed in the corridors and offices. Perhaps someday we shall be able to put carpeting in the classrooms too.

If you ever have been on a committee that is responsible for the housekeeping details of a large building, you know how much time is given to keeping the floors clean and waxed. Here at the church we observed that our church sexton spent more of his time polishing floors than he did doing anything else. With carpeting on the floors, the sexton will do much less cleaning. Now it appears that he will only have to run the vacuum cleaner once a week. In addition to the economy involved with floor maintenance, the beautiful carpeting is much more handsome than the brown cork tile floor used to be, and it also does much to make the building quieter. In a few years you can ask me how the carpeting wears. We put down the same carpeting that is in our local airport, and at the airport more than two million people walk on the carpet each year.

For more than fifteen years it has been my custom to send each member of the church a personal letter on his or her birthday, and always I have had a special letter form printed for just that use. One year I had a picture of the church on one side of the paper, and other years I have used more personal pictures. This year we are trying a four-page folder with the first page

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Just a few years ago, a friend and I were looking at a fashion magazine together. The pictures were of dresses styled with the utmost simplicity, relying on perfection of cut and color for their effect. She shook her head with regret. "They say the current styles are in good taste," she said wistfully, "yet I long for the days when they used some trimming. These dresses are so plain!"

But the tide has turned, and her comment no longer applies. It's been many a year since trims were used so lavishly, and with so much freedom of individual expression. There's a little knack, too, to knowing just which trims can be combined, and how much is enough, and exactly where to stop short of "too much". What's termed the Ethnic Look is very much in, with peasant outfits, Western garb, early America and Indian proving especially favored.

I remember, when our girls were small, that peasant outfits were extremely popular. (Fashions go in cycles, and it's been just long enough for the cycle to come around full turn again.) From the catalog we chose two lengths of Tyrolean print. Both pieces combined peacock blue, white, and black; one piece also added a touch of red in the print. The catalog also showed ready-made peasant dresses (at a ridiculously high price for washable cotton) that were trimmed with front lacing, three buttons alongside each side of the lacing, rickrack, and frills of lace. All on one dress? I was appalled, for I'd been taught to trim with restraint, and yet . . . there was no superfluous trim on the dress illustrated. Every bit of it served to accentuate the peasant mood. With this in mind, I began to choose the trim needed to sew their dresses. White lace for both, and white lacing for the front — grosgrain ribbon in a narrow width was chosen for this. Black and white buttons with an elaborate scrolled design, and a jeweled center, to be used on both — but no, only for one; for the print that lacked red, we would choose the same style buttons in red and white. Now for the rickrack, the small-

est size, to be sewn onto the dresses over the attached edge of the lace; by laying black, red, and white against each piece of print, the colors almost chose themselves: white for the print with red, and red for the print that lacked it. As I made them up, I still had misgivings as to so much trimming used all together, but seldom have there ever been so many compliments received on any style, either. Still more surprising was the fact that everyone assumed that the two dresses were identical; the additional red trimming on the one balanced the amount of red in the print of the other, and it was necessary to place the two dresses side by side, and compare them point by point, to be convinced that they were not identical.

This experience causes me to approach this year's styles with an open mind. It is perfectly possible to combine trims for a fresh and unexpected effect, and the notions counters offer such a glorious assortment of trims from which to choose that it nearly makes your head whirl. From simple to elegant, embroidered, braided, metallic, silk, wool, cotton and Mylar, fringe, rickrack, banding, piping, frogs, scrolls, ruffles — is there no end to the variety? Added to this is the popularity of beading, sequins, gorgeous buttons, or touches of handwork such as embroidery or smocking, and you have individuality indeed.

Those of you who have taken up the fascinating art of making lingerie are of course familiar with the various nylon laces offered by the lingerie supply shops. Still and all, one of my favorites is widely available, and that is the Flexi-Lace that has a bit of stretch of its own. It comes in black, and white, and a bouquet of sherbet colors, plus a choice of narrow width or wide, and its uses seem limited only by the limits of your own imagination. For banding, for hems, for facings, simply for trim, to edge bodices on slips or gowns, it has proven itself one of the most versatile trims on the market today. If you've not already tried it, you certainly owe it to yourself to do so.

There are many purchased trims for "instant frosting" that you are familiar with: heavy Venice lace (a favorite of mine) that wears well and always looks fresh, eyelet ruffling or beading or banding, or the deceptively fragile-appearing trims that launder well, and often are treated to need no ironing; among them are the crystal pleated nylon edging, pre-ruffled lace, or the confectionery combination of embroidered banding in multi-pastels edged with frills of dainty lace.

A bit heavier and more elegant are the metallic cords, braids, and laces, made in non-tarnish silver or gold, from

simple cord the thickness of a pencil lead to elaborately scrolled banding, sometimes studded with brilliants or beaded with pearls. Some of these look like the crowns of royalty (and cost nearly that much. \$4 a yard for trimming?). Even so mundane a thing as round elastic has been glorified now, for it, too, is available in a choice of gold or silver!

Back to trimmings more moderately priced, try a bright yet simple variation for children's clothes, or for aprons. First stitch bias tape neatly down both sides by machine; then use bright colored machine zigzag embroidery in your favorite design, down the center of the bias tape. Add one or two rows of bright zigzag embroidery down each side of the tape, space by eye for the placement that best suits the size of your garment.

There's a world of potential in machine embroidery, which is an art all its own. This year, too, any sort of handwork touches are high style. Crewel embroidery has returned to the spotlight; its dramatic effect is great for the amount of time spent. Too, it is particularly suited to the heavier fall- and winter-weight fabrics that you'll be using now. Those interested in doing lovely handwork are delighted at how quickly they attain this skill, and take great pleasure in experimenting with new textures, colors, and patterns for it. For instance, try rows of crewelwork flowers in brilliant yarns, lengthwise down the front seams of a princess line dress, made up for a little girl; this is particularly effective on deep-toned Dacron doubleknit, perhaps navy or royal blue, chocolate brown, spruce green, burgundy, or the related brown family of colors with new names: cinnamon, brick, and red fox. More delicate embroidery with finer floss has its place in the fashion picture, too, as well as smocking. The latter is time-consuming, I'll admit, but it only *looks* complicated — it is simply a matter of taking stitch after stitch until the pattern is completed; the most "complicated" designs are simply combinations of the basic stitches. Smocking, like knitting, lends itself to being done in snatches of time — fifteen or twenty minutes here and there, as it's convenient.

Monograms, forever fashionable, can be varied — done in white, black, or colors; they can be embroidered by hand or by satin stitch on the machine, or purchased as individual letters in packages and whipped into place invisibly. Place a monogram in the traditional upper-left chest position, or vary it to suit your whim — monogram a pocket, or a collar, or a belt, or embroider one initial on each of three

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Fluent Figurines

by
Evelyn Witter

Collecting is never more exciting than when it's done with a purpose. I learned this years ago when I tried to give a talk on the influence of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries on present-day dress, I needed fluent illustrations to augment my points. It was then that I began to search for figurines to point up the modes of clothes about which I was speaking.

And what a joy this search became! It led me to exclusive gift shoppes, rummage sales, auctions and antique shops. Though the search was varied the aim was singular. Searching with a purpose made collecting the joy and the satisfaction and the real reason for accumulating what is now a valuable and an awing collection of figurines.

What is so unique about the figurine collection is that it depicts pictorially the essence of the styles we now think so mode. Take the modern trend for wigs. New? Not at all! I have figurines that prove conclusively that wigs were worn in France in the very early seventeenth century and reached England by the time of the Restoration.

And there are hoop-skirted porcelains, looped up at the sides, which show how the hoops grew to such enormous dimensions that at the eighteenth century even stairways had to be bowed out to allow milady to use them.

The figurine, in a vitreous, translucent ceramic, showing the wide overdress (contouche), the direct forerunner of our modern peignoir, is a lovely thing. The style started in the 1720's as an around-the-house-in-the-morning dress, but soon became so popular that it was seen everywhere on the streets.

Figurines showing how bodices of gowns were laced up the front over stomachers told the story of femininity so graphically that their importance was paramount.

But the stocking was more difficult to portray. My problem in collecting here was that I wanted to show that up until the middle of the eighteenth century, women wore stockings of all colors. Green was the favorite. And then there was a sudden craze for white stockings. At that time this was a shocking trend because moralists thought the color white was too close to the nude. The dresses were long so not much of the stocking showed anyway. This truth is what made finding figurines depicting stockings of the period, so difficult. The long dresses all but hid the stockings! But diligent search proved worthwhile. Both the colored and the white stockings are now represented in the collection.



Searching for figurines to illustrate a talk on women's fashions has become an exciting hobby for Evelyn Witter, shown here with her collection.

And in the middle of the eighteenth century there was a change in the shape of the hoop. The inconvenience of the circular hoop led to the invention of the oval hoop, which was more graceful. And during this time the materials were rich and luxurious. What fun it was to find highly glazed porcelains showing the oval hoop and suggesting fabric richness at the same time!

"Milkmaid" fashions of the eighteenth century, when lawn, muslin, and dimity and other materials of simple texture were introduced, were artfully done in a variety of figurines. With the simple fabrics came the "milkmaid" country hats. Most of the country hats were tied under the chin with ribbons and were the real beginnings of what we have called ever since poke bonnets.

But, as delightful as collecting "milkmaids" fashions might be, it was the era of the 1760's that was the challenge. It was during the 1760's that women wore the small "gypsy hat" and the gowns were long waisted and the sleeves reached the elbow with full ruffles making them seem longer. It was also during the 1760's that lace was the chief extravagance, and garters were tied below the knee of white silk stockings.

It was a hunt too to find figurines, of about that period, to show the time when waists were very tight and the dresses were cut very low that "breast-fronts" of lace and ribbon were actually worn to protect the chest from cold. About this same time muffs were

introduced. They not only kept the hands warm, but took the place of the yet uninvited handbag.

About 1778 a fashion came into being that delights the collector of fashion figurines because the fashion is so lovely when dramatized in porcelain or bisque. It was the fashion of trimming the diagonal front edges of the overskirt with a frill of the same material as the flounces of the sleeves. The underskirt was decorated either with horizontal gathers or with strips of lace, ribbon, or fur. The two skirts were often in contrasting colors. And about this time, the large horizontal hat, covered with feathers and ribbon, began to be fashionable. Women have always loved the horizontal hat. It will be fashionable again and again.

For about the next ten years, it became the fashion for women to wear a separate jacket-like garment which was close fitting and made in almost masculine style. These caracos, as they were named, were popular with figurine makers, for which the present-day collector is grateful.

Then, just before the turn of the century, the short waists became the whole fashion picture. In fact, the waists slipped up to immediately below the breasts and remained there for about twenty years. The scantiness of the dresses leads right into wraps and cashmere shawls. Shawled figurines were not easy to find, but they were not impossible to find.

During the same period in women's dress the absence of pockets in the

(Continued on page 22)

ABIGAIL CONCLUDES ACCOUNT OF TRIP WEST

Dear Friends:

Most people agree that San Francisco is one of the truly great cities of the world, but I was fully prepared to find that it had deteriorated in its attractiveness much as had New York City when we were there a year ago. Instead we found San Francisco sparkling and clean, and perhaps even more beautiful than when we last visited several years ago. New buildings with a considerable quantity of landscaping accounted for part of this. Additionally, the ocean breezes still keep the air over the city washed and relatively free of the smog that blights so many of our urban centers.

The nursery convention bringing Wayne, Clark, and me to this lovely city was held at the San Francisco Hilton Hotel. We had secured reservations for simple accommodations there months in advance. Upon our arrival to check in, the room clerk reported that the hotel had oversold our type accommodation and so, at the reserved rate, we would be provided with alternate accommodations. As the elevator whisked us to the next-to-the-top floor, the bellhop said he hoped we would enjoy our second honeymoon since we were being housed in one of the bridal suites — complete with five gold stars on the door, no less. The view was lovely, overlooking the city towards the bay. And the furnishings and facilities were indeed very special.

This hotel is located just two blocks from Union Square, the locale of many fine stores, where I enjoyed window shopping. This is also where one of the famous cable car lines starts its run to Chinatown and down to Fisherman's Wharf. All of our non-convention dinners were eaten at restaurants specializing in fish dishes, so we rode the cable cars several times.

I enjoyed a tour trip down the peninsula to Palo Alto, participating in a landscape tour of land owned and controlled by Stanford University. Interesting as was the comparison of the old and new landscaping on the campus itself, I'm afraid we were rather distracted from our main purpose by the sight of all the broken and boarded-up windows on so many of the academic buildings. But it was heartening to this group to see the "green belts" and rather extensive landscaping required everywhere land is leased from Stanford for commercial or residential development. An added attraction on this tour was a stop to view the gardens of "Sunset Magazine". They are every bit as beautiful in reality as in the photographs printed in their magazine.



Wayne (standing) came for an overnight visit with Mother recently and had the opportunity to visit with our cousin Philip Field who had just arrived in Iowa.

Many of the people attending the convention were distressed by the numbers of long-haired young people encountered everywhere in California. I guess that coming from a locale that is almost as popular with "long-hairs" as are the environs of San Francisco, we were not surprised nor disturbed. I do think all of us should make a genuine effort to look at, and accept or reject, people as individuals and not just make generalizations. There was one thing that surprised us until we learned the reason; that is, the numbers of people and dogs hitchhiking. We were told that this is legal in California, except on freeways, a situation that is not true in Colorado. So thousands of people, mostly young, utilize this method of cheap transportation.

One of the most popular places this summer with both "long-hairs" and other tourists is the little community across the bay named Sausalito. It has long been a favorite locale with artists and vacationers, and has many interesting little shops. But now a lot of tourists seem to come there just to view the attire and appearance of some of the other visitors. One of the interesting sidelights of this community is the number of houseboats in use, each of which tries to express the owner's individuality.

We left San Francisco to drive north, our destination being a visit to some of the many nurseries located around Portland, Oregon, and east of there. But along the way we wanted to spend as much of our mileage as possible along the ocean or within the redwood forests. During July in northern California the land and beaches along the ocean are frequently cold, windy, and foggy, but for us this is a treat. It is such a complete contrast to our Colorado climate. There wasn't time to linger on the way, so we had to content ourselves with picnic breakfasts and lunches along a wind-swept beach or

under the towering trees of the silent redwood forest.

Someday we'd like to return to Mendocino, California, which appears to be relatively uninvaded by crowds of people. Another appealing area is the dunes section along the Oregon coast between Florence and Charleston. We didn't see very much of the stretch from Newport to Astoria to Portland, Oregon. It rained steadily and heavily most of that one day. We were particularly disappointed not to be able to see twenty feet beyond the tower at Astoria. We've often heard of the spectacular view of the Columbia River headlands from the famous Astoria Column, but apparently we were not destined to see it in 1970.

At one of the nurseries in Portland a rare treat was in store for us. Their red raspberry bushes were at the peak of the berry season. For the first, and only, time in my life, I actually ate my fill of red raspberries!

Once Wayne had finished his business in Oregon, we headed straight for Denver. It's quite a long way even with the portions of interstate highway that are completed. We were thankful as the car pulled into the driveway at home that we had completed such a wonderful trip over several thousand miles without a single mishap. Clark did a great deal of the driving, and we were happy for him to get all this driving experience with no difficulties.

Somehow once we returned the remainder of the summer simply disappeared in a flash. Emily arrived home just in time to enroll for her final year at Colorado University. She had finished up her year of study and work in Mexico with a bus trip through Central America. Alison returned to Ft. Lewis College in Durango, Colorado, for her second year. When she departed in her ancient Volkswagen none of us dared plan that her beloved vehicle would actually traverse two notorious mountain passes without difficulty, but that is exactly what happened.

Clark is a high school junior this year. He's taking Spanish, English, chemistry, American history, band and something called algebra-trigonometry with computer programming. I hope the course is one-half as impressive as the title. He's also playing in both the regular Golden Symphony and the Golden Youth Symphony. His plans for camping and hiking in the mountains during late summer fell through, so he's been making up whenever the weather has cooperated this fall.

Now I must stop and head for the grocery store. Clark is growing so rapidly and has such a ravenous appetite that I'm running out of food constantly.

Sincerely,

Abigail



For the November Hostess

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Pumpkin Basket Centerpiece: On a large, well-rounded pumpkin, mark the outline of a basket with handle. Cut through the guidelines with a sharp knife, remove the excess part of the shell, and take out the seeds. Clean the inside thoroughly. Fill the basket with an arrangement of choice fruits, or Indian corn, nuts, and gourds. Encircle the basket with colorful autumn leaves and pine cone turkeys. (Two small circles of orange and brown crepe paper can be folded and inserted in the cone to form Mr. Turkey's tail. Use pipe cleaners to form the legs and feet so the turkey will stand. A pipe cleaner can also be bent to form the neck and head, with a bit of red paper or felt for the wattle.)

Indian Maiden Nut Cup: For each nut cup you will need one eggshell. Remove the contents of the egg so that you will have the long half of the shell remaining. This will become the Indian maiden's head, which can be set down over a small nut cup. Use brown eggshells or paint them a light tan. Use a felt marker to make the features. Glue on black yarn or construction paper for the hair, having a braid at either side of the face. Cut a headband of bright-colored construction paper and decorate in pretty designs with sequins or crayons, adding a feather if you wish.

A Forest Quiz: The answers are all trees, each of which represents a certain type of person. Keep at it; don't get lost in the woods!

1. Go in debt. (Willow — will owe)
2. Be a Humpty Dumpty. (Walnut — wall nut)
3. Arrive after the fire. (Ash)
4. Always be correct. (Oak)
5. Be a pretty girl. (Peach)
6. Wear a mink coat. (Fir)
7. Win a beauty contest. (Poplar)
8. Be a daddy. (Pawpaw)
9. Be left handed. (Haw — "gee", "haw")
10. Mourn. (Pine)
11. Love cats. (Pussy willow)
12. Sow grain. (Cedar — seeder)
13. Be impudent. (Sassafras)
14. Cry baby. (Weeping birch)

15. Slightly intoxicated. (Hic! kory)
16. Show off his physique. (Chestnut)

17. Dress up (Spruce)

18. Might bite. (Dogwood)

Squash Gobbler Centerpiece: Use your imagination as you scout around for a large squash for this. It might be that one of the crook-necked variety would seem made to order, or you can use a large hubbard squash as the body and add a neck and head of construction paper. Pin on big button eyes, add real feathers for the tail or make one of paper, use felt for wattles, and the tip end of a carrot for the beak. Cut a slice off the bottom so the turkey will sit firmly on the table. Surround him with Indian corn and fall leaves.

Be Thankful Game: Give each person a pencil and paper on which "Thanksgiving" is written down the side. Each person is to write, after each letter, some personal blessing for which he is thankful, the blessing beginning with the letter. An example:

T — Teflon
H — Health
A — Ancestors
N — New friends
K — Knowledge
S — Sunday service
G — Grapes
I — Ice cream
V — Vanilla
I — Innoculations
N — Nature
G — Goldenrod

ONLY IN AMERICA

In 1620, Plymouth seemed a strange and forbidding place to the first settlers.

"What could they see," asked William Bradford, "but a hideous and desolate wilderness full of wild beasts and wild men?"

Yet Bradford and his *Mayflower* shipmates saw more than that. They saw a chance to end their dependence on the whim of patronage.

A year later they held their first

thanksgiving for their bountiful harvest. Their definition of "bountiful" would seem strange to us today.

They lived in huts of boughs, bark, sod and thatch. Half the company had died of disease. One Indian tribe was friendly; the others weren't. Leisure was rare; entertainment, unknown. And food: "When they had maize," said Bradford, "they thought it as good as a feast."

The Pilgrims at first farmed their land as a group, putting the product into a common store and drawing out an equal share.

Two years after the first Thanksgiving, Governor Bradford sought to increase production so that people would no longer, as he wrote, "languish in misery."

He tried a bold experiment. He assigned each family a parcel of land, and told them the crop — if any — would be theirs.

"This had very good success," he wrote, "for it made all hands very industrious."

Through freedom to hold private property and to pursue happiness as each individual decided, America became a land of plenty.

Governor Bradford could have been looking ahead as he summed up his experiment: "And the face of things was changed, to the rejoicing of the hearts of many, for which they blessed God . . . No general want or famine hath been amongst them since to this day."

As we enjoy our bounty—our schools, jobs, thoughtfulness of family and friends, comforts of American ingenuity — let's not wait until November 26 to breathe a prayer of gratitude.



This year of 1970 marks the 350th anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrims to America. Observances have been held in Holland (where the Puritans first took refuge to escape religious persecution) and later in England from where they sailed for America in the late summer of 1620, and will climax at Plymouth, Mass., where celebrations have been planned during November. It was on November 10, 1620, after sixty-seven days at sea in the *Mayflower*, that the little Pilgrim band sighted the land of the New World, not in the Virginia territory as planned, but far north off Provincetown's shore (Massachusetts). Weary unto death of ship and sea they were willing to settle for this forbidding land which greeted them that November day.

WANT TO BRAID A RUG?

by
Evelyn Birkby

Last February I began a new project, making a braided rug. It proved to be a most rewarding and calming hobby — excellent therapy for frazzled nerves! Before the end of my 8½- by 11½-foot project had arrived it was June and gardening and canning had taken over. It took every spare moment of those months to make the rug, for the method I use is time consuming, but the finished project is well worth the effort.

The best way to make a braided rug is to have someone stand right beside you and *show you how*; it is not easy to explain on paper! My teacher was Mrs. Clyde King (Grace) of Sidney, who makes the most beautiful braided wool rugs I've ever seen. Step by step she supervised my work. I only wish she could do the same for any of you who are interested, but I shall try to explain the process as she taught me, hopeful that you can experiment and come up with the technique.

First I began collecting woolen clothing from Goodwill stores, Salvation Army and jumble shops. When friends heard I was making a rug they began bringing me old coats, jackets, skirts and dresses. I ripped the garments apart at the seams then washed them, putting similar colors into the machine filled with lukewarm water and Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops and a little Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. Slow agitation kept shrinkage to a minimum. Drying on low heat resulted in amazingly soft, pretty, fresh-looking material.

The next step was to tear or cut the wool on the straight of the material. I made my strips 2¼ inches wide. As I tore the strips I rolled them into smooth rolls and placed them in boxes. This keeps the edges from fraying and prevents creases from developing. Placing the material in boxes according to color also gives an idea of how much of any one color a person has accumulated.

It is wise to prepare as much of the wool as possible before beginning the rug. This helps in planning color arrangements. I wanted gold, blue and red to predominate in my rug and decided on beiges, browns and brown tweed for the background.

I measured the floor space I wished to cover, then decided on the size my finished rug should be. To determine the length of the first braid you subtract the width of the finished rug from the length — thus, since I wanted my completed rug to be 11½ by 8½, my first braid was 3 feet in length. Each of the finished braids measured two inches wide so I easily planned the



Evelyn is seated on the large braided rug she tells about in this month's article. And see what she has on her lap? She has already begun a new rug! You can tell by the way she looks that she enjoys this most recent of her hobbies.

number of braided laps I wanted for each color.

It is literally possible to put braided rugs together in any color combination you find pleasing. One friend of mine made a rug going from one basic color into another. Some people *hit and miss* by dividing the colors into 1. dark groups, 2. neutrals, 3. bright colors of all kinds. When they braid they take one strand from each group and proceed in an unplanned color scheme to come up with a variegated rug of great interest.

I began working with the lightest colors in the center and then blended in darker and darker shades as the rug grew. I began with six multi-colored rows of braid with the first, as I mentioned, 3 feet long. The braid for this center multi-colored part was formed with one beige strand, one light tan tweed and the third as great a variety of colors as I could work in — every color to be used in the rug was put in this area! The next three rows of braid are predominately gold, the next three are multi-colored, then comes three rows of blue beginning with light blue and working into a royal blue color, then three more multi-colored, three of red and then three more multi-colored rows. The final two rows of braid are done in plain navy blue to form a border. I could have chosen dark brown for the border but I decided I would like to pick up the blue shades since I have blue as the accent color in the room where I planned to use the rug.

The plan for the colors was made before I began stitching, which is why I mention it first in these directions. When I was ready to sew the strips of torn wool together. I laid two ends of the material at right angles, right sides together. These were sewn on the machine on the wrong side of the pieces on the bias to make a mitered

corner. Extra material was cut from the seam and it was opened to make a straight piece of material. I continued sewing pieces together end to end until I had about a six-foot long strip. This was rolled to keep it neat and unwrinkled. For plain background colors, neutrals and colored rows (sometimes called *feature stripes*) I stitched the same colors together. For multi-colored strands, I laid out the various colors end to end until I was pleased with the arrangement. I tried to vary the color combinations and the length of the colored pieces as much as possible. These multi-colored strips were then stitched together with the mitered corners as given.

Each strip, now, was ready to be stuffed with filler. I used only wool scraps for this makes a resilient, soft, long-lasting rug. Even tiny scraps can be used for stuffing, but long narrow pieces are easiest to use. I used colors not right for the outside of the rug for stuffing, as well as the leftover scraps, tearing into narrow strips about 1/2 inch in width. Lay enough of this stuffing in the prepared outside strip to fill it nicely, turn under the two outside edges and baste over the stuffing with a whip stitch. What you have now is a *long tube* stuffed with wool padding. You'll soon find out how much stuffing you want to use; just be consistent in the thickness of each tube.

In starting to braid, three strands or "tubes" are placed together and stitched firmly at the top. Braiding is done just as one hair-braids three strands. Whenever one strand comes near the end, add another piece by stitching on the bias by hand so you have a mitered corner just as you did on the ones you machine stitched. Stuff and baste the hole shut. Braid snugly but do not pull on the wool; firm but not stretched.

I learned not to change colors all at once but to run one strand into a different color, continue braiding, run a second strand into another color and finally the third. This keeps sharp breaks in color from occurring and provides a better blending of shades.

The completed braids are stitched together with heavy carpet thread or heavy waxed cord available from a shoeman or upholstery shop. I like to braid a few feet and stitch, then braid a few more and stitch. The stitches should be along the inside of the braids using a *reverse* stitch, that is, put your needle from right to left on one side and from left to right on the other to ease tension on the thread. Use pieces of thread only 24 to 30 inches long to increase the strength. Knot the first end, but when you come near the last of the thread just double back through a braid, pull out the

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THE GREAT DOUGHNUT HOLE INVENTION

by
Barbara Craig

Who put the hole in the doughnut? A burning question indeed! And one that deserves an immediate answer before the innocent collapse from curiosity.

Captain Hanson Crockett Gregory of Glen Cove in Rockport, Maine, invented the doughnut hole. When he was only fifteen, he knocked the soggy center out of a "fried cake" and came up with the world's first doughnut. This historic event took place on November 2, 1847.

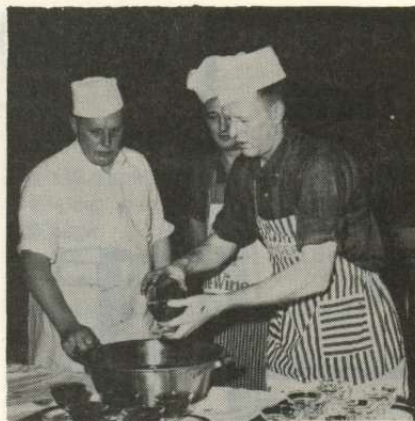
Several billion centers have been knocked out of a splendid array of fried cakes since then. Doughnuts, — or donuts; take your choice, — are now big business. An industry spokesman said it would be "next to impossible" to give an accurate figure on the number of doughnuts sold annually. However, he estimated that "more than \$750 million worth" of the punctured fried cakes are consumed each year in the United States. That's a lot of nickels, dimes and quarters.

Alas, Captain Gregory never made a red cent on his tasty invention. He enjoyed a few moments of glory, and was handed a plaque or two. That was about all. The good captain deserved to have a monument erected in his honor. If not by the doughnut industry, then by the coffee growers of the world.

Let there be no doubt that Captain Gregory was the inventor of the doughnut. This fact was established beyond a shadow of a doubt during the Great Doughnut Debate held in New York during October, 1941. The heated discussion, which was held at the then swank Hotel Astor, was sponsored by an organization known as the National Dunking Association. There was a panel of judges on hand to decide, once and for all, who put the hole in the doughnut. These judges included such notables as Clifton Fadiman, Franklin Adams and Elsa Maxwell.

Speaking in favor of Captain Gregory's claim was Fred E. Crockett, then of Camden, Maine, and now an official of the Massachusetts Leukemia Society. In opposition was the late Henry A. Ellis, then a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and later a Cape Cod attorney. Ellis claimed the doughnut was invented when a Yarmouth Indian shot an arrow through a fried cake being roasted over an open fire by a Pilgrim woman.

The issue was never really in doubt. Ellis stated his case and it was a weak one. Crockett's presentation included several letters, affidavits, and



The men's club in Frederick's church put on a gourmet dinner.

other documents. Captain Gregory was the overwhelming choice of the judges.

There are many versions of how Gregory happened to discover the doughnut hole. One is that the sea captain once lost six men overboard after they had eaten soggy doughnuts of the holeless variety. The weight of the heavy doughnuts "made them sink to the bottom like plummets before a rescue could be made."

According to this account, the tragedy caused Gregory to start experimenting with the fried cakes. He decided to pattern his model after a life preserver, and invented his first doughnut by knocking a hole in a piece of dough with a belaying pin, or so the story goes.

Not too long ago, a popular national magazine came up with another account of how Gregory happened to invent the doughnut. In this one, he was nibbling on a fried cake when "a sudden squall" hit his ship. He was at the wheel of the ship at the time and "in a desperate attempt to regain control," he rammed the fried cake he was holding on to one of the wheel's spokes. Thus was the doughnut born! The great moment, according to the publication, took place in 1847.

However, debater Fred Crockett, who defended Captain Gregory three decades ago, claims the magazine is all wrong.

"The only thing they had right was the year," he declared. "I should know, I'm a direct descendant of the captain. I proved he invented the doughnut in that New York debate. I probably know more about the invention of the doughnut than any man in the country."

Crockett said the captain was born in 1832, and was only fifteen in 1847, which is "much too young" to be at the wheel of a clipper ship.

He continued: "The true version isn't spectacular. There were no drowned sailors. There was no sudden squall. Nothing like that. Young Hanson was

in the kitchen of his home watching his mother make fried cakes one morning, when he invented the doughnut.

"He asked his mother why the centers were so soggy. She said for some reason they never got cooked. The boy thought that over for a while, and decided to cut the centers out of some uncooked cakes, and see what happened. He did, and his mother cooked them. They were the first doughnuts, and I've been told they were quite delicious."

Crockett said he wasn't "too upset" by the false accounts of the invention of the doughnut. He said the thing that bothered him was a statement in one article written years ago that claimed "Gregory was only a mediocre seaman in a locale which spawned many outstanding salts."

According to Fred Crockett: "The captain was an outstanding sailor. He was a builder of ships, and he owned three of them. I've talked with people who knew him, and they said he was an excellent sailor."

"As for the false stories about the invention of the doughnut; well, I'm not too upset about them. In the long run, the truth will survive. The fake yarns will fade away."

And he added: "Just to keep the records straight, Captain Gregory invented the doughnut on November second in 1847. At least, that's what I've been told."

In 1947, a century after the invention of the doughnut, or doughnut hole, whichever you prefer, a bronze tablet was placed on the Glen Cove dwelling where Gregory was born.

The inscription read: "In commemoration. This is the birthplace of Captain Hanson Gregory who first invented the hole in the doughnut in 1847. Erected by his friends, November 2, 1947."

But what of the Indian who shot an arrow through the Pilgrim woman's fried cake? Did this really happen?

Shortly before his death, Atty. Henry A. Ellis, who argued in favor of the Indian during the Great Doughnut Debate, was interviewed in his Cape Cod office. He was 87 years old at the time.

"It was a gag," he confessed during the interview. "I've told that Indian yarn so many times I almost believe it myself. But it just wasn't true."

Mr. Ellis said that the late Alton Hall Blackington, a famous New England author, was staying at his home in 1941 when the story broke that the State of Maine was claiming that a native son had invented the doughnut hole.

"He asked me if Cape Cod had any theory or story about the doughnut hole," recalled the lawyer. "I had heard many old stories and legends

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**THANKSGIVING APPLES**

- 8 baking apples
- 1 cup mincemeat
- 1/2 t.s.p. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 cup peach preserves
- 1/3 cup commercial sour cream

Wash and core the apples, and cut off the peeling about half the way down from the top. Put them in a greased baking dish. Mix the lemon flavoring and ginger into the mincemeat and fill the centers of the apples. Warm the preserves and spoon a little over the top of the apples. Bake about an hour in a 350-degree oven. Turn off the oven. Place about a teaspoon of the sour cream on top of each apple and return to the oven for about five minutes.

—Dorothy

ABIGAIL'S STUFFING

- 8 cups soft bread, cubed
- 1/2 cup celery, cut fine
- 1/2 cup tart apple, cut fine
- 1/4 cup chopped almonds
- 3 Tbls. sage, crushed
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup butter, melted
- Hot water

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except butter and hot water. Add butter slowly, tossing lightly until blended. Add sufficient hot water to make stuffing adhere somewhat, but do not let stuffing become soggy. The turkey will add considerable juice to the stuffing as it cooks.

DELICIOUS CRANBERRY RELISH

- 1 qt. of cranberries
 - 4 apples
 - 3 oranges (whole)
 - 2 cups crushed pineapple, drained
- Grind the cranberries, apples and oranges in the food grinder. Blend with the crushed pineapple. This freezes well if you would like to put some away to use at a later date in a salad.

—Margery

HOLIDAY SALAD

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 cup juice drained from fruits
- 1/2 can cranberry sauce
- 1 cup diced pineapple, drained
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 cup Tokay grapes, peeled and seeded

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water and add fruit juice and flavoring. Add cranberry sauce and stir to dissolve. Let chill for an hour, then add pineapple, oranges and grapes. Pour into 9-inch square dish. When firm, cut into squares and serve with sweetened mayonnaise.

—Lucile

GLAZED CARROTS

Cut carrots into slices, slanting down the carrots. Cook in salted water until almost tender. Drain, saving liquid.

Into saucepan put 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1/4 cup butter, 1/4 cup of the liquid drained from the carrots. Stir until sugar is dissolved and mixture is heated, then add carrots. I used about 3 cups of cooked carrots for this amount of sauce. Simmer over low heat, stirring occasionally, until most of the liquid is absorbed into the carrots. Add a little snipped parsley for color when served.

—Margery

ESCALLOPED SWEET POTATOES

- 1 1/2 cups sliced canned sweet potatoes
- 1 1/2 cups thinly sliced apples
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 stick margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Dash of cinnamon

Arrange potatoes, apples and crumbs in alternate layers in casserole. Add syrup, salt and dot with butter. Sprinkle with nuts and dash of cinnamon. Cover and bake 35 minutes at 400 degrees.

—Margery

FROZEN PUMPKIN DESSERT

- 2 cups canned pumpkin
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 gallon vanilla ice cream, softened
- 36 gingersnaps

In a chilled bowl, combine the pumpkin, sugar, salt, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg and nuts. When ice cream is softened, fold in this pumpkin mixture. Line the bottom of a 9- x 13-inch pan with gingersnaps. Pour the ice cream mixture over the snaps, and cover with remaining gingersnaps. Freeze until firm. Remove from freezer about 15 minutes before serving. Cut into squares and serve with whipped cream over the top and sprinkled with a few chopped pecans. This makes 15 servings.

—Mary Beth

TURKEY-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup long grain rice
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 can condensed onion soup
- 1 1/3 cups water
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 cups diced turkey
- 1 small can mushrooms, drained
- 2 slices American cheese

Add the rice to the melted butter in a large skillet and brown over medium heat, stirring. Add soup and water, cover, and cook for about 10 minutes. Add green pepper and celery and continue cooking, covered, for about 15 minutes longer, or until the rice is tender. Add turkey and mushrooms (I use the stems and pieces) and mix well. Pour into a greased casserole and bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Top with the cheese, return to the oven, and bake until the cheese is melted. This is delicious!

—Margery

HOT TURKEY SALAD

- 2 cups diced, cold turkey
- 2 cups diced celery
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2/3 cup slivered, toasted almonds
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup crushed potato chips

Mix everything except the potato chips. Pour into a greased casserole and sprinkle the crushed chips over the top. Bake for about 10 minutes in a 450-degree oven. Makes about 6 servings. This is nice to serve for a light company meal, as it can be prepared ahead of time and placed in the refrigerator. When time to serve, sprinkle with the chips and heat. If it is chilled, allow enough time to heat thoroughly.

Delicious Apple Recipes

OZARK PUDDING

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup walnuts
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped apples
- Whipped cream

Beat eggs well and add brown sugar, flour, baking powder, salt and vanilla. Fold in nuts and apples. Pour into a well-greased 9- by 9-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes or until set. Top with whipped cream. Serve hot or cold.

—Margery

SUPERIOR RAW APPLE CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 eggs
- 4 cups raw apples, pared and diced
- 1 cup coffee
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat the eggs and add. Stir in the raw apples and the flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the coffee. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch cake pan and cover the top with 2/3 cup of brown sugar and 1/2 cup of chopped nuts. Bake in a 375-degree oven 40 to 50 minutes.

—Dorothy

BAKED APPLES WITH LEMON CUSTARD

4 apples, washed and cored
Place in baking dish and bake 20 minutes at 350 degrees.

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Separate egg. Beat white, and yolk and beat well. Add sugar, milk, lemon juice and flavoring. Beat well. Add butter. Pour over apples and continue baking until done. Serve hot with the sauce.

—Lucile

CHOPPED APPLE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 cup cold coffee
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 1/2 cups unpeeled apples, ground with medium blade or coarsely grated

1 1/2 cups raisins, steamed
1 cup English walnuts
Cream the sugar and shortening. Beat in the eggs, one at a time, and add flavorings. Dissolve the soda in the coffee. Sift the dry ingredients and add alternately with the soda-coffee mixture. Fold in the apples, raisins and nuts. Bake in a 9- x 13-inch greased and floured pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 to 45 minutes, or until done.

Serve either plain or with a dab of whipped cream.

—Margery

APPLE TORTE

- 2 cups peeled, diced apples
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg

Put the apples and nuts into a mixing bowl. Sift the dry ingredients together over the apples and nuts and stir until apples and nuts are well coated. Beat together the butter, flavoring and egg and mix well with the dry ingredients. (This takes a bit of stirring!) Pour into 2 greased pie tins and bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

—Margery

APLETS

(Washington Apple Gumdrops)

- 1/2 cup cold applesauce
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 3/4 cup hot applesauce
- 2 cups white sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup nuts, chopped

Combine cold applesauce and unflavored gelatin. Let set 10 minutes. Combine hot applesauce and sugar. Bring to rapid boil. Add gelatin mixture. Continue boiling gently for 15 minutes. Remove from fire. Add flavoring and nuts. Pour into 9 by 5 pan or in a regular-sized bread pan. (The latter will make a thicker layer and can be cut into cubes.) Set in cool place or refrigerator overnight. With sharp knife dipped in hot water, cut into squares. Coat each square of candy with powdered sugar and turn out on waxed paper. Store in cool place or refrigerator.

I like to store these on a waxed paper-covered tray or cookie sheet so the pieces will not touch. Place waxed paper over top of candy.

—Evelyn

DATE-APPLESAUCE BARS

- 1 cup hot applesauce
- 3/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup dates, cut fine
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Combine the hot applesauce and shortening and stir until shortening is melted. Add the brown sugar, egg and flavorings. Sift together the flour, salt, soda and cinnamon and add. Lastly, add the dates and nuts. Spread out in a large greased and floured pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes. Frost with a powdered sugar icing if desired. This makes a very soft bar. You may prefer eating it with a fork.

—Margery

KRISTIN'S APPLESAUCE BREAD

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 1/2 cups applesauce
2 Tbls. vegetable oil
Sift the dry ingredients together into a bowl. Combine the beaten egg, applesauce, shortening and flavoring together and stir into the dry ingredients. Nuts may be added if desired. Bake in one large bread pan for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

COCONUT-PECAN CAKE

- 1/4 cup white chocolate
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans
- 1 cup flaked coconut

Melt the white chocolate in the hot water. Let cool. Cream the shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add the egg yolks one at a time, beating well after

each addition. Add the melted chocolate and flavorings. Sift together the cake flour, salt and soda, and add alternately with the buttermilk. Gently fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Stir in the pecans and coconut. Pour into three layer cake pans lined with waxed paper. Bake in a 350-degree oven approximately 30 minutes. Cool thoroughly before frosting. —Dorothy

RICH BROWNIE PIE

Prepare unbaked pie shell and refrigerate while preparing filling.

In top of double boiler melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 1/4 cup butter. Remove from fire and add 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed. Beat until blended. Add 3/4 cup granulated sugar and 3 eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 cup white corn syrup, 1 tsp. Kitchen-

Klatter burnt sugar flavoring and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla. Put over the hot water and cook for 5 minutes, stirring. Remove and stir in 1 cup nutmeats. Can cut down on nuts by using only 1/2 cup nuts and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring. Pour into the chilled shell and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. When nearly done the pie starts to crack on top. At this point sprinkle a few nutmeats over the top and finish baking, about 5 minutes more. Serve with whipped cream.

GROUND BEEF CHOW MEIN

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups celery, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 Tbls. Brown Gravy sauce
- 2 cans bean sprouts, rinsed and drained

- 1 small can mushrooms, drained
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch

In a large skillet, fry the ground beef and onion in the butter or margarine until brown. Add the salt, pepper, celery and water. Cover and simmer about 20 minutes. Blend the cornstarch with a little bit of cold water and add the soy sauce, sugar, gravy sauce. Stir this into the meat mixture, then add the bean sprouts and mushrooms and heat until thickened. Serve piping hot over cooked rice or chow mein noodles. —Dorothy



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**CHEESECAKE COOKIES**

- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup English walnuts, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream butter and brown sugar. Add flour and nuts. Mix and reserve 1 cup for topping. Press remaining into 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Blend sugar with cheese until smooth; add egg, milk, lemon juice, lemon and vanilla flavorings. Beat well. Spread over baked crust. Sprinkle with reserved cup of crumbs. Bake for about 25 more minutes. Cool and cut in squares. Store in refrigerator. —Margery

THE TALE OF A WOODEN INDIAN

by
Evelyn Cason

"Don't take any wooden nickels" was an expression of yesterday. Wooden nickels weren't worth anything. Wooden Indians are a different kettle of fish. Collectors items now, they can sell for up to \$2000 — or whatever the buyer will pay. A more economical way to acquire one is to make your own; that is, if you have the talent.

Such was the solution for Earl Boyd, Realty Specialist with the Kansas City Corps of Engineers, who does have the talent. His wooden Indian, known as Crazy Horse, is a lifelike, life-sized 6-foot Sioux warrior who now holds down the fort, peaceably, in a corner of the Boyd living room.

It takes a heap of vivid imagination to look at a lonely telephone pole, in this case mired deep in the mud of Indian Creek, to picture within it the stern features of this proverbial cigar-store Indian warrior of days gone by. It also took hours of research and weeks of work, etching, cutting, digging, and shaping. And it demanded quantities of perseverance and ability.

Boyd believes that many secrets may be discovered in the touch of wood. As with any worthwhile endeavor, it is the old Chinese philosophy that the longest journey begins with the first step. His first step was taken as an observer. In a local department store he watched a German master woodcarver working on a statue of the Madonna and Child. As the wood carvings fell to the floor, he felt as if some German ancestor, also adept in handling wood, nudged him and said, "Go ahead and try it!"

For weeks he tried free-form carving. His lunch hours were consumed in library research, and with his appetite thus whetted, Boyd was on his way.

From travels in Ghana, along the Gold Coast, and in British West Africa, his original attempts were African replicas and primitive figurines. He tried shallow reliefs, and then came up with profile bust plaques, "LaPieta", to mention one. He carved an American Eagle, at Mrs. Boyd's suggestion, to complement the early American decor of their home.

As he acquired skill and confidence he created attractive wall sconces, a cobbler's bench, a secretarial desk, and even restored an old rocking chair that was once a pile of boards rescued from an abandoned farmyard.

Hiking through the wooded acres along Indian Creek, Boyd came across a lone cedar telephone pole, battered, creosoted, and caught in a pile of driftwood. Dragging, lugging, half-lifting, finally managing to get the 14-foot monster home, his thoughts reach-



Earl Boyd and his wooden Indian.
—Photo by Kansas City Star

ed out three-dimensionally as pictures of Indians raced through his mind.

It was in October that he made the first knife-cut in the pole, and five months of spare-time carving later, in March, he added the final touches to his silent companion with the burnished-brown complexion.

Bedecked in war paint and feathered headdress, with fringed buckskin, Crazy Horse went on display with other of Earl Boyd's craft at the Corps of Engineers' Art Show, then on to the

Spring Hobby Show Display in Ward Parkway Center, where he later made an encore appearance.

Boyd is well along on a new, and improved, if we may say so, Crazy Horse, having completed a solid walnut Mohawk model.

As he pointed out a lamp base created from an old Conestoga wagon wheel hub, mirrors created from salvaged wood, cannister sets, lamp shelves, and portrait plaques, one could see from the look in Boyd's eyes his deep love for this hobby in wood-carvings and antiques. Even Mrs. Boyd and daughter Cherie are as enthusiastic as Dad. His work as soloist and departmental music director at the Blue Ridge Temple keep him busy, but never too busy for his favorite pastime.

As Boyd very aptly told me, wood-carving can be compared to the Christian purpose of winning lost souls. In each case one must steadfastly look well beyond appearance, always keeping sight of a finished picture which only the Master's hand can shape from crude, imperfect form.

COLD, HARD WIND

There comes a day when Fall is pinned
Against the wall by a cold, hard wind;
A day when juncos and chickadees
Play hide-and-seek in the cedar trees
And my big, gray cat, Josephus Sam,
Insists on being where I am

Beside the fire, while a sky of lead
Hangs like a weight above my head,
Heavy with winter. A sudden squall
Keeps my heart pinned against the
wall.

—Mary Pansy Rapp

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BAYBERRY BIRTHDAY

(A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN)

by
Evelyn Witter



On a crisp November day in the year 1759, Daniel and his sister, Tibatha, hurried along the sandy beach near the little settlement in New England. The wind from the ocean had such a bite in it that it seemed to go through their heavy, coarse, blue, homespun clothes. It even swayed the baskets of bayberries they carried.

But the strong wind from the Atlantic could not blow away how gay they felt. For two days they had picked berries for their mother's birthday. Bayberries for candles that sent perfume through the cabin and for soap that did not sting but made a person clean and smelling sweetly.

"Mother will be surprised," Daniel smiled down at his sister. Tibatha smiled back. She was glad that she had worked hard climbing up and down ridges where the berry bushes grew in clumps. She had picked and picked for hours and hours.

"Yes," Tibatha nodded her head. "But let us make her guess her present as she makes us guess ours." Tibatha patted the pearl-gray berries in her basket. Then she giggled.

As the children entered the Martin house yard, they looked about with secret-like glances.

"We are safe, Daniel," Tibatha said.

Then Daniel hid the baskets of bayberries, along with the berries they had picked the day before, under the bushes. They went into the cabin together.

"There are my pretty ones," Mrs. Martin greeted the pair. "And have thee been to the beaches again today as thee were yesterday?"

"Yes," answered Daniel.

"What takes thee to the beach so much?" Mrs. Martin wanted to know.

"'Tis a present for thy birthday takes us to the beach," Daniel replied with a wink at Tibatha.

"Ye will have to guess thy present, Mother," Tibatha said firmly, taking off her cape and hood. "When ye have guessed it, we will tell thee, as ye do

with our presents on our birthdays."

"'Tis a fair bargain," Mrs. Martin let a smile play around her lips as the three of them took their places by the great fireplace. She folded her hands in her lap and looked as if she was thinking hard. "Let me ponder a moment," she finally whispered as if to herself.

"Ask questions, Mother," Daniel grew impatient.

"All right then," began his mother. "Is it a useful present?"

"Yes," giggled Tibatha.

"Do Indians use this?" Mrs. Martin went on.

"No," Daniel replied.

"Does my present smell good?" Mrs. Martin sniffed the air.

"Oh yes!" brother and sister answered together.

Mrs. Martin paused a moment and then asked: "Is this present hard to find?"

Tibatha giggled. "They grow everywhere and are short enough for me to reach."

"Do not say too much!" Daniel told Tibatha in a whisper.

"Does this thing come from England, too?" Mrs. Martin asked.

"No," Daniel said. "No, just in New England and farther down the coast."

"Can this be used in more than one way?" Mrs. Martin seemed puzzled.

"Yes," Daniel answered.

"Tibatha let me see thy hands again. Let me see thy hands, too, Daniel." Mrs. Martin's voice grew a little louder. A new thought seemed to come to her. Slowly, not too eagerly, the children stretched out their hands.

"Ah-ha!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin jumping up in her excitement. "'Tis bayberries for special candles and fine soap making."

"How did ye guess?" Tibatha giggled.

"Thy hands gave away the secret!" Mrs. Martin pointed to the still outstretched hands. "Thy hands are so very clean and white and smooth and smell sweetly. I can enjoy the scent

from here! Only the picking of bayberries can do THAT to hands!"

Daniel laughed at his mother's excitement and hurried to bring in the four baskets of bayberries from under the bushes.

When he came back inside Tibatha said, "We have gathered all day, as we did yesterday, and we have eight quarts of berries for thee, Mother. Happy Birthday!"

"Why!" cried Mrs. Martin. "We shall have candles of bayberry wax for Christmas and perhaps a bit of bayberry soap, too!"

She reached out and hugged Daniel and Tibatha to her. "Thank thee for my fine bayberry birthday!"

Tibatha giggled. Daniel smiled. The reflection of the fire twinkled happily on the baskets of pearl-gray bayberries.



PATRIOTISM

"Patriotism isn't marching behind a band and puffing out your chest. Patriotism isn't a flash of fireworks one day of the year, and then submerging one's emotions the rest of the year. Patriotism isn't found in the whooping of the crowd or maudlin flag waving.

"Patriotism is the sum of three cardinal virtues; faith, hope, and charity — faith in the principles of our government, hope in the future of our country, charity toward all and malice toward none.

"Patriotism is that spirit that makes us help our neighbors when they are in distress, and extend sympathy when they are stricken — be it the neighbor next door, or one a continent away.

"Patriotism is the tugging at our heartstrings and a sincere kinship with those who toil in the field or shop or marketplace, regardless of creed, or color of skin, or bank account.

"Patriotism is the emotion that makes a lump rise in the throat when some intrepid spirit strives to achieve something that no human being ever before achieved.

"Patriotism is the unashamed moisture that wells into the eyes as one stands before the tomb of, or reads the words of, some great man who has unselfishly devoted his life to all mankind, or one watches Old Glory carried proudly in a parade.

"Patriotism is loving one's country, and respecting its traditions and its laws.

"Patriotism is standing firm and unselfish for the right, for the common good, for the peace and well-being of all; sacrificing self, if need be, and standing tall and unafraid against all opposition."



We attended a shower recently for 4-month-old Michael Harms who has just been welcomed into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Harms of Shenandoah. Ruby Treese held her new grandson while his mother opened the gifts.

DECORATE WITH JEWELS

by
Mary Roach

Have you often wondered what to do with that box of odds and ends of jewelry — necklaces with the clasps broken, one-of-a-kind earrings, broken bracelets? Don't throw them away. These glamorous bits can help make your, or your teenager's, bedroom or bathroom as luxurious looking as a queen's or princess's.

All you need for this project besides your cast-off jewels is a bottle of good grade glue that will adhere to plastics and wood and will dry clear. (There are several dependable brands on the market.)

Let's start with the bedroom clock. If you have a long-enough strand of imitation pearls or other white or pastel-colored beads all the same size (imitation rhinestones will give even more jeweled charm), glue these around the face of the clock, and make it a true decorator's item. Put a dab of glue on the back of each bead, arrange in place, press down until each bead adheres firmly and wipe off the excess. You will have a clock with an artistic "new face". If you have strands of beads long enough to glue around the outside edge of the bedroom radio, that will give it an ornate, just-made-for-you look. Of course, individual beads of the same size can be glued on separately by keeping the space between the beads equal. This will take longer but the effect is just as ornamental.

Once you get started on this fascinating decorating project, you will be giving added allure to many things in your bedroom. The beads can be glued around the top outside edge of the wastebasket, and the top and bottom of the hair spray holder and tissue holder. A bobby pin box completely covered with the beads becomes an exquisitely

rich-looking ornament. If you have several strands of beads of the same kind, glue all around the edge of the dressing table mirror for a queenly, elegant decor. The beads can also be glued around the edge of picture frames. Here is another thought. If you have small bedroom clocks, discarded because they no longer work, cut a favorite portrait to fit over the face of the clock. Decorate the outer edge with beads to give it dainty extra specialness.

For those jeweled earrings with the lost mates, or broken jeweled costume pins, first remove the screw, pin, or clasp on the back, so you have a flat surface. Spread generously with glue, and press down firmly on the backs of your brush and mirror sets, or on top of powder jar, or glue several, hit-and-miss fashion, on top of the jewelry box. As you experiment with your discarded jewels, you'll soon decide that decorating with jewels is one of the most delightful and "brilliant" of all feminine pastimes!

DOUGHNUT INVENTION — Concl.

from my grandfather. One of the stories was a bit of fiction about an Indian shooting an arrow through the fried cake of a Pilgrim woman. Blackington published that story and newspapers all over the country picked it up. I got all sorts of mail as a result of the news stories. Curiously, many people wrote that they had heard exactly the same story."

But Ellis made it clear that the tale about the Indian was "more fictional than factual".

He even admitted that "the genuine Indian" he brought to New York with him for the doughnut debate was "an old friend from the Cape Cod community of Mashpee".

"My friend was no Indian," stated the attorney. "He had to use rubber

bands to keep the feathers in his hair."

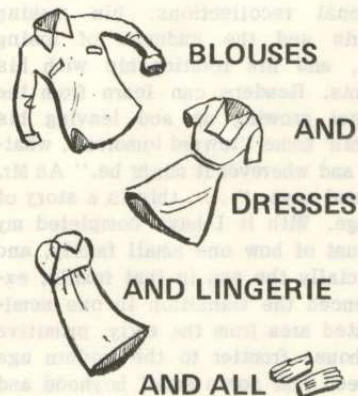
"Bill James — that's my friend's name — caused quite a scene when he showed up at the Hotel Astor in his Indian regalia. After I made my speech, he stood up, grunted and groaned a few times, and substantiated my story. Right or wrong, we Cape Codders stick together."

Atty. Ellis said he never believed "those stories about the doughnut being invented during a storm at sea."

He said: "That account about him inventing the doughnut in his kitchen — now that's more like it!"

Then the attorney paused for a moment, collected his thoughts, and added: "I wouldn't be surprised if it were true."

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"Memories should endure. Unless we know where we came from, something about the road we traveled as a people, how can we know who we are and where we are going?" This question is asked by Hal Borland in the foreword of his book *Country Editor's Boy* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$5.95). Here he recapitulates a time in his past and America's past when both were young and facing the future with plucky confidence. *Country Editor's Boy*, continuing recollections begun in *High, Wide and Lonesome*, covers the period of time from 1915 to 1918, following his family's moving to Flagler, Colorado. His father became the owner and editor of a weekly newspaper and Hal learned journalism from the ground up. His adventures include searching for Indian relics, working as a movie projectionist and organizing a football team. But especially the reader will enjoy his personal recollections: his making friends and the sadness of losing them, and his relationship with his parents. Readers can learn from the gradual growing up and leaving his parents' home "toward tomorrow, whatever and wherever it might be." As Mr. Borland says, "... this is a story of change. With it I have completed my account of how one small family, and especially the son in that family, experienced the transition in one semi-isolated area from the early, primitive sod-house frontier to the modern age between that son's small boyhood and his manhood." *Country Editor's Boy* is another great piece of Americana.

June Parker Goldman has written a small but potent book on Christian faith titled *To Touch the Sky* (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$2.95). In twenty-five home-centered messages, Mrs. Goldman presents a down-to-earth philosophy based on examples of applied Christianity. Rather unusual circumstances have shaped her life, as her childhood was spent mostly in Japan, where her father was a professor of English, fresh from college in New England. He married his Japanese secretary and they became the parents of June. Their home was in Kobe, overlooking the harbor so, writes Mrs. Goldman, "the sea was a partner in my dreams..." After her graduation from college in America, she married a



Looking through old family pictures recently, we found this one of Mother with her three girls, Margery, Lucile and Dorothy, taken on Thanksgiving Day in 1939.

seminary student. Now, as a minister's wife, opportunities within the local parish and beyond have been challenging.

In one of her messages from *To Touch the Sky*, she writes of her daughter's seventeenth birthday, a special occasion. Because the day became bogged down with interruptions, they sat down to a supper of hamburgers. Looking for a birthday symbol, she stuck a candle in each hamburger. Immediately a party mood was established! (A cake was baked later in the evening.) The candles were such a simple idea, but they enhanced the commonplace. So she summarizes, "As we look at the invitations of Christ, we cannot help noticing their exceeding simplicity: come, come and see, follow, rise, watch, take heed, go, stretch out your hand, have no fear, feed my sheep."

Mrs. Max Goldman (her minister husband preaches at the United Methodist Church at Forest City, Iowa) has done fine work with her first book *To Touch the Sky*. In demand as a lecturer, it would be a real privilege to hear her message in person.

November 15 through the 21st is Book Week for Children. The slogan for this year is "This Is the Age of the Book." Libraries and bookstores will probably have fascinating and educational displays. What fun it will be to browse around to see what's new! Christmas is approaching. A magazine article told of a lady giving her nieces and nephews books each year for Christmas. One year a little niece said, "Oh, her gift is just an old book!" As the children grew, other gifts were forgotten or worn out, but the "old books" became much-read treasures.

A sports book for ages 12 and up is *Assignment: Sports* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 49 E. 33rd St., N. Y.,

N. Y. 10016, \$3.95) by Robert Lipsyte, a sportswriter for *The New York Times*. The book is a season-by-season panorama of famous and not-so-famous sports figures and events. The scope of this exciting collection of articles — many based on his pieces in *The Times* — ranges from the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City to a restaurant in California with Bozo Miller, the world's champion eater. Yankee manager Ralph Houk talks about spring training at their baseball camp in 1967; Muhammad Ali discusses his draft status; Dick Hansen, an oarsman on the Columbia crew team, tells what it is like to be a rower. Whether Mr. Lipsyte is writing about John Pappas trying out for the Mets or about Olaf Olsen, a Norwegian fishing guide, his vivid descriptions completely capture the flavor of the sport and the personality of the athlete. For the armchair sports fan or the serious amateur, Mr. Lipsyte makes the reader feel he is there.

As a three-time winner of the E. P. Dutton Best Sports Story of the Year Award, Mr. Lipsyte carries on with *Assignment: Sports*.

Look Through My Window (Harper & Row, \$3.95) by Jean Little concerns Emily Blair and her parents moving into an eighteen-room house that hadn't been occupied for eleven years. Her cousins, John, James, Jean, and Ann, were coming to stay with them. As an only child, Emily had written: "When I wake up, I always know, what I'll do and where I'll go..." Well, all that was changed. But Emily discovers that sharing yourself and your things with a big family can be pretty rewarding, although at times exasperating. Emily also discovers Kate, a very special person, and they share hurts as well as excitement and joy of true friendship. *Look Through My Window*, for ages 9-11, is another fine book by Jean Little, whose stories are meaningful, moving, and engrossing.

OUR PRAISE

We knew that we were richly blessed
When we saw Grandpa's farm,
Stretched out, rich with harvest zest,
Loving as an arm.

We knew that we were thankful when
The great door opened wide
And Grandma greeted us again
And drew us all inside.

It was truly gratitude
We felt for fire's bright grace
And for the table spread with food
And for each smiling face.

We didn't have to say a prayer
For the bounty of our days
(Though someone did). Beyond compare,
Our simple joy was praise!

—Bertha Garland



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A reader writes that her young son is making a terrarium for a 4-H club project. "I have gone to four different florists to buy 'fairy fern' and none of them seem to know what I am talking about. One man gave us a piece of what he called 'sheet moss' and said that is what he and other florists used for their planters," she wrote. "The 'fairy fern' has tiny, emerald green leaves and is very pretty. Does it have another name? Also can you suggest some plants that are slow growing and suitable for a terrarium. My boy wants to grow three different terrariums as he thinks his two grandmothers would like them as gifts."

Fairy fern is a name used infrequently for *Helxine soleioli* and if the reader had asked for "baby's tears" or Irish moss, most likely the florists would have gone to their plant counter and picked up a small pot of it as it is readily available where green plants are sold. There are any number of plants suitable for terrariums such as small ferns, ivies, creeping fig and seedlings of evergreens. If the soil is very rich many of these plants will grow quite rapidly as it is easy to retain moisture around them but you can prune them back for a while and when they do get out of bounds, simply remove the plants and start over with cuttings of the plants you removed.

Most people use far too much plant material in their terrariums with the result that they soon look something like a miniature jungle. Do use restraint and if the terrarium looks somewhat skimpy the first few weeks, so much the better — it will allow room for the plants to develop and be more satisfactory in the long run. Do not use over-sized ceramic animals as scale is most important. It takes some searching in stores and gift shops for minute pieces that will fit into a terrarium and look as though they actually belonged there. Once you have planted a successful terrarium you will not be at a loss to find gifts for the grandmothers on your list, or anyone for that matter, as they are delightful to give and to receive. Containers for terrariums can be inexpensive gold fish bowls or the more elaborate large brandy snifters but any clear glass container that can be fitted with a cover will serve nicely. Small stones, rich top soil, charcoal bits and mosses and a pair of tongs to place the plants are other items needed.



Miniature gardens are fun to make.

INDIAN SUMMER

Now tribes' harvest fires have started,
Burning, smoldering in the glen,
Wafting haze down every valley,
Up the hills, across the fen.

Blazing oaks march through each forest;

Scarlet maples join the throng;
Golden ash in splendid numbers
Drum in Autumn, strike Fall's gong.

'Til the sharper winds of Winter
Cool the colors, chill the flame,
Bring an end to Indian Summer,
Bank its fires, flamboyance tame.

—Inez Baker

HOW DOES SHE DO IT?



Whether it's club meeting or just "drop-ins" for coffee, her house always sparkles. It always looks like the day after house cleaning. And, amazingly, she doesn't look worn out from keeping it that way.

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AUTUMN IS AN ARTIST

Autumn is an artist, who
With finger paint and crayon
Comes to splash among the leaves
With colors that will stay on
Just long enough for startled eyes
To look on autumn as it dies.

—Helen Mitchel

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

TIPS ON TRIMMING — Concluded

pieces of fabric to self-cover button forms, and run your initials newly down the bodice of a shirtwaist dress. Or, dream up a new placement that's yours alone.

With cold weather still ahead, you'll be sewing with heavier fabrics. Perhaps you'll want to choose one of the new, lively tweeds with multicolor flecks on a neutral background (oatmeal or pale gray). Make a short, slightly boxy jacket; the skirt length is your own choice — just above the knees, just below, or mid-calf. This year's skirts often feature the "wrap look" with one laid pleat to the left side. Trim the jacket with bands of dark wool braid, with three sets of matching frogs down the front for the sparkling finishing touch. Or, make a circular woolen cape or poncho edged with fringe, either the short thick type or the longer, knotted fringe, and fasten with two sets of frogs chosen to match the fringe.

The bouncy ball fringe that you've often seen used for curtains makes a gay trim for a brilliant floral terrycloth poncho or for a lounging robe. White ball fringe contrasts crisply with paint-box red or bold blue duck or sailcloth for sportswear, too.

But back to jackets. One of my favorite jacket closures came about almost by accident, you might say. One daughter gave me a new sports jacket of chocolate brown homespun, lined in gold satin; to wear with it, I made a bonded knit dress of beige, brown and multi-flecked tweed. This dress was styled quite simply: round neckline, fitted bodice, and A-line skirt with inverted front pleat. The jacket had three brown-dyed bone buttons. Since I felt that the combination, while in good taste, lacked any distinguishing feature whatsoever, I removed the original jacket buttons and in their place, made three buttonholes to match those on the other side. The final touch was three gold-toned button-and-chain sets, to fasten the front. Still in good taste, it now incorporated that individualistic touch that is one of the rewards of sewing at home.

Another jacket closure, novel and intriguing, is made with a gold ring, perhaps 2" in diameter. These are available at many notions counters; failing to find any there in your particular shopping center, choose a suitable ring from the drapery findings department. Select a brief, craved-front bolero jacket pattern, to wear over a flared princess line dress or over a flared skirt and a turtleneck shell. Cut a tab for each side of jacket front that, when finished, will be about 5" long and 1 3/4" wide, with pointed ends. (Draw this out on paper, add 5/8" seam al-



Lucile's neighbor in New Mexico, Mrs. Parish, and her two daughters.

lowance all around for finished pattern, and cut four from your jacket fabric.) It's wise to use some firm interfacing for these tabs. Stitch tabs and turn right side out; topstitch neatly and make buttonhole on each for a one-inch button. Insert tabs on each side of jacket front, about breastbone high, and stitch firmly, as you're sewing on the facings. Place it so it's "wrong" side up when out flat, but will make the tab ends right side up when they are turned back and buttoned. Choose two elegant gold-toned buttons, and sew one on each side, about one-fourth inch in from edge. Slip ends of tabs under gold ring and up through; turn back to each side, and button. I've seen this style made up in tweed too deep-toned to be called lavender, too muted to term purple, reminding one of smoky twilight; I've seen it made up in a vibrant spruce green herringbone weave wool, too, and both choices were equally lovely.

This is the year of the golden rings for many uses: incorporate them in the styling of suspenders, straps, belts, pocket closures — where your fancy dictates. You may choose to sew them in place, or turn back the strap ends and snap or hook underneath, invisibly, or button them back like the jacket tabs just described. Used in any of these ways, the golden rings are very much up to the minute in the style world.

So, the next time you're shopping, drop into the trimming department and stock up, to try out some of these new ideas; while you're there, take time to browse a bit; perhaps you'll find some brand-new trim that stirs your imagination, and simply makes your fingers itch to get home and begin sewing. So turn your dreams into reality; go in for Trim with a capital "T". Be lavish, be whimsical, copy or design your own, but be sure to enjoy your sewing this year. Because, you see, this is the year that you can trim by whim . . . and the whim can be your own.

NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Continued
ladders to share with their Indian neighbors, the consequences were severe. The winter that followed was one of great hardship and starvation. Near the end of that terrible winter, so tradition says, there was so little corn left that each person was issued but five kernels a day. But they survived! And the fall of 1622 saw them once more gathering for a Thanksgiving feast day to offer their grateful praise to God, who had seen them through. In 1623 they began the observance in the time of a severe drouth, but during the prayer the rains came, turning the occasion from one of fasting and prayer to one of rejoicing and thanksgiving, indeed!

Thus Thanksgiving Day became traditional throughout New England, and, eventually, throughout the whole country. It remained a regional celebration until after the Revolutionary War. George Washington proclaimed the first national Day of Thanksgiving in 1789.

Through the years the story of the five kernels of corn has been told and retold so that it has become a part of our Thanksgiving heritage. Five kernels of corn remind us to be grateful for life and daily bread, for all gifts great and small which the Lord God has given us.

Today we will place the five kernels of corn upon our altar and let them remind us to "remember now our Creator" in praise and thanksgiving; to "forget not all His benefits".

Hymn: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow". (During this hymn the five speakers who are to place the corn on the altar move quietly to the front to stand to the right of the altar.)

Leader (or another narrator):

'Twas the year of the famine in Plymouth of old,
The ice and the snow from the thatched roofs had rolled.
Through the warm purple skies steered the geese o'er the seas,
And the woodpeckers tapped in the clocks of the trees;
The boughs on the slopes to the south winds lay bare,
And dreaming of summer the buds swelled in air,
The pale Pilgrims welcomed each reddening morn;
There were left for rations but Five Kernels of Corn.

Five Kernels of Corn!

Five Kernels of Corn!

But to Bradford a feast were Five Kernels of Corn!

—Hezekiah Butterworth

It is said that Governor Bradford called for prayers of thanksgiving the spring following that terrible winter, in gratitude that they had had those meager rations of five grains which had kept them alive and their flame of hope



Some of the staff sorting *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines for the mail.

still burning.

Five kernels of corn! Of what shall they remind us this year as we gather to celebrate the harvest festival?

First Speaker: (Holds up one kernel of corn.) The first grain of corn reminds us to pause to remember the beauty and order of God's world about us, and the abundances of nature which He bestows upon us day after day — not to grumble at what we have received, but to be grateful for those hardships, heartaches, and suffering which did not come. In this world of so much suffering, where so many are without food, shelter, and clothing, let us remember to be doubly thankful for daily bread.

"Give us this day our daily bread." How simply are the great words said. How sweetly sounds the cordial call That offers sustenance to all.

"Give us this day" . . . and do not fret

About tomorrow. Rather, let The present be your sole concern. The day ahead will have its turn. "Our daily bread" . . . enough to feed, Supply to meet the current need, So that, well nourished, hand and heart May find sufficient strength to start The tasks that God would have them do And swiftly, surely, see them through. "Give us this day our daily bread" . . . How well are soul and body fed!

—Church paper

(Places kernel of corn in bowl.)

Second Speaker: (Holds up kernel of corn.) Let this kernel of corn remind us of our country's heritage, and of the contributions of the great men and women who came before us. Think of their perseverance, their courage, their knowledge and skills that gave us all of our comforts, our great schools, our churches, our homes. Let's pay tribute to — not tear down — the older generation, past and present. Let the young think about the heritage they bequeath. Will it be predominantly a heritage of hatred, riots, and ruthlessness, or will they realize that while

every generation has its faults and its frailties, it must also have its visions, its endurance, and its faith to strive always toward that which is good, and just, and right. We must build on the old, right from where we are, with the tools at hand.

Let us value every evidence of good, of brotherhood, of tolerance, of understanding. These are the marks of faith in our country and our world. They testify that though the good dream often falls, the core is still there. It can be built again. (Places grain in bowl.)

Third Speaker: (Holds up grain of corn.) This kernel of corn reminds us that to this great country, which has (Concluded on page 24)

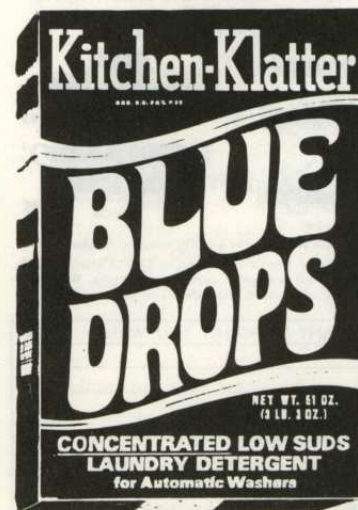
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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

her way there or on her return, she'll swing by here. Steve is in his final year of residency (neurology), but they won't be able to locate here in Albuquerque as soon as they had hoped for the Armed Services are badly in need of neurologists and he must serve his time with them.

Jed's mother and his younger sister Beth are coming out for a visit in the latter part of October, but I'm afraid I'll miss them for my plans are to head back to Iowa the last week in October. Dorothy plans to fly out and drive us back. I'll be in Shenandoah with the family for Thanksgiving, but as yet I have no definite plans for Christmas.

May it be a good and happy harvest season for all of you good family friends.

Always faithfully,
Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

blank for writing notes, and with a prayer, two poems, and a recent picture of me on the other three pages. Some weeks ago I read the prayer on our Saturday morning broadcast, and I promised to print it in one of my letters to you. I don't know who composed it, here it is:

"Dear Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will someday be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all, but Thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details; give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing, and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains, but help me to endure them with patience.

"I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

"Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a Saint — some of them are so hard to live with — but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. Give me the grace to tell them so." Amen

Sincerely,
Frederick



Keith Crouse, son of Dr. and Mrs. Steve Crouse, will be coming with his mother to visit Juliana and Jed.

BRAIDED RUG - Concluded

needle and leave the end free and unknotted. This gives the rug a chance to settle without threads pulling. You can also tighten loose stitches by pulling these free ends. Eventually they can be clipped off so they do not show.

When you are ready to finish off the rug, ease up on the stuffing, taper the ends to a point, and stitch down as inconspicuously as possible all snugged in close to the rug.

Yes, this is the long way to braid a rug, much more so than other methods, but I found the tearing, the preparing of materials, the stuffing and continuing process of watching the rug grow, a very rewarding experience. I would advise anyone wanting to start to do some experimenting on a small rug first to get the feel of the material, the thickness you like with the stuffing and the most pleasing color combination for your taste.

Now that my fireplace rug is finished I am collecting materials to make a round rug to go under the dining room table. Then I want to make small round pads for chair seats for the dining room chairs and then . . . !

FLUENT FIGURINES - Concluded

thin, unvoluminous dresses led to the invention of the handbag. Some of the figurine handbags are unique and add much interest to the whole collection.

The plainness of dress, at the turn of the century, seemed to demand the wearing of jewelry and the wearing of ostrich plumes on the head. Maybe this fashion was a headache to the figurine maker, but it is a fun thing for the collector.

My heart quickens at the prospect of finding more and more examples of the innovations of fashions from our ancestors. There is never anything more exciting than collecting with a real purpose.

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NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded
 given us so much, we owe our allegiance. To our faith we owe our total commitment. If we cannot do this, we should not accept the benefits. Our God, our country, our town, our parents — they do not owe us a life of freewheeling. Whatever we want, we must work for.

If we believe in the principles of freedom, we must work to retain them for ourselves and our brothers.

If we believe in a land of opportunity, we must see that there are opportunities for all.

We are pilgrims just as truly as were those who held the first Thanksgiving Day. Theirs was a wilderness of nature. We face a man-made wilderness of complexities and demands. Our faith and ideals are being tested as never before. But we should count it a privilege to live in this great land which has been, and continues to be, so richly blessed, under a government which, despite mistakes, still provides us with so many advantages and opportunities. After all, it is a government which we choose, which we make, so to speak. We owe it our support, even while working for changes. Remember how hard the great men and the common people have worked through the years to build the country they loved toward the dream they had for her. We can do no less.

For loyalty and allegiance to our nation and the principles upon which it was founded I place this grain of remembrance corn.

Fourth Speaker: Let this fourth kernel of corn remind us to give daily thanks for family and friends and home. May we have kind hearts and patience, understanding and love, as we meet our family and our friends in all the activities that each day brings. For the love, the fellowship, the security, the guidance and happiness that come to us through family and home and friends, let us offer this prayer of thanksgiving:

Not alone for mighty empire,
 Stretching far o'er land and sea,
 Not alone for bounteous harvests
 Lift we up our hearts to Thee.
 Standing in the living present,
 Memory and hope between,
 Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
 Praise Thee most for things unseen.

Fifth Speaker: Our fifth grain of corn reminds us to give thanks for our faith. As the Mayflower approached the shoreline of the New World, the Pilgrims drew up a document which began with the words "In the name of God. Amen." This confession of faith must still be the watchword of our nation. It is on our coins: "In God we trust." It is in our hymns of patriotism: "America the Beautiful". Yes, we may grow

materialistic in practice, but there is still hope for us as long as we hold the original dream in our hearts, and as long as God's will and way remains our intent.

Let us prayerfully sing the last stanza of "America" as I place this fifth grain of corn on the altar to remind us of our faith and what it means to us. (All sing last verse of "America".)

Leader:

For humble hearth, with happy hearts aglow;

For droning schoolroom, where youth's visions grow:

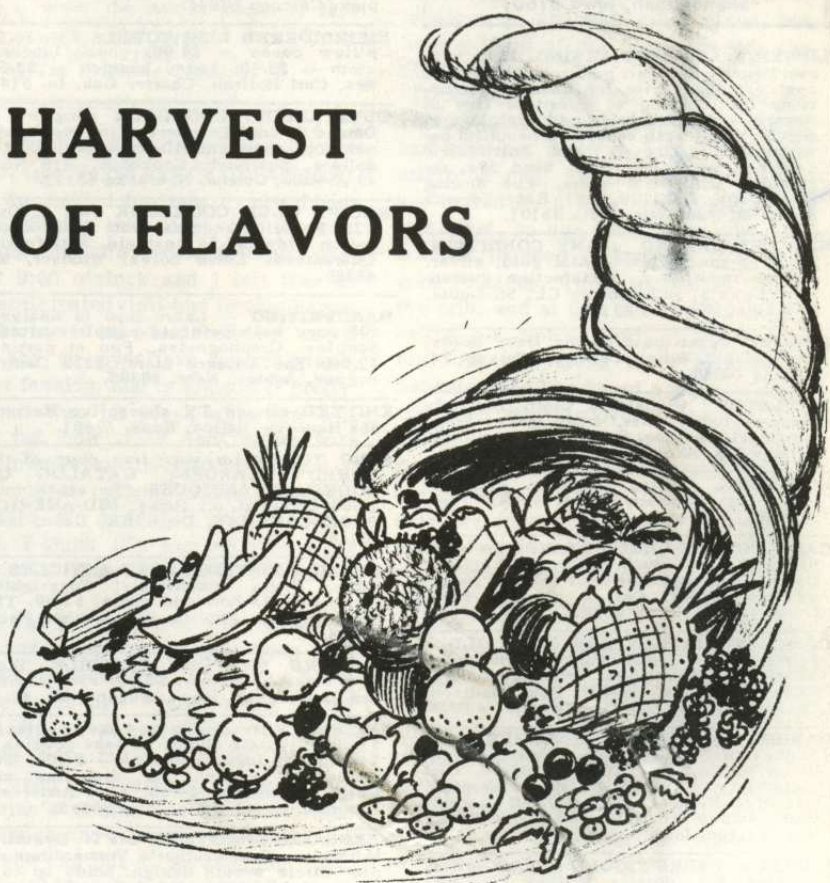
For spired temple, whence God's praises flow,

America gives thanks, O Lord, to Thee. Amen

(Lights candle of thanksgiving for 350th anniversary of the Pilgrim landing in America.)

Song: (all) "America the Beautiful".

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