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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Sometimes our family pictures seem to call for more than just a few words of explanation, and certainly our cover picture this month falls into such a bracket.

If you turn to page 13 you'll find a picture that was responsible for setting quite a few wheels into motion. Mother and I came across it when we spent a Sunday afternoon going through a huge collection of old photographs. The minute we saw it we said at the same moment: "Oh, that was the first of our turkey pictures!" We have had quite a few turkey pictures through the years, but this one was the very first.

We decided then and there that it would be fun to start over again with a new generation, and since Kristin was in the throes of getting settled in Durango it left Juliana as the only one who could cope with the situation. We told her what we had in mind for the November cover and she tackled the project with enthusiasm.

"Get the biggest turkey you can find," we told her, "so it will show up good in the photograph."

She had to trek to a number of stores before she could find a turkey that weighed more than 12 pounds, but eventually she located a bird that weighed around 24 pounds and took it home with high spirits. After making arrangements with a photographer everything was set . . . he'd turn up at 6:00 sharp to get the turkey picture.

Well, at 4:00 o'clock she prepared to baste the bird and discovered then to her great dismay that it had split completely apart. "And here I was timing it to the last second," she reported.

Her friend Chris was visiting her at the time and suggested that they take out the turkey and prop it together somehow so it would look the way it should, but when they tried to get it out of the roaster it fell completely apart and they couldn't do a thing in the world with it.

After 5:30 James and Katharine were dressed in their very best, the table was set and everything was ready for the photographer. He arrived right on the dot, but alas! Jed had gotten caught in a big traffic jam and was very, very late getting home. By the time he finally made it Katharine had fallen against the sharp edge of a coffee table and cut her head and there was no getting her back into a cheerful frame of mind. This left only James for the turkey picture and Juliana said that goodness knows he tried his very best to cooperate.

Eventually and in spite of all the commotion on every hand, the photographer managed to snap the cover picture that you see this month. (It didn't help any, I might add, that the phone is right in the area where the photographer was working and it rang constantly the entire time. One of those calls came from a long-time friend of Juliana's who was at the airport between planes and was most anxious to see her after a five-year separation. This was managed — Juliana hurried to the airport and brought her back to the house and at least she got in on a turkey dinner!)

Well, at our end we surely had no idea what a cauldron of complications we'd stir up when we asked Juliana to get the November cover! I've assured her that we'll wait for quite a spell before we ask her to tackle anything like that again.

Just now I glanced out the windows in my room where I am typing and am relieved to see that our big pine tree and several shrubs look much healthier this morning. We've been watering them day and night for a week to try to save them and I believe that we're over the hump. We've been in the grip of a very bad drought in our section and emergency measures are called for to save plantings of all descriptions. I treasure my trees and would surely hate to lose them.

Emily was here for a weekend recently and it was so good to see her again.

She was on her way to Chicago for a final interview that was to determine if she did or did not get the job that she wanted very badly. All of us kept our fingers crossed for her and we were certainly happy when she telephoned and said that she had been accepted for overseas service.

Incidentally, I've sent on to Emily many of the nice letters from you friends who said that you much enjoyed her part in our radio visits while she was spending several weeks with us at an earlier date. These letters made her very happy, although she regretted the fact that just as she learned to feel relaxed in front of the microphone it was time to leave.

Mother and I have been able to get out for some nice drives during these beautiful autumn days, and we've enjoyed prowling around the small towns in our general area. On almost every outing we turn up something that interests us, and right now I'm thinking about a small playground in Riverton, Iowa — a village about 14 or 15 miles from us.

The thing that attracted our attention in this playground was a stone marker with the following inscription cut into it:

"To perpetuate the memory of Coleman Smith and Grazilla Smith. This portion of their original homestead, settled in 1860, is donated by their children to the consolidated school district of Riverton. On this spot these pioneers labored. Here let children come for rest and play."

1923

Can you think of anything nicer that children of pioneers could do in memory of their parents? We were touched by this, and we were happy to see a number of children playing on the slide and swings. It really added a heartwarming note to a gorgeous autumn day.

Mother has all of her handwork projects for winter lined up and is trying her best not to get started on any of them until it's too cold to be outside. One thing she expects to make is a crewel wall hanging of four owls perched in the branches of a tree. This will be delightful for James' room. Juliana is working on a crewel wall hanging of a delightful little mouse, and when it is completed it will go in Katharine's room. I wish these crewel kits had been available back in the days when I did a great deal of embroidery for I would have enjoyed them very much indeed.

Jed's mother and his younger sister Beth are having a wonderful month's vacation in England and Ireland. During the summer months Beth works long, long hours making boat reservations on Cape Cod, and when the tourist season is over she's more than ready for a vacation. I had thought that with our

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## MARGERY SHARES A LETTER FROM MARTIN

Dear Friends:

What a golden day this is! When I finish this letter I'll sit outside a while to enjoy it as the forecast calls for much cooler temperatures the next few days.

If the weather is pleasant this coming Saturday, Oliver and I plan to drive to an apple orchard near Hamburg to buy a bushel of apples and several gallons of fresh cider to share with members of the family. When Martin was a young boy this was one of the highlights of fall for we made our little trek just before Halloween so he could select a pumpkin from the huge display in front of the roadside stand for his jack-o'-lantern. The trip for apples and cider became a tradition and even as a student at Doane College, he managed a weekend at home about this time of year so he could swing by the stand on his return to purchase a big sack of Jonathans and a gallon of cider.

Martin has completed two years of study at United Theological Seminary in New Brighton, Minnesota, and is now serving his internship in a small church in Molt, Montana, and assisting in a larger church in Billings, twenty-five miles away. He'll return at the end of summer for his final year at the seminary.

Perhaps this would be the ideal time to tell you about his activities, and the best way, obviously, would be to quote directly from his letters.

"You and Grandmother both asked for some pictures of the church, my little house and the area, but I forgot to pack my camera. Perhaps I can collect some from members of my congregation to send in my next letter.

"Recently I served my first communion, which was a tremendous experience for me. Afterwards John and Grace Leuthold invited me to their cabin along Stillwater River. They own many thousands of acres; one has to own quite a bit of land to make a go of it out here. I have heard of ranches with fields ten miles square. Much of the land is grazing land for cattle, but most is in winter wheat.

"The wheat fields are set up in strips running north and south for the length of a section. Because of the minimal amount of moisture and the lack of practical irrigation methods, the land has to stand fallow for a year to absorb sufficient moisture to produce a crop. The result is a countryside filled with strips of brown and gold. From high points it is a breathtaking view!

"Montana is indeed the Land of the Blue Sky. The rolling landscape is so vast! The hills are not high and the



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

valleys are broad. As a result I can see for miles and miles. From my front windows I can see eight miles to the south. In this direction, half hidden by the hills, are majestic mountains covered with snow. They are 80 miles away, but on a clear day they appear to be within an easy walk. From the top of the hill directly behind the house, I can see similar ranges to the west and north, but they are farther away. To the south, I'm not yet sure how far, is the Yellowstone River, which runs through Billings.

"We are in a basin out of which no water flows. The result is a very high alkaline water supply. I haul my drinking water from Billings or Columbus.

"Billings lies in the river valley, cut deep and wide through the arid land. The dominant feature is the high cliff which runs along the northern edge of town. Billings is enough of a city to have a very large number of churches, but small enough that you can commute to the church of your choice from any part of town. The largest employers in the city are the hospitals, followed closely by the public school system and then the colleges, Rocky Mountain College and Eastern Montana State. I have acquaintances on the faculty of both and hope that they can manage to find some place for me to plug into the life of the student body.

"The membership of the Molt church is only 48. They are really *great* people with hearts of gold! Most are early middle-aged with children in Sunday school. By now I feel very well acquainted with all the members. I'm starting a program for the senior high youths, their first, and hoping it works out well. I've reserved Wednesday evenings for them. I'm also hoping to start a young couples' Bible study group and a Women's Auxiliary.

"The Mayflower church in Billings has about 300 members. It is a very active and lively group. Many of my college faculty friends worship here. I meet with the minister on Tuesday mornings. Also that day I attend the 'Church of the Brown Paper Bag', a group of business men who get together at noon for discussions. I make hospital calls in the afternoons and attend meetings in the evening. These are usually various church boards, etc. On Wednesdays I mind the office as it is Rev. Elliott's day off. I do whatever he has set up for me to do. On Thursdays I'm also in Billings assisting the minister, including new-comer calling for an ecumenical group which includes a Presbyterian church, a Methodist church and a Lutheran church as well as Mayflower. That evening I instruct a confirmation class. Friday I spend making calls on my people.

"Did I miss Monday? Oh yes — that is my day off in which I try desperately to get caught up on my housekeeping, letter writing and recreation!

"You asked about my cooking. Let's just call it *Survival Cooking!* Fortunately, I've been invited out for many fine meals so there is no danger of malnutrition!"

Oliver and I are anxious to visit Martin while he is in Montana but we feel it would be best for him if we waited a while. Right now what he *doesn't* need is parents arriving for a visit!

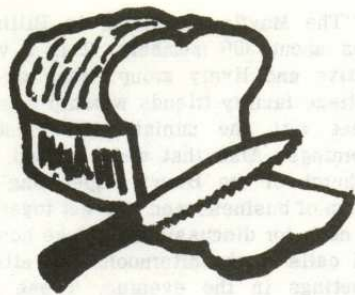
It does look likely, though, that we will drive down to the Southwest for a visit. Oliver has some more vacation time so we're thinking of visiting Juliana and Jed in Albuquerque (they probably could use some extra hands about then!) and then head north for a visit to Denver with Wayne and Abigail. If the weather is such that we could stop in Durango to visit our nieces and their families, we'll go to Denver by that route, but Wolf Creek Pass is something to be reckoned with in late fall and early winter.

I'm involved with so many activities besides my housework and office work that Mother asked me the other day if I was meeting myself coming and going! Sometimes I'm hard pressed to find a 'free' day when there isn't some meeting in the afternoon or evening, but I wouldn't be happy if I weren't busy so I'm not complaining. Besides heading up the religious education and the women's organization locally, I'm on a state committee which has had occasional get-togethers. These are responsibilities I enjoy.

It is cooling down a bit, but the sun is still bright, so I'll look for a sheltered spot away from the breeze and enjoy a bit of the out of doors.

Sincerely,  
Margery





## The Attitude of Gratitude

A Thanksgiving Worship Service

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Cover a small table with a cloth of some rich material in purple, wine, or harvest brown. Arrange a loaf of homemade bread on a snowy white napkin or small cutting board, and place it on the table. Beside it place a goblet of water.

If possible have all of those taking part in the service wear choir robes. If robes are the type worn with a stole, cut round "Pilgrim" collars of white paper and pin them on in place of the stoles.

**Quiet Music:** "O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea" or "Let Us Break Bread Together". Let the music be gradually softened until it provides a background for the Call to Worship.

### Call to Worship:

Thou has given so much to me,  
Give one thing more — a grateful heart;  
Not thankful when it pleaseth me,  
As if Thy blessings had spare days,  
But such a heart whose pulse may be  
Thy praise.

—George Herbert

**Scripture:** (Let the Scriptures be read by one person throughout the program.)  
*O give thanks to the Lord, call on his name, make known his deeds among the peoples! Sing to him, sing his praises to him, tell of his wonderful works! Glory in his holy name; let the hearts of those who seek the Lord rejoice! . . . Sing to him, sing his praises to him!*

**Hymn:** (by all) "To Thee, O Lord Our Hearts We Raise" or another hymn of thanksgiving and praise.

### Responsive Prayer: (by two persons)

Let us give thanks for the open doors of our churches where all who will may come to worship, to praise, and to give thanks; For our faith that sustains us; for Thy love which surrounds and abides with us each day of our life.

OUR PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING WE OFFER NOW TO THEE FOR THY CONSTANT LOVE AND CARE.

Let us give thanks that we are alive, O God. We thank Thee for eyes to see, ears to hear, hands to do — for our bodies and minds and their capacity to bless others; For the compassion that will save the world someday when men let their ways be ruled by love and friendship.

WE WILL GIVE THANKS, O FATHER.  
WE WILL SING OF THY STEADFAST LOVE FOREVER.

Let us give thanks for the deep rich smell of upturned earth, for the rough, knowing hands that tend it; For the seeds that sprout and grow and replenish; For the sun and the rain and all they bring to our lives; For the animals of the earth, the birds on wing, for the beauty of the earth about us everywhere.

WE REMEMBER THAT "IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH" AND ALL THAT DWELL THEREIN AND WE GIVE THEE THANKS AND PRAISE, O GOD.

Let us give thanks for the comfort of the little things in daily life — a daily paper at our door, a cup of coffee, loved ones and friends as close as the telephone, heat in winter and cooling fans in summer, the handclasp of a friend, the smile of a neighbor.

WE GIVE THANKS, O FATHER, FOR THE ACHIEVEMENTS THROUGH WHICH HAVE COME THE LITTLE MIRACLES SURROUNDING US EACH HOUR OF THE DAY.

Let us give thanks for the wonders and knowledge Thou hast given to man that we may better understand and know the glory of Thy universe. Grant that we use it to Thy praise and honor.

WE GIVE THANKS, O LORD WITH OUR WHOLE HEART. WE WILL TELL OF THY WONDERFUL DEEDS.

For homes lived in and loved, for the love of mother, father, brothers and sisters, for cherished friendships, for the blessings of laughter, the goodness of joy, let us give thanks.

ALL PRAISE AND THANKS TO THEE, O LORD, FOR THE WEALTH OF LOVE THAT UPHOLDS AND STRENGTHENS AND ENRICHES OUR DAILY LIVES.

Let us give thanks for daily bread, for water — the very sustenance of life — for work to be done and the strength to do it.

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF, THE WORLD AND THOSE WHO DWELL THEREIN. IN HUMBLE PRAISE AND ADORATION WE OFFER THEE OUR THANKS THIS DAY. AMEN (Both speakers.)

**Leader:** Thanksgiving time comes again, signifying different things to different people. Some will think of

dramatic achievements such as the moon explorations; others will be thankful for some material gain. Some will remember the gift of health; others will give thanks for food and a job to provide it.

Blocky, square-toed shoes with flat heels, often sporting silver buckles, are definitely "mod" today; but I wonder if their wearers realize that they are just as much pilgrims in a new land as were those at Plymouth some 350 years ago?

We are pilgrims in a nuclear age of space travel and moon walks. Out of our man-made wildernesses and pressures we must continue to seek our ideals and, above all, make our lives lives of *thanksgiving*. Never before has our faith been so tested and so challenged. How must we be thankful in such an age?

**Scripture:** *O give thanks to the Lord, call on His name, make known His deeds among the peoples! Sing to Him, sing praises to Him, tell of His wonderful works! Glory be in His holy name.*

*O come let us sing to the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation! Let us come into His presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise unto Him with songs of praise! For the Lord is a great God.*

**First Meditation:** Thanksgiving is not an inventory. It is the fundamental attitude of life, based on the right relationship with a creating, loving, heavenly Father. We must begin by thanking God for Himself. "This is the fundamental attitude of gratitude; all other thanksgiving grows out of it," says Cecil Myers. Out of this attitude of gratitude comes our response to God for the gift of life, for being, for all that makes up our life.

Let us think a few moments on this response part of thanksgiving. The dictionary defines response as "the act of answering". I like that word "act" in the definition; to act is to do something.

Some think the word "love" is overworked these days, but I wonder — can it be? The best way we thank God for Himself and His care for us is to love Him, to praise and give thanks for that love. If we do this wholeheartedly we cannot help doing what He has asked us to do — to love and serve others. We will begin by being the sort of person who is worthy of his own self-respect. We will be a loyal, loving member of our family group. We will be a good neighbor, a good citizen, showing by action, as well as our words, that we have concern for others. And above all, let our loving and caring be a joyful experience, not merely a duty. A truly

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## What You See Is What You Get

by  
Agnes W. Thomas

A funny thing happened on my way to see the income tax man last winter. Rather, it happened after I got there.

Looking over my checks, bills, receipts, and countless other papers, he said, "I see you sold a garage for \$500."

I was dumfounded! I knew I had not sold a garage, so thought he must have my papers mixed up with those of some other client.

He handed me the paper. "Garage sale, \$500." I burst out laughing. "Mr. Holms, don't you know what a garage sale is?" I asked. He didn't. Maybe you don't either, and since they're so great, I'd like to tell you about the one I had.

One day, a few months after my husband died, and the last of my four sons had married, I decided that rattling around in that ten-room house was too much for me. I would be better off in a small apartment. "But," I asked my neighbor Mary, "what will I do with all this old furniture? The boys don't want it."

"Have a garage sale," she said. "I'll help you if you'll let me bring over some of my crocheted ponchos and handmade gifts."

"Garage sale? What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, you just stock your garage full of junk and stuff you don't want, put an ad in the paper, and you're in business. Haven't you seen those notices in the paper about yard sales, and patio sales? They're all the same."

It sounded like a good idea, so we decided to visit some of these the next day. We were surprised at some of the items we found for sale. In addition to used furniture and antiques, some people offered used clothing, tools, clothing and gifts. And often the customers who visited the sales were as strange as some of the merchandise!

One woman in particular attracted our attention. She had a large frame, stringy hair, and very dark teeth. She asked the garage owner if she had a large black pot for sale.

"No," said the saleslady, "but I have a nice electric frypan."

"All I want is a big black pot," said the fat lady as she left.

Another customer we saw several times was an elderly man who was tall, thin, and well dressed. He always asked about jewelry. We wondered if he wanted it for his wife, or if he owned a secondhand jewelry store.

Having visited more than a dozen such sales, Mary and I felt that we were ready to conduct our own. We had observed that experienced dealers always had a good supply of paper bags handy, so we began saving bags of all sizes. We put our ad in the paper, being careful to list all the different kinds of items we had for sale. The ad ran in both morning and afternoon papers for three days.

Next, we painted attractive signs on poster board and placed them in our favorite neighborhood grocery store, gas station, and cleaners. We even put one in a public telephone booth!

In the meantime, I bought new furniture and moved into a small apartment. I hoped to make enough on the garage sale for at least one payment on the new stuff.

With the help of my sons, Mary and I moved everything from my home to the garage, and arranged it as best we could.

"Shouldn't we polish these old brass candlesticks?" I asked my oldest son, Billy.

"Don't clean anything," he warned. "They look more like antiques when they're dirty."

"What about this old coal scuttle? Look, it's all rusty; even has a hole in the bottom."

"Oh, Mom," said one of the boys, "you don't recognize antiques when you see them. Don't you know some smart housewife will just love to have that for a magazine rack? After it's painted, no one will know it's rusty."

Together we moved tables, chairs, beds, and dressers. We put all curtains and draperies in a pile then tied them up in a bundle (with the cleanest looking ones on the outside, of course) and attached a sign which said, "Cur-

tains and drapes for your whole house. As is, \$10."

Small items like ashtrays, odd cups and saucers, paring knives, and tea strainers were placed in a big box with a sign, "Anything in this box, 10¢."

I had thought pricing items would be difficult, but I had seen what other people had charged and tried to mark mine accordingly. Determined not to be sad about parting with all my old things, I moved, priced, and stacked them with reckless abandon.

"Don't mark them too low," said number two son Tom. "You know how people like to haggle over prices."

Every time I'd say a chair was worth maybe \$5, Tom would say, "Make it \$10. You can always come down."

Carefully examining our accumulation of books to make sure we were not selling some rare editions, we placed them all in an old bookcase with a sign that read, "Your choice 25¢ each. Take them all and the bookcase is free!"

Mary arranged her things in one corner which she named "The Gift Shop". We finished marking everything, working late into the night, and went home to rest up for the big day.

I didn't sleep well that night. I kept wondering if I'd done the right thing by moving into an apartment and putting my home up for sale. Would anybody really pay out their good money for my old furniture, which was more "early attic" than early American? Who would want to buy a dresser with a cracked mirror? Or beds with peeling veneer? Or a stuffed deer head that was shedding hair?

I was up early the next morning, happy to see we would have fair weather for the sale. I put on my apron with big pockets which I filled with folding money and change. After making sandwiches, and filling my thermos with hot coffee, I was off.

Mary was there waiting, and before we got the big garage doors unlocked, a man was banging to get in.

"I know you don't open until 9," he said, looking at his watch (it was 8:30) "but I always like to beat the crowd, you know. That way I get the pick of the crop."

We recognized him as the senior citizen we had seen at several sales, and directed him to our used jewelry department. A bargain hunter, we thought. Maybe he'll buy us out. But we were wrong; he bought nothing, but he did talk a lot! While we waited for other customers, the man told us his life's story. He was a recent widower who lived alone, and attended garage sales just to have someone to talk to!

While he was still talking we heard a car arrive, and looking out the window, saw a large, rather untidy-looking lady

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## FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Out here in New England where the Pilgrims celebrated the first American Thanksgiving, we have much for which to be thankful for this year. We have had good rains all year, and our crops look the way the picture books seem to say they ought to look. When I got up this morning and looked up the Connecticut River Valley, I could see the late Indian summer haze lying low between the hills, and I thought to myself: "How many times have I seen beautiful color photographs in travel magazines that looked just like this?" Don't you love the smell of autumn? I do! There is the smell of burning cornstalks and leaves and dried-out flower stems all mixed with the faint, musty odor of tired earth. There is nothing that takes me back to the days of my childhood quicker than a big pile of burning leaves. Oh how I used to love to burn the leaves that had been raked up from the lawn, and to this day I get a childish delight in tending an out-of-doors fire.

Two years ago at this time we had just come home from our autumn yachting trip up the Rhine River and then up the Moselle River into France. There the odor of fall has to include the smell of the grapes, for it is in October and early November that the wine grapes on the German and French hillsides are ripe for the harvest. I suppose that every part of the world has its own distinctive autumn odors, but surely there is nothing to surpass the odor of a burning cornfield. Do you suppose that anyone ever will come up with a perfume having that distinctive odor?

Speaking of our trip two years ago reminds me that there are many things I have not told you about our European trip this past August.

We had such a good time in Sweden and Norway that we plan to return in another year or so. I would like to spend an entire summer in Sweden and Norway some year, and I am sure that I would rather go to those magnificent countries with their friendly, handsome people, than to any other European country.

As usual, our two weeks of sailing on the American Yacht Yankee with Captain and Mrs. Irving Johnson were wonderful weeks. We had so much good sailing on the North Sea and on some of the Dutch canals, and we got to see parts of Holland that we never had seen before. I have seen Europe by train, by car, by small airplane, and by yacht, and by far the latter is the best way to do it. We ate and slept aboard the boat without having to pack up and move to a new hotel every two or three



Most of Frederick's and Betty's pictures were shots of the picturesque countries they visited, but we decided to share this one of them aboard a Swedish ship.

days, and that was so leisurely and so gracious. After these past two trips with the Johnsons on the Yankee, I am sure that we are spoiled for any other form of travel. However, next summer we shall not have a chance to sail in Europe with the Johnsons, for the *National Geographic Magazine* will be sailing with them to do a story on the Inland Waterways of Italy. However, the following year we want to go with them to Yugoslavia and Greece.

I said that we ate all our meals on the yacht, but actually, we did eat a couple of meals on shore. There was one gorgeous day when we ate lunch in a beautiful restaurant located on the very bank of a wide Dutch canal. The restaurant had a big front lawn and some lovely flower gardens, but most interesting of all was the number of wild birds freely wandering around on the lawn. There was a big cat out there too, but the birds paid no attention to it, and the cat paid no attention to the birds. There were several dogs coming and going across the lawn, and not one of them even looked at the large peacocks and Chinese pheasants that wandered all over the place.

When there are so many good restaurants in the world, it is not easy to make one of them different from all others, but this one really was different. In addition to the interesting birds on the outside, it had a large fountain with dozens of tropical fish in a marble pool in the very center of the main dining room. In addition, there were several dozen antique music boxes located around the walls and in between the tables, and each time a waiter walked by he would wind up one of the boxes and let it play for us. It was so

delightful and so different that we could have sat there all afternoon.

You could never guess what the specialty of the restaurant was! Smoked eel! If you have been in Holland you know that the Dutch do love eel and eat a great deal of it, but since eels are so much like snakes I never had thought that I would care for it. Actually, I loved it, and so did Betty. It was so sweet and tasty. Everywhere we went in Holland we saw men and boys fishing for eels in the canals with large nets, and in the same way that we have popcorn stands on street corners, the Dutch have smoked eel stands where for a few pennies one can buy a delicious eel to be eaten on the spot.

I never knew there were so many different ways of fixing fish for the table until we went to Sweden and Norway. My but those handsome people do love fish — all kinds of fish served in all kinds of ways. If you had told me three months ago that I would be eating pickled herring for breakfast and loving it, I would have looked at you and laughed. Yet, every morning in the dining room of the lovely little steamer that took us all across Sweden in canals and lakes we were served delicious sweet pickled herring, sour pickled herring, smoked herring, fried herring, baked herring, and herring boiled with potatoes, and I don't know how many other kinds of herring. We loved it all and asked for more. The more we travel in Europe, the more we come to believe that the Scandinavians are the best cooks. My how they do eat, and yet seldom do you see a fat Swede or a fat Norwegian or Dane. They have such trim figures with such beautiful hair and skin. I am positive that their children are the most beautiful children in all the world. How I do wish that you could see the pictures I took of them, and I took hundreds. I just could not resist taking a picture of a beautiful child.

When you sit down to your Thanksgiving table this year, I know that you will have many reasons for gratitude. Most of us will be wondering how on this earth we shall ever manage to deserve all the good fortune that has been ours. Did you by any chance see that quotation from an editorial in a Japanese newspaper that said this: "It is infallible evidence of the goodness of human nature that the world often treats us in a more kindly manner than we deserve. Such treatment, I believe, is given us 'on account' and in anticipation of the future service we are expected to render to others."? Isn't that the truth? No matter how difficult the past year has been, I know that most of us have to settle a "big account with the Lord".

Sincerely,  
Frederick

### COVER PICTURE

See Lucile's letter for the hilarious account of the day the photographer came to Juliana's and Jed's house to take the cover picture.



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

My favorite season of the year has arrived, and as I look back over the summer months and think about the happy days we shared with our friends, and the wonderful visits we had from relatives, I am thankful for the memories Frank and I will have to keep our hearts warm during the cold winter months ahead. Also, I have just returned home after spending a few days with Kristin and her family in Durango, Colorado, where they will be making their home for awhile.

Since there is so much to write about my trip, I think I will go back and catch you up to date with a few of our other activities before I embark on my travelogue. We were pleased that our brother-in-law Raymond Halls was able to spend a few days with us. Of course we were sorry that Edna wasn't able to accompany him, but just the fact that Raymond was able to leave her long enough to come made us happy, because this meant that Edna was feeling well enough to be left alone.

He stopped in Kansas City to spend the night with sister Ruth and her husband Frank, and Ruth decided to take advantage of the opportunity to ride to Lucas with him. This gave us a double surprise when Raymond drove in a day ahead of schedule. Ruth stayed only over a weekend and attended the Lucas Homecoming celebration, but Raymond spent almost two weeks in our territory. We didn't get to see him as much as we would have liked because he has many relatives and friends in Lucas and Wayne counties, and by the time he got around to see all of them he didn't get to make many trips to the farm.

One of the reasons Raymond came at this particular time was to see his aunt, Mrs. George Griffiths of Alexandria, Virginia, and his cousin Gerald, whose visit to Iowa coincided with his. Gerald is also a good friend of ours, so we are always happy when he spends a day with us during his annual trip to Iowa.

While Mother's companion Ruby took a vacation, Mother spent a few days with us. This is always a joy and we were especially glad she came then because she got to have a good visit with Raymond and Gerald. I drove to Shenandoah to get Mother, and when we got home Frank and Raymond had a big bonfire started in order to have a nice



Aaron Brase gave his grandmother, Dorothy Johnson, a warm welcome.

bed of coals ready by supertime for a wiener roast. This picnic was to celebrate the birthday of our friend and neighbor, Mrs. Ralph Marker. I don't know if everyone enjoys wiener roasts as much as I do, but to me there is nothing that tastes so good as a hot dog cooked over an open fire topped off with marshmallows toasted to a golden brown for dessert. Mother enjoys them too, so we always try to have at least one when she visits us, and have the fire where she can get close enough in her wheelchair to roast her own wieners.

When it was time to take Mother home, my friend Angie Conrad rode along with us to keep me company on the way home. We had such a nice day, and I enjoyed taking Angie all around Shenandoah, my home town. I enjoy equally as much every opportunity to take house guests on a tour of Lucas County, my home for the past 25 years.

Brother Howard and his wife Mae spent a Sunday with us recently, and this was a real occasion because they hadn't been here for eight years. Whenever they could take time to spend a day away from home and work, they headed in the opposite direction to have a day with their daughter and grandchildren, something Frank and I can both understand since we wish ours lived close enough so we could do the same thing. The last time Frank and I were in Shenandoah for a day to attend a family dinner, he got a promise out of Howard that before the winter snows flew in they would make a trip to our house. In fact after they had gone home that day Frank said, "Now everyone who promised they would get to our house this summer has made it except Oliver and Marge. Maybe they will make it while the timber is pretty." We hope so.

As soon as Kristin and her family finally got moved bag and baggage to

Durango, Colorado, everyone started asking me when I was going out to see them in their new home. Frankly I hadn't really given it any thought, and took it for granted I wouldn't go until Lucile went to Albuquerque to see Juliana. After I had driven her down there I planned to take a bus on up to Durango. The power of suggestion is a strong force, and after this question had been asked several times I began to get anxious to go. It was then I decided to go right now before time to pick corn and combine beans. Also, since I was going by train and bus, it was a good idea to go before there was a lot of snow in the mountains.

When we called Kristin to tell her I was coming and when to meet the bus, she said she had just told Art the day before that now they were moved she wouldn't be at all surprised to hear that I was coming out because she knew I was probably "busting a button" to see where they live. This was one reason for my going because I like to have a visual picture of things so I can associate them with her letters. The other reason was to see the grandchildren, who are growing by leaps and bounds.

Frank and Bernie drove me to Osceola where I boarded the Amtrak train at 8:30 in the evening. There is absolutely nothing to report about the train ride to Denver. I didn't even get to try the food in the diner because we arrived at Union Station fifteen minutes ahead of schedule, and too early for breakfast. I had notified Wayne and Abigail that I would be in Denver until 2:00 in the afternoon, so Abigail met me at the station and drove me to their house. I was there only for a few hours, but it was long enough to have a good visit with Abigail and Wayne, who came home for a long lunch. It had been almost two years since I had seen them, so I really enjoyed my layover in Denver.

From Denver to Durango I either had to fly or go by bus, and since I'm not a very good flyer I chose the bus. Actually I had a pleasant trip because the route was a scenic one, and over territory I had never seen before. We weren't on any super highways, with most of the driving through foothills and mountains. I saw cowboys working cattle on the range, and in one beautiful alfalfa field which looked particularly lush and green after our dried-up pastures in Iowa, there was a large herd of Holstein cattle. We stopped for ten minutes in the town of Fairplay, where the elevation is just under 10,000 feet. I was sorry we didn't stop longer so I could go to South Park City, the old western town which has been built there.

(Continued on page 22)





## Thanksgiving Day

by  
M. Robert Beasley

This year we celebrate the 350th anniversary of Thanksgiving Day, a distinctive truly American holiday, an inherited legacy from our heroic Pilgrim forefathers.

Although this is truly one of our most cherished holidays, it has been one of the most controversial festivals in our history.

While our Thanksgiving festival is completely American, many peoples observed similar holidays long before our country existed. For instance, the Israelites were among the first to observe a special day to offer thanks for divine goodness and mercies. They held a seven-day feast, with both solemn and rejoicing ceremonies, in their Feast of Tabernacles. They not only offered thanks for the bounties of the land, but for their escape from Egypt.

The ancient Greeks also had a Thanksgiving Day known as the Feast of Demeter, a nine-day festival in honor of Demeter, their goddess of cornfields and harvests. The ancient Romans also had a feast at harvest time called Cerealia wherein thanks and sacrificial gifts were offered to their deities for food and life during the year drawing to a close.

While history is abundant with similar days of thanks in many lands observed in numerous ways, America was the first nation to definitely establish a specific day each year for the sole purpose of rejoicing and giving thanks to God.

The first American Thanksgiving was celebrated at Plymouth by a handful of homesick men and women weary from their daily struggle for existence in a strange, hostile and bleak country. Food was scarce, shelter was still makeshift, and even the bare essen-

tials of life were lacking.

With only fifty-five of the original one hundred and one settlers still alive, these amazing Pilgrims set aside a special day to offer thanks for a good crop from their twenty acres of corn and six acres of barley and peas. A sudden cold wind had brought unexpectedly large quantities of game into the harbor — which gave hope to many hearts that had almost abandoned faith.

Governor Bradford ordered a Day of Thanks to be held on December 13, 1621, and sent a special patrol of four men to provide as much fowl as they could shoot. The hunters returned with enough turkeys to supply the entire settlement for more than a week. With so much food suddenly available, the friendly Indian chief, Massasoit, and ninety of his braves were invited to share the feast with the people of Plymouth.

The Indians, dressed in ceremonial paints and feathers, brought with them a large supply of pumpkins, instructing the Plymouth women in their preparation. Since the first great feast of rejoicing and thanks consisted mainly of turkey and pumpkins, these two foods have become American tradition on this holiday.

The spirit of hospitality and social activity experienced on Thanksgiving Day is also woven into American tradition, primarily through the act of the lonely fifty-five settlers of Plymouth who invited Chief Massasoit and his ninety braves to share their first Feast of Thanks.

While this historic first Thanksgiving Day shared with the Indians is the basis of our annual celebration, regular yearly festivals did not come into existence until many years later.

In July 1623, a day of fasting and

prayer was appointed in the infant colonies of New England because of a severe drought. As the group of Pilgrims were joined in prayer rain began pouring from the skies in abundance. The Colonial Governor immediately proclaimed this to be a Thanksgiving Day to be observed with joy and religious exercises.

In February 1630 a great public Thanksgiving celebration was held in Boston by the Bay Colony in gratitude for the safe arrival of ships bringing food and friends from across the ocean.

In 1631 a fast day had been declared in Charlestown since food was so scarce that starvation seemed imminent. On the morning of the appointed day sails were spotted on the horizon and several ships of supplies from Ireland arrived safely — causing a glorious Day of Thanksgiving.

From 1630 until 1680 there were only about twenty Thanksgiving Day celebrations — with two or three years elapsing between each event. In 1675 the settlers were too busy fighting hostile Indians to observe the holiday, and with the battle odds greatly against them probably didn't feel there was much for which to be thankful. In 1742, however, with peace prevailing in the settlements and food in abundance, two Thanksgiving Days were celebrated.

Following the Revolution, when Congress adopted the Constitution in 1789, Thanksgiving Day was established as a national day of rejoicing and thanks. In the last days of the Congressional Session a man named Boudinot made the motion that a day be designated for universal thanks.

The motion was immediately carried and President George Washington appointed Thursday, November 26th, as the "National Thanksgiving Day".

This holiday was observed for a short while, but one by one various states began celebrating Thanksgiving on different dates. Although they were all in November they varied greatly. Not only did the date vary in different states, but counties and towns within the states began setting special days for the festival for various and sundry reasons. It is recorded where one prudent town postponed Thanksgiving Day for a week until the molasses was ready with which to sweeten their pumpkin pies.

To enforce the order of President Washington and bring uniformity to this national holiday, President Abraham Lincoln issued a proclamation in 1864 that the last Thursday of November would be officially recognized and observed as Thanksgiving Day.

The date of this great festival came under controversy again in 1939 when  
(Continued on page 22)



## CRANBERRIES

Something would certainly seem amiss, if Mother's best crystal bowl wasn't filled to the brim with sparkling cranberry sauce, on Thanksgiving Day. True, we now serve cranberries the year around, yet, would it be a real Thanksgiving, if the festive colored berries did not take their proper place beside the traditional turkey and pumpkin pie?

This popular and versatile fruit has indeed, come a long way! Growing wild on our shores before Columbus arrived, Indians considered cranberries a symbol of peace, and used them in decorating, for medical purposes, and as dye for clothing and blankets.

The large cranberry, as we know it, grows only in North America, mainly, in the states of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Washington and Oregon, with the Cape Cod area producing more berries than all states combined. A smaller, spicy variety, the lingonberry, is native to Europe and the Scandinavian countries. Thus, our bright, red cranberry of holiday fame, is truly American.

Cranberries were not on the First Thanksgiving menu, as some of us might suppose; sugar for sweetening was scarce at the time. But, by 1700, a form of cranberry pie, had become a familiar dessert in almost every home.

How was the cranberry named? It is believed that the graceful, pinkish blossoms, appearing in midsummer, resembled the head of a crane, therefore, called "crane-berry", later changed to the simpler "cranberry". Early Pilgrims referred to them as "bounce-berries". And, because they grew wild on moorlands and in boggy places, they were also known as "moorberries", or "mossberries".

The plant belongs to the same family as the blueberry, except that it trails along the ground as a vine. Cranberries demand a wet, acid soil, which must be thoroughly worked and sanded to be productive, making bog-building a difficult and tedious job.

Harvest begins in early September, and continues until late October or November. At one time, pickers moved through the bogs on their knees, pushing before them a scoop edged with wooden teeth, gently "combing" berries from the vines. Another manner of harvest floods the bog with swirling water until the berries float to the top. With long boards, the berries are pushed together, scooped into containers, and dried at once, to preserve their firmness and necessary bounce.

Mechanical sorters are used to separate the berries from leaves and chaff, then sorts them according to size. After a detergent sudsing, the larger fruit is sorted by hand, with the choic-



## Making the Most of Autumn

by Fern Christian Miller

Are you one of those folks who gives a big sigh when autumn arrives, and says despondently, "Fall makes me sad. It is the death of the year with nothing but cold winter ahead."?

There was a short time in my life when I felt like that, but being a nature lover and a gardener, I soon changed my attitude. There is a season for all things in this life. Autumn is a time to enjoy Nature's harvest; to fill our eyes with the glorious color of the mellow reds and yellows, the orange and browns of leaves, berries, cones, seed heads, late flowers, mosses and sedges, and the glorious blue of sky and water. As we pick the last of the red tomatoes and green peppers, popcorn, yellow squash, orange pumpkins, and dig old-golden sweet potatoes, we revel in our harvest of food and color. We fill our nose with the odors of the fields and fence rows and the woods and the hills as we travel and go for late walks and picnics. Although we always choose sunny days for these thanks-giving jaunts, warm sweaters and scarves are taken along, for a cool autumn rain can materialize out of thin air. Or a cool wind can temper enthusiasm.

As usual, I gathered materials for autumn holiday arrangements and winter bouquets. This was a lot of fun. Bouquets of colored leaves, bits of cedar, clusters of bittersweet berries, rose hips, coral berries, great arching seed heads of various graceful weeds and grasses; acorns, cones, sweet gum "balls", wahoo berries (arrowwood), all were "grist for my mill".

Each part of our country has its own treasures. "Rockhounds" found much of interest. Bird lovers were so busy watching for migrations that plants were scarcely noticed!

Even if you couldn't get out of your own yard, autumn was a glorious time. All late flowers showed brilliant colors. The chrysanthemums hung on until a killing freeze. If you have a scarlet

maple, as I do, you had all the colors of a sunset. We got a head start on spring by cleaning our garden well, setting bulbs for early spring blossoms, and taking in well-cleaned flower pots and flats and a basket of good soil for the resetting of hardy amaryllis and other house plants, and starting seeds in early spring. We raked and composted all the leaves and tops that weren't diseased. We cleaned, oiled, and put away all the garden tools from the trowel to the lawn mower. If any tools needed repairing or sharpening, we saw to that. We plowed or spaded vegetable and annual beds, but left them rough for winter's frost action.

Take a deep breath of autumn's tangy air. Wow! Feel that wind and listen to that cold rain descending. The tawny autumn sun has gone behind a dark cloud. Let us dash inside and clean up; winter is coming very soon!

Now we can take time to leisurely write ourselves all those garden reminders we have planned. We can browse through the library and look up all those things we have questioned about all summer. What a joy it is now that the outdoor chores are done! Oh, yes, how about those catalogs we wanted last spring and failed to order? Let us send for our catalogs early so the long winter evenings won't be lost.

Let us put wild bird seed on our shopping list, and how about another feeder this winter? Ah, yes, that new bird book has barely been skimmed.

Let the cold dark days come; we have autumn's bounty to be made into patio strings, swags, terrariums, and arrangements. Where's our fine wire and spray paints and lacquers? We have our happy memories, our colored snapshots to arrange in the album, our slides to enjoy with the family. We are ready to turn to winter hobbies, family get-togethers, sewing, gift making. Now, wasn't this the most gloriously happy autumn you ever experienced?

est and firmest berries processed into whole cranberry sauce. The smaller, lighter-colored fruit is made into jelly, juice, or strained cranberry sauce.

Containing a generous amount of vitamin C, cranberries were carried on long voyages by early seafarers, as protection against dreaded scurvy. Today, people drink cranberry juice to strengthen fingernails, or for its various other health-giving qualities.

Easily frozen, cranberries lose neither

plumpness nor flavor. Bought fresh during the holiday season, they can be placed in the freezer in their original container. When ready to prepare, just rinse, and use as you would fresh berries. They need no thawing, and are considerably easier to grind or chop than when fresh.

Thanksgiving without cranberries, for me, would be like Christmas without St. Nick!

—Marjorie A. Lundell



## FOREIGN STUDENT VISITS DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

November will find our family dining on birthday cake rather frequently this year. Not only will Emily and Clark be on hand to celebrate their birthdays this month, but the newest member of our household will also. Kevin Darnell of Dawlish, which is located in Devon, England, will reach his sixteenth birthday while living in our home for a few weeks. Kevin is spending this year in Denver as a Rotary exchange student. He and Clark are enrolled in different Jefferson County high schools, so we find ourselves engaged with the activities of two schools.

Colorado put on one of its spectacular, though entirely unwelcome, weather displays very shortly after his arrival. Officially, it was still summer when a foot and a half of very wet, heavy snow deluged this area. Because this is more than three times the amount of snow Kevin's home town receives in an entire year, he was impressed, to say the least.

Kevin is a bright student and this is the reason he is able to spend one of his high school years in the United States. Few English students who aspire to a college education can afford to miss a year of preparation. If they did, they would be unable to pass the entrance examinations. But Kevin is blessed with the ability to complete five years' preparatory study in four years. Thus he can spend this year broadening his educational and living experiences.

It has been a genuine pleasure to have Kevin in our home. He is very cheerful with a good sense of fun and humor. He is neat and tidy and very responsible about being prompt and prepared for every occasion. His two food dislikes are for mushrooms, which make him ill, and for highly seasoned food. So we have declared a moratorium on Mexican food and Italian sausage for these few weeks.

Kevin has certainly given Clark a superb example of how to be an exchange student. Clark has been accepted for this same Rotary exchange program, so we hope that if he is placed in another country, he will be as fine a sample of U.S. youth as Kevin is of the British. There is a good possibility that Clark may be going to Brazil sometime early in 1972. Each year through high school he has carried extra subjects and he completed an additional English credit this past summer so that all his requirements for high school graduation and college entrance will be completed at the end of the current semester.

In the meantime Clark is quite in-



Emily Driftmier sets up tables for some outdoor entertaining.

involved with music activities. Currently he is playing in three nonschool symphony orchestras, has one pupil for private lessons, and takes two lessons a week himself. One is on the tuba, of course, and the other is jazz piano. All these years he has played the piano by ear and been totally uninterested in lessons. Last summer he attended music camp at the University of Colorado in Boulder for the second year; this is a great ten-day experience for high school students in particular. He returned inspired to do something more than just fool around with the piano. This past summer whenever he wasn't clerking in a nearby store or hiking up one of our 14,000-foot mountains, he was practicing on both instruments, and the improvement in his musical skill was quite evident even to my tin ears.

1972 may well find Wayne and me writing letters to our children located in distant places. Alison and Mike would like very much to go to New Zealand if there is any opening for someone with the college degree that Mike will receive in December. Emily has her application in for overseas service, also. So while 1971 has been a busy, bustling year for our home, 1972 may find it becoming far too quiet and peaceful.

Emily sought local temporary employment for the interval during which her application would be processed and, hopefully, accepted, with placement then made. In spite of eager seeking she found there was anything but an overwhelming demand for persons with a college degree in Latin American

Give some time to your fellow man. Even if it is a little thing, do something for those who have need of help . . .

For remember, you don't live in a world all your own.

Your brothers are here, too.

—Albert Schweitzer

Studies. Having been disappointed and frustrated in using her education directly, she decided to seek the best paying job possible so that she would have money for extra travel abroad.

Her current job makes absolutely no use whatsoever in any direct fashion of all her years of study. However, of the employment available, the best from the standpoint of net income was as a painter of walls. This is done in a factory which prefabricates bathrooms for a large apartment complex under construction not far from our house. The factory, however, is located in northeast Denver in the heart of the area occupied mostly by poor blacks and Chicanos. Almost all of the employees come from the immediate neighborhood. Emily is finding it quite an experience to be the "token white" on the work crew. She has received a bit of a firsthand education in prejudice and unkind treatment from co-workers. The work itself is physically demanding and not particularly pleasant. She is covered with paint and paint dust at the end of each day, and her skin is reacting to the conditions rather unfavorably. Several times she has been on the verge of quitting.

But economic gain and personal pride are rather powerful forces and have kept her going. No one of her temperament and background wants to admit she can't take this kind of treatment from minority people. Knowing that so many persons of Chican and black ancestry have been subjected to much worse prejudice from Anglos motivates her to avoid "throwing in the towel". And it is an experience that could prove to be valuable to her in the future.

Fall finds football consuming an inordinate amount of time and attention in our household. Is that true in yours also? Actually with the extension of the number of games, summer and winter should also be included in the football season. And at the rate things are going, football will soon be a year-round activity. Wayne and I can only be classified as "die-hard" Bronco rooters. There has rarely been a home game in the entire history of the team that we have missed. Now if you are knowledgeable about pro-football, you know how many defeats and miserable performances we have watched.

Whether you are an enthusiastic or reluctant spectator to televised football, the next time a game is transmitted from Denver, you'll know at least two people sitting in the stands. You can't see us because our seats are not in camera range. But if the Broncos are doing well perhaps you'll hear our voices among the wildly cheering fans.

Sincerely,

Abigail





## The General Store

*Bazaar Helps*

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Let's face it — the plain old-time bazaar with an apron booth, candy booth, and a "fish pond" aren't enough to attract a buying crowd in today's swinging world. First off, try to think of a special theme for your bazaar and then play it to the hilt! It takes extra effort to decorate and collect props, but, if well advertised, it draws the crowds.

*The General Store* is fine entertainment as well as a good moneymaker. This is simply many of the usual bazaar items, plus a few extra and different ones sold in an old-fashioned general store setting. Some of the items to search for as props include a cracker barrel, tin cooky boxes, spice boxes, pot-bellied stove, glass pickle jars, apothecary jars, tin pails, wooden tubs, kerosene lamps, cuspidors, ice cream table and chairs, period clothing, coffee grinder or coffee mill, coal hods, and wooden bowls, to mention a few.

The old country store appealed to the smell as well as the eye, so let there be the aroma of freshly ground coffee, spices, molasses, gingersnaps, lemon drops and chocolate drops, apples, and bacon to greet the patrons with a whiff of nostalgia as they arrive and shop. Perhaps you can arrange to sell some of the items at a profit, too.

The bazaar items for sale can be arranged behind wooden plank counters. At the snack counter serve crackers and cheese, for a small fee, of course. After going to all the work of collecting these antique items and arranging the setting, it seems perfectly legitimate to charge a small entrance fee, since some will come to browse, but will not buy.

Find a local artist who can paint store signs and advertisements that will add to the setting. Look through the files of your local newspaper, or through old library files, or books for ideas for these ads and signs.

"Originals" can bring in a tidy sum for your bazaar. Here are a few suggestions:

*Washable Drawstring Dolls:* Cut foam rubber into a doll shape. Use old newspapers to cut the pattern. Cut two

pieces of gingham or print into the same shape, but cut slightly larger and leave seam allowances. Sew the two pieces together, leaving the top of the head open. Finish the top opening with a casing, to hold a drawstring. Paint or embroider features on the face. You can also add a wide ruffle of contrasting material just below the waistline as a skirt for the girl dollies, if you wish. Insert drawstring, put foam doll inside, and tie drawstring in a bow, which becomes dolly's hair bow. When the doll becomes soiled, simply remove the covering and launder. The youngsters find these soft and cuddly. The clothes can be made from scraps; in fact, judge the size of the doll by the size of the scraps of material!

*Quickie Tote Bag:* Use pinking shears to cut out a circular tote bag, with handle all in one piece if you like. To do this use a plate or other round object in a size you like, and draw two circles on felt, leaving a space between them wide enough to be the length of handle desired. Use a yardstick or ruler to mark out the handle joining the two circles. Cut with pinking shears. Fold together and stitch the circles, leaving the top open. Glue on floral or fruit designs of felt, or embroider a design. If you use a yard of felt, you can make several ladies' tote bags, with some for little girls out of the scraps. When working with a large piece of felt, I like to cut patterns out of old newspapers and lay them on so that I can see how to get the most bags from the amount of felt I have. The children's totes I often decorate with cute "moon faces" of felt, with button eyes and nose, a red felt mouth, and some yarn hair.

Some items, not always remembered at bazaars, but which often prove good selling items, include fireplace wood, small jars or plastic bags filled with home-dried sage from the garden, home-grown popcorn done up in small plastic bags or in jars, Indian corn, hedge balls, gourds, and holiday arrangements made of pine cones and miniature figurines. In fact, one club I belong to has made a tidy sum by selling

these arrangements each fall. Using the workshop idea, have all of the ribbons, cones, figurines, wire for wreaths, foam bases, small baskets, tree ornaments and figurines gathered together in one place and then have a committee meet there to "do their own thing" in creating as wide a variety of arrangements, door swags, and package decorations as possible.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"Please give me some information on fluorescent lamps for growing flowers," writes Mrs. Peter H., Iowa. "We have an area in our living room that would accommodate a table model lamp 26 inches long. I want it mainly as a 'spot of interest' where I can grow a pretty begonia or other house plant, rather than to start bedding plants. Is there a book available on the subject? Any information you can give me will be greatly appreciated."

You can purchase a Gro-Lux fluorescent lamp with two 26" tubes of 20 watts each for about \$20.00. This would provide light for a growing area under the lamps of approximately 30 inches by 15 inches. You could grow several small blooming plants in the space. Another choice might be a Sylvania Sun Bowl. This is an attractive 14" high circular lamp with 22-watt Gro-Lux wide spectrum tube. It takes up a less than one square foot space and costs about \$12.00. It would provide light for one pretty blooming plant or for a combination planter.

There is a book available on gardening under lights. It is called *Fluorescent Light Gardening* and tells how to grow some 300 plants without sunlight. It contains 25 black and white photos and several line drawings. The book was written by Elaine Cherry and costs \$6.95. You may be able to borrow it from your local library or from your State Library. Your State Horticulture Society may also have a copy for lending.

If you have a table lamp that burns several hours each night (as we do), you can grow an African violet or similar plant to perfection if you set it at the base of the lamp. Alfred sits in an easy chair nearly every evening when he is home, where he either reads (or sleeps soundly) while watching television. One winter I kept an African violet on the table by his chair and it bloomed beautifully, probably because the table lamp provided the extra sunlight it needed to make it flower. Now that outdoor gardening is at a standstill, fluorescent lighting for plants is a fine way to enjoy indoor gardening. Try it!





Thanksgiving dinners haven't changed much through the years, have they? We usually sit down to a table loaded with traditional foods — just a few variations from year to year as we come up with a new cranberry salad recipe, or different ways to serve the vegetables our family expects to be on the menu.

On the next page you see a picture of our late father carving the Thanksgiving turkey with his two little granddaughters, Kristin and Juliana beside him. The year was 1947 and with the turkey we had fruit cocktail, mashed potatoes and gravy, candied sweet potatoes, frozen peas, hot rolls, strawberry preserves, avocado-grapefruit salad (probably with honey dressing), both mince and pumpkin pie and coffee.

This year those two young women will be preparing dinner to serve their families and unquestionably they will serve pretty much what they ate as 4-year-olds!

#### CRANBERRY-CHERRY SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can white cherries, drained
- 1 cup cherry juice
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, diced
- 1/2 cup coarsely broken pecans

Drain the juice from the cherries and add enough water to make 1 cup of liquid. Heat just to boiling. Add the gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Blend in the cranberry sauce and flavorings. Chill until partly set. While this is chilling, pit the cherries and cut in half. Fold the cherries, diced cream cheese and pecans into the partially set gelatin. At this time the salad can be poured into individual molds or one large mold. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

#### ESCALLOPED CORN AND OYSTERS

- 1 can frozen condensed oyster stew
- 1 8-oz. can cream-style corn
- 1 8-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 Tbls. pimiento

Place the unopened can of oyster stew in very hot water for about 10 minutes. Combine all the ingredients and pour into a buttered casserole. You can cover the top with cracker crumbs and dot with butter if you like. Bake in a 350-degree oven 45 minutes to an hour, or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean. This would be delicious for your Thanksgiving dinner.

#### PUMPKIN NUT BARS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2/3 cup pumpkin
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine all the ingredients except the nuts in a large bowl and beat two minutes with electric mixer at medium speed. If beating by hand, beat 150 strokes for each minute. Fold in the nuts. Spread evenly in a 13- x 9- x 2-inch pan which has been greased and floured. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven. When cool, frost with orange frosting made by blending together 2 Tbls. butter, 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and 2 Tbls. orange juice. —Dorothy

#### SWEET AND SOUR TURKEY

- 1 can pineapple chunks (13-oz. size)
- 1 cup juice
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups diced cooked turkey
- 1/2 green pepper, cut in 1-inch strips
- 1/4 cup thinly sliced onion

Drain the pineapple, reserving 1 cup of the juice. If there isn't enough juice to make one cup, add water and a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring. Combine the juice, vinegar, sugar, cornstarch, soy sauce and salt and cook over low heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add turkey. Put the green pepper in boiling water and let stand five minutes, then drain well. Add the pepper, onion and pineapple to the turkey mixture and heat through. This can be served over hot rice and is delicious.

This is a good way to use up that leftover turkey. —Dorothy

#### CHUTNEY-CHEESE SPREAD

- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup finely chopped chutney
- 1/2 cup toasted almonds, chopped
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Be sure that cheese is at room temperature. Mix all ingredients together thoroughly — be sure that the chutney is well drained. This will keep indefinitely in the refrigerator, but take it out at least an hour before you plan to serve it.

I've never offered this to guests along with an assortment of crackers and wafers without being asked for the recipe. —Lucile

#### TOMATO-GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 1-lb. can green beans
- 1 ripe tomato, sliced

Melt the shortening in a saucepan. Add the onions and saute until golden brown. Stir in the flour, salt and pepper. Add the milk gradually and cook until thickened. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Heat the green beans, drain, and place in a greased casserole. Pour on half the cheese sauce. Lay the tomato slices over the top of the beans and top with the rest of the cheese sauce. Place under the broiler for about 5 minutes, until the cheese sauce is bubbling and golden brown. —Dorothy



**LUCILE'S MINCEMEAT CAKE**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups mincemeat
- 1 cup seedless raisins, steamed
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add the vanilla and eggs. Add mincemeat, raisins and nuts to the creamed mixture. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Bake in a 9-inch greased tube pan in a 325-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. Place a shallow pan of hot water in the oven while cake is baking.

**EULA'S SPLIT PEA SOUP**

- 2 cups split peas
- 8 cups hot water
- 1 to 2 lbs. ham bones — additional ham scraps if you have any
- 2 cloves garlic, finely minced
- 1 medium onion, chopped fine
- 2 stalks celery, chopped into fairly small pieces
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients and bring to the boiling point. Reduce heat to simmer and cook for at least 2 hours. The longer and slower it cooks, the better it is. Add salt with great caution.

This thick soup is good the year around, although it tastes extra good on a windy winter day. —Lucile

**SWEET-SOUR CHICKEN**

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 frying chicken (or use chicken breasts or thighs)

1 1-lb. can pineapple chunks, drained  
Combine the cornstarch and cold water in a saucepan. Add sugar, soy sauce, flavoring, vinegar, juice, garlic powder and ginger. Cook and stir over medium heat until sauce thickens. Brush chicken with sauce. Place skin side down in greased shallow baking pan and bake at 400 degrees for about 30 minutes. Turn pieces and bake an additional 30 minutes, brushing occasionally with the remaining sauce. Add pineapple chunks and any remaining sauce and bake for 10 more minutes. Serves 6. —Margery

**SPECIAL TREAT COOKIES**

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup ground almonds
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Cream the shortening until soft. Blend in the sugar and beat until fluffy. Add slightly beaten egg, flavorings, nuts and dates, and stir until well blended. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk and lemon juice. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet and flatten with a small glass dipped in sugar. Bake about 10 minutes in a 400-degree oven. —Dorothy

**EASY-BUT-TASTY CHICKEN**

- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 fryer, cut into pieces
- 1 stick butter or margarine

Put flour, salt, pepper and paprika in a sack and shake well. Then add the chicken (not more than two pieces at a time) and shake vigorously.

Melt butter or margarine in a shallow baking pan and arrange floured chicken in it, skin side down. Bake at 350 de-

grees for 25 or 30 minutes. Then turn chicken to the other side and pour over it the following:

- 1/4 stick butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1/4 cup lemon juice

Continue baking until chicken is well browned and tender.

Now that chicken is frequently the cheapest meat in the store we need different ways to prepare it if we serve it often. This recipe is very simple and very tasty. —Lucile

**BANANA-BLACK WALNUT CAKE**

- 2/3 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 4 Tbls. sour milk
- 2 cups sifted flour (1 1/2 cups cake flour, 1/2 cup all-purpose flour)
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts

Cream the butter, then add the sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add the mashed bananas, flavorings and sour milk and stir well. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients and the nuts. Bake in two layers or in a 9- x 13-inch pan in a 350-degree oven. Baking time will depend on the size of your pan — about 25 minutes for layers, and 35-40 minutes for the loaf. Frost as desired.

—Dorothy





## Apple Recipes

### ELEGANT APPLE CAKE

- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 cups chopped apples
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

In a large bowl beat together the oil, sugar, eggs and flavorings. Sift together the flour, soda, salt and cinnamon and add to the other mixture, blending well. Add the chopped apples and nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 9- x 13-inch pan and sprinkle with a combination of 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 tsp. cinnamon. Let stand one hour before baking in a 350-degree oven for approximately one hour. This is good served plain.

—Dorothy

### APPLE MACAROON PIE

- 4 to 5 large apples
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- A dash of nutmeg
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Butter large pie pan (9-inch and rather deep). Peel and slice into pan 4 or 5 apples or until nicely filled. Combine brown sugar, butter or margarine, cinnamon, nutmeg and butter flavoring. Sprinkle over apples. Cream together 1/2 cup white sugar, 1 Tbls. butter or margarine and beaten egg. Sift flour and baking powder together and add to creamed mixture. Stir in flavorings. Drop by tablespoons on top apples. With a wet knife spread dough over top. (This will not cover completely as would a pie crust, just spread and push out to the sides as much as you can.) Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes or until apples and topping are done.

### SOFT MOLASSES APPLE COOKIES

- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flour (unsifted)
- 1/3 cup boiling water
- 1 cup finely chopped raw apples

Cream the shortening and sugar. Stir in the molasses, egg and flavorings and blend well. Sift the dry ingredients and add to the creamed mixture. Stir in the boiling water and mix well. Add the chopped apples. Chill thoroughly (about two hours). Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet. Bake 10 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

### DRESSING FOR APPLE SALAD

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup water
- Butter size of a hickory nut
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. vinegar

Mix and boil until it thickens, stirring constantly. Cool and fold into diced apples, celery, pecan halves, grapes, marshmallow bits, and pineapple tidbits.

—Margery

## PASS THE KITCHEN-KLATTER COUNTRY STYLE DRESSING, PLEASE



Your turn to entertain family and friends at Thanksgiving dinner? Send 'em home talking about your great tossed salad. Your secret: **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing.** You needn't explain about its delicate, please-everyone flavor (not too sweet, not too tart) and mouth-watering aroma of expensive spices.

Goes with every meat, too, in case someone shows up with elk or bear to help stretch the turkey.

## Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing

### APPLE DUMPLINGS

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring (add to milk)

6 whole apples, pared and cored

Bring sugar, water and cinnamon to a boil; add butter and vanilla flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Add milk and butter flavoring and stir until flour is moistened. Roll out on floured board to a 12- x 18-inch rectangle. Cut in 6-inch squares. Place an apple in each square and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Dot with butter. Fold corners to center and pinch together. Place in 8- x 11-inch baking pan. Pour syrup over. Sprinkle with some more sugar and bake at 375 degrees about 35 minutes or until apples are tender.

—Margery



## MARY BETH AND FAMILY BACK TO SCHOOL SCHEDULE

Dear Friends:

Our evenings have taken on the quality of a study hall these days. I just completed *my* outline of the English Revolution from 1640 to 1649, which seems to be my evening's share of the 8th grade Modern Times course. Actually it is Paul's history course, and as is common with many boys, he doesn't really get much out of his reading. Since this was not one of the courses which stuck in my mind particularly I cannot quiz him intelligently over the material until I, too, have done my homework. So before I was free to write this letter to you I did my history lesson. Now in the morning I shall take my notes in the car, and while Don drives I shall quiz Paul over tonight's material. Hopefully this will cement the facts more permanently in his unwilling head!

Now if history could be presented in as interesting a manner as J.R.R. Tolkien presents his fantasies in the *Lord of the Ring* trilogy, we would have no difficulties. I can hardly get Paul blasted out of the various places he finds to hide out while he reads the first book of the three. It is entitled *The Fellowship of the Ring*, and it surely has him entranced. This is a course at school which I am certain will last all year because these books are very lengthy.

I have also just finished reading the first novel that Katharine completed the first week of school for her Classics course. I get to read many books this way that I might otherwise miss because Katharine's enthusiasm is so contagious. She was assigned Ayn Rand's *Anthem* and it held her so spell-bound that she finished it the second night, so my curiosity was aroused and I soon found myself poring through her schoolbook. This book isn't new and I'm glad I had it brought to my attention.

A final thought on books is my recommendation to read *Time Out for Happiness* by Frank Gilbreth, Jr. This enchanting book was given to me by my cousin Jody Wallace in Illinois, and it was such fun to read and such a source of deep laughter that I persuaded Adrienne to read it. Then we laughed over our shared humorous incidents in this story. It is the biography of Lillian Gilbreth, who was the mother in *Cheaper by the Dozen* and *Bells on Their Toes*. I first ran across *Bells on Their Toes* at Mother Driftmier's house many, many years ago, stuck away in a bookcase in the upstairs of her house. It was like meeting a good friend after a long separation to pick up this biography of Lillian Gilbreth. She must



Paul Driftmier is pleased to have the big job of raking leaves as he is saving money for a new bike.

have had some sturdy Iowa stock in her background because she continued a vigorous, active life into her advanced years. She stopped lecturing when she was 90 years old! (Reminds me of an Iowa relative of mine who is still so active in her eighties.)

We went to a retirement party in the fall for the gentleman who had taken care of the book work for the Academy — where we all study and teach — since its inception in 1962. I was absolutely confounded when he announced upon acceptance of his gift that he had come to work for the Academy when he was 75 years old. I knew he was older than most of us, but his quick step, quick mind, and chipper ways denied any possibility of these numbers of years. His acceptance speech was entirely extemporaneous and he still displayed a keen-minded wit. We shall miss his sage wisdom at our school. But as he reminded us, since he is still driving he will undoubtedly pop in and visit when he has a mind to. I remind myself of him, when I suspect an aching joint or two, that I have just *begun* my productive years. (I just hope these productive years to come are not going to be filled with outlining the English Revolutions!)

We're having a very leafy autumn . . . and a nutty one, too. There are only about half enough squirrels to take care of the hickory nuts and the acorns that have rained down upon our rooftop these past weeks. We had the misfortune of having a short-time neighbor in the house directly in back of us who determined that the best way to keep the squirrels out of his house was to kill all of them in the woods. Rather than trap the ones inside his house or even close up their holes of entrance and exit, he spent the early spring and summer shooting a .22 rifle out his windows, and he quickly wiped out the

little four-legged fellows. I could appreciate his problem but not his method of solution, especially since my two-legged darlings were in the backyard and this chap was not the best shot in the world. And to top off the disagreeableness of the situation, it was *not* squirrel season when he was doing all of this sharp-shooting.

We tried to be patient and we spoke with him about how dangerous we felt his efforts were, so he aimed his rifle toward the east and then incurred the wrath of his 87-year-old neighbor lady who promptly tore him apart verbally and then called in the police. She is a bird fancier and it seems his shooting drove off her lovely nesting birds. We all cheered when the squirrel killer, as we named him, moved away. I can imagine he must have killed 75 squirrels including some lovely white-eared varieties which we all enjoyed watching.

Paul is listening for the phone all the time he is outside raking on the weekends, hoping for a call from the local bicycle shop. In August he ordered a ten-speed bicycle which he was told would probably be delivered in October. The bicycle craze in this country is a real, live thing. There are simply no ten-speed bicycles to be had in this area. So in anticipation of this financial outlay he has been busy scraping up the money to pay the difference between the sale of his old one and the new one.

Donald and I both heaved a sigh of relief when Katharine passed her driver's test this week. She took it once in September, and to our utter astonishment she was a smashing failure. I couldn't believe it! We had all driven with her and she was truly good. I soon learned, upon investigation of the embarrassed parents of other 16-year-olds, that this is standard operating procedure among the examining officers to flunk out almost all of the first-time 16-year-olds that come to them. It seems to take a little of the cockiness out of these new drivers, and by the time they crawl back to be re-examined they are considerably more humble. It seems like a good idea, but it surely was inconvenient for the long-suffering parents to sit through more and more miles of practice driving. She is now spreading her wings and I am trying not to worry when I know she is out in the car. Paul thinks it is really cool that she gets the car, while I think to myself that this must all be endured two more times.

Our plans for Thanksgiving are to go to Indiana to my mother's, the weatherman permitting. It is always such a short visit that we are there and back before I can realize it.

I'll be writing again next month. Have a happy turkey, Mary Beth



## CLIMBING OUT OF OUR RUT

by  
Evelyn Birkby

A rut, someone has wisely said, is a grave with both ends knocked out. It is a shock to discover that one is getting into a rut and needs something to shake him loose! This is exactly what happened last year to my husband Robert and me. We were bogged down in routine, we were becoming grumpy over needed responsibilities and we seldom went out together just for relaxation — only for necessary meetings of organizations to which we belonged.

Once we began to look at the situation it was surprising how many of our activities took us apart. I went to church women's meetings, Robert went to church board sessions. I went to P.T.A., Robert went to Boy Scouts. I helped with the Youth Fellowship, Robert attended ASCS meetings. I drove the boys to piano lessons, Robert worked in the garden. Even in church on Sunday morning Robert was ushering and I sat in a pew with other members of the congregation.

The something which came along to shake us loose arrived from a most surprising direction and was completely unexpected!

It all began with a P.T.A. fun night. Wanting something different, the committee decided on a square dance. First they found a caller who could teach simple, basic steps and invited all to come. Not many turned out that first evening, but those who did became so enthused they enlisted the caller's help, set up classes and then went out to gather in enough interested people to develop an honest-to-goodness club here in Sidney.

Dennis Boldra, patient, efficient, enthusiastic and a jolly professional caller from Shenandoah took our embryo group in hand. As he taught us the basic movements of the standardized square dance patterns, our fumbles became fewer and our confidence grew. Suddenly, our rut became far less confining, the problems of the world seemed to shrink in importance and life seemed infinitely more exciting.

Several "old-timers" from the Shenandoah club who drove over to help us each week did not seem to care if we got confused, turned the wrong way or went through the middle of the square when we were supposed to go around the outside. Everyone laughed, helped us turn the right way and we tried again until we did the steps correctly.

Learning to relax and laugh at our mistakes was essential. Everyone flubs up now and then no matter how long he has been square dancing. We soon learned that this is part of the fun. Trying to listen carefully, following



Dressed in pretty, feminine dresses and bright Western clothes, these happy square dancers go through one of the patterns of this popular recreational activity. The dancers are members of the Sidney Dudes and Dolls Club and the Shenandoah Pairs 'n Squares.  
—Sentinel Photo

the directions no matter how the caller might put the movements together and feeling the rhythm of the music was a real challenge. This is not a static activity; one continues to learn and develop as he participates. As one friend remarked: "Thank goodness something finally got us away from the television set. Now we are involved in doing, not just watching other people do."

And speaking of recreation, it is mighty good exercise. In fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that one reason Robert was so anxious for us to get into square dancing was my great need for more physical activity. Surprisingly, it is considered an excellent type of therapy for a variety of physical problems. Losing weight is one if a person can just keep from eating too much of the generous refreshments served at the conclusion of each evening's dancing.

One of our friends has arthritis and finds square dancing excellent for aching bones. Another has a physical handicap which made her painfully shy until she began participating in a class. Finding that the others in the group accepted her as a delightful person and didn't care about her handicap helped her overcome her sensitive feelings about herself.

One doctor, an avid square dancer

### THANKSGIVING PRAYER

"For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,  
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat.  
For joy in the land from East to the West,  
For shelter, for clothing, every day's food,  
We bless Thee, oh Father, Thou giver of Good."

himself, recommends square dancing as therapy for people with nervous tension. It even, he said, saved one of his patients from a complete nervous breakdown. It is fine exercise for some cardiac patients as well, many doctors feel, for a person can square dance in an easy relaxed manner or as active and energetic as he wishes.

After we became bold enough to begin visiting other clubs in our area for their square dances, we found our little rut's horizons expanding into far directions. We met lawyers, school teachers, ministers, janitors, farmers, office workers, truck drivers, airplane pilots, retired couples, young newlyweds, teenagers and middle-aged. Each person seemed relaxed and truly himself. No snobbishness or putting on of airs is found in this activity! It is a joyous group putting democracy in action by cutting across any class lines a community or area might think exists.

And what a great way to get acquainted when in a strange town. One traveling man stops by and dances with our Sidney club when he is in this area. "It certainly beats spending a lonely evening in a motel," is his comment. A couple who recently moved from Kansas City to Omaha told us at a recent dance that they had very few days of isolated newness. They looked up the listing of square dances, began visiting them and found marvelous groups of friendly people glad to welcome them.

We think it is going to be a great way to celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary this coming Nov. 6th. At least, we are in the midst of planning an evening for square dancers and friends who want to call and just visit on that date. It should be fun!

If you want to know more about square dancing, how to begin a club, where to order pretty clothes or find ideas for making your own perky square dance costumes, how to get records or even learn to become a caller, an excellent magazine, "Square Dancing", is published by the Sets in Order National Square Dance organization. The address is 462 North Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048. They send out sample copies if they have any available.

On June 22, 23 and 24 of 1972 the National Square Dance Convention will be held in Des Moines, Iowa. Information may be obtained by writing to Box 2624, Des Moines, Iowa 50312. If you should come, look for Robert and Evelyn Birkby. We are planning to attend to see what square dancing is like when fine, friendly people from all over the United States get together for fellowship. When we get to Des Moines we'll know for sure we've left our rut far, far behind!



## Turkey Time Tricks

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Leaf People Favors:** For each favor you'll need a lollipop, a large gumdrop, a three-inch square of orange cellophane or crepe paper, white paper, pipe cleaners, and dried autumn leaves. Stick the lollipop handle into the gumdrop. Pull the cellophane up around the gumdrop and fasten around the handle of the lollipop. This forms a pumpkin base so the favor will stand. Cut a face from white paper, mark in the features with crayons or ink, and glue the face to the candy part of the lollipop. Twist a pipe cleaner around the "neck" of the figure to form the arms, and bend the wire into shape. Glue a pretty leaf to the stick just below the head, one in front and one in back. By the way you glue the leaves, you can get the effect of flaring skirts, pantsuits, etc. Add a tiny paper bow at the neck and also make a perky crepe paper hat for each figure, using autumn colors.

**"Punkin" Turkey Centerpiece:** Use a nice round pumpkin, leaving the stem on for the neck. Slice off one side so that the turkey will stand upright. Using short celery stalks and leaves, fashion a tail by making holes in the top half of the flat bottom end of the body, and inserting the short celery stalks into the holes. Make the holes with a nut pick. Make a neck and head of construction paper and slip it over the stem. (You will need to make this head part double.) Better yet, use a nice big carrot for the turkey's neck and head, the larger end being the head. Work a pencil into the smaller end of the carrot and then poke the other end of the pencil into the pumpkin. The tip end of a second carrot can be attached to the large head end of the first carrot to give it the head shape. Use slices of pimiento for the wattles and eyes. Toothpicks will anchor these smaller parts. Use more celery leaves to form Mr. Gobbler's wings. Arrange fall leaves around the base of the bird.

**Cornhusk Casket Nut Cups:** The children will have fun making these. First, get a good supply of nice cornhusks. You will also need a stapler and scissors. You will see that the inner husks are a lovely cream color and each husk has a nicely rounded, curved shape. Cut squares, about three inches square from the husks, a square for each bas-

ket. Cut these from the broad rounded end of each husk to get a "rounder" basket. Cut narrow three-inch handles for each basket. Staple the handle to two opposite corners of the square husk, so that it pulls it into a shallow basket shape. Round the other two corners, with your scissors. These look pretty filled with candy corn.

**Thanksgiving Menu Quiz:** Fill in the blanks to find out the menu. Old sayings and quips are the clues.

**Appetizer:** Too many cooks spoil the \_\_\_\_\_ (broth).

**Meat Course:** Your choice of: The \_\_\_\_\_ (goose) hangs high, or \_\_\_\_\_ (Chicken) every Sunday, or You'd better talk \_\_\_\_\_ (turkey).

**Main Course Accompaniments:** We're

all pretty small \_\_\_\_\_ (potatoes), Red as a \_\_\_\_\_ (beet), and \_\_\_\_\_ (Cauliflower) is cabbage with a college education.

**Salad:** \_\_\_\_\_ (Cabbage) and kings, and An \_\_\_\_\_ (apple) for the teacher.

**Dessert:** A little \_\_\_\_\_ (peach) in the orchard grew, and Let the \_\_\_\_\_ (cobbler) stick to his last.

**Bread:** Comin' through the \_\_\_\_\_ (rye).

**Jelly:** A \_\_\_\_\_ (plum-b) line.

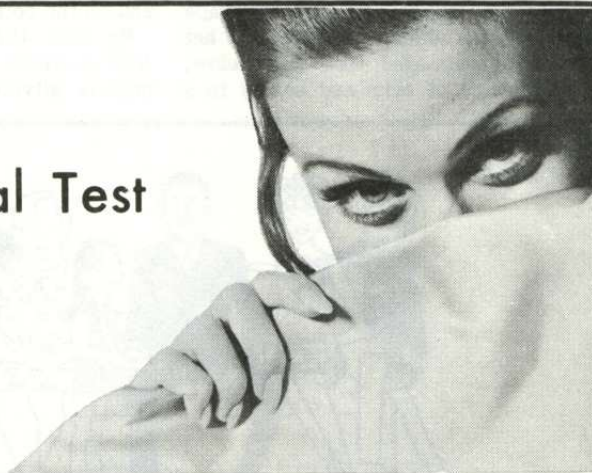
**Beverages:** Ida, sweet as \_\_\_\_\_ (apple cider), and You're the cream in my \_\_\_\_\_ (coffee).

**Also:** Like taking \_\_\_\_\_ (candy) from a baby, and \_\_\_\_\_ (Nuts) to you!

**Corn-y Contest:**

1. Overflowing (cornucopia)
2. Preserved (corned)
3. Thickening (cornstarch)
4. Part of the eye (cornea)
5. Trapped (cornered)
6. Familiar to cows (cornstalks)
7. A posey (cornflower)
8. Part of some formal ceremonies (corner stone)
9. Kind of pipe (corncob)
10. May be part of a wall (cornice)
11. An instrument (cornet)

## The Final Test



When you try **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** for the first time, notice how little it takes (**Blue Drops** is super-concentrated). Then take a close look at the things you've washed. See how bright the colors are . . . and how there's no "film" on the whites? Then the final test: sniff. That spring-like fragrance means your wash is *clean clear through* — no hidden dirt, no unpleasant odor.

And **Blue Drops** is biodegradable, so there's no excess foam to accumulate in our natural water sources.



## Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops



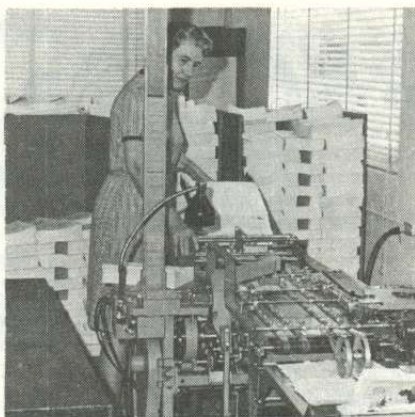


## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Here I am at my favorite spot in the living room where I've just finished reading Gladys Taber's latest book *My Own Cape Cod* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$5.95). My husband is watching a TV western, unwinding from the day's business. Jon is studying trigonometry and Ann, listening to a Spanish record, is learning *Entonces, Escushamos unos discos, ahora*.

Now that the family is accounted for, let me tell you about this new book by Mrs. Taber. Her Stillmeadow books have become special friends to many, and now they'll want to read about Still Cove, her home for half the year. It's a one-story house with cedar shingles, now gray from weather, overlooking Mill Pond outside Orleans on Cape Cod. To Mrs. Taber, Still Cove is her idea of Heaven. Also, like Stillmeadow, it's a refuge of calm and beauty in a



Dorothy addresses the magazines.

hurried, worried world.

The home is furnished with sea chests, harvest tables, Hitchcock chairs from which paint has peeled, pine headboards in the bedrooms, and wall-to-wall books. She writes:

"Actually you might say the house is chiefly furnished with books, for the only place without them is the bathroom (steam is no good for books). Except for the fireplace wall, bookshelves climb to the ceiling everywhere and books are piled on all of those chests and on the coffee table."

*My Own Still Cove* is divided into four sections for the seasons. Each page is alive with her observations. In

back of the portraits she draws of friends and neighbors, people who take the time to be kind to each other because there is less pressure than in inland urban areas, is the Cape with its fogs and its sunlight brilliant as melted crystal, its cranberry bogs, its beaches and heights, its piny woods, wild roses, pinoaks, and nameless thickets.

Regarding Thanksgiving, she writes, "The prayers this Thanksgiving are the same as they have been for more years than we like to count. Now we pray that next Thanksgiving we may reaffirm our faith in the world as a planet where peace is more than a hazy dream."

*My Own Cape Cod* is another fine book by Mrs. Taber to appreciate and enjoy. (At your bookstore or J. B. Lippincott Co., P.O. Box 8340, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101, \$5.95.)

*Life with Its Sorrow, Life with Its Tear* (Simon and Schuster, \$7.95) by Lester Atwell is a novel of family life and a boy's growing up during the 1930's. Paul, the boy, is sent to New York to live in the exciting world of his relatives, the Carmodys. He finds a new kind of life with these lovable, kind, generous people. During his growing up years he is held in this radiance. Later, when disaster strikes, certain signs become clear. This is a most appealing book told with great skill by Mr. Atwell.

You may be thinking ahead to your Christmas list. Books make fine gifts to enjoy for years. As mentioned recently, the eight *Little House* books are available in paperback, individually or in a boxed gift set priced at \$7.95. Included are: *Little House in the Big Woods*, *Little House on the Prairie*, *On the Banks of Plum Creek*, *Farmer Boy*, *By the Shores of Silver Lake*, *The Long Winter*, *Little Town on the Prairie*, and *These Happy Golden Years*. (Available at your bookstore or at The Laura Ingalls Wilder Home, Rocky Ridge Farm, Mansfield, Missouri 65704. 95¢ per copy, plus 20¢ for insurance. From the Wilder Home you will receive a sticker showing the books were purchased there, where they were written.)

### CRADLE THE EARTH

Cradle the earth for a moment, Lord,  
In the palm of your healing hand;  
Whisper a soft reassuring word  
That I can understand.  
For I am a lost bewildered child  
In a tangled atomic maze,  
Troubled and easily beguiled  
By neon-noisy ways.  
Cradle the earth for a moment, Lord,  
In the palm of your healing hand;  
Whisper a clear and guiding word  
That I can understand. —Selected



## A GIFT THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL ENJOY

That's what a gift subscription to Kitchen-Klatter will mean. And frankly, in this day and age, you just can't say this about too many magazines. This is one magazine that can ALWAYS stay right out in plain sight. It's put together by a family for other families.

We send gift cards to those who will be receiving Kitchen-Klatter because you were thoughtful enough to remember them.

\$2.00 per year — 12 issues      \$2.50, foreign subscriptions  
(Iowa residents, please add 6¢ Sales Tax.)

Send your order to:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**



## FIRST ARMISTICE DAY

by  
Gladise Kelly

It was just two weeks after my eighth birthday that news reached our small town (Oops! A slip like that can really reveal a woman's age), that an armistice had been signed between the allies and Germany, which meant cessation of hostilities and the end of World War I.

I don't know how the news was carried so quickly in those days, and who received it. If we had a mayor, town council, or any other city officials in that small community, I don't know it to this day. But somehow the news got through.

My father owned the telephone exchange in this town of about 500 population. In those days many small exchanges were individually owned, though they carried the Bell Telephone sign outside their businesses.

Across the street from the telephone exchange was the city cotton gin. The whistle at the gin began blaring, and when that whistle blew, it really blew, drowning out every other sound in the neighborhood. The loud, shrill whistle of the cotton gin meant big news in our town too, some kind of emergency, a fire, tornado sighting, or something of great importance.

At the first blast of the whistle, it seemed all the drops on the switchboard fell at once (there were only 100). My father struggled frantically trying to answer all calls at once. Everyone wanted to know what was taking place. How my father knew the news himself, I don't know, but he tried to tell everyone the war was over. It soon got to the point, however, when he couldn't hear a thing above the noise of the whistle across the street. When he plugged into the number that dropped on the switchboard, he just yelled, "The war is over. The armistice has been signed." If someone had wanted to talk to a friend (or perhaps call a doctor at that hour), he would have been out of luck. My father just continued to plug in and yell, "The war is over. The armistice has been signed."

Since I was so young, I was just goggled-eyed at all the excitement, not realizing the significance of that important day, but as I remember, the noise of that gin whistle lasted a long time, perhaps as long as two hours. My father finally abandoned his post at the switchboard and we looked out the window, down Main Street (Main Street was only two blocks long). Everywhere people were dancing in the street, yelling to one another, hugging the nearest person to them. It was certainly a day to celebrate, and business was at a standstill.



Dorothy and her grandson Andy stopped on a drive around the Durango, Colorado area to inspect a beautiful rail fence more thoroughly.

That was November 10, 1918. It was not until later that we learned it was a false report and that the armistice was actually not signed until the next day. November 11, 1918, however, was a quiet day in our town. People had exhausted their exuberance the day before and life went on as usual.

Go ahead . . . Stuff yourself with Thanksgiving food.

But when you eat — and after, too — stuff yourself with Thanksgiving food for thought.

### 50 YARDS LACE 98¢

Enchanting patterns & designs. Vals, edgings, insertions, braids, etc. in beautiful colors & full widths. For women's, girls', babies' dresses, pillow cases, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. None small. **FREE! 100 New Buttons!** Beautiful quality. All kinds, all sizes. All colors. **ALL NEW.** Many complete sets. 100 Buttons **FREE** when you order the LACE—none without LACE. Only 98¢, but pls. include 27¢ extra for post. & hdlg. or \$1.25 in all. **SPECIAL! 20 new ZIPPERS in assorted lengths and colors, only \$1.00** Money-back guarantee. Order **NOW!** LACE, Dept. nl-233, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo.

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**BUTTONS**

You are what you do.  
How well you do it determines your importance.

There's More  
to Winter than  
Turkey and  
Santa Claus



For instance, there's mud . . . tracked in and ground in. There's fire-place smoke on the wall. Soot on the windows. Grease on the cabinets. And, fortunately, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner.**

This great biodegradable detergent goes into solution the minute it hits water, ready to do any deep-down cleaning job quickly and for keeps. No froth or scum to rinse away, either. Economical, too! It's at your grocer's.

## Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



## WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU GET —

Concluded

with dark teeth. You guessed it. She was the same one we had seen at other sales.

"Do you have a large iron pot?" she asked.

"No," I answered, "but we have a black coal scuttle."

"I'm afraid that won't do," she muttered. "I've been looking and looking for a big black pot," she continued as she left.

By now it was 9 o'clock and we soon had more customers than we could handle. Since this was in the fall, people seemed to have the Christmas spirit. Mary was selling her gift items like hot cakes, but my furniture continued to sit. Looking sadder than ever.

One lady did show quite an interest in the old books. She stood for a long time, going through each one. Finally she said, "I love old books, but I don't have time to examine them all right now. How much would you take for the whole bunch?"

I hadn't counted the books, but thought there must be a hundred or more. Mentally I reduced them to 10¢ each. "Take the whole works, case included, for \$10," I said.

"Sold!" she exclaimed. "I'll pay you now and have my husband pick them up later."

My first sale!

The crowd thinned after lunch, but picked up again in the late afternoon. A man actually bought the deer head for \$5! He said it was exactly what he needed for his trophy room. I forgot to tell him about the shedding hair!

"Why don't you sell some of your handmade Christmas tree ornaments?"



Our latest picture of Margery Strom.

Mary asked me. "And you have those lovely crocheted vests; you could sell them and make more later. People are looking for Christmas gifts."

"But it's *furniture* I want to sell," I said. "I made those vests for my friends' Christmas gifts. But I guess I could make more before the holidays. And I do need to make enough money here to pay for the ad!"

We were a little disappointed when closing time came, at least I was. I was glad we had decided to run the sale for two days. Tom would be off from work on Saturday, and could be a big help to us.

And help us he did, but he helped himself, too. He arrived early the next day with some army cots he found in his garage, some dishes his wife didn't need, and some other items I'd never seen before. (I think he picked them up

from someone's trash pile.)

"Where in the world did you get this old washboard?" I asked. "And this old iron? They're like the ones my mother used when I was a child."

"Well, I heard some of your customers asked for a washboard yesterday," he said. "So, I stopped at a yard sale on the way home and picked this one up for a song. And look at this horse collar. It will make an ideal frame for a mirror."

Not to be outdone, I left him in charge and went home to get some of my handiwork. While there I found a few other items I could part with, and came back with a load. They sold, too. In fact, everything did.

Tom set up beds in the yard, complete with bedsprings. He took an old door and painted it with psychedelic colors and set it up by the beds. The sign read: "For the *rest* of your life, comfortable beds at bargain price!"

I think practically everyone who saw the sign stopped to see what was going on. And they bought. All of our handmade creations were sold in a hurry, and so was the furniture, the best pieces, that is. But much of the battered-looking things remained.

Finally a man came in a truck and said he was looking for bargains. He owned several beach cottages and wanted to furnish them inexpensively.

"We have just what you need," Tom told the man. "This furniture is old but sturdy and well built. You are in luck; we have just reduced everything."

The man selected several pieces. When he hesitated over an end table marked \$5, Tom said, "How about all three for \$10?"

It seemed to turn into a game and each player felt he was winning. "I like this desk," the customer said, "but it has no chair. How about throwing in one of those old chairs over there?"

"You've got a deal," Tom said. "And if you want this large dresser, we'll throw in the two lamps free."

When the man drove away in his loaded truck, there was little left except a smug young man and a delighted older woman with her apron pockets full of money (over \$500).

So, if you want new furniture but don't know what to do with what you have, or if you think you'd enjoy haggling, just plan a garage sale. If you don't have anything to sell, just visit someone else's yard, patio, or garage sale. Don't seem too anxious to buy, and offer to pay a bit less than the price asked. When you go to resell the items, you can do a little marking up.

And please try to find a large black pot. That poor lady may still be looking!



Fresh as a  
daisy . . .

That's how your wash will look when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** in your home laundry. It removes stains. It brightens. Works great on colors as well as whites. Yet, because it contains no harsh chlorine, it's safe for all washable fabrics, even synthetics and permanent-press.

See for yourself.

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**





## NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS - Continued

grateful person is a happy person. Think of the early Christians. Though often in peril and under great pressures, they had a contagious joy about them. The "good news" they held in their hearts gave them an inner security and peace of mind that radiated to others.

Not all the proclamations of magistrates can transform a thankless spirit into a thankful one, for gratitude is an attitude, not just a mere act. Like justice, truth, and reverence, it is a tone in life's music, not a separate note to be struck occasionally. It must be an attitude of every day, not just one day a year. Let our attitude be one of looking through love-colored glasses.

I like these words of Phoebe Cary's: "Love is never blind, but rather brings added light, an inner vision, quick to find the beauties hid from common sight. No soul can ever clearly see another's highest, noblest part, save through the sweet philosophy and loving wisdom of the heart."

In this way we are thanking God for Himself, for His love for us.

**Scripture:** O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou has made them all; the earth is full of Thy creatures . . . Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle, and plants for man to cultivate that he may bring forth food from the earth . . . May the glory of the Lord endure for ever . . . O give thanks to the Lord, call on His name, make known His deeds among all peoples!

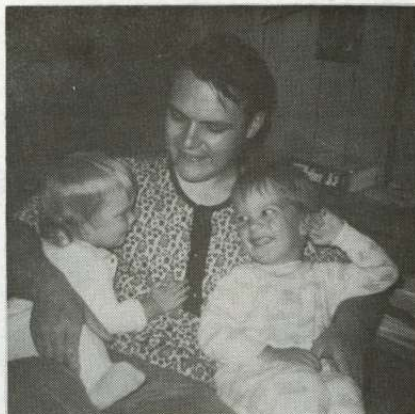
**Second Meditation:** Let our attitude of gratitude be one that is aware of our great heritage - a land of opportunity, freedom, and abundance. You and I and our children walked into the heritage of our nation. We have, with very little effort or great sacrifice on the part of most of us, become the sharers of our nation's great abundance and its honor.

Too many take for granted some of America's blessings which were bought with blood, sweat, and tears. There are those who treat with indifference the sound foundations of our nation's life, foundations laid by dedicated, industrious hands.

Today we live in a world of unknown future. Race hatred, religious bickering, schemes for power, scoffing at ideals - they keep our world in turmoil, our land in unrest.

We must make each hour one of gratitude to those who have gone before, and have safeguarded liberty to generations to follow by giving us our Constitution. We must have, and promote, this attitude of gratitude for our heritage so that it is not ruined by malicious minds, nor torn down by those blinded by prejudice.

We must remain pilgrims, seeking our



Katharine and James Lowey snuggle up to their daddy for some cuddling just before trotting off to bed.

ideals. We must respond with action. If we believe in the principles of freedom as set forth by our forefathers, we must work to retain them for every person. If we want to continue to live in this land of opportunity, we must see to it that others have equal opportunity with ourselves. If we believe in the brotherhood of mankind, we must act with brotherly love. If we appreciate our land of abundance, we will guard our natural resources that those who follow may also enjoy them.

Gratitude is rare. Remember the story of the ten lepers Jesus cleansed but only one thanked him. *Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?* (Luke 17:17) The appreciative man delights us; the nine are irritating. Yet how often we are among the nine!

Yes, the attitude of gratitude is rare, but we capture it when we stop demanding rewards, when we begin to see and stress our homely, everyday blessings - daily bread, joy and laughter, understanding from our loved ones, the gifts of our forefathers, the good in our fellowmen.

Gratitude is an attitude of life.

The story is told of a small boy who found a bright copper penny glistening in the grass. He grabbed it up and held it fast. It was his and it had cost him nothing. Thereafter, wherever he went, he walked head downward, his eyes glued to the ground, hunting for more free treasures. During his lifetime he found 313 pennies, 61 nickels, 22 dimes, 14 quarters, seven half dollars, and one paper dollar - a total of \$16.38.

The money cost him nothing, save that he missed 22,550 glowing sunsets; the splendor of millions of stars; the singing of birds in the nearby trees; the smiles of friends he could have had. He spent a lifetime missing the blessings of God.

How many of us do the same? Let us cultivate the attitude of gratitude every day of our lives.

**Leader:** Thanksgiving springs from a  
(Concluded on page 24)

## FATHER, I THANK THEE

For petaled beauty on the lawn  
When winter winds are hushed and gone,  
For feathered throats that lilt and spill  
Their lyric notes across the hill.

For fragrance mingled with the breeze,  
And shade beneath wide-branching  
trees,

For purling streams and lupine sky  
And sheltered walls when stars are  
high.

For moonbeams silvering the height,  
And restful dawn that trails the night.  
For ties that bind lest I should stray,  
And Divine Guidance through each day.  
For health and food, my folks, my  
friends

All blessedness Thy greatness sends,  
Father of All, I thank Thee most  
For oneness with You - Silent Host.

-Delphia M. Stubbs



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

- KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 2:05 P.M.
- KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
- KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
- KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
- KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
- KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
- KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
- KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:10 A.M.
- KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
- WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
- KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



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Katharine Lowey was still creeping when she was in Shenandoah this past summer, but now she is quite steady on her feet and literally runs all around the house! She has a tumble now and then but jumps up and is off again!

## ATTENTION LISTENERS!

Kitchen-Klatter Radio Program is now heard at 10:15 A.M. on KVSH, Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial.

## LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

troubled economic conditions they might have a slimmer crowd than usual on Cape Cod, but I guess it was the biggest season they've ever had. Everything was jammed.

It's still too early to make plans for Thanksgiving, of course, but at least some of us will sit down to a turkey dinner with all the trimmings — and we won't try to get any pictures!

By the time you read this Juliana and Jed will be all settled in their new home that is in a section called "The Valley"; this is the northeast section of Albuquerque. This place is in the country and there is a little better than two acres with it, so Juliana will have the time of her life starting a brand-new garden and a small orchard. I'll tell you all about it when I write next month.

May it be a blessed and happy Thanksgiving for you and yours.

Always faithfully . . .

*Lucile*

## DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

We stopped for supper at Salida. The Arkansas River flows through this town. The water is so clear you can see every rock on the bottom. I stood on the bridge and watched a boy in a kayak navigating the river. The bus driver said they have a big kayak race here every year, so you can almost always see someone practicing.

It was midnight when we arrived in Durango and it was a beautiful sight to see Kristin standing there waiting for me. Their home is only three blocks from the bus depot, so we were home in a few minutes. Because of the late hour we went right to bed, but not before two little boys woke up and came in to kiss their grandma.

I see my space is gone. Next month I'll tell you more about my visit in Durango.

Sincerely, *Dorothy*

## THANKSGIVING DAY - Concluded

President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued an order that the next to the last Thursday in November would be recognized as Thanksgiving Day. The purpose of his action was in response to American merchants who requested the change to lengthen the Christmas shopping season.

In 1942, however, it was established that the experiment was a failure; President Roosevelt then proclaimed that the Thanksgiving holiday would revert to the last Thursday of November — the day we still observe with our rejoicing and offer of Thanks.

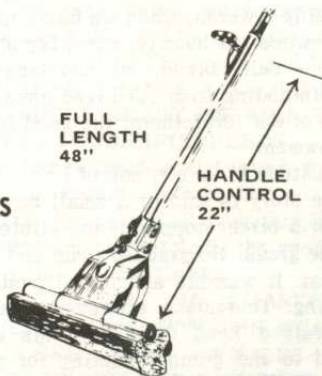
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## "LITTLE ADS"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

January ads due November 10.  
February ads due December 10.  
March ads due January 10.

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**WATCHES WANTED** — Any condition. Jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowe's, P.O. Box 13152, St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

**FABULOUS Beauty "Secrets"**, for pennies from your kitchen!! New fun chart tells WHAT, WHEN, HOW. \$2.00. Gifts, Plus, Box 38-B, St. Davids, Pa. 19087.

**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD** — Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

**CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS** for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P.O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

**WILL YOU TEST NEW ITEMS** in your home? Surprisingly big pay. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money, just your name. KRISTEE 151, Akron, Ohio 44308.

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**SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS**, Brazils, Cashews, Hazelnuts \$1.75Lb. Pecans, Black Walnuts \$2.00Lb. Dried Mushrooms, Sassafras \$5.50Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

**HANDTOOLED LEATHER BILLFOLDS** — fine quality — \$9.50 each. Gary Anderson, Route 1, Concord, Nebr. 68728.

**PRINT HALF APRONS** — figured — \$1.50; figured & plain combination — \$2.00. Mrs. Max Lanham, Paulina, Iowa 51046.

**EMBROIDERED DISH TOWELS** 7 — \$6.50; Pillow cases — \$4.00; Luncheon cloth — \$3.50; Tatted hankies — \$1.50. Mrs. Carl Hollrah, Charter Oak, Iowa 51439.

**BARBIE AND KEN DOLL CLOTHES**. Well made, fine new material, attention to detail. Reasonably priced. Free price list. Box 376, Fort Dodge, Iowa 50501.

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**RUGWEAVING**: prepared balls — \$1.50 yd.; unprepared — \$2.30. SALE: 50" rugs — \$3.50. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222.

**BEAUTIFUL MOTHER'S — GRANDMOTHER'S "remembrance"** pins with your children's birthstones. Circle Wreath — up to 9 stones — gold or silver — \$3.95. Tree of Life — up to 14 stones — gold only — \$3.95. Gift boxed. (Specify birthmonths). Literature free. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

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

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINES**. Back numbers to 1949 — 25¢ per year. Mrs. Bonner, Omaha, phone 455-1722.

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## AUTUMN

Golden autumn leaves  
Look like treasured time-worn gold  
Scattered here and there.

—Emma D. Babcock

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### DEAR NOVEMBER

November, I whispered,  
You are gray  
And shadowy  
And gloomy.  
The mist is damp on the trees  
And my heart is sad.  
But wait!  
The clouds are breaking —  
The sun shines through the rift  
And the mist is made of diamonds.  
It is warm on my face and in my heart.  
I know at last, November,  
You are not gloomy,  
You are not sad.  
I wove the gloom,  
I created the shadows.  
But you have touched me  
With gentle fingers  
And Life is good again.  
Thank you, November.

—Harverna Woodling

\*\*\*\*\*

### PRAIRIE MOTHER

She gathered beauty where it might be  
found —  
Wild roses in a simple table glass;  
Tall, waxy yuccas in brown earthen-  
ware jar;  
Sweet peas and foxglove found in  
prairie grass,  
And on a summer evening, told each  
star  
For childish eyes to seek. She fed our  
souls  
With poems pinned there on the cup-  
board door  
To make forever ours as cups and  
bowls  
Were washed and wiped in ever-daily  
chore.  
Her rustic home, built of the fresh-  
turned sod,  
Could boast of little beauty, but her  
heart,  
Remembering, would find each gift of  
God  
And serve it to us with an apple tart.  
She had no jewels to leave as a be-  
quest,  
But oh, the heart-gems from her treas-  
ure chest!

—Mary Pansy Rapp

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### AUTUMN THOUGHTS

Tranquil lily pond,  
Reflecting autumn grandeur,  
Outwinks the moon.  
  
Abandoned birdhouse  
Offers a haven in space  
Where squirrels gather.  
  
Nostalgia's spell comes  
When tall trees flaunt crimson leaves  
And pungent fires burn.

Village lights flicker;  
Nocturnal darkness deepens;  
And sleep snuggles in.

—Margaret Aamodt

**NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded**  
heart and mind conscious of the im-  
measurable love and mercy of God.  
Thanksgiving rises out of a con-  
sciousness of the debt we owe to  
others who lived before us and who  
live today.

Today we have placed a glass of  
water and a loaf of bread on the altar —  
the daily substance of our very life,  
just as gratitude should be a part of  
our daily life. If we have this attitude,  
then, as we give thanks for our bless-  
ings, I think our prayers will be given  
in this spirit of true thankfulness:  
Give them this day their daily bread,  
Lord, God of all, we pray;  
Let not alone our own be fed,  
But all the world this day.  
We cannot bow before Thy throne  
To thank Thee for our feast,  
Unmindful of the hungry moan  
Of those who have the least.  
Give them this day, their daily bread,  
Lord, God of earth's increase.

When children everywhere are fed,  
Ours, too, can grow in peace.

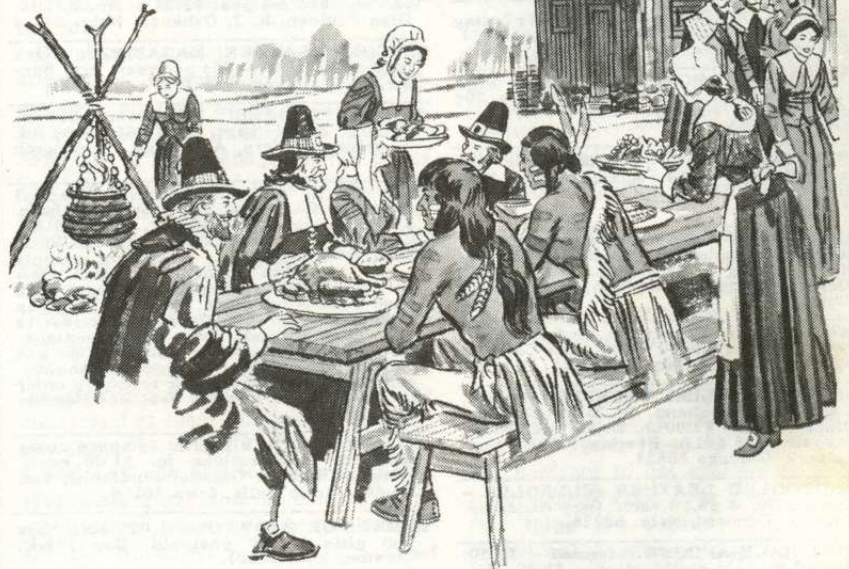
—Author Unknown

Now let us break bread together,  
symbolizing the love of God, the love  
of mankind, and our gratitude for daily  
bread. May we do this in an "attitude  
of gratitude" in silent prayer. (Leader  
takes up loaf of bread and breaks off a  
small bite, then passes it to someone  
else, who takes a bite and passes it  
along, until all present have partici-  
pated. If the group is large, helpers  
can be ready to pass the loaf from one  
row to the next.)

**Closing Hymn:** "Now Thank We All  
Our God". (All standing and remain  
standing for prayer.)

**Benediction:** Grant us, O God, an  
attitude of gratitude that we might go  
forth with a heart to share, a desire to  
bear, and a will to lift, flamed into one  
by Thy immeasurable love, we pray in  
the name of Christ, Thy greatest gift.  
Amen.

## The guest list isn't the only thing that's different.



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

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