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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

Magazine

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom.



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When I wrote to you the last time I said that we had considerable commotion going on in the house because new carpet was being laid.

Well, a month later I want to report that I'm downright thrilled with the choice that I made after so much thought and worry. This new carpet is much easier for me to get around on than the old carpet with fourteen years of wear behind it. Furthermore, it doesn't show my wheelchair tracks as badly as I had anticipated.

If anyone confronted with my problems is interested in knowing exactly what was put down, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and the information will be supplied. I can speak only from wheelchair experience, of course, but it seems to me that anyone not fleet of foot would find this an easy surface to negotiate.

Today we're taking what we suspect will be our last look at the wonderfully lovely dahlias that have given us such great pleasure for weeks on end this summer and autumn. They are now more than seven feet tall, and their enormous blooms of gold, scarlet, and a dazzling red-and-white stripe have leaned against the big expanse of living room windows in such a way that you have to look twice to be sure they're not growing inside.

Juliana bought these bulbs down at May's Garden Center when she was home the last time, and I cannot imagine a gift in this whole world that could possibly be more rewarding. We'll have them dug up and stored through the winter months, of course, and I can only hope that when next autumn rolls around she can see them with her own eyes.

If you noticed the picture on page 17 of last month's magazine you'd be hard pressed to believe that this is the same house . . . if you were to drive past it today. All of the caladiums and the hanging baskets have been moved in for

the winter, and the window boxes are turned upside down. It makes the house look stark and not at all welcoming. And it will look like this for the next seven months!

One thing is certain: if we lose the big Hopa crab that stands just outside our large kitchen window, the front of the house will really look naked. That tree has looked sick all summer and I don't know what ails it. In years gone by I can never remember losing trees the way we do in these times. Not only are most of our enormous elm trees gone, but now we're losing virtually every white birch in town (mine died last year) and my Hopa crab has much company in looking sick. I simply don't know how to account for all of this.

Juliana has written to me a number of times in these last few days and brought me up to date on what has happened since she wrote her letter to you folks.

Her dear old friends, Chris and Steve Crouse, plus their little Keith (now about two-and-a-half) arrived right on schedule to spend several days in Albuquerque. Country living has great blessings, but it also has its difficulties as Juliana and Jed discovered just a few hours before they were due to go to the airport to meet the Crouses.

They don't have city water, of course, and their big septic tank took exactly that time to overflow and cause grievous complications. It's extremely hard to get workmen promptly at such a location, so they felt wonderfully fortunate to return from the airport just as the septic tank crew pulled into the driveway.

"That was a real crisis," Juliana said, and I most certainly agree.

One other incident didn't constitute a crisis but it surely was provoking.

Shortly before this long-anticipated visit they decided to break down and buy a new camera with a lens that would enable them to get much sharper pictures — and I was delighted about this since I figured we'd get better detail for *Kitchen-Klatter* pictures.

Well, they set off for a picnic up in

the Jemez mountains with a big collection of food and the new camera only to have the shutter break on the very first shot they tried.

"We just felt WILD", Juliana reported, "to look forward so long to that camera and then to have it defective. It had to go back to the factory the next day and I don't know when we'll ever see it again."

Such an experience is dashing, to say the least. It really makes you feel discouraged about trying to replace anything that is actually working.

One book that I've enjoyed this past month is titled *Rancho Paradise* by John Deck, and I have the feeling that many of you would also enjoy it. It is a collection of well-edited taped interviews with retired Americans in a mobile home park, and the front cover describes it very well:

"Once these people kept bees, sold junk or insurance, farmed, labored, patrolled a beat, owned a business, worked in films, or drifted from chance to chance. They grew old, retired, and moved out of cities and towns scattered all over the country. They came to Yucaipa, sixty miles east of Los Angeles. They bought mobile homes and began a new life for themselves. They want to talk about it . . ."

If you are still in your own place but have toyed with the idea of retiring to a mobile home park, this book will give you a pretty clear picture of daily life. I can think of housing infinitely less desirable.

As a matter of fact, just after I read this I checked out a library book titled *The Megastates of America* by Neal R. Peirce. This is an absorbing account of conditions as they exist today in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Florida, Texas and California.

Florida, as we all know, is a tremendous retirement center, and I thought it interesting that one well-known writer (MacKinley Kantor) said that the happiest people he knew were the ones in trailer parks.

"Camp living is more like the little towns they knew in Ohio and Indiana and Michigan. You see people out playing shuffleboard together and they're having the time of their life. They're a core of elderly humanity who are already harmonized to each other. True small-town social life develops. New folks are easily accepted. It's like the simple openness of life wherever they came from. They're with the same kind of people they've known back home. They all appreciate each other."

Incidentally, although Mr. Kantor refers to "camp living" it is a term never, never used by any of the people who tell their stories in *Rancho Para-*

(Continued on page 22)

MARGERY IS TAKING AN ADULT EDUCATION CLASS

Dear Friends:

Fall is here — at last! — and how I look forward to this season of the year. The lovely huge maples across the street are a riot of color. I've just come in from photographing them — something I do every year. They are always a beautiful sight.

Last year we hoped to have a class in photography in Adult Education, but couldn't get enough together to make up the required number. But this fall we succeeded. The classes are held on Thursday evenings and the course will run for eight weeks.

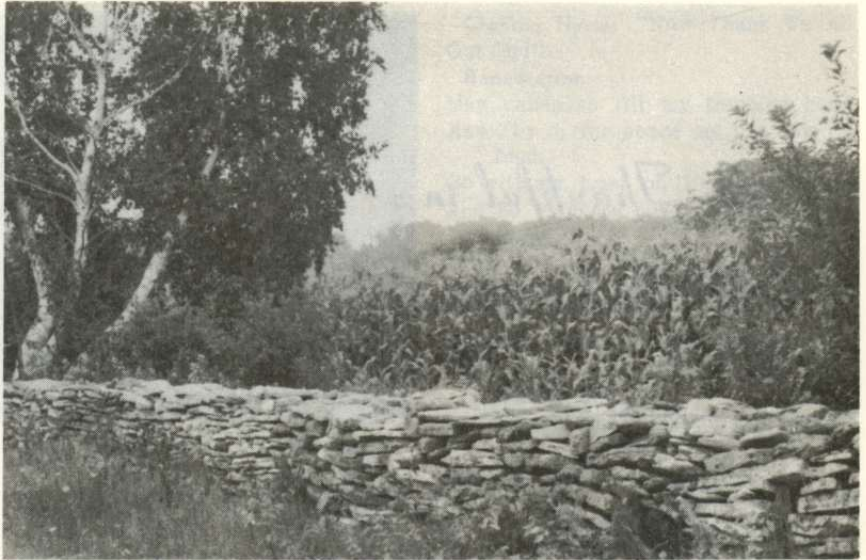
The first assignment was to take a roll of film of the same subject using all the settings on the camera. I should have taken care of it the very first day, which was a lovely golden autumn day, but I was busy with things at the office and didn't get around to thinking about it until a few days before the second meeting. Then wouldn't you know it — several days of dull grey skies! Fortunately, some of the students completed their assignment early, so the rest of us studied their efforts. Next time I won't procrastinate so!

This reminds me to mention a book I'm enjoying reading right now as it was written by Laura Gilpin, a noted photographer from New Mexico. The title is *The Enduring Navaho*. It is a compilation of photographs of the Navaho Indians, taken over a period of thirty some years. The text is outstanding, and all in all, it is the most fascinating book I've ever read on Indians. Perhaps you'll run across it in your local library.

Oliver and I have enjoyed a number of trips to the Southwest and hoped to get down that way again this year, but it didn't work out. We had one week of vacation left and that just isn't long enough for such a trip. We chose, instead, to drive to Wisconsin for a few days. We had seen enough of Door County last summer to want to drive back and see more.

We left on a Saturday and stopped overnight with Oliver's sister Nina and her husband in Rockford, Illinois, and then drove on to Sturgeon Bay for a few days at Bay Shore Inn. This lovely resort is run by such friendly, warm-hearted people that our stay there was perfect. Last summer we saw Egg Harbor and Fish Creek on the west side of the peninsula, and Bailey's Harbor on the east side, covering the area between shores, so this time we concentrated on seeing things of interest at the north end of the county. Of particular interest were Ephraim, Sister Bay and Washington Island.

Washington Island is off the tip of the



Margery and Oliver Strom were fascinated with the lovely old fences built of rock on Washington Island and elsewhere in Door County, Wisconsin.

peninsula and is reached by ferry through a passage called Death's Door Strait. Over 200 years ago, the Potawatomi Indians lived on the island, and the tribe was practically wiped out when the canoes of a large war party were swamped in a storm as they were heading for the mainland. That is how this narrow body of water acquired its name "Death's Door". It made me feel more than a bit uneasy that we had very rough crossings both ways. All I could think of was all those Indians drowning there two centuries ago!

Once on the island, I cast my anxiety aside and enjoyed the drive around the island, stopping to go through the museum and taking pictures of the lovely rock fences. Incidentally, the population is made up predominately of Scandinavians. It is the largest Icelandic settlement in the United States, but many of the people are summer residents only.

While we were in Sturgeon Bay, dear friends from Two Rivers, Wis. came to spend a day with us, and when we left the resort we drove to their home to spend a day and night.

Two Rivers is only a five-mile drive from Manitowoc where I had an appointment with one of the companies where we get some of our premiums. I spent an afternoon looking at premium samples, getting some items lined up as possibilities for the near future.

We made two interesting stops on the way home. Both were recommended by several of you readers. One was in New Glarus, called "Little Switzerland" because of its Swiss atmosphere. The first Swiss colonists to America settled in this town. We toured the Chalet of the Golden Fleece, which is modeled after a Swiss mountain home. It is a museum now and contains an outstanding collection of cultural and historical

treasures, many of them rare Swiss antiques. After the tour of this home, we stopped at the bakery for some Swiss goodies to eat along the way.

The other town we stopped to see was St. Donatus, south of Dubuque, Iowa. This is often referred to as the "French Village". Oliver and I found the old French-style homes interesting to see, and the drive along the river road was beautiful. This would be a lovely highway to take when fall coloring is at its height. Probably many of you have done just that.

When we returned home we were pleased that the carpenter had made some progress on the bathrooms we're remodeling. We've been a bit delayed winding up this work as fixtures were back-ordered, but today things are on the move again and it looks as if another week will wind up this stage. The paper hanger can't come for several weeks so there has been no urgency about picking out the paper. Thank goodness I don't entertain any clubs until March! When you're torn up that's pretty good news!

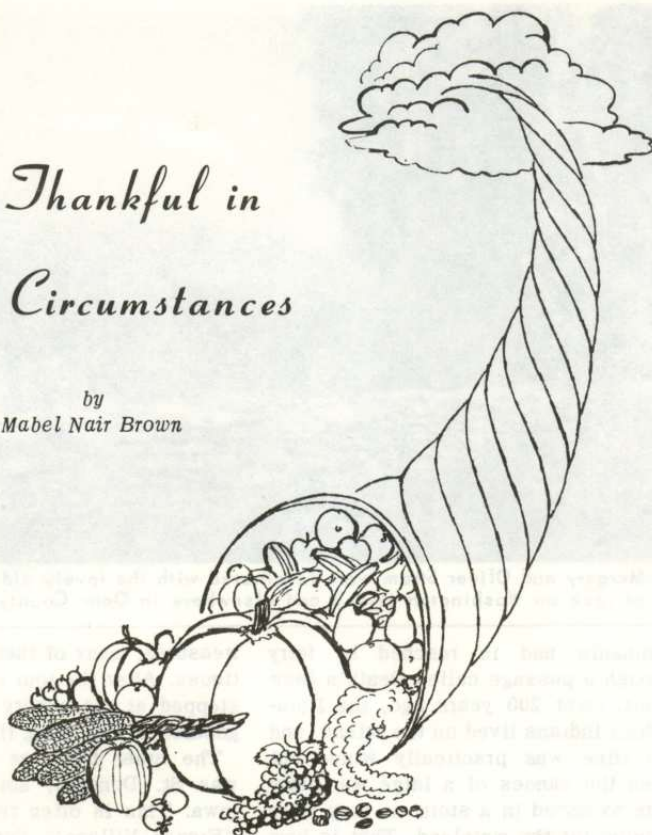
Mother and I drove to Lucas to visit Dorothy and Frank recently, and on a shopping expedition Mother bought some kits of darling Christmas things to make with felt and sequins. The first project is a Christmas tree skirt. I'll take a picture of it for you when she gets it completed. She works on a card table in the sunroom and it is fun to see how she is coming along from day to day. Ruby, her nurse-companion, is going to make a Christmas stocking with pockets to hold cards, but she hasn't started it yet. She is knitting a sweater and wants to finish that first.

Now I must run to the kitchen and test a recipe, so until next month,

Sincerely,
Margery

Be Thankful in All Circumstances

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: On the left side of the altar place a small basket filled with an arrangement of choice fruit, vegetables, and autumn leaves. On the right side arrange a hot water bottle and pillboxes, an old run-down pair of shoes, an opened, empty purse and a spindle holder filled with a sheaf of bills. At front center place an open Bible.

Quiet Music: "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Reading: The poem "The Creation" by James Weldon Johnson.

Hymn: "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty".

Prayer:
Teach us, Lord,
To grow in ways
That lead us through
The strenuous days;
That help us sense
Your presence here,
To know we need
Not want or fear.
Teach us, Lord,
To grow toward Thee,
To do, to trust,
To come to see
That in our growth
We follow Thee. Amen. —Church paper

Leader:
Be ever seeking for the higher ways
Without disowning past defeats or sorrows.

One who repudiates his yesterdays
Repudiates, as well, his own tomorrows.

The month of November naturally

turns our thoughts to Thanksgiving and to counting our blessings. We think much of the bountiful harvest and give praise and thanks for all the good things that have come our way.

The word "thank" is the old form of the past tense of the verb "think". So giving thanks is thinking — letting the mind dwell on the things which God has given us. Today, let us think of always and forever giving thanks instead of reserving it to just one day.

Meditation: In I Thessalonians, Paul wrote *Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.* Give thanks in all circumstances! Did he really mean in all circumstances? Well, even in prison Paul wrote *I rejoice, I give thanks!*

Give thanks in ALL circumstances. Does that mean we are to be thankful for hardship of poverty, the pain and suffering of illness? Does it mean we can offer thanks in time of sorrow and disappointment? Yes, Paul did so write and he meant it! Give thanks in all circumstances.

No, we cannot always be thankful for the troubles and heartaches that come to us. After all we are but human. But we can be more "thinking" in our praying, so that in times of trouble and discouragement and sorrow we can pray, "Father I do not know why this trouble has come to me, but grant me strength to bear it so that some day I may see the good that can come from this experience."

Let us think a bit about poverty and hardship. No, God doesn't plan it so that people go hungry, or cold, or have to work hard all their days to make a simple living. But think of those we know who have become great, made greater because they once knew hardship and poverty — George Washington Carver, Abraham Lincoln, and countless others. Think of those among your own circle of friends whom you have seen grow in understanding, in faith, in tolerance because of hardships they have known. We can be thankful that hardship has taught us to more quickly see another's need, to more truly value the bare necessities of life, and has taught us not to be wasteful when plenty comes along.

How can we possibly be thankful for death or for a great sorrow in our life? Yet, did it show us how truly wonderful friendship is in times like these? Did it bring us closer to God; did it bring us to a deeper appreciation of the true spirit of the one taken from us in death?

Be thankful for pain? Has not pain often been a warning of a graver illness so that we can seek a doctor's help and regain health? Has not pain sometimes "put us flat on our backs" to give us time to evaluate what is important in life? Has not pain taught us compassion for others who know suffering?

We're disappointed that we cannot have the new outfit to wear to the party? Where do we find something to be thankful for in that? Or if we did not go on the trip we had planned. How can we be thankful in those circumstances? Did you go to the party and find you had a grand time? Did you learn that your friends like you for yourself, not for what you wear? Did you make a new friend at the party, one who has blessed your life in many ways since? Have you had reason to be grateful you didn't go on that trip, because you were right next door when a neighbor had an accident with no one else near? Or perhaps, by being at home, you heard someone speak at a meeting, or at church, on some subject that enlightened your thinking? Perhaps your roses were never more beautiful than the year you could not take your June vacation.

It is in the struggle to rise above handicaps that strong characters are formed. The older we grow the more we realize that most people who ever really amounted to something have had to overcome significant handicaps and have known disappointment and sorrow. Unfortunately most of us have to grow old before we can look back and see that often our troubles have been our greatest blessings.

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

If you read the September issue of the *National Geographic*, you saw some beautiful colored photographs of this beautiful Connecticut River Valley where we live. The fall of the year is lovely everywhere, but here in New England with our great forests flaming with the color of the foliage, with the corn and the pumpkins in the fields at the foot of the mountains, and with our wide, deep rivers flowing calmly toward the sea under bright, blue skies, there is a very special loveliness. There are days when I leave the church office a bit early in the afternoon to rent an airplane and go flying in search of the best of color photographs.

You will remember that last spring I gave an "Airplane Party" for twelve senior citizens who never had been flying before. That party was such a success that I am going to give another one, but this one will be for young people. Instead of giving the party on one of the big jets, I shall give this party in a small twin engine plane that seats only eight or ten, and we shall take up several small groups, letting each group fly around for about thirty minutes. The one thing I shall make certain to do is to have the pilot fly over the home of each young person. There is nothing that young people enjoy more from the air than the sight of their own homes. As a matter of fact, there are few things I enjoy seeing more from the air than our home.

You would be surprised how difficult it is to see individual homes in the typical New England town. You see, we have so many trees, and such big trees that it is difficult to see the houses for the trees! I took a young man up flying with me the other day, and he couldn't see his house until I pointed it out to him. I was able to locate it because I knew that it was right in back of a big apartment house. But all we could see of that house was the roof and the sleeping porch.

Betty and I have big plans for our garden. After we had visited the famous Buchart Gardens in Victoria, British Columbia, we knew that we simply had to do something to improve our garden here at the parsonage. It became very obvious to me that I do not plant my flowers closely enough. In other words, next year, I shall do very little thinning out of the plants. The beauty of a garden lies in masses of flowers, many, many plants close together. I have tried to be too economical for too long.

The one plant that we saw in great mass arrangements in every Canadian park or hotel garden we visited was the



Howard Driftmier (left), who designs and builds furniture as a hobby, also does wood carving. His brother Frederick admires one of his sculptures.

Nemesia Strumosa. Again and again we heard flower lovers speaking so enthusiastically of the *Nemesia* plots and borders. And then we are going to plant one entire garden plot with the ordinary cornflower or bachelor's button. The secret of bachelor's button beauty lies in having a large solid mass of them, hundreds of plants very close together. I can hardly wait until spring to get started.

Perhaps your local paper carried the article about the violin that after thirty years and a war, I am now returning to the man who made it. Our Springfield papers carried the story, and then it was picked up by one of the big news services and sent all over the world. I was told that I was reprinted in practically every newspaper in Italy on the evening of the day that the story was in our morning papers.

It all began back in October of 1942 when I was working in the prison camps along the Suez Canal. I discovered a young Italian prisoner who had made his first violin with no wood but an old packing box, and with no tools but a large saw and a knife, and with no pattern or other violin to use as a guide. I took the violin, and in return I provided him with proper tools for making violins, and with the right kind of wood. Once I got the violin back to this country, I used it to help raise money for prisoner of war relief, and one day it was played on a national radio broadcast by a noted New York musician.

That is how it all began, and now here is the way it is ending. Last summer when we were sailing with the Irving Johnsons on the *Yankee*, I told them the story of the prisoner and his remarkable violin. When the Johnsons went to Italy this summer with the *National Geographic* staff, they were

able to find the man and give him my address. For the past several weeks we have been corresponding, and now the violin is on its way back to Italy. The former prisoner told me that he remained in that desert prison camp for three more years after I left for America, and in that time he made thirty-nine more violins with the tools I gave him. He still makes a few violins, and last year one of them won a prize for the best violin in all Italy. It was purchased by an artist in New York. In return for my sending him his first violin, he is going to send me a beautiful carving that he will make this winter.

When we returned from our summer trip we were delighted to find that our interior decorator had been in the parsonage while we were away and had hung new drapes to go with the newly painted and papered rooms. I just love my study where I am now standing at my typewriter writing this letter to you. The paper is a woven grass cloth, a very heavy texture in a soft brown color. The new drapes are gold with a large tropical plant pattern at the bottom.

Just tonight I was thinking of all the *Kitchen-Klatter* letters I have written to you over the years and marveling at how few of them I remember. I knew that over the past thirty-five years I have written about personal accidents and disasters. I have told you of many sad events in our lives along with all of the happy events. Right this moment if you were to ask me to relate ten tragic things I have discussed in my letters during the past quarter of a century and more, I would be hard pressed to meet your demand. Indeed, I doubt if I could do that without a great deal of thought. How grateful I am to God for the blessed ability to forget.

(Continued on page 22)



Thanksgiving Day at Grandmother's

by
Fern Christian Miller

When I was a small girl I remember our little one-room rural school's giving a program the evening before Thanksgiving. I was a Pilgrim child, dressed to fit the part. We played out "The First Thanksgiving in America". This simple play and the hymns we sang made a lasting impression on my sensitive child mind.

The next morning we went to the rural church, at ten, for a short service especially suited to Thanksgiving. Then we drove through a light skiff of snow to Grandpa's house for the annual Thanksgiving feast. Two big sorrel farm horses pulled the heavy wagon over the frozen, rutted roads with Father's gentle guidance. Mother and we children sat on a thick mat of hay covered by a big wool comforter in the bottom of the wagon. When a flushed, smiling grandmother met us at the door, we were delighted with the wonderful mouth-watering smells filling the air. Turkey roasting, apples baking, sage, spicy pumpkin pie, ham and yams, oysters, walnut cookies, and other delightful aromas I could not identify. Happy sounds of laughter and children's talking filled our ears. All were dressed and groomed to their most attractive selves: Grandmother and Grandfather, as well as all the cousins,

aunts and uncles, great-aunts and uncles, and even great-Grandmother in her light wheelchair.

After being greeted and kissed until my cheeks burned, I began to look at the lovely food. Red apples and golden pears, nuts and persimmons were piled high in a large wooden tray on the sideboard. The rest of the space was filled with pies of pumpkin, mince, apple, and pecan. A tall glass compote in the center of the long snowy white table held sparkling red cranberry jelly. The aroma of roast turkey and walnut and sage dressing drew me to the kitchen, where an aunt was basting the turkey. There I saw baked sweet potatoes, ham, scalloped oysters, creamed onions, baked beans, grated turnip, carrot and cabbage salad, peach pickles, cucumber pickles, relish, applesauce, mashed potatoes and giblet gravy, and hot yeast rolls.

Finally the feast was on the table. The men and women were seated at the dining room table, and we children were placed with full plates at the kitchen table, where one of the young mothers waited on us. A long and eloquent grace was said by my preacher uncle. Then Grandfather carved the golden brown turkey amid much gay banter and family stories. Auntie filled

our little cups with our choice of sweet cold milk or sweet apple juice. The grown folks drank cider or coffee. All the many reasons we should be thankful were thoroughly discussed as the good food was enjoyed by all. We children listened to the talk in the dining room as we ate and smiled at each other. Finally, when every one had eaten his fill, we all stood and sang, rather breathlessly, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below."

As the piles of dishes were washed and dried and packed away in their respective owners' baskets by all the women taking turns, Grandmother prepared a box of plates of food for the less fortunate shut-in old folks of Uncle's rural church. He left early to deliver the food to the thankful old people.

Late in the day we rounded up our good visiting, and wrapped up well, took our dishes and leftover food and kissed Grandmother and Grandfather goodbye. I don't remember the long cold ride home because I went to sleep. My dreams were filled with red apples, turkeys, pumpkins, shocks of corn, and Pilgrim children singing "Praise God for America".



HUMBLE THANKS

For all the gifts that Thou dost send,
For every kind and loyal friend,
For prompt supply of all my need,
For all that's good in word and deed,
For gift of health along life's way,
For strength to work from day to day,
I give humble thanks.

For ready hands to help and cheer,
For listening ears Thy voice to hear,
For yielded tongue Thy love to talk,
For willing feet Thy paths to walk,
For open eyes Thy word to read,
For loving heart Thy will to heed,
I give Thee humble thanks.

—Author unknown

THANKS FOR LIVING

The gifts of earth He giveth to each,
Apples and plum, and delicate peach,
The flowers of earth He giveth to all,
Fragile and lovely, tiny and tall;
The birds of the air, He maketh to sing
To gladden the heart, and herald the spring,

The friendship of man, He giveth to all
To rich and to poor, to great and to small,
Then to these blessings, He adds from above,
The greatest of all — the wonder of love.
—Selected



Crafty Ideas for the Bazaar

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Ring-Around-the-Rosy Book to delight the small fry. Puncture a small hole in several plastic coffee can lids. These become the pages of the book. Glue a picture (flowers, animals, train, clown, etc.) on each side of each lid. Slip the lids on a two-inch notebook ring. Presto! a book with stay-put, non-tear pages, with a change of scenery at every flip!

An Elegant Round Lace Tablecloth for those small round occasional tables would be a "breeze" to make for those who crochet. Simply start in the middle of the cloth, and crochet a circle (use chain stitch and double crochet) in a large "mesh" pattern, using heavy cotton in white or a decorator color. Crochet a shell border around the outside to complete the cloth when the circle is as large as you need. Make an under cloth in a decorator color (in washable cotton or taffeta) to use under the white, or a matching color for under a colored cloth. One of my friends made a ten-inch flounce-type, headed ruffle on the under cloth for her table and then had the crocheted cloth just large enough to reach the top of the flounce.

Festive Christmas Aprons: 1. On a plain red or green apron add "sock" pockets. These pockets are cut from red and white striped material and have a band of red rickrack across the top (cuff) of the sock. Rickrack is sewed into the seam as the pockets are sewed to the apron. Pin a tiny jingle bell to each sock toe.

2. This might be called a "Christmas treasure" apron, and is perfect for the mother of small children — maybe even for Grandma! Make a ball "ornament" for each child (or grandchild). These are small circles cut from different colors of plain percale in the shape of tree ornaments. Sew two strips of baby rickrack in a contrasting color or white or silver or gold across each "ball" to form the trim. In the space between the rickrack (which forms a band across the ball) embroider one of the children's names. Use rickrack to make one or two rows of wide scallop design across the apron and "suspend"

the ball ornaments from the scallops, using a short length of baby rickrack as the "hanger" for each. You will judge the size of scallops, the number of rows, and spacing by the number of ornaments you make, depending on the number of children's names you will need.

3. "Lapkin" aprons, are double-duty aprons, worn by men, women and children. There is a wide pocket sewed across the bottom, and stitched into divided sections to hold silverware, a picnic plate, napkin, etc., at a picnic. I like to use a light blue denim and make the pocket of red bandana print. In addition to having everything handy, the apron is a good crumb catcher.

Egg Carton Hand-Kits: (Children can make these.) Choose clean egg cartons. Cut pretty pictures from seed catalogues, greeting cards, or magazines, and glue to the top to cover the printing. You can cue this decoration to the type of kit, or the hobby of the recipient, if you like. For sewing kits, fill the compartments with thimble, buttons, pins, snaps, tape measure (roll it and secure with rubber band), and spools of thread. Tie a small pair of scissors to the lid with a red ribbon bow. For a tool kit, fill the compartments with screws, nuts, bolts, nails, etc. Use friction tape to make some loops on the inside of the lid to hold small screwdrivers and pencils. When you gift wrap it, use a red bandana for the wrapping. For a child's travel kit, fill the egg carton sections with small items such as buttons, yarn, balloons, beads, safety pins, bits of ribbon, rubber bands, and paper clips.

Clever Place Cards for a bridge luncheon: Carefully cut around the heads and shoulders of the kings, queens, and jacks from discarded decks of cards. Fold each card in half and the head will stand up as a cut-out figure. Write the name across the bottom.

Gypsy Surprise: Have one of your aid or club members dress in a gypsy costume with an enormous long, full skirt. The skirt must have 20 or more pockets sewed on it. Place a small, inexpen-

sive child's toy, wrapped in gay wrapping paper, in each pocket. The gypsy holds a tambourine or other receptacle, and whenever a child places the correct change (set fee as low as possible for the children) in the tambourine, the child is allowed to choose a gift from one of the pockets. The gypsy lady can twirl as the child makes the selection, and what a welcome change from the familiar "fish pond" grab bag! There might even be a fortune on a slip of paper tucked in the pocket with the gift.

Burlap comes in beautiful colors and offers a wide variety of possibilities when it comes to bazaar projects. Every housewife can use a pretty burlap totebag. The bags are quickly sewed on the sewing machine, with a sturdy handle of the same material. Then comes the fun of decorating it. You can use odds and ends of bright colored yarn for some "free hand" crewel designs on the sides of the bag, or applique flowers and leaves of burlap. Flowers, or other designs can be cut from colored felt scraps and glued or sewed on the bag. Sequins or colorful beads can add a glamor touch to the designs.

You can make interesting conversation piece boxes by covering old cigar boxes and other similar boxes (with lids) with burlap and gluing on felt designs, or glue on fancy braid or rickrack trim, and again add sequins or beads. I also make lovely boxes for milady's dressing table by covering small boxes with a bit of velvet and then glue on narrow gold braid and sequins and pearls for glitter. If there is no catch on the box lid, I often make a tiny "frog" of gold braid, which slips over a large pearl to make a catch for the box.

Had you ever thought of making an all-flower assortment from various colors of burlap to decorate your Christmas tree entirely in flowers for something unusual? Many booklets on making these burlap flowers are sold in variety stores at a small cost. And they certainly sell at bazaars. *Place cards* and *favors* also sell well, for it saves the hostess much time, and yet assures her of having something original and handmade. Make decorative holiday napkin rings of felt with sequin and glitter trim. Glue tiny felt or burlap holly and flowers to place cards for decorations.

For Christmas or Thanksgiving place mats, cut rectangles of burlap (in beige or brown tones for Thanksgiving and red for Christmas) for the mats. Then glue felt decorations in one corner. Holly leaves with white berries would be pretty for Christmas, or you might cut green felt leaves or trees and add

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Last month when I wrote to you I commented on how good the crops looked and how we had miraculously escaped any floods at our house. I spoke too soon. Although we didn't have the 17-inch rain they had in some parts of Iowa, which caused severe flash flooding and devastated thousands of acres of crops almost ready for harvesting, we did have the worst flood we have had in 25 years. Although it is heartbreaking to sit on our front porch and see many months of hard work go down the creek, we are grateful that Frank's father built the house and all the outbuildings on high ground.

Since part of the channel was straightened in 1954, we haven't had as many floods as they used to years ago. In fact, most of the floods we have had have occurred during the month of June, so we always feel if we can get through that month without a bad flood, we are pretty safe. However, Frank's father said once that in the many years he had lived on this farm, he had seen it flood at some time or other in every month. People have asked Frank if the water has ever been high enough to reach the house, and he said never in his lifetime, but his father told him that when he was building the house where we now live, in the early nineteen hundreds, there was a sawmill located on the ground north of our house, which is now a pasture. They had lumber piled on the knoll just a few yards from the house, and water was high enough that this lumber was bouncing around in it. There was a bridge across the creek just before you get to our driveway (before the creek was straightened), and when the water went down, the high water mark was six feet above the floor of the bridge. All I can say is that I hope I never see it that high again.

The morning the creek came out I got up early and baked two pies to take to the sale at Humeston, since it was the day our church women were to serve the noon lunch. Several of our women were out of town and couldn't be there to work, so they really needed my help. By the time I was to leave I couldn't get the car out, so Frank and I were stuck with two pies to eat. I froze one and we ate the other.



Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson is seated on the arm of Betty Driftmier's chair. Howard and Mae Driftmier are standing behind them. This picture was taken when Frederick and Betty stopped in Shenandoah on their way back to Mass.

Our Birthday Club was to meet the next day and I had promised the hostess I would bring a freezer of fresh peach ice cream. She would only have to fix something to go with it. I thought it was best to call and warn her I couldn't get out to get the ice, and even if I could later in the day, there was no guarantee I would be able to get it to her the next day. She told me to forget the ice cream; she just hoped I would be able to come to her party. The next morning Frank was able to get out on the tractor to do his chores at the other place, and when he came home he said if one of the girls would come to meet me, he would take me out on the tractor and come back to get me later in the afternoon. By the time we came home the water had started to drop, and Frank kept checking it all evening. At 10:30 it was dropping fast, but then it rained again and by morning it was really high.

The last time I was in Shenandoah to address the magazine, I told Lucile if she and Eula wanted to go home with me for the weekend and see for themselves what the soy beans they thought looked so beautiful a few weeks ago looked like now, I would be happy to bring them home again the first of the week.

On the return trip we altered our route a bit and went through the town of Stanton. The last time I was in this charming little town, I couldn't have been more than eleven or twelve. I had a friend named Marjorie Smith who lived about a block from us in Shenandoah. There was a barn in back of their house so she was able to have a pony to ride

all summer long, and was the envy of all her friends. Marjorie had a married sister who lived on a farm near Stanton, and before school started in the fall Marjorie had to take the pony to her sister's farm and put him in the pasture for the winter. This particular trip was to be made in a pony cart, and I was the privileged person she asked to go with her. I don't know how far it is to Stanton, but I would guess approximately 25 miles. Of course there were no paved roads then and the entire trip was made on dirt roads.

I will never forget how excited I was about getting up early to take this wonderful ride. We took sack lunches, but we didn't have a watch and had no idea what time it was. I'm sure the food was eaten by nine o'clock. I can't remember very much about the trip except how hot it was; how the pony wouldn't get out of a walk unless it saw another pony or horse in a pasture; how I thought we would never get there; and how hungry I was when we did. Marjorie lives in California now, and I wonder if she, too, remembers that trip.

When we decided to get an electric ice cream freezer this summer I had no idea we would get as much enjoyment out of it as we have. I figured up the other day how many times I made ice cream since the first of June, and was surprised at the number — 22. We have had vanilla, maple nut, banana, fresh strawberry, fresh raspberry, fresh blackberry, fresh peach, lemon, cherry nut, and caramel nut. When you figure up the total number of quarts, 132, that seems like a powerful lot of ice cream. We are so spoiled now, having so much cream to use, I think we will always have to have a milk cow.

Our daughter Kristin's mother-in-law, Mary Brase, bought a house in Durango a few blocks from Kristin and Art, and moved there from Cheyenne last summer. The other day Kristin called to report some bad luck Mary had. She was standing on a ladder, picking apples in her yard, when she fell and injured her back, and has had to be in the hospital the past week. I'm sure Aaron misses her a great deal since she came to the house five days a week to stay with Aaron an hour and a half each day from the time Art leaves for work in the afternoon until Kristin gets home from her teaching duties. We hope Mary doesn't suffer too much and will soon be feeling back to par.

Kristin said Andy was playing outside one day when she got home from school, and she told Aaron to go out and tell Andy to come in and tell her about his day. She heard Aaron say, "Andy, your mother and my mother wants you to come in so she can talk to you about school." I told you about

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HOOKED ON CROCHETING

by
Agnes W. Thomas

"How in the world can you pay attention to the speaker and crochet at the same time?" my neighbor asked me at a club meeting recently.

"Well, when you've been at it as long as I have," I said, "you can almost do it with your eyes shut!"

I learned to crochet about twenty-five years ago when my children were small, and became so fascinated with the hobby I have hardly put my needle down since!

For the woman who is housebound (or man too, for that matter), crocheting can be the perfect diversion.

Done with a hooked needle, crocheting is the process of looping threads together to make the desired pattern. The art goes back for many centuries. Some scholars say that fishermen's wives in northern Scotland were the first to do hand crocheting when they made nets for their husbands.

Today there are machines that can both crochet and knit. However, as marvelous as they are, machines cannot give the look of fine workmanship which creative hands can put into the material.

Why do I find such satisfaction in crocheting? Compared to other hobbies, crocheting has many advantages.

1. It is easy to do.
2. Being able to say, "I made it myself" gives one a well-deserved feeling of pride.
3. With new patterns to be learned, it is a continual challenge.
4. You "can take it with you". I recently made enough squares for a granny afghan while taking an 8-day guided bus tour.
5. Crocheting is something you can do when confined at home. Because it requires little effort, and is lightweight, you can crochet even when in bed with a cold or other minor ailment.
6. Doctors recommend crocheting as a means of keeping arthritic fingers limber. It also has therapeutic value. Counting stitches, and watching a piece of work become a lovely design, the crocheter has no time to think of problems.
7. Crocheting saves you money. The cost of a hand-crocheted item is much less than a ready-made one.
8. It's an easy way to make extra money. Although one could never make a living by crocheting, it can be a profitable pastime. In addition to taking orders from friends and acquaintances, I sell many crocheted items to our local gift shop. Some shops take work on consignment; others will pay you at time of purchase, then put their own price tag on the article. They will



Betty and Frederick brought books of pictures for Mother to look at, and how she did enjoy seeing them. In this picture, Betty is showing Mother shots that were taken of activities at their church this past year. This is an ideal way to keep a record of the life of the church. Perhaps this is something you might like to start in your own church. It could be one of the main attractions at fellowship suppers.

also take orders and collect a down payment on a desired article.

9. Crocheting is a social activity. I always have some work handy when unexpected guests drop by.

10. Crocheting is an inexpensive hobby. The average needle costs about 50¢, and enough yarn (bought on sale) to make a large poncho can be purchased for under \$6.

11. Doing this easy kind of handwork is the best way I know to fill an empty hour. It makes time pass quickly when waiting at the doctor's office or anywhere else when you have time on your hands.

There are many ways to learn crocheting. In most cities there are classes of instruction at the YWCA or Adult Education Center. Knit shops often offer free instruction to customers, but the best way to learn is to get personal instructions from a relative or friend. An enthusiastic crocheter is always anxious to share her knowledge with a friend. I have recently taught my seven-year-old granddaughter to crochet a chain, and she can hardly wait to learn how to make it into a coat for her doll!

If you would like to make hot pants or an afghan, here are some suggestions you might find helpful.

Beg, borrow, or buy a book containing instructions for making the article you want. Notice what kind of needle is required and get the right size. Find out how much yarn is needed and be sure to purchase enough to complete the item you plan to make. You might think it's easy to buy more of the same kind later, but it isn't. The only way to be sure of getting the exact color is to get

the same dye lot number. It is far better to buy too much than too little; you can always return what you have left over. If you watch the newspapers for special sales on yarn, you can save quite a bit on your purchase. Some inexpensive yarn comes in a bundle; this has to be unwound. Personally, I prefer an Orlan acrylic fiber that is shrink resistant and mothproof. And best of all, it's ready to use! (I don't have anybody to hold my yarn for me, so prefer the kind that is already wound.)

Almost anything that can be sewn, can be crocheted. Lacy tablecloths can be made with the fine linen thread, and lovely bedspreads are easily crocheted with the coarser cotton thread. All kinds of clothing, tams, sweaters, bedroom shoes, gloves, hot pants, suits, can be crocheted using lovely colors and textures of yarn.

Crocheted jewelry is quite popular now. With a few bright beads or imitation pearls, and a spool of metallic thread, you can make eye-catching rings and necklaces.

So, the next time you sit with idle hands, think of all the beautiful things you could be crocheting! Learn the art, and always have your materials handy. Thus when unexpected guests drop by, you can enjoy the conversation while enjoying your favorite hobby. In fact you can probably interest your visitors in this fascinating pastime. Merchants say they have trouble keeping their shelves stocked with necessary supplies because so many people are crocheting these days.

Hook on to the hobby. It's catching!

Sweet Cake and Light Bread

by
Annie Parish Slankard



Snow had fallen early that fall; leaves so lately colorful, now warmly brown, lay snug beneath its deep white spread.

Our stock cattle had come in from the white hills and stood about in need of shelter. Full-grown young chickens strutted about the feed lots, quarrelsome and bickering for food.

This was a lovely time of the year for our folks on the old farm. True, there were many added chores, and while old every-day chores did not appeal to us, today was different. The snowfall was exciting. We chored willingly and in a happy, hilarious mood.

When school let out and we came across the old foot bridge and over the snowy meadows, we could hardly wait to change into old clothes, spread thick slices of homemade light bread with golden apple butter, and be off for the fun. School was always a torment to us. Our biggest grievance was that we had to attend at all. Our father was a teacher, and we often argued that he might as well teach his own children at home. Some way or other Mother did not agree with us, and Father did not insist, not strongly anyway, so we were bundled off.

Short days ago our wagons crawled back and forth across the low bottoms with a continuous plop, plop, as big, white ears of corn pounded the bouncing board. The boys had sheltered the old cider mill, and fire that had burned for many weeks had been drawn from the old drying house. For many weeks it seemed, we had expected this first snow, and truly wanted it. When shadows thickened early, smoke spiraled blue and friendly all along the valley. It looked as if every family had chosen this exact time of day to chunk up a smouldering fire.

Aunt Sarah, far east of us, could be heard calling the milk cows out of the stalk fields. Her voice came clear and strong, and almost as musical as when she led off with the Sunday morning singing. I remember so well her strong, high notes on "Bringing in the Sheaves".

The ringing of axes and the baying of hounds intermingled to resound warm and friendly, like the coming together of old neighbors. Life in its sweet simplicity flowed through the entire valley.

As our evening work progressed,

Mother would start the big cheerful supper fire; get the churning under way; and often she chose this time of day to make sweet cake — spice, pound or plain, or hot gingerbread. It mattered not to us; we liked everything she cooked.

Grandma would putter around, shaking out the rag rugs; brushing up, with big turkey wings, the old stone hearth, and trimming with precision every lamp wick in the house.

My oldest sister and I often helped with the milking. Mother said the boys were too careless with the strippings. It seemed they failed to connect stripplings with the big pats of yellow butter on which they worked so lavishly.

Little pinpoints of light began to appear now where smoke had risen earlier in the evening. The snow came silently down. Man and beast were sheltered. Tucked securely in, our long winter night had fallen.

Who says our old country houses were lonely, the still nights desolate? Not I.

FAMILY IS COMPANY

In knitting a family together it's important not to drop a stitch of anything that patterns the family's togetherness. Like Thanksgiving.

Even if the family's to be at home without guests it's important to put on a festive board.

I heard a woman say, "Tom and the children and I are going to be alone this Thanksgiving so I'm not going to any extra fuss."

Poor woman! She's missing a lot of the fun in life by not realizing the most important guests she could possibly have are members of her family.

Times like Thanksgiving, where there is family sharing of special delicacies, happy talk, and solemn prayers of gratefulness do so much to tie the family together! You can feel the tug of unity around the table.

Up on our windy hill we are planning for a big Thanksgiving. And deep in my heart I am humbly grateful that I have my little brood to fuss for.

It's not a case of "just us" for Thanksgiving, but rather thanks be to God that we are having Thanksgiving together.

—Evelyn Witter

A READER WRITES FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Because true communication, mind to mind, heart to heart, rests on a sympathy of interests and ideals, the ability to understand a language other than one's own can be of prime importance in the world today.

Still, it is an interesting and curious circumstance, that though two nations may speak the *same* language, they do not necessarily understand each other's use of it.

Differences in pronunciation and spelling are rightly dismissed as being of little importance, but talks with returning travelers reveal differences in many aspects of expression, that must lead to some odd experiences.

Looking through some recipes in your magazine gave me further food for thought on this matter. I think of you all testing and tasting recipes; then, thinking that you are making everything perfectly clear to the most untried cook, writing it down ready for the printing, quite unaware of the near-trauma produced in at least one reader.

Your cornstarch is easily translated into our cornflour and powdered sugar into icing sugar, but "a stick" of butter calls for an agonizing decision: Does it weight two ounces, or four, or what?

I pass wistfully over mention of tortilla cases and taco seasoning, sweet potatoes, pecans and white corn syrup, because to dwell on these would be as frustrating for me as a recipe for kangaroo-tail soup would be for you.

"Drop onto a greased cooky sheet," says another recipe and now I am on surer ground, for I know that your "cookies" are our "biscuits" and your "biscuits" are our "scones"! See?

A teaspoon of catsup finds me troubled again, but I can guess that tomato "ketchup" is our tomato "sauce".

Ah! All plain sailing now, Cheddar cheese, cooked ham, pepper, elbow macaroni; oh no, *elbow* macaroni? Well, perhaps I can bend some!

I have heard persistent rumours that our "floaters" are to be introduced to Americans soon, in return (or is it in retaliation?) for hamburgers and hot dogs. A "floater" is a meat pie islanded in a sea of mushy green peas. It is known far and wide as a purely South Australian delicacy, mainly, I suspect, because none of our other states can be persuaded to shoulder the blame for it. The true "floater" connoisseur is easily recognised. He huddles close to the sides of a pie-cart on a windy street corner, loftily scorning the frailties of those who eat in the

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JULIANA DESCRIBES RECENT ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

It is another glorious New Mexico autumn day!

Our skies are a beautiful blue all year, but in the autumn they positively shimmer. It is the blue that is seen on color picture postcards. The huge old cottonwood trees in our yard are a brilliant gold and contrasted with the sky the effect is pretty overwhelming.

We have had an exceptionally large crop of wildflowers this year due to rain in the late part of August and early September. The little dirt road that goes by our home has been a solid mass of color, and I am continually amazed that our arid and somewhat colorless landscape can become such a garden of flowers given even a little rain.

I am planning to get busy and transplant some of these flowers to our front parking area. We have a wall around the front of our house, but there is a strip of ground between the wall and the road. It is almost impossible to get the hose dragged around to water in this area so I think that native plantings would be a good idea.

Speaking of gardens, this has been the first year that I have had enough room to put in a real vegetable garden. I assumed that I wouldn't have much to harvest since I was so totally inexperienced, but I've been amazed! I have had good crops of almost everything that I put out, and I am still getting some carrots and a few odds and ends.

My only disappointment was the watermelon vine. I had been told that watermelons just don't have time to ripen in New Mexico, but I decided to try some anyway. This was to no avail. There are some watermelons in the markets that have "Home Grown" signs so there must be a secret that I don't know.

However, I did learn a great deal about gardening in New Mexico. In the first place, I learned to ignore the instructions for watering that are found on most of the seed packets. I simply had to water everything every single day because our soil does not hold water. The seed packets also advised "full sun". Some of my vegetables thrived in a whole day of New Mexico sun, but most of them would have been happier with at least a little shade. My tomato plants went into collapse every day about eleven in the morning. Well, I am already planning how to remedy some of these problems next year.

As I am writing this letter I keep jumping up every few minutes to get drinks of water for the children. James and Katharine are relishing these



James entered pre-school this fall and attends morning classes three mornings a week. He is delighted to have some new playmates.

sunny days. They truly enjoy playing outside, and when they come in they have rosy cheeks and good appetites. There is a large area for them to play in, and they have converted a huge section into a "freeway system". James has some of the large, road-working machines and he has a good imagination. The combination of machines and imagination keeps him busy for long, long stretches of time.

Katharine is equally interested in trucks, but her skill as a road builder needs some developing. However, what she lacks in skill she makes up for in enthusiasm. I noticed earlier today that the current project is putting in sewers. Jed has been working on some plans of this nature at the office and James has picked up the idea from him. When the children aren't working on roads they are riding their tricycles. Katharine hadn't paid much attention to riding tricycles until a couple of months ago. Then, to my amazement, she simply got on her trike and took off. I remember so well trying to teach James to steer and peddle and I was not looking forward to going through all the spills and frustrations that I thought would be involved in teaching Katharine to ride. I was very relieved when she mastered the art of trike riding with practically no effort on her part and absolutely none on mine.

Tonight after dinner I am going to put up the movie screen and look at the last bunch of movies that we have had developed. These are movies taken on our trip to Woods Hole, Mass., to visit Jed's family in August.

One sequence I am especially looking forward to seeing is our last evening on the trip. I think I enjoy seafood more than any other food and for our last dinner at Jed's family home, his mother had lobster. One of Jed's cousins (also a lobster eater) kindly volunteered to drive down to a fish market which we heard had huge lobsters for sale. The result was three of the big-

gest and most delicious lobsters I have ever eaten. No, I didn't eat ALL of them, but I certainly did my part!

We took movies of the lobsters before they were cooked and I can hardly wait to see the expressions on the children's faces when they see them on the movie screen tonight.

This trip to Massachusetts was a wonderful time for all of us. James and Katharine were both old enough to enjoy the beach and our many drives around the countryside. The Cape Cod area is a fascinating place and its beaches are surely among the finest to be found anywhere. The water was warm and the sand was pure white, so one just couldn't ask for much more in the line of beaches. On weekends they were fairly crowded, but during the week we had a lot of space to ourselves.

The next time I go back I am determined to get a face mask so I can have a better view of the underwater residents. We did find little fish, star fish, snails and tons of seaweed which the children used as necklaces. There were times when they looked like miniature sea monsters with all of that green weed draped around their necks.

We also had a good visit with all of Jed's relatives. It had been two years since we had seen some of the small cousins and we were surprised to find that they had grown so much. Of course, everyone in Massachusetts felt the same way about Katharine's and James' growth in these last two years.

Vacations are greatly enjoyed by all of us, but I am glad to be home and back in the routine again. James is going to pre-school three mornings a week; Katharine is busy doing projects outdoors and learning how to dress and undress her doll; and I am busy painting some walls and getting my spring bulbs in the ground. I am also taking a course at our Community College which is about gardening in high altitude areas. It is taught by the man who is in charge of the grounds and greenhouses for the University of New Mexico. This is proving to be a very interesting class and I have surely learned a great deal. I did have a chuckle the first day of this course when our instructor brought several samples of nursery catalogues to class, and among these catalogues were several from the Shendoan nurseries. It was like seeing old friends!

Well, I must get to the kitchen and figure out what to do with some leftover chicken for our dinner tonight. I'll probably fix what Jed calls "chicken surprise". This is usually chicken in a tomato sauce with whatever else is handy.

Sincerely,
Juliana

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

HARVEST CAKE

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup grated, peeled apples
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. nutmeg
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 Tbls. flour

Cream the shortening and sugars until light and fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Beat in the apples and flavorings. Gradually blend in the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in the nuts and raisins which have been tossed with the 1 Tbls. of flour. Spoon into a well-greased tube pan and sprinkle the following mixture over the top: 1/4 cup of chopped nuts and 2 Tbls. of brown sugar. Bake in a 325-degree oven for approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes.

CRANBERRY SALAD MOLD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 tsp. cold water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 cups fresh cranberries
- 1 cup apples, diced
- 1 cup pecans
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine sugar and water. Bring to a boil and add cranberries. Simmer about 20 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in gelatin. Cool, then add remaining ingredients. Pour into mold. Chill until firm. Makes a delicious salad to serve with ham, turkey or pork roast. A very pretty salad for covered dish dinners or buffet suppers.

—Evelyn

SPECIAL WILD RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup wild rice
- 2 Tbls. diced green pepper
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1 2-oz. can mushrooms, drained
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup cream
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder

Thoroughly wash the rice and cook until tender in boiling water, following package directions. Saute the green pepper and minced onion and mushrooms in the butter or margarine. Add the cream and soup and heat to boiling. Add curry powder. Combine with the rice and serve. This can also be put into a casserole and kept hot until serving time. This also freezes well. When ready to use, heat at 350 degrees for about a half hour.

—Margery

CHICKEN-APPLE SCALLOP

- 3 cups diced, cooked chicken
- 3 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 1-lb. can sliced apples (or 2 cups cooked, sliced apples)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup light cream
- 1/2 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Combine the chicken and mustard and put it in a buttered baking dish. Arrange the apple slices over the chicken and sprinkle with salt. Pour the cream over all and set aside for 5 or 10 minutes. Top with buttered bread crumbs and bake approximately 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

BUTTERMILK CORN BREAD

- 2 cups cornmeal
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 4 Tbls. melted shortening

Sift cornmeal, flour, salt, baking powder and sugar into a bowl. Combine soda, buttermilk and butter flavoring. Add to dry ingredients. Mix in eggs and melted shortening. Mix well. Heat and grease large skillet or baking dish which can go into oven. Pour batter into skillet or pan. Place on bottom shelf of hot oven, 450 degrees, for 15 to 18 minutes. Move to top shelf for 5 or 10 more minutes to brown on top.

My old handleless skillet is great for this, but I do like a Pyrex dish when baking at such a high temperature; it gives a view of the bottom of the corn bread as it bakes. When nicely browned, move to top shelf as directed. A delicious hot bread.

—Evelyn

SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE

- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 1/3 cups thick sour cream
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 8-inch unbaked pie shell

Beat eggs well and add flavorings. Mix together thoroughly the sugar, flour, salt and spices. Combine sour cream with eggs and then add dry ingredients. Stir in the raisins. Turn into unbaked pie shell and bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes, or until a knife blade put in the center comes out clean.

NOTE: The cream from Dorothy's farm is so extremely heavy that I used 1 cup of it *plus* 1/3 cup of milk. If you're dealing with cream equally rich I'd suggest that you do this.

Any and all raisins puff up and are much improved if you will steam them first in a colander over hot water.

—Lucile

OLD-TIME SAUERBRATEN

- 4 lbs. bottom round of beef
- 2 cups cider vinegar
- 4 bay leaves
- 12 whole peppercorns

Put meat in an enamel or glass dish (a big Pyrex mixing bowl is fine) and cover with the vinegar *PLUS* enough water to cover. Add bay leaves and peppercorns. Let stand in the refrigerator for 3 days, turning frequently in case vinegar-water doesn't quite cover it.

When ready to cook, wipe dry with paper towels and flour well. Then brown on both sides in a heavy skillet going easy on the shortening. Add salt and pepper to taste, 16 whole cloves, 1/2 tsp. allspice and 2 cups sliced carrots chopped very fine. Add 2 cups of the vinegar-water liquid and cook slowly for at least 3 hours, turning frequently.

About one hour before serving remove cloves and add 12 crushed gingersnaps. There shouldn't be much liquid left by this time and the gingersnaps will thicken it just to the right point, plus adding flavor.

Serve with plain boiled potatoes.

I first ate this old German dish at the home of an exceptionally fine cook in Minneapolis and was most eager to try it for myself after she gave me the recipe. If you like "foreign" tasting meat you will enjoy it, but if you have fussy eaters you'd better stick to the old tried and true regular pot roast!

—Lucile

CALIFORNIA POTATO CHIP COOKIES

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup cooking oil
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 cups uncooked rolled oats
- 2 cups potato chips, crushed
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream sugars and oil until smooth and light. Add eggs and flavorings and continue beating until fluffy. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Stir in remaining ingredients. Chill. Roll into balls and place on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes, depending on size.

MARY BETH'S FRUITCAKE

- 1 lb. candied pineapple (thinly cut)
- 1 lb. seeded raisins
- 1/2 lb. finely shredded citron peel
- 1/2 lb. candied cherries, halved
- 1/2 lb. Kultana raisins and currants mixed
- 1/4 lb. shredded orange peel
- 1 cup ginger ale

Combine these fruits and pour over them the cup of ginger ale. Cover with foil and allow mixture to rest in the refrigerator for 2 days.

Toast 1/2 lb. filberts for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Put these in a plastic bag to hold.

Mix the fruits and filberts with 1/2 cup sifted flour, mixing them well.

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. mace
- Pinch of ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 cups sugar (half of this may be light brown sugar)
- 6 lightly beaten eggs
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted over hot water
- 1/4 cup ginger ale

Combine flour, spices and soda. Cream butter until light and beat in sugar. Beat in eggs, chocolate and ginger ale.

Add flour mixture a little at a time and mix the batter very thoroughly. Pour it over fruit-nut mixture and mix this well with your hands. Butter a tube pan, line with brown paper and butter the paper. Bake at 275 degrees for 3 hours. Test with a cake tester to be sure the center is done. Cool for 2 hours on a rack. Wrap in cheese-cloth and store covered tightly until ready to use.

PIZZABURGERS

- 1 can luncheon meat (or 1 to 2 cups cooked meat)
 - 6 oz. mozzarella cheese
 - 1 lb. ground beef
 - 2/3 tsp. salt
 - 2/3 tsp. oregano
 - 1 tsp. parsley
 - 1 16-oz. can spaghetti sauce
 - Buns
- Grind luncheon meat or cooked meat (beef, pork, ham, chicken, etc.) with cheese. Brown ground beef in small amount of shortening. Cool and combine with ground mixture. Add salt, oregano, and parsley. Spoon onto buns and bake at 400 degrees for about 12 minutes. This mixture freezes nicely.

CAULIFLOWER-SHRIMP CASSEROLE

- 2 heads cauliflower (or 2 10-oz. boxes frozen)
 - 1 10½-oz. can cream of celery soup
 - 1 cup sour cream
 - 1 cup shrimp
 - Dash of Tabasco sauce
 - 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- Cook cauliflower flowerets. Drain. Place in buttered casserole. Mix soup, sour cream, shrimp and Tabasco sauce and pour over cauliflower. Sprinkle with almonds. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Serves 8.

—Margery

POPPY SEED BREAD OR CUPCAKES

- 1 regular-sized pkg. butter brickle cake mix
 - 1 regular-sized pkg. instant coconut cream pudding mix
 - 4 eggs
 - 1/4 cup salad oil
 - 1 cup hot water
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 - 1/4 cup poppy seeds
- Combine all ingredients, with exception of poppy seeds, in a large bowl. Beat at low speed until blended, then at high speed about 3 minutes or until light and fluffy. Fold in poppy seeds. Spoon into 3 well-greased loaf pans or 3 dozen paper-lined muffin tins. Bake at 325 degrees — about 40 minutes for loaves, about 25 minutes for muffins or cupcakes.

The friend who sent this in called it a bread. Made in the loaves, sliced thin and buttered or spread with cream cheese it makes a delicious sweet bread. Made in the muffin cups and served as a hot bread with a meal, it can also be eaten with butter. It also is sweet enough to frost with a caramel frosting and served as a dessert. This recipe may also be baked in a well-greased bundt cake pan.

Any leftover servings freeze nicely. An excellent recipe to make up early and freeze for a later meal or unexpected company.

—Evelyn

PUMPKIN MOUSSE WITH VANILLA SAUCE

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. water
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/3 cup sugar, plus 1 Tbls.
- 1 1/4 cups pumpkin puree
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 cup heavy cream

In a small bowl sprinkle gelatin over cold water to soften. Place the bowl of gelatin in simmering water and stir the gelatin until it is dissolved.

Beat egg yolks with all the sugar. Stir in the pumpkin, cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice and the dissolved gelatin. Whip cream until it holds a shape and fold it gently into the pumpkin mixture. Pour the mousse into a mold or bowl and chill thoroughly. Serve with Vanilla Sauce.

Vanilla Sauce

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

Combine milk, cream and flavoring and scald. In the top of a double boiler beat egg yolks with sugar and salt. Gradually beat in the hot milk mixture and cook the sauce over hot water, stirring constantly, until it thickens and coats the spoon. Strain through a sieve and allow it to cool.

MOCK LASAGNA

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1 8-oz. pkg. lasagna noodles
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup sour cream (or sour milk)
- 1/2 cup Cheddar cheese, grated
- 4 green onions

Brown ground beef in shortening. Add seasonings, garlic, sugar and tomato sauce. Cook 20 minutes. Cook noodles according to directions (since this is a mock lasagna, any type of noodles may be used). Chop onions, tops too, and combine with softened cream cheese and sour cream or milk. (Homogenized milk with a little vinegar and salad oil added may be made into a fine substitute for sour milk. To 7/8 cup milk add 1 tsp. vinegar and 1 tsp. salad oil.) Drain noodles. Layer noodles, meat mixture and cheese mixture in baking dish. Sprinkle Cheddar cheese on top. Heat in 375-degree oven until boiling hot through and cheese is bubbly. Serves 6.

—Evelyn

WINTER SWEET DILL PICKLES

2 quarts sliced dill pickles, drained
3 cups sugar
1/2 cup vinegar
1/4 tsp. pickling spices

A few drops green food coloring

Drain liquid from dill pickles. Rinse well in clear water. Combine remaining ingredients and stir into pickles. Place in refrigerator for several days, stirring occasionally. At the end of several

days or a week the pickles will have absorbed the ingredients and be a very refreshing pickle for fine eating any time of the year. They are called winter pickles because they can fill in when the home-canned garden pickles are all used up.

—Evelyn

ANGEL BISCUITS

5 cups flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
3 Tbls. sugar
3/4 cup vegetable shortening
1 pkg. dry yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
Pinch of ginger
2 cups buttermilk

Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut into it (as if making pie crust) the vegetable shortening. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water to which a pinch of ginger has been added. Then make a well and add to it the dissolved yeast and buttermilk. Mix with a spoon until all of the flour is moistened.

Store in a large container (or smaller containers) with tight lid (or lids) and refrigerate for up to two weeks.

When ready to bake, roll out on floured board to about 3/4 inch thick and cut. Bake at 400 degrees for 12 minutes.

These can be baked as soon as they are mixed, or at any time within two weeks. If you wish, this can be frozen and baked at a later date. We tried them both unfrozen and frozen and couldn't see any difference in the results.

This is another wonderfully convenient homemade mix that produces a hot biscuit with the minimum of effort and perfectly delicious results.

—Lucile

APRICOT NUT BREAD

2 cups sifted flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup chopped English walnuts
3/4 cup finely chopped dried apricots (uncooked)
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
2 Tbls. melted shortening

Sift the dry ingredients together. Add the nuts and chopped dried apricots. Combine the egg, milk, flavoring and melted shortening and add to the dry mixture, stirring only until flour is dampened. Turn into a well-greased loaf pan. Push the batter into the corners of the pan, leaving the center slightly depressed. Allow batter to stand for 20 minutes before baking at 375 degrees for about 1 hour.

—Margery

YUM YUM DESSERT SALAD

1 3/2-oz. pkg. regular vanilla pudding mix
1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
1 1/2 cups water
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 1-lb. can fruit cocktail, well drained

In a saucepan combine the pudding mix, gelatin, flavoring and water. Put on the stove and cook, stirring most of the time, until it boils. Boil exactly one minute and no more. When it is partially cool, but not cold, fold in the whipped cream and the fruit cocktail which has been very well drained. Chill and serve.

—Dorothy

ASPARAGUS WITH CRUMB SAUCE

1/2 cup butter or margarine (1 stick)
1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
1 tsp. finely chopped onion
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
2 hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped
2 lbs. cooked asparagus spears

Melt butter or margarine in a heavy frying pan, stir in crumbs and onion and cook over low heat until crumbs are gold brown. Add salt, pepper and dry mustard. Just before serving stir in the chopped eggs and sprinkle over hot cooked asparagus. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

DELICIOUS DATE PUDDING

2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
2 cups boiling water
Combine this and put into a 9- x 13-inch baking dish.
1 cup granulated sugar
3 Tbls. butter or margarine
2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups sifted flour
6 tsp. baking powder
1/8 tsp. salt
1 cup milk
3/4 cup raisins
1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup chopped dates
Cream the sugar and butter or margarine. Add beaten eggs and flavorings. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with the milk to the sugar and egg mixture. Pour a little boiling water over the raisins to wash and plump them a little, then drain well. Stir the nuts, dates and raisins into the batter. Pour this mixture into the pan containing the liquid, but do not stir. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 40 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

—Dorothy



We're losing the good smells, alas.

You know, like wood smoke, or burning leaves. Ecology aside, those are good smells. And you don't get the aroma of home-baked bread so much anymore.

But there are plenty of great aromas still on the wind: the kind that promise good eating. Like when you're cooking or baking with **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. 16 of them, each with its own personal flavor and aroma: spicy, or sweet, or fruity, or tangy or smooth. Each promises mouth-watering goodness that will never cook or steam out. They are:

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THINGS ARE ALWAYS LIVELY AT THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMERS' HOUSE

Dear Friends:

Remember when I told you about the super repairman Donald turned into when he fixed my washer? Little did we realize what autumn would bring us in the washer-dryer department. One evening I was endeavoring to do two things at once, that being to prepare supper and oversee the washing machine as it went about its routine. I can do this because the utility room is just beside the kitchen.

The washing machine has had the normal vocabulary of buzzes and clicks which I have learned to interpret as normal or abnormal, and this particular evening there were some persistent ones which I recognized as electrical, but which in the past had proved to be no more than nuisance noises. (Let me suggest to you that a nuisance noise in an automatic washer is not a sound to be ignored.) The washer went through one brief cycle when I did not run to coddle it like a spoiled child. During the next cycle I smelled something distinctly hot and by the time I ran the twelve feet to the side of this dear assistant and helpmate, it was belching and coughing up acrid smoke. I was alone in the house except for one child (fortunately not a panic-type). Between the two of us we got the electric plug undone, and before I reached the phone to call the fire department I remembered the fire extinguisher which we have never had to cause to use, but which we thought was a good investment when we set up housekeeping. By the time I snatched the fire extinguisher from behind the potatoes it was evident that the motor was not going to blaze up, so I did not have to use the extinguisher after all. But the machine was by now ruined. My beautiful 1964 machine, which was still like a new baby to me since I keep appliances until they are far past the normal life expectancy, was beyond saving by Donald.

When the serviceman saw the dryer the next day, he diagnosed its petty creaks and groans as being more expensive to repair than to buy a new one. That old dryer was like a member of the family. We bought it when Katharine was born, and it was first used on diapers. Fortunately the 1972 washers and dryers were on sale and were not all gone, so I did not have to go more than two days until the appliance store delivered to our house a beautiful poppy-red matched pair. Oh, they are beautiful, and so efficient!

Another new part of the family is Morris. Following the parade of animals into this house (and out to the farm where Katharine keeps her horse) is a



When this new picture of Katharine, Paul & Adrienne arrived in the mail, we were surprised at how much they have grown up this past year.

new visitor in the form of a handsome boy cat with long, golden fur and large, expressive amber eyes. He had been hanging around the neighborhood several days, and first arrived from downtown Delafield when Paul persuaded him to follow him home from his paper route one evening. He was cute, as most cats are, and our Simba thought he was apparently reasonably attractive because she did not jump on him and attempt to kill him in cold blood as she does the pretty girl Siamese cat next door. I said no at the first mention of keeping him, and then discovered to my dismay that the children had fed him where I could not see their undercover work. I also later learned that this loveable fellow had mooched meals from four other neighbors . . . this is how great are his persuasive eyes and ways.

One ugly night it was raining, and there on my moss roses in the window box sat this golden beauty, who looks exactly like the Morris on the television commercials. He looked so forlorn and he mewed at me through the window so plaintively that with all that rain what could I do except let him in out of the elements?

Morris is definitely a free loader! He is an expert in the soft sell! He is also the most affectionate cat I have ever seen, and after being exposed to our unloving Simba, he seems even more loving by comparison. Of course, Morris stayed. We let him out every morning so he could go home again and he was never away more than two hours. There were even two neighbors who were more or less vying for his attentions. One little boy who lives across

the back yards claimed Morris, and we then knew that Morris was picking out his family rather than our allowing him to stay with us. We finally won!

Our school year is just as breathlessly busy as last year was. We've been given the additional task of joining the senior high school faculty in testing the senior students in their Senior Classics Reading course. Every senior must read on his own time ten books before graduation, and be tested orally over each of these at certain designated times. It would be impossible for one teacher to teach a full load of classes and also grade these oral reviews, so it was opened up to include all of the school's faculty — Lower School, Middle School, Upper School and College Preparatory. This list of books is from classics of hundreds of years past up to more contemporary works. I had indicated a meager few books that I had read which were considered classics, and a few which I had really wanted to read but never found the time.

One day last week a big strapping senior boy came up to my class of wee children to ask if I would be ready the next week to test him on *Anne Frank, the Diary of a Young Girl*. I thought he must be kidding. I considered sputtering about my undone ironing, and the week-end washing and the other things he would not think important. My mind raced over the papers I had to grade and the much overdue letter for my mother. Four days to read this book in addition to all my other responsibilities, and the answer was yes, I would be ready. Thank goodness it was a short book but thank goodness I had to read it!

Such a fine, fine piece of writing. I had seen the movie, but as often happens, it didn't do justice to the book. What will my next surprise crash reading be? Whatever it is, I'm sure I'll be the richer for having had to read it.

I have a simply unbelievable class this year of ten pupils, mostly girls. Last year's class had only three girls and seven boys, and they got pretty unruly at times. This year they are a shyer class, whose idea of great fun is to play a "quietness game" when I leave the room. I heard this discussed the first time I had to go out for supplies, and wondered what kind of game it was. It seems that everyone is stone silent when teacher leaves and anyone who makes noise is automatically out of the game! Now everyone knows you could never *con* seven boys into such a game, but seven girls think it is wonderful, and the three boys play their silly game rather than be made fools of.

Aren't children wonderful? I hope it lasts all year.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

GUESS WHO CAME TO DINNER?

by
Evelyn Birkby

This is the time of year when many families share their homes with varied guests — family, friends, neighbors, senior citizens, college roommates and exchange students. Because of this trend toward having fine friends from far-flung places, this seems a good time to share with you the story of some unexpected guests who were entertained at our home.

It all began when Robert came home one noon from the office and asked me to guess who was coming for dinner. I came up with the names of many people we had known through the years. He shook his head at each suggestion. Not until lunch was on the table and I had seated myself to look at him curiously did Robert answer my obvious question.

"Who is coming? Tell me *forgoodnessake!*"

"Forty Scouts from Japan," came back Robert's unexpected answer.

"Forty Scouts - - -" I sputtered into silence. Then a sudden thought struck me, "Not tonight?"

"Don't panic. Not tonight," Robert laughed. "You'll have plenty of time to prepare. Besides, the main part of the meal will be picked up in Omaha when the boys get in on their plane. All we really need to provide is something for them to drink with their dinner."

Gradually, then, Robert told me the exciting story. Some 33 young Scouts and 7 adult leaders from Shizuoka District, Japan, were coming to spend three weeks in the Omaha area. (Omaha is the American sister city of Shizuoka City, Japan.) Since the day the boys were to arrive coincided with the final evening performance of the Sidney Rodeo, the hosts in Omaha thought it would make an excellent place for these Japanese visitors to start their exploration of the United States. This prompted a call to the Sidney Scoutmaster (one Robert Birkby) and his subsequent invitation for the boys to eat their first meal in this country in our back yard.

As the time drew near picnic tables were borrowed from neighbors, set out on the lawn near the big mulberry tree and covered by bright cloths. With the help of family, garden ripe tomatoes were sliced, lime pickles were spooned into the bowls, iced tea, fruit punch and coffee were made. (Many of the Sidney Scouts and their families were involved in rodeo activity and the Japanese Scouts had such a short time in Sidney it was unfortunately impossible to get the two groups together during this meal.)

The day of the visit was beautiful, clear and sunny. The drive by bus from



Tom Barnard, nephew of the Robert Birkbys, listens intently as he tries to understand the conversation of the Japanese Scouts during a picnic dinner at the Birkby home.

Omaha to Sidney was along the scenic bluffs and the Missouri River area of western Iowa. The Japanese guests alighted from the bus at the front of our house with smiles on their lips and gracious compliments: "So nice", "Beautiful country", "Fine", "Hello".

Once the group had arrived and was seated at the tables, each Scout opened a cardboard package containing his dinner. The menu was as American as apple pie (without the pie!): fried chicken, French-fried potatoes, corn on the cob (impaled on a sucker-type stick for easier eating, drenched in butter and wrapped in a tight plastic bag), cabbage slaw, hot roll and honey. With a few pantomimed instructions, the boys were soon enthusiastically eating the food with their fingers with the exception of the salad and tomatoes.

How, we wondered, does one ask what people would like to drink when they do not speak English. One doesn't! We just began pouring and saying as we did, "tea" or "punch" or "juice" or "coffee". Those boys quickly picked up the words and when it came time to fill their cups they knew exactly what they wanted and spoke clearly!

Hurrying to get to the rodeo performance in time, we could not linger long in the cool shade of the mulberry tree. Since our home is not far from the rodeo grounds, we walked. It was quite a group that finally arrived at the stands: the forty visitors, several adult leaders and one of their daughters from Omaha, Robert and finally, me.

It is difficult to say exactly how much of the rodeo performance the guests did comprehend for they could not understand the announcer's comments, but the fact that they enjoyed the evening was beyond question. The

color, excitement, music, acts and personalities were all appreciated. They understood easily that Roger Miller was a television star. Monte Montana was identified quickly as a movie cowboy. The lively action, the rugged cowboys, the funny clowns and the trained buffalo all held the attention of the visitors.

The following week the Japanese contingent spent at the Little Sioux Ranch south of Sioux City. This first camp at the new facility for the Mid-America Council was called "Amikaro" which means "a gathering of friends". Two Japanese boys camped, cooked, ate, slept, and participated in the projects of each troop, which included Scouts from Iowa and Nebraska. Our Sidney boys would gladly have brought their two guests home and kept them here; they liked them *that* well! Robert attended as one of the leaders and reported the week a valuable experience for everyone.

Several of us from Sidney were able to drive up to the camp to attend guest night near the end of the Amikaro week. The camp was dedicated at an impressive ceremony followed by a fine barbecue dinner for all the Scouts and the guests. The evening concluded with a great campfire lighted by a representative Scout from the United States and one from Japan. We sang songs together, watched the Japanese boys present graceful native dances and shared a brilliant display of fireworks to conclude a truly fine "gathering of friends".

The camp was over, our boys came home to Sidney and the Shizuoka Scouts left for a few days' visit in Omaha. Before returning to Japan they went west

(Continued on page 20)



FUN FOR NOVEMBER

by
Virginia Thomas

Mayflower Centerpiece: Select a boat-shaped bowl such as a flower bowl or gravy boat or oval tureen. Cover with aluminum or colored foil. Thread knitting needles through squares of white paper for the sails. Anchor to the bowl with a bit of clay. You might use a large rock as an accessory piece, representing Plymouth Rock. Some mums and autumn leaves could be used as the ship's cargo.

Squash Centerpiece: We have often mentioned using a long-necked squash hollowed out to form a horn of plenty for the November table, but have you ever used a Hubbard squash for a flower or fruit bowl? You will need a very sharp knife for this, as the shell is hard. You can simply carve a large opening in one side for the open top of the bowl, scoop out the inside, and slice a bit off the bottom so it will stand firmly, or you might want to make a handle on it. To do this, take the slice off the bottom first; then use chalk to mark outlines at the top for the handle and the top of the basket. You will have a curved line at the top and a straight line at the bottom so that you take out two elongated half circles as you cut for the handle. (These cut-out sections can be cooked.) The inside of the scooped-out basket can be lined with foil and used as a flower container or be filled with choice fresh fruits; or, if it's a very large squash, it might hold the Thanksgiving punch.

Thanksgiving is a grand time to feature some of your antique dishes. What could be lovelier than your fruitcake on Grandmother's cake stand, with autumn leaves at the base? Or the beautiful compote with grapes spilling down the side and other fresh fruit heaped high in the dish? The old spoon holder can be used for flowers, or it makes an excellent serving dish for celery.

A Duck Decoy makes a striking piece to add to your November arrangement. Fill Grandmother's big wooden bowl with Indian corn, gourds, and small squash, and place the decoy at one side of it along with a small gourd or two, or an ear of corn. Make matching duck favors by dyeing hard-cooked eggs brown; then gluing on tiny green and brown feathers for wings. Add an orange paper bill, and mark in the eyes.

Leaf Place Card Favor: Cut fair-sized

leaves from colored felt — gold, brown, red, orange, yellow. Trace a guest's name on a leaf and embroider in outline stitch, or use tube paints. This makes a pretty place card to keep and use for a bookmark or to pin on the bulletin board.

Game Quiz: How Well Do You Know Your Sports?

1. In what sport do the winners travel backwards?
2. Not the highest, but the lowest score wins the game.
3. A baseball diamond is not diamond-shaped. What is it?
4. In what sport are players equipped with kitchen brooms?
5. What is the official score of a forfeited baseball game?
6. Is the football game ended if a touchdown is scored after the time-keeper's gun is sounded?
7. Name three sports in which participants are barefoot.
8. Which is the oldest intercollegiate sports rivalry in the U.S.?
9. In what sport are shoes standard equipment?
10. Can a baseball batter hit a home run and still be declared out?

Answers: 1. Tug-of-war. 2. Golf. 3. Square. 4. Curling. 5. 9 to 0. 6. No. Extra time is allowed to try for the extra point. 7. Swimming, diving, water polo. 8. Yale-Harvard rowing contests date back to 1852. 9. Horseshoe pitching. 10. Yes, if he steps across the plate and out of the batter's box to make the hit.

Pilgrim Telephone: Select one guest to use a toy telephone, carrying on an imaginary conversation with some person of historical fame, but not mentioning that person by name. See who can recognize the name of the person being called. Allow several people a chance to try to "stump" the rest of the crowd.

Thanksgiving Menu: Provide guests with pencils and paper and have them write out a Thanksgiving dinner menu, the dishes of which must begin with the letters of the word "Thanksgiving", one dish for each word. An example: T — 'taters or turkey; H — ham; A — apples; N — nuts; K — kale; S — spinach; G — grapes; I — ices; V — vanilla wafers; I — Indian corn pudding; N — noodles; G — gherkins. Award a prize to the menu with the most unusual dishes, to the best-planned menu, etc. Or, if men are among the guests, after the menu has been written have guests write out the recipe for cooking one of the dishes on the menu or tell how to serve it in some unusual way.

Talent Smarty: In a large basket on a bridge table in the center of the room place an assortment of materials for making Thanksgiving favors — nuts in the shell, feathers, prunes, toothpicks, pipe cleaners, clothespins, crayons,

construction paper, glue, seeds, kernels of corn, cornhusks, paper doilies, Scotch tape, peanuts, buttons, etc. Then give the guests ten minutes to choose their materials and come up with a Thanksgiving favor. You'll be surprised at the variety of turkeys, Pilgrim figures, sailing ships, etc., which will be made. Number each favor after putting them on display. Have each guest draw a number from the hat, claiming the favor with that number as a souvenir of the party.



SALAD DRESSING OVERKILL

We've all had it happen: we've taken a bite of salad, only to find that the dressing was so out of balance on flavors that it completely destroyed the salad. Too much vinegar, perhaps, or the wrong kind. Or maybe it was overspiced, or leaned too heavily on one end of the taste spectrum.

It can't happen here . . . not when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. Because these two are balanced blends of oils, vinegars, and rare and costly spices, not too tart, not too sweet, never too spicy nor salty. Different from each other, of course, to suit individual tastes. You'll probably want to keep both on hand. They're waiting for you now at your grocery store.

**Kitchen-Klatter
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French Dressing**

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

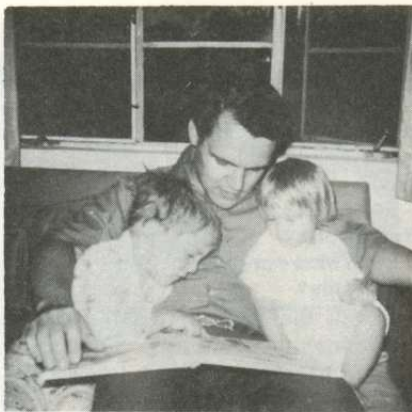
Children's Book Week is November 13-19. Check your library and bookstore for interesting displays.

Following is a list of Harper Trophy books, paperbacks for the pre-teenage reader. (Published by Harper & Row, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022)

Katie John (J28 \$1.25) by Mary Calhoun is the story of 10-year-old Katie John, a lively, amiable girl, and a remarkable old house in Missouri. Further adventures in her Missouri home are told in *Depend on Katie John* (J29 \$1.25). As a sixth-grader in *Honestly, Katie John!* (J30 \$1.25) she forms a Boy-Haters' Club which backfires, leaving her to ponder the challenges of becoming a teenager. These three *Katie John* books are warmly recommended.

Hurry Home, Candy by Meindert DeJong (J25 \$1.50) is a sensitive book about a stray dog, Candy, and the people he meets in the first year of his life in his search for a master he can trust.

A Kingdom in a Horse by Maia Wojcie-



Jed Lowey reads to James & Katharine every night before bedtime.

chowska (J23 \$1.25) conveys the desperation David, age 13, feels when his father, a rodeo clown, retires after a near-fatal goring. How David and Gypsy, a chestnut mare, are brought together makes a moving story by the 1965 winner of the Newbery Medal.

The Secret Language (J22 \$1.25) by Ursula Nordstrom concerns Victoria North and her going to boarding school. She felt lost and alone until Martha Sherman taught her the secret language which helped to bring joy to Victoria's

first year away from home. Ages 8-12.

Adult readers will be pleased to know of the latest book by Marjorie Holmes called *Two From Galilee*, the story of Mary and Joseph. Look for more about her new book next month. Her two latest books *I've Got to Talk to Somebody*, *God* and *Who Am I, God?* continue to be best sellers. Miss Holmes was featured speaker this summer at the dedication of the new public library at Storm Lake, Iowa. As a native of Storm Lake, Miss Holmes spoke warmly of what the library meant to her in her growing-up years. She comes back to the home town nearly every year with great joy. This talented author was presented the 1972 Achievement Award at the National Federation of Press Women's convention in Seattle.

Ordinary Days with an Extraordinary God (Word Books, Waco, Texas, \$3.95) by Irene Harrell is a book especially for mothers. As she shares her own experiences as a mother of six, you will be reminded that solitude and peace and quiet aren't always mandatory for meditation. As she writes of the daily happenings, she includes her own prayerable — an eternal truth and helpful insight into living, taken from the ordinary events of the day.

Following is one of her prayerables:

"O Lord, forgive me, that I take so little time just for friendship. I always telephone with some special purpose in mind, never just to be friendly. And the world is so hungry for 'just friendship', with no strings attached.

"Deliver me from the misguided, mistaken self-importance that insists I must always be 'accomplishing something'. I do thank you for revealing my sins to me. Do change me, make me different — and new. In Jesus' name and for his sake. Amen."

As you read *Ordinary Days with an Extraordinary God*, you may want to try your own prayerables.

A Circle of Quiet (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95) by Madeleine L'Engle is the attempt of a gifted woman to define and explore the meaning of her life, a life which is complex — that of wife, mother, grandmother, teacher, frequent public speaker, concerned citizen, practicing Christian, and writer who has published seventeen books. *A Circle of Quiet* is a record of fears and successes. It is an attempt to ask and find answers to: Who am I? Why am I here? What am I doing with my life?

Miss L'Engle received the Newbery Medal for *A Wrinkle in Time*, a specially fine honor after it was rejected by many publishers. She feels in the book she was writing her own affirmation of a universe which is created by a power of love. *A Circle of Quiet* is a fine addition to the works of a gifted writer.



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

"Please tell me if it is better to plow a garden in late fall or if one should wait until spring," writes Fern T. "We live on a farm and if my garden doesn't get plowed in the fall, I usually have to wait until after the fields are planted and it gets too late for my early vegetable garden. Is there a solution?"

Sometimes we have our garden plowed in the fall but it is never smoothed by harrowing. It is better to leave the soil in a rough condition to catch and hold snow. Once it has been plowed, it isn't too difficult to work up a small area for early vegetables. You might spade or rototill a small section before the ground freezes so that it will be ready in the spring. Your late garden can wait then until the field work is mostly done before it is prepared.

One of my neighbors gardens the organic way and never plows or tills her garden. She merely works a planting hole in the mulch and drops her seeds. The soil is rich and mellow underneath and she grows a wealth of vegetables in a small area. You must have access to old hay, straw, leaves and refuse to maintain such a plot. When weeds show up as they often do, she pulls and drops them right on the spot, thus adding to her compost. All peelings and kitchen wastes are buried between the rows where they decay and enrich the soil. Organic gardening isn't for everyone, but it does work for those who practice on-the-spot composting.

A reader from Minnesota asks, "How do you get a Christmas cactus to bloom? I have a very large plant that has been in our family for years. It used to bloom beautifully, but last season it had only a few blooms on one side. I don't think it's planning on doing any better this year. Is there some way to make it flower?"

Christmas cactus forms buds in late fall and should be given good care during this time. Grow the plant where it will get all the available light and keep the soil evenly moist. Some think because it is a "cactus", this plant requires little water. The soil should feel moist on the surface — if it is dry, give water. Do not let the pot stand in a water-filled saucer or the roots may rot. You can give a soluble plant food, such as Hyponex, during the bud formation period.

I may meet someone on Life's way
Who fain from me would borrow
A little patience, kindness, cheer,
To help forget his sorrow.
So I must give while 'tis today —
We may not meet tomorrow.



When Martin is in town, Grandmother Driftmier can depend upon his turning up a couple of times a day for chats over coffee cups at the kitchen table. Martin, son of Margery and Oliver Strom, is preparing for the ministry.

WELCOME BACK

The days were once long,
And the moments grew old,
As we stood at the door
And shivered with cold,
And then came the greeting
From Grandma and all
Warming us, cheering us
Into the hall.

"Come right on in
Out of the cold.
Gracious, you're chilly.
Your hands — let me hold.
Sit by the fire, dear,
We're so glad to see you
It's so long since you've been away."

I'm growing older,
The years slipping by,
Frost on the rooftop
December is nigh.
But someday I hope
I can hear just once more
The greeting I loved
As I stand at that door,
"Come right on in
Out of the cold.
Gracious, you're chilly.
Your hands — let me hold.
Sit by the fire, dear,
We're so glad to see you.
It's so long since you've been away."

—Mary Kurtz



LEAVES OF GOLD

I feel the touch of autumn wind
And think of winter's icy cold,
I lift my eyes to distant hills
Where trees hold leaves of glinting gold.
My feet tread slowly through dry leaves,
My eager dreams are growing old.
I found that love and true friendship
Are more precious than nature's gold.
—Emma D. Babcock

FIRST SNOW

Through winters past
I have seen snow
Begin to drift
And swiftly grow
Into round huts
For elfin kings,
So I describe
The mystic things.

But now the shrubs
Have flowered white
And trees wear stars
Caught through the night,
I've never seen
Such beauty here,
Although I say
This every year.

—Rosalie Barnett Spindler

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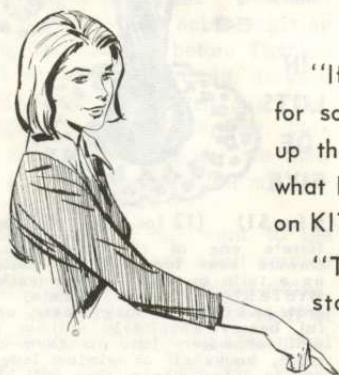
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"They can be heard on the radio stations listed below."

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KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 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.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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 — 10:15 A.M.



Now that Mary Leanna (right) is going to school in New Mexico, she can see more of her cousin Kristin (left), whose home is Durango, Colo.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Aaron and his pet duck Squeaky. It has been very sad around their house since Squeaky got sick and died, and they all miss seeing him waddling around the yard. They buried him in a nice little grave in the back yard.

It doesn't seem possible Andy is in third grade this year. They enrolled him in a parochial school and he seems to be getting along fine. They have no hot lunch program, so he takes his lunch every day, and is having fun doing this as his mommy used to do when she went to rural school. He won a prize the first day of school for being the best oral speller.

I must close and think about what we will have for dinner.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

GUESS WHO CAME TO DINNER? —

Concluded

with stops at the Grand Canyon and Las Vegas, Nevada.

When Robert arrived home he brought two lovely Japanese prints as gifts from our guests. These have been added, now, to the lovely items our son Craig brought home from his visit a year ago to Shizuoka City when he attended the World Scout Jamboree in their country. However, the gift I treasure most is a tape recording of a song which the Japanese Scouts sang to us just before they left on the evening they visited our home.

Following the rodeo the boys made a brief stop at the house for a drink of water. I stepped outside to tell them goodbye and found them lined up in straight rows on the grass. The stars were bright and clear above their heads and the flickering glow of our yard light illuminated their youthful faces. They began singing a song in Japanese. This is the song one of the leaders gave to Robert on tape just before he left Amikaro. Now I have the music, the words and the memory of that wonderful evening. On a card the leader wrote for Robert the few words of the song that he could translate into English: "Beautiful starlight, stars in the dark of the sky. A gathering of friends and cheerful singing. We thank you today; we are happy." And I too, as I think of our time together, am happy.

CRAFTY BAZAAR IDEAS — Concluded

felt or glitter trim. Just let your imagination go. Children would love sleigh silhouettes or Santa faces on their mats. An ear of corn, a small horn of plenty, or various vegetables might be cut from felt and glued to Thanksgiving mats; or cut felt letters (or use a marking pen) to make the words "Father, We Thank Thee".

Bazaar Baking is always popular for gift giving, but it is even more so if bakers keep in mind that many recipients will be people who live alone. Therefore bake small loaves of fancy breads, or make small tea rings and wrap them prettily in plastic wrap, adding a pretty Christmas bow or seals for trim. Label the type of bread. How about making attractive gift boxes with a small loaf of bread, an assortment of homemade cookies, and homemade candy, all prettily arranged in a box, using lacy paper doilies to edge the box? Securely wrap in plastic wrap and add a bow of ribbon or seals. These would be welcomed by older folks who do not do much home cooking, and should sell for a nice sum, gladly paid by the busy person who likes to give a gift with an "especially for you" look.



NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded

I'm hoping today that we can come to the realization that we *can* be thankful in all circumstances, that we can begin to look for reasons to be thankful even in the face of the unpleasantness and the heartbreak that come into each of our lives. Perhaps we can eventually see them as blessings in disguise.

Fully as much as for the petaled bough
Of spring, I thank Thee, Father, for the
bare one,

And for the day of rain and tempest
(now

I know the worth of it), as for the fair
one;

For times of want and loneliness and
need.

I thank Thee earnestly, as when the
horn

Of plenty pours a banquet-hour indeed,
And for the bitter circumstances shorn
Of even faith and hope, I now can raise
Thee thanks for achievements I have
sought,

Knowing at last, by strange and devi-
ous ways

Thy plans are followed and Thy glories
wrought.

—Sincere thanks to unknown author of
this old scrapbook clipping.

Leader: The true spirit of gratitude is one that recognizes that each of us is ever dependent upon our Creator, and upon the contributions that other people make to the fullness of our own lives. Then it is that the heart overflows with deep-felt emotion for the fact that God, and life, and people are so generous and so kind, despite hardships and sorrows. Then it is that we are truly thankful in all circumstances as we are challenged to see the blessings in our bad moments as well as in our good ones.

Meditation Two: Being thankful in all circumstances means being truly thankful, or actually **LIVING** our thanks when everything is going our way. Sometimes that's the hardest blessing of all to recognize and sincerely acknowledge. When everything is rosy in our world it's easy to take a good deal of the credit to ourselves for having made it so. And we get so wrapped up in our own happiness, or success, or ambitions that we forget to keep an ear tuned to a fellow traveler's need. We even forget to be thankful for all the hardships we have escaped and to "rejoice with thanksgiving".

It is when we have an abundance that it is hardest to share with others in a true spirit of gratitude. Do you remember the poem "The Vision of Sir Launfal" by James Russell Lowell, the story of the knight with the golden spurs who started out in search of the Holy Grail? He was young and handsome, beloved of many, and he thought he held the world in his hands. Alas,



Since Dorothy lives only 125 miles from Shenandoah, it was possible for her to come when Betty and Frederick were here. This picture of her with Betty was taken after the family dinner.

at the beginning of his journey in search of the Holy Grail he met a leper begging for bread. Remember how he drew back in horror, tossed the leper a gold piece and turned away, only to hear the leper say, "He gives nothing but worthless gold who gives from a sense of duty." Time passes and the knight returns to his castle as a white-haired old man, clad in beggar's rags, to find another in his place and no one's recognizing the old beggar as the bright and shining knight. Then again he saw the leper. This time he shared his water and a crust of bread with the leper. Then the beggar, a light glowing around him, and suddenly standing tall and fair before the knight, said: The Holy Supper is kept indeed, In whatsoever we share with another's need:

Not what we give, but what we share —
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three —

Himself, his hungering neighbor, and
Me.

Each day we should live and share
our thankfulness for the good things
that are ours.

I thank Thee, Lord,

That I have missed the tear

I might have shed today;

And all the griefs — a lengthy list —

That might have come my way.

Death passed me by,

And ache and pain and troubles,

Both great and small.

I dreamed no rosy dreams in vain;

I saw no castles fall.

I face the future

Undismayed, and offer thanks

To Thee today —

Not for the gains that I have made,
But what came not my way.

—Sunshine

Leader: Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances.

Closing Hymn: "Now Thank We All
Our God".

Benediction:

May calmness fill my troubled heart
And Thy divine peace my life now at-
tend;

Go with me, Lord, on life's rough path,
And be Thou my power, my guide, my
friend!

Give faith and courage now, O Lord,
To conquer all doubt and death-dealing
fear,

Help me to know whate'er betide
That always I find Thy presence near.
Amen.



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PRAYER FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

For eyes to see and ears to hear
The voices of my family, dear;
For arms and legs to run and play,
I thank Thee, God, each hour, each day.
—Mildred Grenier

Let there be peace —
That most precious gift.
And let there be plenty —
At least enough for man.
Peace and plenty —
A goal worthy of all.
The time is now —
To greet Thanksgiving.

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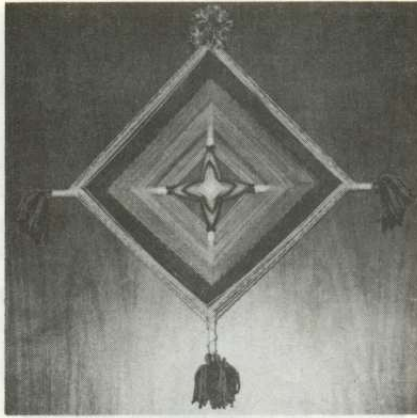
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This highly ornate wall decoration known as "Ojos de Dios" (popularly called "God's Eye") is one of two above some book shelves in Lucile's living room. The solid looking outside border is made of 42 woolen strands woven between dowel pins, and the inside is woven so tightly that it would be impossible to count the strands. This Spanish-American folk art originated in New Mexico but can now be found all over the country.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

dise. They never refer to trailers either. They live in mobile homes in a mobile park.

Mother is busy these days working on Christmas decorations of all kinds and enjoying it very much. Only someone with extra sharp vision could possibly manage those tiny, tiny sequins that are sewn with a No. 10 needle! (I couldn't even see such a needle, let alone use it.)

As matters now stand we'll have our family Thanksgiving dinner at my house, and then not too long after that I'll take off for Albuquerque to spend December with Juliana, Jed and my dear little grandchildren. It seems like a long, long time since I've been out there.

May it be a bountiful harvest season for all of you good friends.

Sincerely,

Lucile

LETTER FROM AUSTRALIA — Concl.

comfort of their own homes and scowls fearfully at the poor misguided pie-eater who reaches for the tomato sauce.

Returning, however, to your recipes, there is one I find wholly intriguing, for it is my firm belief that in all the history of culinary literature, there never has been a more cryptic line written than, "1/2 cup of half and half." It is indeed worthy of the inscrutable East, coming as it does, from a recipe for Cantonese Dinner. For anyone who can solve the enigma, I have an unreserved and undying admiration!

Sincerely,
Mary Victor

AT HARVEST TIME

Now harvest miracle,
Now garnered sheaves,
Lord, now the grateful heart
Thy gift receives.

Now fruitage stored away,
Now fallow land.
Thank Thee, Lord; all good things
Come from Thy hand. —Church paper

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

Sometimes I wonder which is the greater blessing — the ability to remember or the ability to forget.

Our problems often appear to be mighty struggles, but as the days and weeks grow into months and years we often discover that each struggle held in it somewhere a blessing. It is not so important to know "Why did this happen to me?" as it is to know "What am I going to do with what happened?"

The older I become, and the more I see of life, the more certain I am that it is never the situation but our reaction to a situation that is most important. I think of this every time I conduct a wedding. At each wedding I see some people weeping, and some people smiling joyfully. The situation is the same, but the way people react to it is different. At the last wedding I conducted it was the two fathers who wept, and the two mothers who smiled. Both the father of the groom and the father of the bride thought of the wedding as a personal loss, while both mothers thought of it as the gaining of a new son or daughter. After one wedding, the mother of the bride said to her weeping husband: "Don't think of this as losing a daughter! Just think of it as getting your car back!"

A ninety-four-year-old lady once said to me: "If you do not have a problem, is it because God doesn't trust you with one?" That same dear lady said to a person who was complaining of insomnia: "If you cannot sleep, don't count sheep. Just talk with the Shepherd." I love that, and how often I have quoted it to friends. Shortly before this lady passed away, she wrote me a note in which she enclosed this bit of verse by an unknown author:

Snug lie those who slumber
Beneath conviction's roof.
Their floors are sturdy timber,
Their windows weatherproof.
But I sleep cold forever,
And cold sleep all my kind,
For I was born to shiver
In the draft of an open mind.

I have thought of this verse many times during this election year. Of one thing I am certain: we have a great country, and no man nor no single congress made it that way. I thank God for America.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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AFGHANS, PILLOWSLIPS, hankies, pieced quilt tops, black walnut meats. Stamp for reply. Mrs. Dale Brown, Harlan, Iowa, Rt. 4, 51537.

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AND TO CAP IT ALL OFF . . .

by
Leta Fulmer



Nothing is more soul-satisfying to the heart of womankind than a newly decorated kitchen. I beamed in pride as I surveyed the results of my planning and rearranging. The four milk glass plates were hung just so against the freshly papered wall. In the corner, the softly glowing maple hutch fairly sparkled with its display of glimmering glass and delicate china. Pale green curtains swung against the windows, picking up the hue of the tablecloth that swirled down to brush the freshly waxed chairs. Atop the refrigerator, the antique washbowl and pitcher bloomed with a profusion of scarlet geraniums and trailing greenery. A knickknack here, a picture there — ah, it was just as I had pictured it.

Except for one eyesore that irritated me like a chigger bite I couldn't quite reach. The extension hatrack had been my concession to the fact that my husband insists that his bevy of caps be at his fingertips at a moment's notice. I looked at it now. Eight caps jutted grotesquely in every conceivable direction, camouflaging every inch of the

shining wood. With a what's-the-use sigh and a wry grin, I turned away. Through the years I'd come to the conclusion that this conglomeration of headgear was as much a standard part of my kitchen as the collection of bells that line one kitchen window. Or the iridescent hues of the old bottle collection that stands guard above the kitchen sink. Like a wart on the nose, it's something I've learned to live with. I collect other things — my better half collects caps! His current collection drapes against the new wallpaper.

There's a dingy brown cap with a shallow crown that gives him a really peeled look when he heads for the barn. In short order its top is wreathed in those frothy cobwebs that are artistically woven faster than they can be combed down. Then there's the grey cap with the netted slot above the bill to let the cool air waft through. It makes its appearance at all the local ball games where we root for everyone from the small fry who teeter under the weight of the bat, to the oldsters who gallop lopsidedly across home plate, rubbing an aching back. Then there's the kelly green one, the bit of elastic across the back insuring a perfect fit for everyone. Across the front in blazing letters sprawls the name of a well-known feed company. It's ideal for those masculine gabfests at the Saturday livestock sale. There's a black leather one, really for winter, but it

withstands rain. And each time I stealthily tote it upstairs, I have to retrieve it hastily for wear in a steady downpour. Several striped denim caps angle there, in assorted sizes from repeated washings and subsequent shrinkings. A word of complaint issues each time one is screwed down onto his head. But in a pinch (and that's not meant to be a pun!) they can be worn to do the chores or mend a sagging fence. Right now friend husband is riding his chugging charger across the field, cutting weeds.

Thoughts seething, I contemplate doing a small bit of weeding of my own. But I chicken out! In this uncertain world, I suppose one should be thankful for anything that can be depended on. And of this one thing I can be sure. If I close my eyes, and eenie-meenie-minie-mo, and choose just one cap to sneak up those narrow steps for storage, I can foresee the results before the sun goes down.

I can see my husband now, standing in the kitchen, each hand jammed full of assorted caps. His voice ringing with injured exasperation while he fixes me with an accusing eye, I'll hear that old familiar tune.

"Where in the world did my such-and-such cap go? Bet you've hid it away again, haven't you?"

So there they are — and there they'll stay. If the hatrack can take it — so can I!



What if you had this gentleman's wardrobe, along with his difficult and oft-times impossible washing conditions?

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All clowning aside, if you aren't using these laundry twins in your washer, you're missing the Greatest Show On Earth (laundry-wise, that is).

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