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Kitchen-Klatter

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I had expected to write this letter from Albuquerque, but circumstances didn't work out to permit a trip to New Mexico, and consequently I am here at my old familiar typewriter in my old familiar room.

I promised Juliana when I left Albuquerque 'way back in the first week of January that I would be back during the summer and preferably in June. When I made this promise I didn't dream that so many, many business problems would rear up in the months ahead. Just as I got one ironed out I had to turn to the next crisis and hope that I could get it licked before a fresh emergency cropped up.

In one of my letters to you I remember saying that we were half wild trying to cope with the problem of getting paper to print this magazine. Well, after much anxiety we finally got the paper nightmare settled and I was silly enough to figure that we wouldn't have this big worry for many, many months to come.

I couldn't have been more thoroughly mistaken because we're now threshing around with this problem once again. If you ever get an issue that looks very different you can only conclude that we had to take anything we could get our hands on in the line of paper.

Last month I didn't get off a letter to you and it's the first time in quite a few years that I failed to make our printing deadline. Marge and I always write our letters the very last thing just in case something happens that we want to report on before another whole month rolls around. Well, when that final deadline arrived I was miserably sick . . . thus no letter. And this month Marge is in the hospital with a bad flare-up of her back trouble, so I'll go ahead and use the space that had been reserved for her letter. Surely next month we'll both be up and at it!

On the opposite page is a picture that I'd like to say a little something about.

This is one end of my living room

and I only wish it could be in color for then you'd be able to see the many shades of green involved. The ferns on the small table were a real inspiration on Eula's part. Years ago Russell bought a long hammered-brass planter and during the summer months he filled it with ferns and used it directly in front of the fireplace.

It was Eula's idea to get this planter out of the garage where it had been stored for quite a few years and fill it with ferns. My! how much I've enjoyed those ferns. They always look very fresh and graceful, and your eye goes directly from them to all of the shades of green in the garden outside. Those two big chairs are upholstered in green and the sofa is chartreuse, so you can see why I said that green is the predominant color at the end of the living room.

Above the marble-topped table that you see in the lower corner at the far righthand is a large color print of James and Katharine, the picture that we used for a cover of this magazine earlier in the year. We always try to keep flowers beneath that picture and I enjoy it many times every day since I go into my own room through a large doorway that isn't in evidence here.

I believe it must have been about a year ago that I had the new carpet put down and you can see that it's mottled and not one solid color. By natural light it looks predominately ivory, and at night when the lamps are on it looks predominately beige. It's the most practical carpet I've ever seen since nothing in the line of soil or stains shows up on it.

Those big windows give us a wonderful view of the garden but they are certainly a bugaboo to keep clean. They are just high enough above the ground to require a ladder when they're tackled and I always worry when people get up on a ladder to wash windows. I've heard about too many accidents that happened when ladders and windows were combined.

At this season of the year when birds

are migrating we are startled at least once a day by a bird that flies head on into the glass. Sometimes the impact kills them outright, and other times they are simply stunned and eventually manage to get back into the air. Last week when at least 18 or 20 robins spent a full day out in the garden we counted four or five heavy thuds against the windows. Fortunately, none of those birds were killed.

Incidentally, the object that you see outside at the upper left is a greenhouse. For about two years now I've toyed with the idea of tearing it out so I could utilize that space with a redwood deck that would be at the same level as the rest of the house, and thus would give me easy access to the outside. Since this notion first struck me we've seen building costs simply soar, so I've put off tearing out that greenhouse. If building costs never come down again I'll just do without the redwood deck.

A couple of days ago we had to take all of the caladiums inside and also the hanging baskets. I always hate this because it leaves the front of the house looking so naked and bare. Two years ago we had wonderful luck keeping several pots of caladiums inside; they held up beautifully all through the winter months.

Last year we handled several pots exactly the same way and in less than a week they were completely shot. To me this is one of the great mysteries about plants: why they do so well one year and then refuse to do a thing another year.

Well, at least our two tomato vines put on a spectacular show for us. Not only did they supply us with a bountiful crop of large and delicious tomatoes for weeks on end, but we actually found ourselves giving away big sacks of them to people who didn't have their own tomatoes. Always before we'd been on the receiving line where tomatoes were concerned.

Back in September Marge and Dorothy drove over to Norfolk, Nebraska, to greet people who went into the two stores owned by Al and Lynn for their big anniversary sale. They thoroughly enjoyed that day and said they'd had the chance to meet hundreds and hundreds of people who listen to our Kitchen-Klatter program and read our magazine. I believe they said that 57 towns were represented and that's quite a collection. All in all, they came home in high spirits - felt that it had been a great experience.

Mother is making great headway on her afghan and expects to wind it up very soon. I think she wants to get it out of the road before some kits for Christmas tree decorations arrive. I

(Continued on next page)

came across those kits in some magazine and they struck me as so charming that I thought she'd enjoy making them — some for James and Katharine and some for Andy and Aaron, Dorothy's little grandsons. If these kits come up to our expectations we might be able to run down who manufactures them and, (and another big IF) if we could get a good price by ordering in large quantities we might be able to use them as a premium next year.

Speaking of premiums reminds me to tell you folks that you're mighty, mighty lucky not to have to cope with this problem. It's getting harder and harder to find things at a sensible price, and with postage charges what they are today even the tiniest fraction of an ounce makes the difference between being able to offer it or not being able to offer it. Whenever I run out of other things to worry about I can always brood over premiums!

As soon as Marge is back on her feet I hope to go to Albuquerque with Eula and Dorothy. A big change has been made in Juliana's and Jed's home and I'm certainly most eager to see it.

It's hard to describe any kind of a remodeling project if you've never seen a house, but I'll try to give you an idea of what has been done; eventually, I'm sure, Jed will get some pictures of it.

Their living room is very large with many windows on two sides that provide a beautiful view of the mountains. Now on a third wall there are also big windows but these look out into an area that couldn't really be called a patio since it is enclosed on three sides, and the one side that is open looks out directly on to the high adobe wall that encircles the house. Juliana and Jed have always been baffled by this so-called patio since it serves no purpose whatsoever.

Well, in addition to this peculiar area they had a dining room door that opened into it and the dining room itself was far too small for their needs. The dining room table, for instance, came with three large leaves, but not a one could be put in the table because the room wasn't long enough for it. Furthermore, once six people were seated at the table you could get around their chairs only by holding your breath while you squeezed up against the wall. All in all, that dining room was the one great weakness in the house.

This has now been remedied by knocking out the wall between the dining room and so-called patio and creating a brand-new room that is to be a combination dining room-library. This new room will be as long as the living room and, as I said, that's a very large room.

Half of it will be the new dining room



—Courtesy of The Omaha World-Herald
See Lucile's letter for an explanation of this picture.

and the other half will be the library. A low adobe divider called a *banco* will separate the two areas. The library section is to have a brick floor laid in a herring bone pattern and the dining room section is to be carpeted in a shade that Juliana calls goldy-green. There isn't such a word as "goldy", of course, but that's the way she describes it. The entire room will be illuminated by skylights — no outside windows. And the ceiling of the entire room will have what the Spanish call *vegas*, big heavy logs that are used so beautifully in the Southwest.

Now one more word about that new room: the big windows in the living room that I mentioned looked out into that peculiar area have been knocked out and were replaced by long shelves, a series of them that will be used for houseplants and decorative objects. Certainly it will be a joy to Juliana to have room, at long last, for her big collection of beautiful houseplants. Her thumb is so green that everything takes hold and grows as if it were out in the jungle. The only person I've ever known who had a thumb as green as her thumb was her father. Russell could wheedle a spectacular performance out of *anything*!

Well, as you can imagine I am eager to see this remodeling project and it will be all done by the time we leave for Albuquerque.

Juliana reports that James and Katharine are both extremely happy and enthusiastic about their schools. Katharine got off to a faltering start, but now she can scarcely wait for Tuesday and Thursday, the two days that she attends this nursery school in the mornings.

James is in school for the full morning five days a week. He has a gang of

several little Spanish-American boys who walk those five or six blocks down a lightly used dirt road to get to Mission Elementary, the name of his school.

Juliana says that I won't know the children when I see them. They have grown up astoundingly, she reports . . . and I can believe it since I haven't seen them for around eight months. Katharine told me on the phone last Sunday that she hadn't seen me for an eternity — and I feel the same way.

The clock says that it's time for them to come up from the plant and get this letter, so I must say goodbye.

Faithfully always,

Lucile

COVER PICTURE

Mary Leanna Driftmier, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Driftmier of Springfield, Mass., is the most recent bride in our family. She is now Mrs. Tony Garcia and is making her home in a tiny village in New Mexico.

Mary Lea particularly wanted a wedding picture taken in the woods and this presented something of a problem since the chapel where she was married is almost engulfed by huge pine trees that cast heavy shadows.

However, it does give you an idea of her Spanish wedding dress and gorgeous mantilla that were both purchased in Mexico.

We are all anticipating the young couple's first visit back here to meet the family in Shenandoah. —Lucile

Do for yourself as best you can do. The rest, whatever it is you wish, will follow.



For the November Hostess

by
Virginia Thomas

Scoop Centerpiece: Remember the large wooden scoops such as Great-grandmother used in the flour bin or with which her grocer scooped up dried beans and rice? They make attractive containers to hold an arrangement of fruit, gourds, or fall flowers for the Thanksgiving season. If you do not have such an heirloom, you can make a very good imitation, using a gallon-size bleach jug and a 5" length of broom handle or large dowel. On the side opposite the jug's handle, use a crayon to mark out a scoop shape (the "hump" of the bottle will become the closed end of your scoop). Cut out the scoop. Glue on the handle, or make a small hole through the closed, rounded end of the scoop and insert the handle. Spray the scoop with gold or wood color paint. When dry, it's ready for your arrangement. Beside it place an old wooden spoon or wooden butter paddle. This is the time to bring out any heirloom kitchen tools which you might have, as they make grand accessories or containers for fall and Thanksgiving arrangements.

Chocolate Drop Turkey: The body of the turkey is an old-fashioned chocolate drop (or you could mold your own with fondant). Around half the larger end (flat bottom) insert corn candy (pointed end into the body) for the turkey's tail. Insert another piece of corn candy at the other end of the chocolate drop for the head. Stick one piece of corn candy into each side for the wings. Glue on wattles cut from red paper (or red gumdrops). Use a gold spool, such as polyester thread comes on nowadays, for the perch upon which Mr. Turkey stands. A dab of powdered sugar icing will anchor him upright on the spool. A name tag might be glued to each spool. This might be cut in leaf shape.

Turkey Napkin Rings make cute favors. Cut a 2" tube from inside a roll of toilet tissue for the body of the turkey (the napkin ring). Cut head, wings, and tail from brown construction paper, adding "feathers" to the tail by pasting to it strips of bright-colored paper.

Experiment with old newspaper until you get an idea of the right size to use for patterns. The tail will actually be about a three-quarter circle, with a smaller circle cut out of the center. Make about four $\frac{1}{2}$ " slits around this inner circle so that you can bend the flaps and glue them inside the "body" at one end to fasten the tail in place. Glue head in place. Cover the body with brown paper, making a slit in each side so the wings can be slipped in it and glued in place. Also make a slit to let head stick through. Slip a pretty Thanksgiving napkin through this ring and place one at each place setting for a pretty favor.

Doughnut Turkey Ring: Are you giving a coffee during the Thanksgiving holidays? As a decoration for a coffee bread ring, which might well serve as table centerpiece, make enough doughnut turkeys to place in a circle at the outer edge of a large serving plate. Simply cut doughnuts in half, and for each turkey place a doughnut half, cut side down, so the half circle stands upright for the tail. Place a large walnut in the shell in front of the half-hole for the turkey's body. Glue a head, which you have cut from brown construction paper, to each walnut. You can use crayons to mark in the red wattles and the eyes, and to mark wings on the walnut. These might be used as favors by placing each doughnut turkey on a small gold paper doily.

For a Football Banquet or After-the-Game Party: Suspend a football over the center of the table, concealing the strings holding it with streamers in the team or school colors. Beneath it have a low bowl arrangement of chrysanthemums, with miniature goal posts placed at either end of the arrangement. If you want to take the time, make a couple of figures from pipecleaners, dress them in striped costumes for referees, and place them on the "field" (table).

Place cards may be footballs cut from brown construction paper, with the lacings marked with a marking pen. For **program booklet covers** use the same idea, but lace the two covers together

with yarn.

The menu might be printed in the booklet to read something like this: Goal Posts (bread sticks), Quarterback (roast beef), From the Gridiron (potatoes), Rooters (carrots), Scrimmage (salad), Footballs (olives), Megaphones (ice cream served in cones), Right End (coffee).

If it's a party you are giving, may I suggest that you serve ice cream footballs which you have prepared ahead of time and have ready in the freezer. Shape ice cream in football shape, carefully roll in grated chocolate or nuts; then freeze.

Harvest of the Vegetables Quiz: (Hidden answers in the clues.)

1. Most children like peanut brittle. (pea)
2. They ambushed the enemy. (yam)
3. The part I choked on was the peeling. (artichoke)
4. The cake was beautifully sugariced. (rice)
5. He wants to be another jet pilot. (bean)
6. They consulted Tom at Omaha. (tomato)
7. The motor in the car rotated smoothly. (carrot)
8. I heard him say "OK" rather loudly. (okra)

9. The bee took a direct line to the hive. (beet)

10. In my turn I picked the winner. (turnip)

11. In the drawer a dish of candy was kept. (radish)

12. The decision was quashed in short order. (squash)

Election Stunt: Divide the guests into three groups. Ask each group to choose a reader who is to read the poem "Thanksgiving Day", beginning "Over the river and through the woods." The fun comes when each reader is assigned a special way in which to read the poem: 1. As someone with no teeth; 2. Someone with a poor reading ability and poor pronunciation; 3. Someone who is very shy. This can be loads of fun if the readers really enter into the spirit of the stunt, and the guests "egg on" their own reader.

Letter to the Editor: Each guest is given pencil and paper and told to write a letter to the editor, telling the things for which he, or she, is thankful. The trick comes in that they may use only words which begin with the letters in "Happy Thanksgiving Day". Award prizes to the cleverest, the funniest, the most realistic, etc.

Lightning Thanksgiving Dinner: Players compete against each other or the group may be divided into teams. The leader gives out a letter in the word "Thanksgiving" or "Pumpkin" or "Turkey" — whatever you choose — to

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Think and Thank

A THANKSGIVING WORSHIP

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: The altar is left bare except for an altar cloth, if desired, until the prelude begins. Then have five persons ready to carry out a joyous procession up to the altar, carrying the following articles: some choice fresh fruits, vegetables, autumn leaves, a Bible, and a lighted candle in a candleholder, in the order named. They place these upon the altar, the fruits, vegetables and leaves heaped in a pleasing arrangement to the left, the Bible in the center, and the candle standing to the right. Then they return to seats in the audience, or near the front if they are to take part in the service later.

Prelude: "Now Thank We All Our God".

Call to Worship:

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving kindness, O how free! . . .
When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving kindness, O how good!

—From an old, old hymn

Hymn: "Now Thank We All Our God".

Scripture: *O Lord our God, the majesty and glory of your name fills all the earth and overflows the heavens . . . When I look up into the night sky and see the work of Thy fingers — the moon and stars You have made — I cannot understand how You can bother with mere puny man, to pay any attention to him! And yet You have made him only a little lower than the angels, and placed a crown of glory upon his head.*

You have put him in charge of everything You have made: everything is put under his authority: all sheep and oxen, and wild animals, too, the birds and the fish, and all life of the sea. O, Jehovah, our Lord, the majesty and glory of your name fills the earth.

Praise God, O world! May all the people of the world give thanks to Thee. For the earth has yielded abundant harvests. God, even our own God, will bless us. (Parts of Psalms 8 and 67 — "The Living Bible" version.)

Leader: There is an often-told story of a little old lady who, receiving the gift of a dictionary, and wishing to show her appreciation, began at the first and read it through. Later, when

asked how she liked it, she replied, "It is a most interesting story but somewhat disconnected." Most of us, I'm sure, think of the dictionary as disconnected, but perhaps the trouble is that we do not look in the right places for a connection.

If we go back to the origin of words, we will often find relations shed a great light on their meaning, and teach us marvelous lessons. If you take your dictionary and look at the words "think" and "thank", you can trace them back to the same parentage. Indeed, at one time their meanings were identical. "To think" was "to thank". The reason we are not then as thankful as we ought to be is that we are not as "thankful" as we ought to be!

Therefore, it is most wise and good for us to have a special day proclaimed in which we should stop to think — and thank. One of the great weaknesses of this hurrying, pressure-filled age is that we are not thoughtful (and thankful) enough.

This year let us do some real thinking as we offer our praise and thanksgiving to God. Normally we enumerate our blessings, such as bountiful harvests, freedom, and such good things as have come to us in the past year, but let us think deeper and consider other ways God blesses (and guides) us, BEING AWARE THAT THESE BLESSINGS WILL COME TO EACH OF US IN DIFFERENT WAYS.

Whoever asked a blazing fire
Its deepest, hidden soul's desire?
A singing brook, an apple tree,
What it longed most of all to be?
God meant a blazing fire to burn,
The singing brook to wind and turn
As it flows on, a joyous stream.
Can apple tree do ought but dream
It bears a wealth of glowing fruit?
Oh, life must not be destitute!

To us, as them, some skill, some art
To master well! Behold! Each heart
Lifts up to Him in different ways,
Its own sweet, special song of praise!

—Church paper

First Meditation: Have you ever thought of how thankful we should be to God for common sense? Little Molly, five years old, tried to walk a rope she had tied between two trees on the lawn, and fell, screaming, to the

ground. In the hospital, where it had been determined she had only a bad sprain and a few bruises, her mother said, "O, Molly, didn't you know you couldn't walk that little rope way up there in the air?"

"But you have always told me God would take care of me and I thought He knew how much I wanted to walk the rope He would take care of me," Molly replied.

Then Molly's mother explained that God does love us and help us, but He also expects each of us to use common sense and good judgment. He gave us our brains and expects us to use them to help ourselves. How grateful we should be that we have been given common sense, the ability to reason and help ourselves — and others. Just look through the Psalms and see how often wisdom is praised.

Every day we meet situations in which God is there to guide us with common sense, if we but use this gift. If we look about us we will see that the persons who seem best to have met the challenges of life, who have been the most truly successful, who have overcome difficulties, are those who have made the most of their common sense. Trite but true is the old adage, "God helps those who help themselves." Let us be thankful every day for plain old common sense.

Another bit of thinking brings us to a fuller realization of the thanks we owe for the many people who, by the use of their skills and their knowledge, help us each day of our lives. If the furnace falls apart, we call the furnace man. If the car refuses to run, we have a garage mechanic take care of it. When we want our children to be educated, we put them in the hands of teachers who have been trained for the job. If we become ill, we call a doctor. If we plant field crops or gardens, we trust to experts in the seed and nursery field to provide us with good seeds or nursery stock.

In other lines of work it is the engineers, the chemists, the architects and other skilled and trained persons who see that jobs get done so that we have the machinery we need for our work, the telephone, the radio and TV, our fine road system, and so on right down the line. Yes, our thinking will help us to be aware of how much we are dependent upon others, and to be thankful for these persons to whom we owe the means of livelihood and the everyday comforts of life.

Second Meditation: As we are challenged to "think" and then "thank", let us think how much our church fellowship and the "still small voice" of God mean in our life. If you are a church school teacher, you know that

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**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE
FARM**

Dear Friends:

This is a beautiful fall day, and I noticed when I drove home from town that the leaves are just beginning to turn yellow. We have had only one light frost so far, so it will be a while before the reds begin to show up in the timber coloring. We still have our beautiful Indian summer weather to look forward to.

I said I would tell you more about Kristin's visit with us. Kristin told me that Andy had talked about Grandpa's overalls ever since last summer, and was hoping we could find some for him just like them. One of our stores carries overalls for boys up to size 8, so we had no trouble finding some that just fit Aaron, but Andy is tall for his age and needed a size 12. After looking everywhere and in every catalog we could find, we finally got him the smallest man's size available. We washed them twice in boiling hot water and ran them through a hot dryer. Then, after taking the straps up as far as possible and rolling up the legs, he got by with those. Kristin didn't want to cut the legs off because by next summer he will have grown taller, and then we could see what to do with them.

One day Aaron decided he wanted to stay all night with Aunt Bernie. Andy wanted to go, too, but Kristin decided Aunt Bernie would prefer one at a time, and it would be something special for each boy to go by himself; so it was decided that they take turns. Kristin knew Andy would get along fine, but she wasn't sure about Aaron, since he had been away from home overnight by himself only a couple of times, and that was with his Grandma Brase, who did a lot of babysitting with him. She was sure Bernie would have to call her to come and get him in the night. (Kristin didn't get along nearly as well as Aaron did.) He had a wonderful time and never lost track of his "turn" to go to Aunt Bernie's.

When we got our new upright freezer in February I didn't pay any attention to the big cardboard carton it came in, but found out that Frank had put it away and saved it for the boys to make a clubhouse. He anchored it down on top of the hayrack and Kristin helped them cut doors and windows, so they had a fine place to play.



No matter **WHAT**, Aaron and Andy had to put on their new **REAL** overalls when they gathered eggs or helped their grandparents with some of the other little chores around the farm.

We took the boys to a sale barn one afternoon. Kristin always enjoyed going with her dad when she was young, so we thought this would be a good experience for the boys.

Since we have so many relatives to visit in Shenandoah, we drove down there one morning, stayed all night, and came back the next afternoon. We were happy that Howard's and Mae's granddaughters happened to be visiting them at the same time, so Andy and Aaron got to see Lisa and Natalie. It isn't often that the youngest cousins in our family get to see each other and get better acquainted.

Kristin didn't get around much to see local friends. She says she gets home only once a year and cherishes every minute she has with her parents and relatives, and there are few of her school friends who are still around here. Fortunately one friend, whom she hadn't seen for ten years and who now lives in Wisconsin, was in town for a few days at the same time, and she came out for coffee one morning and brought her two children with her. Lois was the first close friend Kristin made when she started to town school in the fifth grade.

Andy's school started shortly after they returned home. He wasn't looking forward to it, because he hated leaving his school and friends in Durango. It is hard for children to start to a new school, and for some more than others. I'm sure Andy will get along fine. Kristin took him the first day and wrote there will be 18 in his class, and his teacher will be an older woman who

seemed soft-spoken and cheerful. He will have a man teacher for science, art, and physical education.

This is the first time since Kristin graduated from high school that she hasn't either been in school or teaching school, and she really enjoys staying home. She likes Livingston, has met many nice women and meets more every day, and is getting involved in various activities that interest her. Her latest letter stated that she might help Art a little at the hospital with all his typing and paper work, but this won't be anything like a full-time job.

Andy is going to join the Cub Scouts, and hopes to bowl in a junior league on Saturday mornings, so these will be interesting activities for him this winter. Speaking of winter, it has already started in Livingston. They had their first snow, three inches with wind and freezing temperatures, on September 14th. That is too early for me!

I was happy to be able to go to Shenandoah for a couple of days while Frederick, Betty, and David were there, and to hear a first-hand report of Mary Lea's wedding. I think it had been three years since we last saw David. He would have come home with me for a day or two if we could have figured out how to get him back to Shenandoah. Since we can no longer go by train from Chariton to Red Oak, it is imperative to go by car, and there were too many conflicts to get this arranged.

The Birthday Club had a luncheon at Dorothea Polser's recently. It was a salad luncheon, with six of the girls bringing salads. Dorothea furnished barbecued beef sandwiches as well as salad, and I took homemade ice cream to go with the angel food cake she had made. We played bingo afterwards, and also made plans for a little excursion.

Marge and I enjoyed our trip to Norfolk, Nebraska, where we greeted many friends. I won't go into detail about this because I imagine Marge will tell you more about it in her letter.

The crops certainly looked wonderful in the Norfolk area. The soybeans looked as if they would soon be ready to combine; many farmers had their silage already chopped; and the corn was drying up. It is so wet here that it will be some time before we can get into the fields to do any harvesting. We have one thing to be grateful for in this wet, wet year. We did manage to get all the hay up without rain. Last year it was just the opposite.

Thanksgiving plans haven't even been discussed yet as I write this letter, but no doubt we will have two dinners this year — one with the Driftmiers and one with the Johnsons. Have a good harvest and a Happy Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

A LOST FRIEND

by

Flo Montgomery Tidwell

We bemoan the passing of many species of life and bear down on efforts to prevent the extinction of other species and justly so, on the whole.

But often we hail the passing of many things without regret as progress brings us more and better conveniences. Obsolescence retires things at an ever-accelerated rate. However, we would hope that museums will preserve at least samples of things that have been a part of our American heritage but have understandably vanished or are near the vanishing point.

Something that has all but disappeared from the American scene is the once-ubiquitous wooden packing box — progress for the tradespeople who have turned to lighter, more economical cardboard but would have been a regrettable loss for home keepers who found so many uses for wooden boxes in days gone by.

When groceries were carried home in a wooden box, folks didn't have to worry about the bottom's dropping out even if leaky packages oozed wetness.

When wooden boxes were plentiful, you could almost set up housekeeping with a bunch of them. Untold numbers of orange crates made dandy book shelves, storage for pots and pans, something on which to sit, and two of them with a board across could serve as a table of sorts.

Papa once made a clothes press from a large wooden box. One of the sides was removed and hinged for the door, short legs of wood and shelves were added, and the outside given a coat of black paint. It was dashingly attractive and convenient beyond words.

We kids once concocted an express wagon from a wooden box. The wheels were sawed-off sections of a fireplace log of the right diameter. A hole was bored in the center of each round section and the sections fitted to improvised axles. I use the term "round" loosely, for no log is perfectly round, so lumpy, bumpy went the wheels in motion, resulting in the roughest rides anyone could ever experience. You might say the project was a failure, but it was mind expanding, skill acquiring, an occupational satisfaction, and a peck of fun to plan and execute; we laughed ourselves silly when we bumped along in the wild contraption. We never complained of "nothing to do" in those days!

Mamma would have been at a loss for hens' nests without the ever-handy wooden box. Shallow ones, partially filled with wood ashes and a sprinkling of louse powder, were used for dusting boxes for the chickens.



There is nothing quite so exciting for active boys than to be given some huge boxes. They can be used for all sorts of interesting things. Dorothy and Frank saved the sturdy carton their new freezer came in, and it filled the bill for making a clubhouse for their two grandsons, Aaron and Andy.

The girls utilized them for flower boxes. Sturdy ones made good mangers for the horses' oats or corn or, inverted, made door steps. Others were used to hold tools. One size was just right in which to store socks. Small ones were bird houses, and damaged ones were excellent kindling for starting fires in the fireplace and cook and heating stoves.

Recalling all these uses for the wooden box is recalling a lost friend and only an exercise in nostalgia. Most needs for wooden boxes have long since evaporated, not into thin air — into the thick air of polluted progress would be more accurate. They would pose a disposal problem now and only add to the ecology-ache, but we do have our moments of dreaming about things that used to count!

A SENSIBLE BOY

I don't believe in eating much
Of turkey, punkin' pie an' such;
It makes you dream bad dreams at
night,

An' then besides, it's not polite.
So I'm not goin' to stuff an' stuff,
An' act like I can't eat enough —
For me a turkey leg will do,
With just a slice of breast — or two —
Some liver, gizzard, an' a wing,
An' lots of dressin' — that's the thing!
Mashed potatoes to make me grow,
Squash an' cabbage, they're fine, you
know;

I must have some cranberries, too.
An' layer cake, two pieces will do.
Then of punkin' pie so yellow —
One piece, cuz I'm a little fellow.
With nuts an' apples I shall quit,
An' not ask for another bit.
'Tisn't good, the doctors say,
To eat too much Thanksgiving Day.

—Author unknown

"EXCUSE ME, MOMMY"

by

Laurine Eden

Those words coming from a small child make him or her seem a very polite youngster. "Please" and "thank you" are probably stressed more, but any such expressions voluntarily used by a child are warmly received.

Now, how in the world do you teach a youngster to use these little sweeteners without resorting to nagging?

I've found boundless help that I can describe in one word — example. If talking about using "please" can take you one step ahead, I believe using the word yourself will take you a mile closer to success.

When tried firsthand with a child, he will soon begin to see how much more effective "Excuse me" is than "Get outa my way!". A youngster is more apt to want to try using "please" and "thank you" once he recognizes the nice feeling he gets when they have been frequently directed at him.

I've found that excusing myself, with an explanation of where I'm going whenever leaving a room, has resulted in my child learning to do the same. This may sound like nothing, but it's really cut down on misunderstandings around here. One example might be: you ask a child to pick up her toys left in the kitchen, and she suddenly leaves the room. A shouting session could result, unless she had explained before leaving that she was going to get her little wagon to help collect the toys.

Learning to say "I'm sorry" when it's needed can help a child through many rugged situations and teach him something about the give and take of life. Admitting one is wrong is hard enough for an adult, but if a child can get an early start both in seeing you do it and trying it himself, I believe he'll be on the way to a more meaningful life.

Of course, even the nicest "please" won't always entice a child to wash up for dinner, but treating children with respect will certainly improve a home's atmosphere in the long run. It definitely takes time for good manners to take root in a child, but with an early start, the results should have a better chance of lasting a lifetime. And the rewards of teaching them by example are two-fold: not only will your children learn the effectiveness of politeness; but you, also, will relearn it!

THE PENDULUM OF EDUCATION

A teacher dispenses magic,
Dreams are her stock in trade,
She is the progress of the world
Of wisdom and knowledge she's made.
She has little children in her eyes,
And all her dreams are young,
She holds the History of the world,
In her palm the future is swung.
—Ruth J. Jorgensen



The First American Covered-dish Dinner

by
Hallie M. Barrow

The first American covered-dish dinner set a precedent which is still followed; that is, for Thanksgiving dinner we still serve cranberry sauce as a complement to roast turkey.

It was that memorable Thanksgiving feast when the Indians were guests of the Pilgrims. The Indians furnished their full share of food, although it didn't really arrive in casseroles! But the principle of our present-day covered-dish meal was the same — that of sharing food, with each guest bringing something to contribute to the menu.

No doubt the Pilgrims were a bit dubious about some of the strange foods their Indian guests brought. Yet they did not scorn nor refuse them, for experience had taught the Pilgrims that the Indians knew a great deal about the food situation in this new country.

The Indians had taught the settlers how to grow corn, how to put a dead fish in each hill (although they didn't call the fish fertilizer), how to grind the corn into meal or serve it as hominy. The Indians made a crude maple syrup by tapping the sugar maple trees in the spring and boiling down the sap. They brought sweet potatoes, pumpkins and squash, and besides game of all kinds, fish, oysters, nuts, honey, and native fruit. It is recorded that one Indian arrived with a deerskin bag over his shoulder, bulging with popped corn, the first the Pilgrims had ever seen or tasted.

The Indians taught the Pilgrims how to make pemmican from dried deer meat and cranberries. The Pilgrim women quickly adopted and improved on many of the Indian recipes, and the wild, bright red berries the Indians gathered they made into sauce by stewing the fruit and adding some sweetening, often wild honey.

Today, a large part of our cranberries

still comes from the Cape Cod cranberry bogs, but they are not gathered wild. They have been improved, are now much larger, and are planted as a regular vine crop. They are a native American fruit, used by the Indians both as a fresh and dried fruit. They were so popular with the Mayflower folks that later a barrel of cranberries was sent back to England for their relatives to try.

Cranberries are a most colorful crop, but it's back-breaking work to pick them, and American labor doesn't take readily to such drudgery. You must go along on your hands and knees, pushing ahead of you a scoop. So for some years the stripping was done almost entirely by Portuguese labor, imported first from the Cape Verde Islands. Many of these Portuguese have become prosperous and own their own bogs. They loved color, and as a group winnowed through the bogs with their bright-colored togs, it was a festive sight. Like all other industries, the harvesting is continually improving through new machinery and inventions.

While it is a native American fruit, it is grown only in a few restricted spots, as the seedbed must be acid peat soil, with plenty of sand available and water for flooding. When the peat seedbed has been drained (sometimes it must be dry), a three-inch layer of sand is spread over the peat, and then into the sand go the cuttings from cranberry vines. It will be four years before the bogs start yielding, but they may bear crops for twenty years. The vines start running, and from the runners grow "uprights" which bear the berries. Every so often more sand must be applied to anchor the runners and produce more uprights. The bog is flooded before freezing sets in, and it looks like a farm pond until spring. Then the

water is drained off, and thermometers are consulted to prevent late frosts. In an orange grove, on heavy frost nights, they start smudge pots; but in cranberry bogs the water is turned in again.

The cranberries are harvested in September, October, and November. They are used now for jelly, salads, sherbet, added to summer drinks, and made into pies and other desserts. They come fresh, canned, or frozen. Often cranberries require a large amount of sugar, but an experimenter found that by adding salt to the cooking berries before the sugar is added, the acidity is counteracted, so it will take about half the usual amount of sugar.

The mountain cranberry needs no introduction to northern peoples, for it is one of the staple fruits of all northern lands. Norwegians have so long depended on this fruit that Norwegian colonists, who have settled in the Middlewest, import these berries from Norway and Newfoundland, preferring them to the bog cranberries of the United States. From Newfoundland, thousands of barrels are sent to Minneapolis. These are shaped like blueberries, and are smaller than our bog cranberries.

In Minnesota and Wisconsin, Thanksgiving diners will likely add another food the Indians taught them to use — wild rice. It may be used to stuff the turkey or served any way that tame rice is used. Like cranberries, it has to have its own peculiar growing conditions, and is found mostly in Minnesota. It is the oldest grain known on the American continent, and saved the Indians in this region from starvation many winters. Possession of the wild rice beds was the cause for most of the wars between local tribes.

So when you place your roasted turkey on your Thanksgiving table, flank it with a bowl of cranberry sauce, add sweet potatoes, baked squash, pumpkin pie, or Indian meal pudding, and give thanks not only to God, Who gave us such a rich harvest, but mention the Indian who taught us how to use these foods.



I WOULD GIVE THANKS

I would give thanks today for love
Of friend for friend throughout the
years,
And thanks for rest when work is done,
And thanks for laughter after tears.
I would give thanks for peace today
And for freedom to express my doubt;
Thanks for food to keep me strong,
And thanks for walls to keep cold out.
I would give thanks for wooded hills
And clumps of bittersweet to take.
For deep blue skies and gentle rain,
And crisp bright leaves that I may rake.
I give my thanks that I can feel
These things and humbly kneel.
—Thanks to an unknown author

RESOLUTIONS

by

Evelyn Birkby

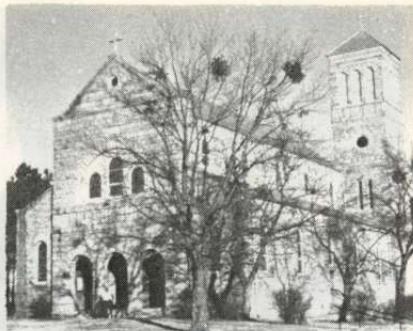
With all the projects I resolved to complete this fall it is frustrating to look back and see how many have not yet been accomplished! For some reason I am forever thinking up more activities that I can possibly finish.

For example, take the two needle-point pillow covers waiting in the sewing drawer, the fabric to make a dress, and the ever-present mending. The genealogy papers are still incomplete in the study file; the picture albums and slides are waiting to be marked and placed in the proper book and box. A large jar is on the basement shelf prepared, but empty of the charcoal, gravel, sand, soil and tiny plants to make it into a winter terrarium. A gift braided rug started one uninterrupted evening has not been touched since!

It is not really wise to linger too long on what has not been completed; it might be better to look at the positive side of the list of resolutions. I made several new flannel shirts for the boys — finding shirts with long-enough sleeves and tails is difficult for these three tall sons — and Craig bought a warm, down-lined camp coat in a kit which was fun to stitch together assisted by his encouragement. Some tomatoes were finally canned (thanks to a good friend who brought us some) along with jars of red raspberry jelly from our fall-bearing raspberry bushes, applesauce and apple butter from the fruit of our three trees, and jelly and juice from our grapes.

Speaking of grapes reminds me of the great vineyards we saw in Arkansas this fall when we took Bob down to the University at Fayetteville to begin his graduate studies. Tontitown is about ten miles north of Fayetteville and we spent one enjoyable afternoon driving through the Ozark hills looking at the well-known vineyards of that area. Table grapes, mostly Concord, are grown in abundance where the sandy soil and high altitude are conducive to their development. Tontitown celebrates with a grape festival at harvest time.

Bob could have gotten his apartment in Fayetteville ready without his parents' help, but it was fun to stop at the Goodwill store to find a floor lamp and the variety store for such items as a waste basket and dish drainer. The days we spent getting acquainted with the University campus were satisfying for us. Now we have a picture in our mind's eye of the new seven-story Communications Center building where most of Bob's graduate English classes are held, the older building where he is



St. Mary's Catholic Church is built high on the top of an Ozark mountain near Altus, Arkansas. The cross-topped tower can be seen for many, many miles across the rugged countryside.

teaching a freshman class in Grammar and Composition, the music department with student rooms just waiting with a piano when he has time to play some of his beloved selections, a tremendous library for concentrated study and the great new student union. Oh, yes, we saw the stadium where the "Razorbacks" play football, stopped by the outdoor Greek theater and watched and listened to the University band as it practiced in the outdoor arena.

The morning we left, Bob strode off to complete his registration and Robert and I drove to the southeast section of Fayetteville to visit the Confederate Cemetery tucked up on the side of a quiet, secluded, tree-shaded hill. The markers were arranged in four fan-shaped sections going out from a center memorial statue. The fact that few of the hundreds of gravestones had a name upon them gave a tragic glimpse at the terrible battles which once raged nearby.

Just a few yards outside the Civil War cemetery were several family plots with ornate iron fences surrounding the markers. As we searched up into the timber we found a number of other such small graveyards, the final one almost completely hidden by vines and underbrush. History can be read into the dates and patterns of such burial grounds, and our search provided a glimpse of a day long gone.

After we left Fayetteville, we drove south almost to Fort Smith and then turned east, followed the old road rather than take the new four-lane highway. We almost had that road to ourselves! It was an unhurried, relaxing way to see the countryside, the small towns and the beauty of the Ozark Mountains.

Stopping at Altus we found a road up the side of a mountain to the very top where we visited a beautiful Catholic church — St. Mary's. Established in 1879, the present building was erected in 1901 from fine white block-cut stone. The interior is bright and joyous with clear upper windows and lower stained

glass panes which let in great streams of sunlight. Artistic and colorful mosaics along the walls depict the stations of the cross and lead the eye to a finely appointed front altar.

The large cemetery in the churchyard gave a capsule history of the story of the area going back to early Swiss immigrants. One section of the cemetery is particularly poignant for it is made up entirely of children's graves. The stones indicate that they were buried according to the date of death. Some of the graves are new, showing that families are still finding comfort in knowing that other little ones are sharing eternity with their own.

Just north of the church is another of Arkansas' grape-growing areas. Robert much enjoyed visiting these tremendous vineyards. The altitude and soil are different here than in the Tontitown section of the state, so the grapes grown are of the wine-producing varieties.

Returning home to Iowa we were soon immersed in other fall activities: the Sidney homecoming, where Craig is a high school senior, and Jeff's Nebraska Wesleyan University homecoming, where he is a sophomore this year. It was not easy to get both festivities squeezed into the schedule, but part of the fun of having sons in school is to share as many of the high points as possible. Craig enjoyed going to Lincoln to visit Jeff and see more of his brother's university, for he is in the process of looking at colleges and deciding where he wants to attend next year.

Another occasion which can go on the positive side of the fall ledger was an exciting dedication of the newly decorated youth room at the church. (This is the project I wrote about in the June and July *Kitchen-Klatter* issues.) The junior and senior high classes, with the help of our choir director and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Beatty, planned and presented a dramatic production of the history of our church. It gave everyone the opportunity to share the exciting experiences in the creating of an attractive room for the use of the church.

Without a doubt, fall resolutions are exactly like the ones made on January 1st — some work out, some don't! Surely a month, say February maybe, will finally roll around with a stretch of free time so I can complete tasks still undone. In the meantime, I'll add a few more new resolutions to the list, just in case --- .

"Every life we touch is a field;
Everything we do and all the words we
speak, are seed.
What will the harvest be?"

—Rowland

THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMERS HAVE A LIVELY HOUSEHOLD

Dear Friends:

There has been so much happening since I last wrote you that I can hardly remember everything. To begin with we can now visualize Katharine's living quarters at Hillsdale, Michigan. We drove her over during the hot days of summer. I had a feeling that Adrienne would be a happier little sister if she saw the room and the cafeteria where her big sister will be living and eating. These girls have been good friends, and I knew that Adrienne was going to miss her sister *very* much. If a person is able to picture the other much-missed party in places they have seen I think it eases the difficult period of adjustment. So we took a motel room and made a 24-hour weekend of it.

We drove to Marshall, Michigan, to eat at the famous Win Schuler's Restaurant, which is so well known in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin. It took us five hours of express-way driving to get from Delafield to Hillsdale. Part of that trip was around the end tip of Lake Michigan, around the Chicago suburbs and its press of traffic, which accounted for the hours enroute. I hope I never have to drive over there to get her during rush-hour traffic.

The following morning Katharine found her way to the registration desk on the Hillsdale campus, and from that point on our minutes were busy. We found her room assignment to be very lovely. She is fortunate to be in the newest dormitory, which even includes total air-conditioning. (Katharine, however, loathes air-conditioning and she was downcast when she realized that she was going to be freezing until the winter heat was turned on.) Her room is a lovely sunny yellow and has much wall space for posters and the assorted treasures that girls are prone to save. Before we left for home, Katharine's roommate, Torch Hawes, from West Chester, Pennsylvania, came dragging her suitcases into the room, so we know what her roommate looks like.

The girls unpacked all of Katharine's things and put her books on the shelves, so Adrienne knows exactly how Katharine's room looked. Donald and I went to a parents' meeting with President Roche and heard about what the school's plans are for our children. As we drove home we were happily convinced that this university, unlike so many, was not going to be run by the students but, rather, by a sensible, experienced staff who would stand no nonsense from the students.

Katharine writes that she is very, very happy, and we talk by phone, usually on a weekend evening. She is



It was a day for pictures when Katharine entered college. Adrienne gets the credit for taking this one of her big sister, parents and brother Paul.

making many fine young friends, and we're missing her a little less because she is so happy. Her sister Adrienne dissolved into tears when she got home. We were all very stout-hearted driving away from the campus. However, when Adrienne walked into their empty room at home she sobbed out the aches of a little girl who knew that things would never be quite the same with her big sister.

Shortly after we returned from Hillsdale, our new school students arrived, and before long our house was full of noisy activity. The children, who are new to us, are pleasant young people. Dan Starck, at 15, is practicing for his "black belt" in karate, and he and Paul have great fun sparring in the back yard like a couple of bulldog pups. Only trouble, when called upon, this boy Dan can pick up Paul, who is 10 inches taller and 15 pounds heavier, and gently lift him over his head and deposit him on the ground. We think the time has arrived for our boy to take karate lessons from Dan.

Our other new child is Katherine Harris from Duluth, who is not the daughter of a Congregational minister as I reported in my last letter, but the daughter of a banker. I don't know how I made such a mistake. She is a Congregationalist and we do go to church together.

Katherine Harris has come to us after spending her sophomore year at our Academy in Brookfield, than a year at the Academy of the Rockies in Bonners Ferry, Idaho. She is now in her senior year back at our Academy. Her year at Bonners Ferry was spent on a 120-acre farm upon which was built a new wood building holding both dormitories and classrooms. She was taught basic academics and basic survival. They cooked on wood stoves. She personally

was responsible for Brownie, the Brown Swiss cow, which she milked twice a day. She made butter from her cream and wonderful bread and biscuits. She learned to survive in the woods on only those things God provides in nature, and she also learned to garden. She can arm wrestle my children with her strong muscles and yet she is a strikingly feminine, beautiful, curly-haired blond child who reminds me so much of my own Katharine.

Adrienne has found herself a new form of income which requires almost no talent save the willingness to get her hands dirty and work hard. In the real estate office where Donald works during the summer the owner has been carrying the entire responsibility for cleaning away the dust and dirt by coming in on Saturday evenings and doing it herself. Adrienne offered to come in one evening to help her. Now she has a steady job assisting this lady, who is at the age where most people are ready to sit down and put their feet up on a Saturday evening rather than clean an office. The woman has trained Adrienne in exactly the way she wants things done, and in exchange for the pay she gives Adrienne she insists that the work be done exactly as taught. And to this I say "Hurray!" Adrienne doesn't truly realize just how much she is learning besides the art of cleaning.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

Each morning when I wake, I say,
"I place my hand in God's today."
I know he'll walk close to my side
My every wandering step to guide,
He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair.
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to His hand.
When at day's end I seek my rest
And realize how much I'm blessed;
My thanks pour out to Him; and then,
I place my hand in God's again. —Unknown



MY FRIEND WILLIE AND I

by
Cecile Moore

In her long cotton stockings, gingham dress, and high button shoes, she ambled over to me, said "hi!" with a shy grin, and I knew I had found me a pal! Tall for her age, and rather large boned; fair of hair and skin, with gentle blue eyes, and a sprinkling of freckles thrown in for good measure, she was a real contrast to me with my dark skin and hair, flashing black eyes, and short stature.

We had just purchased a large farm next to theirs, were in a strange community, and I, an eight-year-old tomboy, had gotten to the itchy, squirmy stage, wanting to get out and explore the new surroundings, and to find someone to play with. She was eleven, three years older than I. And her name was Willie.

Well, I had found me a buddy all right! You can believe me when I say the action picked up around there. What I lacked in imagination and daring, she supplied.

The first thing she did was to tell me all about Santa Claus. I didn't believe her at first. But after we climbed through a back window and had a look at all my toys and presents, where she'd seen Mom and Dad hide them earlier, I was thoroughly convinced.

Willie's mom was a widow, and Willie had never had but one doll in her whole life. But she had taken such good care of it that it was almost like new. In fact, that doll was the only toy she had ever owned. We shared mine from then on, along with everything else we possessed. She had always wanted a sister, but never had one. We had just recently lost my only little sister, so began a relationship that has lasted a lifetime. The shenanigans we pulled, the absolutely divine times we had growing up, have provided us both with sweet and precious memories to last a lifetime.

In spring, we searched out the quails' nests in a field of ripening oats, gathering the tiny eggs to be boiled over the brick stove we had contrived down in the orchard. Many times we caught a pan full of crawfish after a heavy rain as they wiggled and backed their way up a ditch near our house. Cleaning the tails, all crisp and white, we dipped

them in corn meal and fried them to a golden brown. I have never eaten the choicest shrimp that tasted half as good.

All throughout the spring and summer months we had our cookouts, the boys always joining us. We learned how to make deadfalls to catch birds with, and built rabbit traps with the boys. We became as expert in the use of a sling-shot as any of them. And on a lazy, golden summer's day, the earth all covered with the falling pink and white petals from the fruit trees, the aroma of the wood smoke as it curled up from our cooking fire, the musical drone of the bees in the background as they gathered their nectar for honey, we were lulled into peaceful reverie, and dreaded for the day to end.

Mama was determined to make a lady out of me. I was just as determined that she shouldn't. She waged a losing battle. She bought me a wide-brimmed sailor hat, with streamers down the back, no less. And also a pair of slippers with bows on the toes. Oh! how I hated to have to wear them anywhere! But every Sunday or dress-up occasion, Mama saw to it that I put on that tacky hat and prissy slippers. The hat had some kind of shiny black paint on it that smelled terrible when hot.

Well, I soon made quick work of the slippers. I scuffed and abused them so that they soon gave out. But that hat was indestructible!

Finally, on the Fourth of July, there was a celebration of some sort at the schoolhouse, and Willie and I were allowed to go by ourselves. I remember there was a pile of lumber in one of the back rooms. Slipping away from the other children, Willie and I carefully crammed that old sailor hat way down under that pile of lumber, and it was conveniently "lost" for good.

Another time Willie's mother decided to make us dresses alike. They were pretty pink silk ones, and we were proud to have them just alike. But we knew Mama wasn't going to like it. And she didn't. She forbade me ever to let her see me with that dress on. Well, I had no intention of ever letting her "see" me with it one, so we began figuring out a way to get around Mama and wear those dresses on Sunday morning.

When the time finally came, Mama dressed me all up, and I went down to Willie's house for her. We had to pass back by my house on the way to church. At that time we all had big Japanese umbrellas, and always carried them when we walked anywhere. So I changed out of my dress at Willie's house, put on the one her mother had made for me, and carefully holding our umbrellas down over our dresses, we tried to slip by without Mama's seeing us. But she

was too sharp for us. "Get back down there, young lady, and get that dress off!" she commanded. And back we went.

But I was determined to wear that dress. So I pulled it off, and we carefully folded it and placed it in the top of my umbrella, up under the ribs. Oh! we felt so clever! We held our umbrellas high, as we walked by my house, chatting nonchalantly, and waving goodbye to Mama.

Around the corner, about a quarter of a mile from the house, there was a grove of persimmon trees. Here I changed into the dress again, left mine folded in the crotch of a tree, and we went merrily on our way. Coming back from church, I changed back again, and we hurried home, happily content that our little deceit had gone off so smoothly.

Several days later, coming into the living room one afternoon, I saw that Mama had visitors. Excusing myself hurriedly, I was just about to leave the room, when I heard one of the ladies say, "Oh! I thought the girls looked so sweet in their twin dresses Sunday!" And I knew our sins had found us out.

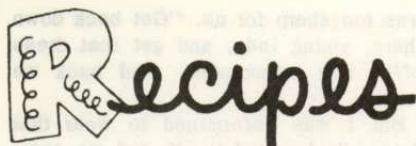
We were terrors to our cook, Victoria. Once she canned some cucumber pickles, and placed about a dozen jars of them on a shelf in the dining room. Passing those pickles was about more than we could endure, for if there was one thing both Willie and I loved above all others, it was a sour pickle. Well, those pickles kept tempting us, until one day Willie said, "You know, if we just open up one jar each day and take two pickles out, no one will be the wiser. And just think, we could have two every day for a long time." The suggestion was hardly cold before we acted upon it. Oh! they tasted good!

Strangely, it was several weeks before those jars started spoiling, and Victoria discovered them. But discover them she did. And it didn't take her long to trace the crime to its source.

Another time we caught everyone gone from home, and skimmed all the cream from the milk Victoria had set out to be made into butter. She was very strict about the cream. We hid out when we heard her coming in to cook supper. But she knew right where to find us. This time she took us to a higher court. My father. We soon sobered up when he got through with us, and on top of the stern lecture, that cream made us s-o-o-o sick!

We're growing old now. Black hair and brown are streaked with silver. The once-active little tomboys have adopted a slower pace. And we are separated by many miles. But when we do get together, passersby are apt to be startled to hear the merry peals of

(Continued on page 22)



Recipes
Tested
by the
Kitchen - Klatter
Family

MEMORIES OF
THANKSGIVING DINNER,
1942

Back in 1942 (it sounds almost prehistoric now) Dorothy and Frank, Russell and I lived in a four-plex in Hollywood, California.

Russell and I had the right-hand ground floor apartment, and Frank and Dorothy were in the left-hand apartment on the second floor. At the time of this dinner both Dorothy and I were waiting for the babies who turned out to be Kristin and Juliana.

We went out to dinner very rarely, but once in the proverbial blue moon the four of us treated ourselves to a meal where the menu described everything in such florid language that we were whipped into a froth when the menu was studied. This is commonplace today, of course, but back in 1942 it was genuinely unique — such descriptions of food.

When Thanksgiving rolled around in 1942 I decided to have some fun by working up a bill of fare that sounded like the restaurant, so I got hold of some very heavy paper and typed up the menu that you will read here.

In addition to the four of us we had two guests, so six of us sat down to the table on that long, long ago Thanksgiving Day; and each person had a copy of this at his plate.

Russell was a great "saver" (I'm not) and thus he must have put this away for safekeeping. I came across it recently and thought that you folks might enjoy this breath from the past.

Incidentally, the final reference is to Kristin and Juliana. I recall most vividly that when our Thanksgiving dinner was over we thought ahead to our next Thanksgiving when we knew that our "invisible guests" would be with us.

—Lucile

THANKSGIVING DINNER

November 26, 1942

Served at the home of
 Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson

1:00 P.M.

***WALDORF SALAD**

*Juicy crisp apples, Yucatan bananas, firm crunchy celery, puffy delicate marshmallows, New Crop walnut meats, served with our purest freshly whipped pastry cream with just a suggestion of Miracle dressing, in a nest of perfectly formed dewy lettuce leaves.

***BIG FAT TURKEY FROM GRAND-FATHER'S FARM**

*Roast Young Tom Turkey, lively and gay, exquisitely browned, every tiny cranny stuffed with Dressing La Verne. Meat as white as an angel's wing; dark meat that rivals the pheasant.

***CREAMED CAULIFLOWER**

*Lovely garden-fresh head served with golden Cheddar sauce.

***CANDIED YAMS**

*Alabama yams dripping with finest quality rich caramelized brown sugar.

***IRISH POTATOES**

*Straight from the Emerald Isle come these potatoes that are whipped lighter than thistledown.

***HOT ROLLS AND BUTTER**

*Fresh from the oven, these tender Parkerhouse rolls are served with Grade-A sweet creamery butter.

RELISHES

Meaty jumbo black olives, delicately spiced chartreuse olives, sprigs of iced curled celery, and tiny emerald pickles.

***GRANDMA'S PUMPKIN PIE**

*Spiced with the finest of ingredients from the Caves of Araby. Piled high with snowy whipped cream.

Our invisible guests wish to take this opportunity to tell you how much they enjoy your company.



OLIVE WREATH MOLD

1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 1/2 cup grated American cheese
 1/2 cup chopped pimiento
 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
 2/3 cup chopped walnuts
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
 Sliced stuffed olives

Drain juice from pineapple and heat. Dissolve gelatin in the hot juice. Cool. When it begins to thicken, add rest of ingredients except olives. Place a row of olives in bottom of 9-inch ring mold. Pour gelatin mixture into mold and chill until firm.

—Lucile

MY FIRST CRANBERRY SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1/2 cup cold water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 small orange, cut in small pieces
 1/2 cup pineapple tidbits
 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
 1/4 cup chopped pecans or almonds
 Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cold water and flavorings. When partially thickened add orange, pineapple tidbits, cranberry sauce and nuts. Serve on crisp lettuce leaf with salad dressing to which a small amount of honey and whipped cream have been added.

—Margery

MOLASSES PUMPKIN BREAD

1/3 cup shortening
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 cup light molasses
 1 cup pumpkin
 2 cups sifted flour
 1/4 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. ginger
 1/4 tsp. cloves
 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
 Cream the shortening and sugar together. Stir in the eggs, flavoring, molasses and pumpkin. Beat in the remaining ingredients and pour into a well-greased, 9- by 5- by 3-inch loaf pan. Bake in a 350-degree oven for an hour, or until done in the center. Cool on a rack.

—Dorothy

ORANGE SWEET POTATOES

6 medium sweet potatoes, cooked (or 1 1-lb., 1-oz. can sweet potatoes)
 1 cup orange juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/3 cup sugar
 1/3 cup brown sugar
 Cook potatoes in jackets until tender. Peel. Cut lengthwise and arrange in greased baking dish. (Canned potatoes are ready to remove from can, slice as needed and place in baking dish.) Combine remaining ingredients in saucepan. Cook until clear and thick. Spoon over sweet potatoes. Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 350 degrees. A delicious accompaniment to any meat dish, especially turkey!

—Evelyn

CRANBERRY-HAMBURGER LOAF

2 Tbls. brown sugar
 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
 1 lb. ground beef
 1 onion, chopped
 1 egg, beaten
 1/2 of medium green pepper, diced
 2 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup milk
 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
 1/4 tsp. thyme
 1/8 tsp. oregano

Sprinkle brown sugar over bottom of greased loaf pan. Over this spread whole cranberry sauce. Combine remaining ingredients. Put meat mixture on top of cranberry sauce. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Turn upside down on hot platter to serve. The cranberry and sugar mixture makes a delicious glaze.

—Evelyn

CRANBERRY-CHEESE MOLD

1 3-oz. pkg. black cherry gelatin
 1 1/4 cups hot water
 1 lb. can whole cranberry sauce
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple

1/2 cup chopped pecans

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Cool until it begins to set slightly. Mash the cream cheese in a small amount of cranberry sauce until smooth. Combine the rest of the sauce with the cheese. Stir in the flavorings. Fold in the pineapple and nuts. stir the mixture into the gelatin and pour into a mold. Chill until firm. Serve on a lettuce leaf and garnish with mayonnaise.

UPSIDE-DOWN HAMBURGER PIE

1 onion, chopped
 2 Tbls. shortening
 1 lb. ground beef
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. oregano
 1 small can tomatoes
 2 cups biscuit mix, prepared according to directions on package (or 1 pkg. canned biscuits)

1/2 cup shredded American cheese

In a 10-inch frying pan, cook onion in shortening until wilted. Add ground beef, salt and oregano. Cook until brown, breaking meat with a fork. Add tomatoes and heat. Pat out biscuit dough on a piece of waxed paper to a 10-inch circle, then place paper side up on top of the "filling". Peel off paper and bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees for 20 minutes or until brown. Turn upside down on a hot chop plate; sprinkle with shredded cheese and slip under the broiler until the cheese has melted. Makes 6 generous servings.

—Margery

APPLE RUM-DUM

1 cup sugar
 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1 cup flour
 1 tsp. soda
 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 cup nuts (black walnuts are best)
 2 cups raw diced apple

Mix all well; let set in bowl to draw moisture a little while before spreading in greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes (325 for glass pan). Serve with following sauce:

1/2 cup white sugar
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/4 cup butter
 1/2 cup cream
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine and bring to a boil. Boil one minute. Serve warm over cake. This sauce can be reheated when ready to serve.

—Margery

CHICKEN OR TURKEY CASSEROLE

1 frying chicken or equivalent of leftover turkey
 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 4 Tbls. onion, chopped
 1 clove garlic, minced
 1 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 tsp. paprika
 1 tsp. ginger
 1/4 tsp. chili powder
 1 to 2 cups canned tomatoes
 1 cup chicken or turkey broth
 1 2-oz. can mushroom pieces
 2 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 cup cream or rich milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

For the fresh frying chicken, melt butter or margarine in skillet. Brown chicken, onion and garlic. Add seasonings, tomatoes, broth and mushrooms. Turn into casserole dish. Bake in 350-degree oven until chicken is tender (the length of baking depends on the size of the chicken). This may also be prepared in an electric skillet or a Dutch oven on top of the stove. Cover tightly, turn heat low and check occasionally to be sure the meat is not sticking. Add water if needed.

When chicken is done, remove to platter. Combine cornstarch, cream or milk and butter flavoring. Stir into liquid in pan and stir over low heat until gravy consistency. Pour over chicken. Serve with hot fluffy rice, cooked noodles or canned Chinese noodles.

To use leftover turkey, simply eliminate the first browning step for the meat, and continue as directed. Baking or simmering time will be less since the meat is already cooked. Delicious!

PUMPKIN-ICE CREAM DESSERT

1 1/4 cups flour
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2/3 cup butter
 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
 1 cup pumpkin
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 1/4 tsp. cloves

1 quart vanilla ice cream

Sift flour, sugar and 1/4 tsp. of the salt; cut in butter. Add nuts. Reserve 1/2 cup crumb mixture. Press remaining crumbs in 10-inch pie plate. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Cool. Combine pumpkin, brown sugar, cinnamon, remaining salt, nutmeg and cloves in saucepan; cook for 1 minute. Cool. Beat cooled pumpkin filling into ice cream. Spread over cooled crust; top with reserved crumb mixture. Freeze until ready to serve. Yields 8 servings.

—Margery

OVERNITE COMPANY SALAD

1 head lettuce, cut up
 1/2 cup chopped green and red onion
 1/2 cup chopped celery
 1/2 cup green pepper, chopped
 2/3 of 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, rinsed and drained (uncooked)
 1 cup salad dressing
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 to 4 ozs. grated Cheddar cheese
 1/2 jar of Bacos

Place vegetables in layers in a large bowl. Drop salad dressing by spoonful all around on top. Sprinkle sugar, cheese and Bacos over salad dressing. Cover and refrigerate for 8 hours or overnight. Toss before serving.

—Margery

GINGERSNAPS

1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 3 Tbls. molasses
 1 egg
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 1/4 cups flour, sifted
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 tsp. ginger
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. cloves
 3 Tbls. sugar

Cream shortening and brown sugar. Add molasses, egg and flavorings. Mix well. Sift together all dry ingredients except the 3 Tbls. sugar. Blend into first mixture. Chill dough. Shape into small balls. Roll in the 3 Tbls. sugar. Place two inches apart on lightly greased sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10-12 minutes. Makes 4 dozen. If you have fond memories of old-fashioned gingersnaps, you'll love these.

GREEN BEANS

Heat green beans, then drain. Mix 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing, 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine and 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour sauce over beans and serve immediately.

—Margery



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**Kitchen-Klatter
Flavorings**

MINUTE STEAK ROLLUPS

4 to 6 slices bacon
1 clove garlic
4 to 6 minute steaks
1 tsp. salt
4 Tbls. flour
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
1/8 tsp. marjoram
1/2 cup onion, chopped

Cook bacon in large skillet. Remove bacon. Cut garlic clove in half and rub steaks. Salt each and pepper if desired. Place bacon inside steaks. (Strips of green pepper, pickle or slices of onion may also be laid inside each steak.) Roll each steak into a roll and fasten with wooden toothpick. Coat with flour and brown in bacon drippings. Combine remaining ingredients, including minced garlic. Add to drippings in pan. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat about 20 minutes, or until meat is done. Remove meat rolls from sauce. If more thickening is needed, add a little flour and water mixed until smooth. Stir until gravy consistency and pour over meat.

This may also be prepared in the oven. After all ingredients are blended together, place meat rolls in casserole and pour sauce over top. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

Excellent served over hot rice or Chinese noodles. —Evelyn

PINEAPPLE BARS

1 cup all-purpose flour, sifted before measuring
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 eggs
1 Tbls. milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 can (about 1 lb., 4 oz.) crushed pineapple, drained
1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 cup flaked coconut
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Sift flour with baking powder. With pastry blender, cut in 1/2 cup butter or margarine until mixture is crumbly. Beat 1 egg with the milk and pineapple flavoring and stir into flour mixture. Spread over bottom of 8-inch square baking pan. Thoroughly drain crushed pineapple and spread over top. Beat remaining egg thoroughly; stir in melted butter or margarine, sugar, flaked coconut, and vanilla and coconut flavorings. Spread this topping over pineapple. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool and cut into about 16 squares.

—Margery

SLAW WITH ORANGES AND RAISINS

1 quart finely shredded cabbage
1/2 cup seedless raisins
2 oranges, peeled, seeded, cut in small pieces, (or 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained)
2 Tbls. finely minced onion
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 cup sour cream
Combine the cabbage with the raisins and oranges. Blend together the onion, mayonnaise, flavoring and sour cream; add to the salad and mix well. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

CHICKEN IN ORANGE-MUSHROOM SAUCE

1/2 cup flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. paprika
Dash of pepper
Dash of garlic powder
1 chicken, cut up
7 Tbls. olive oil or salad oil
1 can (3 or 4 oz.) whole mushrooms
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup

1/2 cup chicken broth
1/2 cup orange juice (strong)
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
2 Tbls. brown sugar
2 cups diagonally sliced carrots, about 1/2-inch thick

Blend flour, salt, paprika, pepper, and garlic powder. Coat chicken pieces with the flour mixture. Heat oil in an electric frying pan; brown chicken well on both sides in the hot oil. Drain the mushrooms, reserving liquid; scatter mushrooms over chicken. Blend soup, reserved mushroom liquid, chicken broth, orange juice, orange flavoring, nutmeg, and brown sugar until smooth; pour soup mixture over chicken.

Cover and cook at 225 degrees (or simmer in a regular frying pan over low heat) about 30 minutes. Stir in carrots; continue cooking until tender.

—Margery

LUCILE'S PECAN PIE

3 eggs
2/3 cup sugar
1 cup dark corn syrup
1/3 cup melted butter
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 cup pecans
1 unbaked pie shell
Beat eggs; add sugar and beat again. Stir in syrup; then add butter, salt and flavorings. Mix well. Add pecans and then pour into pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 50-60 minutes.

FREDERICK TAKES REFUGE IN A SUNFLOWER

Dear Friends:

These are busy days at the heart of our life — South Congregational Church. Last Monday we had 225 persons for a delicious dinner and a program put on by the members of our South Church European Tour 1973. Each person on the tour served as a host or hostess for one of the dinner tables, and then later in the evening each appeared on stage dressed in the costume of one of the countries visited. They had pooled their colored slides so that we could have a showing of only the very best from each camera. In our church all picture slide shows are given with two projectors and two screens so that there always are two pictures to be seen at once. That technique doubles the effect of the show, and we would never go back to the single projector pattern used for so many years.

This Saturday we are entertaining two bus loads of foreign students at a dinner party in the church parish house, and then we are putting them up overnight in our homes. Betty and I have offered to take six students into the parsonage. We have five extra bedrooms, and one of them has twin beds. Following the dinner party I shall show colored slides and motion pictures of our trip up the Hudson River and down the St. Lawrence. On this coming Monday we shall entertain thirty-five of our church women here at the house for a meeting and refreshments. I am intending to show them our pictures taken on the trip to Texas, New Mexico, and Iowa when we went west for Mary Leanna's wedding.

Next week I am entertaining my literary club made up of fourteen scholarly professional men. That dinner will be a real gourmet affair, and Betty will be working on it for several days in advance. It is the custom of that particular club to keep the lady of the house out of sight, and so on the night of the dinner Betty will go out for the evening leaving the actual serving of the dinner to paid caterers. Those of you who listen to Betty and me on the radio will hear all about this affair right down to the last detail.

Yesterday one of my neighbors called and asked me to go with him to a public hearing being conducted by a special committee of the Springfield City Council. The issue at hand is a matter concerning the erection of a traffic signal at an intersection near our parsonage. I had not been to a traffic hearing before, and I found it a most interesting experience. I could not believe that there would be any persons opposed to such a safety measure, but there was opposition, and strong opposition at



Although Frederick has given up his class at the college, he still enjoys helping young people with speech writing.

that. People who live right on the intersection do not like the idea of the extra gasoline fumes and motor noise that will come from the numbers of cars and trucks that will be stopped at the light. They have a point there, but I personally think that the safety of motorists and pedestrians takes precedence over the inconvenience arguments.

You lucky people who live out on the farms are so fortunate to have good, clean air. There is a yellow cloud of pollution hovering over our city all the time. As a matter of fact, there are on the average only seven days in the entire year when the air is clean enough around here for good aerial photography. Actually, we do not notice the polluted air except on those rare days when a blanket of air pressure holds the fumes down close to the ground. The funny thing is that we do not notice how bad our air is until we get out into the country and find ourselves saying: "Oh what a beautiful odor! That has to be clean air!"

You won't believe what the government is planning to do about our air pollution problem! Incredible as it seems, all automobiles are going to be banned from the heart of the downtown shopping area. What a blow this will be to the merchants who have been spending millions of dollars building big parking garages to encourage people to drive to the heart of the city. Fortunately for our church, it is just one block beyond the restricted area. As a matter of fact, our parking lots will be used more than ever by church people who will drive to the church and then leave their cars while they walk on down into the shopping area.

Isn't life interesting? How things do change from decade to decade. Only ten years ago we had not a moment's

concern about air pollution here in the Connecticut River Valley. For that matter we had no concern about many social problems that are almost overwhelming now. Frankly, I cannot keep up with all the changes. For example, this whole business of the drug problem is completely beyond me. I just cannot believe that intelligent people young or old would want to drug themselves. Life is too beautiful, and too exciting, and too rewarding for one to deaden his senses to it.

Because I buy so much sunflower bird seed, Betty and I were very interested and quite impressed by the millions of sunflowers we saw growing all through the West. We do not begin to have sunflowers in New England like you folks have west of the Mississippi. It seemed that as we drove along the highways in our rented car we never were out of sight of sunflowers. There were places in the mountain valleys of New Mexico where the sunflowers looked like seas of gold. Until this summer, I had not realized what beautiful flowers they are, and what varieties there are. We saw little ones blooming only a few inches off the ground, and then in Iowa and Missouri we saw them with enormous flowers towering thirteen and fourteen feet into the air.

When we got home, imagine my delight and surprise to find one lonely sunflower growing directly beneath one of my dozen bird feeders. Why those seeds have never before sprouted I do not know, but at least one seed did, and it had a glorious flower five inches in diameter. Each day I watched it to see if it really did turn with the sun, and it did. Right up until the frost hit it, it would follow the sun across the sky, turning to the east in the morning, and then its stem slowly twisting around so that it could turn to the west in the late afternoon. I picked it just as soon as it was bitten by frost, and then gave a talk about it to our Sunday school children. It seems to me that all of us have a lesson to learn from the sunflower. No matter how dark and dismal our life may be, like the sunflower, we need to look toward the heavens and rejoice in what beneficent light is there. If we always could keep our eyes on God as faithfully as the sunflower keeps itself turned toward the sun, life would be brighter, and each of us would be able to find more reasons for counting our blessings. Sincerely,

Frederick

I heed the call of solitude
With its accompanying silence
Falling on my ears.
Sleeping plans awake, reshape
And activate, these — are what
Solitude rears.
Giant-size obstacles shrink,
Gradually fade into nothingness.
Welcome is the call of solitude
Coming in a spirit of friendliness.

—Sara Lee Skydell



FOR THIS WE GIVE THANKS

A CHILDREN'S THANKSGIVING SKIT

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

(As the curtain opens, John, Sue, and Jane are seated around the table with crayons, paste, scissors, and other materials to make Thanksgiving place cards.)

Sue: (Holding up a place card with a turkey pasted on it.) I don't like this at all. There isn't one thing original about using the picture of a turkey on a place card!

Jane: No there really isn't. We used turkeys last year, anyway.

John: (Disgustedly.) Well what's wrong with a turkey? We had it for dinner last year, too, and the year before that and that! And we'll have it again this year, and I'm not one bit tired of it!

Sue: Oh, John! All you think about is food.

John: Well, what's it going to be — a dinner or an art exhibit?

Jane: That sounds just like a boy! Don't you ever think about anything but your stomach?

John: Not at Thanksgiving time, I don't. Who's going to drool over (mimics girls) "those adorable little place cards" when Father starts carving that golden brown, luscious-looking bird? (Rubs stomach.)

Sue: Let's just ignore him, Jane. Mother wants us to make colorful place cards and maybe some napkins to match. We want our table to look pretty when all our relatives come.

John: (Looking up.) Well here comes Aunt Nora. If anybody has any brilliant ideas, she will.

Sue and Jane: (Racing to door.) Oh, good! Now we'll have some help.

John: Girls! They make such a fuss over such little, unimportant things! Just bring on the turkey and all the trimmings, I say.

Sue: Come in, Aunt Nora.

Jane: Hello, Aunt Nora.

Aunt Nora: Well, good afternoon, girls. And, John, how are you?

John: Fine, Aunt Nora. Only I'm getting dreadfully hungry.

Sue: We are trying to think of something pretty for a Thanksgiving table, and all John can talk about is food.

John: Food is the best thing to put on the table, don't you think?

Jane: Do you have any ideas, Aunt Nora?

Aunt Nora: (Begins unloading shopping bag.) Your mother told me what you children were doing, and I think you might like my idea.

John: But what's the corn for, Aunt Nora?

Aunt Nora: If you will just let me tell you a story, I think it will explain my idea for place cards.

Sue: Oh, a story. I like that idea already.

(All are seated.)

Aunt Nora: During the very trying days in Plymouth, the Pilgrims suffered various kinds of hardships. Many died, and those remaining had very little food. But during all their trials, these faithful ones looked to their Heavenly Father for guidance and care. It is told that one springtime there was such a shortage of food that each person received only five grains of corn to plant. But for these five grains, the loyal Pilgrims thanked God.

John: I don't see how they could have been so thankful for just five grains.

Aunt Nora: We have so many blessings that we often forget to give thanks.

Jane: That was a nice story, but what does it have to do with place cards, Aunt Nora?

John: We're not going to have just five grains of corn for our dinner, are we?

Aunt Nora: No, John, of course not. I don't know your family customs since your Uncle Jim and I were married just last June, but when we were youngsters, my sister and I always filled little bags with five grains of corn, tied them with bright-colored ribbon, and used them as place cards. After thanks had been given, each person opened his sack, and as he picked out each grain, he told the five things he had been most thankful for during the year. It was amazing to see how many blessings our family had received during the year.

Sue: I like your suggestion, Aunt Nora.

Jane: I would like it to become one of our Thanksgiving tradition, too.

Aunt Nora: Here is some cellophane for bags, and here is an ear of yellow corn, and some Indian corn, if you would like colored grains.

Sue: These will be the most colorful place cards we have ever had.

John: They will have some significance, too.

Jane: Why don't we sing a Thanksgiving hymn while we work?

Aunt Nora: I think that is an excellent idea.

(All begin working and singing as curtain is pulled.)

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THANKSGIVING IS FOR THE CHILDREN TOO

by

Mildred D. Cathcart

When I was a youngster I can remember my friends complaining about Thanksgiving dinners because they had to wait for the "second table" and eat the leftovers! My Grandmother Dooley never held with the adult-first theory. We children had our own table, our plates were filled, and I am sure our parents enjoyed their meal more with us blissfully out of the way.

Since Thanksgiving dinners are traditionally family, why not take it upon yourself to make having the children underfoot a pleasure? You might begin by setting up a table especially for them — card tables add a party atmosphere. If some of the children arrive early, keep them busy by letting them decorate their table. You will have some material on hand for them. Pine cones make realistic turkey bodies, a few pieces of red and brown construction paper form the features, and dark pipe stem cleaners for feet will complete the fowl.

If you use plain-colored napkins, the children can decorate the corners with pumpkins, fruit, or other appropriate designs. Tiny children could add a gummed seal to the corners. If older children have black and white crepe paper, they can transform a clothespin into a Pilgrim. Some of the boys might like to make clothespin Indians. Brown crepe paper or brown paper sacks cut in a circular shape may be decorated for blankets. Black yarn makes the hair and it is held in place with decorated headbands. Cone-shaped paper cups make ideal tepees. A cardboard box, some brown sacks, a bit of glue, and crayons will soon become a log cabin. Florist clay may hold twigs of evergreen so there is a forest setting. Some of the more artistic ones may make deer, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals to place in the forest. All of these combine to make an ideal centerpiece.

You may help the smaller children make Pilgrim hats to use as place markers. Fold black construction paper and cut the hat double so the top of the hat is on the fold. Add a white band and a yellow buckle. Print the guest's name on the hatband.

Children would also enjoy making a Thanksgiving tree which could be used as a centerpiece or a "conversation piece" for the adults. Find a well-shaped branch and have it sprayed or wrapped in green crepe paper and anchor it in a pebble-filled pot. Give the children old magazines and scissors and instruct them to find pictures of things for which they are thankful and



Frederick Driftmier shows his great-niece and nephew, Katharine and James Lowey, the ski lift they'll take to the top of the mountain.

attach to the tree.

Children enjoy a pretty table so you could buy a paper tablecloth and accessories in the Thanksgiving theme. It would certainly appeal to the children and parents would not worry over broken china.

No doubt you will breathe a prayer of thanks if the weather permits the youngsters to play outside after dinner but you should be prepared! An indoor Thanksgiving scavenger hunt should keep them occupied for a while. Provide scissors and a stack of old magazines and have each child find an item beginning with the letters in THANKSGIVING DAY. They may find a tie, handkerchief, apple, necklace, knee, soap, and so on. It would be wise to have some coloring or puzzle books, paper dolls, and such on hand.

With a little forethought and planning you may be able to skip the migraine and be truly thankful for all the children who came to dinner at your house!

FOR THE NOVEMBER HOSTESS —

Concluded the first player, and within a minute's time, the player names all the foods he can beginning with that letter, each word counting one point. Then the next letter is given to the next player, etc., until all letters are used. The person or team with highest score wins. If using teams, be sure to have an equal number of letters in the words used for each side.

Gobble Relay: Each team is provided with a container holding the same kinds of edible items. The boxes are placed on chairs, each an equal distance from its team. At the leader's signal, the first player on each side rushes to a chair, sits down, crosses his feet, picks an item of food from the box, eats it, says "Thank you", and returns to his team; then the next in line goes through same routine. Have a variety in the boxes, as apples, gum, banana, crackers, cookies, popcorn. The first team to finish all their food wins the game.

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COME READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

A book called *The Prairie Is My Garden*, The Story of Harvey Dunn, Artist, by Robert Karolevitz is presented as a building block in the re-creation of the life of one of South Dakota's most illustrious sons, Harvey Dunn. His paintings have been returned to the state of his birth as an artistic legacy of inestimable value.

The author traces Mr. Dunn's life, from his pioneering boyhood days in South Dakota, to his great successes as one of America's greatest painter-illustrators. Included are a wide assortment of reproductions of Dunn's work, both in black and white and in color.

One of Harvey Dunn's most popular paintings — a woman and her two daughters gathering prairie flowers — is not known by the title the artist originally gave it. *This, My Garden* is what Harvey Dunn insisted the picture be called. Somehow *The Prairie Is My Garden* has come to identify Dunn's magnificent portrayal of the everlasting hope of a frontier wife. The artist's painting gains new admirers constant-



—South Dakota State University Dunn Collection

Harvey Dunn's painting of *Pioneer Woman* is from the Prairie Series which portray Dakota's pioneering past. His love for the prairies and their people brought him to depict them for generations to appreciate.

ly. As the cover picture on *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* some years ago, it became a favorite of many readers. Harvey Dunn's parents, Tom and Bertha Dunn, homesteaded near a buffalo trace by Manchester and DeSmet, South Dakota. A buffalo trace was an animal highway over which the shaggy beasts traveled in search of forage, salt licks and water. Harvey Dunn was born at the homestead on March 8, 1884. He attended rural school, where he imprisoned vivid pictures in his mind — scenes of cavorting children and raging blizzards which someday he would paint on canvas. He sketched endlessly on the blackboard. He drew oxen and flowers, trees and locomotives. In 1901 young Harvey enrolled at South Dakota Agricultural College (as South Dakota State University was then called) at Brookings. Here he met Miss Ada N. Caldwell, talented young art teacher, who inspired him to pursue further training. So in 1902 the young man from Kingsbury County, South Dakota, was busy at the Chicago Institute of Art.

At that time, Howard Pyle was recognized as the foremost illustrator of the period. In Wilmington, Delaware, and Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, Howard Pyle shaped the future of the Westerner as an artist, teacher and humanist. Dunn's comments on this experience were:

"Pyle did not teach art. Art cannot be taught more than life can be taught. Pyle did, however, lay constant stress on relationships of things . . . His main purpose was to quicken our souls that we might render service to the majesty

of simple things."

Howard Pyle advised Dunn — at age 22 — to begin his professional career. He became an almost immediate success as an illustrator, and the *Saturday Evening Post* became a leading showcase for the talents of Harvey Dunn. Back in Kingsbury County, South Dakota, youngsters like Aubrey Sherwood and Jack Fuller couldn't wait for the weekly delivery in DeSmet to see what the latter's cousin had painted for the *Post*.

Tulla Krebs and Harvey Dunn were married in 1908. They established a home in Wilmington, but later moved to Leonia, New Jersey, where he labeled himself "a businessman-artist". During World War I, Dunn became an official artist for the American Expeditionary Force. Using a portable sketch box, he pictured the war as it was — "the shock and loss and bitterness and blood of it." As a result of his witnessing man's inhumanity to man, he turned more to his second role: that of teacher. A student of his, Dean Cornwall, wrote: "Perhaps the most valuable thing that Dunn taught us was honest dealing with our fellow men and a constant gratitude to the Maker above for the privilege of seeing the sun cast shadows."

Harvey Dunn never completely separated himself from the land of his birth. He said, "I prefer painting pictures of early South Dakota life to any other kind . . . my search for other horizons had led me around to my first."

When he was asked about the con-
(Continued on page 22)



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

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa
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KITCHEN CHATTER

by

Mildred Grenier

The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can read the verse. (Answer at the end of this column.)

GODNBAE ERDELVI OT METH BUS-
CTEJ EMFILTEI OHW REITH LLA
REEW HEADT FO HGOUHTR REAF

Sign seen at a church: Come on in, and get your faith lifted.

When we go to the dentist to have work done, he usually takes pains to do the job right.

Are you looking for some unusual and different decorations for that Thanksgiving Day dinner table or party? "Mr. Cupcake Turkey" always goes over well with the small fry. Bake the child's favorite cake in the colored fluted paper baking cups. Cool and frost. To make the turkey's tail, push a small round vanilla wafer cookie half-way down the back of the cupcake. From the bakery section at your favorite supermarket, choose the long cylindrical-type cookie (or bake your own) for the turkey's long neck and head. Stick the cookie down the front part of the cupcake. With cake decorator, make the turkey's eyes, bill and wattles on the front of the cookie.

Small horns of plenty, or cornucopias, may be easily made from the cardboard tube from waxed paper, etc., cut down to size. With scissors, make three slits in the back of the tube that go to within one inch of the front of the tube. Compress the back of the tube into a cone shape, and curve the end of the cone up. Glue in place. Cover with aluminum foil or Contact paper. Fill with small pieces of artificial fruit; or small grapes, cherries, berries, plums, etc.

There is also a popular snack-type food on the market that is in the shape of small cones. If you are serving sandwiches on a plate at an autumn party, this snack food makes delightful "mini" cornucopias filled with very small pieces of radishes, celery, carrots and maybe, an olive.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Hebrews, 2:15. Deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.



"Every life we touch is a field;
Everything we do and all the words we
speak, are seed.
What will the harvest be?" —Rowland



It was a day of mixed emotions when Katharine Driftmier (right) unpacked her things at Hillsdale College for her first year away from home. Her sister Adrienne is pictured with her.

LAFEMME PACK RAT

Quilting is many things to many people: pleasure, art, something for a winter's evening. Each quilt represents a part of your life. Full cycle, you might say, starting with the wedding ring, baby quilts, full-size quilts and perhaps back to baby quilts as the grandchildren start arriving.

Choosing the quilt pattern, or block, is where I get my most enjoyment. To be quite honest, I can't stay at a quilt long enough to ever finish one. Several years ago I began collecting quilt blocks and found that is what brought me the most pleasure. Perhaps others feel this way too. In many, many blocks you can see the early history of our country and the feelings of its people, subjects that have always appealed to me. As friends learn of your hobby they pass on different patterns they may have. It doesn't take long to build an impressive collection.

Some day, when I have lots of time, I'd like to make one block of each pattern I have. As the saying goes, "One picture is worth a thousand words", so one made-up block is more interesting than a pattern.

There are many hobbies relating to needlework. Among them are: sewing, scissors, thimbles, workbaskets, and pincushions. Many of these could be worked into interesting displays.

—Mrs. Eugene Kiso

THANK YOU, MOTHER

Thank you, dear Mother, for giving me
faith

And helping to keep it strong;
Thank you for your loving example,
For teaching me right from wrong.
Thanks for a deep love of flowers,
Of birds and all nature, too,
But, best of all, Mother, I'm glad to say
Thank you for being you. —Inez Baker

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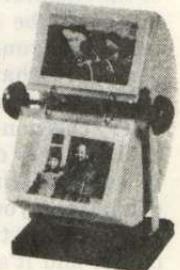


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Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Continued
much is being taught to our youngsters in the church today about the church's not being a building, but, rather, that a church is a fellowship of people.

Isn't it wonderful that we can learn about God from others who try to live close to Him? Remember the story of Moses? He was not a perfect person by any means, but he tried to follow the will of God. The people with whom he lived felt that he received his wisdom from God. They learned about God from Moses. We are grateful to our ministers and other leaders of the church who help us understand God and the teachings of Jesus. We soon find, as we work in the fellowship of the church, that we are all learning together how to live better Christian lives, and God seems closer to us. We can say with the Scriptures, *Where two or three are gathered in my name, there I am in the midst of them.* (Matt. 18:20.)

One of our greatest blessings is God's guidance through His "still small voice", the "inner light", as the Quakers call it. We must be very sure to take time each day to LISTEN for that voice, and to observe how often God lets His wishes be made known through the personalities of others. It is not enough just to listen in quiet meditation for the voice of God to speak to us; we must also use our common sense, our understanding of the Bible, our knowledge, to interpret

what God would have us do. Then we must act!

We do, indeed, find evidences of God's goodness wherever we are, wherever we look, and we may come to Him in praise and thanksgiving anywhere; but there is a special fellowship to be found in the church, "the house of God", among those who participate in the work of the church, that brings us especially close to God when His "still small voice" seems to come through "loud and clear".

I love Thy church, O God! Her walls before me stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye, and
graven on Thy hand . . .
Beyond my highest joy I prize her
heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
her hymns of love and praise.

—Old hymn

Third Meditation: I would have you think now about giving thanks for the STRUGGLES of living as well as for the joys we have known.

Someone has said, "God did not create a perfect world full of perfect people." Instead God gives us the power of choice and decision. Life is not easy. Often it is very hard, with many struggles, disappointments, and heartaches. I can hear you asking, "And we are to thank God for our troubles?" Yes, that is what we mean, and perhaps it is the hardest kind of thanksgiving to offer. The rewards, however, are often the greatest.

The struggles and disappointments of life can build the strong in faith and fortitude. Out of our weaknesses, our despair and unhappiness, can come deeper, more meaningful relationships with others, better understandings, more tolerance, and a greater sense of security in God's unfailing love to uphold us in the very worst of our troubles. *God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.* (Psalms 46:1.)

Have you heard the story of the young man who lived with his mother in a tiny crowded apartment in a poor section of town, who had developed a bad cough which seemed to hang on and on? Dan had worked his way through high school and helped support his widowed mother. Then he got a job which gave him a meager salary, but out of it he managed to scrimp and save until he could buy a small acreage just outside of town. His friends were heartsick when they heard of the place he had bought, for they knew it as a rock pile. There wasn't a good foot of clear ground on the place, it appeared — just three acres of rock!

A few years later one of the friends ran into Dan on the street, and inquired how he was making out on the acreage.

(Concluded on next page)

With a big smile, Dan invited his friend to ride out to the acreage with him and see for himself.

The friend could not believe his eyes. There, as they drove up and stopped the car, stood a charming little stone cottage, built of some of those good-for-nothing rocks! Looking farther, the friend saw a lovely garden enclosed in a low stone wall, with rambling roses scrambling over it.

Seated on a stone bench beneath a weeping willow tree, they found Dan's mother, happily shelling peas.

"I just can't understand it", the friend told her, shaking his head. "This was such a terrible place when Dan bought it — just a rock pile."

"Yes, it was pretty bad," the mother replied, "but Dan was never discouraged. He was always cheerful and was always trying to find a use for every one of those stones. I hated them at first, but now I call them stepping stones to happiness. You see, he always wanted to buy me a little home,

so he used the stones to build this house. He did it all with his own hands, working out in the sunshine and fresh air. Gradually he lost the cough and became strong and healthy again. We have the house, and now Dan has the land cleared and does a fine business truck gardening. So can't you see why I call them stepping stones to happiness?"

There is joy for us, too, when we turn the insurmountable obstacles of life into stepping stones!

We are thankful then, not only for the joy of abundance, for the "beauty of the earth", for prosperity, but for the struggles and hardships out of which we can help shape great joys and happiness of our own making, if we will.

Leader:

We thank Thee for our land so fair,
For sacred freedoms that we share,
For beauty of the golden plains,
For gentle hills and mountain lanes.
For joy that every sunrise brings,
For laughter that around us rings,

For love that each true friendship lends
The smile, a broken spirit mends . . .
For love of parent, love of child,
And love of God in mercy mild.
O Lord, we give Thee thanks today
For simplest things along life's way,
The gentle words of friends most true,
The hand that rules each task we do,
The love that chastens if need be.
Through nights of woe, Thy hope we
see,

In faith that Thou wilt guide our way.
We offer praise and thanks each day.

—Author unknown

Hymn: "For All the Blessings of the Year".

Benediction: Grant that hearts and minds might be open to see and to feel Thy love, Thy goodness, and Thy will for us; then send us forth with willing hearts to serve Thee. Amen

"Responsibilities gravitate to the person who can shoulder them; power flows to the man who knows how."

—Elbert Hubbard

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COME READ WITH ME - Concluded

tinuing loyalty to the land of his birth, even though he didn't live there, he simply borrowed the answer from the Bible, Matthew 6:21:

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Aubrey Sherwood, publisher of *The DeSmet News*, visited Dunn in the East and expressed the wish that the home

folks could see the paintings. An exhibit was sent to DeSmet. Later, Harvey Dunn presented the gift of a group of his original paintings to South Dakota State University at Brookings where they can now be seen.

Mr. Dunn died October 29, 1952, but those who knew him felt he had found fulfillment when he left his prairie paintings behind him in his beloved South Dakota. The collection spanned the seasons, from *The Prairie Is My Garden* to the chilled tones in *After the Blizzard*.

The Prairie Is My Garden (North Plains Press, Box 910, Aberdeen, South Dakota 57401, \$2.00) by Robert Karolevitz is the softbound edition (96 pages) of the life of artist Dunn who memorialized the day-to-day existence of prairie pioneers. *Where Your Heart Is* (North Plains Press, Box 910, Aberdeen, South Dakota 57401, \$15.00) is the hardbound edition (208 pages), a larger and more elaborately illustrated biography by Mr. Karolevitz, touching the lives of nearly everyone who came in contact with Dunn. Mr. Karolevitz has done a great service by writing these books.

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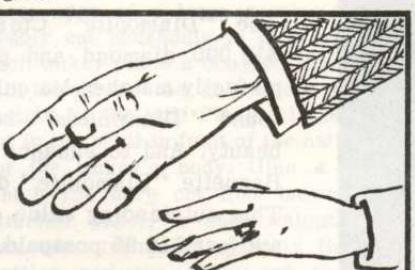


MONROE

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There is no free pass to anything - not to health or wealth, love or money, not even friendship.

All that one treasures in life requires time, effort, ability, persistence. Briefly, one has to work for what he gets. And the how much one gets still depends on how much he is willing to give.

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When it comes to planning menus, goodness knows you have to make enough decisions. What to cook, whom to please, how much to buy and prepare, which vegetables, what dessert. It's only fair to let the family make a few decisions for themselves.

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AUTUMN

'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day
With the soft rain raining as if in play;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of spring.

The springtime longin's are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are known,
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
Serenely, thoughtful, with folded hands.
O glorious autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!

Thus calm and contented let me be,
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

—Author unknown

THE PIED PIPER

The Piper Winter stood afar,
Scanning, looking endlessly,
Searching for the child called Autumn.
Waiting, watching silently.

Then at a distance far he saw her,
Paint and paintbrush in her hand.
To his lips his flute he lifted,
Played a soft and haunting strand.
Fair Autumn heard the distant call,
Saw the weird melodic bard,
But went on painting, skipping, laughing,
With a childish disregard.

She painted trees in bright-flamed colors,
Gave each tree a blazing crown,
Splashed with bold and brilliant colors,
Gold and crimson, russet brown.

Then the minstrel, watching this,
Played on his pipe a mystery,
Entrancing Autumn, sweet with bliss.
She followed, followed peacefully.
He led her to the magic mountain,
Led a child both young and gay,
Lured the unsuspecting Autumn,
Lured her long and far away.

—Mary Margaret Trapp

MY FRIEND WILLIE AND I - Concl.
laughter coming from the two old ladies, as we rock and reminisце.

Yes, trying to contain the eagerness and energies of two tomboys such as we was like trying to hold back an erupting volcano with the palm of the hand. Oh, there have been down moments along with the good, but they are all interwoven into the tapestries of our lives. And the memories of those marvelous years, barely submerged under the cares of everyday living, return when we become melancholy, intact and beautiful. And we are able to recapture the sights and sounds and smells of those wondrous years of our childhood. My friend Willie and I!

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KEEPSAKE CHRISTMAS GIFT! Beautiful Mother's-Grandmother's "remembrance" pins with your children's birthstones. Circle Wreath — up to 9 stones — gold or silver — \$5.00; Tree of Life — up to 14 stones — gold only — \$5.00. Bow Wreath — up to 23 stones — gold or silver — \$6.00. Gift boxed. (Specify birthmonths.) The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Ill. 60304

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL — Ceramic, 18" dressed — \$12.00 postpaid. Donna Kalle, Kelley, Iowa 50134.

GOSPEL PIANIST: Add chords, "runs", progressions. Twenty lessons, "Playing Evangelistic Style Piano", \$4.98. Evangelical Music, KK-1, Hawarden, Ia. 51023

FOR SALE: Barbie doll clothes, Simplicity #8466. Each set \$3.00 or one book S&H stamps. Postpaid. Vera Armstrong, Burlington Jct., Mo. 64428.

PRETTY CROSS STITCHED GINGHAM APRONS — \$2.75; Satisfied customers everywhere. Martha Klinehart, Rt. 1, Nashua, Iowa 50658.

CROCHET AFGHANS: embroidered crochet edge pillowslips; crochet or tatted edge hanky; print pieced quilt tops. Black walnut meats. Stamp for reply. Mrs. Dale Brown, R. 4, Harlan, Iowa 51537.

NEW ORGANIZATION FUND RAISER — sell liquid ceramic tile cleaner. Make \$2.15 each sale. KEM Mfg. & Sales, Box 914, Norfolk, Nebr. 68701.

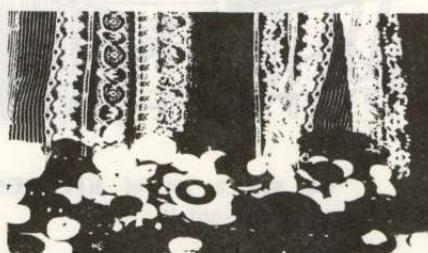
APRONS . . . well made — gifts. "Bazars" bright colors — \$1.50 or 5 different for \$7.00 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R4, 5700 14th Ave., Hudsonville, Mich. 49426

SALE: Quilt tops — \$10.00 postpaid: Crocheted afghans — \$20.00. Mary Wirth, 313 E. 5th St. N., Newton, Iowa

BARBIE, KEN, SKIPPER, Clothes 35¢ each plus postage. Joan Laughlin, Seymour, Iowa

\$2.50 DAILY POSSIBLE addressing-stuffing envelopes. Typewriter-longhand. \$500 **MONTHLY POSSIBLE** clipping news at home. No experience. Information: Send stamped addressed envelope. Ame-5, Box 310, LeMars, Iowa 51031.

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Character is the result of two things: mental attitude and the way we spend our time. — *Yogi Berra* — *Hubbard*



WHAT KIND ARE YOU BUILDING?

by
Jane Jones Aubrey

"Yesterday!"

At a certain time in life our Yesterdays are summoned from their hiding place; tasted and savoured, like some exotic food, satisfying the senses.

Yesterdays come only once, in actuality; but because of the remarkable facility called memory, we may go back to our Yesterdays as often as the wish or need arises.

For some, Yesterday means childhood — where a fishing pole, a chum or dog for companionship, and a warm sunny day were all we needed for happiness. Where even catching a fish didn't really matter!

Maybe Yesterday is all the relatives gathered for the holidays — around a large table, the honored bird the centerpiece, heads bowed in thanksgiving. Or whispers in the dark; and the long, long wait for Christmas morning. The eager anticipation racing down the stairs to see if "IT" was there and most always it was . . .

Perhaps Yesterday is schooldays — the anxiety before a test, shared secrets, hopes and fears with a "best friend". Or going to church with the family; and the proud look on Mom's and Dad's faces as you sang in the choir.

Yesterday may mean those early days of courtship when the world looks more "shiny and new" than it ever will again. Or the wedding ceremony with a special meaning in the sacred words, the solemnity of the occasion relieved by a large hole in the ring bearers sock.

To others, Yesterday may mean children coming . . . or leaving . . . some day to look back upon their Yesterdays.

Yesterday may mean reliving happy times with loved ones, now gone; seeing them, and ourselves, as we once were.

How thankful we should be for our "Yesterdays". They helped mold our personality into what we are today. We should build well, and carefully, for today is tomorrow's Yesterday!

BIG ENOUGH

"Do I have to take a nap?" she asks,
"Cause I'm really a grown-up girl."
"Why do I have to go to sleep?" she
demands,
With a saucy toss of a curl.

"I'm almost as big as you," she says,
Looking up at me.
"I'm not a baby, no more," I hear,
As she scratches behind her knee.

"Are you really big enough
To do all the things I do?
Are you really so big that,
You can't wait another year or two?"

"Are you big enough to wash the
clothes

And sweep behind the door?
And big enough to shake the rugs
And scrub the kitchen floor?"

"Are you big enough to sew new clothes
And decorate a cake?
Or big enough to pull the weeds
And to know which meatloaf to make?"

She looked at me with a tiny smile
And jumped upon her bed.
With her thumb in her mouth and grab-
bing her doll
She covered up her head.

—Marion Dunkelberger

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