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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 38

NOVEMBER, 1974

NUMBER 11



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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$2.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This beautiful autumn morning I've been watching all the kids, big, little and every size in between, going down the street to school, most of them kicking up huge piles of brilliant leaves. It always takes me back to my childhood when our favorite game was to build leaf houses and play "keeping house" with all of those various rooms. On those beautiful afternoons how we hated to hear Mother call out: "All right, children. Supper's ready!" This meant to get into the house without an instant's delay, and believe me, we did.

Daily life these days in our own home is vastly different now that Betty, her daughter Hanna and I share the same roof. It has opened up a whole new world to me to have a young person here again and to get a good glimpse of a daily routine that I had just about lost sight of completely during these thirteen years that Juliana has lived in Albuquerque.

Since when, for instance, had I paid any attention to the weather on Friday night — the great high point of the week when football games are played? Since when had I checked around to be sure we had plenty of the kind of stuff that kids like to munch on with such gusto?

Russell and I said after Juliana left home to go to the University that it took us almost a year to know how to get through a supermarket — and he was right. Now I'm back in the old swing again and it seems mighty good.

Incidentally, Hanna, thirteen, is just at the age where she likes to get into the kitchen and stir up stuff — sometimes pretty good and sometimes pretty bad. Betty and I said we didn't care what the kids turned out just so the kitchen is left clean when they finish, and they've been good about this. (MY! how Juliana will be transported home again when she reads these paragraphs!)

Oh yes, Hanna is taking clarinet les-

sons and all of this wrenches me back to days years ago when we were growing up and there were always muffled tootings of all kinds coming up from the basement or groaning down from upstairs. And there is one additional bonus I want to mention: how wonderful it is to have a pair of vigorous young legs to dash up the alley to Granny's for cup custards, and then to return those dishes the next day filled with this and that we think that she and Ruby will enjoy.

Daily life in Albuquerque has surely had its difficult ups and downs since I last wrote to you. James, thank goodness, has stayed in good health and simply loves his school work. That big old yellow bus comes by at 8:45 to stop at the gate and pick him up, and then returns him at 3:15 still full of fire and vinegar.

I only regret one thing about all of this and it is the fact that he can no longer walk the 3½ or 4 blocks with his little friends along that quiet, almost never-traveled country road. How he loved to pick up some new rock every day, to keep his eyes open for a different weed or flower. His reports of these walks always reminded me how Mother said that her favorite thing about going to school was walking that one mile from Sunnyside with her little friends.

Well, last year James was able to do this because the Albuquerque school system doesn't have kindergarten and thus no bus service, but now he is a first-grader and all of the rules have changed. He'll make out fine, of course, but he *does* miss those walks!

Katharine is now back in nursery school after two weeks at home with a very heavy case of severe pneumonia. There seems to be so much of this making the rounds these days. I'm glad Juliana's pediatrician is a great believer in keeping children at home unless they need some kind of special treatment that can only be given in the hospital. I've always thought that hospitals were a terrifying experience for

little children no matter how many of the shocks you try to avoid. So with excellent medication, frequent phone calls from the pediatrician, several sets of x-rays, etc., she pulled through fine at home . . . has started to put back on much of the weight she lost, is not as chalky white, etc.

While all of this was going on at home Jed had a terrible shock at the office, one of those things that leave you shattered because they are so wholly unexpected.

Since Jed went to that engineering firm to work his desk had adjoined that of another engineer, and almost every job that passed through the hands of the firm they worked together at someplace along the way. They became very close friends.

One day a week ago he told the owner of the firm around 10:00 A.M. that he didn't feel very good and would like to leave to see a doctor around 3:45 if he could get an appointment. He stood up from his desk at 3:45, took a few steps towards the door and dropped dead without an instant's warning. He was only 38 and left three sons — a terrible blow to his family and to his friends.

When Juliana told me this on the phone she said: "I know you've always said, Mother, since my father died of a heart attack without a second's warning, that Life is mighty, mighty uncertain . . . and I surely agree."

Here at home base in Shenandoah we're doing just what you folks are doing: trying to keep our heads above water in these utterly senseless times. I read the other day that in this world of shortages there is one thing we're not running short of and that's insanity. I AGREE. If any of you people have got it all figured out I'd surely love to hear from you. I can remember all kinds of hard times, but nothing like what we're trying to grapple with today.

And now . . . this next piece of news will come as a surprise to you, I'm sure, and you'll have to shift gears in your thinking to understand why we finally decided simply to tell you the stark facts and how we have come to feel about them.

We're a family that has always set store by closely knit bonds going on from generation to generation, and thus we were in no way whatsoever prepared for the news from Betty and Frederick that their daughter, Mary Lea, has been left to face this world with her little girl, Isabel Maria. It was a marriage that simply didn't work out, and I presume for the hundred and one different reasons that go into a divorce.

Frederick and Betty wrote a letter to the members of that huge congregation they have both served so faithfully

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

With Juliana's camping experiences to share in the October issue, I felt it best to save news of our activities until this month. In these two months we've jumped from summer right into fall.

We wound up the summer with a weekend trip to Minneapolis to visit close friends. It had been our hope that they could drive to Shenandoah before school started, but when those plans didn't work out we decided to drive up to see them. We were looking forward to seeing some relatives of Oliver's at the same time, but learned they were out of town and wouldn't be back until after we left. That was a disappointment but perhaps we will have better luck next time.

On our return we stopped in Des Moines to help Martin get some of his things back to home base. His little compact station wagon couldn't hold everything, so we loaded our trunk with the overflow. When Oliver and I saw how much there was coming home for temporary storage, we wondered where we would put it, but Martin is a very well organized person and had in mind just where each box could go. Some were packed for the basement, some for the storeroom and some for his own bedroom. Each box marked accordingly. Now, that is what I call foresight!

After two weeks with us, he left for the Twin Cities to attend the wedding of a friend. While he is in the process of preparing applications, he is attending some classes at the seminary and, in general, keeping himself occupied.

Speaking of weddings, Oliver and I went to one recently which we agreed was one of the loveliest weddings we'd ever attended. The bride was the only daughter of Margaret and Norman Kling. We've made a number of references to Norman, for he is one of the faithful engineers who has manned the equipment for preparing our radio visits for many years, and you've seen a picture of his wife, Margaret, in *Kitchen-Klatter*. This wedding was an exceptional event for the Kling family for Carol Lea is the first daughter born into the family in many generations — five, I believe, and that is a long time to wait for a girl!

We've watched Carol Lea grow up here in Shenandoah, and were about as proud as her parents when she finished her nursing education and became engaged to such a fine young man, Mark Miller, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Miller, we know well also.

The wedding was held in the evening by candlelight with beautiful music by members of the family who are music teachers. The cousin of the bride, Mrs.



One of the loveliest weddings the Stroms have ever seen was that of Carol Lea Kling and Mark Miller, both of Shenandoah. The couple lives in Atlantic, Iowa, where both are employed.

Bill Thalman of Cedar Falls, Iowa, not only sang, but also performed "The Lord's Prayer" on chapel bells. Jon Miller, a brother of the groom, was the other soloist. Both have exceptional talent, so it was a thrill to hear them.

Carol Lea's brothers, Benny and Bob, were two of the ushers. Benny is our son Martin's age and is now Deputy Sheriff in the county west of ours. Bob is a teacher in art education. With all three children married and in homes of their own, Margaret and Norman are finding their house a pretty quiet one.

Our other engineer and his wife, Ralph and Betty Lund, have been family friends for many years also. They, too, are alone since their three children, David, Judy and Ann, are married. David's field is art, as is Bob Kling's; Judy is a nurse, as is Carol Lea; and Ann was a member of Martin's class, as was Benny Kling. But Ralph and Betty are a few jumps ahead on the number of grandchildren.

Having mentioned both engineers, I would like to add that never could we ask for more dependable cooperative, loyal people than these two fellows. Lucile and I often remark that we've

been blessed to have such fine people working with us — not only Norm and Ralph, but all those who help keep things going. The list is too long to go into here, but every member of our staff is appreciated for his service in bringing to you the best we can.

What else have we been doing? Well, meetings have been attended, guests have been entertained, fall housecleaning has been tackled, and the garden has been "put to bed" just to mention a few of our activities. Isn't that about what you've been doing at your house?

I might tell you about some of the highlights of the past few weeks. One of the organizations I belong to had a past-presidents' luncheon and it was such a successful event that we voted to make it an annual affair. There was a delightful program of music and readings which we all enjoyed.

I also attended a salad luncheon this month. Can you picture a table loaded with 35 beautiful, delicious salads? It was a mouth-watering sight, believe me! Just a taste of each filled a plate, and I wondered how I would be able to face an evening meal after all those samples. But a nice dinner I wanted to prepare as we had guests coming from Cresco, Iowa, to spend a few nights with us.

It was great news when we had a phone call that a very dear friend of ours, Cheryl Pilcher (a former Shenandoahan), was planning to attend a church conference in Omaha, and hoped that she could stay with us, driving back and forth to the meetings. This would give us a chance to have some good visits. She brought a friend with her, Marie Martin, a truly delightful person.

It had been a year since we had seen Cheryl. It was her husband's ordination that we attended a year ago last August and we hadn't seen her since then. Several of our friends went to that special event too, so we decided this would be a good chance to have a get together and reminisce past happy times together. They all came for desert and conversation one evening and we had a perfectly marvelous time.

The day after Cheryl and Marie left for home, Oliver went to Omaha for a convention in connection with his work. It was necessary for me to delay joining him for a day, but I did make it in time for the banquet so had a chance to see some of the people we've enjoyed seeing at past conventions.

We hope you'll be able to have some of your family for Thanksgiving. If they are scattered far and wide, invite friends in to have dinner with you. We haven't made definite plans yet, but will be together as usual.

Sincerely,
Margery

COVER PICTURE

It's Thanksgiving turkey time again for the Tom Nenneman family in Omaha, Nebraska. Natalie is standing between Grandma Driftmier and her father, while Lisa is helping serve as she stands between her mother and her Grandpa Driftmier. Tom is on the go morning, noon and night at his job as Assistant Superintendent of Instruction in the Millard School District.

THANKSGIVING

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This is a service planned for a good deal of audience participation, so it will be wise if those parts in which the audience is to participate are run off on a copying machine so that there is a copy for everyone.

It will also add to the effectiveness of this praise service if the program committee will make up some fairly large banners which are fastened to a dowel stick or length of lath, so that at the close of the service, as the final song is sung, they may be carried triumphantly from the back of the room up to the front by various persons who have taken part in the program (if yours is a very large group, designate others to do this) with the banner bearers arranging themselves on either side of the altar. These banners might carry such words or phrases as "Praise the Lord!", "Alleluia!", "Thanks Be to God", "Praise to the Almighty", "Sing unto the Lord, a Song of Thanks", etc.

Prelude: Soft music — a medley of hymns of praise and thanksgiving.

Call to Worship: O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom Thou has made them all; The earth is full of Thy creatures. I will sing to the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have being. May my meditation be pleasing to Him, for I rejoice in the Lord. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Praise the Lord! (Parts of Psalms 104)

Leader: Why are we gathered here this day?

All: To make known His deeds among peoples! To declare His glory among the nations, His marvelous works among all the peoples!

Leader: What shall we do here this day?

All: Make a joyful noise to the Lord . . . Break forth into joyous song and sing praises . . . Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good: For His steadfast love endures forever . . . Praise the Lord!

Leader: O sing to the Lord a new song, for He has done marvelous things!

All: We will come into His presence

with singing! We will sing to Him. Sing praises to Him!"

Hymn: (by all) "All Creatures of Our God and King".

Leader: Let us come into His presence with thanksgiving . . . O come let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker!

Prayer Praise: We praise Thee, O God, in gladness and in humility for all great and simple joys that give meaning to our days.

For the gift of wonder and the joy of discovery; for the everlasting freshness of experience; for the newness of each day as we grow older.

For the little traditions and customs of home; for the fellowship of meals eaten together; for common duties and the worries that draw us closer to each other as families.

For the joy of honest toil and its achievements; for the joy and blessing of harvest.

For the joy of friendship; for the wonder and joy of new birth and children; for the human relationships that add to our lives each day.

For trees that give us welcome shade; for flowers that let us know beauty in growing things; for bountiful gardens, the smell of the newly mown grass on our green lawns, and the rain on the windowpane, lulling us to sleep, knowing that all is well in God's world.

For that special kind of joy and strength that is born out of sorrow and sympathy of mistakes and forgiveness; of being lost and finding His way again.

For the gift of humor and gaiety of heart which add a special sparkle to each day.

For the gift of song which lets the heart express its love and thanks in a very special way.

Most of all, for a God who is ever creating, ever loving, ever forgiving, a God Who listens and answers my prayers; a God Who always understands.

For joys and blessings without end, we praise Thee in thanksgiving, O Lord our God. Amen.

Hymn: (all) "O How Glorious Full of Wonder". If this is unfamiliar, substitute another prayer-praise hymn.

Reading:
If, like the bird that must choose to sing
On the lowest branch, come fall or spring,
Only two notes, we could choose but two
Words to repeat — let them be "Thank you."

If summer and winter and spring and fall,
Only two little words were all
That a man could utter, just these —
"Thank you"
Over and over the whole day through,
"Thank you" to God and to those he meets
In home and office, on busy streets.

If, as the song of the bird is sung,
These were repeated the same among
Drifting petals or freezing rain,
Sweet and certain through joy and pain,
What would they do for the world of men,
Making it sane and whole again,
Making it sure of itself and others!

"Thank you" — "Thank you" — use these words more often than all others! (Adapted — author unknown)

Hymn: "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing".

Canticle of Thanksgiving: (To be read antiphonally, dividing the audience into two groups — right and left side of the room.)

Right: Praise the Lord all nations! Extol Him, all peoples.

Left: For great is His steadfast love toward us; and the faithfulness of the Lord endures forever.

Right: Praise the Lord! For it is good to sing praises to our God.

Left: Great is our Lord, and abundant in power; His understanding is beyond measure.

Right: The Lord lifts up the down-trodden, He casts the wicked to the ground. The Lord watches over the sojourners, He upholds the widow and fatherless. He heals the brokenhearted,

(Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK AND BETTY IN ROUGH WATER

Dear Friends:

What excitement you would have had if you had been with Betty and me when we went fishing in the ocean off Cape Cod the other day. One of our friends has a boat that he uses for deep-sea fishing, and for the past two years he has invited us again and again to go out with him. Finally we did, and even though we caught no fish, we did have a thrilling time. The sun was bright; the water was blue; the wind was crisp; AND THE WAVES WERE BIG. Oh how we did pitch and roll. Up and down we went, hitting the big waves with enormous blows that would send the cold spray high up over the boat. Betty took refuge down in the main cabin, but I stuck it out on deck, holding on for dear life. Fishing on a cold ocean in the early fall is an exhilarating experience that I recommend to any of you who are looking for excitement.

If you own a camper or a trailer, you know that part of the fun of having such is the fun of cooking and eating your meals in the scientifically compact kitchens. Our friend's boat has a splendid little galley aboard, and his wife is a superb cook. That cold salt air gave us a ravenous appetite, and you should have seen the way we ate. There was clam chowder, hot rolls right out of the oven, boiled lobster, baked potatoes, and a tossed salad. We had given our friends a bottle of Country Style dressing, and of course that was used on the salad. Because of our connections with *Kitchen-Klatter*, all of our friends have come to expect us to make a gift of one or other of the salad dressings, and we don't disappoint them.

Did you read about the airplane that crashed in the ocean just off the town of Plymouth, Massachusetts? It was a small seaplane that ran out of fuel and then wrecked when the pilot tried to land in the high waves. That plane came down not too far from where we were cruising, but a sailboat got to the wreck before we did and pulled the pilot out of the cold water. Had my friend's boat been the first on the scene, it would have been the second time that I had helped rescue people from a wreck. Once when we were sailing in Europe we went to the help of a man whose boat had capsized.

Speaking of rescues, let me tell you a story about the way one of our church women helped to rescue one of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends. I had just returned to the church from a Rotary luncheon and was in the process of parking my car in the church parking lot, when I was approached by some



Members of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., are making plans for the Bicentennial.

people who introduced themselves as Mr. and Mrs. John Kavanaugh of Portsmouth, Virginia. With them was their handsome son. They told me that they used to live in Kansas City and were regular listeners to *Kitchen-Klatter* while there. Mrs. Kavanaugh said: "Frederick, you always say, 'If you ever are in New England, be sure and look us up,' and so here we are!"

I was delighted to see them, and I took a few minutes to show them our church and to pose for some pictures with Mrs. Kavanaugh in front of the church. It was while taking my picture that our good friend from New Jersey put down her purse on the top of her car. A few minutes later the Kavanaughs walked down to our Springfield Library to take a picture of a statue of old Deacon Chapin, one of the founders of Springfield and one of my great, great, great, great grandfathers. While they were at the library, one of our church members saw the purse on top of the car in the parking lot and brought it in to report it to the church office.

You have guessed it! The Kavanaughs drove off before noticing that the purse was missing, but an hour later they returned to conduct a search. You can imagine how relieved they were that the purse had been found. Had it not been brought into the church when it was, it surely would have disappeared. Hundreds of high school children had passed through that parking lot that afternoon, and a big white purse on the top of a car would have been an enormous temptation.

Some of you *Kitchen-Klatter* readers in the neighborhood of Louisburg, Kansas, may know Mrs. Kavanaugh. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Moore of Louisburg. She told me that the Moore family had been fans of our program for many years.

We had a visit from another one of our friends earlier this week. She came all the way from the Union of South Africa. Actually, she was the

guest of Betty's father and mother down in Rhode Island, but since she is our friend, too, they brought her up to spend a day with us. Doreen van der Reit and her husband Albert are the owners of a large hotel high up in the mountains of South Africa. Doreen is staying here in New England while her husband and son are fishing in Newfoundland. Albert van der Reit is one of the most famous deep-sea fisherman in all the world, and he travels all over the world to do his fishing. Betty and I are now beginning to make plans for a trip to South Africa, and of course we shall plan to stay with the van der Reits. From all that I have heard and read about their hotel, I know that it will be a beautiful and a thrilling place to visit. Betty's mother and father had a splendid visit there a few years ago. I don't think that we shall go there this coming spring, but surely before the following spring.

When you live in a city that is 340 years old, it is not easy to become enthusiastic about our nation's Bicentennial, but little by little it is creeping up on us. We have a big Bicentennial Committee at work in the church, and we have several projects in mind. We have no chimes in our tall church tower, and we are hoping that some kind of a memorial can be made that will provide electronic chimes. Another project will be the landscaping of our church grounds.

If any of you are involved in some special Bicentennial emphasis in your own church, I would like to hear about it. You may have some project that hasn't been thought of back here in New England.

As I write this to you, the rain is pelting down outside. It is one of those cold rains that makes this time of the year a reminder that winter is not far away. Last winter we had so little snow that most of our ski resorts were hurt badly. In Springfield we are torn between wanting snow for the ski resorts, and not wanting snow to fill up our streets and parking lots. A heavy snow on a Saturday or Sunday is a big problem for a downtown church. After a big snow, the city officials ban all parking in the downtown area, and our parking lot is not big enough to care for the cars of all who want to attend church. A heavy snowfall reduces the useable area of the parking lot by at least one-third.

But don't we all have our problems? Why should I burden you with mine? God gives us the strength day by day to meet whatever life brings to us of happiness or sorrow. I just ask that you remember us in your prayers as we remember you in ours.

Sincerely,
Frederick

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

by
Evelyn Birkby

It has taken me 16 years to get into the popular hobby of sewing for the Barbie-type dolls which have been around all these years!

Surprisingly, it was square dancing that brought me into this wide world of grownup dolls. Our local club decided to decorate a window in the business district of Sidney to publicize National Square Dance Week. Dressing dolls in square dance costume was to be part of the exhibit. When I was asked to dress one of the dolls using the design of our Dudes and Dolls square dance costume, I panicked!

A neighbor, Sharon Barrett, has made doll clothes to sell and she agreed to make both a boy and girl square dance outfit for me. She even offered to loan me dolls from her two daughters' collection, but I decided to buy the dolls to keep for our three little grandnieces to play with when they visit in our home.

Starting with the underclothes, Sharon made pettipants using the pants pattern for the 11½-inch dolls. With each part open, she stitched the rows of tiny lace across each leg. Then she stitched the center seam, gathered the top with a casing of bias tape filled with small round elastic.

The full slip was cut into a circle, slashed up the back and a tiny circle cut out to fit the waist. Two rows of wide lace were stitched around the circle, the raw edges were hemmed and a snap placed in the back to hold the skirt in place.

The square dance dress is red dotted swiss with a swirling skirt, plain top and tiny, tiny lace stitched on in a scalloped design. The boy doll has blue pants and a white shirt. A bit of top stitching gives a western look to these tiny garments. Around the neck is a bit of red velvet ribbon which looks like a cowboy tie.

Now that I have these dolls — I finally bought a second girl doll so I would have three — it seemed necessary to learn how to sew for the tiny figures. Along with Sharon's help came suggestions from others. The following are some of the ideas they have given me for my amateur efforts:

1. Find patterns you like (almost all pattern companies make designs for the 11½-inch dolls) then alter them for whatever you need. A coat or shirt pattern can be used for a bathrobe, pajama tops, housecoat or beach coat. A formal pattern can be used for nightgowns. Shorts cut off at an angle can make panties.

2. Trace patterns onto tissue paper and then use these copies when you



Evelyn finds sewing for dolls quite a change from refinishing antiques.

cut out garments. Tiny original pattern pieces are quickly ruined with pinholes.

3. Place original pattern and copy pieces in legal-sized envelope, mark on the outside what pattern is enclosed. Store in shoe box. (A fine way to recycle large used envelopes.)

4. Choose fabric which does not fray easily. Felt is especially fine because it does not need hemming. Taffeta or satin which is great for formals and wedding gowns need finished seams. Stitch one side of bias tape on wrong side right along with the seam. When seam is stitched, turn bias tape over, covering raw edges, and finish by hand.

5. Thin terry cloth is excellent for bathrobes, beach clothes and accessories.

6. A bit of fur can trim a coat or make a muff; craft shops have a kind of fake fur that can be made into attractive capes and hats.

7. Trim can be used in many imaginative ways: embroidered appliques can be purchased in sewing departments in small sizes to add color and style; hand-embroidered flowers, featherstitching on a little collar and waistband in contrasting color makes a dainty accent; lace can form ruffles around a skirt, sleeve and neckline; sew on a fringe or fringe the fabric if it is suitable for an interesting hemline; decorative sewing machine stitching can add color and design and also strengthen seams; shape tiny bows from baby ribbon; sequins can be stitched or glued to fabric; small beads, odd-shaped buttons, plastic flowers and designs cut from velour or velveteen can be used as trim.

8. Matching buttons may be difficult to find in small sizes. Use a paper punch and punch little circles from various colored detergent bottles. Poke eyes into these circles with a hot darning needles to make buttons.

9. Snaps, hooks and eyes are recommended. Put the buttons on the top for trim only.

10. Whenever possible make garment open down either front or back. This simplifies both sewing and dressing the tiny dolls.

11. Finish as much of garment as possible before stitching together.

12. Facing armhole and neck is usually easier than turning back a hem.

13. Zigzag stitch and tiny baby elastic are great for gathered waistlines and sleeve edgings.

14. When making several little dresses, mass produce. Line them up and do similar seams at the same time. For example, put in all the hems, clip apart. Do all the side seams, clip apart, etc.

15. Accessories are fun to make. Try a sleeping bag made with a heavy or quilted fabric. Cut two rectangular pieces and sew like a pillowcase, leaving one small end open. Turn raw edges inside and hem the end. A small pillow may be made in similar fashion.

Indian beads may be strung on nylon thread with a bead needle to make doll jewelry.

16. For a fine canopied doll bed, start with a shoe box. Turn the bottom part of the box upside down. To the top of this glue a piece of quilted fabric, piece of mattress cover or anything to give the top a little softness. Make a cover by cutting a piece of fabric a little larger than the top. Hem. Cut straight pieces 1½ times longer than each side and end. Hem. Gather the long side of each of these pieces and stitch to the top piece, leaving corners open.

Make a small hole in the corners of the box and insert dowels which have been cut the height you desire the bed to be. Use lid of shoe box to make the canopy for the bed. Glue fabric to the box, or make cover similar to bed cover. Trim with ball fringe, plain fringe, rickrack or a ruffle. Glue lid to top of dowels.

17. A fine wardrobe may be made from a firm grocery box about 20x20x10 inches in size. First tape all seams with masking tape for firmness. Cut one of the longer sides to make doors, or cut out an entire opening. Leave at least a 2-inch "frame" around the opening. Cover entire box, inside and out, with wallpaper or "Contact" type paper. Two inches down from top make a small hole in the two ends of the box. Get the smallest dowel available and slip through these two holes. Secure by winding rubber bands around the ends which protrude from box. The dowel makes a hanging rod for the tiny clothes hangers.

It is true that I have finally begun to sew for the tiny dolls, but I still feel more at ease making grownup flannel shirts for my sons than teeny tiny shirts for the new boy doll. I'm learning, though, and with the help of these generous, experienced seamstresses I'm hoping to add a new dimension to my sewing ability.

HOSPITALITY HELPS FOR NOVEMBER

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Pilgrim Hat Centerpiece: Use one of the plastic half-gallon ice cream cartons as the base for the hat, turning it upside down. On top of it place a smaller round container about the size of the bottom of the first carton (a cottage cheese container might do) or use a second ice cream carton set upright on the bottom of the first one. Cut a large circle of heavy black paper and place under the stacked cartons for the hat brim. Cover the boxes by making a cylinder of black paper — this becomes the crown of the hat — slanting it in slightly toward the top. Glue a large buckle, cut from gold paper, on the front of the hat. Fill the top container with choice fresh fruits, allowing them to show in a nice display out the top of the hat. Lay a few pretty fall leaves around the hat brim edge.

Spool Turkey Favors: Collect the empty gold-colored thread spools to use as the base for each favor. Cut a round or oval of brown construction paper for the body of each turkey and also cut a turkey head from the brown paper. Glue the head to the body, and glue on some red paper wattles. Mark in eyes. Using real feathers (you can find these in craft or variety stores), cut into sections so that the end part can be placed in a slit in the turkey's body to become the tail, and smaller sections inserted in side slits for the wings. Glue a short length of brown pipe cleaner to the bottom of the turkey so that each turkey can be set on a spool to hold it upright. If name tags are desired, cut them in leaf shape from construction paper in shades of red, gold, and yellow. Tie a leaf to each spool with red yarn. Write the name on the leaf.

Pilgrim Miss Centerpiece: For the body use one of the dishwashing detergent bottles which has the body shape. Stick a small round foam ball on the top of the bottle for the head. Using black crepe paper, make a dress and cape for the doll. Run a drawstring in the neck of the dress and the cape to fasten it snugly at the neck. With your fingers shape the cape over the shoulder of the bottle. Cut and fold the black paper to make a cap, and cut a cap band from white paper to get the proper Pilgrim look. Pin on a white paper collar. Add an apron cut from white crepe paper. This little lady looks sweet in an arrangement of leaves, small gourds, and nuts, or standing beside a basket of fruit.

Farm Scene or Pioneer Centerpiece: Use a child's logset to make a cabin.



David Brown, son of Rev. and Mrs. Carroll Brown of Pocahontas, Ia., is the youngest grandchild of Mabel and Dale Brown of Ogden, Iowa. Isn't he a darling?

Enclose it in a "Tinker Toy" rail fence (or use small sticks). Use some long, dried grasses to make some miniature "grain shocks" which stand around the outside of the fences, adding some tiny candy pumpkins at the base of some of the "shocks" for color. Turn the children loose on this project and they will probably come up with all sorts of ideas, such as pipe cleaner Pilgrims to add to the scene. Oh, yes, and some friendly Indian characters, too.

Turkey Open-faced Sandwiches: Use a turkey cookie cutter to cut the bread. Spread with butter and your favorite filling. Put softened cheese spread in decorating tube, pipe the outline of the turkey, and add markings on wing and tail.

Indian Teepee Nut Cups: (The children would enjoy making these.) Cut half circles for the teepee covering from brown construction paper or natural-colored burlap. Use three small twigs to form a tripod and tie at the top, being sure that the teepee will be of the right size to set down over a nut cup. Fasten covering to teepee "poles", tacking into place with needle and thread. If stiff paper is used, you might have "simulated" poles, using toothpicks to stick out the top, as the paper teepee would stand by itself. Decorate the outside of the teepee with Indian designs cut from construction paper.

Squash Turkey Name Cards: Glue a large squash or pumpkin seed to the upper right-hand corner of the card. Then sketch in a neck and tail to this seed turkey body. If you use a dark brown paper for the card and sketch in turkey features, tail, and the guests name with white ink, it makes a very attractive card. Orange paper might also be used.

TURKEY NOTES ARE A UNIQUE IDEA

by
Evelyn Witter

Turkey Notes are a Thanksgiving custom which originated in Davenport, Iowa, in the 1890's. They have been popular in Davenport ever since, especially among the grade school children.

What are Turkey Notes? Here are several examples of them:

Turkey red, turkey blue,
Don't end up
In a stew.

Turkey green, turkey yellow,
Turkey says
You're a fine fellow.

Turkey red, turkey blue,
Turkey says . . .
I love you.

To make the traditional Turkey Note, first write the verse. It must follow the pattern above beginning with "turkey" plus whatever colors will help most with what you intend to rhyme.

Copy the poem on a three by five card or a piece of theme paper.

Then, roll the verse in a colorful wrapper of tissue or construction paper.

The wrapper must extend beyond the card so there will be enough to make fringe by cutting the paper at each end.

Tie each end with a ribbon, yarn, or string.

Turkey Notes rate right up with Valentines and May baskets in Davenport. And, like Valentines and May baskets, the methods of distribution vary.

In some classrooms boxes are set up the Wednesday before Thanksgiving, and the notes addressed to classmates are dropped there. Turkey Notes are seldom signed.

For friends outside school, the May basket method is used, weather permitting. The notes are tied to door-knobs. The messenger rings the bell or knocks and makes a hasty exit to watch from the bushes.

Probably the most popular use for the notes is at the Thanksgiving dinner table. The scrolls are left beside the plate to be opened between courses while the writer of the notes watches eagerly to see how his messages will be received.

Because Turkey Notes are not signed, the author has a free hand to say what he pleases. Some notes are not too flattering, taking on the words of the comic Valentines. But most Turkey Notes are written in the spirit of the season and with thoughts of the coming of Christmas.

The debate goes on as to how Turkey Notes really started in this Iowa community. Some believe the Turkey Note

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Fall is really here, not only because the calendar says so, but the leaves are turning, and we have had several light frosts in this area. In fact, the other night it got cold enough to freeze a little ice in the duck pan. We have some corn that a killing frost won't hurt, but we also have some that could stand a few more weeks of warmer weather. I suppose most of this will be chopped for ensilage. What isn't chopped will be cut with a corn binder, and shocked for grinding later. We haven't had any little corn teepees around for years, and I'm going to love this.

We had a nice visit this summer with our brother-in-law Raymond Halls, who came from Roswell, New Mexico, to attend his 50th class reunion in Lucas. He had several meals with us, and we were glad to see as much of him as we did, since he has two sisters who live here, plus many friends. We are sorry Edna can't make these trips with him, but the last time she tried it, several years ago, she had such a hard time breathing in our humidity she had to spend most of her time in bed, so she is better off right where she is. At least Raymond has a lot to tell her when he gets back home. We try to see that at least one of us in the family gets to Roswell to see her once a year.

Recently I did something I have never done before, and had a perfectly wonderful time. I went on a three-day bus tour to Minneapolis, sponsored by the Lucas County Farm Bureau Women. Our Birthday Club members had been talking about taking some kind of short trip together this fall, since we had so much enjoyed the one we took to Kalona and the Amana Colonies last year, so when this tour was advertised, we decided to take it. Several of our members had gone on previous trips with the Farm Bureau Women, and were enthusiastic about bus tours, so it wasn't hard to get them all to say they would go. Our reservations had to be in a month in advance, and before time to leave two of our girls had to cancel out, but eleven of us did go.

I certainly got off to a bad start, however, when we were waiting for the bus to arrive at the Farm Bureau office. I bumped into a man carrying a freshly painted garbage can, and got white paint all over the front of my very best



Members of the bus tour as they waited in the lounge for the tour of the Betty Crocker Kitchens.

pantsuit jacket that had just been cleaned for the trip. One of the girls said it looked and smelled like a latex paint, so we decided to try washing it out with clear cold water. After much rubbing and much water we did get it out. I couldn't wear it, but we hung it over the seat near the air conditioner vents, and by the time we got out for lunch it was dry enough to put on. Thank goodness for polyester!

Between Albert Lea, where we stopped for lunch, and Minneapolis, it started to rain and I was afraid this might put a "damper" on everyone's spirits, but it didn't. Our rooms were reserved for us at the Guest House Motel, which was just three blocks from the Mall and large department stores. We got to our motel about 3:30 P.M., and since nothing had been planned for us to do the rest of the day, after we had gotten settled in our rooms and rested a little bit, we walked to the shopping center in a light rain. It was Monday and the stores were open until 9:00, so we looked around in the stores, met for dinner at the Harvest House, and shopped a while longer before going back to our rooms.

The next morning we boarded our bus at 7:45 and went to the Betty Crocker Kitchens. We were taken to a hospital-ity room first, where we were served rolls and coffee. While we ate, we watched a film about the history of the company, the birth of the Betty Crocker name, the growth and development of all their packaged products, and the subsidiaries they own, all of which pertain to women and the home. From a single kitchen in 1921 this General Mills Consumer Center now has seven beautiful and efficient test kitchens, and a staff of more than 80 people. It is in these kitchens that their home economists develop the package directions and recipes you find on the General Mills food products, and in their cookbooks. Our guides were sweet and looked cute in their red double knit

skirts with navy jackets trimmed with the red, and red buttons.

Next we went to the Munsingwear factory, where we first visited the remnant room where they had material and trims on sale at reduced prices. We were then taken on a tour, where we saw the production work involved in making a garment from the knitting of the fabric to the inspection and packaging of the finished garment. Only men's and boys' clothing was made here. Our first stop was the dye house, where the fabric is dyed or bleached. From there we went to the fabric finishing department, where they get the material ready for cutting and sewing by adding finishes, drying, curing, and folding. Inspection of the fabric is also done on this floor.

The knitting department was on the fifth floor. Munsingwear makes about 60% of all the fabric used for men's and boys' wear. There were over 250 knitting machines on this floor. Some come from foreign countries such as Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, and Japan, and others were invented or developed by their own personnel. I never saw such complicated machinery in my life, and I have come to the conclusion that knitting mills must be about the noisiest places in the world to work.

The cutting department occupied three floors, but we went to only one of them. From there we visited the sewing department. Each machine is designed for a specific operation, and each operator does only one portion of a garment. We saw their "bird" machine, which automatically embroiders the Munsingwear penguin, trademark for the men's and boys' division. It runs on a two-minute cycle, completing a bird in that short time.

Finished garments are packaged by hand as a final inspection to assure that only first quality garments are sold to customers. The irregular articles go to the employee store. This business, which was started in 1886 in a tiny loft of an old saddlery building in downtown Minneapolis by three young men who set up shop to make and market men's underwear, has certainly gone a long way. They now have 13 plants throughout the country, and employ 5000 people.

After a good dinner at the fine old cafeteria, The Forum, we went to the brand-new, beautiful Federal Reserve Bank. We were first shown a film on the construction of the building, and then our guides took us to different areas of interest. For instance, we saw the room where over 1¼ million checks are processed each day.

The three floors underground are the security facilities and are heavily

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The Old Red Rocker

by
Mary E. Javens



Just between the daylight fading and the dusk falling, I take a few minutes to sit and ponder the day just leaving. There is no light in the room — just the soft glow of the old lamp in the kitchen. Somehow I rest better in the twilight. Today I have spent time straightening books. I have spent much time reading odds and ends (as I went along), including sayings by famous people. "Wisdom is knowledge that has been cured in the brine of tears," wrote Richard Armour long ago. I find that I agree with him, for most worthwhile gain has been earned through hard work and disappointment.

I like something I read about the Land of the Hereafter. The Old Chinese have very definite opinions concerning Life after Death and the manner of entering the Promised Land. Some of us will enter through kind deeds, so say the Old Chinese. Some of us will enter Heaven on a wish; still others will pass through the gates on a dream. I sit and rock in the gloaming and think of these old beliefs. They are comforting thoughts. I speculate much on the simple Faith of the Old Chinese. But most of all, I speculate on the almost unbelievable comfort of the Old Red Rocker.

"A rocking chair", so says Webster, "is a chair mounted on rockers or springs so as to allow a rocking movement."

I have always felt that there are times when the dictionary stops far short of the mark in the definition of certain words, and this is one of them. In my opinion this is a stingy description of so versatile a piece of furniture. If I were to describe a rocking chair, I'd say something like this:

"A rocking chair is one of the finest pieces of furniture ever invented. It is usually a seat for one, with four legs and a back. The legs are set on curved pieces of wood so that with a small motion of the body, a continuous comforting movement follows — a movement which is very soothing to both body and mind.

"A rocking chair can be used in many ways. A cross child is comforted

by the gentle movement of the chair, especially if a song is crooned tenderly by the mother holding the little one. And if you are disturbed over the slightest problem, sit in the chair and rock quietly. Think over all the good and the bad in connection with your trouble. In due course you'll find you have rocked away all the troubles. Not only that, you have rested both back and feet and so are able to go on once more, rested not only in body, but spirit as well."

Now that description comes closer to being the truth about a good comfortable rocking chair, at least the rocking chairs I know personally.

Even as I write about them, I am momentarily saddened, for rocking chairs have gone out of style. Homes of today most often do not contain such articles of furniture. It is necessary only that all pieces in a room conform to a certain decor, and comfort plays a small part. About the only place you find comfortable rockers today is in a home furnished in late Throw-Outs and Attic-Salvage, both of which are very popular at our house.

Doctors now seem to agree that jangled nerves are soothed by the easy rhythmic motion of a rocking chair and have decided it is good therapy for a tired, nervous individual. Our grandparents must have been way ahead of their time, for they already knew about the many redeeming features of a comfortable rocking chair.

My thoughts return once more to the Old Chinese and the simple belief of Redemption — a wish, a good deed and a dream. In the stillness of early evening, I go about the task of fitting myself to walk into Heaven. My wish is simple: that of never being separated from the Old Red Rocker. It has been my friend and companion since I was a little girl with my hair in pigtails.

As to my good deed, I share the Old Red Rocker with whosoever sets foot in the house. "Sit and rest a while," I say, as I pour a cup of coffee.

And my dream? Ah, my dream concerns the welfare of the sick and ailing, of each hungry beggar that crosses

my path, and of those who have no shelter while I have an empty bed. My dream is that some day there will be no hunger, no sickness. Rather, there will be Peace and Love from one end of the earth to the other. Dreams are made of Hope, and as such have they always been. I rock in the gloaming and the Old Red Rocker makes soft little sounds of satisfaction.

PRAYER

A prayer an hour increases your power.
A prayer a minute has a blessing in it.
A prayer in the morning is the day's adorning.

A prayer at noon keeps the heart in tune.

A prayer at night makes the day end right.

LIVE . . . LAUGH . . . ENJOY TODAY

Light the lively lights of night
With thoughtful thanks, and
Give voice to sounds of feast and joy.
Together, with all those dear,
Break bread, enjoy the goodly cheer.
And recall past happy days.
ENJOY TOMORROW, TOO.



NOVEMBER

The wavering geese-drawn arrows sweep
down uncharted southern avenues
awakening my heart to leap
and echo, too, their freedom cry.

The ducks linger — pass to and fro,
as they on unseen errands run,
waiting until they taste the snow
before they join the winging throngs.

The pheasant cocks flout coming doom,
parade in plumage newly bright,
compete with every sonic boom
and set the margins of their realms.

Bobwhite, before the hunters' rush,
comes to the friendly farmstead square
and whistles in the evening hush
to home the covey scattered far.

Cottonwoods hold the last few hearts,
all crisp and gold and jingly,
loath to let them soon depart
to join their peers crowded below.

The birch still has all it can hold
waiting for nature's practiced hand
to rub the green from the gold
before she gives them to the wind.

My month also is November —
but winter holds no grief for me
for I have only to remember
spring is for me eternal life!

—Ruth L. Hansen

MINI-BUSINESSES FOR MIDWEST KIDS

by
M. B. Grenier

In St. Louis, Missouri, an interest in tropical fish that started out as a hobby for two boys when they were in the eighth grade spawned into more than 40 aquariums, the takeover of a basement, and a thriving wholesale business by the time the boys were in high school. They started out with capital loaned by family and friends, and soon were expertly managing the profits from a \$4,000 investment in fish and tanks. The boys breed fish, sell them to dealers, and use the profits to buy more tanks and fish. To cut overhead, the boys built tanks out of old refrigerator shells. A hole was cut in one side, covered with glass, and caulked. The boys explained that two fish will produce as many as 250 offspring in one spawn, and the young are usually sold in groups of a dozen. Needless to state, the young men are sold "hook, line and sinker" on this anything-but-fishy business!

"Just clownin' around" could describe the "funny business" of another enterprising lad in another Missouri city. He has always enjoyed telling jokes, making people laugh and forget their troubles, and was bowled over when he found that people actually pay for such services. He enlisted the help of his dad, his mother sewed them up two clown suits, and they were soon making the laughs at children's birthday parties, church functions, at supermarket and service station openings, etc. "Our advertising is done just by word of mouth, but sometimes when we hear about a new business opening up, we stop and offer our services handing out souvenirs, serving refreshments, or whatever. We get paid \$5.00 for 45 minutes at a party, and \$25.00 for four hours' work at a business place — if such happy 'carrying on' can be called 'work'", the young clown explains with a wide grin.

The above examples are only a small sampling of the many "mini-businesses" that are springing up all over America today. When the Great Society with its government grants and "synthetic" jobs began falling apart, young people began taking things in their own hands and creating Horatio Alger-type opportunities for themselves. Discovering the joy of free enterprise, they are going on a healthy do-it-yourself spree, creating their own jobs, and so savoring the satisfaction of earning their own way by individual initiative. It is good old Yankee ingenuity that made America what it is today.

Baby-sitting is one of the most popu-



Hanna Tilsen is a new member of Lucile's household. She finished up the school year in her home town and joined her mother, Betty, and Lucile this summer. She recently observed her 13th birthday.

lar ways for teen-age girls, and some boys, to earn spare time cash. Rates vary in different parts of the country, ranging from 70¢ to \$1.00 per hour. Sitters get their jobs merely by parent-to-parent advertising, or by leaving their business cards with name, address, telephone, age, references, and rates expected with prospective employers. Girls in several states have organized "baby-sitting pools" or agencies. One baby-sitter's mother agrees to keep a list of the sitters willing to work, and the hours they will be available. Her number is put in an advertisement in the paper. Customers call her, and she gives the name and address of the sitter available for the job.

Some kids find that older people as well as babies need sitters. One young St. Joseph boy found several older people yearning for companionship, only wanting someone to talk to, and willing to pay a small fee for the privilege. He closes the generation gap with weekly, one-hour generation "raps" — mutually enjoyable sessions — each generation learning and benefiting from the other.

Pets need sitters, too, and many young people in the Midland empire are earning "petty cash" while pet owners are away from home on vacations or business. St. Joseph enforces a dog-leash law, so several young opportunists in the city solve dog owners' "pet peeves" by walking their dogs for 50¢ to \$1.00 per hour. Other "pet-sitters" go to homes while the owners are away, and feed, water, and care for the pet. They find that most owners are willing to pay from 50¢ to \$1.00 per day. Young people with a special love for animals especially recommend this "wags-to-riches" way of earning extra cash.

Young people who are talented in music and dancing find that by cashing in on their talents they can easily pay for their own training, and "keep in step" with the money scene, too. Eleven-year-old Allison Widner of St. Joseph assists her dancing teacher in giving lessons all day each Saturday. In this way she pays for her own lessons, and has extra cash besides to make "sweet music" to her ears. Another on-her-toes St. Joseph miss, after she had mastered ballet and tap dancing, cleaned out a basement playroom, got a record player and records, advertised her dance classes in newspapers and by word of mouth, and was soon "head over heels" in business. By charging one dollar for a half hour's lesson, and by working only after school hours and all day Saturday, both she and her assistant saved enough cash to pay their ways through the freshman year at the city's junior college.

Hobby shop kits provide patterns, molds, and materials for prospective young businessmen and women. Candle-making kits, liquid plastic kits to make ashtrays, paperweights, napkin holders and other decorations, wooden key charms, are all used to make items for sale by St. Joseph youths. Some girls, handy with needle and thread, make aprons, doll clothes, crocheted beads, and necklaces to sell. Products are sold door-to-door, at church and school bazaars, and at rummage and garage sales. Most report that they make at least a 50% profit on most of their sale items.

A cash-conscious lad has set up a real "sharp" glass works business in his home. He cuts off the tops of two identical bottles, glues felt over the bottoms so they will be scratch-free, and decorates with lace, or other materials, to make a pair of charming candleholders to sell. The bottom parts of the bottles are sanded off, decorated, and sold for nut and candy holders. "They are sure-fire sellers, especially at Christmastime," he explains. "And practically all the money is profit after the glass cutters are paid for."

Other nimble-fingered, thrift-conscious mid-American youths are making cushion tops and rugs from scraps of material left over from home-sewing projects; Christmas and Memorial Day wreaths from wire coat hangers molded into circles and decorated with strips of tissue paper, plastic bags, or evergreen; wastebaskets; pencil holders and napkin holders made from discarded cans and cartons; gift and name cards from last year's Christmas cards. They are selling their products neighbor-to-neighbor, at roadside stands, or on a commission basis at gift shops and

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MARY BETH AND FAMILY BUSY WITH MANY ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

As I sit at my typewriter today I have an extraordinary view whenever I look up. My desk now faces north. It sits under the large expanse of glass windows which allows me a view of the entire backyard. We decided late in the summer, after Katharine had packed up her things, that Adrienne and her father and I would switch rooms. Both of the bedrooms are on the west end of our low ranch-style house, but one of these rooms is considerably larger than the other. When there were two girls with all of their dolls and toys to squeeze into one room, it seemed the only practical course of action to give them the larger room. Now, however, the dolls are put away, few toys remain, and one of the occupants lives in Texas nine months of the year. It occurred to me that Donald and I, who were living with wall-to-wall furniture and bookcases stacked into a condition of constant tilting, did truly need more space.

It was a mess, that bit of changing rooms. It sounded simple but it wasn't! The physical labor of moving the furniture wasn't half so difficult as having to come to grips with the decision of what to throw away. My better judgment made me pass along to those more slender than I those dresses in my closet which I could no longer wear, but which I have been hoping for years to actually get into. I actually threw out dresses I have had since before we moved to Milwaukee in 1961. Needless to say, I have vastly more room in the closet I share with Donald. The builder of this house loved windows and large rooms and ample kitchen cabinets, but he was a frugal fellow when it came to closet space.

But the view, which to me is quite a new one out of our bedroom, is beautiful, and today is one of brilliance with the autumnal colors. We are having a spectacular show of colors on the leaves this year. We had very early frosts, and the leaves simply outdid themselves with grand colors. Katharine, on the other hand, reports from Houston that they are just now approaching the season when the days are tolerable. I do not wish to imply that she dislikes the Texas climate, but it was an enormous shock to her to find the window of her dormitory hot to the touch when the air conditioner was running constantly inside the room. I thought that was a classic description of just how hot it was in Houston.

Adrienne threaded a bracelet of immature acorns from our front tree onto an elastic thread and sent it to her as a Happy Autumn present. We have a



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) has marvelous eyesight for her 88 years, and spends many hours reading.

bumper crop of acorns this year, but because of the lack of moisture this past summer many of them did not develop to their normal size. The poor squirrels had best lay in a little extra to compensate for their tiny size.

While I am still thinking about Katharine's reactions to Texas and all the surprises the state held in store for her, allow me to relate a few more of her observations. She says it rains daily, sometimes just a fifteen- or twenty-minute shower, but always a rain. Which fact explains why, in the booklet she received from Rice University in August, they emphasized the raincoat, umbrella, and waterproof clothing that was a "must" to bring.

Her other fascinating discovery — even more than the oohs and aahs about the stores in downtown Houston — was the tiny animal life she encountered. On her rainy walks across campus through grass, which she reported squished up through her sandals, she saw wild lizards, both small and large. She found a lizard on her window ledge just like the one she had paid considerable money for as a pet from a specialty store here in Milwaukee. There he was, all covered with red spots, and looking for all the world like a spotted newt, but he was just a common Texas lizard.

She writes that her math courses are extremely difficult, but she expects to pass, and next term come the best courses of all, the biology classes. Her father and I are relieved that the difficulty of her major math courses have not made her anticipate the next term with anything except Great Expectations.

We sent her bicycle to her via a trucking company in Waukesha, and now she is beginning to cover Houston with her set of wheels. She says riding through the traffic is "just nothing", and she has a map and has determined to see Houston from end to end.

Adrienne has entered her freshman year, determined to make Driftmier history, I have surmised. After her strenuous summer of Red Cross life saving lessons, she leaped into the first sports program that was offered. It happened to be field hockey, and she set quite a pace for herself with homework and scheduled games in addition to daily practice. Then she ran for freshman class vice-president, and walked off with that honor in her pocket, and as if this were not enough, when the Drama Club opened its doors and auditioned for their new play, Adrienne was right there reading for any speaking part they would give her — and she made that, too. I did have a serious heart-to-heart with her that it was probably possible to divide oneself into too many pieces, and that as happy as we were about her enthusiasm about high school, she was there first and most importantly to improve her brain, and if her report card comes home looking neglected, something will have to go.

Paul is now in training for basketball. He has never quite had the confidence to push himself out into the sports arena because of a lack of coordination. His feet were always growing too fast, and his legs were rubbery and seemed to go the wrong direction, but this past summer he kind of fell together like a wooden puzzle. Now, I suspect, he will be the tallest fellow on the team (he's pushing six-feet five-inches) and his coordination with a ball is vastly improved over just a year ago. His hands are so enormous he can hold a ball far above his opponent's head and render him helpless. I do hope and pray for his long-range best results that he will want to play basketball and be *really good* at something badly enough to keep his mind disciplined where his studies are involved.

We have only one student boarding with us this year. Dan, from Woodstock, Illinois, is back with us again, and he has moved into the converted study at the opposite end of the house, which our girl boarder lived in last year.

School is humming along for Don and me. He is teaching physics, geometry, algebra and seventh grade general math. I have second grade again, with ten delightful children — eight of whom are boys! I love little boys, but they surely are a different story from the seven little girls and three boys I had last year.

I must get on with my preparations for tomorrow's school day, so until next month I send you my best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

DONNA'S MENU - THANKSGIVING 1974

Roast Turkey with Sage Dressing
Southern Yams
Broccoli Casserole
Creamy Asparagus Salad
Cranberry Sauce Pickles & Olives
Hot Rolls
Pumpkin Pie with Whipped Cream
Coffee



CARVING THAT TURKEY

1. To remove the leg, hold drumstick, cut through skin, and sever joint. Press leg away from body with flat side of knife, then cut remaining skin on back. Try to remove the oyster (choice dark meat in spoon-shaped bone on the back) with the leg.

2. Disjoint drumstick and thigh by holding leg and thigh at right angles to plate and cutting through meat to the bone. Then, holding thigh with knife, press drumstick down with other hand until joint snaps.

3. To slice leg meat, hold drumstick at right angles to plate and cut down, turning leg to get uniform slices. To slice thigh meat, straddle the bone with fork and cut meat in lengthwise strips.

4. Remove wing by placing knife at right angles to breast about 1½ inches above wing and cutting straight down through skin and wing joint.

5. To slice breast meat, straddle keel bone with fork or insert fork in rib section on side opposite that being carved. Hold knife parallel to breast and cut with a sawing motion, starting first slice just above place wing was removed. Cut slices about 3/8th inch thick.

6. Good luck . . .

SOUTHERN YAMS

1 1-lb. can yams in syrup
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
4 Tbls. butter or margarine
Drain the yams and add the sugar to the syrup. Cook in small pan over direct flame until thick and syrupy. Add cinnamon and flavoring. Place yams in a baking dish large enough to have a single layer. Pour syrup over yams and dot with the butter or margarine. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about 30 or 40 minutes.
—Mae Driftmier

CRANBERRY CHEWS

4 eggs
2 cups sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
3 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
1 1-lb. can jellied cranberry sauce, diced in 1/4-inch cubes
Beat eggs; add sugar gradually, and continue beating until creamy. Add lemon juice and flavorings. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and stir into egg-sugar mixture. Fold in chopped pecans and cranberry sauce. Mix only slightly. Bake in two greased shallow pans, 10- by 15-inch, for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Frost with powdered sugar frosting and cut in squares while still warm. Makes 6 or 7 dozen.
—Margery

ASPARAGUS SALAD

2 10½-oz. cans asparagus tips
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 10½-oz. can condensed cream of asparagus soup
1/2 cup water
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 cup sour cream
1 cup finely diced radishes
3 Tbls. chopped green onion tops
Drain asparagus thoroughly, reserving 1/2 cup of the juice. Soften the gelatin in the asparagus juice. Mix the soup, water and gelatin mixture, heat to just under boiling stirring until smoothly blended and gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat and add lemon juice. Chill until consistency of honey; then fold in sour cream, radishes and green onions. Arrange about half of the asparagus tips in a 1½-quart mold. Chop remaining asparagus and fold into the gelatin mixture and pour over the tips arranged in the mold. Chill until firm and unmold onto serving plate. Serves eight to ten.
—Mae Driftmier

NO-BAKE PUMPKIN PIE

1 pkg. vanilla pudding and pie filling
1/4 cup brown sugar
1 1/2 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/4 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. butter
1 1/4 cups milk
1 1-lb. can pumpkin
1 9-inch graham cracker crumb crust
Be sure to get the pudding mix which needs to be cooked. Combine pudding, sugar, spice, flavoring, salt, butter and milk in a saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full, rolling boil. Remove from heat. Cool about 5 minutes, stirring twice. Add pumpkin and mix well. Pour into prepared crumb crust. Chill at least 3 hours. Serve with whipped cream or whipped topping. Excellent when a make-ahead dessert is needed.—Evelyn

CRANBERRY-PINEAPPLE FREEZE

2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, at room temperature
2 Tbls. sugar
2 Tbls. mayonnaise
1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
1 9-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Beat cream cheese, sugar and mayonnaise until light and fluffy. Add cranberry sauce, pineapple and nuts. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into an 8½x4½x2½-inch loaf pan. Freeze until firm. Let stand for a few minutes at room temperature before you slice this for serving. Serves 8.
—Mae Driftmier

SOUR CREAM CINNAMON ROLLS

3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
6 Tbls. shortening
1 1/4 cups dairy sour cream, warmed
1/8 tsp. soda
1 pkg. dry yeast
1/4 cup warm water
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg, beaten
Soft butter
Cinnamon
Brown sugar
Sift the flour into a large bowl, make a well in the center and set aside. Add the shortening to the warm sour cream then stir in the soda. Dissolve the yeast in the 1/4 cup of warm water. Combine the sour cream mixture, the yeast mixture, sugar, salt, and egg. Pour this into the flour and mix well. Turn out onto a floured board and roll to 1/4 inch thick. Spread with the butter, cinnamon and brown sugar. Roll up and slice 1 inch thick. Place on greased pan. Let rise about 1 hour. Bake at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes or until done.
—Mae Driftmier

HARVEST PUMPKIN-DATE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 1/2 cups pumpkin
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
- 1 cup chopped dates

Cream together the shortening and sugars. Beat in the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the flavorings. Combine the orange juice with the pumpkin. Sift together the dry ingredients. Add the pumpkin and dry ingredients alternately to the creamed mixture. Stir in the dates. This can be baked in a 9- by 13-inch loaf pan, or in a tube cake pan. The oven temperature should be 350 degrees, and the approximate times should be 45 minutes for a loaf pan, or an hour for a tube pan.

—Dorothy

CREAM CHEESE BROWNIES

- 1 4-oz. pkg. German sweet chocolate
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup nuts

In a small saucepan combine chocolate, 3 Tbls. butter or margarine and burnt sugar flavoring. Stir constantly until melted and smooth. Cool.

In small bowl cream softened cream cheese, 2 Tbls. butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Add 1/4 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 Tbls. flour and vanilla flavoring. Blend thoroughly. Set aside.

In large bowl combine remaining ingredients with exception of nuts. Beat thoroughly. Stir in cooled chocolate mixture and add nuts. Spread half of mixture in greased 9-inch square pan. Top with cream cheese mixture. Spread remaining chocolate batter over top. Zigzag with knife to make marble effect. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes, or until it tests done. Delicious and moist.

—Evelyn



Tom Nenneman carves the turkey as Donna and their daughters, Natalie and Lisa, stand by to assist in serving the plates to their dinner guests.

FRANKLY FANCY DESSERT

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Make a crust by crumbling together the above ingredients. Press into a 9- by 13-inch pan and bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Let cool. In the meantime, combine:

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup prepared whipped topping
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Spread over the cooled crust and refrigerate until the second layer is ready. Combine in a saucepan:

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. coconut cream pudding mix
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full boil. Let cool. Spread over cream cheese layer. Top with additional whipped topping and 1/2 cup chopped pecans. Refrigerate overnight.

You may add 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry or cherry flavoring plus a few drops of red food coloring to last step for an eye-appealing dessert.

—Lucile

BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 tbs. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. grated onion
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 3 well-beaten eggs

Cook broccoli according to package directions and drain well.

Melt margarine or butter in a pan and stir in the flour, salt and pepper, cook until well blended and bubbly. Stir in milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Remove from heat and stir in the mayonnaise, onion and the eggs. Carefully fold in the broccoli. Pour into a 2-quart casserole which has been well greased. Bake uncovered in a pan of hot water, as you would a regular custard, for about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

HOMEMADE SEASONED SALT

- 1/2 cup salt
- 1/4 cup black pepper
- 2 Tbls. onion salt
- 2 Tbls. celery salt
- 2 Tbls. paprika

Combine all ingredients. Spoon into jar with shaker top. Use wherever seasoned salt is indicated in a recipe.



Which NEW flavor shall I try on Turkey-day?

Orange-Pineapple? Chocolate-Mint? Maple-Elack Walnut? Lemon-Coconut?

We really haven't added these to our familiar sixteen — we've just provided them to show you how versatile and helpful **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** can be. Used with imagination, they can add variety and interest to any meal, any day (not just holidays). Left-overs taste better when dressed up with our help. And since they are so economical, feel free to use them in any dish; soup, salad, drink, dessert . . . what have you.

Here are the basics (you mix and match to suit yourself): Mint, Raspberry, Almond, Blueberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Burnt Sugar, Maple, Pineapple, Banana, Coconut, Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, Butter and Black Walnut.

If your grocer doesn't have them, we'll post-pay your choice of three 3-oz. bottles for \$1.50. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle at \$1.00. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

APPLE SQUARES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups finely chopped apples
- 1/2 cup nuts

Cream shortening; add sugar. Combine flavorings and egg; beat. Add to shortening-sugar mixture. Add dry ingredients. Lastly, stir in apples and nuts. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan and bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees. If you double the recipe, use a 9- by 13-inch pan. Cut into squares when cool. —Margery

HOT CRAB DIP

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 7-oz. can crab meat
- 2 Tbls. onion, chopped

Softens cream cheese. Stir in dressing. Add remaining ingredients. Turn into baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. (For a glamorous touch, sprinkle 2 Tbls. slivered almonds over top before baking.) Keep hot by serving over candle warmer or an electric warmer-server. Use with chips or crackers as desired. A very rich and delicious addition to party dip recipes. —Evelyn

ELEGANT OVEN SWISS STEAK

- 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. round steak, cut about 1 inch thick
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
- 2 to 3 cups tomatoes, canned or fresh
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 6 carrots, sliced
- 1 medium onion, sliced in rings
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

1/4 cup Cheddar cheese, shredded
Cut meat into serving portions. Combine flour, salt and seasoned salt. Pound into meat. Brown meat in small amount of hot shortening. Place in shallow baking dish or individual casseroles. Combine remaining ingredients, with the exception of the cheese. Bring to a boil. Pour over meat. Bake at 350 degrees until meat is tender (this may be 1 1/2 to 2 hours, depending on the meat used). Sprinkle cheese over top of each piece. Return to oven for 10 minutes, or until cheese is melted.

CRANBERRY CRUNCH

- 1 cup rolled oats
 - 1/2 cup flour
 - 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 1 1-lb. can cranberry sauce
- Mix together until crumbly the rolled oats, flour, brown sugar and butter. Place half of mixture in an 8-inch square baking dish. Cover with the cranberry sauce. Crumble on rest of first mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Cut in squares and serve warm with vanilla ice cream. —Margery

GINGER COOKIES

Put in bowl:

- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat well then add:

- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. ginger

Mix this well and add enough flour until you can roll into small balls. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, until light brown. Makes about 5 dozen. —Margery

UNUSUAL BAKED APPLES

- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

- 1 stick cinnamon
- 4 or 5 whole cloves
- 6 to 8 apples

Marshmallows, if desired

Dissolve the gelatin in hot water. Add cold water, flavoring and spices. Peel and core the apples. Place in heavy skillet. Pour gelatin mixture over top of apples. Cover and simmer gently until apples are tender, turning once or twice. Just before serving, slip pan under broiler and brown top for just a minute. A marshmallow may be put into hole in center of each apple before broiling.

This may also be prepared in the oven. Place apples in a baking dish. Pour gelatin mixture over top. Bake in 350- to 375-degree oven until apples are done. Turn once or twice during baking time to coat with syrup. Takes about 30 to 40 minutes in the oven depending on size of apples. Browning may be done in broiler as directed if baking does not finish a golden glaze on top. A variety of gelatins and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings may be used.

—Evelyn

Discuss, but don't argue.

The wise have learned how to disagree yet be friendly.

Be content with what you have, not with what you are.

THEN CAME AUTUMN

Then came Autumn
 With the wind,
 To kiss the clover dotting yonder hill
 With icy breath;
 And calm the willow fronds
 That mark the river bend;
 Be still, my heart; be still.
 Soon will come the Winter
 With the snow,
 To blanket every crevice, every hill
 Wrap the earth and all the things that
 grow,
 The clover bloom, the willow tree, and
 oh,
 It will, my heart,
 It will.

—Nona Ferrel

A NEW SONG

Sing a sad song
 If you feel you must —
 Sing it . . .
 but not for long.
 Sing it,
 but when the dirge is o'er
 Change the tempo
 and words of the song.
 Sing now of praise . . .
 Give thanks to God
 For goodness, mercy shown;
 Ask Him to show
 things work for the best
 As He has foreseen . . .
 foreknown!

—Ruth Hansen

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

Thomas Drier notes this appropriate thought for the Thanksgiving season: "If you want health and happiness, start right now to give thanks to those who love and serve you. Tell those at home how appreciative you are of what they are doing for you . . . You will make of yourself a magnet that will attract health and happiness."

That makes good sense.

Yet, so few think of saying, *thank you* or even the simple *thanks*.

Remember how you felt when you picked up and returned a coin accidentally dropped and the character who dropped it didn't even provide a grunt . . .

Remember when you opened a door and held it open for some witch of a woman who snubbed her way past you and out the door . . .

Remember the person in the cafeteria who said, "Hey, pass the salt," and the complete silence that followed after you handed it to him . . .

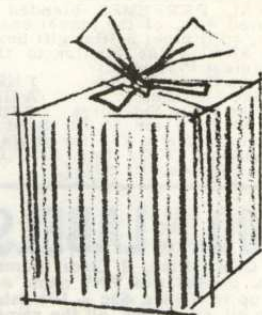
These are simply average things that happen in an average day. None are earth shaking; none will change the world; and none are even important to you personally.

Still, how much more pleasant these average things would be if that simple *thank you* were said.

Bazaar or Gift Items to Make

by

Virginia Thomas



Patchwork items are most popular right now. Why not make up denim tote bags which you decorate by stitching up a large patchwork square — this can be in nine-patch design or in crazy quilt design — then applique one on each side of the tote bag. By fastening the patchwork on before you sew up the sides of the tote bag, you can stitch the patchwork piece to the denim. If you decide on the crazy quilt style, use scraps of embroidery thread to outline the patches in a variety of designs.

Patchwork throw pillows and patchwork aprons and cobbler aprons make popular items, too, and all from your scrap bag!

How about making patchwork pictures? Use pieces of various prints to make petals of a large flower which you applique to a piece of burlap. Embroider a stem and some leaves. I like to use patchwork pieces cut with six sides for the flowers. Sew six together to make the flower, with a yellow one then sewn in the middle for the flower center. Mount and frame the picture for a very pretty kitchen or bedroom decoration.

Ecology Kits: With everyone ecology conscious, and children and adults interested in making the various kinds of ecology boxes, why not package up the "makings" in plastic bags for your bazaar? Collect seashells, interesting small rocks, bits of pretty bark, acorns,

buckeyes, dried flowers and grasses, straw, cornhusks, milkweed pods, interesting seeds — there's no end to the possibilities of what you might have available, once you set your mind to looking around.

Crocheted Granny Squares can be used in many decorative ways, and one can make some lovely gift items using them. How about a "jacket" of the squares for a round or square flower urn, or for a wastebasket? Perfect with early American decor. One can make drawstring bags, throw pillows, and hot pads from these granny squares, also. For the hot pads, whip the edges of two or three squares together to get a nice thick pad. Use them to protect the table under flower pots or flower vases, too.

Totem Pole Fancies: (Grand for family room, or children's rooms.) Gather up a collection of small boxes and plastic containers, paper cups, etc. Cover each one with bright paper in blue, gold, shades of green, red, yellow, and some in white. Decorate the boxes with paint or paper designs and animal faces. Perhaps you can find some pictures of totem poles to get ideas for decorations. Then assemble these boxes to get interesting shapes — some boxes set on at an angle, others straight, then a round one, etc. Glue together.



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Celebrating Thanksgiving

by Fern Christian Miller

I thank Thee, Lord, for my little home!
With grateful heart that I am not alone.
I thank Thee, Lord, for seasons four,
What human being could ask for more?
For the abundance of harvest we bow,
If we plant, we reap behind the plow.
For the greens of Spring, and Summer's
glow.
The brilliance of Autumn, and Winter's
snow.
For clothes to wear, and food to eat,
For churches and schools and books so
neat,
For good friends and the songs of birds
Our thanks can scarcely be put in
words.

—F.C.M.

When I was a small farm child, my family tried to get the work caught up so they could all go to one of the grandparents for the Thanksgiving feast. Usually the entire family of that side of the house would be present. Both sides were large families. Each family brought generous dishes of whatever they had grown most abundantly. My own mother often took spicy pumpkin pies, freshly made hominy, and a baked chicken. One grandmother raised turkeys, the other geese, so the Thanksgiving fowl depended upon which grandmother we visited. But whichever it was, there was always sage dressing, and rich gravy, and fluffy mashed potatoes! One aunt always brought the finest candied sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce and crisp dill pickles. Another brought a great bowl of freshly baked black walnut cookies. The walnuts were gathered in their own timber. An uncle brought sweet cold cider, and grated vegetable salad with sour cream dressing. Another aunt made the most marvelous baked beans, flavored with bacon and fresh sorghum molasses. Still another brought green beans from her cellar, and baked ham, and often another made mince meat pies and rich apple butter. Fresh baked bread and golden butter were also supplied. Ah! How hungry we little folk became with all those enticing aromas from the big country kitchen.

When the dinner was announced, there was always a long prayer before we could eat. We children ate at the kitchen table, with the smaller ones sitting

on the family Bible or the mail-order catalogs. The baby always had the old high chair. One mother always waited on the children, so the other grownups could sit down together at the white-covered dining room table. Steaming cups of coffee were passed to the men. The children drank milk, or a little cider if they liked. What happy memories those are!

When I married, we took turns for a few years — his folks one year then mine — exchanging for Thanksgiving and Christmas. But as the folks grew older and our family grew, I usually fixed a special dinner at home, often inviting a relative or two. Usually my husband was busy shucking corn, but he would take off extra time at noon. We married in 1931, and depression times were soon upon us, so our table did not groan with goodies as my grandmothers' had. But we always managed a good meal, for which we were very thankful.

Today our own six children bring their own families home for Thanksgiving or the Sunday following. Only one lives on a farm, but all contribute what they can. Our meat this year will likely be baked duck, as the farmer raised over 100 muscoveys. Likely I will bake pumpkin pies from a pumpkin he gives me, as I did last year. We follow the traditional pattern of foods served. We have prayer. After the feast we often talk about the first Thanksgiving Day, and sing "America" or "The Star-Spangled Banner".

The grandchildren bring pictures made in school of things pertaining to Thanksgiving. Often we recite or read a few poems. One of my favorites is "America for Me" by Henry Van Dyke. Another is "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England" by F. D. Hamans.

You probably have favorites of your own, or can find appropriate poems in collections of poems at your library.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHT . .

Mourn with those who have reason to mourn.

Then, stop.

And find a reason to share in rejoicing.

YOU CAN'T RUN THE HOUSE THROUGH THE CAR WASH.

And even if you could, you'd only be shining up the outside, and not helping the inside a bit. You'd still have to scrub the tub, and clean the walls . . . and the stairs . . . and the mirrors . . . and the basement.

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No cleaning job is really fun, but at least we make it easy.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher and read the verse. Answer appears at end of this column.

NOELA NEVE GEINB OS EADD FI SI THAFI TI SWKOR ATTH OTN

The one who is never very strong against anything is the same one who is very strong for anything.

Now is the time to preserve beautiful autumn leaves for attractive winter centerpieces. Pick the prettiest, brightly colored leaves while they are still pliable, and before they become brittle and fall. First of all, set the color in the leaves by laying a piece of waxed paper over them and pressing with a medium-hot iron. In a container make a mixture of nine parts of water to one part of glycerine. Soak the leaves in this mixture for at least one day and one night. Remove the leaves from the water mixture, blot dry, put between two ink blotters, and press with a medium-hot iron. Now you can have a cheerful reminder of colorful Autumn in your vases all year!

Sign seen at a fur shop: Winter is the PreFURRED Season!

For a pleasant aroma in the house, place a shallow pan with a small amount of water and two teaspoons of ground cinnamon in it on a very low burner, or over the pilot light in your range.

Every time you sling a little dirt you lose a little ground.

How about a cheery chrysanthemum salad, to grace your Thanksgiving Day dinner table? With a sharp knife, slit the peel of an orange from the top almost to the bottom. Remove orange pulp and reserve for salad. With kitchen scissors, cut the orange peel into fine strips almost to the bottom to resemble chrysanthemum. Inside each chrysanthemum, place a drained peach half, filled with the diced orange pulp mixed with small curd cottage cheese. Spread whipped cream over the orange-cottage cheese mixture. Serve each chrysanthemum salad on a leaf of lettuce on a salad plate.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: James 2:17. Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.



This lovely cradle was made by H.E. Greenwood of Emerson, Iowa, for the use of his grandson, Bryan Maxine, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Maxine of Shenandoah. The high chair belonged to Mrs. Maxine's great, great grandfather.

TWO TIGHT BOOTS

When school is out, the last bell rung,
And on small shoulders coats are hung,
Then to the closet Johnny scoots
To get his two tight overboots.

The bus is in and we must hustle;
So after many a pull and tussle,
He to the front door wildly shoots
Now in those two tight overboots.

As down the hall he tries to fly,
He casts a smile and waves "good-bye",
My spirit soars as he salutes
And I forget his two tight boots.

—Ora Johnson Golden

"WHAT THANKSGIVING MEANS TO ME"

I wonder if you would like to hear,
My thoughts of the day which comes once a year;
I'll try to explain what the day means to me,
I hope when I'm through, you'll all agree . . .

T — is for "THANKS" which I give every day,
H — is for "HOME" where love does hold sway;
A — is for "ANSWER" which God gives to prayer,
N — is for "NATURE" with beauty so rare;
K — is for "KNOWLEDGE" from the Bible we gain,
S — is for "SANCTUARY" where His Word is explained;
G — is for "GOODNESS" for which we should strive,
I — is for "INTEREST" we must have to survive;
V — is for "VOICE" we can use to debate,
I — is for "IDEAL", our life is just great;
N — is for "NATION" where all men are free,
G — is for "GOD", who's so good to me.

—Mrs. C. O. Van Gundy

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Well, here's the solution: Put all three on the table, and let the family put on their own salad dressing. After all, they might not agree on which is the one for tonight.

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17



Martin Strom has been reading back issues of *American Heritage* in preparation for the Bicentennial.

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Life on a farm today — is it still entitled to a place in our imagination? The answer runs like an endless thread through a patchwork of essays into which Pat Leimbach has deftly stitched the allure of country living — an enduring link to yesterday and tomorrow. Her book is called *A Thread of Blue Denim* (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, \$7.95) and it all takes place at End O' Way Farm, Vermilion, Ohio. There she lives with her full-time farming husband and three sons. She writes a weekly column for the Elyria, Ohio, *Chronicle-Telegram*, and occasional articles for the *Farm Journal*.

She reminds us that there was a time when the fabric of country life was mostly blue denim, and a woman was

isolated in the country. But both farm life and blue denim have changed. In the foreword she writes, "Blue denim has been embraced by the world at large as a symbol of the down-to-earth values farm life evokes. Deep in the bone marrow of every farm woman there runs a thread of blue denim. It links her securely with a past about which she has few illusions and a future where she will understand better than most the hunger for the real, the honest, and the stable."

Pat Leimbach's delightful sense of humor shows in the essays as she writes of the frustrations of gardening — "Cows in the Petunias" —, or the time when the combine breaks down — "On the Critical List" —, or the season of the long grouch — "Mud and Absolution" —, or a few words on electric gadgets — "The Predators".

A Thread of Blue Denim contains recreation of childhood adventures and reminiscences of things past. But also you get the real feeling of farm life and growing with and nurturing children, as well as living with a man who loves the land. The thoughts Pat Leimbach has collected are those of thousands who are bound to farm life and makes excellent reading. It truly is "a farm woman's celebration of country living." There is a blueprint for full living — time for love, fulfillment, beauty, and renewal of self.

Her words for Thanksgiving as farmers are especially revealing:

"You kneel before the altar of weather — rain and sun and wind and frost. You rejoice in technology; you sing hymns to good health; you praise God for a husband, children, workmen who are skilled and faithful in their labor. You thank the Lord for food and the privilege of producing it. Now, at last, you understand about the ship and the corn and the people with buckles on their shoes. Finally you have a thanksgiving — and on it you superimpose a holiday."

A Thread of Blue Denim is country living at its best, but does not gloss over the hardships.

In a rare blend of candor, fresh insights, and humor, Catherine Marshall shares her ever-expanding spiritual quest, her life of faith, the joys and problems of life today, and the experiences of her own growing family in *Something More — in Search of a Deeper Faith* (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$6.95).

Author of *A Man Called Peter*, *Beyond Our Selves*, *Christy* and other best-sellers which have reached millions of readers, Catherine Marshall now struggles with the most difficult questions: How can a living God permit good people to suffer? Why are some healed and others not?

(Continued on page 20)

THANKSGIVING

IS THE TIME FOR FAMILY GET-TOGETHERS. FREQUENTLY THE CONVERSATION TURNS TO THE CHRISTMAS SEASON JUST AHEAD. KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN! YOU'LL PROBABLY HEAR SOMEONE SAY: "I HOPE I GET A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE THIS YEAR."

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Now that outdoor gardening has come to a standstill, we can turn our thoughts to indoor pursuits of some phase of the subject. Recently a letter came from a garden club member who asked for help in making out their club's yearbook. "We are a new club," she wrote, "and desperately need help in planning and making out a year's program. Can you help by offering suggestions? I would like to know what a good yearbook ought to contain?"

First, you choose a theme. It could be any one phase of gardening that you will pursue throughout the entire year. You might consider "Annual Flowers

and Their Uses", "Our Feathered Friends", "Hardy Perennials", "The Best Vegetables for the Home Garden", "The Small Fruit Garden", "All About Iris" (or peonies, or lilies, etc.), or "Flower Arranging". Plan a cover for your yearbook that will exemplify your theme — if you chose "birds", have a songbird picture on the cover, or if the theme is about annual flowers, picture an aster or other annual.

In the table of contents, list your membership and officers with their telephone numbers after their names (you'll appreciate this if one member has to call the whole membership for some reason). List your order of business, club projects, your state flower, tree and bird, your club motto and your club aims. List the months you will hold meetings, where each will be, who

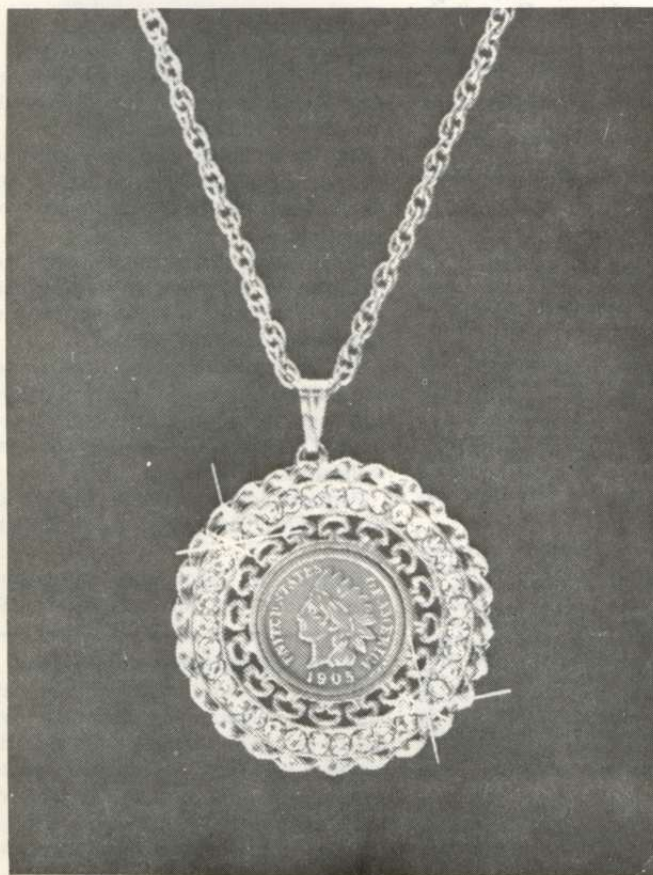
is to serve refreshments, and who is to have the program. Before all this information is printed up, be sure to have someone go over it thoroughly to check for errors in spelling, dates, etc. Remember your yearbook reflects *you* and *your club*.

Question: Because we are a new garden club we need a lot of help in arranging. Every member is supposed to bring a floral arrangement to each meeting appropriate to the month. I didn't have too much trouble with the November one because we could use dried plant materials. But what about December? Is it true that all flower show schedules say you can't use any artificial or painted materials in artistic classes?

Answer: Most schedules do say that
(Continued on page 20)

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

guarded, since this is where millions of dollars in currency and coin are stored. This was all very interesting, and I felt I learned a lot.

I'm running out of space, but there is more to tell about the trip, so I'll finish this in my letter next month.

Before I close, I want to mention that we had a nice visit on a beautiful Sunday recently with our friends from Kanawha, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grimm and Mr. and Mrs. George Beukema. The two men have been coming to our house for deer season for the past six or seven years, and Frank and I had invited them to come and bring their wives to dinner and to spend the day. Lola Grimm has been here before, but it was the first time I had met Colleen Beukema. We had such a nice day!

Frank will be in for dinner soon, so I had better head for the kitchen.

Until next month...

Dorothy

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1974.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Margery Driftmier Strom, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business Manager, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa

Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa

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3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if none, so state)

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.)

91,716

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1974.



Dorothy's good friend, Angie Conrad, was a member of the Farm Bureau tour to Minneapolis, Minn.

COME READ WITH ME - Concluded

Dealing with topics as timeless as the Scriptures and as contemporary as the "Jesus freaks" and Satan worshipers, *Something More* searches for eternal truths and new answers. Using case histories, the author examines that area where mind and spirit overlap - where minister and psychologist work together examining dreams and the unconscious. Finally, she illustrates the effectiveness of prayer in coping with dangers, in refreshing the wilted spirit, and in practical matters such as surmounting financial obstacles.

TURKEY NOTES - Concluded

may have been a family observance of the holiday, with various members putting Turkey Notes on the dining table just before the bird arrived.

Or, these notes may have been the thought of a teacher, trying to keep excited children busy just before vacation time.

Some claim these notes were sent neighbor to neighbor by German immigrants who came to Davenport in great numbers in the late 1800's.

But no matter how the idea started, the custom of writing them and delivering them rates high as a fun thing to do for Thanksgiving among the grade schoolers of Davenport, Iowa.

Perhaps you too would like to talk turkey with Turkey Notes this Thanksgiving!

Source of information: Davenport Times Nov. 1962, Nov. 1965, Nov. 1969

JOY OF GARDENING - Concluded

artificial material and painted materials are taboo. You can find some pretty evergreen branches for your line material and then look at your window garden for a spot of color. Perhaps you have a geranium in bloom, or a bright-leaved coleus. If you have absolutely nothing in bloom, hie yourself to your florist and buy a red carnation or two. They will lift your spirits and you can enjoy the pretty arrangement in your home for a few days after the club meeting.

NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

and binds up their wounds.

Left: Praise Him with trumpet sound; Praise Him with lute and harp! Praise the Lord! Sing to the Lord with thanksgiving.

Right: For God so loved the world that He gave His only son . . .

All: For God so loved the world, God so loved the world.

Right: God created the world, God loved the world.

Left: God made the mountains, God made the sea; God made the fields, and God made me. God made the flowers, and the heavens so blue; God made the sun and the planets, and God made you. Yes, God so loved the world.

Right: God created the world and loves it. God created mankind and loves each one.

Left: GOD LOVES ALL MANKIND? The one with greed and cunning in the heart? The one with lust and evil; the one who sets himself apart? The one who believes in strife and war? The mean, the criminal, the one striving always for power, more and more?

Right: "God so loved the world," the Bible says it. I know 'tis so. God loves the world.

Left: Our crazy, mixed-up world? With beautiful churches and ugly slums, and the United Nations and the Peace Corps, and the dope peddlers and addicts, the men who sell guns? Do you think He loves *our* world with famine, and "Hell's Angels", and moon walks, and nuclear bomb tests and Watergate? Our world with vitamins and penicillin; and assassinations and Watts, or worse fates?

Right: Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou dost preserve my life; Thou dost stretch out Thy hand against the wrath of my enemies. The Lord is good; His steadfast love endures forever. Yes, God so loved the world.

Left: Our world with none seeming to look beyond this day, with "Blanket Bundles", CROP, and UNICEF, with tax cheaters and Mafia bending things their own way? God loved this world of man, you say?

Right: God loves the world that is part of His Great Plan. God loves not all that man does, but God loves man. God knows how beautiful this world can be, God sees the best in you and in me.

Left: Yes, my eyes are opened; now I see; praise the Lord! God DOES love the world, God DOES love me. God sent His Son to light the dark places of our world. The breath of life itself is a gift of God.

Right: Thanks be to God! Praise God for life and health and truth, for the beauty of nature that surrounds us.

Left: Praise God for faith and hope and the greatest of these is love.



Right: Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thy promise is always with me: "Lo, I am with you always."

All: My cup overflows. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life. Let the peoples praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. I will sing of Thy steadfast love forever. O, come let us sing to the Lord in thanksgiving for He has done marvelous things. Praise His name! (Scriptures are taken from the Psalms and from John.)

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MINI-BUSINESSES - Concluded

stores. They are discovering the joy of making something from nothing, of turning trash into treasures - and are enjoying every challenging minute of it.

There are many more ways teen-agers can earn money - so many, in fact, that I'll have to save them for another issue.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

through these many, many years and explained what had happened. The response to that letter simply overwhelmed them. Almost without exception every member of that devoted parish wrote letters, telephoned and came to call with the most touching expres-

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We think this is a very sweet picture of Betty Driftmier with her first grandchild, Mary Lea's little daughter Isabel Maria. And now it's Frederick who is eagerly awaiting his first glimpse of his first grandchild, and this won't be too far off since Mary Lea and the baby are flying back to Springfield, Massachusetts, to spend Christmas.

sions of understanding and sympathy.

(It astounded Betty and Frederick to find that people whom they had thought they knew very well through all kinds of trouble and grief were going through this same kind of an experience and simply had not said one word until they knew what had happened at their pastor's home.)

Well, out here we surely know for a fact that the divorce rate in our society today seems unbelievable, and since we are just plain, down-to-earth, hard-working, middle-class people it certainly made no sense that we could expect to be immune from the troubles of other people just like us. It's the world we live in today - and that's that.

So . . . Mary Lea and Isabel are located in a small apartment only two short miles from Juliana's and Jed's home, so they can do a lot to help each other. Mary Lea is taking classes to wind up her Master's degree in Bi-Lingual Education at the University of New Mexico, and, hopefully, there are brighter days ahead for her and the baby.

Faithfully always,
Lucile

MY TIME - VALUABLE

What I do with today is important because I have to give up one day of my life for it. When tomorrow comes, I will have to judge whether the things I did were worth a day of my life.

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