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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 39

NOVEMBER, 1975

NUMBER 11



-Photo by Stern Studio





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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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 MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Once again I'll fill Lucile's page, for she still isn't feeling well enough to resume her regular schedule. We're happy to report, though, that she is home after spending several weeks in a hospital in Omaha for tests and observation. She asked me to extend her greetings to you and thank you for the lovely cards and letters received these past several weeks. With continued improvement she'll no doubt feel up to writing a letter next month. We hope so, for we know you've missed her.

The big event in our family this past month was the dedication of the new parsonage for the church our son Martin serves. He started moving in the first of October in preparation for the dedication service and open house for his parishioners and community friends. The weather was beautiful for this special occasion and a large crowd gathered in front of the parsonage following the regular worship service. There were short talks by the moderator of the congregation, the mayor of the town and the local Catholic priest, who spoke for the community of the clergy. Martin responded and accepted the keys to the house, and then they all moved inside to go through it, wending their way to the basement recreation room for refreshments served by the ladies of the church.

It is a large nine-room, two-bath home. In this issue we'll show you what it looks like on the outside. Perhaps we'll have inside pictures before long, but at the present time only the dining room, bedrooms and recreation room are furnished — mostly with items from home. He has been holding some of his church meetings in the recreation room, so it will be a much-used room. He is always hopeful that it will be a cool evening when groups meet there so he can light a fire in the fireplace, a new experience for him since we don't have a fireplace at home.

His next goal is to equip his office, which is on the lower level off the recreation room and where he will be spending many hours. He hopes to begin looking for furniture for the living room after the first of the year. Right now it is mostly filled with all his houseplants so it doesn't look absolutely bare!

In this issue I'll also share a picture of our house so you can see the new addition on the back. As soon as the new woodwork is stained, the kitchen painted and the drapes installed, I'll take some pictures inside. We're still waiting for these jobs to be taken care of, but our name is working its way to the top of the list so it probably won't be long before the last of the work is done.

Oliver and I were entertained recently in a large old family home which has been completely renovated — a two-year project. It is simply beautiful — one of the loveliest homes we've ever been in. When I thought how my patience began to run thin with our five-month project, I marveled that our friends held up over two years!

I was anxious to look through program booklets of my clubs to see when I'm scheduled to entertain, and was relieved to see that nothing meets at our house until next spring. We surely should be in shape by then.

Every fall I'm amazed at the imagination of the program committees for they never fail to come up with clever and interesting ideas for themes and program topics. This year my study club selected *Roses* for the theme, each program topic the name of a rose. There are such interesting names that it was no problem finding a rose to fit the program for the day: *Apricot Nectar*, *Show Garden*, *Comanche*, *American Heritage*, *Bewitched*, *Careless Love*, *Prairie Princess*, *Command Performance* and *Golden Masterpiece*. These are the programs as they run from September through May.

Another club selected "Let Freedom

Ring" as its theme for the year. The freedoms that we all enjoy and appreciate so much are the program topics, each with a phrase from a well-known hymn or song. A few examples are *Freedom to Communicate*, "Let Mortal Tongues Awake"; *Freedom to Worship*, "With Freedom's Holy Light"; *Freedom to Pursue Happiness*, "Home Sweet Home"; *Freedom of Government*, "Land That I Love"; *Freedom of the Press*, "Author of Liberty". There are many more since this group meets twice a month.

We've had such lovely fall weather here in our section of Iowa that Mother has been able to get out to some of her club meetings. She enjoys the sunshiny days and likes to take advantage of them either with rides in the car or just sitting on the front porch in her sunny corner. Before long the cold stormy days of winter will descend upon us and there won't be many opportunities for her to get out of the house. She has many interests, however, and has no difficulty keeping busy. As I've mentioned before, she depends upon her telephone to keep in touch with friends and family who live away, but writes lots of letters also.

Last week Oliver and I attended the 47th Annual Membership Dinner of our local Chamber of Commerce. The speaker for the banquet was "Captain Stubby", well known for his entertaining radio visits. His talk was very amusing and if he is ever speaking in your area, I'm certain you would enjoy hearing him.

We were very impressed with the report of the Chamber activities. My! they have been a busy group! One thing they have frequently is a morning coffee in some place of business, recognizing newcomers to the community, remodeling of stores, retirement of a business leader, etc. Unfortunately for me, the timing doesn't work in with my broadcasting schedule so I'm unable to attend, but I enjoy hearing about the coffees. Incidentally, Martin has just become a member of the Maple Lake Junior Chamber of Commerce, so he will become involved with community and business activities in his town. He is looking forward to this association with the townspeople.

Now I must take this letter to the office so the printers can keep the presses rolling. On my way home I'll stop by the hospital to visit Aunt Bertha Field. She had a bad fall recently and injured her hip. I'm sure she must be miserable, but she keeps her sweet smile. We hope it won't be long until she is well and back home again.

Sincerely,

*Margery*



## ANOTHER KIND OF FLYING FOR FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter from my upstairs study at the parsonage, and I am writing it on a new electric typewriter that I have not yet learned to master. It belongs to a dear friend of mine who is a patient in a nursing home down at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and she has lent it to me to use until she needs it again. I have a large electric typewriter in my study at the church, but I never have had the use of one here at the house. Recently a salesman gave me a demonstration of the most amazing typewriter ever invented. It is a machine that actually thinks for the person using it. If this letter were being written on that machine with a brain, all I would have to do to write the identical letter a year or ten years from now would be to push a button and the typewriter would do the rest. It is a typewriter that remembers what it has written and can write it again automatically any time it is told to do so. Have you ever in your life heard of such a thing?

When I finish writing this letter to you, I am going to use this little electric machine to write to some of our relatives inviting them to come and spend Thanksgiving Day with us. Last year Betty and I ate our Thanksgiving dinner all alone since both children were away, and Betty had just come out of the hospital and was in no condition to go to her family's home. We haven't had her family with us on Thanksgiving for the past five years, and this year we want a big party.

Last night we had a turkey dinner at the church for more than two hundred of our church members, and my but it was a good dinner. Our church dietitian buys the turkey in quantity already baked and ready to serve. Believe me that is a timesaver, and if you have ever had to do the carving for a roast turkey church dinner, you know what I am talking about. My! oh my! what a task it is to carve turkeys for two hundred people. I have a reputation for being a good carver, and during my thirty years in the ministry I bet I have carved a hundred turkeys. My arm muscles ache as I think of it!

Speaking of the church, I think I forgot to tell you about the visit we had with some good Kitchen-Klatter friends from California. When my secretary told me that there were some Kitchen-Klatter friends who had come all the way from southern California to see South Church, I could not believe my ears. We frequently have calls from friends who live in the Middlewest, but this was the first time to have friends



Frederick and Betty just received this new picture of their granddaughter Isabel. Isn't she sweet?

calling on us from California, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil M. White, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shepherd were just passing through Springfield on their way from Boston to New York, and they looked us up. We were so pleased, and they seemed very happy to be given a tour of our beautiful church property. I think it was Mr. White who told me that his mother used to go to school with my mother, and that she still listens to our Kitchen-Klatter programs.

Have you seen any of the modern Eskimo art that is becoming so popular as a collector's item? Betty and I saw some of it this summer when we were in northern British Columbia and southern Alaska, and it really is beautiful. The owner of a gift shop in the northern city of Prince Rupert told me that any piece of genuine Eskimo art would double in value in the next two years. It is becoming popular in the way that Indian jewelry has become all the rage.

Recently, at an auction in Montreal, more than eleven thousand dollars was paid for a carved piece of green-black rock that depicted an Eskimo armed with a spear grappling with a polar bear. Most of the Eskimo art that we saw on our trip last summer was art that related in sculpture form the life of the native people in their harsh, hostile environment. Much of the sculpture is done in ivory and bone, but more and more it is being done in the highly polished black rock that abounds in those cold north lands. Today the art is selling for several times what it cost five years ago, and if you happen to have some of it that you bought while on a tour to British Columbia or Alaska, be sure and hang on to it. It is getting more valuable each day. Betty and I did not buy any of it for the simple reason that we could not afford it.

While we were having breakfast yesterday morning, Betty looked across the table at me and asked: "Well, what have you done now? You look like the

proverbial cat that ate the canary! Did you buy a new car or a new dog, or a hot-air balloon? You might as well confess because I can tell that you have done something."

When it comes to keeping a secret from Betty on any matter other than church business, I am a born loser. She always finds out if I have been up to something out of the ordinary. Usually she does it without asking, but just by looking at me in such a way that I begin to feel guilty. And at the breakfast table yesterday, I began to feel guilty. Then I confessed. Yes, I have been up to something. I am studying the exciting new sport of hang gliding!! Oh my! oh my! what a sport that is! You know what I mean, don't you? It involves a man hanging from a giant, gliding kite. The pilot is seated or otherwise fastened to a bar hanging down underneath the kite, and when he runs into the wind or jumps off some high cliff, he flies just like an airplane glider.

Grandfather Mountain in the towering highlands of North Carolina is more or less the American headquarters for this sort of thing, and hundreds of persons have learned to hang glide there. Another active place for this new sport, is Denver, Colorado, where the hang gliders are numerous, and where they had several deaths this summer. We have one hang glide school only a few miles away from where we live, and then there is a big one out on Cape Cod. I have yet to make arrangements for study in any of these schools, but it won't be long.

The fun of this sport lies in the thrill of it, and I do mean thrill. The average kite has a four to one glide ratio, which means that if you fly off a 100-foot hill, you should glide forward 400 feet providing there is no wind. The size of the kite is determined by the weight of the pilot. Someone weighing 125 pounds needs a 15-foot kite, while a 200-pound man requires an 18-foot kite. The complete glider without rider usually weighs around 35 pounds.

Mind you, I am not planning to give up hot-air ballooning, but I do want to learn at least the basic, elementary skills of hang gliding. I won't go up in the air very far, for the number one rule for hang gliding is: "Never fly higher than you would be willing to fall." Actually, most kite pilots stay within twenty feet of the ground. Of course, the expert flyers do take off from mountains several thousand feet high, but that sort of thing is not for me. I just want to fly high enough to feel like a bird, or maybe I shall settle for flying like a chicken.

Sincerely,  
Frederick





## The Fingerprint of God

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** On the altar place a small model of a Jewish succah (booth). To make the succah, wire together short branches of nearly equal length and size to form a trellis-like arbor. This is then decorated with fruits and vegetables which almost cover the sides, but leave the front open and also a space in the top. Above this arrangement place the "Hand of God" symbol, reaching down to mankind.

**Quiet Music:** (Just before the service opens) "For All the Blessings of the Year".

**Leader:**

For the beauty and bounty of the earth,  
For day and night, for the seasons of  
the year, for seed time and har-  
vest,

For the special glories of autumn and  
the harvests of field and gardens,  
For all these gifts of earth that glad-  
den and sustain us,

For Thy fingerprint upon the land,  
We come in praise and thanksgiving, O  
God.

For the joys of home and family and  
each day shared together,

For the happiness of friendships, the  
warmth of a smile, the strength and  
encouragement in a handclasp,

For both the necessities and the com-  
forts of day-to-day living, often  
the result of many unknown hands  
and skills to us,

For the blessings of sharing bounties  
Thou hast granted us with others,  
For Thy fingerprint upon our heart and  
mind,

We most humbly thank Thee, O God.  
Amen.

**Scripture:** *For the Lord is a great  
god, and a Great King above all gods.  
In His hand are the deep places of the  
earth; the strength of the hills is His  
also. The sea is His, and He made it:*

*And His hands formed the dry land.*

*There is nothing better for a man  
than that he should eat and drink, and  
find enjoyment in his toil. This also, I  
saw, is from the hand of God . . . for to  
the man who pleases him God gives  
wisdom and knowledge and joy.*

*My sheep hear my voice, and I know  
them, and they follow me; and I give  
them eternal life . . . and no one shall  
snatch them out of my hand. —Excerpts  
from Psalms 95, Ecclesiastes 2, and  
John 10.*

**Leader:** Since 1864 when President  
Abraham Lincoln proclaimed a national  
day of thanksgiving, the president of  
the United States has issued each year  
a Thanksgiving Day Proclamation. Here  
are excerpts from what is sometimes  
called the most beautiful of all Thanks-  
giving documents:

We are stirred once more to ponder  
the Infinite Goodness that has set  
apart for us, in all this moving mystery  
of creation, a time of living and a  
home . . . In such a spirit I call upon  
the people to acknowledge heartily, in  
friendly gathering and house of prayer,  
the increase of the season nearing its  
close, the harvest of earth, the yield of  
patient mind and faithful hand, that  
have kept us fed and clothed and have  
made for us shelter even against the  
storm. It is right that we whose arc of  
sky has been darkened by no war hawk,  
who have been forced by no man to  
stand and speak when to speak was to  
choose between life and death, should  
give thanks for the further mercies we  
have enjoyed, beyond just desert or any  
estimation, of justice, freedom, loving  
kindness, peace — resolving to let no  
occasion go without some prompting or  
some worthy effort in a way however  
humble of those proudest among men's  
ideals, which burn, though it may be

like candles fitfully in our gusty world,  
with a light so clear we name its  
source divine.

(Note: The leader may ask another  
person to read the above proclamation  
excerpts or she might prefer to have the  
current 1975 proclamation read follow-  
ing the above.)

**Leader:** This year we are, as a nation,  
taking a long look back on our heritage.  
I feel that it is good for all of us to be  
aware of our family heritage, our na-  
tional heritage, and our religious herit-  
age. (Name) is going to tell us a bit  
about the religious heritage of our  
Thanksgiving celebration.

**Speaker One:** *I will give thanks to the  
Lord with my whole heart: I will tell  
all Thy wonderful deeds. (Psalms 9:1)*  
We are marking Thanksgiving 1975, but  
a time of thanksgiving and celebration  
at the close of the harvest season  
dates back to Old Testament days. In  
Leviticus we can read how Moses in-  
structed the people as to how they  
were to celebrate the feast of the  
booths. It was one of the Hebrews'  
great yearly festivals, coming at the  
end of the agricultural year when crops  
were harvested and food stored away  
for the winter. Thus we can see why  
in Exodus 23:16 it is referred to as the  
feast of the ingathering.

For the Hebrews this time of feasting  
and celebration was known as the  
holiday (holy days) of Succoth, when  
they gathered in the temples or the  
synagogues to thank God for the bless-  
ings He had showered upon them. Fam-  
ilies built temporary shelters or booths  
which they called succahs. These they  
decorated beautifully with fresh fruits  
and vegetables. They left the top open  
purposely so that the temporary quality  
of the booth would remind the family of  
the God who provided for them this  
harvest and had watched over them in  
ages past. The family ate together in  
the booth during the week of the Suc-  
cuth celebration. As they sat together  
in the succah in the gathering darkness  
at eventide, they could see the stars  
appear one by one, and once again the  
stories would be retold of God's loving  
care of the Hebrews as they fled from  
Egypt, and on down through the years.

**Hymn:** (by all) "Now Thank We All  
Our God".

**Responsive Reading:** (Adapted from  
a Succoth service.) To be read respon-  
sively. Make copies enough so all may  
share in this part of the service:

**Leader:** *O Thou who hearest prayer,  
unto Thee shall all flesh come.*

**Response:** *ALL THE EARTH WOR-  
SHIPS THEE; AND SHALL SING  
GLORY UNTO THEE: THEY SHALL  
SING TO THY NAME.*

**Leader:** *Thou visitest the earth and*  
(Continued on page 20)



## THOSE UNEXPECTED FRIENDS

by  
Dorothy Enke

A busy teacher, hurrying home after a demanding day in the classroom, was delighted to find a library book waiting for her.

"I've been asking and hoping for this book for weeks," she exclaimed. "Where did it come from?"

"The librarian brought it," answered her mother. "She said that she knew that you wanted it for special material for your science class. The book came in today, and she saved it for you. She had an errand in our neighborhood, so she decided to bring the book here."

"That's certainly going beyond the call of duty," said the teacher. "Imagine taking time in this snow and cold weather to deliver a book!"

Whether aware of it or not, that young teacher had just experienced the kindness of an unexpected friend. An unexpected friend is that casual acquaintance, or perhaps a stranger, who warms you with a generous gesture, or with sympathetic assistance and understanding. The unlooked for, totally unexpected act, something wonderfully surprising because it is literally out of the blue, is the work of an unexpected friend.

Finding an unexpected friend is a first-hand adventure in serendipity. You are going along in your usual pattern of living, doing the things that your daily routine brings. Certainly you aren't expecting a small miracle. But remember, miracles come only to those who are aware of them. Open your heart and your eyes! Determine to be mindful the next time an unexpected friend comes into your life.

When a casual acquaintance takes time to give you a lift, when someone you don't know very well shares garden produce or flowers with you, when a stranger speaks up in club meeting and gives you backing in a special project when it needs it most — an unexpected friend has crossed your path.

A stranger or a business acquaintance takes time to write you a note of sympathy in your time of sorrow, or perhaps a letter of congratulation when something special has come into your life. In your first reaction of surprise and appreciation, remember, too, the miracle of finding an unexpected friend.

Many times you have experienced this happiness, the lift of spirit that comes from such an encounter. To truly appreciate such happenings, one must become more aware of others. We train ourselves to be more alert, more sensitive, to those about us. We must be quicker to understand the situation. Finding an unexpected friend is an



This excellent picture of Betty and Frederick Driftmier was taken in the Rockies while on vacation.

experience and a sharing of the spirit rather than of the material. Even though, in many instances, the material is involved, it is of secondary importance.

Longfellow wrote:

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak to each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one to another,  
Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence."

But such a pattern of hail and farewell need never be with a friend, especially an unexpected friend. When the first tentative gesture is made, we rob ourselves if we fail to respond.

Today we have become so wary and suspicious of others that we are apt to regard any generous approach with a cynical detachment. We keep aloof and don't want to be involved. Yet all of us, no matter how poor and helpless, have something to share — a smile, a word of encouragement, love. It is in a spontaneous outflowing of sharing that we receive our own fulfillment and fruition.

To give or receive happily one must be aware of a need. There must be a sensitivity concerning the situation; a rapport must be felt, an understanding so complete it moves one into action on the first wave of knowledge.

Robert Louis Stevenson reminded us that no man is useless while he has a friend. When your day goes drab and discouraging, remember all your unexpected friends, those people who, out of a companionship of spirit, put out their hands to give you a lift, physically or spiritually.

A long time ago Abraham Lincoln said, "The better part of one's life consists of his friendships." Be grateful for all the friends you have. Re-

## KEEPING IN TOUCH

by  
Eleanor C. Wood

A friend telephoned to say that old Mrs. Wolcott was confined to her bedroom for a couple of weeks, and would surely appreciate a caller from the outside world and news of goings-on in our area. So, armed with magazines and the day's newspaper, I made my way to her cheerful bedroom, where she reclined in a cloud of pink blankets and a cheery pink dressing gown. Nothing sadder for Mrs. Wolcott!

"I'm so glad you came," she smiled. "I was looking out of the window this morning and saw the diaper man's truck in the Olsen driveway. So the new baby is here! (Why do we always say 'new baby'? There aren't any 'old babies'!) And I heard the Whitmore's dog barking, so he's back from the vet. That's splendid news, for Chucky was just sick about coming home from school day after day and no Toby waiting at the gate.

"And I see Mrs. Monroe had a new mattress delivered. So much better for her back. She was never able, either, to get out that stain when Mary spilled the tea; she was lucky not to have been burned worse than she was. Did you hear that David has a new truck? I saw it this morning. Business must be good and I'm glad. He was always such a scatter-brained boy, and now he's settled down to make something of himself.

"I see the little Weston boy is out again. My, how he's grown! Remember when everyone thought Grace was too young and flighty to make a good step-mother? She's just done a beautiful job with that child.

"My garden looks tidier, doesn't it? Mr. Barclay's leg is better and he cleaned it up — I mean the garden — yesterday. His wife is visiting their son and I guess he is lonely, poor man. I'm sure he won't eat properly while she's away, but Mrs. Bascomb took him a tuna fish casserole yesterday. And later she stopped here with a chocolate cake. She says the Simpsons are moving again. Mrs. Simpson's father advised them that big house would be too much on Henry's income, but they wouldn't listen to him.

"Must you go? It's been so nice seeing you . . . do come again soon."

My friend called to ask if I had delivered the news, and I had to admit that my recital was brief.

"But it's nice to keep shut-ins in touch, isn't it?", she said brightly.

member also it is wonderful to find an unexpected friend.

It is even more wonderful to be one.



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Everything was white with frost this morning when we got up and we can honestly say "the frost is on the pumpkin." We were very much surprised this summer to find some lovely big pumpkin vines coming up volunteer behind the corncrib in the barn lot. There were a lot of little pumpkins setting on, and we have absolutely no idea how they got there unless a bird dropped the seed. There haven't been any fresh pumpkins around here since Kristin was a little girl and made jack-o'-lanterns, and that has certainly been many years ago. At any rate, the frost last night got our pumpkin crop.

When Frank came in from choring this morning he said we lost five more hens and a rooster last night. We have a hard time trying to keep any fowl around here, living so close to the timber. Whatever is taking them doesn't leave a single clue. We have seen three fox in the last couple of days, so we know they are getting plentiful again, but Frank says they would leave a few feathers around if they were getting the chickens. The raccoons are so thick we had a lot of trouble with their getting the duck and turkey eggs earlier this summer. Our neighbors report hearing a lot of coyote at night, but they live on top of the hill while we live at the bottom, and we haven't heard them often. We also have a lot of owls, and Frank thinks they are the culprits.

We haven't tried to raise any chickens for years because of this problem, but we did keep a few hens at the other place in the chicken house. A few days ago we brought them down here and turned them loose, so we wouldn't have to go up there every day this winter to take care of them. As fast as they are disappearing, we won't have them very long.

I told you quite a while ago about the big Muscovy duck that just came here. Of course we had no way of knowing how old she was, but the other morning when Frank went out to do the chores she was lying dead right by the water bucket we always keep filled with water for the animals. It looked as if she had just taken a drink and dropped dead. She was still warm when he found her, so it had just happened. Frank says he has decided that the only kind



Aaron Brase, who will be seven years old this month, was very proud of his perfect attendance certificate for his religious instruction classes and sent this picture to his grandparents, Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

of fowl it will be safe to raise around here are peacocks and ostriches. He thinks they would be big enough to fight off the predators.

Our Birthday Club met recently for the first time in almost a year. All winter we had so much illness among our members, or members of their families, that there never seemed to be a time when we could all get together. Another reason was the death of one of our dearest members last April. We are a small group and all close friends, so it was just hard to get together for the first time after Mary Allen passed away. But we have always had too much fun together to let the club just fall apart, so we finally got the ball rolling again and spent an afternoon together. The hostess had a "guess what" box beautifully wrapped that she passed around for us to guess the contents, and once again I was the best guesser. It has really gotten to be embarrassing for me, because I always seem to be the one who gets it. I have also been lucky at drawing the right number out of the hat for several door prizes, so the girls have a lot of fun teasing me about this.

We played bingo and I got the nicest prize — six baby food jars filled with six different kinds of homemade jellies. There were gooseberry, peach, blackberry, black raspberry, crab apple, and grape. I couldn't have gotten anything we could both have enjoyed more.

I received another gift this summer that meant a great deal to me. One of our old friends, Lester Gray, who was born and raised on a farm in this neigh-

borhood, sold the farm and moved to town a few years ago. He comes out here to fish once in awhile, and always stops in to visit and have a cup of coffee. One day he brought me a sewing box he had made out of walnut. He said that years ago he had cut some walnut trees on the farm and had them sawed into lumber at a sawmill that used to be set up about half a mile from our house. Frank was a very small boy, but he remembered the mill. All these years the lumber had been stacked in the barn, and when Lester moved to town he took the boards with him. Now as a hobby to occupy his time (when he isn't able to fish), he has been making things out of them and getting much enjoyment out of giving them to his friends. I was really touched that he chose to make something for me.

This has not been a black walnut year. Some of the trees that have always had the most nuts on didn't have any at all this year, and once in a while we will find a tree with just a few. Bernie has a large tree on her property that has never failed to produce a big crop until this year, and it didn't have any. Must have been the dry weather.

Another thing we noticed this year was the scarcity of berries on the bittersweet vines. There are lots and lots of wild grapes though.

Do you remember my story about the Hopa flowering crab in our front yard? It was broken off and then burned off when it was young, about 15 years ago. It didn't even bloom for that number of years; then all of a sudden it bloomed. This year it is absolutely loaded with beautiful red apples. I have no idea what kind they are, but they are certainly good.

It has been months since I had my sewing machine out to do more than patch overalls or make arm slings for Frank, until a couple of weeks ago. Frank's arm has gradually been getting stronger and my assistance isn't needed quite as much now, so I decided to make a couple of dresses for Lucile to have when she begins to feel stronger and able to be up and around. She actually didn't have anything that fit her any more, and since I have been doing all of her sewing for several years, I decided this would be the first priority on my list this fall. I also got some soft quilted material to make her a couple of bed jackets. I was surprised when I started out to look for a bed jacket pattern that I couldn't find one in any of the pattern books. This was no problem, though. I have made her several robes with raglan sleeves, and just used the same pattern by cutting it off at the waist. She has a ready-made

(Continued on page 22)



## MARY BETH IN THE SWING OF ANOTHER SCHOOL YEAR

Dear Friends:

The letters which I will be writing you this year will be a study in speed and efficiency. I find that I must use my minutes more wisely than ever before. Fortunately the youngest members of the family are increasingly able to help me with house, grocery, and meal tasks, but the fact remains that this year promises to be a demanding one.

I never realized how much there was to teaching a higher grade. I knew I ran a swift and "meaty" second grade the last four years, and I seldom had what one would describe as spare time, but the requirements with this first year in fifth grade are staggering.

I have read almost none of their reading books even though I did whip through three of them during the summer. I have read very few of their classic books recently, so all of these must be reread as fast as the class reads them. Right now I am reading enroute to church and school the stories of "Mowgli and the Jungle People" from Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Books*. If I have any breaks at all, I'll get finished *before* the class does, and I'll be waiting smugly for them to finish and ask for their forms (which I have yet to complete) for writing up their reports on these outside reading books.

They are reading two books at all times in this grade, and in spite of this most of them spend only 60 minutes each evening on homework. I wish I could say the same. Sometime in the next two days I must write up a test to cover the book we have been reading in class. We read this orally and, as a result, more slowly. It proved to be such an exciting book for the students that they were racing through it at home much faster than I, so once again they are nipping at my heels, timewise!

The fact that I have eighteen students has made my entire workload double in size from my class size of ten in years past. Each of the students has a history workbook with pages in it which must be read and graded. It is a real bonus to have a workbook for them to use, because it does not require that I do any more than read with them through the supplementary text. There will be tests to be made up as we go along, but it is not the everyday preparation that is required in other studies. But eighteen workbooks are time-consuming to grade. I hope I shall not be so awkward and "all thumbs" this time next year. I can truthfully say, however, that with the exception of missing Peter Rabbit and



Mary Beth and son Paul, homeward bound after a busy day at school.

and all his Potter friends, I am thoroughly enjoying this age and the material they are covering. Children have interesting personalities developed by the age of nine-and-a-half to ten-and-a-half. Their sense of humor is quite keen, and we are all having more fun than drudgery, I would say.

The Driftmier children are starting the year out full of enthusiasm. The second week of school there were auditions for the first play to be presented. Adrienne and Paul were both anxious to try out, and since Paul is now a licensed driver it is possible for them to work it into their study schedule, since Don and I can come home from school and leave them there to come home later in the second car. The first play is an adaptation of the story of the gingham dog and the calico cat. I know nothing about it except the dog will be a giant, because our Paul walked off

with the lead part. Can you picture a dog costume long enough to cover his frame? I figured that from ears to hairy toe, he will need 77 inches of furry costume, with probably a little padding inside or he will look like a dire wolf. Adrienne is in the chorus of four who will apparently be the narrators from the stage. I shall send pictures as soon as the dog is costumed in all his finery. He is, to say the least, pleased that in his senior year he was chosen for the first play.

Adrienne is busy with field hockey right now, and in a month Paul will begin practice for basketball. He is still working weekends as a busboy, so all of these side hours combined with their homework keeps these kids out of any mischief, and it surprises me none when they fall asleep in the car on the way home from school.

We talk to Katharine every Sunday afternoon, and she reports that she is covered up with studies. She has had to quit her job at the dining room for the graduate students because she needed the study time. She does have her dorm paper route, however, so she has some "fairy" money coming in each month. The big news this week was her announcement that she has signed up for ten weeks of ballroom dancing. It is given on campus for an hour one night a week.

Her bicycle has been stolen, but because it was nine years old, I don't think our insurance will replace it. I can't quite see the wisdom of replacing an old, but good, bicycle with a new one. Perhaps feet would not get stolen!

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth



## "More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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## A Family Thanksgiving

by  
Virginia Thomas

Many families keep thinking that they should be having family devotions, but they never seem to get started. The most important thing about daily family devotions is having them! If your family is one of those who are always going to begin tomorrow, why not begin with Thanksgiving? You will have something extra for which to be thankful, indeed, this year.

Let the children take a part in planning your Thanksgiving devotions. Why not plan to make it a candle-lighting service and begin on the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day, using five candles?

The children can make place mats, if you plan to have your devotions following one of the daily meals. The mats may be decorated with autumn flowers and leaves which the children color with crayons, while a Bible verse of praise or thanksgiving might be printed on each mat. The children will have fun making special mats for certain members of the family, perhaps illustrating something for which they think that person will be especially thankful.

For a table centerpiece make an arrangement on a large tray or woven straw mat, using the five candles in holders with autumn leaves and artificial fruits and flowers encircling and concealing the holders. If you have a ceramic "Praying Hands", this might be placed beside the arrangement.

For the actual devotional period, plan to have a hymn of praise or

Thanksgiving in which the whole family join. You might even clap hands joyfully, in rhythm, for some of the hymns, just as the early Hebrews did. Each day choose one of the lovely thanksgiving Psalms (Psalms 66, 92, 95, 96, 100, 105, and 108, choosing excerpts from some), having different members of the family read on different days. Allow time for a little discussion of the verses read, especially if there are younger children, to be sure the meaning is clear.

On the first day one candle is lighted; on the second day, two candles; and so on until on Thanksgiving all five candles are lighted. The following meditation thoughts might be used with the candle lighting:

1st "T" - We light this first candle for *Thinking thanks*, which we should all be doing, not only at Thanksgiving time, but every day, as we think about the good things that have happened to us or our loved ones, and thank God for them.

2nd "H" - This candle will stand for *Health*, one of the greatest blessings we can have. God expects us to take good care of our bodies and our minds since they are two very precious gifts which He has given to us.

3rd "A" - We will light this candle for the *Assurance* we find all about us that God loves us - the abundance of food, the good crops, a good job, all of the beauties of nature. Isn't it wonder-

ful to think God loves us so much? It seems at Thanksgiving time we can just see God's love spilling out and overflowing to reach everyone.

4th "N" - This candle we light for the *Never-ending* guidance that God gives to us through the Bible, and through people chosen to guide us in understanding more about God and what He would like us to do. The Bible is another blessing for which we can say "thank you".

5th "K" - Surely when we think about our special blessings we think about how much our family means to us, so we will light our last candle for *Kin*, which means our family or our relatives. We might say that this candle reminds us to *Keep on caring* about each other and loving one another.

Conclude your devotions with a prayer. Perhaps a prayer might be printed on some of the place mats, and the person having such a mat can read the prayer for closing.

(Note: The letters T-H-A-N-K might be made and stood by the candles, or Mother or Dad might explain that each candle stands for a letter in the word and that as the services progress we will see what else these letters tell us about thanksgiving.)

### FOR THE THANKSGIVING OFFERING

Thy work, O God, needs many hands  
To help Thee everywhere,  
And some there are who cannot serve  
Unless our gifts we share.

Because we love Thee and Thy work,  
Our offering now we make;  
Be pleased to use it as Thine own,  
We ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

\*\*\*\*\*

### A PRAYER FOR THE NATION

"Almighty God, who hast given us this good land for our heritage; we humbly beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our nation with honorable industry, sound learning, and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord, and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties, and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues. Endue with the spirit of wisdom those to whom in Thy Name we entrust authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home, and that through obedience to Thy law, we may show forth Thy praise among the nations of the earth. In the days of prosperity, fill our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble, suffer not our trust in Thee to fail; all which we ask through Jesus Christ our Lord."





## The Huge Black Iron Kettle

by

*Fern Christian Miller*

Many of you have heard Lucile speak of her old iron kettle. Pioneer families in America could hardly have survived without those huge black iron kettles first shipped from the old country. It wasn't long until crude iron foundries were started in this country for making kettles and tools.

Homemakers in each log cabin, plantation house, or sod shanty found the black kettle one of their most useful home tools. Wash water was heated outside as much of the year as possible by using scrap wood, cobs, or buffalo chips as fuel. A brisk fire was built and kept burning under the kettle filled with cold water. Some handy husbands fixed some kind of cover to keep out dirt or blowing leaves. This was weighted down with a big rock or chunk of wood. The wash and rinse tubs were set up out of the breeze to prevent smoke in the eyes of the washer. A big chunk of lye soap was sliced up to melt in the water. The soiled clothes were sorted, and scrubbed on the wash board. Badly soiled clothing was then boiled in a fresh kettle of hot suds; then they were dipped out with the long-handled wash paddle and rinsed in cold water. The second rinse was the bluing rinse. The indigo bluing made a bleach for white things, only you should not use too much or you might have blue sheets and pillowcases! Good cotton clothes were starched in a boiled mixture of flour and water. This usually needed to be strained.

When pork, beef, mutton, or deer were butchered the big kettle really got a work out! Water was put to heat very early in the morning of butchering day. Unless a man had a big son to help, a neighbor usually exchanged work at butchering time. Hogs were scalded in the hot water before they were scraped clean on large tables made over sawhorses near the fire. Lambs, calves, and deer were skinned, but water was used in the cleaning. Butchering was a big, greasy job undertaken several times a winter, depending on the size of the family, and the meat available.

All meat was trimmed of fat. This fat was cut into small squares and rendered for lard in the big kettle. The fat had to be stirred constantly to keep it from scorching, and the fire had to be kept at an even heat, because if too hot the lard would pop and bad burns might result. (Woe to the man, or wo-

man, who let the lard scorch!) The long-handled paddle was kept constantly in motion. When just right, the light "cracklings" floated to the top and were skimmed off by a large strainer or pan. They were dumped into a clean bucket or tub to be run through the lard press.

Often one man in a community owned a lard press, and another a large sausage grinder. It was loaned around at butchering time. Usually both men and women exchanged work at this time. The helper was given a fresh piece of liver, the heart, or some tenderloin or back bone or ribs. (I remember my mother called several neighbors the night before we butchered to locate our sausage grinder.)

The lard was strained through a clean flour sack into shiny clean lard cans or ten-gallon stone jars; then left to cool. Some of the cracklings left after the cooked fat was run through the lard press were used in making crackling bread. This bread was delicious. It was a corn bread with the cracklings used for the shortening. Perhaps the delightful flavor came from the browned meat taste. Other cracklings were used to season dry beans, black-eyed peas, limas, crowder peas, potatoes, and hominy.

The rest of the cracklings, and all rinds and scraps of fat were saved in a clean container in the smokehouse until the woman of the house had time to make soap. A fire was built on a pleasant summer morning under the high outer branches of a big tree. The big kettle was filled with the fat scraps and water and the proper amount of lye the night before, so the lye could "eat" the fat. (The lye cans all had soap recipes on the wrappers.) The ingredients were weighed or measured with great care. Now came a test for the strongest woman's arms as she used the flat wooden paddle to stir the mixture over the hot fire. Again the fire had to be kept at just the right degree of heat. When the rinds and scraps were all "eaten" and the soap had cooked down, it was left to cool and harden. The next day a corn knife or long butcher knife was used to cut the soap in big squares. Then it was pried out of the kettle and spread to cure on long clean shelves in the smokehouse. It was best to age it for a few weeks before using it to do laundry or wash dishes.

A later autumn job of the big kettle was the cooking of the apple butter. Usually two or three relatives got together to peel and core the apples. After the kettle was well filled (the apples cooked down a lot), it was heated until the apples were tender; then the right amounts of sugar and spices were added, and the apples cooked down until the mixture was dark brown and thick. Naturally this was a painstaking job of constant stirring and keeping the heat just so. My father fixed a wooden lid that wouldn't slide off with a slit for the paddle handle to fit through so Mother's fair skin wouldn't get a painful burn. When the apple butter was done it was allowed to cool a bit, then some was dipped off into a stone jar or crock. This was tightly covered and put in the cellar to use through the fall and early winter. The rest was canned in large clean scalded mason jars.

As the men gathered the big ears of corn in the late fall the women folks always watched for the finest ears of Boone County white dent corn to use in making hominy. After several bushels of fine big ears were saved, the entire family shelled corn around the kitchen table while they told stories and riddles. On the next pretty day with no wind the big fire was again built under the kettle. The hard grains of corn had been soaking all night in a solution most carefully measured out of water and lye. This was cooked slowly for a long time; then cooled and washed over and over to remove the hulls of the corn grains and to remove any surplus lye. Again, some was put in a covered stone jar and stored in a cool place to be used through the fall and early winter. Some was canned in mason jars to be used the next summer.

This hominy had a flavor unlike what we buy in cans at the store today. If the potato crop was short, extra amounts of hominy were made to take their place.

The hominy making usually took a family full circle to butchering time again. I have read where early settlers cooked for an entire little town in one big kettle. That is, the meat was boiled there, or the potatoes, or soup. In later years a smaller iron kettle was used on many a wood stove. Grandma always had one with something cooking slowly on the back of the big kitchen range. Sometimes this was beans and ham, vegetable soup, stew, or greens, or in winter rabbit or squirrel, duck, or a big piece of beef. This kettle was taller then it was broad, and it sat on three low legs.

The State Capitol in Jefferson City, Missouri, has a huge iron kettle in the  
(Continued on page 16)



## COSTUMES EVERYWHERE

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Any normal fall finds everything from witches and hobgoblins to Pilgrims and Indians as part of the costumed characters in plays, attending parties and enjoying the childhood joys of *dressing up*. The coming months promise an increase in the variety, design and opportunities for wearing an interesting array of costumes.

The Bicentennial observance has many emphases, but one is the historical. Starting first in the eastern part of the United States with a strong revolutionary stress, the historical heritage of the past in each section of the country has become a push for each community to *do its own thing*. Whatever comes to mind and fits in with the area in which a person lives is the direction the celebration is taking in most places.

A Martha Washington tea is being planned in many places, for example. Many communities are using colonial costumes for their guest days and Thanksgiving festivals — right along with the Pilgrims, Puritans and Indians! The cross-country wagon train with its pioneer and western flavor is bringing out the type of early costumes we associate with the homesteading and cowboy periods of our country. I can just imagine the square dances, musket shoots, saddle club rides and Indian dances which will be included in the wagon train stops across the country; each place in its own way honoring the rich background of the founding of our nation.

Since so little of the central United States was directly involved in the Revolutionary War, a group from Offutt Air Force Base came up with the idea of creating a regiment of foot soldiers to perform at many of the Bicentennial celebrations around Omaha. They chose the 2nd Maryland Regiment of Foot, Continental Army, because one of the men who organized the exhibition is a descendant of a soldier in the original Maryland Regiment of foot soldiers. Research was done on the actual uniforms the men wore, the equipment carried and battles fought. They are bringing a colorful picture of authentic colonial life to our Midwestern pageants and festivals.

My own interest in the early designs began when the Hamburg community Bicentennial chairperson, Mrs. Raymond Bartle (Pearl), began bringing colonial costumes to our Fremont County meetings. Her son had helped to put together a Virginia Beach Colonial Regiment of foot soldiers and had asked his mother to help prepare



Evelyn is wearing her colonial everyday dress and pinch-nose glasses as she serves her schoolmaster son, Bob, in the restored early-day kitchen of the Fremont County Historical building in Sidney, Iowa.

the costumes. Pearl went east and spent much time in museums and historical archives researching the early Revolutionary uniforms. When she returned to Hamburg, Pearl bought washable kettle cloth for the uniforms and soft permanent press polyester and cotton blend for the shirts and made fine costumes for the regiment.

In my own family I asked the men if they would wear a Revolutionary War outfit if I had one made. "NO", they said in unison. But, upon giving the matter some thought, they decided a colonial schoolmaster's suit might have a number of fine uses throughout the coming year. The costume has a long black coat (similar to the Prince Albert worn by many ministers not so many years ago), a rather long black vest with silver buttons and a white shirt with an eyelet-trimmed jabot at the neck and matching ruffles at the wrists. At various times one or the other of the men in my family has worn the outfit to help with Bicentennial flag presentations or ride in parades. Having a schoolmaster was a wise choice, anyway; it recognizes the fact that many types of people helped to build our country.

My own costume for the '75-'76 celebration began very simply. Pearl helped me find some simple black fabric with a tiny white design. It is made into an *everyday* dress with a shawl to wear with it.

As the summer progressed I discovered more places where I needed to wear a costume so finally decided on a basic white dress which could be varied with overskirts and trim. My first overskirt was a delicate flowered pink. By the time July arrived I had a bright red, white and blue stripe as accent. After the final county flag presentation in September, I decided to *dress up* with a royal blue washable

crepe made into a poofy overskirt and front blouse panel to go with the white dress. A row of curls pinned to the back of my short hairdo gave me a more authentic appearance as a 1776 spokesperson!

It has been interesting to search through library books on the history of fashion. One book which has excellent drawings of American costumes from the early Norsemen down to the present day is *Five Centuries of American Costumes* by R. Turner Wilcox. (Scribner and Sons, New York, 1963). The drawings of various military uniforms are detailed and accurate.

As I look at the pictures of all the petticoats, capes, skirts, uniforms, blouses, caps and frills I wonder how such clothes were ever made without the help of our modern sewing machines, threads, fabrics and easy-to-use patterns! The number of skilled seamstresses who worked day after day making the costumes by hand must have been tremendous.

It also must have taken a very skilled person to make the intricate clothing without the basic patterns we take for granted today. I understand that dolls were dressed in the latest fashion and sent to the colonies from France and England to show dressmakers the styles. From there on I presume they were on their own to cut and stitch the garments for their customers.

Pearl Bartle told me that patterns as we know them now were first developed about 1863. Ebenezer Butterick and his wife Ellen were tailors and dressmakers in Sterling, Mass. Ellen suggested they make a paper pattern for a child's clothes to sell to mothers to assist in home sewing. The first pattern was based on a loose, high-necked blouse similar to the shirt worn by Garibaldi (an Italian hero who lived from 1807-1882). In 1871 over 6 million copies of the "Garibaldi Suit" pattern were sold!

What a wealth of patterns are available to us today! Many companies are already carrying costume patterns from the simple homespun of the Pilgrims and pioneer to the elaborate French designs carried to this country by the more wealthy colonists. The lavish brocades, taffetas, poplins, silks and satins of the earlier day can be reproduced in some of the easy-care fabrics now so readily available. We can even add laces and artificial flowers, knowing that we are following the style of grand ladies of an earlier day.

It is my hope that somehow each one of you can find an excuse to put together an interesting costume and become a part of the celebration of our heritage. It is all good fun.



## TURNING ROCKS INTO MONEY

by  
Mary Feese

My rock collection is of little value to anyone but myself. In fact, I don't think it could exactly be called a collection. It is more of an accumulation. All my life, I've been fascinated by unique formations, crystals, and fossils. And through the years, my boys have often brought me handfuls of odd rocks because "Mom'll like 'em." (Truth be told, I think they liked 'em too.)

But there are always the leftovers, the rocks that aren't quite ordinary enough to throw away, yet hardly unusual enough to keep in the ever-growing boxful of "must saves". Whenever the boys brought in new ones, or I did, I tucked them away in the nearest handy spot, on a shelf or in a drawer, saying I'd look them over more thoroughly "later, when I have more time". But when is that? The days rushed by, and the rocks just settled in more solidly wherever they had been put. Once, when my daughter had company, she opened the dish cupboard to get out plates. Her eyes widened in dismay. "Yuk! Mother's even got rocks in these cabinets." (I wondered wryly if the company perhaps thought that Mother had rocks in her head?)

But never was there a solution to the in-betweens, until I stumbled onto one accidentally. After sorting through a number of saved specimens, here was this pile of odd rocks, rummage sale variety. You know, too good to throw away, not quite what you need to keep. On another corner of the table were my acrylic paints I'd been working with. On impulse, I selected a big, smooth, doorknob-shaped rock and painted a brilliant modernistic owl on its surface. After the design had dried, I coated the whole thing with transparent acrylic medium to add some gloss, and to make it waterproof. Presto, a paperweight! Bemused, I doodled a swirly Japanese-style fish on another rock, inspired by the natural markings of the rock; the fish, too, was in bright colors.

To make a long story short, I took some of these to the local craft shop. They sold! The success inspired me enough to sit down and doodle up another batch. They, too, sold soon. Hmmm, I thought, this is fun. Relaxing. Besides, it brought me a little spending money for my time.

I began to branch out, and try new ideas. Some "figurines" I'm doing now are put together from two or three rocks. Look over the assortment until you find a small pebble that reminds you of some sort of bird, fish, or animal. Then find a suitable base to



Every trip into the Rockies is a treat for Alison (Driftmier) Walstad for she loves the mountains. On this particular day she enjoyed a meadow of wild flowers among the pines and boulders.

mount it, which may be another stone, or perhaps wood. One creation I particularly liked resembled a small cave in the bluffs; tucked back into it as though roosting there was a small, glowing-eyed owl. There's a "morel mushroom", a very wrinkled rock of exactly the right shape and color to play the role, that I mounted on a flat stone, and labeled like a museum exhibit. There's another owl perched on a twisted bit of rock that's formed and eroded in such a way that it closely resembles driftwood. The transparent gel that is used with acrylics is also a powerful adhesive, I've found, so I use that as glue, and it dries transparently and does not detract from the appearance of the finished article.

There seems to be no end to the variety of ideas one gets, once they start coming. I even made some wall plaques, using pebbles for the bodies of various birds, and perching them on actual twigs, driftwood, or artificial foliage. I bought pre-cut wood forms used for decoupage, and coated the finished plaques with Mod-Podge for a textured, attractive finish. The experimentation with various mediums is part of the fun, and probably each of us would have different preferences here. Why don't you try it too? Whatever turn your imagination takes next, this hobby is fascinating, and relatively inexpensive for the cost of materials.

Besides making such items for sale, you can make unique gifts for your friends and family, everything one of a kind if you wish, a "designer's original" with you as the designer. When you're doing them for sale, it has proven best to keep most of them in the inexpensive range, under \$2.00 each. The shop owner told me that, besides sales for paperweights, the novelty items seemed to appeal to children who came in with their mothers or grandmothers. "Buy me this?"

they'd ask, and often as not, a sale was made.

Even if you do it "just for fun", give it a try. But, remember that long-ago story of King Midas, who went about turning everything he touched into gold? You may prefer this modern, more enjoyable (and more realistic) version, where your touch of imagination used to make rock figurines can be one mighty good way of turning rocks into money.



## A NATION'S LIFE

I know three things must always be  
To keep a nation strong and free;  
One is a hearthstone bright and clear,  
With busy, happy loved ones near.  
One is a ready, cordial hand,  
To love and serve and keep the land.  
One is a worn and beaten way,  
To where the people go to pray.  
So long as these are kept alive,  
Nation and people will survive;  
God keep them always, everywhere,  
The Hearth, the Flag, the Place of Prayer.  
—Anonymous

French ?  
COUNTRY STYLE ?  
ITALIAN ?

Each one delicious... but in its own different way. Each is rich in expensive herbs, oils and flavorings. No blah "nothing" dressings here; no tongue-biters, either.

If you can't decide which great Kitchen-Klatter Dressing to use tonight, why not put all three on the table and let the family choose their own? Whichever they choose, you can be sure it'll be a great start to a good meal.

## Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.25 for an 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian, Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### PILGRIM PIE

1 cup sugar  
1/4 cup butter or margarine  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
2 eggs, lightly beaten  
1 cup corn syrup  
1 cup coconut  
1 cup rolled oats  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
1 unbaked pie shell

Cream sugar with butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring and eggs. When well blended, add remaining ingredients. Stir well. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Lower heat to 350 degrees and bake 30 more minutes. (Either dark or light corn syrup will do well in this recipe.) This pie has the texture of a pecan pie. It is rich, so cut small pieces. Top with whipped topping or ice cream for a company dessert.

—Evelyn

### SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

2 cups unpeeled apples, chopped  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup cooking oil  
1 egg, beaten  
1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
1 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
1/2 cup flaked coconut  
1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Mix apples and sugar together and let stand about 5 minutes to permit apples to absorb sweetness. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into 8-inch square greased and floured pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes, or until done. Cake stays moist and is excellent with ice cream or whipped topping. Try making it with just nuts and Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring for variation.

—Evelyn

### BLACK CHERRY-ALMOND SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin  
4 cup liquid (drained fruit juice and water)  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
Almonds  
2 1-lb. cans Bing cherries (drained and pitted)  
1 cup pineapple tidbits, drained  
1 or 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese  
1 cup diced celery

Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add flavorings. While it is cooling, place almond in cherry where pit was removed. Dice cream cheese.

When gelatin starts to congeal, divide in half. To one portion of gelatin gently fold in celery, the stuffed cherries, pineapple tidbits and diced cheese — be very careful as you add these. Chill until firm; then pour remaining gelatin over the top.

—Margery

### BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

2 pkgs. frozen broccoli, cooked and drained  
1 can cream of mushroom soup  
3/4 cup sour cream  
3/4 cup chopped celery  
1/4 cup pimiento, chopped  
1/2 cup shredded cheddar cheese (Save a little for top.)  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. pepper

Combine ingredients and mix well. Place in greased casserole. Top with reserved shredded cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 45 minutes. —Dorothy

### COUNTRY STYLE VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

4 cups cooked vegetables  
4 Tbls. butter  
4 Tbls. flour  
1 1/2 cups vegetable liquid  
1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1/2 tsp. seasoned salt  
Buttered bread crumbs  
1/4 cup grated cheese

Cook frozen vegetables according to directions — or drain canned vegetables, reserving liquid. Place vegetables in casserole. Melt butter. Stir in flour. Add vegetable liquid (add water or milk if needed to make the 1 1/2 cups liquid). Add dressing, flavoring and salt. Simmer until thickened. Pour over vegetables. Top with bread crumbs and cheese. Bake in 350-degree oven for 20 minutes. Excellent for mixed frozen or canned vegetables or fresh vegetables from the garden. Green beans, peas or other vegetables are equally good with this sauce.

### APPLESAUCE BARS

1 cup all-purpose flour  
2/3 cup brown sugar, packed  
1 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/4 cup shortening  
1 cup applesauce  
1 egg  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
1/2 cup raisins  
Browned Butter Icing

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease baking pan, 9 by 13 inches. Mix all ingredients except icing. Spread in pan. Bake about 25 minutes. Cool; frost with icing. Cut into bars, about 1 by 3 inches. Makes 32 bars.

### Browned Butter Icing

Heat 3 Tbls. butter over medium heat until golden. Remove from heat; blend in 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring, 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring, and about 1 Tbls. milk. Beat until smooth.

—Margery

### PORK PILAF

6 pork chops (or serving-size pieces of pork steak)  
Salt and pepper to taste  
1 cup long grain rice, uncooked  
3 1/2 cups chicken broth  
1/2 cup diced green pepper  
1/2 tsp. onion salt

Brown meat. Season with salt and pepper as desired. Remove meat and brown rice lightly in the drippings. Add chicken broth, green pepper and onion salt. Pour mixture into a 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Place meat over top. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. Six servings. —Margery

### IRISH SODA BREAD

2 cups whole wheat flour  
1 cup plain white flour  
1 tsp. baking soda  
2 tsp. sugar  
Pinch of salt  
1/2 stick margarine  
1 1/4 cups buttermilk  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. In a bowl, mix dry ingredients. Add margarine and blend with fingertips. Pour in buttermilk and flavoring. Knead dough for a minute, shape into a flattened, round loaf, and place on a greased cookie sheet. With a knife, score an "X" on loaf. Bake for 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees, bake 30 minutes longer. Cool, then slice and serve with soft butter. Makes one 7-inch loaf.

—Mary Leanna



**RAISIN BUTTERSCOTCH CREAM PIE**

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup dark brown sugar, packed
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 tsp. cider vinegar
- 3 egg yolks
- 2 1/2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 2/3 cups milk
- 1 baked 9-inch pastry shell
- Meringue

Cook butter or margarine and brown sugar over medium heat, stirring until bubbly. Take from heat. Add water, flavoring, raisins and vinegar. Return to heat. Boil 5 minutes. Mix lightly beaten egg yolks, cornstarch and milk till smooth. Add to raisin mixture. Cook, stirring until mixture thickens. Cook 2 more minutes. Cool. Pour into pastry shell. Spread with your favorite meringue, sealing to edges of pastry. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

—Dorothy

**SCOTCH APPLE PUDDING**

- 2/3 cup granulated sugar
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 4 cups sliced cooking apples
- 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine 2/3 cup sugar and cinnamon and add to apples and toss gently with a fork until apples are well coated. Arrange apples in an 8-inch square pan. Mix flour, baking powder, salt, and brown sugar; cut in butter or margarine to form fine crumbs; add oats and mix well; add beaten egg, milk and flavoring and mix well. Spread mixture over apples. Bake in 350-degree oven about 1 1/4 hours. Serve hot or cold with Lemon Sauce or cream. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

**Lemon Sauce**

- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Heat lemonade over low heat until defrosted. Add combined sugar, cornstarch and water and stir and cook until thickened. Add butter and butter flavoring and mix. Makes one cup.

—Ester Mae Cox

**COCONUT COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups 40% bran flakes
- 1 cup flaked coconut

Cream butter or margarine and sugars. Beat in egg and flavorings. Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together and add. Lastly, stir in cereal and coconut. Chill dough slightly. Shape into balls about one inch in diameter. Place on ungreased cookie sheet about two inches apart. Press down slightly. Bake at 350 degrees about 10-12 minutes — or until they begin to brown.

—Margery

**GREAT BEETS**

- 1 #2 can sliced or diced beets
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup sliced onions
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/3 cup beet liquid

Drain beets and save liquid. Melt butter or margarine in saucepan. Add onions and saute until tender. Stir in sugar, lemon juice, salt and pepper and beet liquid. Add beets and heat until hot. Flavor is even better if you let them stand a while and reheat.—Margery

**PARTY CAULIFLOWER**

- 1 medium head cauliflower
- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk
- 6 slices pimiento cheese

Separate the cauliflower into pieces and cook in boiling salted water until barely tender (probably 10 to 15 minutes). Drain. Brown the mushrooms and green pepper lightly in the melted butter, blend in the flour and salt and gradually stir in the milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Place half the cauliflower in a greased 2-quart casserole, cover with half the cheese slices and then half the cream sauce. Repeat layers. Buttered bread crumbs may be sprinkled over the top if you want to, but is not necessary. Place in a 350-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

**MAPLE SYRUP GINGERBREAD**

- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup maple syrup

Combine the flour, soda, salt and ginger. Mix egg, sour cream, and syrup and combine mixtures. Bake in a buttered cake pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees) about 40 minutes. —Mary Beth

**RICE AND HAMBURGER PIE**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 2 eggs, beaten

Brown the ground beef in a large skillet and drain off the grease. Add the onion, celery, green pepper, tomato sauce, salt and pepper. Mix well and let it simmer a few minutes until the vegetables are partially cooked. Place in a 2-quart casserole. Blend the rice, mustard and beaten eggs together and spread over the meat. Cover and bake in a 375-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

**PINEAPPLE CAKE**

- 1 regular-sized box yellow cake mix
- 4 eggs
- 1 3-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
- 1 10-oz. bottle 7-Up
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the cake mix, eggs and pudding mix and beat well. Add the 7-Up and vanilla flavoring and beat again. Pour into a well-greased and floured 9- by 13-inch cake pan and bake in a 350-degree oven 30 to 35 minutes. While it is baking make the following topping:

- 1 stick margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup coconut
- Nuts, if desired

Combine all the ingredients except coconut and nuts and cook for 10 minutes, or until thick. Add the coconut. Pour over the cake while hot, and sprinkle with nuts if desired. —Dorothy





## MOM'S OUR FAVORITE COOK

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### BUTTER CRUNCH PIE CRUST

- 1/4 cup plus 2 Tbls. margarine
- 3/4 cup flour
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup nuts, chopped
- 3 Tbls. water (about)

Cut shortening into flour. Add brown sugar, flavoring and nuts. Add just enough water so mixture will hold together. Press into pie tin. Bake at 400 degrees about 10 minutes, or until light brown. Cool 1 hour. Fill with refrigerator pie filling as desired. —Evelyn

### DELICIOUS BAKED BEANS

- 1 2-lb. can pork and beans
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- Bacon slices

Combine all the ingredients except bacon and place in a casserole. Cover the top with bacon slices. Bake in a 325-degree oven one to two hours.

—Dorothy

### EASY COMPANY PORK CHOPS

- Center cut pork chops
- Salt and pepper
- Flour
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Paprika

Salt and pepper chops. Dredge in flour. Brown on both sides in melted butter in large skillet. Place in overlapping rows in shallow casserole. Spoon drippings over top and spread mushroom soup over top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and paprika. Bake, covered, at 325 degrees about 30 minutes or more — depending on thickness of chops — until well done. —Margery

### CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 orange, remove some of the rind
- 1 1/2 cups cranberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup diced celery

Drain the pineapple and heat the pineapple juice and water. Add the gelatin and sugar; stir to dissolve. Put the orange and cranberries through a food chopper. Combine all the ingredients. Pour into 9-inch square pan and chill. Serves 8 to 10. —Margery

### LIMA-SOUR CREAM CASSEROLE

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup sliced onions
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 1-lb. cans green lima beans (or 2 pkgs. frozen, cooked and drained)
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup shredded American or Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs

Melt butter; add onions and parsley. Brown lightly. Stir in all the remaining ingredients except crumbs. Pour into baking dish and sprinkle crumbs over top. Bake at 300 degrees until heated thru and crumbs begin to brown — about 20-25 minutes. —Margery

### FILLED BISCUITS

- 1 recipe of baking powder biscuits (2 cups of biscuit mix)
- Leftover ground meat (about 1/2 lb.)
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 3/4 cup condensed tomato soup (or cooked tomatoes)
- 1 1/2 cups cooked green beans, drained

Roll out biscuit dough thin (about 1/4 inch thickness). Cut into 6 squares. Combine meat, onion, salt, pepper, soup or tomatoes and green beans. Place mixture on each square; fold up corners to center over mixture. Bake at 450 degrees about 8 to 10 minutes. Then reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking until biscuits are done — about 15 to 20 minutes. Good just this way, but also delicious with gravy or mushroom sauce served over top.



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Martin Strom has now moved into the new parsonage next to the church he is serving in Maple Lake, Minn. The house was officially dedicated in an impressive service in early October.

## HAVE A REASON TO LIVE

He was an old, old man. And he was going to die. He knew it. He was ready. Death would bring sweet release from the pains of age.

But he would miss the children, the grandchildren, the great-grandchildren.

He wanted to leave them something . . . something meaningful . . . something they would remember all their lives. After all, he had lived so many years; he had had so many experiences; he had learned so much. But what, what could he leave behind?

No, not money, not precious gems, not property.

What?

There was little time left, the doctor told him. Only a few weeks, at most.

The old, old man thought and thought. How could he best be remembered? What last words of such enormous import could he speak to the family that would keep him alive in the generations to follow?

And as he thought, the idea came to him — slowly at first. Then, almost instantly, he knew.

The old, old man called his family together on the evening of the following day. Youngsters and elders crowded around the bed where he lay. And this is what he said:

"My time is soon to come. So do I want to leave something with each of you as a remembrance. It is only this:

"Keep doing. Always work at some project interesting to you. And most important of all, *when you come near to completing that project start another so they overlap.* That way, you must always be involved in at least one personal endeavor that is current,

that is yet to be finished. Everyone understand?"

They nodded their heads.

"And when it is your time to leave and when you call the family together as now, relate my words. Promise me!"

They nodded again.

"So do I give you the most valuable thing I own — the secret of a long and satisfying life. You see, *when you're trying to finish a project that interests you, there's reason to get up the following morning.*"

\*\*\*\*\*

## SEVEN SUCCESS STEPS SEEN

Remember names of associates; smile when you address them.

Forgive a mistake; accept an apology. Show appreciation for favors done.

Take an interest in your work; do it to the best of your ability and develop your potentials.

Control your temper.

Be kind, gentle. Treat others as you want to be treated.

Ask not of another what you would not do yourself.

\*\*\*\*\*

November is a rustling path

That leads from autumn's brightness,  
Through meadows serene and leafless  
woods,

To sparkling winter's whiteness.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THAT'S THANKSGIVING

Apples polished, red and round,  
On the corner shelf are found;  
Popcorn balls also abound —  
That's Thanksgiving.

Pumpkin pies so rich and sweet,  
Turkey fit for kings to eat,  
Frosted cakes — oh, what a treat!  
That's Thanksgiving.

## COVER PICTURE

When Lisa and Natalie Nenneman were in Shenandoah recently to spend a few days with their grandparents, Howard and Mae Driftmier, their Aunt Lucile suggested that they have a new portrait taken for *Kitchen-Klatter*. The girls were pleased to surprise their parents, Tom and Donna Nenneman of Omaha, with an enlargement of the picture we're sharing on the cover.

## OLD FASHION

## CHINA DOLL



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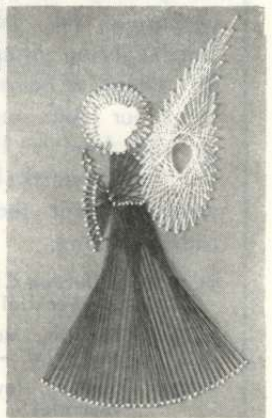
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**BLACK IRON KETTLE - Concluded**

museum that was used by Daniel Boone and his sons in making salt at the salt lick near St. Louis. The place was called Booneslick. At one time many of these kettles were made at the old iron foundry near St. James, Missouri.

Had you ever stopped to think how important these great heavy iron kettles were in the settlement of our vast country?



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

KLIC	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:35 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1mc. on your dial - 11:15 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



Mary Leanna's little daughter Isabel will enjoy a turkey drumstick this Thanksgiving.

**THE THANKSGIVING FAMILY**

(A Finger Play for Children)

Action for first stanza: indicate the various members of the family by extending the fingers of the left hand, beginning with the thumb, and pointing to each one with the right hand. On the second stanza entwine fingers together as an "united family" on first line, on second line each child "hugs himself" to indicate love, then point to God above on the last line. On last stanza, hold up fingers again, for each one mentioned and also to "count off" blessings. Fold hands in prayer for last line.

Here is the good father, he's gentle and strong.

Here is the kind mother, she's singing a song.

Here are the dear children, one big and one small.

Here is the sweet baby, a joy to us all.

They live in a family, as God says to do.

They love one another, as God wants them to.

They all are as happy as happy can be, Because they're trying to do God's wishes, you see.

Now, here's father, here's mother, with heads bowed in prayer;

And all of the children, even baby is there,

They're counting the blessings God's sent their way

And saying "thank you" to Him on Thanksgiving Day.

—Mabel Nair Brown

**THANKSGIVING DAY**

Now is the time to forget all your cares, Cast every trouble away,

Think of your blessings, remember your joys,

Don't be afraid to be gay!

None are too old, and none are too young

To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

**PARTY IDEAS**

To make the *Turkey Favors* for your Thanksgiving party, you will need cupcakes baked in the colored baking cups. From an empty paper baking cup of the same color or a contrasting color, cut a fan-shaped tail for the turkey from the fluted side of the cup. Glue to the back side of the baking cup. Next, cut two wings for the turkey from the fluted side of the same baking cup. Glue on each side of the cupcake. Cut the turkey's neck and head from cardboard and color with crayons, putting in the turkey's eyes, bill and wattles. Make a small slit in the bottom of the neck and slip down the front part of the cupcake. Your turkey does not need feet, but if you wish you could draw, color and cut two flat feet and paste on either side of the bottom of the cupcake. —Mildred Grenier

*Indian Tepees* make delightfully different decorations for November tables, and remind us that the Indians were at the first Thanksgiving feast. Make the tepees from tan burlap and paint on Indian designs as decorations. Lace part way down the flap (door) with bright-colored yarn. Slip each tepee over a tripod of small twigs. These are very pretty as table decorations along with autumn leaves, nuts, acorns, perhaps some candy pumpkins, and some ears of calico corn.

*Puzzling Peter* is just a different slant on an old guessing game. Cut the top from a pumpkin which you can use in your November decorations. Remove the seeds, wash and dry them. Count them and return the seeds to the inside of the pumpkin and replace the top. Leave a paper and pencil handy where guests can jot down their guesses on the number of seeds, signing their names beside their numbers. Award a prize to the one who comes closest to the correct number. —Mabel N. Brown

**THANKSGIVING FABLE**

It was a hungry pussy cat, upon Thanksgiving morn,

And she watched a thankful little mouse, that ate an ear of corn.

"If I ate that thankful little mouse, how thankful he should be,

When he has made a meal himself, to make a meal for me!

Then with his thanks for having fed, and his thanks for feeding me,

With all this thankfulness inside, how thankful I shall be!"

Thus mused the hungry pussy cat upon Thanksgiving Day;

But the little mouse had overheard and declined (with thanks) to stay.





## THOUGHTS ON THANKSGIVING

The *Turkey*, which we have always associated with Thanksgiving, is truly an American bird. Long before the white man came to America, Indians caught the wild turkeys and fattened them, and used them in ceremonial feasts.

After the coming of the Spaniards, turkeys were sent to the European market and there gained their name, so the story goes. The merchants, mostly Hebrews, thought this new bird was a kind of peacock, and so they called it by their name for peacock, *tukki*. Eventually this resulted in the English version of their word, "turkey".

\*\*\*\*\*

The *Pilgrims* came as strangers to a wild land, and none of them knew which day would be the last. Never in the Old Country had they known such a winter; the wind so cold, the food so scarce, the enemy night so filled with dread. Never had they worked so hard, paying with aching backs for every shelter raised against the cutting wind. Everywhere they went, Famine and Death watched them with expectant eyes. By the end of that bitter winter there was hardly one among them who had not lost to the cold earth someone he had thought he could not live without. Then these men and women, who had nothing, sat down to their humble table and bowed heads in gratitude for what they had!

We sometimes wonder why. How could they? Did they know some secret of happiness, denied to us, that made them glad for so little?

Yet let us think. Haven't we known a time when just to hear a child laugh, to see the sun rise over the tree tops, to catch a glimpse of a long-absent face, when just to find oneself alive, was a gift beyond belief? The Pilgrims had their lives; no man has more. They had freedom, too. They were where they wanted to be. All the days ahead were theirs to use as they pleased.

Remembering this, we join in the Thanksgiving feast, brothers to all wise men whom trouble has taught to look at what they have, not what they lack.

—(Adapted from *Sunshine*)

\*\*\*\*\*



A reader from Colfax, Iowa, took this picture of Margery when she visited the *Kitchen-Klatter* office.

Though their stores were meager, the Pilgrims generously invited their Indian friends to join them for that first Thanksgiving feast. They came and stayed three days! But the courageous Pilgrims were also gracious hosts, and so they gave of what they had. The consequences were hard, and during the severe winter that followed the little band existed on near starvation rations.

According to tradition, as the winter drew to a close, there was only enough corn left so that they could allow but five kernels a day to each person. But they survived — and were grateful.

On Thanksgiving the symbol of five kernels of corn reminds us of how much we have to be thankful for.

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## There's More to Winter than Turkey and Santa Claus



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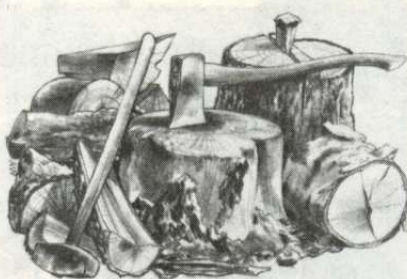
## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

*The Bright and Glowing Place* by Frank Rowsome, Jr. is a unique book that explores man's relationship with and dependence upon fire. It is about fires that warm and fires that cook; fires that invite companionship and inspire talk.



Drawing by Aldren A. Watson from "Apple and Beech, Birch and Oak" in *The Bright and Glowing Place*, by Frank Rowsome, Jr.

The author describes evening fires: "... fires to have dinner by, to play chess or cards by, and to listen to music by. There are fires of celebration, reflection, and solace; fires proper for Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, and Twelfth Night; fires for snowy evenings when drifts sift deep outside and others for windy starlit nights of great cold. There are fires to talk and laugh by and others to wait up alone by..."

Rowsome discusses fire-creating techniques from flints to matches, the best woods for a good blaze, philosophers and their response to fire, and the joys of a filled woodshed. The author grew up in a house where there were six fireplaces and says he dreams of "someday pursuing the good life in a house located above 44 degrees north, on the edge of a hardwood forest, with at least six fireplaces to feed, and tend, and enjoy."

*The Bright and Glowing Place* (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$7.95) by Frank Rowsome, Jr. is full of humor and nostalgia, as well as some really interesting information about fire and in that "bright and glowing place" — the hearth.

*Princess Alice* (Little, Brown and Co., \$10) by James Brough is a biography of Alice Roosevelt Longworth, daughter of Rough Rider Theodore Roosevelt. With the style of true nobility, Alice Roosevelt Longworth dominated Washington society, first as the vivacious young girl, then as the outspoken observer of the political scene, and now as the still incomparably admired nonagenarian. After President McKinley was assassinated, her father took charge of the highest office of the land, and Alice became the country's darling. Once a family friend asked, "Isn't there anything you can do to control Alice?" to which the Chief Executive replied, "I can do one of two things. I can be President of the United States, or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both."

There was a brilliant White House wedding when Alice Roosevelt married Nicholas Longworth, a representative

from Ohio who later became Speaker of the House. She continued to preside over the capital's circle of social "legislators" even after her father failed to be renominated by the Republican party and the later accession of Franklin Delano, a fifth cousin, to the presidency.

Mrs. Longworth's home served as a salon for those privileged to partake of elegant company and lively conversation. Today at ninety-one she is still as irrepressible as ever. In her own words, "I'm an old firehorse. I give a good show."

*Princess Alice* is a lively book about an interesting lady and her family and the times in which she has lived.

Jerry Baker's *Third Back to Nature Almanac* (Pocket Books, \$1.50) is his latest paperback. It shows you how to get the most out of your garden without becoming its slave. There are sections on vegetables, lawns, roses, trees, annuals, spraying, pest control, indoor gardening and much garden lore. His advice for winter: Be nice to the birds. Overhaul your gardening equipment. Wash the foliage of every shiny-leaf house plant with soap and water. Check your evergreens for snow and ice damage. Dig up tulips planted in the late fall and bring them in to flower in a bright room, with a pot full of spring colors. Get several books on gardening and curl up by a fire and read. The *Third Back to Nature Almanac* is a book for all seasons — a delightful, easy-to-read garden book.

An *Early I Can Read Book* for children ages 4-8 is *Barkley* by Syd Hoff. Barkley was a great circus dog who could walk on his front legs and walk on his back legs. But he was getting to be an old circus dog. He couldn't keep up with the younger dogs, and he decided to leave the circus and the children he loved.

But all turned out well when Barkley found he was needed to teach the young circus dogs new tricks.

*Barkley* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$2.50) is another *I Can Read* book that children enjoy so much. Children who love dogs and circuses will love *Barkley*.

## DID YOU KNOW?

You probably have memorized "Over the River and Through the Wood" as a favorite Thanksgiving poem, but did you know its author was Lydia Maria Child, a well-known novelist of the early 1800's? Like Harriet Beecher Stowe, she was an ardent abolitionist and wrote many books and plays on the theme of freeing the slaves. She was born in Medford, Mass. in 1802.

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

This was a strange season for our garden area. First we had so much rain no one could get in the garden to work the ground or plant it. Finally in desperation we "mudded" in vegetables and flowers and then came the drouth followed by a scourge of army cut worms. These pests riddled the foliage on everything in their path. The insecticide sevin was recommended for control but local dealers could not keep a supply on hand and our flower beds and gardens suffered. I don't believe in hoarding as such, but I was secretly glad when my husband came home with an extra bottle of sevin. We will have a little ammunition on hand next summer if these pests invade the garden again.

Because of the adverse conditions mentioned above, our circle garden and neighboring flower beds did not attain such a big splash of color as usual. Because of insect pests, blight spread more rapidly than in previous years, but still many of the flowers were outstanding. Perhaps you would like to jot these down for your own gardens next season. The Summer Carnival hollyhock plants that were set out along the south wall of our bedroom were superb. The clear bright colors of these double blooms were creamy white, dark red, scarlet, soft pink and a clear, bright yellow. If you start seeds of Summer Carnival hollyhock in early spring, the plants will bloom the first season.

We grew six different kinds of dianthus because I couldn't recall the name of the extremely lovely one we had grown the previous year. It turned out to be Scarlet Charm but the other five were very pretty too and hooked me on pink's for good!

Marigolds that drew attention were Happy Face, Gold Galore, First Ladies and the Brocades with their double and semi-double, richly colored red and gold blooms. A border of dwarf celosia called Fairy Fountain proved the ultimate in dwarf plumosa mixture. The plants were all the same height (about 12 inches) with a blend of lovely colors — red, pink, yellow, orange, gold and rose. We used them in borders along walkways and visitors always stopped to admire the brilliant blooms.

The little rudbeckia called Goldflame stole the show in beds where it was planted. The very dwarf, single yellow flowers have dark centers. The plants are free flowering and the conditioned blooms last for days in arrangements. You'll love this gloriosa daisy so keep it in mind for spring planting.

✕ ✕ ✕

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Veteran's Day is a day for remembering, but more important, it is a day to pledge anew, we here at home, to keep faith with those who have answered our country's call to service. The good things of our land we must value greatly and hold fast; that which spoils, destroys and corrupts those things for which our sons serve must be rooted out. This is our home task!

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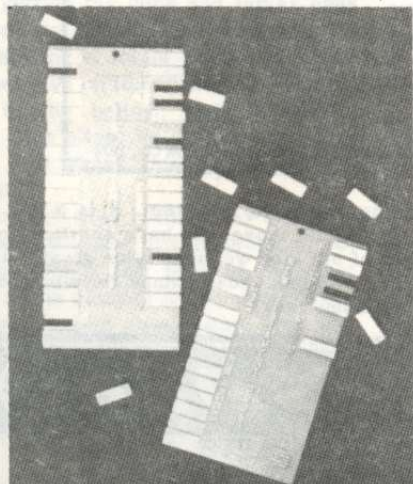
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in their first year in America.

Approximately half the original passengers that had come to America on the *Mayflower* then lay in graves at the edge of the tiny settlement, yet those who remained were still joyful in their praise to God for the lives spared and for the bountiful harvest. The Pilgrims had a great faith in God. Like the apostle Paul, they looked at life in thankful terms, even in the almost overwhelming circumstances.

Let us now join in what is often called "Old Hundredth" a tune familiar to the Pilgrims. They probably sang words similar to those we use today.

Hymn: "Praise God from Who All Blessings Flow".

Leader: The tone of that first Thanksgiving set the pattern for our country's nation-wide expressions of gratitude for the bountiful goodness of God. In these days of pressing buttons and pulling levers there is a tendency to think we are pretty self-sufficient and that we are a self-made nation. Not so! The fingerprint of God is everywhere; a Divine hand still showers blessings upon us; a Divine Mercy still holds us close; a Divine God guides us through personal and national tragedies. Thus we, too, should lift grateful hearts to God for the joy of life, for the blessings of the year, and for the hope of the future.

The fields have yielded ample store  
Of fruits and wheat and corn,  
That nights of restful blessedness  
Have followed each new morn;  
That flowers have blossomed by the paths

That thread our working days,  
That love has filled us with delight,  
We offer heartfelt praise.

Not only for the earth's rich gifts,  
Strewn thick along our way,  
Her looks of constant loveliness,  
We thank our God today;  
But for the spirit's subtle growth,  
The higher, the better part.  
The treasures gathered in the soul —  
The harvest of the heart. —Anon.

There is a cry of thankfulness in my soul that I am permitted to see, to hear, and to feel the touch of God in all that richly blesses me. Let us stand and joyfully sing the first verse of the familiar Thanksgiving hymn, clasping hands in a circle of friendship as we sing, remaining with clasped hands for the benediction.

Hymn: "Come Ye Thankful People Come", first verse.

Benediction: God be in our heads and in our understanding; God be in our eyes and in our looking; God be in our mouths, and in our speaking; God be in our hearts, and in our thinking; God be in our end and at our departing.

—Adapted from Sarum Primer, 1558



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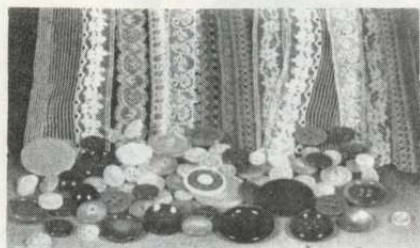
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**DOROTHY'S LETTER** — Concluded  
one that Betty gave her that she has gotten so much good out of that I hope the ones I make are just as satisfactory. I also made her a fine wale corduroy robe to wear when the snow flies. I had intended to get this made for her for Christmas last year, but after she got so sick and Frank got hurt at Christmas time, I never did get around to it until this summer. Now she needs it more than ever, so I guess it is better late than never.

I'm going to look through some recipes right now and see if I can find

something interesting to test. My cupboard is getting bare of things to serve with coffee. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

*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 1975.

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  
Margery Driftmier Strom Shenandoah, Iowa  
Hallie E. Kite Shenandoah, Iowa

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)

None

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 the 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.)

85,078

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager  
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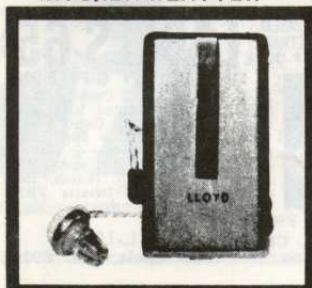


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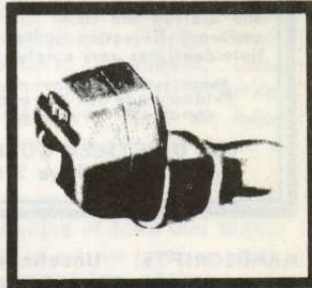
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