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Kitchen-Klatter *Magazine*

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Leanna Field Driftmier, 1886 - 1976



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier

Lucile Driftmier Verness

Margery Driftmier Strom

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

To Our Dear and Good Friends:

On the most brilliantly clear and beautiful day of this year, we seven Driftmier brothers and sisters gathered together to hear the words of comfort that were given to us for our mother, Leanna Field Driftmier.

We had realized for almost a month, of course, that Mother could sleep away at any moment, and yet in spite of all the warnings we were as stricken when she drew her last breath as if it had never occurred to us that the end was close at hand. None of us had been able to imagine a world in which Mother would not be with us, and it will be a long, long time before we can fully absorb the reality of her home-going.

On restless nights I have thought countless times about her personality, and somehow it seems to me that the single most remarkable thing about her is the fact that she was wholly and completely the same person to the world that she was to her family.

We've all known (or heard about) the severely handicapped person who kept up a fine face to greet the world, but abandoned it completely when it came down to the family and to people who loved them. *They* were the ones who heard the pent-up bitterness and resentment that piles up through forty years of living in a wheelchair. *They* aren't spared a thing.

But the truly great and remarkable thing about Mother was that she had exactly *one* personality, and not a single one of us can ever recall her saying a single bitter word about the solitude that comes from being cut off from the countless activities that more fortunate people take for granted. This, to me, was the great triumph of her life. She *knew* that we understood without saying a single word. She *knew*!

It is customary at such a time to print the obituary that appeared in our evening paper — The Sentinel, and thus we are using it to account for the members of our family who are now so widely scattered.

This is the announcement as it appeared in our local paper:

Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier, aged 90, died at her home today, Sept. 30.

Mrs. Driftmier (the former Leanna Field) was the sole survivor of the Field family, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon E. Field who homesteaded land in 1868 when the countryside around Shenandoah was virgin prairie. They were both teachers in the first couple of years that they lived at Sunnyside, the name of their farm that is now almost within the city limits of Shenandoah.

On June 25th, 1913, Leanna Field married Martin H. Driftmier, and aside from two comparatively brief periods of time spent in Clarinda and California, Shenandoah remained her home.

Circumstances were such that Mrs. Driftmier became a genuine pioneer in her own right when radio opened up an entirely new world, and it was more than fifty years ago when she started a radio program for women known as Kitchen-Klatter. It is still carried on today and is the oldest sustained program in the history of radio.

In September, 1930, Mrs. Driftmier suffered critical injuries in an automobile accident, and that was the end of her freedom to come and go as she wished. In spite of being confined to a wheelchair for the balance of her life she carried on her responsibilities to her church and to a goodly number of clubs and organizations of which she was a member.

She was preceded in death by her husband in 1968, her parents and all of her brothers and sisters. She remained in her own home because of the de-

voted care of Mrs. Ruby Treese who has been in the home for thirteen years, and who enabled both Mr. and Mrs. Driftmier to spend their final years in familiar surroundings.

Mrs. Driftmier is survived by seven children: Howard, Lucile (Mrs. Russell Verness) and Margery (Mrs. Oliver Strom), all residents of Shenandoah; Dorothy (Mrs. Frank Johnson) of Lucas, Iowa, Dr. Frederick Driftmier of Springfield, Mass., S.W. Driftmier of Denver, Colorado, and Donald P. Driftmier of Delafield, Wisconsin.

She is also survived by twelve grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Private memorial services will be held at the family home when all members of the family have arrived. The memorial service will be conducted by the Rev. E. D. Cox, pastor of the First Congregational Church where Mrs. Driftmier held a life-long membership.

Interment will be at Rosehill Cemetery next to the grave of her husband.

All of the children made it home and we found comfort in our sharing of the loss together.

The twelve grandchildren were represented by the Reverend Martin Strom, pastor of the Bethlehem United Church of Christ of Maple Lake, Minnesota. He was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Eugenie Strom.

In addition, Mrs. Tom Nenneman, a granddaughter, of Omaha, Nebr., drove down with her husband and their two daughters, Lisa and Natalie, represented the eight great-grandchildren.

All of the grandchildren longed very much to come, but they live at such distant points that they couldn't get sufficient time from their various jobs to cover the distance to Shenandoah. During this past year they had visited their grandmother, knowing that her time with us was short.

She bequeathed to all of us, her children, her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren, a legacy that will be forever with us. We are greatly blessed to have known her as our Mother, and to realize also that people who were truly our kinfolk shared in this blessing.

Faithfully always,
Lucile

AND MARGERY WRITES:

When we think our grief is almost too much to bare, we remind ourselves that we must reach into our inner selves and remember what wonderful memories we have of Mother — her courage, her faith and her strength — and be assured that these will help us as we move on

into the future.

All but these two pages of the magazine were being printed when Mother passed away. Consequently, you'll read in Frederick's letter that Mother was failing and he made a brief trip home to have a few days with her.

This is a copy of a letter that Frederick's son, David Lloyd, wrote to him the day before he learned of the death of his Grandmother Driftmier. We want to share it with you.

Dear Dad:

I was very glad to learn that you were able to have a good visit with your dear mother. On the phone you said that if I had been there, I would have found it hard to restrain my tears, and I am sure that you were right about that. It is the hardest thing in the world to see a person at the end of this worldly life. Granny's life fed your spirit which in turn gave Mary Lea, Mother, and me the greatest kind of light that any family can have at its center. Since the time that I reached an age of understanding, Granny has been a constant inspiration for me. I am deeply grieved by her condition, and yet in the past few months, I have been moved and touched by her fortitude and all-loving positive attitude.

When I spoke to her on the phone the other day, she said that a person always has the future to look forward to. Then she said: "Do you feel my hug and my love?" And I did feel it! As I hugged her back over the space of long distance, I knew that I was feeling something of life's mystery, something of God. In her voice there was warmth and good cheer. In our ends are our beginnings. In Granny there is all proof of all that is good in humanity, in faith, and in prayer.

I stand with you and with your brothers and sisters and my fellow grandchildren, and with countless others who raise their praise to God that my grandmother lived the life she did. My thoughts are very much with you now.

Love,
Dave

From the letters that we've received from members outside our immediate family, we've chosen to share this one from our dear cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger.

To all my Driftmier cousins:

It does not seem possible that she is gone. She had lived such an incredible life, against such odds, that I had come to think of her as everlasting. Her spirit, of course, is immortal.

How proud I am to be her niece, and to have known her love.

Since your telephone call, a lifetime



This is the only picture taken of the Driftmier brothers and sisters that any of us can recall. It is sad that a death brought us together at this time, but that is not an unusual situation in large families. It was hard to smile for the camera, but we made the effort and this is the result. Seated on the sofa are Lucile, Dorothy and Margery. Behind them are Howard, Wayne, Donald and Frederick.

of family memories has come flooding into my mind. I suddenly remembered vividly the day that Donny Paul was born, and how radiant Aunt Leanna looked; the awful suspense as we waited near the telephone on the day of the tragic automobile accident; the innumerable happy visits in Clarinda and Shenandoah with the scene full of young Driftmiers.

I wish that I could be with you this weekend, not only in tribute to Aunt Leanna, but to see in one gathering the magnificent offspring that she mothered, and grandmothered, and great-grandmothered. What a legacy of wonderful people she has left to the world.

Carry on!

Much love,
(Signed) Gretchen

Mother was particularly fond of beautiful poems. After her death we found an envelope in her letter basket on the bedside table with several of her favorites tucked inside.

We've read them and reread them and they have brought such comfort to us that we want to share some of them with you.

COVER PICTURE

Of the many, many pictures of Mother, we children selected this one to share with you friends. It was taken in the spring of 1972, and appeared on the June cover that year.

AFTER WORK

Lord, when Thou seest
That my work is done,
Let me not linger on,
With failing powers
Adown the weary hours,
A workless worker
In a world of work;
But, with a word,
Just bid me home
And I will gladly come,
Right gladly,
Will I come. —Oxenham

MY PRAYER

God, make my life
A shining flower
To bloom with love
Each waking hour.

God, make my life
A happy song
That helps all 'round me
To be strong.

God, make my life
A silent prayer
Of honest action
Everywhere.

—Norman Schlichter

Lastly, we'd like to leave you with this beautiful poem, written by Mother's sister Susan Conrad. It was written very shortly before Aunt Sue died after a lengthy illness. It meant so

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My Cup Runneth Over

A THANKSGIVING WORSHIP

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make an arrangement on the altar of an open Bible placed in the center, with a small American flag in a standard placed at the right, and at left place a container or cornucopia filled with choice fruits and vegetables. On the dossal drapes behind and above the altar (or if necessary a backdrop of dark wine or deep blue material) pin the letters cut from gold paper to spell out the lesson title "My Cup Runneth Over".

Quiet Music: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" (Old Hundredth).

Scriptures: *Blessed by the Lord be His land, with the choicest gifts of heaven above, and the deep couches beneath, with the choicest fruits of the sun, and the rich yield of the months, with the finest produce of the ancient mountains, and the abundance of the everlasting hills, and the best gifts of the earth and its fullness.*

It is good to give thanks to the Lord, to sing praises to Thy name, O Most High; to declare Thy steadfast love in the morning, and Thy faithfulness by night.

I will give thanks to the Lord with my whole heart; I will tell all Thy wonderful deeds.

O Lord, our Lord, how majestic is Thy name in all the earth!

Prayer: O Eternal God, our Creator, we come to You this day in praise and thanksgiving. Praise to You, Father, for sunlight and gardens and fields, for all of the beauties of the four seasons, for those who teach us love by loving us, for the blessings of home and church and country, for those things, too, which You are wise enough to withhold from us. We offer Thee our praise and we come to Thee in thanksgiving for health, for doctors and hospitals for those of us who need them; for all of the blessings of little everyday things we take so for granted; for all these and countless other blessings, but most of all for Thy love which abides with us each moment of our lives. Continue to guide and protect us we pray. Amen.

Leader:

Give me a humble heart that I may see

What God and home and country mean to me.

I know the beauty of my native land,
Its quiet hills; its mountains crowned with snow;
Its waters that shall make deserts bloom
With strangest loveliness I know.
And I have learned of men who gave their lives

In service that a dream might be fulfilled.

Remembered words have echoed down the years,

A song of freedom that shall not be stilled.

Nor have I quite forgotten that much blood

Upon the land, a seeping, staining red,

Must be a mark of covenant between The valiant living and heroic dead.

And yet it would be well if, for a day, My life could be a sharper contrast shown

Against a background, somber and austere,

Deprived of all the sunlight I have known.

Because, perhaps, I take as if by right Unnumbered blessings, scarcely giving heed

Or thanks to that vast fellowship of persons

That, by the grace of God, has met each need.

Too flippantly I speak of sacred things; In every diamond I see a flaw.

Too carelessly I tread on holy ground, Forgetting to remove my shoes in awe.

Forgive me: clear my vision till I see What God and home and country mean to me. —Anonymous

Meditation: ON "GOD"

Thanksgiving simply means that we have an awareness of God made manifest. We have only to take a few moments to "be still, and know", to really know that God is indeed manifest in all that surrounds us, in all that we do, in the love of family that means so much to us, in the very fact of life itself. Once our eyes are opened to see, our ears attuned to hear, the

awareness of God right HERE AND NOW becomes awesome and humbling. But oh, the security it brings, too!

Yes, we know we should make this thanksgiving a part of our daily lives 365 days of every year, but, frail humans that we are, we need to have a special day set aside to impress upon our minds our dependence upon God and our need to offer Him our gratitude and our love.

Somehow for me the Twenty-Third Psalm says it all so beautifully. Join me in saying it, if you will, as our prayer and praise to our heavenly Father for His presence in our lives: (Repeats the Twenty-Third Psalm.)

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers".

Meditation: ON "HOME"

This is a good time to think about what our home and loved ones mean to us, and then be thankful.

Thomas Dreier says, "If you want health and happiness, start right now to give thanks to those who love and serve you. Tell those at home how appreciative you are of what they are doing for you. When you awaken in the morning, start giving thanks and keep at it throughout the day. Why, you will find yourself a magnet that will attract health and happiness. Wealth of the mind and spirit will flow upon you."

Being thankful keeps one from going stale and sour. When we can appreciate and be thankful, then we can begin to love — and be lovable, especially when we truly appreciate the "little things", the little joys of home and family and friends.

Should you start to count your blessings

In the usual off-hand way,
Much like taking inventory
As of this Thanksgiving Day,
You'll no doubt list those outstanding
With a joy that thrills and clings;
But you'll find the happiest total comes

As you count the little things.

Like the smiling "Welcome home!"
By the one you love so well,
Or the peaceful evening hours
As the whole family "sits a spell".
Don't forget how blessed is a bed to rest

When the tasks of the day are done.
Oh, there are thousands of homely blessings

Which are precious to everyone.

—Adapted from an unknown author.

Song: "Home Sweet Home" or another similar number.

Meditation: ON "COUNTRY"

"My Country" — What does it mean to me? First, it is the history, or its

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The Appealing Apple

by
Erma Reynolds

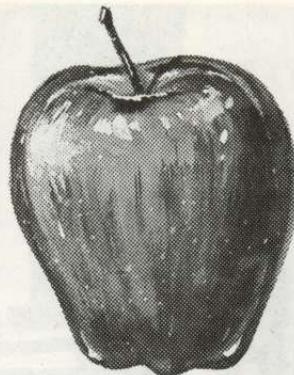
Red, green, yellow, or russet, the apple is one of the most widely known and versatile of fruits.

It's little wonder monuments have been erected to honor this king of fruits. In Wilmington, Mass., a tall column, crowned with a huge stone apple bears this inscription: "This pillar marks the estate where in 1793 Sam'l Thompson, Esq. discovered the first Pecker apple tree, later named the Baldwin." A monument to the McIntosh apple stands in Dundela, Ontario, Canada. The inscription on its plaque reads: "The original McIntosh Red apple tree stood about 20 rods north of this spot. It was one of a number of seedlings that was taken from the border of the clearings and transplanted by John McIntosh in the year 1796." Cornelia, Georgia, known as the "Home of the Big Red Apple", has erected a massive steel and concrete replica of an apple that is seven feet high, 22 feet in circumference, and weighing 5,200 pounds.

There are many species of apples, but the original — a small, sour crab apple — got its start in southwestern Asia. Solidified remains of apples, along with crude pictures of the fruit, have been found in caves in Europe, used by the lake dwellers of the Stone Age, proving that apples pleased the palate of prehistoric man, and that he devised ways of preserving and storing the fruit.

Pliny, the Roman naturalist, who lived in the period, 23-79 A.D., described 22 varieties of apple, and Theophrastus, the Greek botanist, who lived from 371-287 B.C., mentions several varieties of apples that were grown in his time. Both the ancient Greeks and Romans cut and dried apples for winter use, and made them into cider. Because they had the superstitious belief that apples contained a magic healing power, perhaps these early-day folk should be given credit for the notion that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away."

When the Romans invaded Britain,



about 55 B.C., they brought along apple tree cuttings. History records that Saxons, in the 14th century, were enjoying apple fritters as their favorite dessert.

Along about the time America was discovered, apples had become central and northern Europe's most cultivated fruit, so it was not surprising that the first settlers to the New World, brought along apple seeds and trees for planting.

John Winthrop, governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, is credited with introducing the first cultured apples to Massachusetts in 1629, and it is recorded that "ten fair pippins" were picked on October 10, 1639, from trees planted in Boston.

One of the strangest figures in American history was John Chapman, better known as Johnny Appleseed, a ragged eccentric evangelist. It has been estimated that Johnny was responsible for starting hundreds of orchards throughout the Midwest. As he traveled through this area in the early 1800's, he noticed the meager supply of apples, so as a sideline to his gospel preaching, he scattered apple seeds over some 100,000 square miles of territory.

Cool and crisp, apples make delicious eating. A medium-size apple is about 80 calories, supplying a hunger pacifier, minus the calorie surplus, that usually accompanies in-between meal snacks. We can reach for an apple when we want to build our intake of vitamin C, and an apple eaten raw, skin and all, gives the jaws, gums, and teeth needed exercise. When eaten on an empty stomach, the apple has definite laxative properties, probably due to its large cellulose content.

But apples are too abundant for all of them to be eaten raw. They can be baked, boiled, fried, and poached. They can be made into sauce, hidden in cake and biscuit batters, or wrapped in pie crust. Made into jelly, candy, or cider, they are a taste treat. Now I ask you — what other fruit can claim such a wide range of culinary uses?

Here are a few hints to apply to apple preparation and cooking:

Apples will remain whole and be less likely to break during cooking if you core them before paring.

Peeled apples will not discolor if the pieces are placed in cold water, to which one teaspoon of salt is added to each quart of water. Let them remain in the water until ready to use.

Baked apples will not burst during cooking if the skin around the top is pricked with a fork, or a ring is cut around the center of the fruit.

So that baked apples will be tender all the way through, but not too brown on top, keep the fruit covered during the first half of the baking period.

An old adage states: "An apple without cheese is like a kiss without a squeeze", so try rolling a few sprinkles of grated cheese into the crust of an apple pie before baking.

TURKEY TIME ENTERTAINMENT

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Turkey Quiz:

1. What part of the turkey would be of interest to a farmer? Crop
2. What part of a turkey would have interested John Philip Sousa? Drumstick
3. Why might you be embarrassed at Thanksgiving dinner? Because you see the turkey dressing
4. What did Tom Turkey do to offend Emily Post? Gobble
5. What part of the turkey does the lawyer write often in his legal documents? Claws (clause)
6. What Thanksgiving favorite was also Cinderella's delight? Pumpkin
7. The aviator is proud when he gets part of the turkey. Wings
8. What part of the turkey is a story? Tail
9. This part we find in the class of some fighters. Feather(weight)
10. A type of letter familiar to us all. Bill

Thanksgiving Football Game: Use white wrapping paper (or wallpaper, using back side) to cover a long table. Mark it off as a miniature football field. Use empty eggshells (blow out contents ahead of time), or pingpong balls, with players trying to blow the shells or the ball over the goal line.

Pumpkin Race: Players must carry a paper pumpkin on top of the head (one for each team running in competition) and race a designated distance without losing the pumpkin off the head. The hands cannot be used to steady it. The player to reach the goal first wins five points for his or her side.

FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you at an early hour on Monday morning, and as I do so, I am keeping one eye on some workmen who are here to take down our window awnings. We have several large, maroon-colored awnings to keep the sun off the windows on the east side of the parsonage, and to give shade to our large screened porch. Each year those awnings are taken down and stored in our basement for the winter, and then they are put up again in the summer. The men who do this work for me come from another city twenty miles up the Connecticut River from here, and they are the only people in this part of the state of Massachusetts who will do this kind of work. Now isn't that amazing? You would think that in a metropolitan area of 500,000 persons there would be more than one firm specializing in awning installations and removals, but such is not the case. Of course there are many awning companies, firms which sell and repair awnings, but all of those companies use the same installation firm.

I find it very difficult to understand all of the ins and the outs of business. Just today in our morning paper I saw an advertisement placed by a business which "manufactures antiques". Now how about that? I knew that with all of the antique shops in every little town and village there would have to come a time when there would be a shortage of antiques, but I had never guessed that now firms manufacture so-called "antiques". Watch out!

A few weeks ago much attention was given on television and in the newspapers to a story about "mailorder ministers" who for a few dollars bought so-called "degrees in religion and papers of religious ordination". The point was made that people were making themselves "ministers of the Gospel" so that they could get out of paying taxes. Just in case any of you think that genuine, bona fide clergymen do not have to pay taxes, let me set you straight. Certainly they have to pay taxes. As a matter of fact, here in Massachusetts we pay enormously high taxes. We pay property taxes on our parsonages. We pay the full national income tax. We pay the full state income tax. We pay very high state sales taxes. We pay unbelievably high excise taxes to our city government. We are kept quite poor financially speaking because of the taxes we



Shortly after Frederick's trip to Spain, he flew to Shenandoah to see Mother for a few days.

have to pay just the same as everyone else. Since we live in Massachusetts, we actually pay higher taxes generally than the citizens of any other state in our nation. We do not have to pay taxes on the church building itself, and for that I am most grateful. It will be a sorry state of affairs when bona fide churches are taxed by the government, and you and I must see to it that that never happens. Wouldn't it be something if the government began taxing church buildings while at the same time it gave tax exemption to zoos?

Speaking of zoos reminds me to tell you about the perfectly splendid zoo we saw in Madrid, Spain, last August. We had heard that Barcelona had a fine zoo, and so one beautiful Saturday afternoon we went out there, and how glad we are that we did. We had the thrill of seeing the only albino gorilla known to exist in the world. It was a much larger animal than I am, and when it walked in an upright position, it towered above me. A few years ago when we were taking our children on a trip around the world, we saw the only albino tigers known to exist.

When people ask us to what country we would like to return someday, we never fail to mention India and Japan. We think that of all the countries in the world India is the most unusual, the most exotic, and the most exciting, but we think that Japan runs a close second. Certainly Japan is a safer country to visit than is India. We are giving some thought to the possibility of sending one of our South Church tours to Japan next year, but I am sure we shall never send a church tour to India. From a health point of view it is too risky. I would not have said this about India twenty-five years ago, but

each year since the granting of Indian independence, the water and sewage systems have deteriorated there.

Generally speaking, an American is much safer in any of the European countries than he is here at home. I do not know of any country in Europe where I am afraid of the possibility of being robbed, or mugged, or molested in any way, and I certainly cannot say that about our own United States. In Springfield, I dare not let Betty walk to the corner mailbox after dark, and she must walk there with caution in the daylight. Here we live in constant fear of being robbed or mugged, and that is true of every other city in this country known to me. In some of the small towns people have more security than we have in the cities, but even in the small towns there is far more concern about theft and other crimes than there used to be when I was a boy.

Even with our crime, I prefer America to every other country known to me because I am confident that one day our people are going to rise up and demand an end to this fear of crime.

Since last writing to you, I have flown out to Shenandoah to see my mother and to do some broadcasting. Betty had planned to go with me, but at the last minute we decided that she should go down to Rhode Island to see her parents who are soon to leave for Florida for the winter. For two entire days I sat by Mother's bedside, and they were two of the most beatific days of my life, days of blessings that I would not sell for a million dollars. Not once did Mother complain about the weakness of her old age. Not once did she complain about the physical discomfort. Every word she spoke was an expression of gratitude. Again and again she said: "I am an old lady now, and I have never known a time in my life when God was not sending showers of blessings upon me." Those words were coming from the heart of one who has been face to face with death on several occasions, one who has been a paraplegic for all of forty-six years, and one who has experienced the passing of each of her six brothers and sisters and her own beloved husband. There is no way that any of us can prove ourselves worthy of a life like hers! It is our faith that one day she will be an angel in heaven, and then she will look down and see what her life has meant to us, and when we lift our eyes toward heaven, there will be an eternal hymn of thanksgiving in our hearts.

Sincerely,

Frederick

MARY LEANNA WRITES ABOUT LIFE ON THE RESERVATION

Dear Friends:

I am writing this in the evening at our dining room table. It is so peaceful outside you would hardly believe we had a terrific wind, dust, and rain-storm a few hours ago. Despite the fact that we can see over 40 miles in three directions from our windows, weather tends to sneak up on us over the top of Black Mountain, just to the southwest. When these sudden storms come up, the world disappears in the dust, and we really feel like we live on an island.

In a sense, we do live on an island. The tiny community of Rough Rock, Arizona, lies at the end of a recently paved road almost at the geographical center of the Navajo reservation. You people who live on ranches and farms know all about isolation, but you'd really marvel at the impact distance has on us here. In the 15 miles between Rough Rock and Many Farms, the nearest town, there is nothing except a few hogans, some herds of sheep, and the immense landscape. I drive 30 miles to the town of Chinle when I need to do some shopping, but there is a trading post close by for emergencies.

We are living here because my husband Vincent is a fifth grade teacher at the Rough Rock Demonstration School. Rough Rock receives many visitors from all over the world because it is a very interesting experiment in education.

For years, the education of Indian children on reservations has been under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Due to the size of the reservations and the lack of big population centers, the government schools are usually far from the homes of their students and the children have had to become boarders from as early as six years of age. You can imagine the sadness of families who have had to give up their children, and the problems of children who must cope with a new language and culture at so young an age.

Ten years ago, the BIA had built a new school plant at Rough Rock. The community got together and said, in effect, "We would like to decide for ourselves what sort of education to give our children." Thus began the first of the "contract" schools. The school board, comprised of senior Navajo community members, contracts with government agencies for funding, then makes all decisions regarding the running of the school. The result is an



Mary Leanna's husband Vincent, who teaches Navajo children on a reservation in Arizona, and their little daughter Isabel.

exciting academic environment that now runs from day care through high school.

The goal of Rough Rock Demonstration School is to prepare their students to lead a full life whether it be on or off the reservation. To accomplish this, the children are taught Navajo language and culture as well as English as a second language. In the early grades, Navajo is the main classroom language. By the time students reach the level Vincent teaches they are using mostly English.

One of the strong points of Rough Rock is its emphasis on parental and community involvement. There are boarding students, but they are encouraged to go home on weekends. There are parent advisors, often relatives of the students, available at all hours in the dorms. In the early grades you often see a Navajo woman dressed in velvet blouse and fluted skirt. She might be weaving a rug, answering a question, or giving comfort. The community actually exists for the school. Hopefully, the children will ultimately be ready to take over the family flock or run for government, and everything in between. The challenges are great, the problems are many, but it's a wonderful experience for us.

We are living in a 3-bedroom house in what is known as the "compound". There are about 40 houses, all of which look alike on the outside, although some have only 2 bedrooms. There are no lawns to speak of. We feel fortunate to have a row of small cottonwoods around the east and south

sides of the house.

Inside, the rooms are large, the closets are roomy, and there is lots of storage space. We had been living in a furnished apartment in Albuquerque, so this house was practically empty all spring. We brought a U-Haul of rugs and furniture back from New England after the summer, and now we're pretty proud of our home. We have plans to paint the interior and fence in the back yard, so you can see we'll be busy.

Isabel spends part of each morning in the day care center so I can get some writing done. She is picking up some Navajo mannerisms, although not too much language yet. Her English is coming right along. She now has playmates in the neighborhood, so she's a very social little girl.

As for me, there just aren't enough hours in the day. I'll report to you later on our trips and projects.

Sincerely,
Mary Leanna

THANKS FOR MANY THINGS

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

—Anonymous

HOMECOMING

Fall takes a tired summer to her
breast and rocks with gentle rhythm.
Singing harvest songs amid the rich in-
gathering which comes from our begin-
nings born of sun and dew. Love
croons soft lullabies, while Certain
Peace slowly hangs the purpling haze
and guards the reach of all remember-
ing. Perchance these hours, marked by
the cycling of the years, will change
the destiny of those who seek to walk
the bold leaf lanes of truth . . . Now
dangling fruits hang full and rest is
very near . . . Sweet Sleepy Sleep runs
down the path to draw her lover in. And
thus does motion seek to downy couch
of bursting pod and tendril-loosened
hold . . .

Spring's vision — from an apex slim
and tall
Lies mission spent . . . upon the
breast of Fall.

—Unknown



THANK YOU, LORD!

by
Dorothy Enke

Dear Lord:

I can't write a poem, nor compose a song of praise to you, but suddenly my heart is full to bursting with thankfulness for all the many blessings that are mine each day.

Thank you for making me aware of the joy of life, the warmth and comfort of the day by day routine. Forgive me that I have too often taken for granted these things that others yearn for desperately — the loving strength of a united family, the spiritual renewal when talking with you daily, the inspiration when worshipping with my family and neighbors, the tasks that come from sharing a common interest in community affairs, the challenge of doing my small part in trying to help a world in upheaval.

Oh, Lord, I thank you that I can stand in awe under your star-spangled sky, that I can know the blessings of the sunrise. Thank you for health and strength to face each day, ready for the tasks that come. I am grateful for the enchanted wonder in the eyes of little children as they look upon a universe so old to us, so new and fresh to them.

Thank you for the velvet petals of the roses, the scarlet and gold of the zinnias. Today, Lord, I'm mindful, too, that the splendid rows of cabbages and onions are blessings, gifts from thy bounteous hand.

The scorching heat of the sun, the soft glow of the moon, the fresh, wet scent of rain on the parched and dusty earth, the warm, heady scent of clover fields, the drowsy hum of bees, the song of birds, the quickening coolness of the first brisk wind of fall, the velvet silence of white snow, the happy sounds of children playing — Oh, God, I am so grateful for these, thy gifts.

Thank you for the comfort and renewal we find in our homes. I'm grateful for the scent of gingerbread baking, the aroma of coffee and bacon on a cold, sharp morning. It is good to have tasks to attend to. So many times I've complained because the work seemed a mountain I could never climb. Now I know that doing these tasks that must be done makes me a stronger person. Thank you that I'm needed by my family, my friends, my community.

Oh, Lord, you've been so generous with your love and care, today I had to say a special thank you!

A Happy Mother

AN APRON BAZAAR PARTY

by
Gloria Gene Williams

While we were Methodist missionaries in Brazil ten years, the women had a cute idea we'd like to share with you. They held an annual bazaar but decided to set a theme and make it a party too. So we had the SHOE — APRON — and HANKIE — bazaar different years that turned out to be huge successes!

Here are the games for the Apron Party, where only aprons were sold after the entertainment.

APRONS — every one made all kinds of aprons and we decorated the walls and tables with them. We kept out some of the prettiest or cutest and had a style show — letting the men wear them and judge them for Prettiest, Cutest, Biggest, Smallest, etc.

Then we played games with every one present getting involved.

Apron Relay: Choose two to four teams and have an apron to put on and take off seeing which team is the fastest getting everyone to get the apron and off again and handed to the next one!

Apron Follow the Leader: We had a leader wear an apron and every one was to follow him and do what he did . . . it was hilarious and even the smallest or oldest joined in.

Apron Telegrams: Give all paper and pencil and have them make up telegrams to read using A-P-R-O-N. Such as: A-ble P-people R-eally O-n-to N-egotiating! or A-pricots P-lease R-ichard O-ften N-ow!

Apron Hunt: Hide letters of APRON around the room and have all hunt for them until first can spell apron. (If you don't need the letter you find, leave it so others can find it.)

Apron Art: We used a blackboard and drew on a big apron. Then gave each a piece of chalk (turned out lights) and let them draw a pocket on the apron. Write name in it. See who draws the best placed pocket in the apron.

Apron Pass: (like hot potato) Passing an apron and ringing a bell. The person who has it drops out. See who can stay in the longest without getting caught with the apron.

Apron Buzz: Count 1-2-3-4-5-6-apron 8-9-10-11-12-13-apron, etc.

Hidden Apron: Hide the apron and clap to give clue to see if person can find the hidden apron.

I'll share the other bazaar parties another time.



Be a Hobbist

Do you have a hobby? If not, why not, for hobbies are essential to daily living.

Hobbies keep life interesting and keep one out of the boredom stage, for as the years gallop by, and take us by the hand, we forget that all work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.

We need to relax and forget the problems of everyday living and be interested in life, and all those about us.

Hobbies are very stimulating as well as educational, yet they need not be expensive. I know of no greater formula for happiness to renew and vitalize one's sagging interest or sagging spirit.

A hobby is the act of pursuing some object without achieving any purposeful or financial gain, other than satisfaction of reaping real enjoyment from its pursuits.

HOBBIES

Make hobbies your goal,
With wings, for they lift
The veil of stark boredom
And they leave you a gift
Of searching with interest
The modern, the old,
And the comfort of knowing
Many joys to behold.
Is reading your hobby
Of age-old worn books
Old crystal or ivory
Or perhaps button hooks?
Do pictures intrigue you
Or fancy-shaped rocks,
Were you once a mere tinker
Of old-fashioned clocks?
Your most treasured hobby
Could be quilts you have made,
Or hand-stitched odd sampler,
Or trinkets of jade.
An antique collector
Of hand-painted plates
Could reward your vacation
As you travel through states.
Since hobbies have magic
That takes boredom away
Why not stop day-dreaming
And get with it today.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

VARIED THOUGHTS

by

Evelyn Birkby

It is undoubtedly progress, but the loss involved is irreplaceable. The road used to be winding and twisted, going up and down almost as much as round and round. It had deep lush bushes and tall trees branching high to meet cathedrally in a cool green roof. It was a place of peace and quiet, calm and woodsy in the sunlight. Just driving slowly along brought a sense of relaxation and the futility of constant hurry. On a moonlit night it was a place enchanted indeed. Little trickles of silver would work in and out between entwined branches. It became an enchanted forest, a bit of primeval wood filled with fairy rings and tiny woodland creatures. A gentle, whispery chorus would greet the listener who had the patience to be still and really hear.

We drove along this rural road last week, as we had many times before, to go down to Waubonsie State Park. This time the grade was high, smooth and wide. Along the ditches the once graceful green and brown of the trees lay ignominiously on their sides with ugly gnarled yellow roots stretching awkwardly in all directions. The thick underbrush which housed little croaking frogs and raucous katydids was bulldozed into high stacks of tangle. Swiftly we moved along the road, no reason now to linger, no cool shade or enchanted moonlight, no need to listen for a tiny voiced greeting. Just road. Just open country. But progress is no respecter of the romantic. The road is efficient but the peaceful loveliness and the quiet beauty is forever destroyed.

Nothing ages one more rapidly than the sight of new senior class rings. The date for this year acts as a shock when the mind compares it with the dates on the rings of years gone by. Four years after I graduated from high school a senior girl was sweeping the room in which I taught. She held out in her hand a shiny new circle of jewelry, complete with all the pertinent data such a ring always contains. After I had made the proper oohs and ahs she wanted to see my class ring. "My, but it has worn well all these years!" she gasped. Soon after that incident I removed my ring and placed it carefully in a box with other cherished mementos, for each time I looked at the ring I could hear the words of the fledgling graduate and the weight of "all these years" would descend heavily upon



This picture of Evelyn Birkby was taken at the Strawhouse Inn in Pella, Iowa. The in-the-wall fireplace beside her is open on both sides bringing a warm, cheery glow to those who come to eat in the famous old Inn.

what I still considered to be youthful shoulders.

It is always fun to hear a group discuss cooking experiences. At a recent get-together the conversation turned to upside-down cake. One friend told about a fancy cake which was just ready to come from the oven. A "helpful" visitor volunteered to take it out. She just tipped up the pan and poured in onto the plate. The results were disastrous to the extreme. Bits of cake broke off, followed by flowing syrup and chunks of fruit which should, when properly held together, have produced a masterpiece of goodness. As it was, the plate looked as if it held a mince meat mixture produced by Alice's Mad Hatter.

The funniest story, and perhaps the saddest, was told of a committee which planned a big pot-luck supper. They announced that dessert would be furnished and they made luscious upside-down cakes for that purpose. The evening arrived. The committee came. They brought ten pans of the dessert. No one else put in an appearance.



MY SANCTUARY

My sanctuary is the timberland
Not so very far over the hill
Where I walked in nature's splendor
And drank in the fresh air to my fill.
I sauntered down by the water's edge
And stopped to write in the sand
The names of friends, long since gone,
Like someone guiding my hand.
A squirrel chanced to cross my path
And chat from his treetop seat,
And I felt my cares had fallen away
Like the leaves that fell at my feet.

—Frances E. St. John

They sat and looked at their "supper". Ten pineapple upside-down cakes! Finally the humor of the situation hit. They went home and raided their refrigerators for meat and vegetables and pickles and potato chips. For the committee it turned into an unforgettable evening of fun, but not one of them to this day can look at a pineapple upside-down cake without getting a very uneasy feeling.

The last story is one we have probably all experienced in one way or another. One of the ladies told of the friend who baked her very first upside-down cake. When she brought it hot and fragrant from the oven she set the pan on a rack to cool. At dinner, she got the cake, cut a piece and tried to lift it out. It wouldn't come. She pulled and tugged and yanked. No luck. It practically took a hammer and chisel to get that gooey concoction loosened from the bottom of the pan. Needless to say, that kind of cake now gets turned out immediately when it comes hot from the oven.

Every warm day now is a treasure to add to our storehouse. Usually it is best to use the nicest days for outside work, putting away the grill, folding up the lawn furniture and tucking the garden in for the winter. The last of the windows need to be washed and I well remember the years when we had separate storm windows which also had to be cleaned and then put in place before the cold winds began to blow.

If no work needs to be done out in the yard it is still time to be outdoors as much as possible. All too soon the gray and the drab days will descend and time enough for sewing, reading and those indoor activities which have their own interesting aspects will be at hand.

Now is the time to look for the last few pretty leaves that cling tenaciously to a branch here and there, to appreciate the stark outlines of the trees so long hidden from view, to listen for a bird song to cheer the close of autumn before starting the long trip south.

Each warm sunny moment is to be appreciated, enjoyed and stored back into our hearts to refresh us come the long, cold winter days.

As you can tell from my writing today, this has been a strange day of thoughts jumping from country roads to my first year of teaching and the day my high school class ring came off through many upside-down cakes to washing windows. But many days are just like that, going from one thought and activity to another. It does make for much variety, however, and I wouldn't have it any other way!

VEGETABLE HOUSE PLANTS

by
Erma Reynolds

House plants from vegetables! That's what I said. You need go no further than your vegetable bin to find items that will grow and supply interesting foliage.

Carrots make a pretty plant with fern-like leaves and a lacy white flower. You can grow this vegetable either in water or soil. For the water method, cut off about two inches from the top of the carrot. If there are green leaves on top, trim these back to about one-fourth inch. Set the piece in a shallow dish, stem end up. Arrange pebbles or gravel around the carrot to anchor it in place, taking care not to submerge the top of the vegetable. Add a little water each day to take care of evaporation. Six or seven pieces of carrot, prepared this way, make a plant with plenty of foliage.

For the soil method, plant the cut-off



There are easier ways of doing things now — not only in preparing food, 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:

| | |
|------|---|
| KWOA | Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M. |
| KOAM | Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.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. |
| KMA | Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KWBG | Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KWPC | Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M. |
| KSMN | Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| KCOB | Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M. |
| KLIK | Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M. |
| KSIS | Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M. |



Ann Black and her friend Sandy Seymour won an Honorable Mention with their peddler's wagon in the children's parade during Shenandoah's Fall Festival. Ann is the daughter of one of our faithful employees, Val Black, and his wife Julie.

top piece of carrot in soil in a flower pot, leaving about one-half inch of the stem end exposed above the soil. Place pot in a sunny spot, and keep the soil watered.

A carrot basket makes an attractive hanging plant. Cut off the top part of a large carrot. Scoop out the inside, leaving a shell about one-fourth inch thick. Take care not to puncture the shell. Place the shell in a twine sling and hang in a sunny kitchen window. Lacy foliage should appear growing upward around the carrot.

A beet can be turned into a plant with pretty leaves of green, decorated with deep red veins. To transform this vegetable, trim back any attached leaves to about one-fourth inch above the top of the beet. Cut a two-inch piece from the top and place this in a shallow dish of water. Anchor with pebbles or gravel. Keep adding water as it evaporates. In a couple of days shoots should appear, which grow fast and will stay green for a few weeks. The top half of a beet can also be planted in soil in a flower pot.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

George Washington made the first Thanksgiving Proclamation in 1789 when he said, "Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits, and humbly to implore his protection, aid and favors . . . that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of the country, and for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us."

A sweet potato, or yam, makes an interesting house plant. Because these vegetables are sometimes treated to prevent their sprouting while in storage, choose one that has sprouts already emerging, for your project.

Place the sweet potato, or yam, in a glass container, with its narrow end pointing downward. Add enough water so that about one-third of the of the potato is in water. Keep adding water as it evaporates. If the mouth of the jar is large, insert three or four toothpicks in the vegetable, so these can support the potato on the jar edge. Place the container in a light, but not sunny, location until sprouts begin to show (about two or three weeks). When they appear, place the jar in a sunny spot. The sprouts will grow into vines which can be left in water, or transplanted into soil in a flower pot.

Parsnip and turnip pieces can be used for a floating plant. Cut about a one-half inch thick piece from the top end of the vegetable, and place a few pieces in a shallow dish, adding enough water to float. Keep adding a little water each day to keep the pieces afloat. Foliage which appears should stay green for about three weeks.

Take a large turnip, scoop out the inside, leaving a shell about an inch thick. Fill the shell with soil and plant parsley or bird seed in it. As the seed grows it produces leaves that spring out over the turnip shell. Hang in the sun and water occasionally.

A radish can also become a house plant, using the water method. Any attached leaves should be cut to about one-quarter inch at top of the vegetable. Place in a shallow dish of water, stem up, and anchor with pebbles to hold upright.

Put the bottom of a celery stalk in a shallow dish and add about one-half inch of water. Place dish in a dark place. In about a week or ten days it should start to sprout, and can then be placed in a sunny location.

Got any lentils on hand? Place some of these in a shallow dish and cover with one-half inch of water. Don't allow the water to dry out. When adding water, be careful to let it trickle in, ever so carefully, at the side of the dish, to prevent dislodging the lentils. Their sprouted greenery should show in about ten days.

Would you believe, even the lowly onion can become a house plant? Insert three or four toothpicks in the sides of a large onion. Then suspend the vegetable over a jar of water so only the bottom of the onion rests in water. Set the container in a sunny window, and if all goes well, it will eventually produce green leaves and a flower.

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I have the house to myself this morning, and accompanying the hum of this electric wonder of a typewriter is the drone and splosh of the washing machine. Adrienne is away, playing a vigorous field hockey game with Wayland Academy, which is about 35 miles west of this area. I am hopeful that it is a vigorous game, because the temperature has dipped into the thirties this past week, and their pleated kilt skirts are not meant for warmth.

Don is in Oconomowoc at the real estate office, trying to do in one day what I try to do in one weekend — that being a complete week's work in one or two days. Every Sunday morning in church I remember to be especially grateful for our good health, because we surely don't have time on our schedules for being sick.

The last member of the family to be accounted for as being away from home is Paul. He is, of course, in his freshman year of college at Marquette University, but since we live so close to downtown Milwaukee we determined to have him live at home this first year. It is naturally a little more difficult for a new student to get acquainted if he does not live on campus, but that was earlier!

This week on Tuesday the college students began erecting tents on the grounds outside the student union in the middle of the Marquette campus. By Wednesday evening there were 90 tents stretched up; we know because Paul is in tent number 88. The reason behind all this great north woods activity is not the nucleus of a camping club, but students who are eagerly awaiting the sale on the following Saturday morning of season tickets to the basketball games! I thought that Indiana had the United States' record for basketball fever, but the Hoosier hysteria can't compare to the enthusiasm these kids are showing in order to get into the coming season's games. There are only 2,800 season tickets allotted to the students. Seven hundred of these were thrown into a student lottery, which left 2,100 tickets to be equitably spread among a student body of at least twice that number.

When Paul started out for school on Wednesday he had his sleeping bag, tooth brush, warm winter coat, tent warmer, lantern, and a pocket full of vitamin C which I persuaded him to take. The weather has already decided to turn autumnal, and I cannot help but

wonder how cold this six-foot five-inch boy grew during the night as he bundled up snugly in his Boy Scout sleeping bag, which was purchased for him when he was five-feet-six! I am going to spread the word to his grandmother in Indiana, who has great difficulty finding an appropriate Christmas present for him each year, that he sorely needs a longer, warmer sleeping bag.

I must add that to fully understand this maniacal behavior you must realize that last year Marquette University's team played undefeated up to the finals of the National Basketball Association's contest, when they were defeated by a sparkling team from Bloomington, Indiana, which just happens to be my alma mater!

A fondness for basketball runs hot and heavy in my veins, so I can appreciate Paul's determination to get tickets to see his college play ball. I just wish there were some way for me to buy a ticket when Indiana University comes up here to play Marquette, but I read in the paper that in order to get tickets you have to inherit them or pay scalpers' prices. So I shall bide my time until the long, long football season is over, and then I shall warm up my seat in front of the television set and watch for free, albeit not every game.

It surely is delightful for me to see these college kids doing zany, crazy, harmless things on the campus. I am relieved beyond telling that the rebellion is a thing of the past. Paul is working and studying hard at Marquette, and except for this frenzy of activity, the accent seems to be on

academics!

The news from our daughter Katherine at Rice University is that her classes are terribly interesting. She is working at a frantic pace with her biochemistry professor, covering a chapter each day the class meets, which is three times a week. She is working two part-time jobs, in addition, to keep herself in spending money. She delivers the *Houston Post* to the girls to whom she sold subscriptions in September, and she is back again working in the dining room of the graduate school on the Rice campus.

Things are slowly getting back to normal after their big wash-out last summer when Houston had a 13-inch rain. I was interested to learn that the graduate dining room was open and operating again after five weeks of school. Her clothing, which was sitting in eight inches of water in the basement, were sent to the cleaners by a Houston student, and apparently suffered no permanent damage. Her books were also unscathed, but all the papers she had saved, with painstaking notes written in longhand, and which she intended to keep for her time in college, were lost. She may not feel the full brunt of this loss until she gets ready to write some graduate school thesis. However, we felt she was very lucky to lose no books or clothes.

The door is due to blow open any minute, and I shall be swept up in the hustle of everybody's activities. So until next month, I shall wish you a happy time.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

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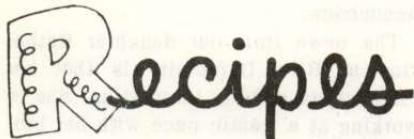
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Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

ORANGE-CRANBERRY CAKE

2 1/4 cups sifted flour
1 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. soda
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup diced, pitted dates
1 cup whole fresh cranberries
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup buttermilk
3/4 cup salad oil
1 cup orange juice
1 cup sugar

Sift flour, measure and sift into a bowl with sugar, salt, baking powder and soda. Stir in nuts, dates and cranberries. Combine flavoring, eggs, buttermilk and salad oil. Stir into flour mixture until well blended. Pour into well-greased 10-inch tube pan or bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Let stand 15 minutes. Remove cake and place on rack over pan. Heat sugar and orange juice until dissolved. Pour over cake, catching drippings. Refrigerate at least 24 hours. Serve with whipped cream.

This is an elegant fruit cake. It is rich, full of flavor and very moist. It freezes well.

—Evelyn

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN WITH ALMONDS AND CHEESE

1 medium head cauliflower
1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
3/4 cup grated cheese
1/2 cup blanched, toasted almonds
Cayenne pepper or paprika

Boil cauliflower in salted water until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain. Make white sauce, if desired add part of cheese to sauce, reserve rest to sprinkle over top of cauliflower. Place whole, or cauliflower broken into flowerettes, in baking dish. Pour over the sauce. Just before serving, sprinkle with grated cheese, almonds, pepper or paprika. Brown in moderate oven for about 10 minutes.

SOUTHERN CORNBREAD DRESSING

(A Casserole Dish)

Broth from chicken or turkey
4 cups cornbread crumbs
1/4 cup drippings or margarine
1/2 cup celery, diced
1/2 cup onion, diced
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 to 2 tsp. sage
Black pepper and salt to taste
1 tsp. sugar
Boil neck, back and giblets of chicken or turkey for broth. Bake cornbread according to favorite recipe. Crumble into bowl. (I had a good 4 cups of crumbled cornbread. One could use a little more or less, this recipe juggles well!) Melt drippings and add celery and onion. Saute until golden. Remove from fire and add butter flavoring and a cup or two of broth. Another 1/4 to 1/2 cup drippings may be stirred in for added richness if desired. Sprinkle seasonings over top of cornbread crumbs, then gradually add celery mixture, tossing lightly with a fork. More broth may be added if needed to bring to desired moistness. Pack loosely into baking dish or casserole. Bake, uncovered, in moderate (350 degrees) oven for 30 minutes.

FOOLPROOF PASTRY

6 Tbs. water
1 Tbs. vinegar
1 egg
3 cups flour
1 tsp. salt
1 cup shortening

Blend water, vinegar and egg. Measure flour and salt into bowl. Cut in shortening until like coarse cornmeal. Add liquid and blend with fork until it forms ball. Roll out on pastry cloth one-third of pastry. Line pie tin. This makes three 9-inch pie shells. Can be frozen for future use.

—Margery

BANANA-CHOCOLATE CAKE

1 1/2 cups white sugar
2/3 cup shortening (Crisco)
1 tsp. salt
1 Tbs. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring (Yes, one Tbs.)
1/2 cup cocoa powder
2 eggs
1 cup mashed bananas
1 3/4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup buttermilk
3/4 tsp. baking soda

Mix soda in buttermilk in mixing bowl. Add all the rest of the ingredients and mix well. Bake in a greased and floured 9- by 12-inch or 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45-60 minutes. Frost with your favorite icing.

—Lucile

OLD-FASHIONED BEEF STEW

2 lbs. beef stew meat, cut into 1 1/2" cubes
1/2 cup flour
3 Tbs. fat
1 bay leaf
1 Tbs. Worcestershire sauce
1 onion, chopped
1 cup beef bouillon
1/4 tsp. pepper
2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sugar
6 carrots, peeled and quartered
1 cup chopped celery
4 potatoes, peeled and cut into chunks
4 cups water

Dredge meat in flour and set excess flour aside. In large skillet or slow-cooking pot, combine browned beef, bay leaf, Worcestershire sauce, chopped onion, bouillon, pepper, salt, sugar and vegetables. Pour water over all. Cover and cook on low 8 to 10 hours. Turn control on high. Thicken with flour left over from coating (about 1/4 cup) dissolved in a small amount of water. Cover and cook on high 10 to 15 minutes or until slightly thickened.

—Margery

PELLA APPLE BREAD

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup vegetable shortening or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 tsp. soda
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
2 cups raw apples, peeled and finely diced
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream sugar and shortening. Add butter flavoring. Combine sour milk or buttermilk and soda. Stir into creamed mixture. Add eggs, vanilla flavoring, flour and salt. Beat well. Lastly, fold in apples and nuts. Put in greased and floured bread pan.

Topping

2 Tbs. butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
2 Tbs. sugar
2 Tbs. flour
1 tsp. cinnamon

Mix all ingredients together. Drop by bits on top of apple batter in the pan. Press in lightly with a fork. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes, until done. Turn out on cooling rack. Excellent eaten warm. Very good cold. This bread freezes well.

—Evelyn

EVELYN'S CRANBERRY SALAD

1 lb. cranberries, ground
 2 cups sugar
 1 cup white grapes, seeded and quartered
 4 bananas, diced
 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 3/4 cup coconut
 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
 1 cup whipping cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Grind cranberries and combine with sugar. Cover and refrigerate several hours or overnight. Combine with remaining ingredients, folding in whipped cream or whipped topping and flavoring last. Spoon into pretty glass bowl or individual sauce dishes. Refrigerate until time to serve.

WHOLE WHEAT FIG BREAD

1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 1/2 tsp. salt
 3/4 tsp. soda
 1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour
 1 beaten egg
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1/2 cup honey
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 Tbls. melted butter
 1 cup chopped figs
 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats

Sift all-purpose flour, baking powder, brown sugar, salt and soda. Add the whole wheat flour to this mixture. Combine the egg, milk, honey, burnt sugar flavoring and melted butter. Stir the liquid mixture into the sifted ingredients. Knead in the figs and nutmeats. Pour into loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until done.

You may omit the nuts and use 1/2 cup chopped figs, 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.

—Betty Tilsen

LUCILE'S PECAN PIE

1 8-inch baked pie shell
 1/3 cup butter
 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 3 eggs
 1 cup light or dark corn syrup
 1 cup broken pecans
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream the butter and sugar. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into pie shell and bake for 30 minutes at 375 degrees.

INSTANT CHOCOLATE PIE

1 regular size pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
 1 regular size pkg. instant chocolate pudding mix
 2 cups milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 cups softened vanilla ice cream
 1 9-inch graham cracker pie shell
 Beat puddings, milk and flavorings together. Stir in ice cream. Pour into pie shell and refrigerate until firm.

—Margery

BRAISED BEEF SHANK

2 lb. lean beef shank
 1 tsp. unseasoned meat tenderizer
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 2 cups water
 3 onions, sliced
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1 bay leaf, crushed
 1 clove garlic, crushed
 1/2 tsp. savory

Cut the beef into 1 1/2-inch cubes, saving the bones. Sprinkle meat with the tenderizer and pierce deeply with a fork. Let stand at room temperature for about 45 minutes. Mix together the flour, salt and pepper and dredge the meat cubes with the flour mixture. Brown meat in the butter or margarine in a heavy pan or Dutch oven. Add the bones, water, onions, vinegar, bay leaf, garlic and savory. Cover and simmer slowly for about three hours or until tender. The gravy will thicken itself in cooking and you may have to add more water if it cooks down too much. Remove bones before serving. Serves 4.

—Mae Driftmier

HOT CHICKEN SANDWICH

1 small can chicken
 2 Tbls. sweet pickle relish, drained
 4 Tbls. celery, finely diced
 2 tsp. parsley or chives (optional)
 2 Tbls. sour cream
 1 Tbls. salad dressing
 Salt and pepper to taste
 3 Tbls. almonds (optional)
 5 or 6 buns

Combine all ingredients with exception of the buns. Scoop out a bit of the center of each bun. Butter. Fill cavity with chicken mixture. Put top of bun over filling. Wrap in aluminum foil. Bake in 350-degree oven until hot through . . . about 20 minutes. These can be made in quantity and frozen. Allow a longer baking time if frozen buns are placed directly in oven. A fine luncheon or supper dish. —Evelyn

SWEDISH RICE PUDDING

3/4 cup enriched rice (not precooked)
 4 eggs
 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
 1 cup milk
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cinnamon or nutmeg for topping

Cook rice according to package directions and blanch. Mix eggs, milks, sugar, salt and flavoring in baking dish or casserole. Add the rice and mix thoroughly. Sprinkle top with cinnamon or nutmeg. Bake at 350 degrees about one hour or until custard is firm.

—Dorothy

EUGENIE'S FAVORITE SALAD

1 #2 can applesauce (2 1/3 cups)
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 1 7-oz. bottle 7-Up
 1/4 lb. marshmallows (large size cut into pieces are better than using the miniature ones)

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/2 pint whipping cream

Heat applesauce. Dissolve gelatin in sauce and cool. Add the 7-Up. Stir well. Put into mold and chill until set.

Cut up marshmallows. Break cream cheese into tiny bits. Put marshmallows and cheese into bowl. Pour cream over marshmallows-cream cheese. Let stand in refrigerator overnight. In the morning beat cream mixture until thick and creamy. Spread over first layer.

CHEESE FRUIT TARTS

24 vanilla wafers
 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
 3/4 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1 can blueberry pie filling

Place a wafer in bottom of aluminum cupcake cups. Cream cheese, sugar, eggs, flavoring and lemon juice. Put a spoonful of creamed mixture onto each wafer in cupcake cups, dividing mixture equally among the 24 cups. Bake at 425 degrees for 12 minutes. After baking place a spoonful of pie filling atop each cupcake. Cool. Refrigerate until time to serve.

—Margery

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

Put 6 cooked, peeled sweet potatoes in baking pan. Sprinkle with 3/4 cup brown sugar. Dot each with butter — about 1/4 cup. Pour in 3/4 cup water. Bake in 325-degree oven until heated through. Baste with syrup that forms in pan.

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Sitting down to Thanksgiving dinner in Hardin, Montana, will be our niece Kristin, her husband Art Brase, and their three sons, Andrew, Aaron and Julian. We don't have her menu, but she said she'd be using lots of *Kitchen-Klatter* recipes.

FROZEN CRANBERRY RELISH

1 lb. fresh cranberries
1 large orange
2 apples
2 carrots
2 stalks celery
1 1/2 cups sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Grind all ingredients (remove seeds and white membrane from orange before grinding). Add sugar and flavoring. When well mixed, spoon into containers and freeze. A fine, nutritious variation of cranberry relish.

—Evelyn

PARSLEY SAUCE FOR CAULIFLOWER

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
2 Tbls. flour
1 cup chicken stock or 1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup water
3/4 cup chopped fresh parsley
1/3 cup heavy cream
1/2 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
Melt butter, blend in flour, stir in broth. Cook 3 or 4 minutes, or until thick; then add chopped parsley, cream, and salt and pepper. Reheat. Serve over cooked cauliflower. Delicious!

—Margery

LUTSEN RESORT SWEDISH RAISIN RYE BREAD

2 cups raisins, soaked overnight
3 yeast cakes
1 1/2 cups lukewarm water
4 Tbls. shortening
1 Tbls. salt
1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 1/2 cups rye flour
5 to 6 cups white flour (or enough to handle softly)
Dissolve yeast in the lukewarm

water. Add shortening, salt, molasses and sugar to yeast mixture. Then add rye flour and raisins. Mix enough white flour to make dough soft. Turn into well-greased bowl and let stand until double in bulk. Then put on board and knead vigorously. Divide into three portions, shape loaves and put in greased bread pans to rise until light and doubled in bulk. Bake one hour in 350-degree oven.

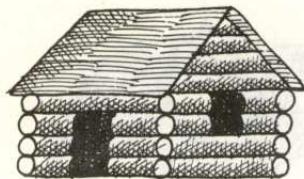
VERY SPECIAL RAISIN PIE

1 cup raisins
2 cups water
1 tsp. vinegar
1 cup sugar
2 Tbls. flour
2 egg yolks
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 baked pie shell
2 egg whites
1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
4 Tbls. sugar

Combine raisins and water and cook until tender. Add vinegar. Mix flour with sugar. Add to raisin mixture. Cook until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg yolks lightly. Stir a little hot mixture into egg yolks; then stir into raisin mixture. Cook until thick. Add cinnamon, flavorings and butter or margarine. Spoon into baked pie shell. Make meringue by beating egg whites with cream of tartar until they begin to hold shape. Gradually add 4 Tbls. sugar. Continue beating until firm peaks form. Spread over top of raisin filling. Bake in 375-degree oven until golden brown.

This makes a very delicious, economical pie.

—Evelyn



Most Memorable Meals

My most memorable meal? Oh, there have been many! Was it that clambake in New York State, that shrimp and spoon bread meal prepared by my niece, Col. Wren, at her home in Beaufort, South Carolina, that luau in Honolulu? Special as they were, I must choose instead a vividly recalled fish fry back in Missouri when I was only eight or nine.

Necessary agricultural tasks prevented frequent visiting of two special families, ours and the family of Mamma's sister Anna. We lived in separate communities; but in between and beyond the home acreages lay two bottom forties left to Aunt Anna and Sarah, my mother, by their father, Grandfather Marshall, a Civil War veteran.

It was corn-cultivating time, and we decided to get together. Accordingly, Papa and Uncle Bud set a trotline across Cedar Creek one day at the close of work on the forties. The next morning each family piled into its wagon, loaded down with garden vegetables, pies, crocks of navy beans, pans of cornbread, tableware, and cooking utensils. We always had cornbread with fish. It was supposed to be helpful in dislodging a chance fishbone stuck in the throat.

There was an uninhabited log cabin on one of the forties, and the women and children and supplies were deposited there while the men went on to check the trotline after first chopping up a supply of wood for the spindle-legged cookstove left behind by a former occupant. The fish haul was tremendous.

While the men were at work in the fields, the women spent the morning tidying up the cabin, cleaning the fish, and visiting. The children carried water and wood and played endlessly. A table was improvised with sawhorses and planks and covered with oilcloth.

At the noon hour, determined by the height of the sun, the men took out, watered the horses at the creek, and tethered them to the wagon wheels to dine on corn and hay in the wagon beds, and then came to the house for the feast. Papa asked the blessing, and we gorged on mounds of heavenly fried fish, mostly catfish, and all the rest.

Thereafter, no other meal ever topped that one!

—F.T., N.Y.

I think the most awe-stricken and exciting meal I ever experienced was back in 1939 when my future husband came home on a weekend pass from the Army Camp and asked me to have Sunday noon dinner at his parents' home.

Now I came from a small family, just four, to be exact: Mother, Dad, my brother and myself. We all sat down to the table at the same time, and after the blessing we ate our meal with no ado whatsoever.

Now my husband comes from a large, large family. They had a huge kitchen and a huge table in the middle of the dining room. It had benches running along both sides of the table and that's where the children ate. When the whistle blew, dinner was served.

I must have jumped back a good two feet; it was all so unexpected and it sounded like a thundering herd of horses had dashed into the house. As soon as they all got settled down the meal began.

My, the size of those dishes! There were two big platters of what looked like enough fried chicken to fill a small tub, a washtub of corn on the cob, and such a huge mountain of mashed potatoes that I wondered where in the world she had found a pot big enough to mash them. And that dear woman had made blackberry pies — I lost count after ten. She even had strength enough to make hot rolls!

I sat there with a roll and I can't remember what else, pushing it around on my plate. My mother said that when I came home I had such a dazed look on my face she wondered what in the world had happened, and when I sat down at our own table for supper I still had a strange expression on my face and said that it looked as if we just had food enough for mice.

My father-in-law always had a sense of humor, and he always teased me about that meal. He said that if someone had said just "BOO" I would still be running!

—F.C., Mo.

AMERICANISM

"If you want your father to take care of you, that's paternalism. If you want your mother to take care of you, that's maternalism. If you want Uncle Sam to take care of you, that's Socialism. If you want your comrades to take care of you, that's Communism. But if you want to take care of yourself, that's AMERICANISM."

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It's time we stopped thinking so casually about that all-important first course. After all, there's more to salad than just wet lettuce. Nowadays, most grocers' produce departments have a wide assortment of greens for different colors and textures. Any library has books on the gathering of wild salad greens — many right out there in the yard.

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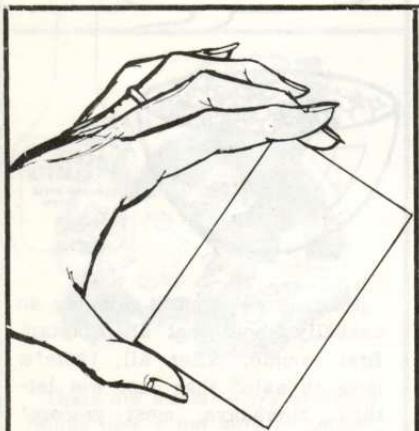
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May there be ever more to be thankful for this Thanksgiving. And for the Thanksgivings yet to be . . .



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We've tried drawings, and photographs, too, but we just can't capture on paper how clean your home will be after you've used **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. But you don't have to take our word for it. See for yourself.

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November Specials

by
Virginia Thomas



Scarecrow Dolls: These are pretty for various table arrangements. For the body use a length of dowel stick — the length will depend on the height you wish the doll. Attach a small round "ball" head purchased at the dime store, or make one by covering a ball of cotton with dampened corn husks or a tan fabric glued into place. For the arms tie on small sheaves of any grain, or even roadside grasses or weeds which have dried heads (seeds) still on them. Let the heads become the hands of the doll. Use brown or tan burlap to drape around the doll for the clothing. A strip of corn husk can be used to belt it in at the waist line. Glue on a bit of orange or green or yellow yarn trim. A scarf or hat may be fashioned of burlap in a contrasting color — or scraps of polyester knit drape beautifully for scarves and hats. Features can be made with marking pen. A scrap of wood or a square of plastic foam can be used for the base to hold the doll upright. Three might be used in a grouping as a centerpiece, along with some Indian corn and small gourds.

Totem Poles for centerpieces would be a nice addition to Thanksgiving tables, especially if some Pilgrim dolls were used with them. Simple totem poles can be made by decorating a cardboard tube, such as found in paper towels, using crayons, scraps of colored paper, yarn, rickrack, buttons, etc., to get the designs. Or, for more elaborate poles, use small boxes, paper cups, ping-pong balls, etc., and stack them to get an interesting shape to the pole; then glue together and decorate.

Totem poles, used by certain tribes of Indians, tell of important events and ideas in the lives of the tribe. This would be a fine project for the children of the family, by having them make a pole which they think the tribe

of Indians at the first Thanksgiving might have made and shown to the Pilgrims to tell what their life had been like up to and after they met the Pilgrims.

Look in books at your local library to find pictures of totem poles.

Squash Sleigh: We have often mentioned filling pumpkin baskets with fruits for a fall centerpiece, but had you ever thought of taking a crooked neck squash and fashioning a sleigh for your table arrangement? Look for one which you think has a good curve so that it will have a good sleigh shape when cut in half lengthwise. Clean out the seeds and line with foil or waxed paper. Fashion sleigh runners and the curved frame pieces from wire coat hangers. (Perhaps you can get a man in the family to lend a hand with this.) Spray the sleigh frame with flat black paint before setting the sleigh on it. Fill the sleigh with fruits, gourds, and some fall leaves — and it is "off to Grandmother's house we go" for a pretty centerpiece.

Squash Fruit Basket: Use a large Hubbard squash for the basket, taking a slice off one side, and leaving almost two-thirds of the squash. Clean out the center of the squash and let dry. You may need to take a small slice off the bottom so the basket will stand well, having the opening toward one side so the fruits will show more on the front side of the arrangement and overflow onto the table. I like to start the arrangement with several bananas and some well-scrubbed carrots, to get a good color contrast, in a sort of "fan" style arrangement around the opening. Then add other colorful fruits and perhaps a green and red pepper for pretty accent. Tuck in a few sprigs of evergreen toward the stem end, and a few sprigs among the fruit which overflows onto the table.

COME READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Who Do You Think You Are? is the title of a book concerning putting together a family history. The author, Suzanne Hilton, says it is a way to discover yourself. No ancestor is lost, as long as he or she has a descendant who would like to meet him, says the author of this intriguing book. She shows how to find your own identity down the byways of your personal past, in the ancestors whose traits you bear.

This book caught my eye because my sister Amy and my mother, Anna Carlson, put together our family history some years ago. Today it is a valuable family group record with pictures and information. It is especially rewarding to see the younger generation taking trips to the "old country" to visit the land of their ancestors. Can you imagine the thrill my sister felt when visiting the home in Karlshamn, Sweden, where our father lived, and where our Uncle Kasper still resides? Or timing their trip to arrive in Germany to attend the golden wedding party for relatives of her husband? Or the excitement my husband's brother felt when talking to the pastor of the church in the village of Ringarum, Sweden, where their beloved Grandpa "TaTa" Swanson was born?

Or my niece Annette climbing the kirke tower in Ribe, Denmark, just as Grandpa Jacobsen had done as a little boy, and enjoying the beautiful view?

Part of our family history told how three of the children in Great-Grandfather Jacobsen's family died of diphtheria within three weeks, and when a daughter was born in 1880, she was named Christina Jessine Helena in memory of her sisters and brother. Grandma (Maasdam) Jacobsen's ancestors came from the Netherlands and settled in Pella, Iowa, where Gerrit Maasdam served as a minister for the first settlers. Such information is a part of the family roots.

In *Who Do You Think You Are?* Suzanne Hilton shows how to go ahead — by going backwards. She reminds us we are more than a social security number, and suggests the older members of the family can guide you into the past. Interesting stories and remembered facts will give you some choice stories to pass on to your children.

Facts, known as primary research, include getting information from a person or document directly connected with an event, such as proof of birth, death, marriage certificates, wills, censuses,



Photos play an important part in family histories. This one might be titled "How Precious Is a Sister" and shows Elizabeth (Jacobsen) Vought, left, and her sister Anna (Jacobsen) Carlson, as they posed in winter costumes with kitty hoods for the photographer at Humboldt, Iowa, in 1900. Mrs. Vought is Armada Swanson's aunt & Mrs. Carlson is her mother.

and land and tax records. A genealogical library, or a historical society, or your local library may have the help that you need.

One of the largest and most important genealogical libraries in the world is in Salt Lake City, Utah. It exists because finding and identifying all the members of one's family is a very important part of the Mormon religion. They use the scientific methods of

(Continued on page 20)

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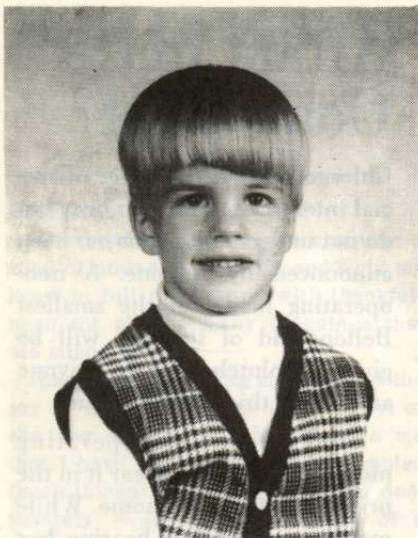
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These two adorable children are the youngest grandchildren of Ruby Treese, our mother's nurse. Michael, a first grader, is the son of Lester and Viola Harms. Amy, who entered kindergarten this fall, is the daughter of James & Margene Nicholas. Both families live in Shenandoah. Viola and Margene have followed their mother's profession and are nurses in our local nursing homes, much loved by their elderly patients.

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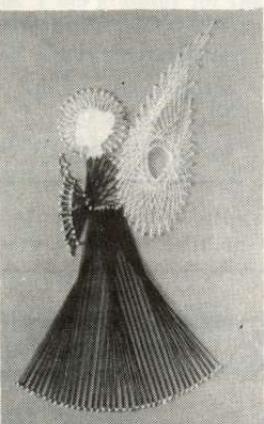
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flower" on the side of each cup with watercolors or felt-tipped pen.

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"Plymouth Rock" Salad is an appropriate salad to serve at club or bridge parties during the month of November. "Plymouth Rock" salads are merely chicken salads - cooked chicken ground and mixed with sweet pickles, celery and mayonnaise. Serve with small crispy crackers.

November is the time to plant some tulip bulbs in pots, as for indoor bloom. Sink the pots to their rims in the earth. Next spring they may be taken up and placed on porches and patios for passers-by to enjoy.

Safety Tip: Watch for red light, look before you go; Even a mule will stop on Whoa!

If candles are too small to fit into your candleholders, fit the candles into a frilly paper baking cup, then press into holder. The cup makes a pretty decoration and catches melting wax as well.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: St. John 14:15. If ye love me, keep my commandments.

MORE ABOUT BARN PICTURES

In the September issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* we printed an article about "barn pictures". Considerable interest was shown by our readers, so we are sharing some more information with you.

It has come to our attention that Mr. Schultz, whose picture we showed, and who is mentioned in that article, had an excellent instructor in this unusual hobby, his friend Lloyd Rogers of Oskaloosa, Kansas.

Mr. Rogers' building materials consist of old barn boards, trimmed to one-eighth inch, tiny nails and Masonite backing for the background. He even uses tiny little hinges on the barn doors and gates. Often he adds sheds, windmills, rail fences, etc., for interest to the finished pictures. He took lessons in art in order to paint in background details.

Mr. Rogers, who has always had an interest in woodworking, has developed a unique idea for pictures and has been generous to share it. His pictures have gone to many states now, and have been exhibited on several occasions.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

This past summer innumerable visitors signed the guest book in the Little Chapel and made notations that they had read about it in *Kitchen-Klatter*. Some stopped at the shop to chat a few minutes and others came when we were not home but left a message. It is always a pleasure to meet a reader and a joy to exchange gardening ideas and to talk about flowers.

By now most of us have winterized our gardens as best we can for the winter days ahead. We have mounded soil over the rose canes and mulched with marsh hay. No matter how carefully we try to insulate the bushes, we lose some each year. A visitor who states he has good success with hybrid tea roses says he waters heavily in late fall. "Don't let your roses go dormant with dry roots — it usually proves fatal." We took his advice and soaked the soil around our choice roses. Next spring I will tell you if it helped.

Some of the new lily bulbs sent for in early fall have not arrived. I know it must be a tremendous job to fill all the orders that must come in but I wish they would be more considerate of us northern gardeners where the ground freezes early.

Speaking of lilies, here are some of the late-blooming kinds you may wish to grow. Nutmegger, a pendant, recurving yellow with beautiful contrasting vermillion spots and Jamboree Hybrid, with fantastic fragrant 7-inch flowers of a gorgeous crimson with white trim. It blooms in August and bears as many as 14 flowers per stalk. If your fall bulbs do not arrive early enough, prepare the planting site and cover it with a thick mulch to keep the soil from freezing. You may have to plant on a cold day but at least you can dig into the soil and seat the bulbs.

Readers who plan your summer vacations for next year and know you will be coming through Eagle Bend, Minnesota, on U.S. Highway #71, keep The Little Chapel of the Flowers in mind. The gardens surrounding it are at their peak from mid-July until early September. The coffeepot is on and the welcome mat down.

a distinctive gift for Christmas giving...



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NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded

heritage; the ideals, the plans, the laws left us by our forefathers who brought forth this new nation under some of the most disheartening circumstances, risking their very lives in many instances. It is a heritage of faith of a nation which proudly pro-



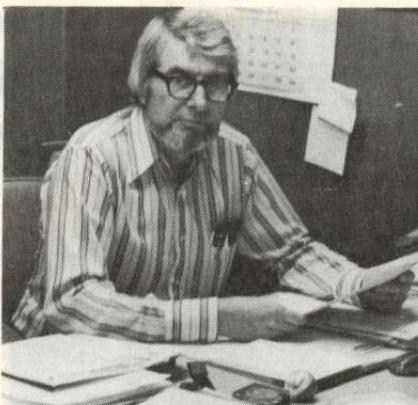
"RAINY DAYS AND MONDAYS....."

It used to be, when the rain came on Monday, it was a disaster. Because MONDAY WAS WASH-DAY. It meant hanging things outside to dry. For many of us, it even meant heating the water and doing the wash outside. It just couldn't rain!

It's different now, of course. Modern machines make washing and drying a snap, whether Tuesday, Thursday or after supper. And, just as important, we now have **Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach** and **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent**. No worry now about getting clothes clean, deep, deep clean. No worry about bleach damage, either. No need for hanging outside for the sun and wind to do their work. Clothes washed in our laundry twins come out soft and sweet smelling, just like air-dried.

And they're economical, too! Shouldn't you be using them, next Monday (or whenever)?

Kitchen-Klatter
Blue Drops
Laundry Detergent &
All-Fabric Bleach



Our brother Wayne is pictured in his office at Wilmore Nursery in Denver, Colo. We give his daughter Emily credit for taking such a fine photograph of him.

claims itself "one nation under God".

My country is the people of this land, native and immigrants and their descendants. It is the great heroes and heroines who have brought their knowledge, skill, and ambitions to this land, but it is also the common American, the ordinary citizen, who proudly calls this "my country", and is willing to work and to grow in knowledge and understanding that this nation may be a better one because he, or she, has contributed something to it. It is those peoples of this land who, down through the years, have quietly done their work as good citizens, assuming responsibilities as needed, working not only for the good of their own families, but for the common good of all peoples of this nation.

My country is respect for our flag and all of the ideals for which it stands, and respect for the laws which govern it, with the right to work for improvement if necessary, and respect and reverence for faith in God, irrespective of denomination, and the right of religious freedom upon which this nation was founded.

My country is assurance and promise of a future in which we can look forward to newer and better paths created from the trails blazed by our forefathers, a future where Americans will continue to hold the Bill of Rights as a beacon whose flame they will never let die.

As I think of all my country means to me, I want to sing out with the great poet, James Weldon Johnson: Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with harmonies of liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise, high as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Truly, my cup runneth over. O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! (From Psalms 104.)

Song: "My Country 'Tis of Thee".

Friendship Ring of Thanksgiving: The leader asks that everyone stand and join hands and then asks that all who will, in the circle, give a sentence thanksgiving prayer for one thing for which they are thankful. Remain standing to sing.

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

COME READ WITH ME - Concluded genealogy. Positive copies of the microfilmed records are in the library and can be read on a viewer, but the negatives are stored in a vault beneath a granite mountain near Salt Lake City.

Who Do You Think You Are? (The Westminster Press, Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania \$6.95) by Suzanne Hilton shows you new ways of understanding history. She provides an almost certain way to find some real heroes. And she suggests the travel and friendship that are by-products of genealogy. She writes that your story will be entirely different from your friend's story. You will be surprised, delighted, and never bored. It is all about *you*.

To this long-time reader of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, the name of Mildred Grenier brings to mind interesting articles, including "Kitchen Chatter". Her stories and articles have appeared in over a hundred publications, and she has received numerous writing awards. Her latest book is *The Quick and Easy Guide to Making Money at Home* and is an encyclopedia of ideas for making money in your spare time. The book contains hundreds of case histories. They are explained and described by the people who carried them out.

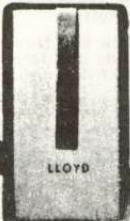
The book might be called a "Book of Magic" because it explains how, like King Midas, one can successfully turn spare minutes into gold. The people who made successes of these jobs and businesses tell you in easy-to-understand terms how you can make your project succeed. Helps listed include how much capital you may need, how much experience and equipment is necessary, how to advertise, and how much profit to expect.

Mrs. Grenier has also listed helpful books and pamphlets which complement her work. This really is a complete how-to of starting a part-time business of your own. All that is required is the desire to make more money. If you are interested in this idea, do get *The Quick & Easy Guide to Making Money at Home*. You won't be disappointed. (See "Little Ads" for information on obtaining the book.)

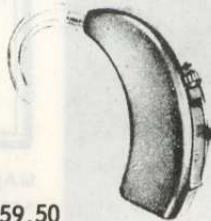
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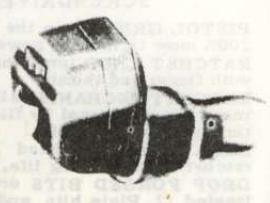
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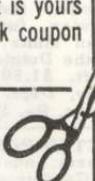
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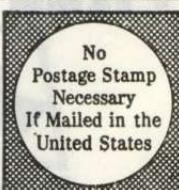
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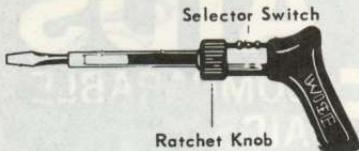


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The man with a chip on his shoulder always carries an unnecessary load.

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded
much to Mother, and she mentioned it frequently.

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As I lie within the four walls of this room,
One shining thought dispells its every gloom -
The thought that you, my loved and cherished ones,
Can still go walking in the noonday sun . . .
Can lift your eyes up to the stars at night
And see the full moon's silvery light . . .
Can kneel beside a flowing, living stream
And watch its ripples shine and twist and gleam . . .
Can climb a mountain high to see the sun
Proclaim to all the world that dawn has come . . .
And trudge again to this same mountain's height
To see the shadows bid the world good-night.
These precious gifts have all been mine so long
That in my soul they've left a golden song . . .
Now all this wealth to you I leave, I need it not . . . so do not grieve.

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