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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

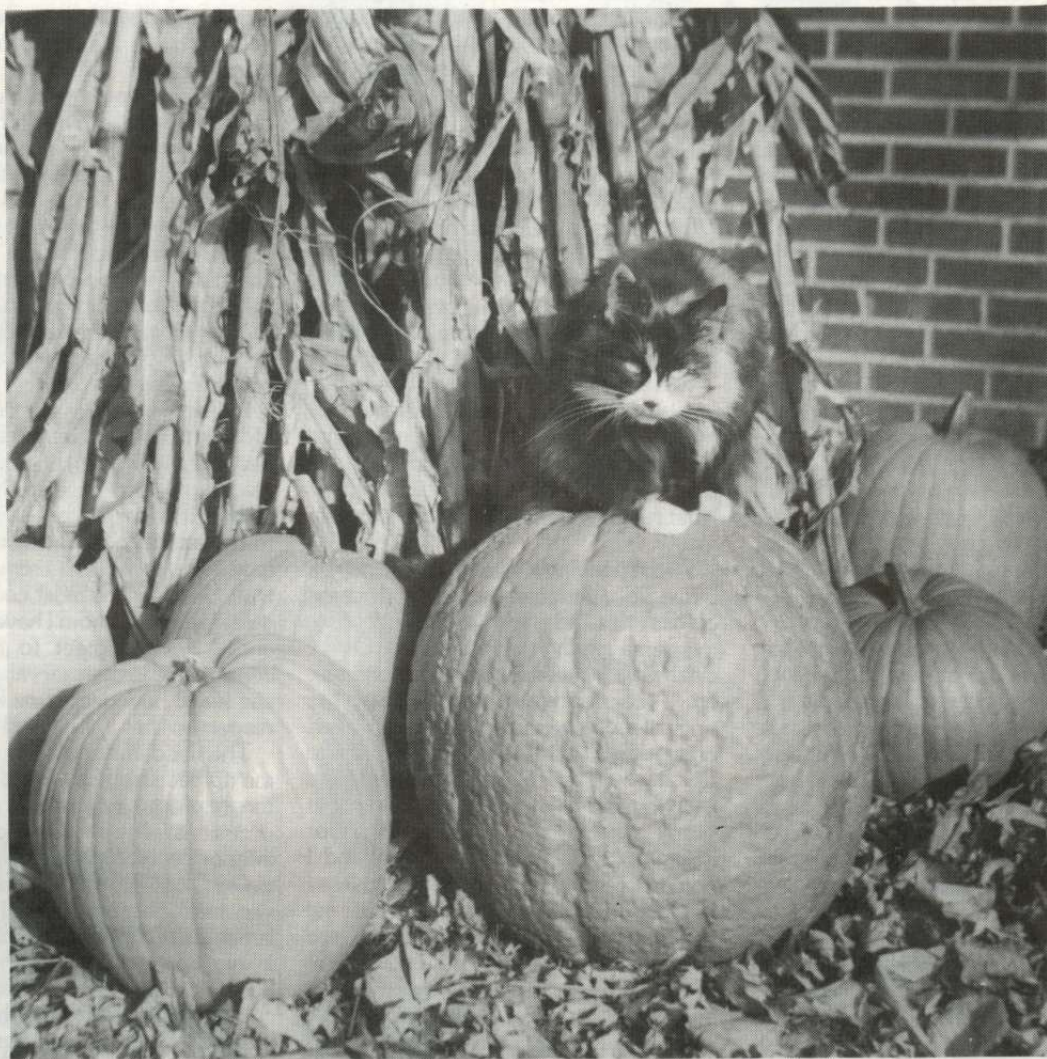
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Barton

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Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U.S. Pat Off.)

MAGAZINE

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I sat down here ten minutes ago expecting to get right at my letter to you, but I've been held up by something totally unexpected. An enormous cricket was sitting on the typewriter keys and it took both Betty Jane and me to roust him out—in pieces.

There may have been other years when insects were so incredibly abundant and so huge in size, but I just cannot remember them ever being like they are this fall. The other night I heard a rustling of papers on my desk, and when I turned on the light to investigate I found a spider large enough to make that kind of a sound. Frankly, I have no love for insects of any variety, mice or snakes. We are told that they are here for some reason, but I've never figured out the nature of that purpose.

But there is one thing that has simply amazed me this autumn and that is the size of the Monarch butterflies that are around my garden in great abundance. Sometimes they look like small birds darting here and there, and other times they actually fly right over the highest point of our house. I don't know what to make of this activity.

Everything about this summer and early autumn has been so totally different from the usual run of things that I don't understand it at all. Our Hopa crab tree in front has produced such an incredible mass of fruit that twice a day the front walk and driveway must be swept. Never before has this happened. Our lovely weeping crab in the back yard has turned in a performance equally astonishing. I'm sure these totally unprecedented things signify something.

These are the days (when it's warm enough) that we go out on our little back porch and listen to the junior high band when they go through their routine during the noon hour. Those students can rouse up even the most stolid person! I find myself jumping to attention with the opening note!

Many, many years ago when Juliana was just a little girl around three years old

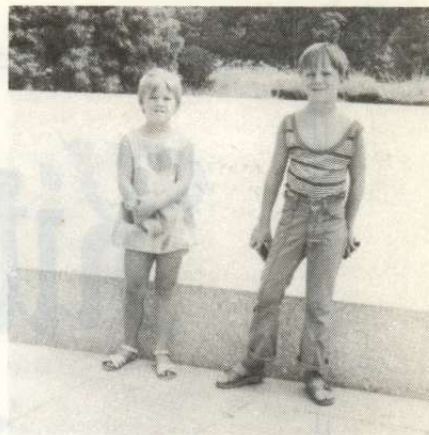
she would begin crying and running to us for comfort when the Victory Bell was tolled at night—if our Shenandoah team was victorious. I'll admit that it *did* sound a little eerie back in those days when we heard very, very few sounds at night. Russell or I always held her at those times and explained why the bell was tolling. I've never heard the bell in the years that have passed without remembering those nights when she was so frightened.

In a recent letter from Juliana she said that James had decided he wanted to play in the grade school band—and he wanted to play a clarinet. They had no intentions of buying him a clarinet until they saw if he meant business or not. I believe that in virtually every school system they have a similar provision; you can rent a musical instrument until the parents are positive that the child in question really intends to stick with the band or orchestra. Then the rental is applied to the purchase price of the instrument. It sounds sensible to me.

When the boys in our family were growing up, they all had spells of wanting to blow a horn of some kind. The racket they produced was so unnerving that they had to practice in the basement or up on the second floor. There was no other solution if the rest of us were going to cling to sanity. Of all my nieces and nephews only Clark (Wayne and Abigail Driftmier's son) seems to have a vital link with music. If only he had settled for something less than a tuba! The only other instrument equally ungainly to lug around is a harp, so at least Clark settled for something a little less of a problem.

Recently I had a call from one of our local jewelers and it was to tell me that the most recent Lenox bird plate (by Boehm) was in town and did I wish to have one laid back for me? I did. And my! what rattling memories that call stirred in me.

I was spending a brief spell on Chapala Drive in Albuquerque when I came across this ad from a *New Yorker* magazine stating that a series of Lenox Boehm plates would begin and continue, one a year, for twelve years and then the original molds would be broken. I studied and studied on that and when I realized that it would be 1982 when the final plate was issued, I almost pushed the idea out of my mind forever. I wanted these for Juliana's family, not for myself, and I couldn't see any point in starting unless I intended to follow through. But my health was so miserable that I didn't see how I was going to make it up to 1982! Well, I've made it this far along the road and, hopefully, I'll see the 1982 plate issued! Eventually, James and Katharine can each have six, or perhaps all twelve if the other child is not interested; but this is Juliana's and Jed's problem, not mine. I simply don't understand what became of the years since I ordered the first plate.



Katharine and James Lowey (Lucile's grandchildren) went to Arlington Cemetery to see the changing of the guard for Our Unknown Soldier. Here they are standing at the gravesite of President John F. Kennedy. Washington, D.C., made a tremendous impression on both children.

Frederick is always extremely busy, but on top of the usual run of events he has found the time to get together a collection of his sermons—not long, complicated sermons that only theologians would find useful, but just down-to-earth sermons for any kind of a program when it is necessary to have such material. The collection is now at the printers in Springfield and we'll let you know when the book is available.

Through the years we've had countless letters from people who said that Frederick's letters in our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine had been wonderfully helpful, so I'll be happy to see a collection of his writings all together in one book.

It has been over a year now since Mother passed away (she died on September 30, 1976) and I still find myself reaching out to pick up the phone and dial her number. She is as vivid and "real" to me as if she were still with us, and I have the feeling that this will always be true. She was the most courageous and gallant woman whom I have ever known, and I never expect to meet anyone comparable in the years ahead. I am sure she knew how deeply we loved her and respected her . . . and always will.

The flood in Kansas City really shook me up because Russell and I had been in the hardest hit areas on a number of occasions. I was startled when one interior decorator store owner was interviewed for TV and I remembered him very well because Russell bought two lamps there that are still in use right here in my home. I certainly hope that the people hardest hit had flood insurance. I could be mistaken, but I believe that it has only been in comparatively recent years that you could buy flood or water insurance. If they didn't have any they surely took a terrible loss.

And this brings me, in turn, to
(Continued on page 22)



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Yesterday I was standing at the church door shaking hands with people who had attended our eleven o'clock service, when a man with a friendly smile said: "Good morning, Frederick!"

I said: "Well now, that sounds like a good Midwestern accent. Are you a Kitchen-Klatter friend?" Not only the accent, but the fact that he called me Frederick gave me a good hint.

It so happened that we had a Mr. and Mrs. Ben Meyer, and a Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Michael from Ionia, Iowa, near Charles City visiting Springfield. They were on their way to Nova Scotia and decided to stop off and pay our church a visit. Betty showed them around the church while I continued greeting people at the door, and then I had an opportunity to visit with them for a few minutes in my study. We just love to have Kitchen-Klatter friends attend our church, and the next time you have occasion to be in western Massachusetts, you be sure to call on us whether or not it is a Sunday.

After conducting two services in church yesterday (preaching two different sermons), we had guests for lunch, and then I made my usual Sunday afternoon visits to the hospitals. In the evening, we drove to the nearby town of Holyoke where I gave an address at the dinner meeting of the Retired Military Officers Association.

I spoke to the retired officers about some of my adventures in Central Africa during World War II, and in preparation for the speech, I spent several hours reading diaries that I kept during the war years. I want to share with you a humorous diary entry for July 31, 1942, when I was in Eritrea.

"I have been desperately tired for several days, and so this afternoon I decided to take a nap. How I ever thought that I could manage a nap in a room shared with three other men is quite beyond me, but I really was desperate. I had just fallen asleep when Dr. Clelland decided to repack his luggage, and his suitcase was stuck under my cot. After he had gone, I once again fell asleep only to be awakened by Janssen when he started to wash some laundry in the lavatory. He broke a faucet and had to send for a plumber. While water poured out, a plumber with two helpers worked to get things repaired. All the time I was lying there on my cot trying to nap.

"The plumber and his helpers left the



Betty Driftmier misses her granddaughter Isabel Palo very much now that she, her parents and little brother have moved to Maine.

room just as a terrible, tropical thunderstorm hit the barracks area. The rain blew in onto my cot, but I could not get the window down. Frantically, I worked with Janssen to shut out the rain, but we finally had to get one of the men from the desk to help us. Even with the window shut, the rain still came into the room through some cracks in the wall underneath the window. Believe me, it was no afternoon for a nap! I can't sleep this evening because we may pull out of here at midnight."

Isn't it fun to read from diaries you wrote years and years ago? I had so much fun reading mine in preparation for the speech to the retired officers that I plan to spend every free hour for the next several days just reading diaries. Several days before I wrote in my diary the story of my trying to take a nap, I had written the following entry:

"Never in my life did I think I would be writing a page of my diary in this miserable town of Agordat, Eritrea. I got here in a shot-up car of an ambulance train. Our car had twelve stretchers in it, four rows, three stretchers high. We knocked down the stretchers in the center, letting them drop down onto the bottom stretchers to make seats of a sort. There were so many bullet holes in the roof of the car that we were almost drowned with the rain leaking through. We went through some of the worst tropical rainstorms today that I have ever experienced any place in Africa. Our ambulance train pulled out ahead of the regular steam train. Oh what a ride! The

GOD'S LOVE

There's a part of God's love in the orchard;
There's a part of His love in the fields;
There's a part of the beauty of heaven
In every good thing the earth yields.

Out of the summer comes autumn;
Out of the winter comes spring;
God shows His love in each season
And loudly our thankful hearts sing.

—Unknown

curves were so sharp and so frequent that it was like riding on a rough sea. I soon began to feel the effects of it and became ill. For a few hours I really was a stretcher case!

"We passed through the tunnel at Cheren where 600 British troops hid before making their surprise attack at the battle of Cheren. What a daring feat that was! How those troops managed to climb the side of the mountain I shall never know! We reached Agordat at 9:30 P.M. where a young transport officer met us and took us over to the officers' mess where we had our first hot meal in a while. They gave us some native beds saying that they would be more comfortable than the stretchers in the ambulance, but as I look at mine now, I am not so sure. I think these beds are alive with bugs of some kind. Because of the heavy rains, two cars have become stuck trying to reach us, and I have just been told that they are sending a truck to the rescue."

On the particular trip described on that page of the diary, we were trying to get from Eritrea to Khartoum in the Sudan. We were supposed to join up with a big military convoy at Agordat, but because of the bad washouts caused by the tropical storms, the convoy never reached Agordat. After much delay, and after much anguished worrying, we finally had to go all the way back to Asmara, and it was in Asmara, that I tried to take the nap I described above. You can see why I needed the sleep.

Betty and I do miss our little grandchildren. After having them with us for several weeks last summer, it is hard to have them comfortably settled in their own home in Springvale, Maine, a suburb of Sanford, Maine. However, we are counting our blessings. Now they are only three hours away by car, and up until this fall they were five days away by car out in Arizona.

There is one very interesting coincidence about the home that Mary Lea and Vincent purchased in Springvale. It is so similar to the first home that Betty and I had in Bristol, Rhode Island. The Bristol home was 200 years old, a white frame house that was partially burned in the Revolutionary War. The house in Springvale is 100 years old, a white frame house sitting close to the street with a neighboring house just six feet away. The Bristol house had the same setting right down to the size of the back yard. When we are in Springvale, it is hard for us to believe that we are not visiting our old house in Bristol.

I hope you folks are all well. We love to hear from you, and you know that we always answer our mail. Betty and I both wish you a very happy Thanksgiving with much family celebration.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Founded on a Rock

A Thanksgiving Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: On the altar place a large rock (or a reasonable facsimile) and the opened Bible. With it you might like to use either a small cornucopia filled with an arrangement of fruits, leaves and nuts or a lighted candle.

Quiet Music: "How Firm a Foundation", also played softly through the Call to Worship.

Call to Worship:

Give us, we ask Thee,
A pure heart
That we may see Thee,
A humble heart
That we may hear Thee,
A heart of love that we may serve Thee,
A heart of faith
That we may live Thee,
A faith founded
Upon Thee, our Rock.

Scriptures: Psalms 18:2 and Matthew 7:24-27. (An effective hymn to use as a musical background for the Scripture reading is "My Hope Is Built", containing the line "On Christ the solid rock I stand, all other ground is sinking sand.")

Hymn: "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand".

Reading:

The Pilgrim fathers, long ago
Faced trials, hardships, need, and woe
To win a place in this new land
And build a freedom that would stand.
They builded well, and framed the way
That led to our Thanksgiving Day.
On bold New England's rugged shore
They founded what they were seeking
for.

Today we still enjoy that goal,
Our priceless freedom of the soul.

—Sunshine

Leader: It was a cold, bleak day on the New England shores when those courageous Pilgrims landed on what we now call Plymouth Rock. There was no welcome wagon waiting to meet them, no newspaper reporters or TV cameras to record the event, to learn why they left the old country or what they expected to find in the new land. Facing them was this vast unknown wilderness which held all of their hope for freedom from oppression, freedom to worship God as they chose. Sustaining them was their faith, supporting them as strongly as the great rock upon which they stood. Through the years that have passed since then, good years and turbulent

years, we Americans have come to look upon Plymouth Rock as a symbol of the great courage and faith of our founding fathers, a heritage we prize beyond measure.

Genuine thanksgiving is not a few words mouthed on a designated day set aside each year. It is the way we naturally and spontaneously respond in gratitude to God in the varied experiences of our busy day-to-day world. Thanksgiving is gratitude beamed in a definite direction. It is a way of living, a way founded on the ROCK of faith.

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Meditation: True thanksgiving requires first, I think, that we have a constant awareness of God made manifest in our daily lives. Someone has said "the spirit of awareness is one of our greatest needs today." Awareness to see and to feel God as we till the fields and reap the harvest, in the wetness of the rain, the delicate design of a snowflake, the song of the birds, the shade of a tree on a summer's day, the fragrance of a rose, the food on our dining table, the visit with a friend, the precious warmth that is our own home, a cup of cold water, the healing touch when we are ill, the tenderness of our loved ones, the majestic beauty of earth and sky and sea, and in a baby's cooing. It is an awareness of God's presence in our grieving or our discouragements.

Secondly, in thinking of thanksgiving we realize that *with blessings come responsibilities*. God has blessed us in so many ways—in the abundance of food, fuels for warmth and travel, in all the conveniences of our way of living, in the freedoms we enjoy in worship, in speech, in reading, in education. Often we laugh and say, "Ain't life grand?" without a thought of what we are giving in return.

As we think about the Pilgrims and our founding fathers, we remember that they came to this land and found it good and then they were eager to have others come here, too, to share in all the blessings of the new world. Those early settlers could not have survived had they not shared one another's burdens. In building their homes, in getting and preserving food, in sickness, and when death came, neighbor helped neighbor. They shared what they had.

Hymn: "O How Glorious, Full of

Wonder".

Meditation: In true thanksgiving there must also be a *spirit of humility and willingness to accept adversities*. When we are counting blessings we are sure to remember times when we felt we were not blessed—times when troubles and hardships came. Hopefully, we will learn through our adversities, perhaps come to see them as blessings in disguise in many respects.

That word "chasten" comes in at this point in our thinking. The word has two meanings: 1. "to correct by trial or punishment"; 2. "to purify or refine by freeing from faults." Sometimes God brings us to our knees that we many stand taller afterwards! Thus He refines us, tempers us to a better life.

Life is not easy; often it is hard, sometimes bitter, yet there is cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving that God left us to be free persons, free to make choices, and by those choices to keep growing and learning. And no matter what happens God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. *Therefore we will not fear though the earth should change, though the mountains shake in the heart of the sea.* (Psalms 46:1-2)

This thought brings us to our last step in genuine thanksgiving, that of a feeling of reverence for the Almighty One that expresses itself in the faith which upholds us in all circumstances.

When we think of thanksgiving, the word "bless" comes to mind at once as we contemplate our blessings. Bless is a very old word, and its finest meaning is "to make holy". Thus when we ask Him to bless us we are asking to be made more holy, more like Him. Another meaning for the word "bless" is that it suggests God's protection and guidance. Do you allow His blessings to guide you into using them in a way that would honor Him?

Our Pilgrim fathers knew well that if they were to succeed in this new land, their endeavors must ever be **FOUNDED ON THE ROCK** of their deep and abiding faith. Let us, too, be ever mindful that back of the security and happiness we enjoy, back of every blessing that comes to us, is God. His love is deeper and stronger than any other and remains with us all of our days, be they days of joy or days of adversity or sorrow. **GOD IS ALWAYS WITH US.**

I'd like to conclude my meditation with this quotation: "Hope places stars in the most dismal of skies, and faith keeps them shining."

Leader: Let us now bow our heads in gratitude and prayer. Will you add your silent prayers to my verbal ones? (Leader will pause after each sentence as indicated thus . . .)

Let us be grateful that we could awake this morning to this new day and all that it (Continued on page 20)



GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE

"THANKSGIVING"

by
Harold R. Smith

November dawns are usually cold and clear but, on occasion, an unexpected snow comes early to Missouri giving us a white Thanksgiving. Nature does not have definite rules or schedules. Mankind lives by calendars and clocks but the natural laws of the universe are more flexible.

I dip into the memory bank of yesteryear, remembering with fondness the Thanksgivings of my childhood. A flurry of excitement came as the day approached and my family went off to spend the day at my grandparents' farm.

Living on a crossroad, my grandfather frequently peered down each road and if he saw a traveler on horseback or walking, he would wait and invite him to a meal. It was Grandfather's way of extending hospitality to those on the road. If my grandmother ever objected she never mentioned it. In those days of slow travel, a hot meal in a snug farmhouse must have been a boon to the weary traveler. My grandparents, in turn, met interesting people, heard the latest news from other areas and practiced their form of thanksgiving on a daily basis.

Great flocks of turkeys were raised on the farm along with pigs, cattle and sheep. A faithful dog was a part of the family as were the barnyard cats who earned their pan of warm milk by keeping the farm free of rodents. Barns and haylofts were explored and hollowed-out portions of haystacks became mysterious caves to the grandchildren. A small stream, fed by springs, could be followed through dried weeds lining the banks. We stepped carefully around the slick, ice-laced rocks. Musty smells of the hen house contrasted with the aromatic odors of ripened corn stored in the granary. My grandparents never objected to our constant exploration of the farm for they knew it was part of the magic of childhood. We were admonished, however, not to chase the turkeys or pull out their feathers!

The finest turkey would be selected for

Thanksgiving and it would be dressed carefully. Grandmother would make a bread dressing, rich with sage; the odor wafts through my memory even today. The old iron range would glow with a hot fire roasting the turkey for hours. This gave Grandmother time to pare potatoes, turnips, prepare other vegetables, make pies and visit the cellar to select pickles, relishes, and jams from summer's bounty. Bread, prepared early in the day, would rise under a clean tea towel in an old stoneware crock preparatory to baking. Fresh cranberries and celery, bought in the village and available only at holiday seasons, were delicious. The relatives brought the dishes they excelled in to contribute the meal. One aunt always brought a rich applesauce cake with caramel icing, heavy and moist.

Because of the distance factor, our family made preparations days in advance. I remember one special year when we arrived in the car, bundled from head to foot, for the heater of that era barely warmed the drafty interior. Grandfather, tall and slender, waved a hearty welcome from the porch as we unloaded our human cargo as well as the best of Mother's culinary arts. Mother would frantically call not to mash the cake and please hold a hand under the salad before it spilled.

Somehow, all the relatives and friends (and their food) were squeezed into the farmhouse. Hearty greetings were exchanged as visiting got under way. The women insisted on helping in the small kitchen and, as they worked, their voices droned with sounds like a beehive.

The drop-leaf table was extended with all the leaves and set by early afternoon, then the food was put in place. A small table was set for the children in the kitchen. Supervised by an aunt, we were content with our company and conversation. Grandfather asked the blessing in a firm but gentle voice. His prayer was one of gratitude that we were together and provided for by a bountiful meal.

The food literally disappeared amidst visiting and laughter. Grandmother jumped up and replenished various bowls and platters as needed. She probably ate very little, for it was her pleasure to see that everyone was given all the hospitality and food she could muster. Her happiness was complete as she surveyed her family and friends.

When evening shadows lengthened across the lawn, preparations were made to go to our respective homes. The evening light faded gently as we left the snug farmhouse with its glowing wood fires. Bundled back into our heavy coats and with the car's motor bitterly complaining, we drove off to a chorus of goodbyes. Grandfather, silhouetted against the backdrop of the setting sun, waved as we drove slowly down the

rutted dirt road.

Grandfather passed away the following year and with his passing we lost his affection, warmth and wisdom. His simplicity in life was extended, at his request, to a single rosebud placed gently on his casket.

The years have flown by and I often think how Grandfather would have enjoyed Thanksgiving today. Great turkeys, encased in plastic and self-basting, line the supermarket cases. Tart, garnet-red cranberries are available much of the year, frozen vegetables, long out of season, repose in neat stacks. Fruits, artistically arranged as a still-life painting, delight the eye. He would have enjoyed the marvels of today's electric stoves with their array of gadgets, the purring of the furnace monitored by a thermostat and modern cars.

I passed the farm recently before Thanksgiving. Surrounded by estate fences, the old farmhouse has been modernized, yet the grove of trees and the gentle stream coursing through the pasture remain. The same sun still sets each evening transforming the farmhouse into a bright dwelling reflecting golden lights from the windowpanes. The road flowed beneath the car like a ribbon as I drove homeward, deep in thought.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship buds and blossoms
Like summer in full dress.
Friendship brings a harvest
Of joy and happiness.

Friendship is sustaining
Through winter winds and snows.
Friendship can't be hoarded
By being shared, it grows.

—Author unknown



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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Since there was no letter from me in the last issue you didn't get a crop report from this section of Iowa, so I will try to fill you in on what the harvest prospects are in this immediate area. The severe drouth was finally broken in August, but the rains came too late to help the corn here. The scorching hot winds and 100-degree temperatures came at the critical stage of growth when the corn was tasseling. However, the rains did help the beans, hay fields, and pastures. Everyone remarked they had never seen the meadows and pastures make such a quick recovery.

The corn on the bottoms seems to have fared better than corn on higher ground. Many of the farmers in our area chopped all their corn for ensilage this year since there wasn't enough to pick. The young man who rents our ground tells us the only corn he plans to pick is ours. The beans look good, but when your farm is on bottom ground you always keep your fingers crossed until they are combined. A flood could wipe them out in a hurry.

I mentioned in my April letter that from the looks of the thousands of dead fish in the ice on the bayou Frank was afraid all the fish had been killed and we wouldn't be able to have any good fish fries this summer. I'm happy to report that some of our friends have been having good luck catching bullheads, so they didn't all die after all. After a recent hard rain the creek was running bank full and backed up through the overflow tube into the bayou, so I imagine we acquired another supply of carp.

When I returned from one of my trips to Shenandoah this summer I was happy our dear friend Ruby could come home with me for a few days. Frank and I both enjoyed her visit. I had planned a few things I thought she would enjoy. My friend Louise Querrey goes to the same church Ruby does, so they went to church together; then I had them all come back to our house for dinner. One other day a group of us went to Derby for dinner at the cafe there. We celebrated Ruby's birthday and also the birthday of one of my friends. We had hoped to spend a day in Des Moines but it didn't work out, so we saved this little trip for her next visit, which we hope will be soon.

Two very special friends of mine from Shenandoah drove to Lucas to spend a day with me recently. Lois Hand Radden and I became friends when our family

moved to Shenandoah from California and I entered the sixth grade. Dorothy Howard Lumry lived on a farm and went to country school, so she became a member of our freshman class and we all graduated together. Every month when I'm in Shenandoah we three go out for dinner and spend an evening together.

I had asked the girls to come on a Thursday so we could go to dinner at the Derby Restaurant, as this is one of the days they serve their famous buffet dinner at noon which I knew they would enjoy. This unique eating place, owned by two sisters, Marjorie Sharp and Gusta Flack, who also do the cooking, has become well-known as the place to go if you want an honest-to-goodness home-cooked meal. In one of my future letters I am going to go into the story of the restaurant in more detail.

My friend Dorothea Polser went with us, and after we had eaten we took a long ride because I wanted Dorothy and Lois to see our beautiful Stephens State Forest, located practically on the outskirts of Lucas. I knew the girls would be amazed to see something like this in Iowa. They kept remarking how much it reminded them of Colorado. The park has over 8000 acres of beautiful picnic areas, two big ponds for fishing, hiking and horseback trails, with two large areas especially made for those who want to bring their house trailers and camp for a weekend. You are likely to see all kinds of wildlife from deer to wild turkeys. In the fall of the year when the leaves have turned it is a gorgeous place to spend some time driving around.

We ended up at our house where I had two kinds of homemade ice cream and brownies to serve them. The day they came was beautiful weatherwise, so all-in-all we decided we had had a perfect day. I do hope they can come again after a frost when our timber is so gorgeous, and they hope they can manage to work in another trip.

I think I have mentioned before that my friend Peggy Dyer has more hobbies than anyone else I have ever known. She is a "collector" of many things. One of her many collections is old purses.

She has around 175 of them, dating back to the late 1800's. Some of the types she collects are mesh, beaded, chain mail, platelet, tatted, crocheted, and leather.

A good many of the chain mail purses look alike until you look closely at the top frame. No two of hers are alike. Some of the older ones are silver, but a good many are German silver (made of copper, zinc, and nickel). Her oldest mail purse is dated 1910. They are made of chain links with silk linings. Two of them are gold in color and the rest are silver. Most of them are rectangular in shape, but once in a while she says you can find an odd-shaped one.



Peggy's purses.

The mesh purse is made of very fine links of metal forming a mesh. I remember that I got one like this when I graduated from high school and was thrilled with it. They are usually painted with flowers or designs in rather soft colors and are lined with silk. Some have small silk-backed mirrors or silk coin purses inside.

Of all the different types of purses Peggy has, the platelet ones are her favorites. The flat platelets are painted in many different colorful designs. Her favorite one is about nine inches long by three inches wide. It has a beautiful rose painted on each side, with small roses painted on the lower fringe. There is a spring-loaded sterling lid on each side of the top, one with a mirror in it and the other with a compact. It is monogrammed and dated.

The beaded purses range from very tiny glass beads, to steel cut, to wood. One of her most beautiful beaded purses is a tapestry done in beads. The person who made this was an artist in every sense of the word. Peggy says there were a great many wood-beaded purses made in Czechoslovakia before the second world war. The French made a lot of pearl-beaded purses for evening use. Whiting Davis made a great many of the platelet purses. They are still in business, but make mostly jewelry now. Peggy says that because of the great number of small companies that made purses, it is almost impossible to find much information on them. Old ads or catalogues are about the only place you can find anything about purses. Many purses were made by the women themselves to match a special dress or for gifts. She has handmade purses of silk, linen, crocheted, tatted, and many beaded ones. She is especially fond of the small doll and children's purses. Some of them are unique. She has them made of

(Continued on page 18)

Thank You

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

There are many small words in the English language which express so much, like the words *thank you*, yet so many people never seem to feel that it is necessary to say them. They take for granted the nice things people do for them and accept favors as if they were their due.

I had a friend once who asked me to go with her to get her first pay check. She was teaching school and it was necessary to go to the office of the Clerk of the Board of Education. He handed her the check, she took it, put it in her purse and we went on our way.

"Why didn't you thank him for your check?" I asked as we went out into the afternoon.

Her answer has stayed with me all these years, "He's paid to write it," she said, "and I earned it."

I was astonished at her bad manners, at her lack of courtesy. It was his business to write the check. He was paid to do it. But a simple *thank you*, would certainly have made his day more pleasant and created a feeling of kindness toward my friend.

Since then I have thought many times about how my mother used to remind me to say those two small words. When someone would give me a piece of candy or an orange or anything at all, she would always say, "Now what do you tell the lady?" Sometimes I would remember to thank the giver without Mother reminding me, and as I grew older it became almost second nature. Whenever people do any favors for me, do a service or kindness, I always try to tell them how much I value what they have done.

I looked up the word *thank* in the dictionary and the definition is one to learn and remember to use: "*Thank* is an expression of gratitude; an acknowledgement as bywords, for a favor or kindness received."

A friend came by the other day and brought me a glass of jelly. I thanked her for it and we talked awhile. I don't know of anyone who does more for other people than she does. She has a beautiful garden and she takes bouquets to the sick in hospitals, convalescent homes and apartments. She grows all kinds of vegetables and fruits and shares many with people who do not have them. She sends cards to the sick, remembers birthdays and anniversaries, and does all the nice things she can think of for others.

Any yet, on that day she said, "You know, I think I am going to stop doing things for people. It gives me pleasure, but so many show no appreciation. If I



Katharine and James Lowey are making themselves very much at home on the front portico in Mount Vernon. They were greatly thrilled to see all the details of the home of the Father of Our Country, George Washington.

leave something at someone's door, they never take the trouble to call me up and say they liked it or cared about my bringing it. Maybe I will see them weeks later and they may mention it casually."

"I am sure people value the things you do," I protested. "They just neglect to tell you so."

"Well, they shouldn't!" Her answer was almost sharp. "It takes time and energy to raise flowers and vegetables and pick them, to bake cakes and make jelly, and energy, time and gasoline to deliver them. Nothing gets done by magic. Human effort is required. It is not that I want anyone to gush over what I do, but it seems to me it is polite to say 'thank you' once in awhile."

She was right. Those many reminders through my childhood years all came back along with my mother's words, "What do you say to the lady?" I do prize the things people do for me and I want them to know it, not only the loving things but the paid services as well: the clerk who hands me a package, the cashier who gives me my change, the people who do work to help me in my daily life. They may be paid for these duties, as my friend said so long ago, but what they do is a favor to me and a smile and cheerful *thank you* can make for a more pleasant world.

So I'll tell you now, "Thank you for reading my article. I hope you liked it."



"GIVE ME" OR "THANK YOU"

An old legend tells of two angels who descended to earth to collect prayers.

One angel was directed to collect those that asked for something: the other to collect those that expressed appreciation for something.

As one might guess, that first angel could hardly move. Yes, that angel was simply loaded with requests. The other, unfortunately, remained as light as an angel, for few expressed prayers of appreciation.

Unfortunately, people pray with "give me" demands rather than "thank you" appreciation. But have we not all more reason to think "thank you" than "give me"? And is not gratitude for what we have a more meaningful prayer?

LET US BOW OUR HEADS

Someone once wrote that the custom of prayer before eating is as old as eating.

Expressing thanksgiving for the food we eat goes back for centuries to the first religious instincts of the human race, the practice of Grace being handed down by oral tradition for generations.

Then came the recorded history and we find in the Bible in Deuteronomy 8:7-10 where Moses reminds his people to bless (thank) the Lord for their food and for all He has given them.

The early Hebrews had a special prayer which was said over each basic food, in addition to the Grace said before each meal. They felt the special blessing asked upon bread was very important. After all was it not the staff of life? The Hebrew meal was also concluded with a lengthy prayer of gratitude. It was natural that the early Christians should continue the Hebrew custom of prayer before meals. When Jesus took the bread and blessed it at the Last Supper, He made the old Hebrew ritual become a part of the Communion service.

Later the apostle Paul repeatedly urged Christians to thank God for food and all blessings -- "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." To both the Ephesians and the Thessalonians he wrote, "in everything give thanks".

It is sad to note that here in America, the land where there is such an abundance, the custom of Grace before meals has been long neglected. Is it because we have so much that we so often waste precious food, forget what it is like in other lands where one slice of bread is a very precious gift?

This Thanksgiving let us take time to re-focus our values, to get a better perspective on life, to pause before all meals, henceforth to say, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food, for life and health and every good. By Thine own hand may we be fed; give us this day our daily bread."

For November

by

Virginia Thomas

Milkweed Pod Turkey: After removing the seed and "silk" from the inside, insert a short length of brown chenille-covered wire into the narrower, tapered end, gluing it in place so that it can then be bent for the turkey's long neck. To the neck glue a paper head (making it double so that the wire can be fastened between the two) or glue on a small hickory nut or acorn as the head. Attach red felt wattles. Use orange chenille wire to form the legs, giving Mr. Turkey "three-pronged" feet so he will stand upright. These, too, can be glued to the lower side of one of the pods before the two sides of the turkey are glued together. A few real feathers can be glued in for the tail before the sides are glued together, or you can fashion a pretty paper tail in pleated fan shape. Use these as place favors or as part of your table centerpiece, along with a cornucopia filled with fruits and vegetables.

Praying Hands nutcup decorations are pretty. Looking at the familiar picture of the praying hands, make a small sketch for each nutcup needed. These might be done on the cream-colored construction paper. From red, orange, or brown construction paper, cut a strip of paper long enough to make a collar that will sit down over the nutcup. Glue the praying hands to one side of the top edge of the collar so the hands stand above the cup. These would be especially nice for the family dinner table on Thanksgiving, placing five kernels of corn beside each plate also. Then have each person around the table list five blessings which they have received in the past year.

Paper Plate Pilgrim: (for door decoration) For head and body, use paper plates, painting the body plate gray, and the head flesh color. Cut shoe shapes from cardboard and cover with black paper or felt. Glue shoes to bottom of "body" plate. Glue head plate to body. Cut a wide white paper collar and glue it in place at the neck. Glue a belt of black paper, with a gold paper buckle around the center of the body. Glue a fringe of hair at the top of the head. Cut a Pilgrim hat from gray construction paper, to which you glue a black hat band with a gold paper buckle. Glue hat to head. Cut wide white cuffs of paper and glue to either side of the body; add flesh-colored hands, cut from paper plates. I like to put



a sheaf of grain or a spray of fall leaves behind this Pilgrim decoration to make a more attractive swag. By using two more paper plates (painting them for head and body) to "back up" the front side, you could then mount this on a base to make an upright decoration for a table centerpiece.

Name Cards: Cut rectangular pieces of orange construction paper about the size of a recipe file card. Cut the same number of Pilgrim hats from black paper: the width of each brim should be about $2\frac{1}{4}$ " across at the bottom edge for correct proportion. Mark in the outline of the hat band and buckle on the band and crown of hat with white ink. Cut an arrow from white paper, of a size so that when the arrow is glued to the back of the hat, each end will stick out to show the design. Glue the hat-arrow decoration to the left-hand side of the orange card. Write the person's name on the card with white ink. Perhaps instead of the arrow for an Indian symbol, you would prefer to cut a small teepee from brown construction paper which is glued to the end of the card opposite the hat. Use crayons to mark opening flaps and a small Indian design on the teepee.

Creative Centerpieces are fun to do, using things you have at hand. Have you an old-fashioned wooden sugar or flour scoop, a wooden butter paddle, a tin cup, and old stoneware crock, a black iron skillet, Grandmother's treasured platter, or her woven workbasket, or your tin school lunch pail? Any of these, or some other item you treasure, are wonderful beginnings for your arrangement. Remember, the container need not stand upright in the conventional manner. Try tipping it on its side, or tilting it slightly to get a pleasing effect. Fill it to overflowing with an assortment of such things as fruits, vegetables (such as small squash, well-scrubbed potatoes, carrots, peppers, onions), Indian corn, gourds, interesting seed pods, stalks of dried grains, grasses, nuts, and osage balls.

For a novel container, how about Son's football helmet? The children's toy wheelbarrow or small wagon make interesting containers for the harvest display also.

"Indian Pottery" Nutcups: The children will love to get in on making these. Make them from the flour-salt dough clay. This is made by mixing together 1

cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salt, and 3 tsp. of alum. Stir in just enough water so that the dough barely holds together without being crumbly. You do not want it sticky. Knead until it is a pliable dough. Using your fingers, mold miniature round bowls from this dough. Bowls with a $1\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter and about 1" high will be a nice size. You can place them on waxed paper in a warm, sunny place to dry for a few days, or you can shorten the drying time by baking them on a cookie sheet in a 200-degree oven for two hours or so, until dry and hard. After they are dry, paint tiny Indian designs on each bowl with tempera or acrylic paints. When dry, give bowls a coat of shellac. These are pretty and colorful on the table, especially if filled with candy corn.

BECAUSE THE PILGRIMS DID

We do other things the Pilgrims did beside having a great feast in November and giving thanks to the Lord for a bountiful harvest.

Here are three Pilgrim customs we follow to this day.

The first Pilgrim custom is Monday washday. Even with automatic washers, many housewives like to observe the custom of washing on the first day of the week.

The reason Monday has been thought of as washday in America since 1620 is because the Pilgrims' first day in the New World was on a Saturday (the day of the *Mayflower* Compact on board); no landing was made on the second day either because that was the Sabbath. But on Monday, with clear blue skies and a warm sun to take the chill out of the November air, many women went ashore early. Men and boys gathered wood for the fires and a much needed washday took place. In fact, this Pilgrim Monday established Monday as washday in America!

A second Pilgrim custom, this one learned from the Indians, was telling WHEN to plant corn. Farmers from 1620 on quoted the Pilgrims at corn-planting time. They said: "The time for planting corn is when the leaves of the oak tree are as big as a mouse's ear."

And still another Pilgrim custom which began with the Indians was learning to fertilize. Today fertilization is a big business, but it was new to the Pilgrim when the Indian explained that three herrings should be planted in each corn hill. They told the Pilgrims how much better the corn grew when it was planted with decaying fish. Americans have followed the Pilgrim example of fertilizing gardens and fields and crops have thrived.

The 102 brave men and women who came to these shores on the *Mayflower* set us many good examples of religious freedom, democracy, and useful customs.

—Evelyn Witter

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM EUGENIE STROM

Dear Friends:

Being one of the more recent additions to the family, I have not had the opportunity to meet or visit with you until about a week ago when Martin's Aunt Lucile asked if I would write a letter for the magazine. So, now I'm busy writing that letter. In all fairness I can't say I don't have any Kitchen-Klatter friends as some do belong to our church.

Martin and I thoroughly enjoyed our three weeks of vacation in August. We visited both our parents and spent the rest of our vacation camping, leaving the time schedules and ringing telephones behind us and heading for the most primitive spot we could find. To totally envelop oneself in nature is the best relaxer I can think of; it even makes chopping wood and hauling water a pleasure. My folks took my brother and me camping many, many times when we were growing up and I do believe it is in my blood. For Martin it is a newer experience which he looks upon as an adventure.

Well, vacation time is over, school is back in session, and Martin and I are busy with our new fall schedule. I try to help Martin with his work when I can, but usually I'm most helpful when I stay out of his way. I do accompany him on hospital calls and occasionally he will ask my opinion of his sermon ideas.

It sounds as though I'm not involving myself in our church, but actually I'm letting Martin do his work while I've accepted certain responsibilities of my own. Almost since my arrival here in Maple Lake I have been leading the church's Youth Fellowship program. We've gone on retreats in Minneapolis and Stillwater and camping retreats at Sand Dune State Park. The group works hard and plays hard and consequently everyone has fun.

I also direct the adult choir. We have been adding new members and growing musically, too. With the assistance of one of the mothers, I started a Youth Choir with children from kindergarten age through 9th grade. It is a very difficult group because of the large span in ages. However, since our church is small, there are few youngsters, so we all work together, make compensations and do the best we can.

Sunday school is another project of mine. I teach the 9th grade class which is the confirmation class. (Martin sees this class for an additional hour during each week.) When Martin does not have special meetings or is not busy visiting he comes to our class and is a top-notch resource person.

The only remaining church activity I am involved with at present is our Bible Study group which meets biweekly in

our home. Speaking of our home, the new parsonage, it is so much fun to live in a new home. It is a very large house and, since many of the church meetings are held in it, it requires many hours of constant cleaning. The size of our house does allow for easy entertaining and lots of overnight guests.

Martin and I are presently busy making gifts for Christmas. I shan't dare tell you what, since this issue will be out before Christmas. I do so enjoy handicrafts: needlepoint, crocheting, embroidering, weaving, painting, macrame and rug hooking, to name a few. All my projects keep me very busy, and these I schedule during free time, around piano lessons, choir practices, etc. If Martin and I are lucky enough to both have the same evening free, we will try to go out for dinner and a good movie. That's our big treat. If we get a whole day off we may drive to North St. Paul where my brother Chris and his wife Vickie live. Or, if we happen to be in another part of the cities, we will drive to South St. Paul to see Chris at the store he manages. Presently, Chris and Vickie are looking for a larger place to live as their apartment is quite small and they are expecting their first child in December.

I am enjoying life in Maple Lake; it is a small quiet town. With the exception of four years of college in Milwaukee and eight months of internship in Iowa City, I have lived in small towns all my life. Maple Lake is a typical small Midwestern town where everybody knows everyone and everything that's happened well in advance of the weekly publications.

Maple Lake is definitely a farming community with the grocery stores opening at 7:30 a.m., and Laity Sunday postponed until harvest is over. The town is surrounded by many lakes which make it a busy resort area in the summertime. There are some pretty picnic areas very close to us. When we get a chance we go picnicking, bicycling or walking with friends. This is good exercise for all of us. One of the pleasures of living in a small community is being able to bicycle or walk any place in town.

I must soon close this letter and get back to my kitchen. We are having a group of area ministers and their spouses for dinner tomorrow night. Fourteen people are expected which makes for a lot of planning!

I have enjoyed writing to you and I hope you will enjoy getting to know me.

Peace to you all,
Eugenie Strom

**Kent & Connie welcome
you to come eat
at the**

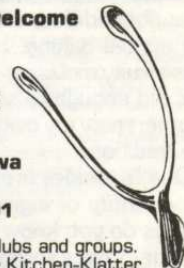
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A Happy Family Tradition

by
Donna Ridnour

Soon, my husband, two daughters and I will pile into the car which will be loaded with cooky sheets, rolling pins, shotgun and shells and head for my parent's house to bake Dutch cookies. All of my family live in southwest Iowa except my sister, Betty, who lives in Illinois. So, when she comes home for Thanksgiving vacation, we will set a time, gather the ingredients, drag out the huge turkey roaster and prepare for a day of cooky baking and family fun.

Baking Dutch cookies is a tradition that started with a recipe brought over from Germany by my dad's family, and we have continued with it, not just because we like the cookies that well, but because we know that Dad would be disappointed if we didn't get together for the annual baking. I have helped bake these fruity molasses cookies ever since I was old enough to see over the kitchen counter; now my own girls are sharing in the tradition.

Dutch cookies are unique because of the *quantity* of ingredients. How many recipes do you know that call for 10 lbs. of flour, 3 pints sorghum, 2 lbs. raisins, 1 lb. currants, and a quart of walnuts? Another feature is that although the cookies are baked in November, we do not eat them until the Christmas holidays. By that time, the large quantities stored in stone jars will have "come again" or will have become soft, mellow and much tastier. I wouldn't miss the baking day for anything in the world!

We moan and groan about the time this project takes but when the day is set everyone arrives. By everyone, I mean five sisters, one sister-in-law and seven little ones. The men are not counted because they always leave quickly to go hunting. Thank heavens! Even then, we fill Mom's kitchen to overflowing.

After everyone has had a turn at stirring the flour into the rest of the ingredients in the roaster, we spread out into the dining room. When the dough becomes too difficult to stir, each of us takes a ball of dough to any available spot so that we can work in enough flour to roll out and cut the cookies. Soon, unbaked cookies are lying everywhere and the children look like ghosts! Their faces are smudged with flour, their bottoms are covered with white hand prints and their blouses are no longer colored but are white. Actually, the adults don't look much better, but we all have a good laugh at our appearance.

We'll tell the same stories of past bakings, just as we do every year, but we'll laugh anyway because we are



Our most recent picture of Kristin Brase taken on the day she began her new job as Learning Disabilities teacher in the Chadron schools.

together and having fun. True, there will be some complaining but that, too, is just part of our special day. Betty likes her cookies thin with very little flour on them while Mary has a tendency to cut her dough thick and uses lots of flour. We accuse her of making her cookies fat so that she doesn't have as many to cut and the extra flour covers up the fact that she has eaten all of the walnuts out of her share of the dough. Then there is my sister who eats as much dough as she rolls out! I usually watch the oven because that job lasts the longest.

Occasionally, amid the laughter and the fun, we shed a tear or two as we recall the good old days when we made cookies at our grandma's house.

By the time the men come back, the table is literally covered with warm cookies and the coffee is perking merrily. We ignore the toys scattered over the floor and the fine dusting of flour that covers the furniture as well as the bakers as we proudly count every cooky. Each year we try to better our previous record but so far 500 is our best effort. However, the highlight of the day for me is when I see the look on Dad's face as he bites into his first cooky and says, "Most people just don't make cookies like this anymore. It's a meal in itself!"

When my girls become mothers they may not choose to continue the Thanksgiving tradition of Dutch cooky baking, but I'm sure they will tell their children about it and even in the telling they are passing on the special feeling that unites us into one big happy family.

THANKSGIVING

Time of mirth and joy and cheer,
Friends who come from far and near,
Blessed day of all the year,
That's Thanksgiving. —Unknown

HANDCRAFTED GIFT & BAZAAR QUICKIES

Many of these ideas are such that children's groups such as Scouts, Campfire Girls, and others might make them.

Envelope Bookmarks: Cut corners from old envelopes (greeting cards often come in envelopes in fine heavyweight paper, often in colors). Decorate them by painting in pretty designs, or cut pretty flowers and other designs from old greeting cards and glue to bookmark. Small flowers, fruits, and vegetables from old seed and nursery catalogues would be fine decorative cutouts, too. You might print a Bible verse or an inspirational quote on some of the corner bookmarks. The corner bookmark will slip right down over the corner of the page to mark your place.

Roll-Your-Own Beads: Cut the colored pages from mail-order catalogues, or sheets of the multicolored tissue paper, into elongated triangles with a one-inch base. (Taller triangles make fatter beads, so experiment to get the size you like.)

Beginning at the one-inch end, roll the paper triangle over a #0 knitting needle and glue down. Slip the needle out. String the beads on waxed thread or fine fish line to the desired length. Spray the beads on the necklace with hair spray to make them shine.

Clothespin Wreath: Supplies needed are snap clothespins, a small-size paper pie plate, with the same size aluminum foil pie plate to "line" the paper one for strength. Begin by clipping the clothespins all around the edge of the two plates, thus clipping them together, putting on a dab of glue before snapping each clothespin to help hold it in place. In the center of the wreath fasten (with fine wire) a cluster of artificial grapes or other fruit, or a small cluster of artificial flowers. Place the wreath on newspapers spread on the floor; or better yet, place it inside a cardboard box. Then spray with gold or copper paint. When dry, attach a hanger on the back.

Styrofoam Cup Bells: The cups can be decorated in so many ways. One way is to brush glue all over the outside of the cup, then roll in glitter (red, green, silver, gold, or blue). When dry, glue on lacy foil seal decorations, sequins, beads, strips of ribbon, or metallic braids for trim. The lace medal medallions used for dress trim are pretty as are other braids in the sewing departments. Glue on a ribbon loop at the top for hanging. A large bead on a length of ribbon can be glued inside the bell for the clapper. These make pretty tree decorations or place favors.

—Mabel Nair Brown



AN EARLY THANKSGIVING

by
Evelyn Birkby

In a family which is not always noted for doing things like other people, it was not too much of a shock to celebrate Thanksgiving early this year.

Having a premature holiday was not a completely new experience. One year, when Bob was not going to be home in December, we had our Christmas dinner in October. It was an important lesson, for it is valuable to realize that special days can be celebrated whenever the family can be together.

At any rate, when we learned that the three younger members of our family would not be home over Thanksgiving weekend, we took advantage of the few days so far this year when they all did arrive at the same time for an enjoyable celebration.

Working ahead, Robert trimmed out the dead brush and faded flowers from the yard and chopped a large pile of logs just the right size for the fireplace. As he laid the kindling on the grate he whistled quietly to himself in anticipation of the cheerful fires which would accompany our time together. I brought in stalks of wheat, sumac boughs, bittersweet branches and tall plumed grasses to fill our old brown crocks and tall butter churn. Down from the attic came the permanent fall arrangements and a funny pumpkin-headed ceramic figure. One new decoration was purchased to hang above the mantel: a large, wrapped straw wreath decorated with a plaid ribbon and bright straw flowers.

As time permitted, I began cooking ahead of the appointed day. A lemon bundt cake, a mince pie and an apple-pecan pie were the first items which came out of the oven and went into the freezer. Three kinds of bread were next: whole wheat, rye and white rolls. The lime pickles, raspberry jelly and strawberry jam were brought up from the storeroom in the basement, along with the red cinnamon cucumber rings which were used with pineapple slices on the platter around the turkey. When the big day arrived, I added the freshly baked turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy, candied sweet potatoes, apple salad, creamed corn, whole cranberry sauce, buttermilk molded salad, hot coffee and tea. Somehow, I ran out of time before I got to the dressing and the pumpkin pie. Fortunately, by the time the meal was eaten no one seemed to have missed these traditional dishes.

Jeff and Craig arrived home at the same time. Jeff had come from Montana and stopped in Sioux City to spend a few hours with Craig before driving on south to Sidney on Friday afternoon. Bob, coming up from southern Missouri, arrived early on Saturday morning.

Attu, our big white Alaskan husky, went wild with joy when he saw three of his favorite people all at once. Until time to help me get dinner completed, the boys played with Attu in the rough and tumble manner to which he is accustomed. Attu ran, wagged and "talked" to his beloved three until they came inside. Such joy as an animal can express!

When the last of the food was ready, everyone helped place the dishes on the table and hutch. On the table I had put a homespun, hand-woven cloth which was given to me last year by a good friend in Pennsylvania. Its rough texture was an excellent background for the platters and plates of food. We always serve buffet style so each person can get the fresh, hot foods on his plate and begin eating as quickly as possible. Robert says grace before we start filling our plates, so each person can eat as soon as he wishes. This informal serving arrangement also makes it possible to accommodate the large number of relatives who are usually part of our holiday meals. The largest number to date is 30! What a joyous occasion *that* was.

It would be difficult to choose the time when we had the most fun during this early Thanksgiving. Mark Jewell, a fine photographer who lives in Sidney, came over before we began eating and took pictures of the family and the loaded table. By the time we had taken a number of poses the boys began to add *improvements* to the setting.

Craig suddenly vanished from the dining room and returned with his hands full of blue and purple ribbons.

"This is a prize-winning meal," he declared with a straight face. "I hereby

declare each offering of food worthy of a high award." He tucked a blue ribbon on most of the dishes, and placed a huge purple sweepstakes bow on top of the turkey and one on the mince pie.

Wouldn't you know, that final picture of the day was the favorite one of each member of the family. Each face was clear and happy, and the ribbon-decorated food photographed well to add humor to the scene. I trust the sense of joy we felt that day comes through as you look at the picture.

When we finally had time to eat, we put the hot dishes on the warming units, poured fresh coffee and tea and settled in for a hearty meal. After we had eaten, we sat for a long, long time in front of the fireplace and talked and laughed and shared stories of the events in the lives of each of us during the time we had been apart. The months dropped away and our family felt the same sense of unity which has always been an integral part of our relationship.

It was not easy to see the weekend conclude, but the fact that each of our sons is doing exactly what he wants to do and in a place he enjoys made it less difficult to say goodbye when it was time for them to leave. Craig hurried north to Morningside College, Bob traveled south to Southwest Missouri State University, and Jeff headed back to Montana State University.

Robert and I will enjoy the intervening weeks, but are looking forward to the time when our three sons will be home again to share the stories of experiences and the happy laughter which always comes with them. In the meantime, Thanksgiving, for all intents and purposes for us, has already been.



Robert, Jeff, Bob, Craig and Evelyn Birkby wish you all an enjoyable Thanksgiving.

Recipes

Tested by
KITCHEN-KLATTER

PUMPKIN-PECAN PIE

- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup pumpkin
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

In small bowl combine eggs, pumpkin, sugar, syrup, flavoring, cinnamon, salt and butter or margarine. Mix well and pour into pie shell. Top with pecans. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-50 minutes; test for doneness with silver knife. Serve with whipped cream or topping.

—Dorothy

CRANBERRY & CREAM CHEESE SALAD

- 1 1-lb., 4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water

Drain pineapple, reserving syrup. Add water to syrup to make 2½ cups. Place 1¼ cups syrup mixture in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Dissolve one package of the strawberry gelatin in boiling syrup. Add 1/2 tsp. of the strawberry flavoring, half of the crushed pineapple and half of the cranberry sauce. Pour into a 7- by 12-inch pan. Chill until firm.

Beat cream cheese with sugar until smooth. Gradually beat in evaporated milk and vanilla flavoring. Soften unflavored gelatin in cold water. Heat to dissolve and blend into cheese mixture. Pour over firm cranberry layer. Chill until firm.

For last layer, boil remaining 1¼ cups syrup mixture and dissolve remaining package of strawberry gelatin. Add remaining half teaspoon strawberry flavoring, half of pineapple and half of cranberry sauce. Chill until room temperature; then pour over firm cheese layer. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve over greens.

—Margery

TURKEY-VEGETABLE PIE

- Pastry crust (recipe below)
- 2 carrots, cubed
- 1/2 cup peas
- 2 medium potatoes, pared and cubed
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups cubed cooked turkey
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup

Prepare pastry and chill one hour.

Combine carrots, peas, potatoes, onion, celery, water and salt in large saucepan. Bring mixture to a boil. Reduce heat; cover and simmer 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Drain. Add turkey and soup. Heat well.

Roll out two-thirds of the pastry on floured surface to a 14-inch circle. Place in a 10-inch pie plate, adjusting to fit. Trim edges. Pour hot turkey mixture into pastry-lined plate. Roll out remaining pastry. Adjust top crust and flute edges; cut vents.

Bake in 425-degree oven 35 minutes or until golden.

Pastry Crust

- 2 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 2 tsp. baking powder
 - 2/3 cup shortening
 - 1 egg yolk, beaten
 - 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 - 1/2 cup hot water
- Sift together flour, salt and baking powder. Cut in shortening until mixture is crumbly.

Combine egg yolk, lemon juice and hot water. Add to dry ingredients. Mix just until all is moistened. Shape into ball; wrap in plastic wrap.

This is one of Eugenie Strom's favorite recipes.

DATE-NUT BARS

- 1 lb. dates, cut up
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups quick-cooking oats, uncooked

Combine dates, water and sugar; boil for about 5 minutes or until thickened. Cool slightly; add nuts and set aside. Cream butter or margarine; add sugar gradually and beat until well blended. Add flour, salt and oats. This mixture will be crumbly. Pack two-thirds of the mixture evenly and firmly on the bottom of 9- by 13-inch greased baking pan. Spread date mixture over the crumbs. Sprinkle remainder of crumb mixture over the top and press down lightly. Bake 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool, cut into squares.

—Mae Driftmier

YUMMY YAMS

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/3 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 large can yams
- 2 apples, sliced
- Miniature marshmallows

Combine the brown sugar, pecans and cinnamon. In a large baking dish make a layer of the yams, then a layer of apples. Sprinkle with the brown sugar mixture. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about one hour. Sprinkle with marshmallows and put under the broiler for a few minutes.

—Dorothy

TURKEY CURRY

- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 1/3 cup minced onion
- 1 large apple, pared and cut up
- 3 cups cooked turkey, diced
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 to 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 1/2 cups milk or turkey stock
- Cooked rice

Cook mushrooms, onion, apple and turkey in the butter or margarine until the onion and apple are tender. This will take about 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from heat and blend in the flour, salt and curry powder. Add milk or turkey stock and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Place in a double boiler over hot water; cover and cook for an additional 15 or 20 minutes. Add more seasoning if desired and serve with hot cooked rice without the addition of any salt. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

KACHINA CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 1-lb., 4½-oz. can crushed pineapple, plus the juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3/4 cup nuts (for topping)
- 1 cup brown sugar (for topping)

Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in eggs. Blend in dry ingredients. Add pineapple and juice and the pineapple flavoring. When well blended, pour into greased 9- by 13-inch (or 8 by 12) pan. Combine nuts and brown sugar. Sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Serves 12 to 15.

The friend who sent this recipe uses the 8- by 12-inch pan, but I tested it in my 9- by 13-inch pan and it was alright. It is a moist cake which would be excellent served with whipped topping or ice cream.

—Evelyn

SOUTHERN FRUIT PIE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 of whole nutmeg, grated
- Pinch salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup broken pecan meats
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie crust

Cream butter and sugar together well. Add egg yolks one at a time, beating after each addition. Sift flour and spices together and blend into egg mixture, stirring until smooth. Gradually blend in cream and flavorings. Fold in the dates, raisins and nuts. Pour into pie crust and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Top with meringue (made with the 4 egg whites and 1/2 cup sugar) or with whipped cream. —Dorothy

GOLDEN PUNCH

- 3 quarts water
- 3 cups sugar (more if desired)
- 4 regular size pkgs. orange powdered fruit drink
- 3 12-oz. cans frozen orange juice
- 3 12-oz. cans frozen lemonade
- 2 46-oz. cans pineapple juice
- 2 46-oz. cans apricot nectar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 28-oz. bottles ginger ale

Combine all ingredients with exception of ginger ale. Chill. When ready to serve, add chilled ginger ale and serve immediately. This is a lovely colored punch to use with any orange or gold color scheme. It makes about 150 punch cup size servings. —Evelyn

OVEN STEW

- 2 lbs. cubed stew meat
- 6 large carrots, cut in large pieces
- 1 cup celery, sliced
- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 medium potatoes, diced
- 3 1/2 Tbls. tapioca
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup apple juice
- 18-oz. can tomato sauce, add water to make 2 cups liquid
- 1 cup peas
- Parsley flakes, optional

Combine all ingredients except peas and parsley flakes. Cover and bake at 275 degrees for five hours. During last 20 minutes of cooking time add the peas and parsley flakes. Bake uncovered after peas are added. —Donna Nenneman

BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 8-oz. jar process cheese spread
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli, thawed and well drained
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup soda cracker crumbs

Saute onions in four tablespoons of the butter until soft. Stir in the flour. Add the water and cook over low heat, stirring until mixture thickens. Blend in the cheese. Combine the cheese sauce and broccoli. Add the eggs and mix gently until blended. Turn into a greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Cover with the crumbs and dot with the remaining butter. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. —Donna Nenneman

COME AGAIN DUTCH COOKIES

- 3 cups sorghum or mild molasses
- 1 3/4 cups white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 lb. raisins
- 1/2 lb. currants
- 2 cups butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 Tbls. soda
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 cups nuts
- 10 to 12 cups flour

Combine sorghum, sugars and spices. Bring to boil. Remove from fire. Add raisins, currants and shortening. Cool slightly, stirring frequently. Add remaining ingredients in order given, stirring in enough flour to make a stiff dough. (A big roaster makes a fine mixing bowl for this large quantity.) When well blended, take out manageable portions and place on floured breadboard. Knead lightly. Roll to 1/4 inch thick. Cut with cookie cutters. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 350 degrees until an indentation is not left when a cookie is pressed with a finger (about 10 minutes.). Watch closely as these burn rather easily on the bottom. The cookies will be firm. Store in tightly covered jar or plastic bags until soft and mellow. They "come again". (An apple placed in the covered container of cookies will hurry the softening process.) These can be stored, without the apple, for 4 to 6 weeks which makes this an excellent cookie for mailing or early holiday baking.

This is a large recipe, making about 200 cookies depending on the size. Double the recipe to make the almost

500 cookies which Donna Ridnour and her family bake in that huge quantity each year as a family project. The recipe may be cut down to smaller size if desired. —Evelyn

**To a Good Cook's Best Friend**

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Use Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings in
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CHICKEN-CRANBERRY SALAD

1st Layer

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup boiling water
4 Tbls. mayonnaise
2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. salt
2 cups cooked chicken, diced
1/2 cup celery, diced
1/4 cup chopped pickle or olives
Soften unflavored gelatin in cold water. Add boiling water and stir to liquefy. Beat in dressings, lemon juice and salt. Add remaining ingredients. Spoon into 8-inch square pan. Refrigerate until firm.

2nd Layer

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1 8 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple and juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 16-oz. can cranberry sauce or cranberry jelly
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/2 cup nuts
Soften unflavored gelatin in cold water. Place over low heat to liquefy.

Add remaining ingredients in order given. Spoon over chicken layer. Chill until firm. Serve cut in squares on lettuce leaves. Excellent for a luncheon with crispy crackers or open-face sandwiches.

SWEET-AND-SOUR PORK

1 lb. lean pork, cut in cubes
2 Tbls. soy sauce
1 tsp. salt
1 egg
Cornstarch for rolling
Peanut oil for frying
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
2 green peppers, cut in 1-inch pieces
1/8 cup sugar or honey
1/2 cup vinegar
1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
1 Tbls. chili sauce
2 Tbls. cornstarch
Sprinkle soy sauce and salt over pork. Let stand for half hour stirring with fork occasionally. Break egg over pork and mix well. Roll pork cubes in cornstarch. Fry in deep peanut oil until browned. Drain on paper towel. Set aside, keeping pork cubes warm.
Brown garlic and green pepper in small amount of peanut oil. Add sugar or honey, vinegar, dressing, chili sauce and cornstarch. Cook until thick. Add fried pork cubes and serve with boiled rice.
—Betty Jane Tilsen

BANANA CAKE WITH CARAMEL FROSTING

1/2 cup butter
1 1/2 cups sugar
3 large bananas, mashed
2 eggs
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 cup buttermilk
2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
Cream butter, sugar and bananas together. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Dissolve soda in buttermilk and add. Then add flour and baking powder sifted together. Bake in a 350-degree oven in greased and floured layer or loaf pan. Bake about 30 minutes for layers, 45-50 minutes for loaf pan. Ice with Caramel Frosting.

Caramel Frosting

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/4 cup half-and-half or rich milk
2 cups powdered sugar, sifted
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
Melt butter or margarine. Add brown sugar and bring to a boil. Boil exactly two minutes, stirring constantly. Add half-and-half or milk and bring back to boiling. As soon as it has again reached the boiling stage, remove from fire and add the powdered sugar and flavoring. Beat until smooth.
—Betty Jane

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KITCHEN-KLATTER



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

We are well launched into the school year at this house. Things in my classroom settled so quickly into a distinct time pattern that I feel as though I had been with this class for months instead of weeks. Once again this is a class with whom I am no stranger. Three years ago they were my second grade kiddies and they were a sweet, loving group of little folk. They are still lovable, but much more grown up and certainly taller. Some of the most wiggly of them are now much tamed. I think this age is called the Terrific Tens!

Paul and Katharine call weekly to report on their school progress. Katharine will be writing to you, so I shall not steal her stories except to tell you that she loves her classes and her job in the biology laboratory with the rats is very interesting. Rats would have to be interesting not to be scary, I think.

I have deliberately tried to refrain from calling Paul too often. I can call him on the Metro-plan we subscribe to with downtown Milwaukee and it costs no extra toll fees. However, even though there is no fee, I still do not wish to make him feel as if I am hovering over him. Apparently he misses us, because he suggested that I write him when possible. I almost fell out of the chair laughing at this suggestion because the last thing that I ever, ever do is write letters. I still have kept the phone calls to one a week, because I want him to feel as though he has to be his own man.

The first weekend he was away happened to be Labor Day and he returned home with his roommate for three long days. Please understand, I love my son very much and I was delighted to entertain his roommate for the weekend, but we had just adjusted to the shock of having the stereo turned off when, suddenly, there was that wretched blare again. The lights were once again on into the wee hours of the morning because the "boys" were out doing whatever boys do with almost no money in their pockets. And meals were once again out of schedule and the kitchen cabinet was stacked with left-out milk, butter, and dirty dishes.

I was prepared for the two-thirds empty nest syndrome that was supposed to overtake me when our number one son left the house for college, but I was not prepared for the relief I felt. I am really feeling very unmotherly, somehow, basking in the peace and quiet of the house. The light in the shower doesn't burn with no one in it; the empty



Paul Driftmier studies for one of his classes at Marquette University.

bedroom is neat and orderly; I finished my laundry in three loads on Saturday morning instead of the eight I had last year at this time. The refrigerator is not everlastingly out of food, and I can get out of the market without spending a small fortune. These shocks to our parental systems are quite unexpected, but I have a fair idea that many of you out there are nodding your heads in agreement. Girls just don't cause waves in a household like boys!

One of the things I have done with all the spare time I have now is to join an exercise club. In Oconomowoc, just five quick miles west of us, is a large resort-hotel complex that has all kinds of exercise equipment for their hotel guests. They sell memberships to people in the area which allows them the privileges of coming in to their gymnasium and use all their equipment. They set up a schedule of exercises for me, and when that is completed and I am fatigued there is a big, hot, therapeutic whirlpool. This is the most elegant thing I've ever treated myself to. I have been sitting at a school desk chair for going on eight years now, and my muscles are showing the results of such inactivity. Also I have assorted backaches associated with an artificial limb, so this year I determined not to wait until I had to take backache pills and instead try a little preventive exercise. I think it is going to work if I can just get my weary self over there after school.

I have to drive past the house after school to get to the "muscle shop", as I call it, and often my soul longs to stretch out on my bed before I tackle supper. I guess I am wrestling with my conscience now. There is an eucalyptis steam bath, a dry-heat suana, and a Grecian shower over there, too, but I am not yet brave enough to shut myself in those rooms alone. I hope the good side of me wins over the indolent side!

Adrienne has had her senior pictures taken and is excitedly trying to make up her mind which college it will be. Part of her leans toward the Naval Academy in Maryland, another part toward

Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, and the third lean is to St. Louis, Missouri, for Washington University.

She found herself a part-time job as a bus-person at the restaurant across Nagawicks Lake where Paul worked two years ago. She works one night during the school week and usually two of three weekend nights. I did all I could to dissuade her from working when she has so much homework, but she is stashing her funds away for college and until and if her grades suffer her father and I have decided to keep quiet.

Until next month

Mary Beth

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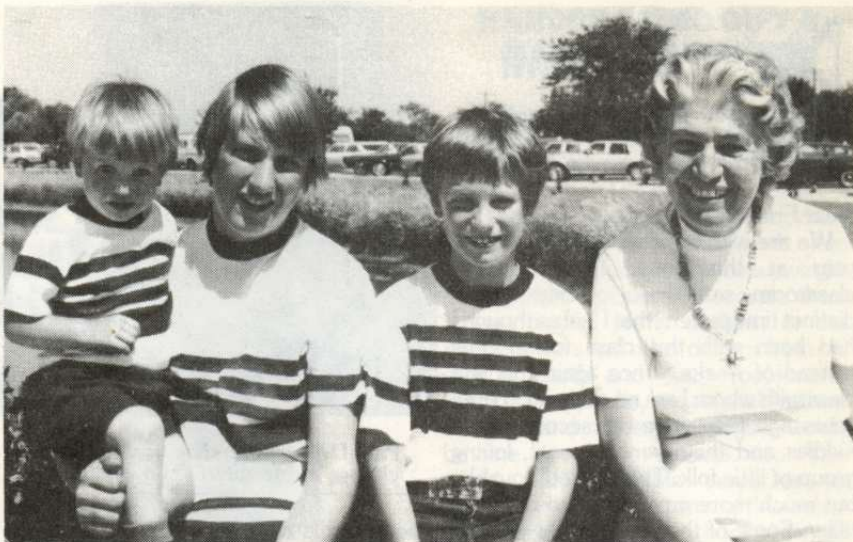
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Dorothy Johnson looks very pleased with the way her grandsons Julian, Andy and Aaron Brase look in the matching shirts she made for them.

USING FABRIC SCRAPS CREATIVELY

by
Janine Knop

This is the time of year to get out the scraps which have accumulated during the year and become *creative with fabric*. One of the most popular sewing ideas using leftover fabric is applique.

My favorite example of applique is a *winter wonderland* picture made with

scraps of fabrics and trims. Employ your own creativity to design a winter scene of your farm or home area, a snow-filled city park, or a picturesque setting of a long-remembered country church. By varying the textures and colors of fabrics and trims, your creative picture will become more realistic. For example, pieces of delicate white lace make lovely snowflakes; colored sequins give sparkle to outdoor Christmas lights. Blue felt is excellent for the sky and terry cloth makes fleecy clouds. Cotton muslin works great as a backing for the picture.

If you need ideas, find pictures in a magazine, book, greeting cards or a child's coloring book. Cut out the shapes from fabrics of your choice and arrange the design on the muslin background; pin into place.

To applique with the sewing machine, set the zigzag stitch on a *medium stitch width* and a *short stitch length*. This gives a satin stitch with all the stitches very close together (almost on top of each other). Stitch around each piece of fabric in the design to fasten firmly and attractively to the background.

If you wish to use or have a sewing machine which makes only a straight stitch, set the pressure dial to *darn* or so no pressure is being applied by the presser foot, then guide the fabric back and forth slowly in order to produce an evenly stitched satin stitch. With the *most* basic sewing machine anyone can do applique.

To give your picture a three-dimensional look, stuff the clouds, trees, flowers, houses, Santa's bag or Santa himself with polyester fiberfill before appliqueing.

The completed picture can be stapled or glued onto a piece of cardboard and framed for hanging. These applied pictures make handsome additions to your church or club bazaar tables. The

(Continued on page 20)



WHAT CAN WE SAY?

Seems like we've used just about all our adjectives, trying to convince you to try our **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. Smooth and creamy, tasty, flavorful, not too sweet but not too tart, delicious, high-quality, selected ingredients blended in spotless kitchens.

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The slogan for National Children's Book Week is "Read All About It". The Children's Book Council is the official sponsor for Book Week, November 14-20. Be sure to look for materials by artists and authors in schools and libraries during Book Week celebration.

Most children are so receptive to books. Jo Lynn and David, our little neighbor friends, enjoy "read-aloud time". When David, age 3, looks up eagerly and says, "Read a book?" we three settle down on the sofa to see how Harry got to be a dirty dog, or how the screech owl sleeps all day and hunts at night, or how a mischievous rabbit named Tom likes to eat hamburgers. Moments to remember!

A perfect book to start young children bird watching is a science I CAN READ book called *Look for a Bird* by Edith Thatcher Hurd. Along with interesting information about 14 typical American birds, each is beautifully pictured in its own colors by Clement Hurd. Did you know that the mother hummingbird gathers spider webs to put around her nest to make it strong, or that the cardinal's beak is thick and strong for cracking nuts, or that the mockingbird can croak like a frog, chirp like a chicken and whistle like a policeman? An appealing approach to birds for the beginning reader is *Look for a Bird* (Harper & Row Publishers, 10 East 53 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$4.95).

Mother Rabbit's Son Tom by Dick Gackenbach introduces two funny, easy-to-read stories about Tom, a mischievous rabbit who knows what he likes and doesn't give up easily. In the first story, Tom's love for hamburgers makes his mother and father fear he'll turn into one someday. In "Tom's Pet" he manages to bring home an enormous creature, which Mother Rabbit, who had said "no" to the dog, the cat, the frog and the chicken he wanted, has to accept. *Mother Rabbit's Son Tom* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$4.95) is a happy I CAN READ book.

Marjorie Holmes, inspirational writer, has reached the hearts of millions of women by her books and by her column, "A Woman's Conversations with God" in *Woman's Day* magazine. It is in part from this column that she has developed *Hold Me Up A Little Longer*, Lord, a collection of prose-poems in which she leads us through the highs and lows of daily experience.

Hold Me Up A Little Longer, Lord (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., \$5.95) by Marjorie Holmes is another book to add to your library or that of a friend. She says, "Prayer for me became a kind of poetry I could not resist putting



Andrew Brase stands in front of the tall corn at his grandfather Johnson's farm near Lucas, Iowa. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Art Brase of Chadron, Nebraska.

down." How thankful we are for her talent.

The Orchard Children (Harper & Row, \$8.95) by Rachel Maddux is the moving, true story of foster parents who fought to keep their children. King and Rachel Baker left their placid life in a Los Angeles suburb for one hundred acres in middle Tennessee. There they planted an apple orchard, built a house, knew seasons, and developed a sense of self-confidence. They took two children into their home, Marilyn and Robbie, who were abandoned in the neighborhood. The book tells of the exhausting experience of learning to tangle with the children's ferocity and their terrible needs which led to deep love. A family was forged of this, but when the biological parents reconciled, the family was destroyed. Happily, the orchard flourished and eventually the Bakers adopted a baby girl. An interesting and thoughtful book about a couple who changed their life style and helped two children become responsible individuals.



COVER PICTURE

Every autumn Blaine Barton, a Shenandoah photographer who does a great deal of work for us, fixes up an arrangement around a wrought iron light that he has in his front yard. Their family pet is named Calico and has been with the Bartons for eight years. She has a wise look in her eyes, so probably she has seen a camera many times.

—Lucile

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MEET OUR WRITERS



Donna Ashworth Thompson

Springfield, Missouri, was my birthplace. My family moved to Rogers, Arkansas, when I was five years old. I grew up in Rogers and began writing when I was foolish enough to send in handwritten manuscripts which always came back immediately. At that time Rogers was the center of the Ozarks resort area. I began writing short stories with that locale. It was a good background: the handsome young man comes from afar driving a beautiful car to visit the plush resorts, meets local girl, etc. I also sold this same type story in England and Scotland.

After I graduated from high school I worked as a secretary for the Ozark Fruit Growers Association, a cooperative which shipped strawberries in car lots all over the United States. I wrote in my spare time, encouraged by my father, mother, sister and a high

school teacher.

We moved back to Springfield where I worked as a secretary at Southwest Missouri State Teachers College, and continued to write in my spare time. At that time I began writing some inspirational and religious articles.

After the death of my sister, the last one of my immediate family, my life took an unexpected turn. Robert Thompson and I had gone through high school together, graduating in the same class. After 25 years he came back into my life and we were married. Life is as unexpected as any fiction story.

We moved to a farm and I began to use the farm background for articles which were sold to farm magazines. Looking back, it seems I always wrote from the background where I lived at the time, but I suppose that is what any writer does.

My husband died seven years ago and I moved from the farm to town and now live in my grandmother's house with four cats and two dogs. It is really like home as I was here so much of the time when I was a little girl.

I have three wonderful step-children who have made life very pleasant for me. I doubt if children of my own would have given me as much pleasure as they have.

Now I find that all the places I have lived and the people I have met have left an indelible impression; much I write seems to contain these experiences. Lately I have written some opinion articles which are fun to write.

I like to write inspirational material to help people who are discouraged and unhappy. When I read such material it gives me a better outlook and I hope mine does the same for others.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded shell, leather, beaded, platelet, mesh, and mail. Another one of her favorites is a small owl's head.

Peggy has so many interesting collections perhaps I can tell you about some of the others sometime. If you have wanted to start collecting something but didn't know what to look for, maybe something I mention and write about of hers will give you an idea.

Kristin and her family are well and very busy. She is working in the Chadron, Nebraska, school system at a very interesting job, but since I have used up more than my allotted space for this month I will go into detail about this in my next letter, or leave it for her to write about in her next letter to you.

Until next month

Dorothy

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"Let me walk for a time in the moccasins of my enemy, as I carry his burdens and try to solve his problems. Only then may I criticize him." —Indian saying

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A reader wants to know when roses should be "put to bed" for the winter. "Last year," she writes, "I tied the canes together about mid-October and mounded the base of the plants with soil. A short time later we piled leaves over the plants but only one-fourth of the roses came through the winter. A friend said I covered them too early. She uses what is called the 'tip method' of winterizing her plants and had better luck than I did with the mounding method. Can you explain how this is done?"

The winter of 76-77 was hard on roses. First it was too dry and then winter set in with a vengeance freezing woody plants that were not protected. To use the "tip method" of protecting roses, start by thoroughly soaking the soil the day before you are going to start tipping. Dig a trench up to the base of the plant about six inches deep and wide and long enough to accommodate the plant. With a spading fork loosen the soil around the plant until the roots are loosened somewhat. Push the plant down into the trench and anchor it down with wire clothes hangers which have been straightened and made into "hairpin loops". Pack soil in and around the canes being sure there are no air pockets. Early this month cover the trenches with leaves or marsh hay to a depth of 1½ feet. The latter attracts small rodents that often strip the canes of their bark. Place tin cans of rodent bait under the hay to destroy the pests.

We have found miniature roses to be amazingly hardy if winterized by the tip method. If you want further information on it and other methods of protecting roses send 25¢ to the Minnesota Landscape Arboretum, 4128 Brunswick Ave. South, Minneapolis, Mn. 55416.

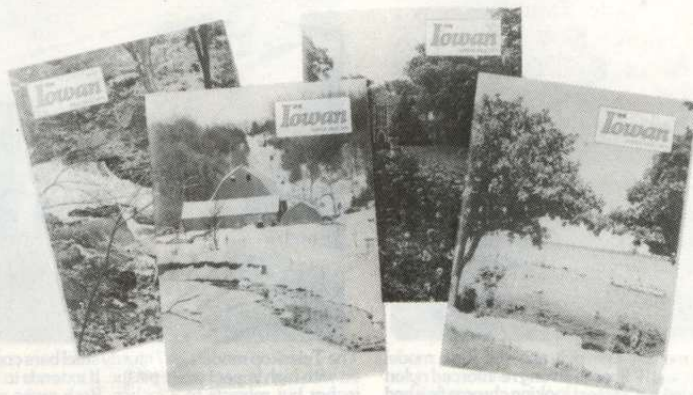
Melanie R. writes that her tuberose bulbs bloomed the first spring after setting them out but she has had no blooms now for two years. "What am I doing wrong? The bulbs make nice top growth but no flowers form."

Probably you get them out too late in the spring. We start our bulbs indoors in March in milk cartons and set them out and they bloom in late summer—usually in September. Offsets from the mother bulb will not bloom the first year after planting and these may be what you have been setting out. Try again but give a start indoors.

NEEDED: SHINING EXAMPLES

America's future will be determined by the home and the school. The child becomes largely what it is taught; hence, we must watch what we teach it, and how we live before it. —Jane Addams

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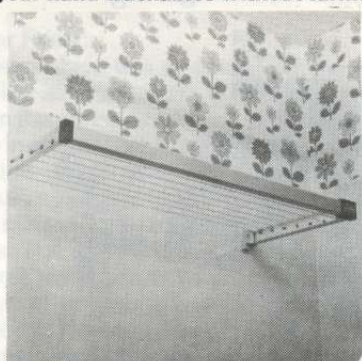
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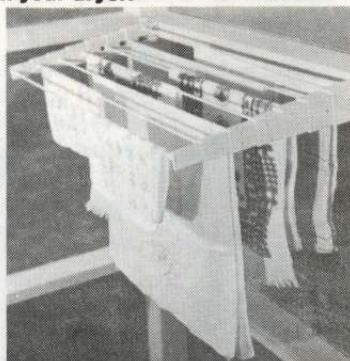
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From Our Family Album



This picture is not dated, but it would be my guess that it was taken around 1912 or 1913. Grandfather Field (Solomon Elijah but always referred to as Sol) is in the front yard of his home in Redlands, Calif., and the two little children are Mary and Frances Conrad, daughters of Susan Field Conrad.

—Lucile

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NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concl. might hold for us, knowing that life itself is a gift from Thee, O God . . .

Make us to be more aware of the earth around us, of the persons whose lives touch ours each day, of all that is good in our lives each day as we go about our work and our recreation . . .

Help us to be grateful for the opportunity we have to share with You in being creative in using the earth and its resources to help ourselves and to help others . . .

Keep us ever mindful of the great heritage of faith which our founding fathers left to us . . .

Hymn: "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past" or "God of Our Fathers".

Benediction: May we go forth to walk in God's love, obedient to His guidance, secure in His care, serving others in His name, always with joy and thanksgiving in our heart. Amen



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—Evelyn Lyon

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
 something that I've always thought was very funny. When the Kitchen-Klatter plant was purchased (and many thousands of you have been through it) we were amazed at how reasonable the fire insurance premiums were. It seems that we had been quoted such a reasonable figure because we had an overhead sprinkling system.

BUT... here was the joker. We had to take out an additional insurance policy to

protect us from the sprinklers!!!! And do you know, we've never had a fire problem of any kind, but the sprinkler system let loose one night and ruined a large stock of the chemicals that are used in manufacturing our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner, All-Fabric Bleach and Blue Drops Detergent. With my sense of humor you can see how this struck me!

As far as I know, all the members of our far-flung family are well and busy from morning until night. I get letters from Juliana every week and feel guilty because I cannot do as well by her. My wretched bone problem is still with me and probably always will be, but I do the best I can to keep going. Every day I send up a prayer of thanks to the wonderful orthopedic surgeon and internist who did so much for me at the Clarkson

Hospital in Omaha. They were extremely conscientious and concerned about my welfare and dismissed me with these most important words: "Try not to fear."

With business conditions the way they are today it's mighty hard not to fear, but I just plug along from day to day trying to do my very best. (Frankly, on sleepless nights I find it hard not to worry and fear!)

Next month there will be a letter from Juliana telling you about the trip she and her family took to Washington, D.C., to see their cousin Emily Driftmier DiCicco, and then a later trip to Woods Hole, Mass., where Jed had to go on business connected with his mother's estate. She had the bonus of getting to see cousin Mary Lea Palo's family on that trip, also.

Until next month I am always,

Lucile

FRIENDS

I have no craving for great wealth and estates and such.

I yearn not for a chest of jewels or the fabled Midas touch.

I'm quite content with what I own; my needs are very few.

I'm rich indeed, because I've got a friend as rare as you. —Unknown

RECIPE FOR GREATNESS

To bear up under loss; to fight the bitterness of defeat and the weakness of grief; to be victor over anger; to smile when tears are close; to resist disease and evil men and base instincts; to hate hate, and to love love; to go on when it would seem good to die; to look up with unquenchable faith in something ever more about to be. That is what any man can do and be great. —Zane Grey

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October, 1977.

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

Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Hattie E. Blackman, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

The Driftmier Company, Shenandoah, Iowa

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Margery Driftmier Strom, Shenandoah, Iowa

Hattie E. Kite Blackman, Shenandoah, Iowa

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

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

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Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager

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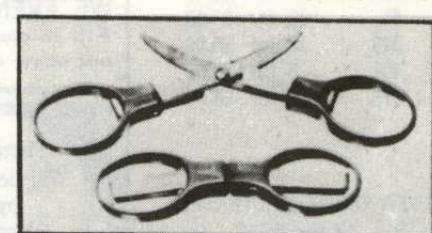


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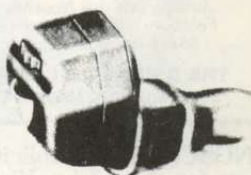


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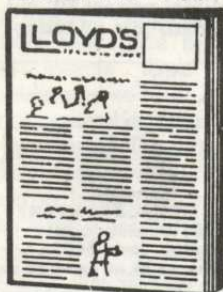


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