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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

In last month's issue of this magazine, I wrote a very brief note to you in which I said that when the final copy had to be set into type I would be in Minnesota, and consequently Frederick's letter was in the space that I would ordinarily use.

Well, we *did* make the trip and enjoyed every minute of it tremendously. Once home I was plunged instantly back into the usual routine and in no time at all felt as if I'd never been any place and that the whole trip seemed like a remote dream. Have any of you experienced the same sensations when you returned from a vacation? (I can just hear resounding "Yes" and very few "No" responses!)

Betty Jane Tilsen and I left Shenandoah in just about the heaviest downpour I can ever remember when starting out on the road, and it didn't seem an auspicious time to be heading on a vacation. The heavy clouds (they seemed to be almost right down on the ground) stayed with us until we reached Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where we had advance motel reservations. Since rooms for handicapped people must be available in motels, a room which met my needs was provided. After we unloaded for the night, I relaxed for the first time since we pulled out of our driveway. Betty Jane telephoned her mother in St. Paul to tell her that we'd arrive at their summer place on Lake Ottertail the next day around noon so she could plan to drive up and meet us.

We got up early the next morning all set to get on the road and then discovered, to our great dismay, that an extremely dense fog had settled in during the night. We were on an interstate highway and since we could not even see the front of our car at times, there was nothing to do but crawl along at a snail's pace with the hope that our rear lights would give sufficient warning to anyone behind us so our car would not be hit.

The dense fog didn't begin to lift until we reached Brookings, South Dakota, where we stopped to fill the gas tank. At that point we turned east and traveled on



James Lowey, Lucile's grandson, enjoyed an unusual cake for his 11th birthday. It was decorated with tropical fish, seaweed and rocks made of frosting. We wonder if the cap gun James is holding and the car in front of the cake were birthday gifts.

roads that even Betty Jane had never been on before—and she knows Minnesota backwards and forwards. The high point of this segment was driving through Sauk Center where Sinclair Lewis was born and reared. He wrote *Main Street*, plus many other books. In his books, he called the town Gopher Prairie. I guess he wasn't very popular in those parts for a long, long time, but now a museum has been built in his honor and the street signs in the business section read "Original Main Street". I could only think how astounded he would be today if he could return and see these honors.

Both of us had our eyes on our watches very sharply because we didn't want Betty Jane's mother to begin worrying about us; you know how it feels when the people you are expecting don't turn up at approximately the time they have given for arrival. Both of us sighed with great relief when a highway sign gave the distance to Battle Lake, the closest town of any size in relation to our destination at Lake Ottertail.

Betty Jane's mother was there all right, but she'd beat us by only about 20 minutes. She had gotten lost in a maze of exits on the interstate she needed to take to reach their summer place. That was one time when anxious fretting on both sides most certainly turned out to have been in vain! Wouldn't it be nice if we could know in advance exactly how things were going to fit together?

The minute we landed I felt as though we had moved into another era in time since the very heavy timber and lapping water quite a distance below the bluff were things I hadn't seen nor heard for many, many years. I spent about three days just looking and listening, watching boats of all kinds out on the lake and hearing for the first time chipmunks

close at hand. (I thought at first that someone had left a faucet dripping!)

It's a 36-mile drive around the lake and since I'm adjusted to farm ponds in southwestern Iowa, I had the sensation of being virtually on the Atlantic or Pacific coasts. We made the 36-mile trek a number of times, and the very first time found a genuine nursery where all kinds of plantings were available—plus vegetables in season, eggs, etc.

This was a real find for Betty Jane and her mother because they had wanted to plant several ornamental trees around the summer place as a living memorial for their husband and father, Bill Rice. Betty Jane's father bought the place on Ottertail many years ago and all of their closely united relatives had countless happy memories dating back to childhood (and then, in turn, with the grandchildren and nieces and nephews).

The energetic young men in charge of this nursery operation noticed our Iowa license plate and asked if by any chance we knew anything about a town named Shenandoah. When they found out that this was exactly where we were from, they wanted to know all about the big nurseries in our town. We told them we had studied their Minnesota nursery fields with great interest because we enjoy watching all the beautiful fields around our home in Shenandoah. Small world?

After ten wonderfully relaxed and happy days, we had to pack up again and head for our second stop, a home on the St. Croix River where Betty Jane's very old and close friends live. Mile-wise it didn't look like an overpowering drive, but the Twin Cities area expanded so far, far out into what I remembered as open country that Betty Jane got lost in that

(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We have been having gorgeous fall weather here. I don't know if this is our "Indian summer" or if that will come later, but whatever it is I have no complaints. I have just returned from a week's trip to Valentine and Chadron, Nebraska, and enjoyed the same kind of weather—cool nights and warm days—the entire time. Frank said while I was gone we had hail the size of quarters, enough to cover the ground in a matter of seconds, followed by only three-tenths inches of rain. It is very dry here, now, and consequently we don't know how colorful the timber will be. So far the only color has been a few brilliant red vines growing up through the trees near the bayous.

Frank got the last of the hay put up for this year before I left on my trip, and has taken advantage of the warm days by cutting a few weeds with the brush cutter. Weeds always seem to thrive in dry weather whether anything else does or not.

We were so thrilled that Lucile and Betty Jane stopped here overnight on their return trip from Minnesota. It has been several years since Lucile has felt like making the trip to the farm. We hope, now that she has found she can travel, they will get in another visit before the snow flies.

Another person we have been excited about seeing is our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, from Roswell, New Mexico. Since he was here last, he has had serious surgery and been in the hospital a long time; the fact that he was able to make the trip to Iowa made us very happy.

Very early last spring, I had a letter from Mrs. Florence McAlevy of Valentine asking me if I could come to Valentine to be the guest speaker at their County Home Extension Clubs' annual Achievement Day the last of September. I agreed to go if it was possible for me to get away from home at that time. As the time drew near, and I knew I was going to be able to keep the date, I asked a friend, Mrs. Harlan Hirsch of Indianapolis (who has a married daughter living in Chadron) if she would like to go with me. This way I could drive my car and go on to Chadron after the program to visit Kristin and her family. She was happy to accept the invitation, so at 6:30 A.M. on the morning of September 24th, I picked her up at her farm home and we were on our way to Valentine.

The weather was perfect, the countryside beautiful in its fall array, and we had a delightful trip, arriving at our motel at 6:00 P.M. Mrs. McAlevy and the extension director, Betty Kime, picked us up and took us



Dorothy had a fine visit with her college friend, Frances Chambers, of Casper, Wyoming.

to dinner at the Pepper Mill Restaurant, where we had a chance to get acquainted over a good meal. After they took us back to the motel, Jean Hoffman came to see us because she wasn't going to be able to come to the meeting the next day and she had something she wanted me to take to Lucile. Lucile had mentioned she had never tasted choke cherry jelly, so Jean brought me a large jar to give to her.

At noon the next day, we were guests at a salad luncheon for the members of the fourteen Home Extension Clubs in Cherry County. Several tables had been put together to hold the salads and there was every kind you can imagine to choose from. I sampled as many as possible. There were also rolls and a choice of drinks.

Our Kitchen-Klatter radio visits have been heard over station KVSH in Valentine since the station first started 18½ years ago. We have many loyal listeners in the area, therefore the program which started at 2:00 was open to the public. In the beautiful sand hills country around Valentine, the ranches are large so it is a sparsely populated area; it gave me a warm glow to have so many of our listeners come for the program. In fact, there were over twice as many as the committee in charge had expected and they began to worry for fear they wouldn't have enough room to accommodate them. I had a wonderful time shaking hands and visiting with everyone. After the program, a delicious variety of cookies were served along with coffee.

Music for the afternoon was furnished by a girl's quartet from the Sew'n Saddle 4-H club. They were so sweet in their pretty dresses, and they sang two numbers they had sung in competition at the State Fair.

Larry Russell and all of his staff at KVSH were so friendly we had an especially nice time visiting them. Mr. Russell is also the president of the Valentine Chamber of Com-

merce and he came to the program to welcome all the ladies present. I can't begin to mention all of the people who made our stay in Valentine so special, but we left for Chadron feeling that some of the nicest people in the world live in this town.

When we arrived at Kristin's, she had some good, hot, homemade soup ready for us. She said that Cris Hirsch's daughter, Sue, had called and said she would come for her mother as soon as she could get away from the hospital where she works as a medical lab technician.

I got to spend a great deal of time with Julian since he didn't have to have a sitter while I was there. The school where Kristin has her office is only two blocks from her house, and since she has 45 minutes at noon, she is able to come home for lunch. Andy and Aaron eat at school. Julian is the best little four-year-old I have ever seen. While I worked around the house in the mornings, baking pies, getting lunch, doing up dishes, etc., he played with his toys so quietly I would never have known he was in the house. When I was ready to sit down, I would call him and we would play some of his favorite games, or read together. I took him to the park for an hour a day. He is so much fun I really enjoyed him.

As you know by this time, I have grandsons who are interested in all sports. Andy is a sophomore and is on the reserve football team at Chadron High School, so the whole family goes to all the games. They had a home game while I was there. Andy told me I would get to go and see him suited up and standing along the sidelines all evening, but such was not the case. He got to play some in his first varsity game so I got to see him on the field. He was also anxious for me to see the marching band do their routines at halftime. He is a member of the band except when they march at football games.

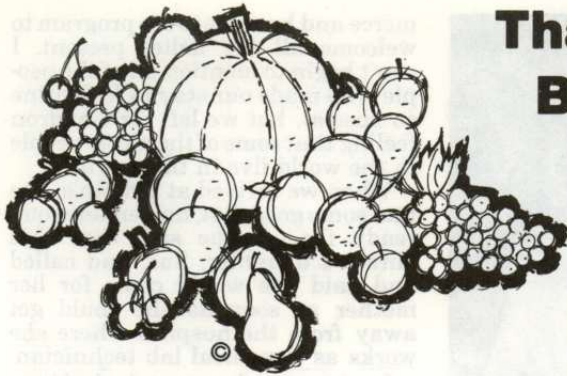
On Saturday, Kristin, Aaron and Julian went with me to Casper, Wyoming, to spend a few hours with my old friend Frances "Flip" Chambers, my college roommate. The weather was perfect, not a cloud in the sky, and there is a lot of beautiful scenery between Chadron and Casper. Kristin and Flip had many things in common to talk about since Flip just retired after many years in special education, and Kristin is teaching in the same field now.

Andy hadn't gone with us because he had a drum lesson in the morning and football practice in the late afternoon. He spent his time between appointments cleaning the house for his mother as a surprise, a perfect ending to a happy day to find the house so shiny clean.

I must close and get this to the post office . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy



Thanksgiving Begins With You

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: On the left side of the altar, place an arrangement of fruits, vegetables and fall leaves.

Quiet Music: Use a medley of Thanksgiving hymns.

Leader: It is good for each of us to have a special holiday set aside for expressing our thanks to God for all of our blessings. It is right and just that we must be thankful every day, but somehow it takes a special day to impress upon our minds the importance of gratitude, of being thoughtfully thankful, especially for the blessings of home and family and all of the wonderful, simple things in our daily lives which we are too prone to take for granted. So, since I feel I have an important place in my family and our home, Thanksgiving for me must begin with me. Since you are an important part of your family and your home, your Thanksgiving begins with you.

"Thanklessness is a mark of immaturity of the spirit. It is a sure badge of the unfinished character, the incomplete life." In other words, it is a person all wrapped up in herself. A person all wrapped up in herself makes a mighty small package!

The thankless person is bound to find life one of narrowness and restrictions. Like the person who always looked down and so always saw the mud and never the stars, the thankless person never sees the true beauties of earth, never knows the full joy of living.

What are some of the blessings that bring responses of thankfulness in our family circle? I have asked (name) to list some of these blessings. When (name) is finished, if anyone of you thinks of something for which you are especially grateful, which has not been mentioned, will you tell us what it is?

Helper: (Reads list of blessings slowly and thoughtfully.)

For the shelter of our homes, for warmth, for food, for loved ones. For doctors and hospitals and all of the wonder drugs and the new skills and discoveries in the medical field. For the rich soil and harvests and our country's vast natural resources and the workers on the farms and in the fields. For industries and the laborers who keep them going. For electricity, the telephone, radio, television, running water—which add so much comfort and pleasure

to our daily life. For the everyday things like washers and dryers, refrigerators and freezers, soaps and detergents, vacuum cleaners and electric brooms, the luxuries we have come to call the staples of homemaking. For schools, teachers, scientists, books and libraries. For the grass and trees, for the fragrance and beauty of flowers, for sun and rain, for mountains and rivers, plains and valleys. For churches and the faith which is the bulwark of our homes; for the Bible, the guidebook of our lives.

Leader: (Invites audience to list other blessings.)

Hymn: "Happy the Home When God Is There".

Leader: As we continue to think about Thanksgiving, it is an appropriate time to look forward as well as thinking of blessings of the past. It is a time to think of our own self-improvement and ways we can help others. I have asked (name) to share thoughts on looking forward.

Second Helper: These are ideas for Thanksgiving Resolutions:

I will look around me more often to see if there are ways I can help those about me. I will laugh more often. I will overcome at least one of the faults that makes me dissatisfied with myself. I will keep in closer touch with friends and will try to make at least one new friend in the near future. I will try to be more observing of the beauty of the world around me, to be more aware of nature's day-to-day changes. I will attempt to see behind the faces of the people I am with each day so that I may really come to know them and can share their joys, their troubles and disappointments and, in some way, to let them know I care. I will pray more often, including in my prayers not only my own needs and those of my family, but also I will pray for (instead of criticize) my friends, community leaders, and our government officials. I will do more to bring about some of the changes I think would be for the better in my church, my community and in our country. I will love more, sing more, praise more and say "thank you" more often.

Hymn: "Now Thank We All Our God".

Benediction: Be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and may the God of love and peace be with you today and always. Amen.

FOR WORLD HUNGER OFFERING

Setting: Place the offering plate and an empty bread basket on a small table or the altar. Have ready a loaf of homemade bread which is to be placed in the basket when the poem "Give Them This Day" is read.

Scripture: Then the King will say to those on his right hand, "Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me."

"Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink, or naked and clothe you?"

"Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me." (Sections of Matt. 25:34-40.)

Hymn: "O Brother Man, Fold to Thy Heart", first and third verses.

Leader:

For daily food, I am grateful
For pure water, I am grateful.
For shelter, for warmth, I am grateful.
For the everyday blessings of daily life, I am grateful.

For the blessing of our own daily bread,
I place this loaf of bread in the basket.
(Places bread, then continues.)

Give them this day their daily bread

Lord, God of all we pray;

Let not alone our own be fed,

But all the world this day.

We cannot bow before your throne

To thank you for our feast,

Unmindful of the hungry moan

Of those who have the least.

Give them this day their daily bread,

Lord, God of earth's increase.

When children everywhere are fed,

Ours, too, can grow in peace.

—From a church bulletin

Will you come now and present your offering for world hunger as our soloist sings: *I was hungry and you gave me food . . . Even as you do unto the least of these you do it unto me.*

Solo: "Jesus, Unite by Thy Grace", verses 1, 2 and 3.

At Close of Offering: All things come of thee, O Lord, and of thine own have we given thee. Amen

SONG OF THANKSGIVING

I cannot thank Thee, Lord, sufficiently
For skies and clouds and all of earth below;

Were I to thank Thee for each bush and tree,

All flowered loveliness from snow to snow,

It would usurp each second of my days
And I should spend my life in endless praise!
—Lucille Gripp Maharry



MARY BETH REPORTS

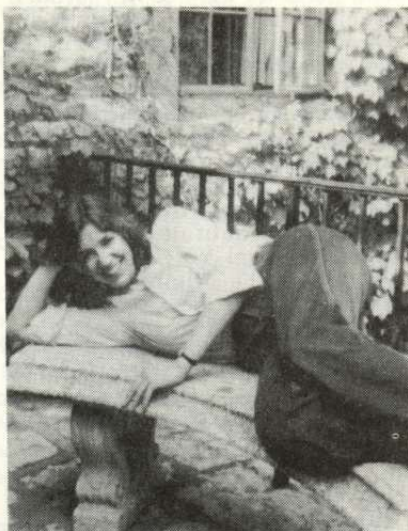
Dear Friends:

The sun has finally arrived at my end of the house and as a result I have great expectations that the temperature here at my typewriter will begin to climb to a more comfortable level. I brought one of the large hanging plants from the outdoors into my room when the nights grew too cold for its safety and it, too, is practically turning itself into knots to get a touch of the sunlight. I had placed it on the corner of my desk with the fullest side toward me, but now there is a noticeable gap on my side of the desk and all of the growth activity is toward the windows.

There are two little visitors here this weekend who are also sun worshipers! Katharine has gone on a weekend trip with her Madison Hoofers' Club and she left her Siamese babies with us. Ever since Adrienne left the house for her college stint—and what she left was a large hollow silence—it has occurred to me that the cure for this void will be grandchildren. However, we have not taken the logical step of having a wedding yet, so that cure-all isn't expected imminently. Let me tell you, Katharine's Siamese kitten babies are, for their size, almost as demanding of attention as human babies.

In the first place, they have literally driven our own Siamese cat, Simba, out of the house. When they came to visit this time, she remembered them acutely! She is at an age when her primary interest is in sleeping warmly in front of the refrigerator. These miniature imps are still at a very playful age so when they are not catnapping to restore their worn-out bodies, they are careening through the house from one end to the other with unbelievable vigor. They move so fast in their chase games that poor Simba cannot tell where they are. To tell the truth, she is absolutely terrified of them. The boy kitty of the two guests really would like to engage her in a game or two, but her general demeanor is so black and ominous that all he can do is strut about with his back arched and his tail fluffed out to twice its normal size.

Something in Simba's instinctive nature forbids any really aggressive moves on her part toward these tiny tots, but she surely sends out a clearly stated message to them. When she walks through a doorway



Adrienne enjoys a quiet moment in the late autumn sunshine as she rests on one of the cement benches on the beautiful Northwestern University campus in Evanston, Illinois, where she is a second year student.

into a room which might contain one of these two specters, she carries with her the most dire deep-throated, growl-snarl combination one might expect to encounter only in the deepest jungle.

I read a book last summer about dealing with Siamese cats and it suggested reassurance by voice that all was well, something not being done successfully by me. We have had to go out midway through the evening to call this big cat of ours in for the night. She has to be carried into the house to assure her that these little beasties will not be allowed to "get" her. After this safely conducted trip inside, she secrets herself somewhere in the house until the "guests" are closeted in one room for the night.

These new babies also demand attention. There is something in the makeup of a Siamese cat that says people will hold, cuddle and otherwise actively love them upon demand. At this stage in their young lives, they want to be draped around a shoulder or neck so that they can get their non-stop purring directed instantly into the recipient's ear. Goodness, but I don't know how Katharine can divide her attention between these two after she has been gone each day to her laboratory. The beauty of having two kitties was so they could keep each other happy while their owner is away, but they certainly do compete for one person's abilities to love.

While I am on the subject of pets, there was an end-of-summer saga that I really wanted to pass on to you.

Most of our neighbors have one or more boats on the lakes near us. A very popular new kind of boat here is the pontoon boat. Lawn chairs and refrigeration equipment can set on these boats and families can spend entire days out on the lake totally cut off from telephones or whatever else might cause them stress.

One Sunday afternoon, our next-door neighbor came back from the lake carrying in his arms a very wet, nearly drowned, "peek-a-poo" type dog. They had been fishing in the middle of the lake in a very slowly moving motor boat when they spotted this unfortunate pooch floundering in the water in the final stages of exhaustion. They scooped the dog out of the water with their big fish net. The dog had no collar, but was obviously someone's dear pet.

As soon as the newspaper office opened, a phone call was made to place an ad that this dog had been found in the middle of Nagawicka Lake. Before the newspaper could be printed, another call had come into the Lost and Found section of the classified ads, pleading for information leading to the return of a dog missing in the vicinity of Lake Nagawicka.

When the found connected with the lost part of this story, the true tale finally was told. The dog's owners had just purchased a pontoon boat and they had taken their Sunday picnic and the entire family for a pleasant day on the cool lake. The dog was so terrified by the unfamiliar boat that it apparently slipped away from the family at the earliest possible moment. The owners had not even noticed the dog was gone until they had motored quite a distance. Our neighbor is still talking about his most unusual fish-net catch of the summer.

My year at school is progressing smoothly and pleasantly. I have an even dozen students. The school's enrollment is at an historic high. In this period of tight economic conditions, this is an interesting and unexpected turn of events. We have added several new teachers and every possible room is being used as a classroom.

Adrienne is very happy with her classes and her new life style at the Northwestern campus. She is not living in a dormitory this year. She is, in fact, living in an all-women situation in a sorority house where the unity of the girls is a welcome change from coed living.

I'll write more to you next month. Hope your Thanksgiving is not too snowy!!!

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

On a beautiful October day with blue, blue water at our front door, and with gorgeous fall foliage in the woods behind the house, I am writing to tell you about my first weeks of retirement. What a change this has brought to my life. Note, I say *my* life, for Betty says there never is retirement for a *housewife*. She still has to cook, clean the house, do the laundry, and darn the socks. I point out to her, however, that she has retired from many things. There are no more dinner parties she must prepare, no more frantic days of rushing from one organization meeting to another and then working late to clean our big parsonage.

Already, Betty has become a member of two clubs here in our new home area, and only yesterday I was invited to become active in the administration of the local hospital. Betty's father, Mr. Julian T. Crandall, was very much involved in the raising of the funds to build the local hospital, and all of Betty's family in years past have had a great interest in this hospital. I am going to like my involvement there. I am not rushing into many community activities because I want to see during our first year of retirement just how much time we are going to

spend here. We may be in Florida a good part of the winter, and there are several long trips we want to make as soon as possible.

Recently, I have been very much occupied with one of my father-in-law's current projects. (At eighty-four years of age, he always has a project!) At his own expense, but with many people involved, he is preparing a beautifully printed history of the local YMCA. He is the only one of the original Board of Directors of the local YMCA still actively interested in the organization. The book needed some aerial photographs of the YMCA building and grounds, and, that was a natural project for me. Betty and I are so proud of her father's enthusiasm for the YMCA. Just to give you an idea of why we are so proud of him, here is a little message that he put on one of the pages he wrote for the book. He entitled the message, "THANK YOU":

"I am grateful for the privilege of helping to make this history of our community YMCA available to you. This is more than the story of how our YMCA came into existence. This is a story about people—about their hopes and their dreams, about their struggles and their sacrifices, and about their courage and their generosity. This is the story of the way the people of the Westerly-Pawcatuck area have used their lives as tools for the building of a better community."

"Every good thing in our community has been built with the wise and dedicated use of the physical and spiritual tools in the lives of people who care. So many people have cared so much for the health and

happiness of so many, that our YMCA has been destined to grow in every way. To all of you who will keep it growing, I say, 'Thank you! Your community thanks you! Thousands of people yet unborn will one day thank you!'"

Our family has celebrated Thanksgiving Day at the Crandall's family home for many, many years. Now that my in-laws go to Florida in the middle of October, we celebrate Thanksgiving a few weeks early. Members of our family up in Maine could not join us for the party, but we did have Betty's sister-in-law and her son's family with us for a traditional Thanksgiving dinner. Some of you will remember that Betty's only brother, Lloyd Robert Crandall, died ten years ago. His only son, Stephen Crandall, is now in the family business. Stephen has a son, little Julian, who was born last New Year's Eve. As you can see, we took some pictures of the dinner table with our family gathered around in time to use for the cover of this issue of Kitchen-Klatter.

Living here in this part of New England keeps us very mindful of our Thanksgiving heritage. So many of our towns and villages were settled in the sixteen-hundreds; every now and then we see some of the local American Indians who are the descendants of the early natives who attended that first Thanksgiving at Plymouth.

Betty and I plan to go to Plymouth soon to buy our winter supply of cranberries. We don't grow cranberries in our immediate vicinity, but it is only forty miles from here where they are grown in great quantities. While in Plymouth, we shall call on some of our former parishioners who have moved to that area.

Do you know what one of our problems has been with retirement? It has been finding a church where we can feel at home. We have been used to a large church with a big congregation, with several choirs and many activities. Believe it or not, we visited a little church the other Sunday where the size of the congregation was just the size of the ushering staff in our church back in Springfield. All of the churches in the villages around here are lovely little colonial buildings with dedicated leadership and friendly people, but with a life-style quite different from what we knew in the city. Yes, we do have some adjustments to make.

At this time we are continuing to keep our church membership in our old church, but we are going to continue looking for a church home here.

Have you ever discovered a piece of poetry or some bit of inspirational writing tucked in a book or under papers for which you could not account, something that just seems to speak to your most personal and



Before leaving the Springfield parsonage for their retirement, Frederick and Betty entertained their daughter, Mary Leanna, and her family (Christopher, Isabel and husband, Vincent Palo) for one more family dinner. It made up a little for the disappointment in not having the family come to their retirement home for this year's Thanksgiving dinner. It looks as if Frederick is an experienced carver when it comes to roast turkey.

(Continued on page 22)

MESSAGES ON THE BULLETIN BOARD

by
Evelyn Birkby

What do you have on your bulletin board? And where is it located? I would honestly like to know. Whenever I am in someone's home it is interesting to see where notes and pictures are displayed. What goes up in those casual areas tells a lot about the people who live in that house.

One good friend, for example, has the phone number of her doctor, pharmacist, the congregate meals, the name of her minister, the list of medications she takes and the number of the grocery store which delivers. Need I say this friend is a shut-in?

Another friend has her kitchen wall covered with the drawings and school papers of her three children. Her husband has added notes of the parts he wants her to get from town for the combine, when to pick up the butchered beef at the meat plant, what to tell the veterinarian when he arrives and when to pick up the 5th grader after his horn lesson. You can tell immediately that she is a busy farm wife with an active family.

Lucile, on the other hand, tacks up information she wants to save on the soft tile which lines the broadcast room in her home. Hallie Blackman has a refrigerator full of pictures and notes held up by magnets. Verlene Looker says the refrigerator door is the place where she puts up her grocery list. My good neighbor, Dorothy, never has anything out in public view, but she has a drawer close to the telephone which holds the notes, copied recipes and pad of "things to do" which are necessary to running her household. This ruins my theory of learning more about a person by the bulletin board display since none is visible, but that drawer does serve the same purpose of keeping information near at hand.

My own bulletin boards number two. I made one over the typewriter area in my study by the simple process of pressing self-stick cork tile on the wall. It is an excellent place to tack up clippings, family telephone numbers, recipes tested and ready to type, article ideas, several family photographs and my favorite snapshot of Robert.

The other news center in our home is the side wall and door which encloses the cleaning closet in the kitchen. We have no wall space in this corridor-styled room, so the wood wall has to suffice. As you might expect, a large map of the United States is the main feature of this display. On most days, if you look close, you can find three small figures fastened to the map with long, firm pins. I cut the pictures of three



This is the favorite photograph of Robert Birkby which Evelyn has fastened to her bulletin board. She says the picture shows Robert with a quizzical expression on his face which he gets whenever he thinks of all the places the members of his family are located or visiting.

men from a backpacking magazine. With the movement of the three on the map, we try valiantly to keep track of the activities of our sons.

A phone call from Bob this morning, just before we left the house, brought his location up-to-date. He had spent the night and all day yesterday in Erwin, Tennessee, following the first few days of his hiking of the Appalachian Trail in the section south of Virginia. He reported the mountain trail went up and down like a roller coaster. Rain, which made much of his hiking in Virginia a damp, difficult experience, continues to come in the form of afternoon showers. He told us that the remainder of each day has been clear and the scenery beautiful. His voice showed his growing excitement as he mentioned the way the leaves are turning color and the expectation of beautiful scenery in the Big Smoky Mountain section of the Trail.

Robert moved the little man which locates Bob on our map. "Back on the trail toward the Smokies," he said with a wistful tone to his voice. I did not need to ask why, for I know how much he would like to be down in that beautiful part of our country hiking with Bob.

When we picked up the mail a short time later, here was a letter from Craig and a postcard from Jeff. Craig had spent an interesting weekend camping in Keosauqua State Park near Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. He said it seemed good to set up his tent again and roll out his sleeping bag. The night had been so beautiful he had gone on a hike in the moonlight with his only companions the stars and a few deer. It was difficult for him to get back to Iowa City and into the study of such things as atherosclerosis and cardiomyopa-

thies. The trip was so short we didn't bother to move Craig's symbolic figure on the map but just left it settled on Iowa City.

According to Jeff's letter we had to jump his little man from Helena, Mt., to Jackson Hole, Wy., to San Francisco, Ca., and over to Reno, Nv. He has been spending one week in the Montana Natural Resources Department office in Helena, and then the following week attending a meeting in one of the nearby states. The geothermal energy meeting in Reno included over 1,000 specialists from all over the world. Jeff was greatly impressed with the strides being made in the utilization of a natural heat resource. He did not find Reno recreational activities much to his taste, but he did find it fascinating to watch individuals losing several thousand dollars in an incredibly short time. He was happy to be back in relatively calm Helena.

On a recent beautiful fall weekend, Robert asked me where my little character was so he could move me to Creighton, Nebraska. The occasion which prompted the trip was the one-hundredth birthday of the Creighton United Methodist Church. I had been asked to speak at a special celebration the women of the church had for all the ladies of the area.

The church was filled for the occasion. After a fine program upstairs, we went into the basement fellowship room for a salad luncheon. Decorating each table were old-fashioned fruit jars with the glass lids and wire bales. They held a variety of the fruits of the harvest: beans, corn, sunflower seeds, tiny gourds, seed pods, and dried flowers. Some had the lids laid to one side and held fresh bouquets of brightly colored mums.

Each member of the hostess group had brought a large salad. They included simple gelatins with fruit, macaroni, three bean, an unusual apple-raisin-chicken mixture, mixed fruits and dessert-type combinations. With a variety of crackers, a choice of coffee or tea and a cup cake, it was a lovely way to serve a large group of people generously.

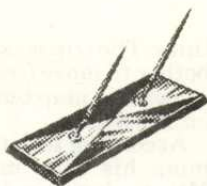
It was a time of beauty, and a time of joy, for I met many who have been Kitchen-Klatter friends for many years—and a number of brand new listeners and readers. I much enjoyed sharing in their birthday celebration.

When I arrived home, I found a decorative thumbtack stuck on the map in northeast Nebraska. Robert admitted he had brought it from the office and placed it on the map so "I can keep track of you, too."

"Move it to Villisca, then," I directed him. "Hallie and I are going there next."

And so it is that our bulletin board, like yours, tells much of the story of the activities of our family.

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

The Nennemans are settled into another school year at last. It seems like the beginning of each school year gets a little more hectic.

Lisa is a sophomore this year and has a very full schedule. This was the first year that she had a wide range of choices for classes. As a sophomore, her scheduling is done by pulling cards for the classes, teachers and times she wanted. She was fortunate to have been scheduled to pull cards at a very early hour and, consequently, has her classes set up just about the way she wanted them. She is taking Geometry, Cell Biology, German, Physical Education, Development of America, Composition and Usage, Career Exploration. Yearbook and Speed Reading. She is going to have a very busy year.

Natalie, by the same token, is also having a busy school year. Most of her classes are predetermined at the Junior High. However, she was very pleased when she tested out high enough to get into an honors foreign language program. She had a choice of taking Spanish, German or French, choosing the latter. Believe me when I say the girls are one-hundred percent on their own with languages as neither of their parents studied a foreign language.

Natalie spent most of her summer hopping from one activity to another. She took gymnastic classes twice a week, bowled on a summer bowling league for youngsters, swam many afternoons and often roller-skated on weekends at a nearby rink. These activities, plus the many hours of baby-sitting that she did, filled most of her days to the brim.

When fall rolls around, all of us start looking forward to that first hard frost. Even Natalie, who usually has very little trouble with allergies, has been plagued with hayfever this fall. All of us have had a troublesome hayfever season.

We did not take a family vacation this year. The gas shortage was in full swing during the period when we could have scheduled any trip we might have taken. Since our car averages only about fourteen miles per gallon on the highway, it just didn't seem very wise to start out for anyplace. The girls were not extremely happy with that decision, but they did manage to live through the summer.

Lisa did spend a few days with a friend who moved to Ashland, Nebraska, several years ago. Although the two girls don't see each other as often as they



Lisa, daughter of Tom and Donna Nenneman, is shown sitting at her desk at school. She is busy and happy in her sophomore year in high school.

would like, they have managed to stay in very close touch through letters and the telephone. Lisa also spent a week on the Hastings College campus attending a yearbook and newspaper camp.

Husband Tom spent a few days both this spring and fall fishing in Minnesota. This was the first time he had gone in the fall and he said the scenery was beautiful with all the colors. Fishing has been good both times and he feels it is good to get away from his school administrative job after the hectic summer. A number of school staff members go on these trips after they get school off to a smooth start.

Natalie is busy with piano and gymnastics again this fall, as well as having gone out for volleyball. This, plus a very full baby-sitting schedule, keeps her away from home most of the time. It seems like the only time we ever see her is at mealtime and bedtime.

As I started shopping for the girls this fall, it became apparent that in order to stretch the ever-shrinking dollar, I was going to have to do some sewing. It seemed to me that skirts, in particular, were completely out of line price-wise and that was something that wouldn't be hard to make for the girls. As it ended up, I made four skirts with matching vests. Sewing is not something I enjoy; I seem to have a very low frustration level when I sit down at a sewing machine. I think this stems from something that happened years ago. When Lisa was very young, she quickly put a tiny finger under the sewing machine needle, which promptly went through her fingernail. I had a terrible time forcing the needle out of that little finger. Needless to say, it was a very long time before the sewing machine was used again. Every time I sit down to sew, the memory of that accident returns.

By the time this issue reaches most of you, Natalie will have turned thirteen and Lisa sixteen. This means, undoubtedly, Lisa will have her driver's license. She took a driver education class this past

summer which required three weeks of early morning sessions. The class started at six thirty, Monday thru Saturday, for one week. The following two weeks she had class hours which were somewhat better.

This last year has seen many changes in our family as the girls grow up. They became so much more independent and it is hard to think of them taking on so many responsibilities and making so many decisions. Tom always says that "time goes fast when you're having fun." It is hard to believe that just a few years ago the girls were starting elementary school at Montclair. If the next eight or nine years go as fast, we will find them quickly through college. I guess that is what parenting is all about—doing your best to get them ready to go out on their own.

Our family hopes that everyone else is having a good year and will have a joyous season during the upcoming holidays.

Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman

COVER STORY

This is the first Thanksgiving for Betty Crandall Driftmier and Frederick Driftmier in their new retirement home in Pawcatuck, Conn. From left to right are Frederick, Betty and Betty's father, Julian T. Crandall, who is carving the turkey.

Then we have Michelle Crandall (Mrs. Steven J. Crandall), the mother of Julian James Scott Crandall who is sitting in his sturdy highchair. Julian is the only great-grandchild to bear the Crandall name, and his birth on January 1, 1979, was a joyous occasion for the family. Next to little Julian is his father, Steven Julian Crandall, Betty's nephew, and then Betty's dear mother, Mary Crandall (Mrs. Julian T. Crandall) who is now eighty-nine years old and vitally interested in many, many things.

When Frederick called and told me about the complications involved with getting this photograph taken, I could only marvel that it was accomplished at all! He also said: "Yes, we hate that busy-looking wallpaper too, but believe me, it looks much, much better in color." Well, busy wallpaper or not, we're grateful to have the picture — Lucile

Adv. — "I enjoy your magazine very, very much. My folks sent it to me just this year for my birthday. I am planning to make lots of candy and cookies for Christmas this year as I'll be having much company for the holidays."

—V.K., Bonner Springs, Ks.

QUILTS FOR CHILDREN

by
Roberta Kalen Price

Quilt-making has recently returned to popularity. Forty years ago, before I was married, I pieced a couple of tops but never participated in the quilting process. My mother and her friends did that for me. Through the years I've occasionally joined church women in quilting, but my experience has been very limited. While our family was growing up, I never took time to become involved with quilt-making.

Things are different now—I'm a grandmother! Last year I decided to make a quilt for each of our five grandchildren. I bought a quilting frame, though using a large hoop would have been possible. I like using the frame and have had no experience with a hoop on which to base a judgment as to which is better. One should talk to friends or women who sell quilting supplies if help is needed.

I took the "lazy way" for my first effort. I bought a remnant of 45" material—it was just over 1½ yards in length—printed with sunbonnet girls and overall boys in bright colors. A friend helped me assemble it onto the frame, using a piece of polyester batting and white flannel for the back. I had preshrunk both the backing and the top. The design on the material simulated running stitches, so that made tracing a quilting pattern unnecessary as all I did was follow the printed design. Rather than making a fancy border, I simply turned in the edges and stitched them by hand.

Another possibility for making a quilt without piecing the top, is to go to a fabric store or department and choose from the wide assortment of printed figures that are made to be stuffed as toys and pillows. Cut out the side you wish to use on your quilt. Slash the border as marked and turn it in with a basting stitch. Choose a background color that harmonizes with the figure. Pin it into place. Lightly stuff it and applique it with machine or buttonhole stitch by hand. Then the figure may be quilted along lines of the design and the background of the quilt quilted with the pattern of your choice.

One of my daughters-in-law saw a crib quilt which had a printed gingham-check animal in the center and a matching gingham ruffle around the edge, adding extra color.

Since my hobby is collecting turtles, I wanted to feature them on my quilts. I had several preprinted turtles which were to make stuffed toys but I decided to use them for coverlets instead. The front and back were identical so I could use both sides. (Some figures have a different front and back, which limits their use unless you can come up with a design showing a rear view of the animals!) For two of my grandsons'



Isabel and Christopher Palo have fun with their cousin, Annie Karl, (far left) at a slumber party.

quilts, I used gold polyester knit fabric in a 60" width. I appliqued the turtles with a zigzag machine stitch, quilting only that portion and, with no lining or batting, hemmed the outside edges of the spreads for their twin beds.

The polyester knit would be too warm for the grandchildren who are in Indonesia with their missionary parents, so that grandson's turtle was put on a light green twin-size sheet. His sister's yellow sheet had four, small, pastel animal figures (dog, cat, rabbit, and bear) appliqued in a circle slightly above center. On hers, I used only the fronts of the figures. The dog had a large, floppy ear so I stitched on the back of the ear, stuffed it, and let it hang free.

Winnie-the-Pooh was the nursery motif for another one of my grandsons' coverlets. His "other grandmother" designed this quilt for him from a picture in one of the Pooh books. She appliqued Pooh Bear, floating along under the large balloon, adding details with embroidery stitches. The bees hovering around were bought at a notion counter and sewn onto the background. Rather than being quilted, this quilt is tied. The back is pieced of blocks of checked gingham. The knots are on that side, so only the stitches show on the Pooh Bear side.

Many commercial patterns and kits are available. With such helps it is still fun and challenging to decide what colors to use and how to put the quilt together.

To make up a design for a child's quilt, coloring books are a good source of simple pictures. Perhaps the child has a favorite book from which the main character could be used. Several methods can be adapted for making the blocks: embroidery, the addition of printed fabrics, textile paints or colors, marking pens (be sure they are water-proof), bias tape, rickrack, trims of all types—the possibilities are endless. Be creative and come up with something that will be a family treasure!

HANDKERCHIEF PARTY

Parties, bazaars and club get-togethers can be especially fun if a theme is followed throughout the event. This handkerchief suggestion can be just the beginning to start members of a committee thinking of ways to plan an especially interesting afternoon or evening.

Have each person bring a handkerchief—homemade if possible. These can be embroidered, crocheted, hand-painted, etc. They can include large bandanas, head and neck scarves. A panel of judges can give awards to the fanciest, most artistic, prettiest and the one which took the most work to make. For a fund-raising project, auction off the handkerchiefs to the highest bidders.

Games using handkerchiefs are fun for all ages. Drop the handkerchief might be used in its most active form with young people or children participating. For a calmer version, players sit in a circle. "IT" drops the hankie, calling out the name of one of the players. The player must catch the hankie before it hits the floor or trade places with the person who is "IT".

Another variation: take a large bandana and tie it into several knots. With the players in a circle, "IT" stands in the center and tries to intercept the bandana as the players toss it back and forth across the circle. OR, form a circle and have players pass the knotted bandana behind their backs from one to another. "IT" tries to guess who has the handkerchief. If guessed, the person caught trades places with "IT".

Use napkins which look like handkerchiefs when refreshment time arrives. Arrange dainty squares of cake, a slice of jelly roll or a square of decorated ice cream on lacy doilies to complete the party.

—Gloria Gene Williams



OUR VERY OWN PILGRIM

by
Mabel Nair Brown

A great surge of interest in learning more about one's family tree has surfaced recently. My family and I began several years ago to try to trace our roots and it has been fun, brought to light some very interesting facts and a few surprises. We haven't been content just to get names and dates, but have also tried to find out what our ancestors were like as persons: what was their occupation or profession, what about their family life, did they have a particular hobby, some special interests, why did they come to America? As we have found some of these facts, our ancestors of long ago have become more real, more close to us.

So it is, that when the talk turns to the Pilgrims at Thanksgiving time, it brings to mind our very own Pilgrim—my husband's (Dale Brown) grandfather thirteen generations back. He was Stephen Hopkins who, with his wife and family, came to America on the *Mayflower*, and was the 14th signer who put his signature on the Mayflower Compact before landing.

Stephen was born about 1585 near Coventry, England. He must have grown up to be an adventurous young man, for records show that he was shipwrecked on a "sea venture" to Bermuda in 1609, was a founder of the first settlement there, and escaped to Jamestown, Virginia, in 1610. Later he returned to England.

We have been unable to learn the name of his first wife by whom he had two children, Giles and Constance. Later, he married Elizabeth Fisher in March, 1617, in St. Mary's Church, Whitechapel, England. They had a daughter, Demaris.

Stephen came on the *Mayflower* as commissioner with Edward Winslow. Listed on the passenger registry were also his wife, Elizabeth, Miss "Constance", 15, Master Giles, 13, Miss "Damaris", 3, and two servants, Edward Doty and Edward Leister.

In the middle of a storm at sea, Elizabeth gave birth to a son, who was appropriately named Oceanus.

Once the Pilgrims were ashore and had established a settlement, Stephen was kept very busy. Not only did he have to build a cabin for his family, but he was also assigned by the first governor of the colony, Gov. Carter, to go on various scouting missions into the surrounding wilderness. Here he learned more about the area where the ship had landed and tried to find how far their location was from the Jamestown colony in Virginia.

Baby Oceanus was one of nearly half of the colonists who died that first severe winter.

Governor Carter died in the spring of



Betty Crandall Driftmier and her friend, Alice McMonegle, look over a new copy of the Crandall family genealogy.

1621 and at the time the new governor was elected, Stephen Hopkins was listed in the record as foremost among assistants in general activities. We wonder what that meant, perhaps he assisted the governor in the planning and work of getting the new settlement organized, with land plots assigned for farming, etc.

Samoset, the first Indian to visit Plymouth and the one who later brought Squanto to the colony, was lodged in the Hopkins home. Samoset could speak English, but nevertheless, I assume the Hopkins family was a bit weary on that occasion!

All was not work in the little colony. We have read of the "Courtship of Miles Standish", but our family records and other sources tell us of an exciting event in Miss Constance's courtship days. That first spring in the new land the colonists looked on as the two young men, Edward Doty and Edward Leister, carried on a rival courtship for the hand of the pretty Constance. On June 18, 1621, the colonists were awakened at dawn by the sound of the clash of cold steel. Rushing outside, they found Leister and Doty slashing away at each other in a duel. "They were quickly disarmed, and haled before Governor Bradford, who ordered them strung up with head and heels tied together so they could cool off their hot blood."

The fair Constance never married either swain. Instead, she later married the honorable Nicholas Snow, one of the founders of Eastham, Massachusetts. Constance was the mother of twelve children. She died at Eastham in October of 1677. It is through Constance and one of her children that our Brown genealogical line is traced.

Stephen evidently got along well with his Indian neighbors. He was the one responsible for making a treaty of peace with Chief Massasoit in 1621. In 1642, he was a member of the Council of War for the colony.

Stephen Hopkins died at Eastham, Massachusetts, in 1644.

VERSATILE SPRING-TYPE CLOTHESPINS

by
Erma Reynolds

The clothespin is usually associated with laundry; actually, this gadget can be used in numerous handy ways around the house. For example:

A pair of spring-type clothespins clipped to a wire coat hanger is great for holding a skirt or a pair of slacks. Dresses with straps are often slipping off hangers and landing on the closet floor. Just place a clip pin at each end of hanger—no more slipping.

With children in the family, the gloves and mittens often get mixed up or separated. When the mittens or gloves are removed, clip them together with a clothespin, and complete pairs will be ready and waiting for outdoor wear again. Perhaps your own gloves get mixed up if you carelessly stash them in a drawer or on a shelf. So, take a tip from the kiddies and clip the matching pairs together with a clothespin.

Be prepared when you're having a wintertime party and guests arrive wearing overshoes or rubbers. Have a supply of clothespins on hand. Guests can use these to clip their footwear together and, come departure time, it's a cinch for each person to locate his personal property.

When washing pinch-pleated curtains, do not fold them over the line, but fasten the headings to the line with clip clothespins. Then, when the curtains are dry, the pleats will hold and form nicely.

If you're using a recipe card while cooking, clip it to a sturdy drinking glass with a spring clothespin, and place it within reading distance. When following a recipe from a cookbook it's a nuisance to have the book refuse to stay open. No problem—hold the pages open with clothespins.

As the monthly bills come in, clip them together with a clothespin. This keeps them all together and prevents any getting misplaced in the desk.

Include a spring clothespin with your knitting bag accessories. When you stop knitting, clamp needles together with the pin. This keeps the stitches from slipping and holds knitting in position.

Christmas tree lights have a way of sliding on slippery tree branches. To help this problem, make Christmas light holders from spring clothespins. Paint pins with red enamel. While the paint is still wet, gold or silver glitter can be sprinkled on for added trim. Or, when paint is dry, paint the words MERRY CHRISTMAS down the front of each pin with white paint. When lights are strung, these clothespin ornaments hold bulbs in their proper places on the tree.



LETTER FROM EUGENIE



Dear Friends:

Summer flew by so quickly for Martin and me, I'm not sure where it went. As I look out the window and see snow on the ground I wonder if summer was just a delicious dream or if we really did enjoy so many great adventures. After the Thanksgiving and hectic Christmas seasons have come and gone, I imagine I shall take time to reflect on the warmth of last summer in hopes of melting the snow and cold of the winter months.

To back up a bit, I would like to tell you of some of our summer fun. During one week of Martin's vacation, we drove to the North Shore of Lake Superior to visit my dad and his new bride, Jane Ann. One of the reasons we went the week we did was because of my high school class reunion. I had a good time but since Martin didn't know anyone, I'm sure he was as bored as I was when we attended his high school reunion! It's just not the same when you are an outsider and can't appreciate the changes the passing of the years make in people.

One sunny day Martin and I took the tour through Reserve Mining Company where they process iron ore into taconite pellets. Many new buildings dealing with pollution control have been built so there was much more to see than when I toured the plant several years ago. Since my dad, brother and an uncle all work there, Martin and I were especially interested in seeing it. We also spent some time touring some of the North Shore's more scenic spots, many known only to the natives, not tourists.

After spending a few days at my dad's, Martin and I headed for Canada. We love to visit Thunder Bay, formerly the cities of Fort Williams and Port Arthur. This year we took the boat tour along the docks and up the river to Old Fort Williams. The fort is a large, reconstructed voyageur fur trading establishment. The huge staff brings it back to life as it was in the 1820's. We loved spending the day there watching the barrel makers, schooner and canoe builders, carpenters, tinsmiths, butter makers, weavers and many other craftsmen, all busy with their trades. We talked with the clerks and sat in on a meeting of the company's business managers. We visited the tavern, jail, officers' living quarters, hospital, millers, and enlisted men's barracks and much more.

Visiting the beautiful gardens is another of our favorite pastimes in Thunder Bay. There are several in and around the city, and each is a work of art.



During the time Martin (son of Oliver and Margery Strom) and his wife, Eugenie, were in Shenandoah, they were fortunate to have a chance to visit with Juliana and her children. Pictured with Martin and James and Katharine Lowey is Robin Justiz of Albuquerque. She is the Robin you hear with Juliana on the radio. Martin, Juliana and Robin were friends all through their school years here in Shenandoah, and the time they spent together was full of reminiscing.

While out touring the gardens, we stopped at Centennial Park, which is an old logging camp. Our main reason for stopping there was to eat in the old dining hall. The food is delicious and served family style so we ate all we wanted.

Our new adventure in Thunder Bay this year was visiting the amethyst mine located about 30 miles northeast of the city. We were told this amethyst mine is the largest in North America. We were allowed to pick through the mounds of rock containing amethysts not fine enough for commercial use. We spent several hours picking through hundreds of rocks, selecting just the right ones for our souvenirs. We also chose a special piece to bring back to Martin's mother, Margery, as amethyst is her birthstone.

As usual, we had a wonderful time in Canada.

I was busy at home one afternoon a few weeks after our trip when the doorbell rang. When I opened the door there was Betty Jane Tilsen! Since we live a good ten-hour drive from Shenandoah, not many people we know from there "drop in". Betty Jane was in Minnesota for a family reunion and just stopped by. Unfortunately, Martin was not home then but he got to visit with her a few days later when she took us to St. Paul.

THANKSGIVING THANKS

We thank thee, Father, this Thanksgiving
For the blessings of the year;
We're grateful for health, for food and
home,
For all that we hold dear.
We pray for guidance in months to come,
For strength in times of need;
We pray, dear Lord, for solitude,
For inspirations to heed. —Inez Baker

for a delicious dinner.

Shortly after that, Martin, our dog, Wendy, and I headed for Shenandoah. We were fortunate in being there the same time as Juliana, James and Katharine. Martin was glad to have the opportunity to be on the radio one day with Juliana and their friend, Robin. While we were in Shenandoah, Martin took me over to Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, so that I could see where he attended college over ten years ago. For Martin, it was a chance to see how much things had changed.

Our fall schedule picked up with its usual fervor, in fact busier than ever, for I added full-time church organist and working at the drugstore to my schedule in addition to youth work, directing both choirs, Sunday school and piano lessons. Martin and I still managed to get out a few days to view the fall colors. We love to pack a picnic lunch and go out walking through the falling leaves.

Early this fall, there was a brief "lay off" at Reserve Mining Company, so my brother, Chris, found himself with some extra time on his hands. He decided to visit us in Maple Lake for a few days since between our busy schedules we often find it difficult to be together. Chris, Martin and I, spent one day at the Minnesota State Fair. Martin and I attend annually, but Chris hadn't been there since he was very young. We teased Chris as we looked at piece after piece of huge farm machinery. When he was little he loved the farm machinery and climbed onto every piece of it. He would sit proudly on it, pretending to drive. This time Chris was more interested in the fancy cars and semitrailer trucks. I enjoyed looking at all the fancy handwork. The highlight of the fair for Martin was the especially rich malts available only at the dairy barn.

Now I've gone on and on about summer. Our most enjoyable fall days were spent using the remainder of our vacation time at a cabin on a lake in southern Minnesota. The cabin belongs to Martin's cousin, Devonna, from Minneapolis. Martin spent much of his time writing on a project he has been working on for several years and often has difficulty finding time to do with his busy pastoral schedule. That's one reason we went to the cabin, to give Martin quiet time away from the telephone. I'm glad to say it worked; he accomplished a lot. I kept busy reading, embroidering and hiking to stay out of Martin's way.

Going back over this letter it seems as though we've been busy, with much coming and going. We also got a lot accomplished at home. In all, I'd say it has been a very productive year thus far.

We wish you all a joyful Thanksgiving season!

Sincerely,
Eugenie Strom



RECIPES

FROSTED COFFEE BARS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup warm brewed coffee
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 2/3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Cream shortening, butter flavoring and brown sugar. Blend in egg, coffee and maple flavoring. Sift flour again with baking powder, soda, cinnamon and salt. Combine the two mixtures. Stir in the raisins, walnuts and coconut flavoring. Spread batter in greased 11- by 16-inch pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes. Allow to cool in pan. Frost with the following icing:

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 Tbls. warm brewed coffee

Combine the above ingredients and spread over cooled bars. Cut into squares. —Betty Jane

BAKED VEAL STEAK

- 2 lbs. boneless veal steak, cut in 2-inch cubes
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 4-oz. can whole mushrooms, drained (save liquid)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. (or more) paprika
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. onion juice
- Salt to taste

Brown veal in butter or margarine. Place browned meat in casserole. Blend drained mushroom liquid, flour and paprika in frying pan to make a smooth paste. Add cream. Cook over very low heat, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Remove from heat and add mushrooms, onion juice and salt. Pour over veal in casserole. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees for about one hour.

This is very good served with cooked noodles. —Betty Jane

BAKED DATE RING

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- Sweetened whipped cream or topping and maraschino cherries, for garnish

Combine the first six ingredients. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites to which the flavoring has been added. Put into well-greased 9-inch ring mold. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool in pan, then turn out. Frost with the whipped cream and decorate with maraschino cherries.

Could also be baked in a regular baking pan. —Dorothy

BOB'S GOOSEBERRY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 10 large marshmallows, cut fine
- 1 cup sweetened canned gooseberries
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup diced orange sections

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add flavoring and marshmallows. Stir to melt marshmallows. Chill until partially set. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into 9-inch square pan and chill until firm.

—Hallie

CHERRY-BLUEBERRY COBBLER

- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 small box blueberry muffin mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Sugar and cinnamon, for topping
Mix the cherry pie filling and the cherry flavoring. Pour into 8-inch square baking pan. Put in a hot oven while you mix the rest.

Mix the blueberry muffin mix according to package directions. Add the blueberry flavoring. Spoon evenly over the hot cherry mixture. Sprinkle sugar and cinnamon over top. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with ice cream or cream. —Dorothy

MYRT'S SWEET POTATO BALLS

- 4 cups cooked, mashed sweet potatoes
- Salt to taste
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- Pineapple rings
- Maraschino cherry halves (optional)

Combine ingredients with exception of pineapple and cherries. Shape into balls and place each ball on a pineapple ring which has been placed on a greased cookie sheet. A maraschino cherry half can be used to top each ball for an added touch of color. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. A perfectly delicious addition to a buffet meal. —Lucile

BAKED PEAS

- 4 cups fresh peas (or frozen)
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/8 tsp. celery seed
- 6 slices cooked bacon (or 1/4 cup cooked ham)

Cook peas in small amount of water until tender-crisp. Drain. Make a white sauce: melt butter or margarine, stir in flour. When smooth and well blended, gradually stir in milk, flavoring and seasonings. Continue cooking, stirring, until mixture thickens. Combine drained peas, bacon (or ham) and white sauce. Top with more crumbled bacon, ham, buttered bread crumbs or grated cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes.

—Evelyn

EASY CAKE MIX BREAD

- 3 cups flour
- 1 small box cake mix (like Jiffy)
- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups warm water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Additional flour as needed
Put dry ingredients into large bowl. Stir in water and flavoring. Beat. Add additional flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured breadboard and knead well. Grease bowl and place dough in bowl, turning to grease all sides. Cover with clean towel and let rise in warm place until almost double. Knead down on floured breadboard. Make into two loaves, rolls or whatever shape desired. Place in greased pans. Let rise until double. Bake in 400-degree oven 20 minutes, or until golden brown and sounds hollow when thumped.

This is such an easy bread to make it would be excellent for a beginning cook. —Evelyn

PUMPKIN CAKE SLICES

- 1 box regular-size yellow cake mix
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 1-lb., 14-oz. can pumpkin pie mix
- 2 eggs
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine

Remove 1 cup of the cake mix and set aside. Combine remaining cake mix with 1/2 cup butter or margarine and 1 egg. Mix and press into 9- by 13-inch cake pan. Mix pumpkin pie mix with 2 eggs and milk. Pour over top of crust. Combine the reserved 1 cup of cake mix with remaining ingredients. Sprinkle over pumpkin layer. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Cool. Serve with dessert topping. —Donna Nenneman

APPLE-PECAN PIE

- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 6 cups peeled chopped apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tsp. flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Prepare pie shell. Spread pecans over bottom. Combine remaining ingredients and place in pie shell over pecans. Top with the following:

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Combine butter or margarine, brown sugar, flour and cinnamon until crumbly. Add pecans and sprinkle over apples in pie shell. Bake for 45 minutes at 400 degrees. Pour off excess juice.

CRANBERRY-APPLE SALAD

- 2 cups diced unpeeled red apples
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 3 cups cranberry-apple juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 20-oz. can pineapple chunks, drained and halved
- 1 cup diced celery

Prepare the apples and sprinkle the lemon juice over them.

Pour the cold water into a small saucepan and place over low heat. Add the gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Remove from heat and stir in the juice, salt and flavorings. Chill until syrupy. Stir in the rest of the ingredients. Pour into mold or pan. Chill until firm.

**PUMPKIN COOKY PIE**

- 1 1/2 cups ginger cooky crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup melted margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Mix the cooky crumbs and sugar; blend in the melted margarine and flavoring. Press the crumbs into bottom and up the sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Use your fingers and the palm of your hand to press the crumbs into the pan. Chill the crust thoroughly in the refrigerator. Prepare the following filling:

- 1 cup canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans (optional)
- 1 quart vanilla ice cream, softened

Mix together the pumpkin, sugar, salt, cinnamon and nuts. In a chilled bowl, fold the mixture into the softened ice cream. When it is mixed and smooth, pour into the chilled crust and freeze. When ready to serve, cut and top each piece with a dab of whipped cream or dessert topping and sprinkle a few nuts on top.

We thank our friend, Mabel Nair Brown, for sharing this recipe with us.

LEMON-RAISIN BARS

- 3 cups raisins
- 2 6-oz. cans frozen undiluted lemonade, thawed
- 2 lemonade cans water
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In a saucepan, bring to boiling the raisins, lemonade and water. Reduce heat and simmer 20 minutes. Add the remaining ingredients, stir and set aside while preparing the following:

- 3/4 cup softened margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 3/4 cups raw quick-cooking rolled oats

In large bowl, cream margarine, brown sugar and butter flavoring. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Press three-fourths of the crumb mixture in the bottom of a greased and floured 9- by 12-inch baking pan. Pour the raisin mixture evenly over the crust. Sprinkle the remaining crumb mixture on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until lightly browned. —Verlene

CLUB CASSEROLE

- 1 stewing chicken
- 6 cups cooked rice
- 6 Tbls. chicken fat
- 6 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 2 4-oz. cans mushroom stems and pieces
- 1 4-oz. can pimiento, diced
- 1 cup toasted slivered almonds
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs, buttered
- 3 1/2 cups chicken stock

Cover chicken with water and stew until tender. Remove meat from bones and cut into bite-size pieces. Strain stock and pour 1/2 cup of this broth over chicken pieces to keep moist. Refrigerate remaining stock and skim fat from top, reserving. Heat 1 cup of stock and pour over cooked rice in a large bowl. Set aside while making white sauce: melt 6 Tbls. of the chicken fat in a skillet. Blend in flour. When smooth and bubbly, stir in 2 cups of chicken stock. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until it begins to thicken and boils at least one minute. Remove from heat and stir in half-and-half, mushrooms, pimiento, almonds and chicken. Salt and pepper if desired. In a 9- by 13-inch baking dish, alternate layers of the chicken mixture and the rice. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 60 minutes. —Dorothy

MINIATURE FRUITCAKES

- 1 cup soft butter
- 2 cups sugar or honey
- 1/2 cup thawed orange juice concentrate (If using honey, reduce to 1/4 cup orange juice.)
- 3 cups flour
- 1/2 cup dark-colored jelly (I prefer black raspberry jelly.)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 6 large eggs (or 7 smaller ones)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 lbs. candied cherries
- 3 lbs. nuts (I use black walnuts and pecans.)
- 2 6-oz. pkgs. figs, chopped
- 1 lb. pitted dates
- 1 lb. currants
- 1 lb. seeded raisins
- 1 lb. seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup flour

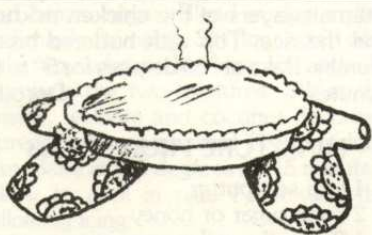
In large bowl, mix all ingredients except fruits, nuts and the 1/2 cup flour. Toss fruits and nuts with the 1/2 cup flour. Combine the two mixtures. Spoon into paper-lined muffin pan cups. Place a small pan of water in oven. Bake for 1 1/2 hours at 250 degrees. If preferred, bake in greased and waxed paper-lined loaf pans for about 2 1/4 hours. —Betty Jane

BUTTERSCOTCH-RAISIN BREAD

- 2 Tbls. sesame seed
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 cups flour (sifted before measuring)
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2/3 cup raisins

Combine the first four ingredients and set aside.

Sift flour again with baking powder, soda and salt. Beat eggs slightly; then add brown sugar, melted butter and flavorings. Mix well. Add flour mixture and buttermilk alternately to creamed mixture. Fold in raisins. Place in greased loaf pan. Sprinkle sesame-sugar mixture over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. Cool in pan. —Juliana

**GRANDMOTHER KNOWS BEST**

The holidays are starting. And (bless 'em) they often include a trip home . . . and home cooking.

Seems like nobody cooks like Grandma—with her recipes that contain such measurements as "a pinch" or "a dab" or "just enough". And you'd better bet they contain **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**, too. She learned long ago these 16 sparkling bottles contain all the flavors, color and aroma she needs to make just about anything. They are:

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

**THANKSGIVING MENU****Roast Turkey**

(Page 139 in *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*)

Baked Peas**Myrt's Sweet Potato Balls****Cranberry-Apple Salad****Easy Cake Mix Bread****Mincemeat-Pumpkin Pie****MINCEMEAT-PUMPKIN PIE**

- 1 1/2 cups prepared mincemeat
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup strained cooked or canned pumpkin
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

Combine the mincemeat, spices and salt. In another bowl, combine the sugar and pumpkin. Add to first mixture. Beat eggs, add flavoring and stir into mixture. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 425 degrees for 20 minutes; reduce heat to 375 and bake about 35 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

PINEAPPLE BARS

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

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

—Betty Jane

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

- 2 2-oz. cans whole oysters, drained (save liquid)
- 2 cups cream, half-and-half or canned milk
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups crushed saltine crackers
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tbls. butter, softened

Place drained oyster liquid, cream, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, parsley flakes and 1/4 cup butter in pan. Heat. In greased 8-inch square pan, layer half of the cracker crumbs. Over this, layer the oysters. Cover with rest of the cracker crumbs. Pour the heated liquid over this. Beat the eggs with the 1 Tbls. butter and spread over top. Bake for one hour at 325 degrees.

—Dorothy

BAKED PINEAPPLE

- 2 cups chunk pineapple
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Drain pineapple; reserve juice. Combine the pineapple chunks and cheese. Spread in greased 8-inch square pan. Mix together the sugar, flour, drained pineapple juice and flavoring. Heat until slightly thickened. Pour over the pineapple-cheese in pan. Toss the bread crumbs with the melted butter and sprinkle over top. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

Good served with ham or poultry.

STRAWBERRY RICE SALAD

- 3/4 cup Minute rice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. wild strawberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 9-oz. carton prepared whipped topping, thawed

Grated Cheddar cheese, if desired. Combine Minute rice, salt and 3/4 cup boiling water; set aside. Combine sugar and 1/2 cup boiling water, then stir in gelatin and strawberry flavoring. When dissolved, add crushed pineapple, juice and all, pineapple flavoring and rice. Refrigerate until partially set, then fold in prepared whipped topping. Spoon into 8-inch square pan. Top with grated cheese if desired. Chill until time to serve.

—Dorothy

THE DURABLE DIEFFENBACHIA

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller

Since 1950, I have awakened to glimpse a yellow-glazed pot growing a dieffenbachia of the smaller variety. This lovely plant and container dictated our bedroom decor when we last decorated. It was given to me by my friend, Margaret, during a hospital stay. Margaret has since died but the plant has continued her generous giving through many cuttings passed along to my friends.

One of the more spectacular house plants, the dieffenbachia comes in several varieties of leaves as well as size. We have a large one which sometimes grows to the ceiling in the proper environment while the smaller one usually reaches a maximum of three feet in height.

As members of the aroid family, they are native to the tropics. Also known as "dumb-cane", the plant will cause intense pain and perhaps temporary paralysis if taken by mouth. They must be placed out of reach of small, inquisitive wee ones whose exploring fingers grab for a taste. Green and spotted, creamy-white, yellowish-green sprinkled with white and dark green spots, and the herringbone pattern of white streaks on green, are the more common varieties. Both of ours are the common amoena variety, displaying a center feathering of white on each glossy green leaf. The sturdy, erect stems and the bold leaf of any variety are an attractive addition in plant groupings as well as placed alone.

It is an easy-to-grow, hardy plant which enjoys sixty or more degree weather with a good light—though not direct sunlight. Keep medium moist. If watered too much, the leaves "weep" by dripping drops and will finally turn brown and die.

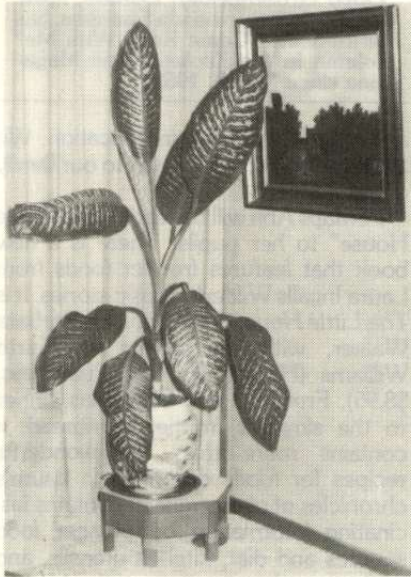
My large variety stands in my upstairs, curtainless plant window but the direct sun is broken by shimmering maple leaves outside the pane. We've had this plant for only about fifteen years. It was a discarded leftover from an office party and given to us by my husband's cousin.

As the potted plant grows, it may become "leggy" and top-heavy. This condition is easy to correct and will produce more plants. Cut the main stalk off the plant about three to four inches above the soil line. Continue to water the stalk and it will, after some time, put forth a nodule which will burst into a new growth of leaves. Take the top section of the plant and cut off about four inches below the bottom leaf. Put this part of the plant into water until it grows a goodly number of roots. Plant into a pot filled with regular potting soil and the plant should continue to grow new leaves and

be a prettier, more shapely plant.

If portions of the stalk still remain, cut these into three-inch segments, being sure a "joint" is in each segment. Place sideways in a pot filled with good quality soil. Just barely cover with the dirt. Keep moist and, eventually, each segment should have a new little sprout which will develop into a plant.

Don't be discouraged if this growing process takes a bit of time—the strong, decorative plants are well worth the effort. The plants thrive best with a regular feeding program. Repot in the spring if the plant seems to be outgrowing the pot (or when the roots begin to come through the bottom). Resistant to bugs, the dieffenbachia provides much pleasure with little care, just the thing for a busy woman, whether her career is in or outside the home.



This tall dieffenbachia was photographed in the corner of Lucile's living room. Some varieties grow very tall, so they need a spacious area such as this to stretch and spread their large leaves.

THANKSGIVING WISHES

Like the harvest horn of plenty
Spilling out its fruit and grain,
May Thanksgiving tumble blessings
On your household once again.

May your turkey be the plumpest,
Roasted to a golden brown,
And your pies of mince and pumpkin
Waft their spices through the town.

May your guests be laughter-loving,
With contentment in their eyes,
And the youngsters filled with wonder
At every gourmet surprise.

Then when the day is over
And it's time for guests to depart,
May the spirit of "thanks" and "giving"
Linger to gladden your heart.

—Kay Grayman Parker



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

There seems to be no explanation to the house plant phenomena. Plants vie with people for space in some homes and offices, and public places are deluged with green plants for decoration. When plant replicas made of plastic came on the market some years ago, these were used to a great degree for decoration but people learned that the "real thing" was better and that live plants were not as demanding as many thought. Now it is something of a challenge to grow a genuine live plant that drinks water, absorbs nutrients given in the form of plant food and responds to tender, loving care. If you talk to a house plant, or play soothing music for its tender ears—oops, leaves—it's the "in" thing to do.

Recently I stopped in to see a friend who had an ailing fern and she wanted me to examine it. "My grandmother gave it to me," she said. "Grandmother got her start from her mother so this fern is sort of a family heirloom and I would feel terrible if I lost it. What am I doing wrong? The fronds were nice and green when I got it and now the ends are all brown. Grandma said new growth comes out of the center but none is coming."

Though the fern had been watered shortly before I arrived, I suspected it had gone without water for too long a period of time. Ferns require a moist atmosphere and this one was hanging near a hot-air register. It was also badly root bound and needed replanting in a larger container. I took the fern back to our floral shop where my husband repotted it. He divided the plant into three sections first, placing one part in the hanging container it had come in and two in suitable pots with good drainage. The plants were watered thoroughly and set under the bench for recovery. They relished the cool, moist area under a greenhouse bench and soon new growth showed in the centers of each one.

When the ferns were picked up later by our delighted friend, she was given explicit directions for proper fern care. **KEEP THE SOIL MOIST**—never let it dry out for any length of time or dull grey-green leaves with brown tips will result. Maintain a temperature between 60 to 80 degrees and high humidity if possible. Fertilize every six months. Keep in medium light, and every three months place in high light. Remember, ferns require low levels of fertilizers indoors. Give the fern good light but not direct sun through glass. Keep the plants away from heat registers.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Since I began writing for *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* back in 1962, I've mentioned my family from time to time. One article was about daughter Ann, then a pre-schooler, going to the dentist for the first time. (She did OK!) Another, about how she and her brother, Jon, enjoyed reading the "Little House" books. The years have passed, and on August 4, 1979, our daughter, Ann Elizabeth, became the bride of David L. Grosenheider, of LeMars, Iowa. It was really a beautiful time in our lives as we planned for this momentous occasion. We felt blessed that so many of our dear relatives and friends could attend the wedding. Now Ann and David are busy and happy with their new life together and their positions; he, in the field of



—Youngberg Studio
Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Swanson, Sioux City, Ia., was married on August 4 to David L. Grosenheider, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Grosenheider, LeMars, Iowa. Ann's mother, Armada Swanson, has written the "Come Read With Me" column in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* since March, 1962.

accounting, and she, in education. We feel fortunate to add David to our family circle.

Perhaps Ann will be reading the "Little House" to her pupils! There is a new book that features frontier foods from Laura Ingalls Wilder's classic stories. It is *The Little House Cookbook* by Barbara Walker, with illustrations by Garth Williams (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$8.95). From the rich Christmas dinner to the simplest frontier cornbread, it contains more than 100 wonderful recipes for foods described in Laura's chronicles of pioneer life. It contains fascinating information on pioneer food sources and diet, kitchen utensils, and cooking and preserving methods. The adventurous cook may wish to sample such dishes as hasty pudding, or stewed jack rabbit, to churn butter, or dry blackberries. Others will want to explore the many breads, preserves, the meat and fruit pies, or the recipes for garden fresh as well as preserved vegetables. Also, there's an entire section on old-fashioned thirst quenchers and treats—including the ever-popular popcorn, cooked as the settlers did, with coarse salt rather than oil.

The frequent quotes from Mrs. Wilder's warm and colorful accounts of meals at the Ingalls and Wilder family homes and with Garth Williams' beloved black and white illustrations, *The Little House Cookbook* reminds us of the rich communion of families working, cooking and sharing the delights of food together. A favorite quote:

"It was a long blessing because this was Christmas Day. But at last Almanzo could open his eyes. He looked at the crisp, crackling little pig lying on the blue platter with an apple in its mouth. He

looked at the fat roast goose, the drumsticks sticking up. The sound of Father's knife sharpening on the whetstone made him even hungrier . . ."

Author Barbara Walker spent nearly ten years researching and writing this book. She lives in Ossining, New York. Garth Williams, the distinguished illustrator of many children's books, lives in Mexico.

(*The Little House Cookbook* may be ordered from: The Laura Ingalls Wilder-Rose Wilder Lane Museum, Rocky Ridge Farm, Mansfield, Missouri 65704, \$8.95, plus \$1.00 postage and handling.)

As we enter November and the winter months, our thoughts turn to the feathered friends who appreciate the bird feeders. The Massachusetts Audubon Society has produced a bird identification calendar that almost defies description; it is so beautiful! Artist John Sill's splendid watercolor portraits for each month will make it a joy to turn each page. For January, there is the colorful cardinal, and the white-breasted nuthatch—that's the bird that climbs down tree trunks head first—as well as the tree sparrow and dark-eyed junco. This project of the Massachusetts Audubon Society is called a teaching calendar, because it gives lessons in bird watching, in identification, and in bird songs. The middle section of the calendar is given to practical advice in bird watching. The pages can be removed and fitted into a small notebook.

With Christmas approaching, the 1980 *Bird Identification Calendar* would make a wonderful gift, so put it on your list. Be sure to get one for yourself! (The Stephen Green Press, P.O. Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$5.95.)

Those of you who have enjoyed articles by Evelyn S. Tuller in *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* will be pleased to know that she has written a book, *How You Can Profit as a Coupon Clipper*. She has written articles on refunding that created interest; hence, the idea for the book. It is full of money-making and money-saving ideas. Some of the sections are on nutrition, coupon clipping as a booming business, kitchen cosmetician, home health care, and plugging the holes in the clothing budget. She writes, "Saving money is what this book is all about. Value received. Just remember—every \$5 you save out of the purchasing power of the weekly paycheck is worth a \$10 raise. If Washington can't solve the inflation problem, let's show them we can. With our Coupon-Clipper's Investment Portfolio. And other revival waves of common sense."

You are sure to gain much help in the art of saving from Evelyn Tuller's book, *How You Can Profit as a Coupon Clipper*. (Price, \$4.00, plus 50¢ postage, introductory offer. See "Little Ads" for information on how to obtain the book.)

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FROM A GRATEFUL HEART

by
Leta Fulmer

I rearranged the cartons in the freezer, making room for more containers. I sighed in satisfaction as I looked at fish, chicken, corn, peaches. All sat awaiting their turn to provide a winter feast. Back in the house, I opened cupboard doors to look with satisfaction at the mason jars shining with green beans, tomatoes, pickled beets and pickles. In the field, the chatter of the mowing machine told me it was demolishing the last evidence of this year's harvest—and setting the scene for the year to come. How quickly these months had flown. Full-time farm wife for the first time in many years, each day had been a handful of hours to cherish.

I'd forgotten so many things. How the heat of the noonday sun could make a middle-aged head spin a bit. In nothing short, I learned to don my straw hat and confine the task of hoeing to morning and evening. The canning methods I'd done automatically in former years had disappeared from my head like a puff of smoke. I was reduced to peering into cookbooks, or checking with old friends. I'd even forgotten how to relax. At the end of a day I'd find myself making a mental check on tasks accomplished, feeling guilty if I'd come up short. But that's changing now!

I can linger over morning coffee, refusing to budge from my favorite stool until the persistent honk of my pet goose entices me to feed him his customary slice of bread. I can relax in the rickety lawn chairs on the bank of the pond, watching the ducks and geese dip and dive and hope that the fish take their time in biting! On the rickety table wired to a nearby fence, sits an old coffee can. In it is placed a small notebook and pencil

for scribbling down fleeting notes which could disappear forever if they are not caught at the moment of birth.

It took awhile, but the geese finally accepted me as a full-time occupant of the farm. They hiss no longer, merely give me a haughty stare as they pass me by. I've spoiled the chickens. The slam of the screen door is a signal for them to come running, necks outstretched, to see what tasty tidbit might be tossed their way. Monster, the overbearing turkey gobbler, has simmered down a bit, mellowed. It may be old age, then again, it could be that even he finds it difficult to strut on a full-time basis 'til he's blue in the face.

The freeloading mallards know that winter is on its way. A few at a time, they're setting up housekeeping. Most of them disappeared last spring—going wherever it is that wild ducks go. They're back, so tame that I have to push them aside to keep from stepping on them. These greedy little creatures who move in to share our chicken's feed are a luxury, but they're worth every mouthful in the joy they bring our way!

Ah! yes, winter is in the offing. There'll be snow and ice, and cold winds that fashion drifts across the lane. There'll be times when the faucet refuses to gurgle forth water (it always freezes). We'll wake to mornings when both the pickup and the car will shiver and refuse to budge. But I won't complain, after all, I've run around all summer. I've visited friends, renewed acquaintances, gone to rodeos, ball games and picnics. Perhaps I'll start thinking of yard goods and oil up the old sewing machine. I might even revert back to "cooking from scratch"! I'll have time to become a C.B. fan again.

There's a time for everything and right now it's a time for being thankful! Summer was a blessing, and winter's on its way!

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Hallie E. Blackman, executive vice president of the Driftmier Company, presents an engraved pen set to Mary Lou Mika in recognition of her 25 years of service with the company.

A SPECIAL OCCASION

The Driftmier Company honored Mary Lou Mika for her twenty-five years of service to the company at a surprise party held in the Kitchen-Klatter offices.

Mary Lou began working for the Driftmier Company in August of 1954. She worked in various areas of the office until 1962 when she began setting the type for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. She has done a variety of tasks connected with other publications put out by the company since that time.

With great secrecy, the girls in the front office pushed back the usual accumulation of papers needed in their work, brought out a table upon which they placed a tablecloth, dishes, silverware, napkins, a beau-

tiful floral centerpiece and a cake decorated with "Happy 25th to Mary Lou". Everyone in the building gathered early for the coffee break time and waited for the guest of honor. Mary Lou walked into the office without one suspicion in her mind. The group sang a pretty strange version of "Happy Twenty-fifth to You".

Hallie Blackman, executive vice president of the Driftmier Company, presented Mary Lou with a lovely corsage and an engraved pen set in recognition of her 25 years of fine work. Then everyone had cake and coffee and Mary Lou got over the first sense of amazement and smiled a lot. It was, indeed, a special occasion.

—Evelyn



HINTS FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

To toast pumpkin seeds, wash them first and take out all the strings you can. Let the seeds soak in salt water overnight—about 2 tsp. salt to 1 cup water. Drain and place seeds on a flat baking pan. Put in a 300-degree oven for 20 minutes. They get a pretty, golden brown. Store in a covered container. These are good for snacks.

—L.C., Omaha, Ne.

If you are making sheets and pillow cases for your children or grandchildren, make a pocket in one corner of each which is large enough to hold a handkerchief. My children were always losing their handkerchiefs after they went to bed until I tried this method.

—M.B., St. Joseph, Mo.

Replace the pin stopper on tubes of glue with a cup hook. It is easy to unscrew when you wish to use the glue again and can even be hung up over a workbench or in the kitchen, wherever you want to keep it handy.

—Mrs. O.W., Plainview, Ne.

To keep pie crust from browning too fast, cover the edge with a narrow strip of damp cloth before you put it in the oven. This keeps that edge from getting too brown or burned.

—D.S., Craig, Mo.

I have been watching for Christmas gifts all year as I've attended auction sales and looked in secondhand stores. I even found a dish in the Goodwill store which matched a treasured set of a neighbor's. I got to wondering how many people have odds and ends in their own attics or basements which would be the best gift they could give friends or relatives.

—Mrs. C.M., Des Moines, Iowa



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SAVE THE TURKEY BONES

by
Monica Brandies

Once upon a time, when I had cooked very few turkeys, Grandma watched in silent horror as I picked all the meat from the bones and threw them away. We didn't have a pig, a dog, a chicken, or even a compost pile then. I just threw them in the garbage.

Not now. Grandma taught me about the best part of the poultry.

On Thanksgiving morning, when I first begin to boil the necks and giblets to get that rich-flavored liquid for the dressing, I put those few items (plus some onion, celery leaves, and maybe a carrot) into a pot big enough to eventually hold the entire bunch of bones. The big pot looks ridiculously empty at first, but it saves washing an extra dish later.

After the Thanksgiving feast, someone gets the sit-down job of picking and cutting the meat from the bones. It does not have to be done very thoroughly, because the bones go into the giblet pot.

Add at least two quarts of water for noodle broth. Also add two tablespoons of vinegar, lemon juice or wine and coat the bones well, for the acid begins extracting calcium even while it soaks. This will alter the aroma while it cooks. If it has not completely gone by the time the meat is done, remove the lid and let it evaporate. It does not change the final flavor, but it makes for a great boost in vitamin content.

If you have a very low burner, a wood stove, or a pilot light that will simmer at about 140 degrees, you can bring the mixture to a boil on Thanksgiving evening and then put it on low heat overnight. If your heat is a little more active, put the kettle in a cool place overnight and start it cooking next morning.

When the meat begins to fall off the bones, pour the liquid into a size smaller pan and let the bones cool before a final picking. The dogs don't get nearly as much nutrition from them as we do, but they seem happy nonetheless.

We usually have a meal of turkey (goose, chicken, duck, or any combination of same) and noodles cooked in the broth. The children like the noodles better than the meat, so there is often enough meat left for turkey salad or creamed turkey.

You can also use the broth for cooking rice, barley, dumplings, or whatever your family favors. And if you get turkeyed to death before it is all gone, the meat and broth freeze fine together.

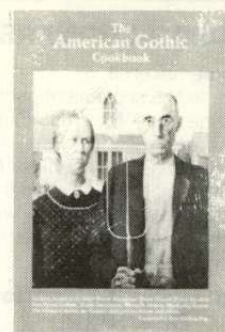
The noodles are the easiest part. I mix as many eggs as I need (about three to the average family) with enough flour to

make a manageable dough (about one cup flour for each egg). Some folks use only egg yolks which makes a richer noodle, but whole eggs are fine, too.

Roll the noodle dough out on a well-floured pastry cloth and let it set until the edges are almost dry enough to crack. This varies from two to six hours depending on the dryness and heat of the house.

Then cut the dough into about five horizontal strips, pile these one on top of the other, and cut your noodles whatever width you prefer. At any point, if the dough gets sticky, just rub on a little flour. If you must cut them before they are dry, rub flour generously between the strips so the noodles won't stick together as you cut them.

For some very fattening reason, our family likes mashed potatoes under their chicken and noodles. So I add only one green vegetable and a salad for a very filling, but delicious meal. We've had unexpected company share our boiled bones and eat like it was a feast. It sure beats throwing away those bones.



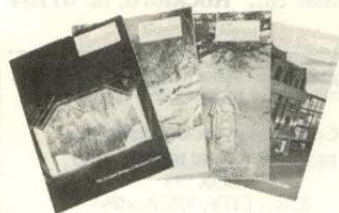
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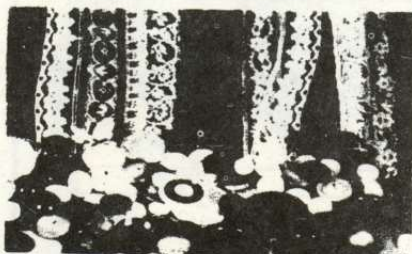
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From Our Family Album

In sharp contrast to our cover picture this month, we wanted to share with you a Thanksgiving picture taken long, long ago at our old family home in Shenandoah, Iowa.

Dad (M. H. Driftmier) is doing the carving, and the little children are Martin Strom and Emily Driftmier. Martin was born on July 8th in 1947 and Emily was born on November 4th, 1948, so you can figure out for yourself how old they are today.

Thanksgiving always called for a groaning board at our family home, and this tradition goes back as far as any of us can remember. The "grown-ups" always pitched in to help with the meal, and the grand-

children (as they came along) waited impatiently to get to the table. (In this picture Martin seems to be licking his lips in eager anticipation!)

Today Martin is the pastor of the Bethlehem United Church of Christ, Maple Lake, Minnesota with a number of years of scholastic preparation to help him assume his pastoral duties. Emily (now Mrs. Rich DeCicco with home base in Arlington, Virginia) has quite a few years of work in Brazil behind her, and is now a qualified interpreter for any and all occasions when the Spanish and Portuguese languages need to be translated with meticulous care.

MY PRAYER

Jesus, let me walk beside Thee,
 Let me place my hand in Thine,
 Savior, ever lead and guide me,
 Let my soul be wholly Thine.

When my steps grow slow and feeble,
 And Dear Lord, on Thee I call,
 Place Thy loving arms about me,
 Hold me gently lest I fall.

When my life on earth has ended,
 And my spirit is set free,
 Thou, who all the world befriended,
 Let me come and dwell with Thee.

Let me spend all my tomorrows
 In that land that Thou has blessed,
 Where there will be no pain or sorrow,
 Only comfort, peace and rest.

Let me enter Heaven's portals,
 Master, claim me for Thy own,
 Let me join the immortals
 Singing praises 'round Thy throne.

In that shining, golden city
 Just beyond the crystal sea,
 Where all is calm, serene and pretty,
 Let me live eternally. —Richard Blower

GONE!

Just yesterday I scrubbed the muddy paw prints from the floor,
 And answered, "In a minute," to the scratching at the door.

Today there are no footprints; it's as quiet as a mouse

As I sit and look around me at my clean, lonely house. —Edna A. Ray

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded deepest needs, something that seemed to have been placed at your fingertips quite mysteriously and providentially? It has happened to me on several occasions, one just recently. I was cleaning off my desk, when, there underneath a pile of papers, I found this quotation. It is called "Footprints". No author was given.

"One night I had a dream. I dreamed I was walking along the beach with the Lord, and across the sky flashed scenes from my life. For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand—one belonged to me, the other to the Lord.

"When the last scene of my life flashed before me, I looked back at

the footprints in the sand. I noticed that many times along the path of my life, there was only one set of footprints. I also noticed that it happened at the very lowest and saddest times of my life—this really bothered me, and I questioned the Lord about it. 'Lord, you have said that once I decided to follow you, you would walk with me all the way; but I have noticed that during the most troublesome times in my life, there is only one set of footprints. I don't understand why, in times when I needed you most, you would leave me!'

"The Lord replied, 'My precious child, I love you and I would never, never leave you during your times of trial and suffering. When you see only one set of footprints, it is then that I carried you!'"

Sincerely,

Frederick

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THE MARK OF QUALITY

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded tremendous maze. We stopped at a filling station to get straightened out, but the nice man who drew a carefully marked map for us was 'way off. In no time at all, we realized that we were on the wrong road.

From that point on, we watched every sign anxiously, turning in to ask for directions and losing time because those directions sent us away instead of toward our destination. All in all, it was quite a feat to arrive at the right place, now far behind the time we had been expected.

At least we were spared one anxiety, because Betty Jane's friends were in Montana and had given us instructions to get the key from her next-door neighbor, a retired doctor. She also had asked her son to build a sturdy and wonderfully ideal ramp from the lawn into the front entrance of the house for my use. I can't tell you how much this touched me.

I've been in countless homes over a great number of years, but I had never been in such a house before. Almost the entire eastern side was solid glass which gave us an incredibly beautiful view across the bluffs and into Wisconsin. It's the first time I've ever looked down into great trees rather than looking up. I tried not to speculate about how much the cost would be to heat that house during the winter!

Almost the first thing I noticed when we got into the living room was a beautiful piece of white oak with these words carved on it: "May the blessings of God crown this house. Fortunate is he whose work is blessed, and whose household is prospered by the Lord."

That set the tone for our entire stay. I wish I had those exact words in the entrance to my home; perhaps somehow this can be done. It's something for everyone who owns a home to ponder

upon.

We took some wonderful drives into Wisconsin while we were there. Betty Jane's oldest daughter and her two children came up for an overnight stay, her son came up for a terrific dinner (leg of lamb, etc.) and then, before we knew it, it was time to start back to home base.

The last night before heading directly to Shenandoah, we stopped to see Dorothy and Frank at their farm and had a perfectly wonderful time with them. As Betty Jane said: "It was the frosting on the cake."

At the bottom of this whole vacation was my feeling that it served as a trial run to see if Betty Jane and I could get down to Albuquerque so we could carry through my ironclad promise that we'd be there during Jed's two weeks' vacation to look after James and Katharine. I hadn't been out of town but once since we returned from there last October, and that once was to see a doctor in Omaha. Now really, no one could call that a pleasure junket! But after making this trip to Minnesota I felt that I could carry through on my promise and it is an infinite relief to me since I've never gone back on a promise in my life, unless some devastating hospital siege prevented it.

I've hit only the high spots of our trip to Minnesota and there are countless details that I wish I had space enough to cover, but they're waiting now at the plant to put this issue "to bed", so I must say goodbye until my visit with you in December.

Faithfully yours always . . .

Lucile

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, 1979.

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, Hallie 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
Lucile Driftmier Verness
Margery Driftmier Strom
Hallie E. Kite Blackman

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

None.
4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

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

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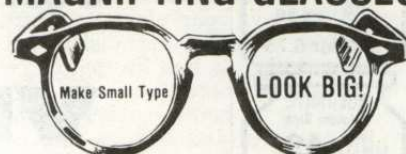
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