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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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—Photo by Dorothy Driftmier Johnson

Happy Thanksgiving!

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

This morning started calmly and peacefully. I am always encouraged about the day as a whole when I only have to call my two teenagers one time to rouse them out of bed. Breakfast went without a hitch. Everyone departed in plenty of time to catch school buses and get to work. I took time to have my second cup of coffee and to finish the morning paper. The next step in the routine was to make the bed and feed the fish. Here is where the morning got complicated.

Jed's and my bedroom is also the resting place for quite a few house plants and a twenty-gallon aquarium. Living in the aquarium is "Oscar" who also happens to be an "Oscar-type" fish. He is huge! We have had Oscar for a number of years. He is the only fish I know who has a definite personality and shows signs of intelligence. No, I am not just making this up! One of his tricks is to grab the thermometer which floats in the tank, drag it to the bottom, then release it making the thermometer clatter against the glass which covers the aquarium. (The glass is weighted down with two large rocks so that Oscar cannot jump out.) Oscar puts on this noisy performance when I forget to feed him on schedule. Oscar also changes color from striped to solid black. When he is black, he is in a bad mood and will splash as much water around as he can manage. Probably because of all of these antics, we have become very attached to Oscar over the years.

Well, when I went into the bedroom to feed Oscar this morning, there he was floating pitifully, belly up. I thought it was time to have another pet funeral when I noticed a slight movement of his gills. I also noticed that the aquarium was in terrible shape because Oscar is a very dirty fish. I sprang into action. Quickly! A bucket of clean water was drawn. Oscar was fished out with a regular landing net. (He is much too big for pet store fish

nets.) The aquarium was emptied, cleaned and refilled. I checked to see how Oscar was doing in the bucket. He was no longer belly up. In fact it was a real challenge to get him from the bucket back into the aquarium. About a gallon of water ended up on the floor before this was accomplished.

I just now checked to see how Oscar is doing. He is definitely black in color, but swimming around strongly. Thank goodness! I don't have to report to my family tonight that Oscar is dead.

We are now in the last major event of autumn in New Mexico—the hot-air balloon fiesta. More than five hundred balloons are here to participate in races and mass ascensions. In spite of the fact that these hot-air balloon events have been going on here in Albuquerque for YEARS, no one ever gets tired of seeing these gaily colored orbs dancing around in our skies. Once again the wind patterns bring many of the balloons directly over our house. We are fortunate to have a ringside seat. In years past I have worked on the balloon grounds crews. That is really the most fun of all. I must make a mental note to be sure to sign up in time to help again next balloon fiesta! This year I was too late and all of the work slots were filled.

Right before the balloon fiesta our harvest season was celebrated with the New Mexico State Fair which is held here in Albuquerque. Over a million people visited the state fair this year. When you figure that the whole state of New Mexico has a little over a million population, you can see what a popular attraction the state fair is. It does seem like half of the state moves to Albuquerque for two weeks. Two of the most popular exhibits are the Spanish Village and the Indian Village.

These are separate areas within the fairgrounds. The Spanish Village features continuous entertainment and traditional foods—green and red chile concoctions, tortillas, nachos, tamales, etc. The Indian Village is noted for its Indian dances which are held every hour. Also the Indian craftsmen sell their silver and turquoise jewelry. I defy anyone to walk through the Indian Village and not succumb to the crispy, hot "fry bread" dripping with honey.

A new area was added to the fair this year. This was the International Food Pavilion. In years past many of the local ethnic populations have gathered together to have food booths. They were scattered all over the fairgrounds . . . mutten stew near the livestock area; egg rolls by the carnival area; Southern barbecue next to the flower building. This year all of these groups were united under a huge tent. The food booths were arranged around the perimeter and the center held long tables and a small stage for entertainment. We visited this won-



Hot-air balloons such as these are a colorful sight during New Mexico's autumn balloon fiesta.

derful array of food and enjoyed it thoroughly. Everyone sampled something different. I opted for the Gulf shrimp booth. James had Italian pizza, Jed had curry and Katharine had a bowl of Philippine rice and vegetables.

As we wandered around the fair we gravitated to the building which has housed the finest display of vegetables to be found—I'm tempted to say "to be found anywhere." Alas! All that was in the exhibit spot was a sign which explained that for the first time in twenty-five years the B-Square Experimental Farm would not display their harvest due to adverse growing conditions. Along those same lines, the New Mexico Apple Farm has only eight per cent of their usual crop. The Midwest is not alone in its poor harvest this year. One cheerful note for the Southwest is that we have had more moisture than usual for the fall. This is always a good sign for the coming year.

Usual autumn activities continue at the Lowey household until the last gasp of warm weather is done . . . and that gasp has yet to come. Katharine is playing in her middle school marching band. James is racing his B.M.X. (bicycle motocross) bike. Jed and I are still volunteering our Saturdays to help out on a salvage archeology project for the University of New Mexico. We are fascinated with our Southwestern area's prehistory. So many times I have wished that these ancient people had a written language. What we think we know about their culture is truly just an educated guess in most cases.

Under any conditions, I am so glad that we have found a way to be actively involved in helping to preserve as much as possible at this particular archeological site. In the process we have made many new and now faithful friends who share the same interests . . . including an interest in food. Our potluck dinners have made the pages of *Kitchen Klatter* more than once.

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The tightly cranked and locked shut windows have been reopened to let in the Indian summer temperatures which are blessing our area today. The thermometer dropped, as if often does early in the autumnal season, to uncomfortably low readings and left us shivering in our unheated house. Although we dug out our heavy Icelandic sweaters and wool slacks, the cold penetrated the house too much to offset the simpler warm-body methods to counteract this cold.

As a result, Don carved off a long wooden splinter from a scarp of lumber to use for a flame carrier when he set off for the basement to confront the furnace. He has to become a real gymnast to huddle down against the floor in order to see into the lowest internals of our gas furnace. In much too short a time span, he returned from the basement with a very sheepish look on his face while he confessed that the gas pilot was still lighted from last spring. He had failed to remember from the previous year that it had required the turning of two handles inside the furnace to disconnect the gas from the pilot.

Thus it was with a sizeable hunk of humility that I met the repairman from the Wisconsin Gas Company when he arrived at our door several days later. He was there because of many conversations by phone and several trouble-shooter house calls to our basement gas meter to try to determine why the gas bill had never dropped to zero all during the months when we had consumed NO gas. The gas company had finally determined that the only safe solution to our problem was to replace the meter since obviously something was malfunctioning. Thank goodness for the cold snap because without it, we would not have discovered our blunder until after the gas company had gone to the expenses associated with the installation of the replacement meter.

Because golf season is, for all intents and purposes, OVER, Don and I have begun to enjoy a few excursions away from home together—together, as opposed to separate. It was I who had bought him a membership to our little nine-hole course which is so close we can hear the athletic yells of "fore" floating over the treetops all summer long. I figured since he wasn't my father when Father's Day rolled around, I could garner for my excuse to give him a present that he was my "buddy" as my oncologist had already dubbed him. A year ago I had bought him golf clubs for his birthday but that wasn't until the end of the warm weather season. As a result,



Adrienne Driftmier is enjoying the flowers in the Rowe Pottery container which she gave to her mother, Mary Beth, for her birthday.

I discovered that suddenly my "buddy" was missing on those warm evenings when I felt good enough to be left alone. I had to chuckle realizing that I had certainly created a problem for myself with the staggered gifts. Now that the warm weather is gone on the weekends when my energy level is close to normal, we have been taking some interesting side trips.

One weekend there was a display in downtown Milwaukee at the Domes, which are Milwaukee's three geodesic-shaped, glass-enclosed display gardens. The Milwaukee Bonsai Society had their plants on view and twice during the two-day show experts were scheduled to give demonstrations on trimming bonsai plants and to answer any questions which might come from the audience. Gosh, did I have questions! Two Christmas's ago, Paul had given me a perfectly gorgeous, big juniper bonsai which must be thirty or forty years old judging by the size of its trunk.

The word bonsai formerly was a verb meaning to cut back, to miniaturize. However, by common usage, it has come to be a noun meaning "tree in a tray." Most of the bonsai trees brought in for display were in low, 2-inch deep rectangular ceramic containers. However, the gracefully trained branches were frequently four or five times the size of the roots. The branches are trained in their natural shape by judicious pruning, pinching and directing of the growth of each limb into a form suiting the owner but always giving the illusion of a grown, aged, well-groomed tree.

These trees, I was told, are *not* intended to be indoor plants and the experts further assured me that I was very lucky that I had not killed my beautiful tree by keeping it inside two long winters. Now I know that a hole must be dug, before winter, large enough for the entire tray and tree up to its first horizontal limb. It should be mounded up with earth in a semi-protected spot and left to winter outside, in the snow, hopefully. These trees need to go through a period of hibernation, but not until both the tips of the branches and the main taproot have

been pruned. I shall miss not having this beautiful plant inside during the winter, but perhaps Don will be able to dig it in for the winter choosing a spot easily visible from the southern windows of the kitchen and master bedroom.

These clever people had containers as small as coffee cups with miniaturized plants growing in them. There were many flowering plants, such as could be bought at a florist, which were growing in tiny containers that could be kept inside. This information makes me wonder how Don's Aunt Bertha Field managed to keep her tiny bonsai tree alive in her kitchen window. Here was where I first saw this miniature art being successfully demonstrated. Aunt Bertha had her tiny tree's limbs wired with slender copper wire giving it a cascading appearance with a miniature Oriental garden scene achieved with pebbles beneath its limbs.

One other side trip we took in an effort to get out and see the sights was a trip to Cambridge, Wisconsin, which is a wee bit of a drive southwest of here. In this little hamlet, which is practically a suburb of Madison, is the Rowe Pottery Works. It advertises in many, many of the national magazines and I never knew it was so close until my activities with Hawks Inn brought my attention to the different kinds of stoneware.

The Rowe Pottery Works display rooms are located in a renovated blacksmith shop. Every piece of pottery is made from fine gray clay which is readily available in central Wisconsin. We were able to walk back into the production area of the operation that was quite separate from the showrooms. Due to the 2000-degree heat around the kilns, we quickly looked these over and went up to the floors where the potters were moving from the large, moist blocks of clay to the electric, but still foot-controlled, turning bases which allowed the potters to shape the clay into unique and distinctive pieces. After the clay pieces had taken on their intended shapes, they were dried, glazed inside with a deep brown paint, decorated with one of perhaps fifty different designs adorning the outside wall of each piece.

This was a wonderfully interesting excursion. I had never seen pottery being made from the raw material to the finished product. Don reminded me that I would have enjoyed seeing his Aunt Sue's clay workrooms and kiln. I just hope these early-American crafts will be revived all over the country. They are an exciting and fascinating part of our history.

Things are moving steadily forward in my health department. With each passing four-week period, I am closer to June, 1984, when I shall have a return to normalcy, internally speaking, that is.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



Give Thanks for That Which Endures

by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: In the center of the altar place an opened Bible, flanked on the right side by a tall taper (lighted as the service begins) and on the left side an arrangement of choice vegetables, fruits, and grains.

Quiet Music: "For All the Blessings of the Year"—continue playing through the call to worship.

Call to Worship:

"Let us with a gladsome mind,

Praise the Lord, for he is kind:

For his mercies shall endure,

Ever faithful, ever sure."

Scripture: Remember God's promise: (Read Genesis 8:22 RSV). Let us praise Him: (Read Psalms 95:1-7 RSV).

Hymn: "Come Ye Thankful People, Come"

Prayer: Our gracious loving Father, we thank You that we are privileged to be a part of an affluent society. Grant that we may realize that truly we have everything that we need in the way of material things of this earth, and that these things are all gifts from Thee. We thank Thee for the comfortable homes we live in, the easy means of transportation, the nice clothes we wear, the bountiful meals that are ours every day, the luxuries of telephones, televisions, radios, stereos, boats, and trailers, the ease with which we do our daily tasks with the use of washers and dryers, machines, and computers. We thank Thee, too, for seed-time and harvest.

Our Father, help us to know that these are all material blessings and they are as nothing without warmth and love, without Your presence in our lives letting us know joy, love, and laughter, hope and peace. For this, O Lord, we are the most grateful. Grant, O God, that we may be constantly aware of Your presence and be thankful for Thy love. Amen.

Leader: The favorite gospel song urges to "count your blessings, name them one by one." During this Thanks-

giving season probably most of us think more about our blessings. Usually, we begin to list the material things that are ours. Truly they are wonderful blessings, but are they our greatest blessings? If we think about it, we realize these material things can all be taken away, and, as the old saying goes, you can't take them with you when you go. This year let us think about *giving thanks for that which endures*.

First Meditation: There is no comfort or satisfaction which man craves more than security. Even a small child can sense security or the lack of it. The security needs of a child grow as he does. We want security in our home life, in friends, in neighbors, and we want the security of good health, and of our financial affairs. But the greatest security of all comes in these things that endure—God's greatest gifts to us.

The first one for which I am thankful is the FAITHFULNESS OF GOD, represented upon the altar by the arrangement of fruits, vegetables, and grains. They remind us that God is faithful in all things. Day follows night; sun follows rain; the dry brown seed or bulb planted in the good earth brings forth new growth and fruit. God's faithfulness is affirmed over and over again in the natural order of the universe. No matter the circumstances, the tragedies that overtake us or the changes that confront and confuse us, God's faithfulness abides with us. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil: for thou art with me." I humbly thank God this day for the security of his faithfulness. Listen to the words of our next hymn.

Hymn: "Great Is Thy Faithfulness"—fine as a quartette.

Second Meditation: The second great gift that endures is LOVE, represented on the altar by the lighted candle. When all else fails love still abides. Sick-

ness, death, persecution, destruction, riots—no matter what comes to us, the apostle, Paul, tells us there is nothing that can separate us from the love of God. We can be secure in the knowledge that God's love can find us and uphold us in every experience of life. What a blessing! Like the candle, God's love lights up our life. It is always there to sustain us. No one says it better than Paul in what we call the "love chapter" of the Bible. Listen as I read from I Corinthians 13. (Reads the Scripture.) Let us give thanks for God's enduring love.

Solo: "The Love of God"

Third Meditation: We look at the altar and see there our third gift that endures—THE WORD, the Bible. The Psalmist said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Let us think for a moment about words. Think of the thousands upon thousands of words that roll off the presses around the world every day, words that go out across the airways twenty-four hours a day, words that go by telephones and telegraph wires, words spoken daily in every tongue, words of truth, lying words, sad words, cheering words, careless words, thoughtful words. From one moment to the next, we do not know how the next word we hear will affect us and our lives. But there is THE WORD, the Bible, the word of God of which we can always be sure—THE WORD that endures. In it we find a security, a purpose for living that outlasts life itself. What greater blessing could we have than the gift of THE WORD to light our way through every darkness in life? Let us feed on God's word and be thankful.

Hymn: "Holy Bible, Book Divine"—or if you prefer, have the words of this hymn read.

Leader: It is good to have this time together to think about why and for what we are thankful. Norman Vincent Peale says, "Gratitude is strengthening because it recharges the soul. Anyone who is grateful is focusing on what is good and ultimately all good things come from God. This means that the thankful person is aligning himself with the most powerful source in the universe and is drawing strength from it." Let us unite in this litany of thanksgiving and draw strength for daily *thanksgiving* from it: (Read Psalms 136: 1-9, 23-26, with the leader reading the first part of the verses and the audience responding with the last part of the verse "for his steadfast love endures forever.")

Closing Hymn: "Now Thank We All Our God"



CHURCH SUPPERS AND BAZAARS OF THE 30'S

by
Dorothy Rieke

How would you like to "eat out" for seventy-five cents? Today this would be next to impossible, but in the Thirties, church ladies often served a complete supper with dessert for that price at the annual fall church supper and bazaar.

These gatherings not only provided an opportunity to see and visit with friends, but they also afforded an opportunity to labor in one's special field of endeavor. If a woman could sew, she sewed bazaar items. If she was a good cook, she contributed her time baking before the supper and cooking during the afternoon and evening of the event. If she happened to be talented in both fields, her time was in great demand, and she was extremely busy. Many women of the Thirties fit into the last category by necessity.

These gatherings brought in funds to pay the preacher, make repairs on the church building and aid in the support of missionaries. However, such an event demanded much time and energy.

Bazaar items varied according to the creative desires and capabilities of the workers. Quilts and comforters, always in demand, were made by the women's organizations of the congregation. The quilting frame, tied near the ceiling of the meeting room, dropped down to provide a "work table" for the quilters.

Other bazaar items were aprons, clothespin bags, pillowcases, potholders, embroidered tea towels and crocheted work. Cotton-covered stuffed animals were popular with the younger set. (Plush animals had not yet made an appearance.)

The useful bazaar articles were generally purchased first. My mother and grandmother both made aprons from material remnants. These utility-type aprons with large bibs and full skirts were trimmed with rickrack and edged in matching bias tape.

During the thirties, many women wore commodious aprons to "save" their dresses. A dress might be worn for several days, but most women seldom wore an apron more than one day. Of course, aprons were easier to wash.

Even the children were kept busy before and during a bazaar and supper. I was in charge of picking out walnut meats because Mother's baking specialty was a rich black walnut cake covered with a soft white frosting. I always hoped that some of Mother's cake would be "left-over," but that never happened.

The day of the bazaar and supper was a busy one for all involved. Mother rose early, fired up the kitchen range and baked several pies and a cake or two.



The Central Baptist Church of Westerly, R.I., where Frederick and Betty Driftmier attend services. Frederick is often guest preacher at this church.

Later, after an early noon meal, she loaded up her bazaar contributions and drove to the church.

Women had already started frying the chickens donated by the farm families in the congregation. Later the chicken pieces were piled in big black bread pans and placed in warming ovens located above the surface of the range.

Several women stood at a counter peeling potatoes. Some potatoes were already boiling in the big boiler pans on the stove top.

Later the gelatin salads would be cut and placed on lettuce-covered saucers. One of the ladies, whose specialty was making slaw, mixed and stirred a large amount of shredded cabbage with dressing in a huge stone jar.

When school "let out" at four o'clock, most of the children belonging to the church members arrived to carry pickles, jelly, breads and salads to the tables.

The dessert table always was intriguing to me. There were all kinds of pies and cakes on that table. There were chocolate cakes, spice cakes, white cakes, angel food and Mother's soft flavorful walnut cake. Halfway down the table the display of pies started. There were cherry pies, apple pies, elderberry, rhubarb, peach, and many kinds of soft pies including lemon, chocolate and coconut cream.

The bazaar display area was usually located at one end of the serving room or in an adjacent basement room. Some of the oldest members of the ladies' organizations presided over these tables as they could sit down while waiting for customers.

At about five o'clock people started arriving. They all seemed to think that the basement was especially cool with the high windows open. No one men-

tioned how hot the kitchen was when the steam from the cooking food settled on everyone and everything.

One person seated by the door was responsible for collecting the money for the meals. The guest then walked over to the dessert table where he made a choice. After getting his dessert, he chose a seat at any of the long tables where the high school-age church girls served plates of food.

There was so much visiting at the tables that lines often formed for seats. Even after eating, people gathered in groups to visit. Women dressed in brightly colored housedresses flocked to the bazaar tables to examine the merchandise.

Young people sometimes planned a candy sale in conjunction with the other activities. The candy, mainly fudge or divinity placed on plates, often sold for a penny a piece.

The supper and bazaar evening was a long one for the women workers and their children. Younger children playing outside until dark came to the basement to stretch out on some empty benches and fall asleep.

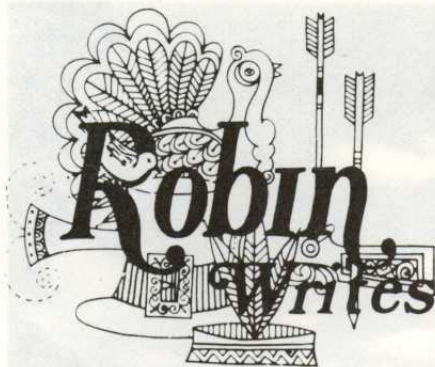
After the guests left, the weary workers sat down with plates of leftovers to discuss the events of the evening—particularly the comments of the guests who visited the kitchen "on the way out" to compliment the cooks.

Those ladies experiencing renewed energy after eating went back to the kitchen to finish washing dishes. An appointed clean-up crew would sweep and scrub the floors the next day.

The husbands eating late after coming in from the fields set the tables back against the walls and carried benches and chairs to storage areas.

Finally, at about eleven o'clock every-

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Each Pilgrim father and every Indian mother has every right to look at his and her tribe and give thanks that the brave little band has weathered another year; withstood the storms; built the foundations; planted, nurtured and harvested the crops.

I am pleased to say that this November finds Manny, our pets, Casey and Liza Jane, and me firmly settled into our new routine in Washington, D.C. Manny is honestly pleased and proud to be offered the opportunity to give fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, *all* to his job. Casey has learned to navigate in Georgetown on three legs and Liza Jane has, reluctantly, found ways to entertain herself by watching the activity out of our condominium window rather than climbing trees in her Albuquerque home. I am finally pleased with the little nest of an apartment that I have created in this busy city. I am particularly happy with the support that I receive from Kitchen-Klatter friends and the good time that I've had sharing Washington with family, friends, and new friends that I've made here. I love to play the tourist with those who come to visit.

When I read about Washington in the news or studied about this wonderful part of the U.S. in history, I learned of the facts, not the spirit. Now, by playing tourist, the spirit is captured in the stories of the politicians, the farmers, the soldiers, the tavern keepers, housewives, and educators. It helps to understand the past by walking in their footsteps, touring their homes, worshiping in their churches, seeing the stores where they shopped, and trudging through the battlefields where many died.

As Thanksgiving nears, I am thankful I find it fun to be here in Washington near where the beginnings of our nation took place. I'm sort of working backward in history.

My parents, my husband Manny, and I traveled to Williamsburg, Va., last month. (I really do love to play the tourist.) We enjoyed a historic weekend viewing the 18th century buildings, furnishings, and gardens of the little city which for nearly a century was the capital of the Virginia Colony and focus of a proud plantation society. We were addi-

tionally intrigued by the fact that only last summer leaders from all over the world gathered at this same historical spot.

"Oh, yes, we can cook our potatoes in that large kettle over there, but I usually just put potatoes on a spit and turn them over a fire in the oven," said the pretty black woman dressed in 18th century clothes. She sat in the Williamsburg kitchen of the George Wythe (pronounced to rhyme with Smith) House.

We toured the living history houses and stores, ate dinner at historic Chowning's Tavern, and walked through the rebuilt capital by candlelight. By the time we left, I felt I knew Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, even George Washington, a little better.

Yes, because Manny and I are living in Washington, I feel that I can relive the history of this great United States. Each month, I try to plan some historical trip so I may learn the history no school has time to teach. The places and buildings serve as tangible reminders of earlier times.

Sometimes I try to follow the calendar. Holidays can be a little lonely in a new place, but Manny and I have discovered that when we explore why we have our national holidays and learn the meaning and background, we can personalize each special day. When we visit a historic site, our appreciation is heightened by the realization that others, often important people, on that same date made history there.

This November, I plan to visit a distinguished house, Berkeley Plantation, where America's first Thanksgiving was held. There is always a big celebration held on the first Sunday in November. Berkeley's history goes back to the early days of colonial settlement in Virginia. It was in 1619 that King James I granted this land to the Berkeley Company. On December 4, 1619, the first thirty-eight settlers arrived at Berkeley Hundred, as it was called then, on the small forty-ton ship *Margaret*. The settlers, following the proprietors' instructions, celebrated the day of arrival as a day of Thanksgiving. Thus, Virginia inaugurated its own Thanksgiving a year before the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth.

But in the minds of most of us, Thanksgiving and November goes with Plymouth, Massachusetts, the way, well, turkey goes with gravy and cranberries and pumpkin pie. As you read this in November, you can know that on some brisk November day I am going to make a pilgrimage to "America's Hometown."

I am told there are several authentically old houses in Plymouth. The oldest house is the Sparrow House which was built around 1640, but the most important aspect of the visit, it is said, is that the entire town is a living history, just as part of Williamsburg is. The *Mayflower* is moored not far away, the



Robin Justiz enjoys preparing special recipes for guests from "home" in her Washington, D.C., apartment.

year is always 1627. Costumed villagers go about their daily tasks according to the season, and speak in the varied dialects of their native England.

Each villager portrays a real person with a real occupation. I look forward to meeting John and Pricilla Alden who are supposed to be relatives of mine. I'd like to hear their version of the much reported marriage proposal and the "Speak for yourself, John," dialogue.

Pilgrim Hall houses actual possessions of the Pilgrims, including Miles Standish's sword and John Alden's Bible, Peregrine White's baby cap, furniture brought from England or made in the New World, and a variety of household artifacts. On Thanksgiving Day, the Chamber of Commerce sponsors a costumed Pilgrim's Procession to church services, and a traditional turkey dinner for the public.

Thanksgiving celebrations always mean family, food, and football. The early Pilgrim families included many people just as our Thanksgiving families expand to include friends and neighbors, today. The historic three-day feast began, we are told, with breakfast for ninety-two people. The highlight of the party in terms of food was something new brought by the Indians—popcorn.

Our turkey dinner always seems to be sandwiched between football games, but this is part of tradition, too. The tradition of sports for this holiday began at the first Thanksgiving when Wanponag braves challenged the Pilgrims to a game of stool ball which was kind of like croquet. There were track and field events, as well.

I love Thanksgiving with all the family and friends, and best of all, I like preparing the food. This year may be a bit different and I'm going to enjoy this new

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The feel of fall is definitely in the air. We had our first hard freeze and the leaves in the timber are just beginning to turn a little. The weather has been beautiful—comfortably warm during the day and cooling off at night.

Our corn has been picked, and for the kind of year we had, with the worst drought since we started farming, we were pleased that our corn yielded as well as it did. Some of the corn was picked with a picker and cribbed, and some was shelled, so it is hard to get an exact bushel count, but as near as we could guess it made seventy-five bushels to the acre. When the Federal Crop adjuster was here the other day, she said their farm yield was two bushels to the acre in one field and three in the other, so we felt pretty lucky. They are combining our beans today. It looks as if we are going to safely get our crops out this year.

My brother, Wayne Driftmier, has been appointed to the Colorado Agricultural Commission by Gov. Richard D. Lamm, and the appointment has been confirmed by the Colorado Senate. Wayne is President of Wilmore Nurseries in Denver and is active in many facets of the nursery industry. The Colorado Agricultural Commission is a nine-member policy-making and advisory body for the Colorado Department of Agriculture. Wayne and his wife, Abigail, are the parents of Emily, Alison and Clark, whose letters you read in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* frequently.

Hallie, Verlene and I had a wonderful time in Norfolk, Nebraska, when we attended the big annual LaVitsef Time. The committee in charge had invited the three of us to be the grand marshalls in the parade on Saturday morning, and also to present a program in the afternoon at the fine new VFW building.

I drove to Shenandoah early on Friday morning and about noon we headed for Norfolk with Hallie's husband, Gene Blackman, at the wheel. We stopped in Millard for lunch, where we met Hallie's daughter, Jocelyn, at a restaurant near our highway. It had been years since I had seen Jocelyn. It was nice to have this little visit with her.

We arrived at our motel in time to rest a little while and change into other clothes to attend a dinner. Those present were the board and committee members who had worked all year on the LaVitsef days, plus other guests of honor. We were the guests of Mr. and Mr. Lynn Cox. Many of the events during the three days were sponsored by various busi-



Dorothy Driftmier Johnson (left), her brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail.

nesses and organizations. Our Kitchen-Klatter program, for instance, was sponsored by the Lynn & Al's Westside and Lynn & Al's Downtown Grocery Stores. Five young men from Brazil, who were in Norfolk for a short time as guests of the Rotary Club, were also introduced at the dinner. Among the group were a veterinarian, an engineer, a professor, and two agriculturalists.

Following the dinner we attended a concert at the Granada Theater by Preston Love and his jazz combo from Omaha. Mr. Love is a fine musician who has played with several of the big dance orchestras—Duke Ellington and Count Basie, to name a couple. His group played many old tunes, popular in the thirties and forties, with which those in my age group were all familiar. I enjoyed his concert very much.

The theme for LaVitsef this year was "Country Fair," and when I saw the program for all the events going on during the three days, I decided it was just like a country fair. There were several events scheduled for the same time at various places in Norfolk, and it was impossible to attend everything, much as we would have liked to.

The weather was perfect for the Grand Parade. We were greeted at the motel at 9:00 o'clock on Saturday morning by Preston Olson and rode in his bright red convertible to our place in line, which was the first place behind the color guard. The wait for the 10:00 o'clock starting time didn't seem long because there was so much activity. Over 140 entries were in the parade, so you can see what I mean by "activity." It seemed as if Mr. Olson knew almost everyone in the Norfolk territory and he was interesting to visit with—another reason why the time went fast. There is a large antique car club in the Norfolk area and most of the cars were in the parade.

Every time one would drive by Mr. Olson would tell us what year and make it was. He has an antique Packard hearse and whenever he drives it in any of the parades around the country, he insists on being the last entry.

We have many loyal and faithful listeners in the Norfolk area, but many couldn't have been listening to our Kitchen-Klatter program that morning. People were lining both sides of the street along the parade route and many called our names and waved as we rode along. This gave us a very warm and welcome feeling. When we reached the end of the parade route, our driver went around the block and found a parking place where we could watch the parade. It continued for more than one-and-a-half hours. I can't begin to name all the bands and floats, but I do want to mention one float. Edna Michaelson, who is past eighty, was chosen as the Sweetheart of the 1983 LaVitsef by the committee. For many years she has donated her time and musical talent whenever and wherever she was asked to play the piano or organ. She was on a float with a big red heart, playing a beautiful organ as she rode in the parade.

We met and visited with many of our good friends in the afternoon. Nellie Meyers was one of them. I had met Nellie when I was visiting Kristin in Torrington. Her daughter is Kristin's boss. Nellie told me she had seen our little Elizabeth and had gotten to hold her.

We ate dinner that night at The Depot, a turn-of-the-century restaurant located in the fine Chicago and Northwestern Depot. The depot was built on Northwestern Avenue in Norfolk in 1907. An interesting short history of the building was printed on our menus. It was a very large depot for the early 1900's, with baggage, mail and passenger areas, and also

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Betty and I have had a very pleasant visit with Andy and Freida Mogler of Lester, Iowa, and with Russell and Karoline Wuthrich of Bloomfield, Iowa. Karoline and Freida are sisters, and you never saw two sisters look more alike without being twins! Because of our very busy schedule on the day of their visit, they had to get out to our house from their motel by seven-thirty in the morning. They were here right on time to see me feed the ducks and the swans. Of course, most of my flowers had gone by, but there were still enough of them in the various gardens for Andy Mogler to get some pictures.

Incidentally, speaking of my garden reminds me to tell you to be careful about buying these highly advertised "big bicycle wheel" garden carts. I bought one. The cart is all right, but the assembly of it is something else! Some of the accessories required the combined efforts of two professional engineers for one-and-a-half days to assemble. After it was all put together, there were a few parts left over. The next time I buy a cart it will not be by mail!

Let me tell you about something very funny that happened to my good friend. His beautiful sailboat was secured to a mooring about one hundred feet out from the bank of the river, and he would go from bank to boat in a little dinghy that could hold just three people. Starting out for a weekend cruise, my friend loaded all of their food supplies, ice for the boat's refrigerator, a radio, a small TV set, and some extra blankets and towels into the front of the dinghy. He and his wife sat down on the small middle seat near the oars, and their weekend guest sat down on the rear seat.

The little dinghy was so loaded that they hardly dared to move for fear of capsizing. My friend said to his wife: "Let's pull on our oars together." After taking one long stroke with the oars, the overloaded dinghy sank right to the bottom into fifteen feet of water! All were able to swim to shore, but their weekend supplies were lost. Most people in those circumstances would have wept! My friends just sat on the bank and laughed until the tears rolled down their faces. All they could say was: "If only someone would have had a camera to get a picture of that comedy of errors."

Another friend has his boat in a mooring slip just two feet from my boat. The other day, he was coming up the pier



Frederick Driftmier was able to sail his boat many days this past summer and early fall.

rather fast, and he asked a gentleman, who was a guest on his boat, to run up onto the bow (front end) of the boat so that he could put his hands out onto the pier to help stop the boat. The guest, wearing a handsome sailing uniform, did as he was told; but the boat still hit the pier so hard that the guest was pitched off the boat and into the deep swirling tide. When he came to the surface, we grabbed him and pulled him onto the pier. That whole bit of action looked just like a scene out of one of the old Laurel and Hardy movies.

Down at the marina where we keep the boat, we have a saying: "If you want to see a comedy, stick around a bit. Something funny happens here every hour!" And it is so true. I watched a distinguished surgeon start out in his racing boat the other day. As he pushed off into the river current, he waved to me and shouted "Goodbye!" Then in the very next moment he was shouting: "I forgot my rudder! I can't steer the boat! Somebody come to my rescue!" Before we could get to him, the current carried his boat right across the river where it bumped into some other boats and hit a few rocks before coming to a halt. As I watched that happening, I could not believe what I was seeing.

About two miles down the bay from our house, there is a dangerous underwater rock that is a real navigational hazard for all boats. The rock is well marked with a large red buoy, and there is absolutely no excuse for any boat to hit the rock unless it is a dark stormy night, or very foggy. But the other day two of the best sailors on the New England coast did hit that rock in broad daylight. When I asked one of the embarrassed men what had happened to bring that about, he said with a twinkle in his eyes: "Someone moved the rock, all fifty tons of it!"

Betty's father had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance several days ago. He was stricken with a severe

abdominal pain, so severe that he could not walk. As of today, the problem is undiagnosed, but he is better. While we were at the hospital visiting Betty's father, Betty's mother fell on her way to answer the telephone; and now she is in the hospital with a possible cracked pelvis or hipbone. All of this happened just a few days before they were to leave us for their winter home in Florida.

This afternoon, after visiting my in-laws in the hospital, I stopped at the hospital snack bar to get a cup of coffee. Seated at the counter beside me was the chubby, thirteen-year-old son of the snack bar cook. He asked his mother for some chocolate chip cookies, and she refused. "You have just had lunch, and there will be no more food for you."

I felt sorry for the cute boy, and I said to his mother, "He looks like a good boy. May I buy him a soda of some kind?" She agreed.

"What kind of soda do you want?" I asked.

"I want some chocolate chip cookies."

"Well, I know, but your mother said you could not have any cookies. What kind of a drink would you like? How about some root beer?"

"I want some chocolate chip cookies."

"Look! You are not going to get any. Now if you don't want a drink, may I buy you some ice cream?"

"Yes."

"Oh that's good. Now what kind of ice cream would you like?"

"Chocolate chip cookie flavor."

"You mean, chocolate chip ice cream?"

"No! I mean chocolate chip cookie ice cream!"

He finally settled for a dish of vanilla ice cream. I paid and retreated. When Betty asked me what I wanted for dessert that night, I settled for some chocolate chip cookies!

Our sailing club had a covered-dish picnic lunch at the close of the summer sailing season. It was a perfectly beautiful day in early autumn, and there were about one hundred of us who met at a lovely Boy Scout campground just a short distance from the marina where we keep our boats. After a simply marvelous lunch, there was a drawing for approximately thirty brand-new items to go on boats, all items being contributed by various members of the club.

The most incredible thing happened with that drawing. Since I am a clergyman, I was asked to draw the first number out of the pot for the first gift, and from then on, the winner of each gift would draw the lucky number for the next gift. The number I drew out of the pot, belonged to the *chairman* of the whole affair! She then drew a number for the next gift, and she drew the number of the *president* of the club. Of course we all

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DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Something happened to me a few weeks ago that I want to share with you. I might compare it to a religious conversion of some kind, for I went from being a non-believer to a staunch defender of the new truth that I have found. For years, I have always quipped as I passed joggers and runners that "I am a walker." I would think of their huffing and puffing and their sometimes strained expressions and think about how the more civilized and sedate joys of strolling and walking were for me. But then, one day, something in me just snapped and my resistance to running washed away from beneath me. Maybe I had just decided that the old adage, "If you can't beat them, join them," is true today as always, and I couldn't resist the new tide of runners that seemed to be everywhere I looked. Or, maybe it was the culmination of all of the advice that I had read about health and cardiovascular fitness. At any rate, my conversion happened at noon, and by one o'clock that afternoon I was at a sporting goods store buying a pair of jogging shorts, and by two o'clock I was out running through a park near our home. I have been running at least several times a week ever since.

Of course, although exercise is good for everyone, it is a very personal decision that must be made when you and I decide what form of exercise is right for us as individuals. I know that my father, Frederick Driftmier, who writes to you each month from Connecticut, takes his walking very seriously and probably gets as much or even more exercise than many joggers and runners. What I have discovered for myself, though, is I love running and I must have been a born runner and never realized it until now. To run up the long, grassy hill at our neighborhood park, with my head facing into the breeze and cool air that has been blowing here this fall, gives me a lively feeling and healthy tingle all over. Now, too, I go running with the cross-country club at school, and it feels marvelous to be able to keep up with the students in my class. Also, running is a great way for me to release the tension that teachers sometimes feel when working with young people all day.

As I have said, running is not for all people. We have a friend who is a physiotherapist. "For many people," she says, "running is the worst thing for the back and for the arches." My back did hurt for a few days, but I kept running and tried to hold my head up, and now it doesn't bother me any more. Let's just hope that I am one of those people who won't hurt myself by doing what I enjoy.

One of the things that we must all realize, of course, is that we simply can't keep up with the pace of children and young people. I can run with the students in my class, but I can't go out and join them in their soccer game that they play when we get back. I am simply too beat!

Sophie and I have spent many of our happiest hours over the last few months watching our little Johnny crawl and pull himself up to a stand and take his first, tentative steps. What a lot of energy babies have! Did you happen to read the story of how an Olympic gold medalist athlete decided to spend a day watching and mimicking a nine-month-old baby? He got down on the floor, and every time the baby crawled, he would crawl. When the baby pulled himself up to a stand, so would the athlete. After two hours, the man had to quit with exhaustion, while the baby still continued to play!

I know that most of you live in the United States, and so I wonder if you have ever heard a Canadian term that was coined by the government several years ago for its fitness program. On the radio and television and on posters and in newspapers and magazines, Canadians are constantly being reminded of the benefits of exercise by these words:

PARTICIPACTION:

IT'S BECOMING A WAY OF ACTION!

"Participaction" is, I think, a nice way to combine two words and ideas: participate and action. The whole thrust of the "Participaction" movement has been to get people exercising more by participating in activities that they like best, whether they be athletic or not. One advertisement shows a crowd of happy businessmen passing by the elevator and briskly climbing stairs, briefcases in hand. My favorite advertisement is a poster that I have hanging in my room at school. PARTICIPACTION is written in bold letters across the top. The rest of

the poster is a colorful drawing of a city park, full of people shown in great detail following almost every kind of leisure pursuit that includes some form of exercise. A close study of the picture reveals mothers pushing baby carriages, children flying kites and sailing model boats at a pond, ornithologists walking and peering up into the trees with their bird-watchers' binoculars, fishermen standing by a river that accommodates canoeists paddling down towards a lake full of sailboats and wind surfers. The trails through the park have cyclists and pedestrians engaged in everything from roller-skating to walking to, of course, running. The fields are full of people of all ages playing every kind of team sport. Isn't that a lovely, inviting picture?

The latest "Participaction" news story here in Canada concerned a group of older people, all over 65 years of age, who decided to bicycle across Canada. They not only did it, but they accomplished the feat in 90 days. They all said that they felt 100% better than they had in a long time.

If my Grandmother Driftmier were alive today, I am sure that she would have a great interest in the recent movement to encourage people in wheelchairs to participate in sports. I have a friend who used to be a professional hockey player until, a few years ago, he was confined to a wheelchair due to an injury sustained while playing hockey. He now works for an agency dedicated to the promotion of sports for handicapped people. At the annual Wheelchair Olympics held in Canada each year, one of his favorite games is basketball!

I hope that this letter finds all of you well and with enough time for you to get outside for some enjoyable activity today!

Sincerely,
David Driftmier



David Driftmier reports that John (pictured on the right) is most happy when he has other children to play with. The son and daughter of one of David's and Sophie's friends are shown here with young John Frederick.

EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

Whenever I finish writing a Kitchen-Klatter letter, I take a moment to ponder what I might write about in my next letter. Since I always write letters at our dining table, I never dreamed that I would be writing you from a hospital bed. But here I am at Fairfax Hospital.

I awoke one morning with abdominal pains, and by the end of the day, I was hooked up to an intravenous feeding of antibiotics. Of all the possible maladies I could have, an internal infection was about the least serious, so I felt very lucky indeed.

By the time I'm finished with this letter, I will be home resting. After a few days I'll be back on my feet, trying to catch up at the office and at home.

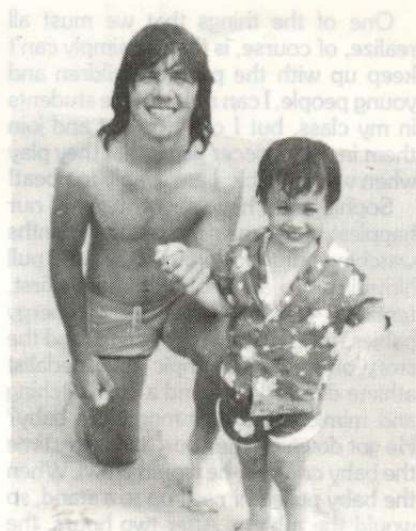
As far as our children were concerned, my timing for this episode could not have been better. Stephen and Martin had been "vacationing" with their Grandmother DiCicco in New York. The day I went to the hospital was the day Richard and I were supposed to travel to New York to bring them back home. When we called to tell her of my sudden illness, she quickly offered to keep them an extra week so I could have a full recuperation period.

The kids certainly aren't complaining. With Brooklyn as a home base, they have spent time with their Aunt Linda and Uncle Tommy Confessore on Long Island. Rich's brother-in-law has a handsome motorboat which Stephen adores.

Rich's New Jersey cousin, Irene, and her husband, Joe, welcomed them on two separate occasions. The Fryc family includes four children from three to eighteen years of age. They have a swimming pool and a huge garden, so the kids all had a ball, even little Martin. I wonder now how I can ever repay such kindness.

This fall I have started a business course at American University entitled "Marketing Management." This is one of the basic core courses for an MBA degree, but as yet I am enrolled as a non-degree student. The class meets once a week, from 5:30 to 8:00 P.M. on Wednesdays.

Even though Rich was a "U.S. Marketing Manager" several years ago, and my mother had done graduate studies in marketing, I had never realized how marketing is different from sales. Because of this course, I now have a broader appreciation for the myriad factors taken into consideration in any



James Lowey and Stephen DiCicco enjoyed themselves at the beach last summer. James, son of Juliana and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, N.Mex., spent several weeks visiting the DiCiccios in Arlington, Va.

business decision.

I have two major reasons for taking the course. In my work at the Overseas Education Fund, we are becoming more heavily involved in helping women in third world countries to start small businesses. In El Salvador, we are assisting a community cooperative to start a tomato processing factory. In Honduras, we hope to start up swine production businesses. And in Morocco, we have started a beekeeping venture and the women are selling honey. I felt the need to have a better understanding of basic business in order to give the proper technical advice.

Closer to home, as Rich's business, Technology Catalysts, Inc., continues to grow, I need to have a better grasp of how markets are identified and how clients' needs are best met, as well as how to plan strategically for the company's growth.

This fall the company is moving into its own office. Rich started the company four years ago working out of a subleased office, and using shared secretarial services. When the business was more firmly established, he leased a small office suite in a large modern building near the U.S. Patent Office. The space seemed huge at the time, but within a year he had to lease additional space in another building a few miles from his main office. Soon both offices were cramped.

Locating an office to purchase was not easy, and the process bears no resemblance to looking for residential property. We tried working with the same real estate agent who had helped us buy our house, but found that she knew nothing of working with commercial property. I contacted six different agents in order to find one who had an appropriate

property to show us. It seemed that most realtors were not very interested in small business property, nor did they have access to information about suitable properties available for sale.

Finally we were shown an older stone house on a major boulevard, close to our house, the Patent Office, and to National Airport. It has about 3,000 square feet, and parking space for 13 cars. It had already been converted to office use several years ago, but needed a bit of updating.

The negotiation of the purchase was a tale of international financial intrigue. It seems that for several months some Saudi Arabian sheiks had their eyes on the property as part of a large investment venture. On the night our agent presented our contract to the seller, the sheiks' agent presented him with a check to purchase the building in cash! However, the seller was suspicious of the sheiks' deal, so he turned down the cash in favor of our offer. What luck!

This past year we have kept our entertaining to a minimum. Two major events, however, were joyously celebrated: Martin's christening and Stephen's birthday.

For Martin's baptism we invited my parents from Denver (who made it in spite of being at the height of the nursery's busy season), Katharine Driftmier, and a full contingent of DiCiccios. Rich's family consisted of his parents, his sister and her husband, Aunt Josie, Aunt Lillian and cousins, Leticia and Tom DiCicco, and Robert and Judy DiCicco and their son, Michael.

Fortunately, Rich was able to secure a special rate for everyone to stay at an elegant old hotel in downtown Washington, D.C. Martin behaved like a real champ during the whole weekend. Somehow all the food managed to get cooked in spite of fifteen cooks trying to fit into one small kitchen, and everyone left at least five pounds heavier.

Stephen's birthday party was a bit easier to manage. The out-of-town guests consisted of James Lowey, Johnny and Eddie Fryc from New Jersey, and Rich's mother. The hours prior to the party were spent in blowing up balloons, sprucing up the patio, and filling the pinata with candy and little toys.

The day before I had baked a large sheet cake and decorated it with a big blue Smurf. Stephen has seen these characters on TV and in person in the Ice Capades and at an amusement park. He even has a Smurf T-shirt, which is what I looked at in order to draw the Smurf on the cake. I'm not much of an artist, and my only experience with cake decorating had been Stephen's cake last year, so I was quite surprised at my success.

We are looking forward to spending Thanksgiving this year in Denver with

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DECORATIVE ACCENTS FOR NOVEMBER

by
Virginia Thomas

Covered Wagon Centerpiece: For the covered wagon box, use a large toothpaste box. Cut down to a 4-inch length, leaving a flap on one side to cover the cut end at the back. Glue flap in place. Cut an opening in the top of the wagon (box). Insert a tongue depressor in the front of the box for the wagon tongue, glue on a round toothpick for the crossbar (doubletree) at the end of the tongue. Cut wheels from the bottom of plastic foam cups. If desired cut out the center of the wheels, leaving a rim and cut a center for the hub. Insert lengths of toothpicks between rim and hub for the wagon-wheel spokes. Glue wheels to side of wagon, or use short sticks for axles, fastening wheels to these and then glue axle to wagon.

For the curved covered roof of the wagon, use a small cardboard frozen juice can. Remove the top and bottom of the can and a small section down one side, until the curved roof fits nicely over the wagon. Cover the roof with unbleached muslin, or other fabric to resemble canvas, and glue in place.

Pilgrim Nut Cups or Place Favors: For each favor, you will need a foam ball (approximately 1-inch in diameter) for the head. For each favor, cut a cup from an egg carton (the kind which have a flat bottom to the cup). You will need some white and some black construction paper and some scraps of bright red, green, orange, yellow and brown paper. Use a felt-tipped pen for marking on features and hair. Bits of yarn may also be glued on for hair.

For a Pilgrim girl favor, glue a foam ball (head) to inverted egg cup base. Cut a piece of white construction paper about 2 inches wide and long enough to go over the head for a bonnet. Fold back 1/2 inch for front of bonnet and glue bonnet to head. If using yarn hair, glue it to head before gluing bonnet in place. Mark the features on face, and the hair if yarn is not used. From white paper, cut a white collar and glue under the head so it conceals the base.

The Pilgrim boy is made in the same

way except his hat is made by cutting a circle (about a 3-inch circle) from black paper which is glued to the head. Cut a 2-by-4-inch strip of black paper and roll to cone shape and glue to round brim as the crown of the hat. Add a hatband of brown paper.

For an Indian favor, use a brown headband instead of a hat and bright feathers cut from colored papers and glued to headband. Instead of a collar, make a wide band of brown paper, decorated with Indian designs.

Autumn Arrangements: Do you have some of the round wicker (reed) mats or some pretty, shallow straw baskets around the house? They take a new lease on life when you tie a cluster of Indian corn or small ears of variegated popcorn (some husks left on) to such a wicker mat or basket with a bow of colonial print ribbon in autumn colors for a lovely wall decoration.

Fasten an arrangement of the small ornamental gourds to the inside of a shallow basket for another "pretty" to hang on the wall or for a table arrangement. Other items that work well with these same background pieces include corn-husk dolls, cornhusk flowers, dried grasses and seed pods. Very pretty seed flowers can be easily made to use in such an arrangement. For each flower, cut a circle of cardboard. Glue dried lima beans, or other beans, or sunflower seeds around the outside rim of the cardboard, petal fashion. Fill in the flower blossom by gluing on more seed petals. Fasten the flower to a wire stem which you then wrap with green florist's tape.

My favorite for our entrance hall is a pair of child's bright red mittens fastened to a wicker mat. Small ears of popcorn are tucked inside the mitten cuffs.

For a nostalgic look, try an ear of field corn, with husks pulled back, along with an old-fashioned husking peg (or hook).

A Log Cabin Church, made with the logs from a child's play log set, makes an attractive centerpiece. Use twigs to make a rail fence along one side and place a few Pilgrim figures as if they are ready to enter the church.

Pumpkin Cart Display Cut the top from a pumpkin and scoop out the seeds. Cut thick slices of a large acorn squash for the wheels and fasten one to each side of the cart with a length of dowel. Cut a short length from a small tree branch to stick into the front of the pumpkin cart for the tongue of the cart. Fill the cart with fresh fruit, vegetables, gourds, nuts, and a few autumn leaves.

Osage Oranges, or hedge balls, work into beautiful fall arrangements. Their lovely lime-green color is a beautiful contrast to the autumn colors. The balls are especially lovely with gourds, fall leaves and Indian corn in a basket.

COVER PICTURE

This autumn scene used to be a very familiar sight in the countryside of our Midwestern states, but since the invention of corn pickers, followed by combines, we no longer see corn shocks in the fields. (When I was a child, we called them Indian teepees.)

In these times we rarely see them except as yard decorations, and for my generation they call up a sense of genuine nostalgia.

I snapped this memento of the past in the yard of one of my neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Ehlers of Lucas, Iowa.

—Dorothy

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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Let Us Give Thanks

EASY BREAD DRESSING

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup diced onion
1/2 cup diced celery
2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
2 tsp. poultry seasoning or sage
1 egg
1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
Hot water or broth
2 quarts dry bread cubes or pieces

Combine butter, onion, celery, salt, pepper, seasoning, egg and cream of chicken soup. Stir into bread crumbs. Add enough very hot water or broth to moisten. Stir well. Let set for 20 minutes. Pour into greased 9- by 12-inch baking dish. Add additional water or broth if needed. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Variations: 1 small can of oyster bits and pieces, juice and all, can be added. If you are doubling the recipe, you may also use 1 can of cream of mushroom soup. More salt and seasonings could be used according to your taste. —Hallie

RICH RAISIN-PECAN BARS

1 cup sugar
2/3 cup margarine or butter, softened
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 egg
2 cups all-purpose flour
3 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup light or dark corn syrup
1/4 cup molasses
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup raisins
1 cup broken pecans

Mix the 1 cup sugar, the margarine or butter, 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring, 1/2 tsp. butter flavoring and 1 egg. Stir in flour. Press dough in an ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees until edges are light brown, about 15 minutes.

Beat the 3 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, corn syrup, molasses and 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring. Stir in raisins and pecans; pour over crust. Bake until set, about 25 to 30 minutes. Cool completely, then loosen edges from sides of pan and cut into bars.

This is a delicious "portable pecan pie" with a raisin difference. —Mary Lea

SPICY SWEET POTATOES

2 1/2 lbs. sweet potatoes, peeled
1/2 cup margarine
1/2 cup light brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup pineapple juice

Cook the sweet potatoes until tender. Slice in 1 1/2-inch thick slices. Place in a buttered baking dish and dot with the margarine. Combine the brown sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt and sprinkle over the potatoes. Combine the butter flavoring and pineapple juice and pour over all. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. —Verlene

CARAMEL-FROSTED APPLE CAKE

1 1/4 cups salad oil
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
2 cups peeled and chopped raw apple
1 cup chopped pecans

Place oil in large mixing bowl. Add the sugar, eggs and flavorings. Beat until creamy. Resift flour with the salt, soda and baking powder. Add to creamed mixture in small amounts, beating well after each addition. Stir in the apple and nuts. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 55 minutes, or until done. Cool slightly and frost with the following:

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. evaporated milk
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
3 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar

Combine all frosting ingredients in saucepan. Place over heat and cook until bubbly. Spread over the cake.

JEWEL CRANBERRY SAUCE

1 lb. raw cranberries, washed
2 cups sugar
1 cup water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Mix all ingredients together. Place in a 9- by 12-inch oven-proof glass pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Let cool in baking pan. Spoon gently into a crystal bowl for serving. Chill before serving. —Verlene

BAKED APPLES

6 medium apples
1/2 to 3/4 cup raisins
1 1/2 Tbls. honey
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 Tbls. margarine
2 Tbls. grape jelly
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Core apples, leaving a little of the apple at bottom end. (Do not make a hole clear through both ends.) Peel the apples about halfway down, leaving the bottom half unpeeled. Put apples into a baking pan which just fits. Fill the apple cavity with raisins, honey and cinnamon. Place a dot of margarine on top of each apple. Put about 3/4 inch of water in bottom of pan. Add the jelly and flavoring to the water. Bake in 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until apples are tender. Baste a couple times during baking. Delicious warm with meat. Could also be served as a dessert cold with whipped topping. —Juliana

YUM-YUM COOKIES

1 1/4 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
2/3 cup margarine or vegetable shortening, softened
1/4 cup granulated sugar
3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 3/4-oz. pkg. instant lemon pudding mix (dry)
2 eggs
2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
1 cup butterscotch chips
1/2 cup chopped black walnuts (or other nuts could be used)
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the flour, soda, margarine or shortening, sugars and dry pudding mix. Work together until crumbly. Add eggs and beat until smooth and creamy. Mix in the oats, butterscotch chips, nuts and flavorings. This will make a stiff dough. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto baking sheet. Dip finger in granulated sugar and flatten a bit. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes. Makes about 50 cookies.

—Dorothy

CRANBERRY-ORANGE BREAD

2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 1/2 tsp. soda
1 cup sugar
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 Tbs. melted butter
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

1/2 cup orange juice
2 Tbs. hot water
1/2 cup chopped nuts

1 cup coarsely cut raw cranberries
1 Tbs. grated orange rind

Sift the flour, salt, baking powder, soda and sugar together. Add the egg, melted butter, flavoring, orange juice and water. Mix until just moistened. Fold in the nuts, cranberries and orange rind. Spread in greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Let stand for 20 minutes. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 50 minutes or until it tests done. Cool completely, then wrap and let set for 24 hours before serving. —Robin

DOT'S SHRIMP DIP

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 can shrimp, rinsed and chopped
1 tsp. prepared mustard
3 Tbs. grated onion
Dash of hot pepper sauce

Mix all ingredients and refrigerate several hours to blend flavors. Serve as a dip with raw vegetables or crackers. The shrimp can be any size can, "cheap" is fine. —Mary Lea

EASY FRUIT CAKE

1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
Pinch of salt
1/2 cup candied red cherries
1/2 cup candied green cherries
1/2 cup candied pineapple, chopped
1 1/2 cups pitted dates, chopped
1 cup pecans, chopped
4 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Sift the sugar, flour and salt together in a large mixing bowl. Add the red and green cherries, pineapple, dates and pecans. Mix until well coated. Stir in eggs one at a time. Add the flavorings. (Be sure to scrape the bowl well as this is a very heavy dough.) Place in a 9½- by 4-inch loaf pan that has been lined with greased brown paper. Bake in a 300-degree oven for 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Cool. Wrap and store in a cool place to mellow.

NOTE: This cake does not have any baking powder or soda. —Verlene

EASY SWEET BREAD SPREAD

1/2 cup butter
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon, almond or vanilla flavoring
1 Tbs. sugar
3 Tbs. whipped cream

Cream the butter. Add the flavoring and sugar. Fold in the cream. Spread on any holiday bread. Also good on waffles or pancakes. —Robin

BANANA SALAD

1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 Tbs. butter
1/2 cup milk
1/2 Tbs. flour
1/4 cup vinegar
6 to 10 sliced bananas
1 cup crushed peanuts (save 1/4 cup for topping)

Mix together sugar, egg, butter, milk and flour. Cook until warm, then add vinegar. Bring to boil, then cool. Combine the cooled mixture with the bananas and crushed peanuts. Place in serving bowl and scatter reserved peanuts over top. —Donna Nenneman

FRUITED PUMPKIN BREAD

3/4 cup butter or margarine
1 1/4 cups sugar
3 eggs
3/4 cup canned pumpkin
3/4 cup mashed ripe banana
1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
3 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 1/2 tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice or nutmeg
1 cup chopped pecans

In a large bowl, beat the butter or margarine and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Stir in pumpkin, banana and flavoring. Sift the flour with the soda, salt and spice. Mix into creamed mixture until well blended. Add nuts. Grease and flour two loaf pans and spoon in batter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour. Cool about 5 minutes in pans and turn out. —Robin

SHRIMP AND WILD RICE
(Microwave)

1 cup wild rice
1 lb. dressed, uncooked shrimp
2 Tbs. lemon juice
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sliced mushrooms
1 10¼-oz. can tomato soup, undiluted
1/2 cup light cream
1/4 cup apple cider

Cook rice according to package directions. Meanwhile, place shrimp in a bowl, sprinkle lemon juice over and let marinate for a few minutes. Mix the remaining ingredients in a 2½-qt. casserole. Add the cooked rice and shrimp (lemon juice included). Cover and microwave for 10 minutes. Let set a few minutes before serving. Could be baked in a conventional oven at moderate heat for 25 to 30 minutes. —Juliana

RICE CRISPY COOKY

1 cup butter
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup oil
1 large egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
3 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup raw rolled oats
1 cup coconut
1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup crisp rice cereal

Cream white sugar and butter until light and fluffy. Add brown sugar and oil and beat well. Beat in egg and flavorings. Sift flour, salt, soda, and cream of tartar together and beat into batter until smooth. Stir in oats, coconut and nuts. Fold in cereal. Chill well, even overnight. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Makes 11 dozen small cookies. —Dorothy

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HOAGIE TURKEY SANDWICH

- 2 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 Tbls. cider vinegar
- 3/4 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. poppy seed
- 2 cups chopped green cabbage
- 4 6-inch French rolls or wiener buns, split

- 1 green pepper, sliced into rings
- Sliced cooked turkey
- 1/2 lb. thinly sliced Swiss or mozzarella cheese

Combine the oil, vinegar, sugar, salt, pepper and poppy seed. Mix well. Toss with cabbage. Divide mixture among the rolls and spread on bottom half of roll. Top with green pepper, sliced turkey, cheese and top half of roll.

Wrap in foil and warm in oven, or cover with waxed paper and heat in microwave, or open sandwich and put in broiler. A good way to use up leftover turkey.

—Hallie

JOHNNY APPLESAUCE

- 2 1/2 cups water
- 4 Tbls. strained fresh lemon juice
- 7 medium-size firm tart apples
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2/3 cup apple cider
- 6 Tbls. red currant jelly
- 2 cinnamon sticks
- Grated rind of 2 lemons
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1/3 cup raisins

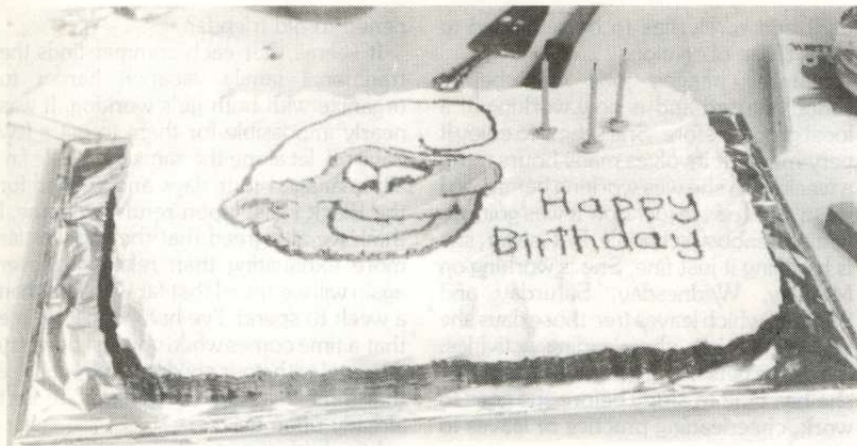
Mix half of the water and half of the fresh lemon juice in a bowl. Peel and core apples. Cut apples into 1/2-inch irregular chunks. Drop apple pieces into bowl of water and lemon juice to prevent discoloration.

In a medium, heavy-bottomed saucepan, combine remaining water, lemon juice, 1/4 tsp. lemon flavoring, sugar and apple cider. Bring to boiling, then reduce to a simmer and add the apple chunks. Partially cover and cook until apples are just tender. (Apple pieces should remain whole.)

With a slotted spoon, transfer apples to a bowl. Add the currant jelly and cinnamon sticks to the syrup left in pan and bring to a boil over medium heat; then reduce to a simmer and cook until syrup is reduced to one-third. Stir in lemon rind and remaining flavorings. Pour syrup over apples and stir in walnuts and raisins.

This spicy and chunky applesauce is delicious warm or cold. It is good as a dessert or as an accompaniment to pork or game. Makes 6 servings.

—Robin



Emily DiCicco baked and decorated this "Smurf" cake for her son, Stephen's, third birthday party.

EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded

my parents, my brother, Clark, and perhaps the Walstad crew from New Mexico. We're anxious to meet the newest member of our family, Lee Field Walstad.

Rich will not join us for Thanksgiving, however, as he will be on a trip to the Philippines and Japan. Technology Catalysts, Inc. has been asked by the U.S. government to assist U.S. small businesses to license their technologies to businesses in Asia at a trade fair in Manila. (Rich did the same thing last year in Zimbabwe, Africa.) Then he and his associate will travel to Tokyo to attend another trade fair. It is his first trip to Asia (I have never been there either), so he is looking forward to it. However, he is not looking forward to being away from home a month, nor to the long flights.

For Christmas we plan to stay close to home. The years before we had children, we enjoyed spending Christmas in Denver in order to ski a few days. But now that we have children, we have that "nesting urge" to develop our own family holiday traditions. I hope we'll be joined by the DiCiccos and the Confessores.

On December 12, we'll have some type of celebration for Martin first birthday. In years past I've hosted the Christmas party for Rich's office. But I think maybe it's time to drop this event in favor of some type of family gathering at a less hectic time of year. Anyway, we'll be having a grand "office-warming" party to open our new office early in the new year, so I think that should suffice for our entertaining this year.

I mentioned earlier that we had James Lowey with us for Stephen's birthday party. In fact he was with us for three weeks. He worked as an "intern" for Rich and other members of his staff. He did searches at the U.S. Patent Office, conducted research at the Library of Congress, and prepared mailings for the trade fair that is to be held on the West Coast this fall.

James did have a few free days over

the weekends to catch up on typical Washington tourist scenes. He went to the Kennedy Center one night, to a rock concert, to Baltimore's Aquarium and Inner Harbor, and to the beach.

Robin Justiz took James wind surfing on the Potomac River, to the C & O Canal, to the National Gallery of Art, and to a movie. He loved her apartment and its Georgetown location, and he liked shopping in some of the stores there.

We hope James can join us again next year, and I hear that his sister, Katharine, also has expressed her interest in coming. Rich's cousin from New Jersey thought that perhaps he'd like to work here for a few weeks. I told Rich he'd missed his calling as a camp counselor!

Have a happy holiday season,

Sincerely,
Emily DiCicco

MOTHER'S TEAKETTLE

Mother's teakettle,
gone like many an April,
still sings the old songs
to the glory of morning
and the tune of memories.

—William Walter DeBolt

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DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

Another summer is gone! It seems like just yesterday that I would drive to the not-quite-finished neighborhood school to wait for that big yellow school bus to deliver a host of tired and hungry kindergartners back to their homes. My kindergartener was Natalie and this fall she is a senior. How time does fly!

Those of you who have seniors know what a hectic time it is. There are ACT and SAT tests to be taken, if they are planning on attending college. They must have their class pictures taken and a print, meeting the yearbook specifications, delivered to the office by a certain date. Of course, graduation announcements must be chosen and ordered, students must be measured for their graduation robes and the robes ordered, and the list of things to be done by this date or that date seems to grow endlessly longer. Fortunately, Natalie is a highly organized person (just like her

dad) and rarely has to be reminded to meet these obligations.

Natalie changed jobs right before school started and is now working at a local grocery store. She seems to enjoy it very much. It involves many hours more a week than she was working before, so I wasn't quite sure just how it was going to fit into her busy schedule. But, so far, she is handling it just fine. She is working on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, which leaves free those days she needed for her cheerleading activities. Since she gets out of classes at 1:00 P.M., she has time to study before she goes to work, cheerleading practice or leaves to attend a game.

Lisa is attending the University of Nebraska at Omaha again this fall. This semester she is taking 15 credit hours and staying very busy. She has classes in Chemistry, Botany, Genetics and World Civilization. She has made a tentative decision to major in Biology.

Any of you who are parents of college students realize that a major is likely to change several times before they really find what they feel they will be comfortable with and enjoy doing for the rest of their lives. I think the youngsters of today are far more aware of the importance of enjoying their occupation than we were at their age. Of course, when we were at their age, we had never heard of the term "occupational burnout." Now they read about it in the papers almost weekly.

Lisa is still working at a local lumberyard. However, her job has changed rather significantly. Instead of checking out purchases at the registers, she is working in the office.

This was the year to attend weddings and wedding anniversaries for us. Two of the young men on our block were married this summer. This begins what will probably be many summers to come of weddings, as there are already three scheduled for next summer. At one point, several years ago, we did a "block count" and found that we had 21 young people on the block, ranging in ages from 13 to 21. Let's see, that averages out to three weddings a year for seven years.

When you start attending the weddings of your friends' children, that generally means that most of us are approaching our own silver wedding anniversaries. We had an opportunity to attend such an anniversary open house this summer for Ron and Fran Witt. My husband, Tom, and Ron have worked together for the past ten years; however, my friendship with Fran and Ron goes back to our college years. As a matter of fact, I've known them longer than I've known Tom. It was a delightful afternoon and evening, and I had the pleasure of seeing several people that I hadn't seen since graduating from college. Isn't it a shame that we sometimes have to wait 25 years to catch up on what's hap-

pened to old friends?

It seems that each summer finds the traditional family vacation harder to organize with both girls working. It was nearly impossible for them to get a few days off, let alone the same days. We finally managed four days and headed for the Black Hills. Upon returning home, I think we all agreed that the trip was far more exhausting than relaxing. Never again will we travel that far with less than a week to spend. I've had people tell me that a time comes when you just don't try to travel with your children, and I can see that time fast approaching, if it isn't already upon us.

I think it's time to close and get something ready for us to eat before we head for the football game.

Sincerely,
Donna Nenneman



TABLE GRACES

God bless this food that we shall eat,
This bread that we shall break;
And make our actions kind and sweet,
We ask for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Bless to us, our Father, this food and things which we use and enjoy, for Thou art the giver of every good and perfect gift. We thank Thee for all Thy goodness to us. We pray that Thou wilt guide us by Thy Spirit in the use we make of Thy gifts. Forgive us our many sins. Lead us in the ways of righteousness, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

This morning, O Lord, we lift thankful hearts to Thee. Hear us as we direct our prayers unto Thee, for Thou art compassionate in love, in power, in holiness, and in equity. Accept our thanks for this food and keep us through the hours of this day. In Christ's name, we ask it. Amen.

Our Father, we thank Thee for Thy care through the night and for all the comforts and joys from Thy hand this morning. Bless this food to our use. Keep us faithful and humble in Thy service this day. In Jesus' name, we pray. Amen.

In Jesus' name we near this board,
Bless God the gifts it doth afford.
We to Thy glory and our good,
In Jesus' name receive this food.

*Thankful
for*



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FOCUS ON THE CRANBERRY

by
Norma Tisher

One of the first off-the-wall questions that comes to mind is how did the cranberry (wild berry) get started? The cranberry has quite a legend.

It seems as though, according to the myth, an Indian medicine man mired Rev. Richard Bourne in quicksand during a quarrel over whose "medicine" was the most powerful. During the fifteen-day marathon battle, the medicine man had fallen to the ground because of lack of food and water. Rev. Bourne, unable to move in the quicksand, was fed by a talented white dove that bravely helped to complete the related act. The dove fed the reverend little red berries which maintained his survival. In the course of this event one of the red berries fell upon the ground and took root. This was the beginning of the cranberry, one of North America's favorite native fruits.

It is believed that cranberries were present at the first Thanksgiving feast in 1621. Long before the Pilgrims landed on our shores, early Indians were using glossy red berries (cranberries) for medicine, dye, and food. The cranberry juice added brilliant color to the Indians' rugs and blankets. The Indian introduced the cranberries to the Pilgrims but they were small bitter fruits, not the plump spicy jewels of today.

You may wonder how this bitter berry got its name. It is very simple. To the Pilgrims, the June and July cranberry blossoms resembled the heads of cranes. The term "craneberry" was later contracted to "cranberry."

The Indians presented and acquainted the Pilgrims with gifts of cranberries as a sign of friendship. Cranberries were a symbol of peace among the Delawares in New Jersey at their tribal peace feasts.

Pemmican was one dish which the Indians relished. Pemmican was a mixture of dried venison, fat, and cranberries pounded to a pulp, made into patties and placed on rocks to bake in the sun. Today pemmican, with cranberries as the vital ingredient, is a concentrated food often used by hikers for emergency rations.

Cranberries have some rare and remedial values: A cranberry poultice was commonly used for treating wounds inflicted by poisoned arrows. During long voyages, American ships carried cranberries in the holders to be eaten by the sailors to ward off scurvy. Drinking cranberry juice for breakfast helps avoid painful pebbles. Cranberries contain the very important Vitamin C which promotes good teeth and a clear complexion and prevents anemia.

Cranberries have many dietary and

helpful hints:

Fresh cranberry size, shape and color will depend on the variety. As a general rule they are all glossy, firm, plump and red. Poor quality is indicated by shriveling, dull appearance, softness or stickiness. A plus sign for the cranberry is the natural waxy coating which helps them last longer than most berries.

Cranberries are appreciated for their tartness and goodness. When making a gelatin salad, fresh ground cranberries are hard to gel so remember to use more gelatin than recipe calls for.

Chemically, the cranberry has a lot of spark because it consists of water, plant fibers, sugar, pectin, waxy materials, protein and the various ash constituents such as calcium, magnesium, potassium, and phosphorus. There are only 26 calories in 3½ ounces!

The best relish is cranberry relish which has been made the day before. In any case, oranges, apples, and crushed pineapple are pretty much interchangeable in recipes with cranberries.

September through January are the cranberries' peak months. During this five-month period, extra berries may be purchased to freeze—a process as simple as placing the unopened bag or box in the freezer. Come cooking time, wash and pick over the berries, no thawing needed. One pound of fruit measures four cups and makes one quart of whole berry or jellied sauce. Freezing retains more nutrients and attributes taste and color.

Cranberries take a lead in planning fall

menus. Build on to them as a perennial with chicken, duck, and turkey dinners, and for that matter, with almost any meat. So often the intention of the cranberry is overlooked. With today's convenience foods and instants, the tart flavor of cranberries can be enjoyed a great many ways: as a topping for ice cream, plain cake, or custard; as a glaze for baked ham; as a garnish for a salad, a meat platter, or open-faced sandwiches.

Cranberries have real versatility to make good meals taste better. In the light of things, the focus on cranberries makes it imperative that they are a traditional Thanksgiving food in the United States.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
laughed loudly at this, and in fun and jest we shouted: "Frame up! Frame up!"

Believe it or not, the next three gifts were won by the president's wife, son, and daughter! Did you ever hear of such a thing? A few minutes later the president won another of the gifts, and then his wife won another gift!! Before the drawing was over, we were all laughing hysterically. The last straw was when the *chairman* won a second gift!

Recently, several churches have invited me to become an "interim minister", that is, they want me to lead their churches until they find a new and permanent minister. I am having a difficult time deciding what to do about it. I shall keep you informed.

Sincerely,

Frederick



Be Ready for the Holidays

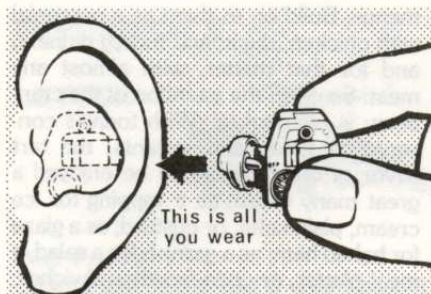


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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
KGGF	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:00 a.m.
KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
KWOA	Worthington, Mn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.

A GRANDMA BOOK

by
Vern Berry

Last year I received a gift that proved to be the most challenging, enjoyable, and satisfying project that I ever had. It was an illustrated book with questions for me to answer, and blank pages for me to fill with pictures, favorite poems or essays, recipes and family happenings. In short, when I finished it and returned it to my granddaughter as requested, it was a story of my life!

I spent long hours stirring up old childhood memories of family life and searching for old pictures from my early days. I had to decide what favorite poems or writings I wanted to include. I thoroughly enjoyed meandering through my memories.

You can make one for yourself by using a large flat notebook, photo album or a bound book with plain pages (available in bookstores). It took time, but not much money. You will find it a most interesting project for yourself and an original and precious gift for a daughter, granddaughter or favorite niece. (Maybe even a grandson!)

Make an outline before you begin, so that you won't omit something you might want to include later.

Following are some of the things you could include—you may think of others:

On the first page put a picture of yourself now—state your name, birthplace, age, and parents.

On the next page list brothers and sisters and tell some little thing about each one (their habits and accomplishments). Also tell a little about your parents.

Follow with pages of your own life—including pictures, a favorite poem or essay, your ideals and religious beliefs, or anything else important to you.

Answer such questions as:

Where did you start school? Proceed through your school years with favorite teachers, favorite projects and subjects. Where did you finish school?

Name your favorite childhood games and toys. Did you play jacks? Hopscotch? Make angels in the snow?

Who are your favorite aunts, uncles, cousins and why?

Describe your social life, including your first date. Where did you go? What did you do on dates when you were a girl? What about your first kiss? How did you meet Grandpa? When were you engaged? When and where were you married?

Include your favorite movie stars and old radio shows, TV shows today.

What did your family do for fun? Go fishing? Play tennis? Go dancing? Did you take trips? In a car? By train?

Describe your most embarrassing moment. Your proudest moment. Write about the births and childhoods of your

children. Describe their weddings.

Name your favorite lifetime friends. How did you best entertain your friends? Did you like to cook and bake? Include some tried and true family recipes.

Finish with a page of advice to your grandchildren. I enclosed the following meditation (which I wrote). You may like to use it:

ADVISE FROM GRANDMA

"The most important thing that I have learned, as the years slip by faster and faster, is that family and friends are your most cherished possessions.

Thank God for them! Thank Him for all of life's experiences. We grow, and grow wiser and stronger through the bad things that come our way. Keep learning something every year. Be alert to changes and try to change with the years and times.

Do not ever be a burden to your family. Be thankful that you had your children for a little while and hope that in some way you have been a good influence on them.

Take time to enjoy every day and the little joys of life. The big things are soon forgotten. Spread love around you. It is the stuff of dreams. It overlooks shortcomings. It heals even broken hearts. It is free for all to use.

Hold a little hope in your heart that your family and friends will rejoice that you have walked this way."

Start now to gather pictures, make notes, meander through your memory, and make a **GRANDMA BOOK** for someone you love.



FIRST PANTY HOSE

I went to buy some panty hose
For myself the other day;
The sizes were so confusing
I hardly knew what to say.

The clerk said, "May I help you?"
And help I surely did need,
The lengths were sized from short to long —
But they went from "petite" to "queen."

Now I know that I'm no longer petite
(Though I sure would like to be!)
But the sign displaying "Big Mama" hose
Surely didn't apply to ME!

"Your hip size, please?" the sales girl said —

"Do I REALLY have to tell?"
(The lady behind me was a friend,
And a diet club member as well!)

And then my eye caught another display —

The answer to my prayer —
"I'll have those 'One Size Fits All'
On the counter over there!"

— Louise Simms

FIVE KERNELS OF CORN

by
Erma Reynolds

This year add a traditional touch to your Thanksgiving table by placing five kernels of dried corn at each place.

Why five kernels of corn, you ask? It's because this grain played such a vital part in the lives of the Pilgrim settlers; without it they might have starved to death.

When the Mayflower reached our shores, a scouting party of sixteen men, led by Miles Standish, set out to explore the region. After hiking for miles, they discovered what William Bradford described as "certain heaps of sand." Some of the men dug into the heaps and uncovered a basket full of corn. They dug further and unearthed another basket filled with "very fair corn, some yellow, some red and others mixed with blue."

The Pilgrims had included wheat and barley seeds in their supplies, but knew, from reports of the earlier Virginia colonists, that corn was the crop that really grew best in this new land. Because of this knowledge, finding the corn cache delighted them.

But, pleased as they were, they hesitated before taking the corn. They realized they had probably chanced upon a hidden store of Indian corn, and if they helped themselves to it, it would mean they were stealing from the natives.

The temptation of the corn proved too much. They decided to carry away as much as possible, easing their consciences by telling each other that when they met the Indians they would explain why they had taken the corn, and would offer to "satisfy them" for their loss.

Today, in Plymouth, Massachusetts, there is a site called "Corn Hill," marked by a bronze tablet which reads: "Sixteen Pilgrims, led by Miles Standish, William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Tilley, found the precious Indian corn on this spot, November 16, 1620."

The winter of 1620-21 was full of hardship and misery for the settlers. Half of their small group died of diseases, exposure to cold, and privation. Food supplies fell so low that each person received a daily ration of only five grains of corn.

When spring arrived in 1621, conditions changed for the better when Squanto, an English-speaking Indian, entered their lives. It was he who gave the settlers Indian corn seed, showing them how and when to plant, using fish to fertilize the soil.

"Plant your corn," he said, "when the leaves of the oak are the size of a squirrel ear."

He further instructed that a guard be posted at the fields for some fourteen

nights, until the fish could rot. This precaution was to prevent the fish being dug up by hungry wolves. The settlers wisely followed Squanto's advice with the result of corn crops that grew and thrived.

When autumn came, the colony's affairs were in such an improved state, Governor Bradford thought it fitting to celebrate with a thanksgiving day: "After a more special manner rejoice together after we have gathered the fruit of labours."

Later, in New England's early days, five kernels of corn became a Thanksgiving symbol, with five kernels of corn placed at each person's place at feast tables to remind the diners of what their forefathers had suffered and survived during their privation days.

Why not place five kernels of corn at each place on your Thanksgiving table in remembrance of the fortitude of the Pilgrims, and a reminder of the blessings and abundance we enjoy today.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
two dining rooms and a coffee shop. The dining rooms were operated with full service until the outbreak of World War II. The coffee shop and passenger service operated until the late 1940's when both closed. The building was used for storage by the railroad for a few years, then sold to a beverage company to be used as a warehouse, then sold again to a dairy who also used it as a warehouse. In 1978 it was purchased by B.J. Dietz who has completely restored it, using as much of the original architecture as possible. In 1982 the depot opened again with two fine restaurants and a lounge. Various towns have tried to preserve their depots as a bit of the town's history. Some are using them as museums, and others as eating places. I think it is great.

Saturday night we attended the Barbershop Quartette Concert at the City Auditorium. We thoroughly enjoyed the music of the Pathfinder Chorus and two quartettes, the Rumble Seat Reunion Combination and the Missouri

Valley Music Company. These men love to sing and entertain, and they did a terrific job. The groups were from the Omaha and Fremont, Nebraska, areas.

On Sunday we attended the Community Sunday Services at the beautiful big Senior Citizen Center, with a potluck dinner following. We enjoyed the singing of the Choralairs, a recently organized group of senior citizens who love to sing, the organ music played by Edna Michaelson, and the sermon of Rev. John David.

The conclusion of our Norfolk visit was attending another concert at the Granada Theater. We heard a program given by the Jazz Band of Northeast Nebraska, followed by Doc Severinsen and his group. We headed home feeling we had a full and happy time in Norfolk that we will never forget.

Before the weather gets bad Bernie and I hope to make a short trip to Wyoming to see our family out there. If all goes as planned, I will report on that next month. Until then . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

It is a good idea to have your perennial flower beds go into winter clean, so if the weather permits, continue to hoe and cultivate to rid them of late-growing weeds. By doing so you will turn out insects that intended to hibernate in the topsoil. As soon as frost blackens the annual flower beds in our garden and yard, the shrunken plants are pulled and hauled to the compost heap. Then the beds are sprinkled with diazinon and worked to a depth of 5 to 6 inches. Next spring one only has to wait for the soil to dry out enough to till again and the beds are ready for immediate planting. Sometimes the temperature drops too severely and this chore must be left until spring which delays planting.

Put off winterizing roses until the last minute if possible. This allows the water to go out of the canes and the foliage to drop off before you mound soil around the base. Cut off some of the top growth, so they won't sway in the wind, then tie the remaining canes together. It is much easier to work among plants that are handled in this manner. Haul soil or compost (much better than soil) and pour over the center of each rosebush to a depth of 8 to 10 inches. Before snow arrives, pile leaves or old hay over the mounds and anchor in place with chicken wire and old boards. Granted that roses winterized in the above manner are unsightly, it is the only way to go if they are to survive our Midwest winters. Soon a thick blanket of snow will make the yard serenely beautiful again and give added protection.

For over forty years, we have had a row of daffodils, variety King Alfred, growing just under the drip line of a row of old lilacs. Almost without fail, the daffodil clumps appear before the snow is all gone and produce a mass of golden blooms. In late summer after the foliage has ripened on the daffodils, it is mowed off and the planting site is mulched with old rotted manure. That seems to be all these lovely bulb plants need in the way of care and maintenance. Daffodils are great for planting in woods, among other perennials and shrubs. The plantings will be permanent because their bulbs are not attractive to moles, or squirrels or other gnawing rodents. The soil should be reasonably well-drained and the planting site can be in sun or semi-shade. While daffodils should be planted as early in the fall as you can obtain bulbs, you can still plant late if you mulch extra well.

Perhaps one's value can be more precisely measured by what one treasures most: the wealth of things or the treasures of heart and soul.



Martin Joseph DiCicco is always happy when his mother, Emily, puts him in his backpack and they go shopping or visiting.

CHURCH SUPPERS & BAZAARS — Concluded

one was ready to leave. The women were exhausted, but some were already thinking of next fall's bazaar and supper with anticipation.

Because social events were rather few and far between during the Thirties, both the church members and the guests gladly looked forward to the annual suppers and bazaars. This became a way of life which brought people closer together as they shared work, food and conversation. The hard work brought in needed revenue for the church, but it also allowed the individual to develop self-respect and raised his self-esteem. I'd say that was a fair exchange.

BUILD A BRIDGE

At first there was no bridge.

On either side of the wide river people lived. But those on the far side and those on the near didn't know each other. They had no way to trade happiness, nor help, nor friendship. Each was the poorer because no highway lay between them.

But a bridge builder came. Across the river, reaching to the far shore, he made his bridge. A thing of substance, solid and lasting. And at once, the people on the far side and those on the near became one people. Across the bridge flowed an exchange of all the good things that each possessed. Over the bridge moved friendship, understanding, affection and mutual regard.

You can build a bridge, too.

Send across your bridge a smile of happiness, a word of cheer, a bit of homey chat. Remember that the bridge runs two ways. Back across it will come multiplied all that you send.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

How has your day been? Has it been filled with fine things happening? The following poem, although relating to children and school, perhaps can make you feel good, too.

SONG FOR A GOOD DAY

Once in a while there's a day when you wake
And you know that you never can make a mistake.
Your breakfast is all of the things you like most.
The jelly stays put on the top of the toast.
You're late for the school bus—it comes in a minute.
A seat by the window has nobody in it.
You get back a test, and it's marked with a star.
You run in a race. You're the winner by far.
The sun is so bright, and the sky is so blue
That you know God has made them especially for you!

Once in a while it can happen that way
On a beautiful, wonderful, very good day.

The poem is taken from a book of poems by Lois Duncan, with photographs of the children in her family to illustrate each. *From Spring to Spring* (at your Christian bookstore, or write the Westminster Press, 925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA. 19107, \$10.95) is a delightful poetry book relating to children, to the seasons, and to life in general. Lois Duncan sold her first story at age 13, and has written 27 books. She lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico. She likes doing things with her family, and she hates cold weather and cleaning the oven! I'd like to know Lois Duncan.

This book is being mentioned in the November column, in case you wish to order it as a Christmas gift. *Christmas in the White House* (at your Christian bookstore, or write the Westminster Press, 925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, PA. 19107, \$11.95) is written by Albert Menendez and gives an insight into presidential Christmases, the men who lived in the White House, and the customs they followed with their families at Christmastide.

Some of the true events included George Washington's love for going home to Mt. Vernon for Christmas. He felt homesick when he couldn't be there. Teddy Roosevelt said that there is something about Christmas that is almost indescribable, and was struck by the solemnity of the holiday. Andrew Jackson had a special feeling for orphans, remembering his own sad childhood.

Eleanor Roosevelt loved Christmas shopping so much, she did it all year long, and remembered all the staff. Her children got practical gifts. Dwight Eisenhower proclaimed in his Christmas speech, "We must proceed by faith, knowing the light of Christmas is eternal, though we cannot always see it."

The human interest stories in *Christmas in the White House* make this a special book concerning presidential history. The author has researched the subject well. With illustrations, the book is good entertainment.

Dear Bess the Letters from Harry to Bess Truman, 1910-1959, edited by Robert Ferrell (W. W. Norton Publishers, \$19.95) is a book of the letters from the 33rd president of the United States, written to Elizabeth Virginia Wallace, a very private First Lady. They met at Independence, Missouri, at the Presbyterian Sunday school when he was 6 and she was 5. It was not until 1910, when he was 26, that he tried to win her. They finally married in 1919, after nine years of courtship. The letters he wrote are a record of the heart of a man from farmer to haberdasher, artillery captain, and politician. Truman described himself to Bess (in 1913) as "just a common everyday man whose instincts are too ornery, who's anxious to be right." Bess Tru-

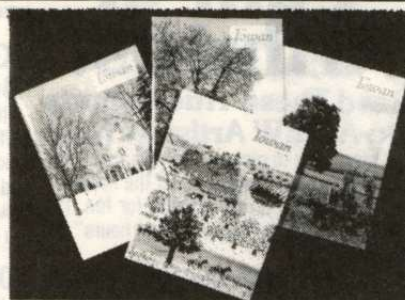
man did her best to keep him right. President Truman was a man who could write much that he could not say outright, and that makes *Dear Bess* a book showing genuine affection.

Pop-up books are popular with small children. *Sophie's Hideaway* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. \$9.95) by Renate Kozikowski tells of young Sophie, who'd like to read but her rambunctious family makes so much noise she can't. Surrounded by her best books and toys, Sophie finds a peaceful spot inside an old wardrobe. She starts to read, but soon falls asleep... From a high-flying start aboard a hot-air balloon above the bustling city to the finale inside a castle made of ice cream and cake, Sophie's dream-time adventure unfolds in full-color pop-up pictures. For children ages 3-6.

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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

The last time that we got together for a meal with these friends, the subject came up which is a touchstone for my generation. My mother's generation would ask each other, "What were you doing when you heard about Pearl Harbor?" My generation asks, "What were you doing when you heard that President Kennedy was shot?" After some discussion about this question, I asked everyone if they remembered that this event happened twenty years ago this November. I can recall this time period very clearly as it was shortly after President Kennedy's death that my dear father passed away very suddenly. The two events will always be linked in my mind. Our nation rose above the tragedy of presidential assassination and became stronger in the knowledge that our form of government can continue no matter what!

Personal tragedy required personal courage. I greatly admire my mother for her ability to continue with her own career while learning all the skills necessary to function in my father's place. Gracious! Was this all REALLY twenty years ago??

It looks like time has escaped me today, as well. I must start dinner!

Sincerely,

Juliana

FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION — NOV. 1622

"And, therefore, I, William Bradford—by the Grace of God today, the franchise of this good people—governor of Plymouth, say, through virtue of vested power . . . ye shall gather with one accord, and hold in the November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord."

ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

kind of celebration as well.

Oh, yes, Thanksgiving is an original "born and bred in America" holiday. I'm glad to be in an area where it is so easy to appreciate the origin of this country of ours, to appreciate those early brave Pilgrims and pioneers, and to appreciate the leaders who have made our country what it is today.

NEAT TRICK WITH GREETING CARDS

by
Evelyn Lyon

Do you often wonder what to do with those beautiful greeting cards you receive for birthdays, holidays, get-well and other special occasions? Now there is an answer for those who read a lot, and especially for those who have a good collection of books. Use them for bookmarks!

If you want to save the entire card, fine! That way you can remember the occasion and the person who sent it. You can even add the date and any personal notes you might want to include that would make it more meaningful. If you do not choose to do this, cut off the front of the card and just use that one beautiful part.

Go through your collection of books and place a card in the front of each book. Now, whoever sits down to read will have an ever-ready bookmark. No more hunting for something to use as a bookmark, but better yet, no bent-down pages.

You will enjoy your cards time after time, and whoever reads your books will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

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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.
Co-Editor, Juliana Verness Lowey, Albuquerque, New Mexico.
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.)

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

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1983.

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