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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It seems to me as if a couple of dozen decades have passed since I last sat down at a typewriter, rolled in a sheet of paper and wrote: "Dear Good Friends."

This morning I am sitting at Juliana's desk in Albuquerque, New Mexico...a city I had not been a bit certain that I could ever set foot in again because of health problems. Her typewriter is one that I gave up on at least 25 years ago and it could be hauled in and sold for a bona fide antique without any arguments. This morning I ask only that it hold up long enough to write to you.

So now you have me placed geographically and I am free to roam around on any odds and ends that cross my mind.

In these last two years I have been outside the city limits of Shenandoah exactly once, and that was a trip I made with Juliana when she came back to see me and wanted most eagerly to go up to her Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank's farm outside of Lucas. Her mind is crammed with memories of childhood experiences on that farm and she was hungry to see it again. It was one of those never-to-be forgotten trips for her and we were both tremendously grateful for every second of it.

When Juliana wrote and asked me if I could make it out to Albuquerque the last week in September I first felt that she was asking if I felt up to boarding the next shuttle trip planned for Outer Space!

She explained that for the first time in two years Jed could get away for a two week vacation, and they had an opportunity to go with their oldest friends, Dr. Steve Crouse and Chris Crouse of El Paso, Texas, plus John and Zee Baldwin of Albuquerque. Their destination would be Greece.

Juliana made it crystal clear that if I couldn't make it she would round up someone locally to come in and take charge, and this means seeing to it that James and Katharine get on the school bus at 7:10, lunch boxes in hand, and a



During the holidays, Lucile enjoys the gifts of anthurium and bird of paradise.

big steaming hot meal on the table at 6:15 P.M. I couldn't do this on my own, of course, but Betty would be with me and could juggle the food deal.

Well, there was a given date when I had to give her my decision so I lived with that date uppermost in my head and then came to the conclusion that under no conditions could I let her down and I WOULD make the trip no matter what. And here I am.

Now at this point I must backtrack and tell you what happened before we started out on the trek to New Mexico. Betty and I have been companions now for almost eleven years, and in this period of time you become vitally concerned with the welfare of children and grandchildren belonging to both parties.

Old time friends will remember that Betty has a son, Nicholas, who lived in San Francisco for many years and worked as a very successful chef. In the late spring of this year he felt "fed up" with the San Francisco scene and wanted to return to his family and friends at the old home base in St. Paul—Minneapolis. News of returning to his "roots" was joyfully received.

Old time friends may also recall that Betty's mother, Mrs. Lucille Rice ("Lou" in all of my references to her) has a summer cottage at Lake Ottetail, around 200 miles northwest of the Twin Cities. (In days gone by I spent two happy vacations there.)

Well, Nicholas had no trouble whatsoever in lining up a good chef's job at one of the biggest hotels in the Twin Cities. Before he started in on a Monday he decided to take his grandmother, Lou, and one of his old friends up to the cottage at Lake Ottetail for a final weekend of fishing, swimming and just plain relaxing. The weather was gorgeous when they started out and everything was set for a perfect weekend before reporting at the gruelling new job.

As soon as the car was unpacked, Nicholas and his friend got into their swimming shorts and went down to the end of their dock to dive in and really enjoy themselves. That first dive was the last dive. Somehow Nicholas hit his head on a rock and broke his neck.

Now I will condense untold hours of anguish simply by saying that Betty left immediately to be with him, Lou took up her post by her telephone to answer the constant stream of calls, and life for everyone concerned lurched completely into another gear. Every family that has ever been through a comparable experience knows exactly what they have gone through.

When it was positively determined by the finest specialists working in that field of injuries that Nicholas would make a full recovery (no permanent paralysis they had so much feared—and with good reason), Betty said that she could go to

New Mexico with a light heart. And Lou welcomed the chance to have a wholesale change of scenery after being on duty at the phone almost around the clock.

SO...and I repeat SO...that is what lay behind the three of us when we stuffed the necessities of life into a wild collection of luggage and left the city limits of Shenandoah. I couldn't believe that we had really gotten on the road until we crossed the Missouri River at Nebraska City and were actually Westward Bound.

Our route was flexible, meaning that we had no exact time set for getting to any exact place—we were just on the road. I don't have any kind of a road map on this desk so can't give you numbers but will say that we went through Lincoln and then headed out towards York.

And right here I want to say something about the department responsible for marking highways, and this includes "bump ahead," "watch side drop," etc. etc. Never have we driven over roads as clearly and carefully marked as those Nebraska roads. They were certainly a joy to anyone not familiar with the areas.

It must have been around five o'clock when we decided to pull off at Geneva, Nebraska, to spend the night. We were too tired to think about going to any eating place, and Betty had prepared for this by bringing along an iced cooler with dependable stuff from our old refrigerator at home. This served us very well for our second night too, at Great Bend, Kansas.

We never passed through a town or saw signs indicating how many miles to a town off the main highway that I didn't recall the countless postmarks through the years from you old friends who wrote to Kitchen-Klatter. I was amazed at how much it all swept through my collection of memories.

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

It continues to be very dry, and now we are hoping it will stay dry until after the harvesting is done. Our area has had several hard frosts, but the crops were far enough along that most were not damaged by the frost, except perhaps a few small patches of beans that had been replanted.

The other day we lost a huge oak tree when it fell over into the bayou. Frank said every year a little more dirt from around the roots of the tree had washed away when the water was high, and I guess there just wasn't enough dirt left to hold the large tree up. There must have been a big splash when the big oak fell in the bayou, but neither of us heard it. The tree must have fell in at night during a hard wind. The electric wires coming into our house cross the bayou high in the air, and some of the limbs were lying on top of the wires after the tree fell. I called the REC office and they immediately sent linemen out with a truck that has the big bucket so they could reach the limbs to saw them off. While the REC men were here they checked all the trees that are close to the wires and took care of all the trimming. The big oak was real close to the place on the bank where Kristin and Julian stood to fish this summer, so we are glad the oak waited awhile before it fell.

This past month has been a real busy one for me. It started off with a trip to Des Moines to have a visit with Frank's Aunt Delia and her sister, Helen Wagner. Our friend, Dorothea Polser, was going to make the trip to visit with her aunt who is in a nursing home a few blocks from where Helen and Delia live, so she invited Bernie, Belvah Baker and me to go with her. Delia was looking very well. She just had her 88th birthday.

This month we had a Birthday Club luncheon at the home of Maxine Siglin. We hadn't gotten together all summer so we had a real enjoyable time. One of the guests that day was a neighbor of Maxine's, Olive Pim. She had been a guest many times, so all of us were well acquainted with her. Olive had just had her 85th birthday and had told us how fortunate she was because she could still live alone, drive her own car, do all of her yard work, take care of her garden, and really feel very well. You can imagine how shocked we all were to learn that Olive had died the very next day while working in her yard. I am glad I had my camera at club that day and had taken pictures to put in our club historical book because I got a real good picture of Olive.

Dorothea and I journeyed to Baxter,



Dorothy Johnson took this picture of wild turkeys on their farm near Lucas, Iowa.

Iowa one day this month to attend a salad luncheon at the Congregational United Church of Christ. Other church groups had been invited, so there was a nice crowd. The tables looked lovely and the salads were excellent. They seated us at the birthday table for the September birthday women, and this was very appropriate because Dorothea's birthday is in September. All the tables had beautiful bouquets of fall flowers, and of course there was a big, decorated birthday cake on our table. One of their moneymaking projects is selling handwoven rugs and I bought a beautiful one. One of the ladies had brought me a very old handmade yardstick with the Henry Field Seed Company name printed on it. She didn't know how they happened to have the yardstick but she wanted to give it to me. I told her my grandsons would be thrilled to death to have it and I appreciated her thoughtfulness.

Our church women were asked to serve a salad luncheon for the Farm Bureau Women's district meeting which was being held at our church in Lucas. It was the officers planning meeting for the ten counties in the district, and there were fifty-nine women registered from eight counties. Two counties weren't represented. They had asked our women to serve coffee and cookies at 9:00 when the women registered, to serve the luncheon, and to serve coffee and cookies after the meeting. I had been testing cooky recipes sent to me by our Kitchen-Klatter listeners and the cookies I was to furnish were all made and in the freezer.

Dorothea and I volunteered to make and furnish all of the chicken salad. This salad was served on lettuce on a salad plate and was already on the tables at each place. The women went to the salad bar for various vegetable and dessert salads, and sandwiches.

For entertainment Virginia Bell of Russell, Iowa gave a talk and demonstrations on flower arranging using fall flowers and weeds, squash, pumpkins,

and the tiny, miniature pumpkins the size of a teacup. I wish I had been able to hear her and see the arrangements, but I had another commitment and didn't get there in time.

Hallie, Verlene and I were invited to Norfolk, Nebr., again this year to participate in the town's big La Vitsef Fall Festival time. Last year we were the Grand Marshalls in the parade, and since this year was the 5th Anniversary of La Vitsef, the theme was Memories 5, so all the past Grand Marshalls were invited back to ride in the parade. The parade was very long this year with 168 entries including several marching bands, so it took an hour and a half for the parade to complete the route. We rode in a convertible with Steve and Linda Moore and their son Mark. Several thousand people lined both sides of the street on the entire route, in spite of the fact it was pretty chilly.

On this same weekend Norfolk was host to the Nebraska State Square Dance Convention, which brought in over 2000 square dancers to the city. We had driven to Norfolk on Friday. After dinner we went to the Norfolk High School, headquarters for the dancers, and watched them dance. They looked so pretty in their colorful square dance dresses and were having so much fun dancing; it made me wish I knew how to square dance. Competition for the best dancers was to start the next day but we didn't get to see any of that.

On Saturday afternoon Hallie, Verlene and I were on the program in Kings Ballroom. Preceding us was a style review by 4-H girls who modeled the clothing they had made and entered in their county fairs. All of them had received ribbons. They ranged in age from fourth graders to college freshmen, and all did such a nice job.

Our hosts while we were in Norfolk were Mr. and Mrs. Lynne Cox of the Lynne and Sons groceries. We certainly appreciate all the nice things they did for us, and the help Mrs. Cox gave us in getting a microwave oven for the demonstrations Hallie and Verlene gave.

The turkey hunting season will open soon. Frank and I have been watching these big birds every day. There are five that come close to the barn lot and walk around among the cows, hunting corn and grasshoppers. They aren't the least bit afraid of the animals but are awfully spooky around people. I have tried several times to get close enough to them to get a good picture with the telephoto lens; but no matter how carefully I try to sneak up on them, the least little movement will send them scooting to the timber.

This past month we did some repair work in our bathroom. We had to have a new floor laid. Since the room was going

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# Make A Joyful Noise

## A Thanksgiving Service

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** Make an arrangement on the altar using a large, old wooden bowl filled with fruits and vegetables. Tilt the bowl on its side to allow the vegetables and fruits to spill over onto the altar in an artistic display. Place an open Bible immediately to the front and right of the arrangement.

**Soft Music:** "Now Thank We All Our God."

### Call to Worship:

Sing a song of thanks, of giving, and of praise.

Such a song will cheer us through the coming days!

Thanks for toil that sweetens sleep,

Thanks for loved ones near,

Thanks for homes our toil can keep

Free from doubt and fear,

Thanks for little, happy things

Of friendship and of cheer!

Sing a song of giving, for if we do not share

Of our good with others, life is bleak and bare!

Gifts, from riches of our own,

For a needy one,

Gifts of love to one alone,

Gifts of joy and fun,

Gifts of little, friendly words,

Deeds with pleasure done!

Sing a song of praise for friendships old and new,

For family love and happy home—God gives them all to you!

Make a joyful noise to Him

Who doth our sins forgive

And showers us with blessings

Each day that we may live.

Praise Him with joyful hearts

For He doth GIVE AND GIVE!

**Scripture:** Psalms 100.

**Hymn:** "Come, Ye Thankful People."

**Leader:** Thanksgiving is a time for reflection, for evaluation. If we do this honestly we cannot help but feel we must truly "make a joyful noise" unto the Lord in thanksgiving and praise.

"Beautiful, wonderful sights to see

And wonderful sounds to hear.

The world is a place for a seeing eye,

A place for a listening ear,

And a place for a thankful heart."

—anon.

A SEEING EYE, a LISTENING EAR and THANKFUL HEART — Today I would like us to think about our five senses and their uses as we explore our

many blessings. I have asked friends to share with us their thoughts on each of these and as they do please listen and then be thinking of your own personal list of thanksgiving in these same areas.

**First Speaker:** How many blessings come under the sense of sight? I am thankful that I can see the faces of my loved ones, a beautiful sunset, the flowers in my garden, the smile of my neighbor, the path beneath my feet, the twinkle in my husband's eye, the daily paper and that I can read my Bible. There seems no end to the way God blesses us through the sense of sight—little every day, every minute blessings that we are so apt to take for granted but which make life so beautiful for us.

**Second Speaker:** I am so thankful for the sense of smell that lets me catch the aroma of fresh bread from the oven, the fragrance of a rose, the spicy smell of grandmother's apple butter bubbling on the stove, the scent of spring on a May morning, the freshness of the earth after a rain, the pungent odor of new leather shoes, the smell of popped corn, of new mown hay and the scent of my favorite soap after a bath. As the song goes, "These are a few of my favorite things," my favorite blessings.

**Third Speaker:** Did you ever stop to think about the blessings you enjoy because of the sense of taste? We might begin by starting with a day in our life—the taste of the bacon and eggs for breakfast and the taste of the fresh cup of coffee. Then there is the enjoyment from tasting the delicious things from the oven—fresh rolls, warm cookies, apple pie and roast turkey. How wonderful the taste of food cooked over an open fire or grill out-of-doors. There's the taste of hot soup when you're ill and the incomparable delight of a glass of cold water when you're thirsty. I like the "taste" of a kiss from a loved one, don't you?

**Fourth Speaker:** Now we will think about the blessings of hearing. I am thankful, I can hear the alarm clock in the morning. Think how it would be if you couldn't hear it! I am thankful for the wonderful sounds of nature I love to hear—crickets chirping, bees buzzing, birds singing, the gurgling brook and the rustle of the tree leaves. I'm blessed to hear someone laugh, a cat meow and a

rooster crow. How wonderful to hear the voices of loved ones and friends, the minister's sermon, the Bible being read and music. How great the blessing that lets us hear a baby's first cry, first laugh and first word. Little things of every day, we say, but truly the things that make every day, a great day to be alive. Praise be to God!

**Fifth Speaker:** How can one put into words all that it means to have the blessed sense of touch, of feeling? There's that delightful sense of warmth when snuggled safe under the blankets of your own bed at night, the wonderful softness of velvet, the smooth feel of satin, the furry feel of my kitten and the delight of walking barefoot in dew-drenched grass. I'm thankful, too, for the wonderful closeness I feel from a hug, a firm handclasp, or an arm around my shoulder. How blessed I am when a soft breeze cools my cheek or when my dog rubs against my knee to remind me he is near. Thank you, God, for the wonderful sense of touch, of feeling.

**Leader:** Let us be thankful. To be thankful is to be full of thanks. Let us be brimful and overflowing with thanks as we count the blessings of our daily life—the little, but mighty blessings that give our life real meaning and worth. Out of this plentitude give thanks to God in whom we live and move and have our being. Let us not give thanks grudgingly or sparingly but joyfully and freely.

Thomas Dreier wrote, "If you want health and happiness, start right now to give thanks. Give thanks to those who love and serve you. When you awaken in the morning start giving thanks and keep at it throughout the day. You will make of yourself a magnet that will attract health and happiness. Wealth of mind and spirit will flow upon you." This day, every day, "MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE" unto the Lord in thanksgiving.

**Hymn:** "Now Thank We All Our God"

**Prayer:** Dear Lord, so often we forget that all we cherish, all that is meaningful and good comes from Thee. Help us to be more aware and thankful for all that makes life good—for home, family and friends and for all the blessings of earth, thou hast bestowed upon us. Humbly, gratefully, we say Thank Thee, O God. Amen.



## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



Dear Friends,

A few days ago, I had an emergency run up the river in a motorboat. The clerk at the local yacht club, located about a mile up the river from our house, called to tell me there was a beautiful black swan swimming around the boats, and she wanted to learn what kind of a swan it was. I told her there was only one species of swan that was black, and it was the Australian Black Swan. Not believing there really was a black swan at the yacht club, I went up to find out for myself. It was an Australian Black, but where had he come from? He had to have escaped from a zoo or from some private swan pond on a big estate, perhaps an estate on Long Island.

Little did I know when photographing the black swan that on the very next day I would visit the estate from which the rascal had escaped. Friends had told me of an estate about ten miles from here in the Connecticut woods where there were specimens of all the various swan species. Sure enough! When I told the owner of the estate, I had just photographed an Australian Black Swan swimming about the Westerly Rhode Island Yacht Club, he let out a whoop and said: "That is my swan! He disappeared from here some time ago after being frightened by our efforts to remove a fish hook that was caught in his neck."

What a fascinating place that estate is!! I am going back there someday to make a tape for the Kitchen-Klatter program. While I stood there talking to the owner about the swan, a big flock of wild turkeys walked up and stood around us as though listening to our conversation. They were so close that I could have reached down and touched them! There were wild water fowl of all kinds swimming on several big ponds the owner had made for them. He must have at least five ponds, each being about two or three acres in size.

I must bring you up-to-date on our local swan situation. In a previous letter, I told you how Clyde (our widower swan) had driven off a nice young lady swan which had been visiting Clyde for several days. Right after that, Clyde disappeared. He had been gone three days before the other swans on the river dared to venture into Clyde's territory. One morning, there were fourteen swans just sitting in the middle of the river looking over toward our little cove as though wondering if they dared to come



Frederick is working in one of his gardens that he mentions in his letter.

on over. I blew the referee whistle that I have used to call swans for the past five years and one magnificent specimen left the flock and started swimming toward me. He was promptly followed by two female swans that we assumed were his girl friends. Because he came to the whistle, we knew the male swan had to have been one of Bonnie and Clyde's children of some previous year. Our swan families each year learn that the whistle means food! Those three swans stayed in the cove for several days, but they were nervous about being in Clyde's territory and kept watching for him to return. Since he did not return, the male finally decided to drive off one of the females and to keep the other female for his mate. Right away, they set up house-keeping in the cove, making hourly trips out into the river to fight off all other swans. Actually, they just took over Bonnie and Clyde's old territory, and in no time at all, the other swans accepted the fact that our part of the river was closed to them. The new couple was named Morris and Marie.

Now guess what has happened? Just after Morris and Marie had been accepted by all of us as our new pair of swans, Clyde came home with his new bride, a widow named Claudette. Swans are supposed to mate for life, never taking a second mate even after the death of one of them, except in cases where one of the couple dies in the first or second year of their marriage. The swan authorities say that about fifteen percent of the swans do re-mate, and obviously, Clyde is one of that fifteen percent.

Poor Morris and Marie! They took an awful beating from Clyde and Claudette! Much to our amazement, Claudette does even more fighting than Clyde. She is a really tough swan, and Clyde has not yet been able to teach her to eat out of my hand the way he does. When

Claudette first arrived here, she would not even touch bread, and bread is something that almost all swans eat with great relish. Clyde showed her how to eat it, but even though she stands within two feet of Clyde while he eats the bread out of my hand, Claudette won't try it. One of these days when the food supply is very low in the river, she will eat from my hand and be glad to do so.

On the first Sunday of this month, the church in Mystic, Connecticut where I am doing some part-time work held a big reception for us following the morning service. What a lovely affair it was, and to add some frosting to the cake, twenty-five people from our church in Springfield were present. After the reception, all of the Springfield people had lunch with Betty and me at a beautiful restaurant overlooking the water. We were their guests, but after lunch, they were our guests at the house and on a boat ride. They did not all want to go out on a boat, but about fifteen of them did, and those that did not sat out on our porch with Betty and watched the Sunday parade of beautiful boats go by the house. On the weekends, we usually have about one boat go past our house every twenty-eight seconds. My boat was not large enough for all those who wished to take a boat ride, and so we used the boat of one of my good sailing chums who lives just down the road from us.

You should see all of the mums I have blooming in our yard and in my garden down across the road!! I bought eighty beautiful plants just before they were to bloom, and in two days time, I had them all planted. It broke my heart to have to pull up some of my summer flowers which had continued blooming well into the fall, but I had to make room for the mums. Because I like to have flowers blooming all through the summer, there is no room for the mums in any kind of perennial garden. Just as soon as they are through blooming, I shall be giving away my mums and next year shall buy new ones again.

I have had the best luck growing cannas. So many people who stop to look at my gardens always ask about the canna lily. The reason they have not seen more canna lilies around is due to the fact that particular flower was so overused for so many years, so people grew tired of the canna lily and stopped planting them altogether. Today, the plant is making a comeback. They are so inexpensive, so easy to grow, and so dramatically beautiful. Next year I plan to have at least five dozen plants, or about double the number I have now.

One way to get acquainted with young people is to take them out to eat!! That is the way I am getting to know the high school young people in the church where  
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## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

The front door just latched shut behind Don and Paul as they hurried to Don's car parked in the driveway. Don is off for his engineering office and Paul is headed for the commuter bus which leaves from a location not far from Don's destination. Paul spent the night in his old bed after coming home for a big, hot meal and the services of this magnificent typewriter. One of his courses this term at Marquette University involves reading, then producing written summaries encompassing every writing skill including being typed. This machine of mine turns out such eye-appealing manuscripts with so little effort that Paul felt it worth his time to make a trip here to use it.

Paul is like a duck returning to a favorite lagoon as he reenters the field of academia. His first major hurdle was to find housing, which he did. He did not call upon movers to get transferred from his apartment near the lake to the one on campus. Instead, his young friends pitched in and performed a feat far more impressive than the strength associated with lifting heavy things—they squeezed a quart of furnishings into a pint of space. He is now comfortably situated in a very attractive efficiency apartment without having had to suffer the mental pain associated with disposing of one stick of furnishing. There's not much room for company but by the same token there is not much space in need of cleaning. I, not being one known to have ever thrown away or disposed of anything, cannot make many suggestions about how much simpler his life would be without *all* of these "things." The suggestion was tossed out by me that Paul could once again use our basement to store things until he has more room, but for now he is happy with all of his "things." Paul is back into the flow of college and has himself directly aimed toward completing his education. I am so happy and will not be distressed by anything.

The apartment building that Paul moved to is directly on campus. For a university which is located in the heart of a large city, it is most unusual to find non-college housing which is close. Paul's apartment windows all face west so he gets the best of every afternoon's sunshine. When the weather turns wintry, he has short distances to travel to classes or the library. There are also busses which connect him with those of us in the far, far western suburbs so he can and does get home pretty frequently. All in all, his life is humming along with purpose and success, and we're pleased with watching his progress.



Paul Driftmier, son of Don and Mary Beth Driftmier, is a college student at Marquette University. Paul enjoys his study routine again.

Adrienne moved about two weeks before Paul. She and a lovely young woman whom she met through the Marine Bank Corporation have rented a dear little house in a northern suburb. They have two bedrooms and a bath upstairs; living room, kitchen and dining room on first floor; and a full basement complete with a washer and dryer (thankfully); and a little push mower for their postage-size lawn. In their neighborhood, as in many in the Milwaukee area, there is a custom of holding a late summer "block party." The people on the block close off the street and set up chairs, charcoal grills, and tables for heaps of wonderfully prepared dishes. In this case, they even hired entertainment. The girls, Anne and Adrienne, determined that this was the best way to get to know their neighbors, but they were half right. It was the best way to lay to rest the curiosity of their neighbors about the new girls on the street. The woman who had lived there fifteen years had taken a new job in another city so she was sorely missed by her friends. These cute young "things" who had moved in really had the neighbors' curiosity peaked. The girls learned that everyone knew when they left for work and when they returned, even though their hours were extraordinary. Everyone wanted to know where they worked and a comment was made "goodness, such long hours!" Adrienne was quick to explain that she went from her job to the gymnasium to workout each evening; Anne explained that her bank kept hours until eight on many evenings and, of course, Saturdays.

Before I had worried about their being safe in a strange new neighborhood but am now relieved. They are being well watched and monitored, if not in a "motherly" fashion certainly in one which will keep them from coming to any harm from intruders.

The girls were not quite as "warmed" with the knowledge that everyone knew so much about them or at least wanted to know. Sharing one garage means one girl invariably has to go out to let the other out of the driveway and these folks were cognizant of what the girls usually wore to make this automobile exchange! They are now quite careful what they zip outside in when rearranging their cars. After having lived in high-rise apartments where halls have no windows, the girls are adjusting themselves to the fact that homes have eyes.

The hum of activities has caught me up again this autumn. My treasurer's responsibilities have commenced with the fall schedule for D.A.R. I managed to get some handwork done during the hot summer days but now it is time to get out the warm wool and get on with some lap warming knitting projects.

There is one major handwork project which is progressing nicely but which I have no direct hand in preparing. One of last year's D.A.R. programs was directed by a talented young woman from Racine, Wisconsin, who has a company called Creative Stitchery. She brought samples of old and new quilts which she and her classes either owned or were stitching together. Among these was a quilt called the Tree of Hearts which was *always* in a bride's hope chest. The entire stitched top consists of unbroken borders of hearts and circles. I wished I could quilt so when either of my girls decides to marry she could have a bride's quilt to put on their bed.

Well, I haven't learned to quilt but I am going to have a bride in the family and she is going to have her bride's quilt. Our Katharine who lives in Maryland has accepted a young man's proposal of marriage. In mid November she will become Mrs. Donald James Miller. The dear lady from Racine agreed to put her workers to needle and make sure that my bride will have her quilt if not in her hope chest at least amongst her wedding presents.

The young woman sent me a sketch of what she thought Katharine would like after I explained what kind of things made up Katharine and Don's picture. Their favorite color is blue, so the quilt of off-white muslin will have three shades of blue in stripes around the center pattern and as a binding. The stitches will be blue but not boldly blue and they will form hearts and circles which will be personalized with stitched sketches of items important from their pasts. I can't reveal

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## NOTHING IS EASY TO OPEN

by  
Elaine Derendinger

Today I got so frustrated attempting to open a bottle of aspirin with a child-proof lid, that I smashed the whole thing with a hammer and transferred the pills to a jar with a screw-type lid! (By now, I really needed the remedy!)

But I *do* understand why medicines need child-proof lids; what I *don't* understand is why the simple, harmless products I buy are just as hard to open! Why must one struggle to pry lipstick, nail polish, or foundation from a hard plastic skin on a card? Usually I stab the plastic with a knife and cut it away—often breaking the very nails I had planned to paint!

Clear tape by the roll is purchased for my dispenser. The roll is apparently sealed in plastic and then resealed on the card. I would use a lot if I could get it open!

My Christmas stationery was even sealed in plastic—not the tough kind, but the little bits of cellophane cling like crazy when I peel it off. Couldn't the box just have a simple lid?

On the boxed items like baking soda or cake mix, there's a place that says "press here to open." I do and it doesn't. I just gouge with the old knife! Maybe these boxes don't really want to be opened?

Shoe polish containers are the worst. Long before the polish is gone, the tiny metal tab that opens the lid comes off. Now try to open it! Well, I can always switch to washable tennies.

Books are mailed in padded book sacks, with instructions to pull the zipper-like opening. Will it open? No, because the sack is also stapled.

Sometimes we will visit a museum where there is a country store and everything is in boxes or barrels—no wrappings—customers can buy what they need and put it in a shopping bag. It would be great to shop this way. Well, maybe aspirin in a shopping bag wouldn't work very well!

P.S. Guess what. I bought a roll of stamps to mail this—they came in a horrible plastic bubble. It's enough to make me quit writing!



### WHY?

When I had nothing, my whole heart could soar

Upward like smoke into a windless sky With gratitude; now I have more

Why should I be so hard to satisfy?  
—anon. from church bulletin



## MY MOST MEMORABLE THANKSGIVING

by  
Marietta C. Reed

There was a story circulating that told about a woman who always cut off the ends of a ham before she cooked it. When questioned by her husband about this curious habit, she replied, "My mother always did it that way!"

After thinking about this for a while, she became very curious and asked her mother why she had always cut off the ends of a ham before she cooked it. Her mother replied, "Because my mother always did it that way!"

Now they all three were curious about this strange family tradition. So they asked Grandmother why she cut off the ends of a ham. Grandmother answered, "Because my mother always did it that way!"

Now their curiosity was insatiable. Great-grandmother must be consulted. Surely, in her 90 years of experience and wisdom she must know the secret.

When they asked great-grandmother why she cut off the ends of a ham before she cooked it, she answered, "Because I didn't have a pot big enough for a ham to fit in!"

I was reminded of this story several years ago when, on the eve of Thanksgiving, my husband and I were driving to pick up our two sons who were cared for during the day by their grandmother. We were looking forward to the long, 4-day holiday weekend which we would be spending with our families.

It was my mother-in-law's turn that year to prepare the traditional Thanksgiving turkey and several of her delicious, homemade pies. When we approached her house, I expected to find her up to her elbows in pie crust.

As we entered the kitchen, I saw my mother-in-law up to her elbows alright, but she was up to her elbows in the sink, vigorously scrubbing away at something apparently in desperate need of cleaning. I peered over her shoulder and saw **WHAT** she was scrubbing; my mouth dropped open in disbelief!

"What are you doing?" I exclaimed.

"This is the fattest turkey I've ever seen!" she answered, continuing to scrub the skin nearly off that turkey.

"But that's butter!" I cried, still incredulous at what she was doing. "That's put on there on purpose to baste the turkey while it's cooking."

"Well, I've never heard of such a thing," she responded. "And besides, my mother always scrubbed her turkeys before she cooked them, and I always have, too."

After a brief discussion about how most people don't kill their own turkeys today and how processing plants thoroughly clean turkeys before they're sent to grocery stores, my mother-in-law began to laugh at her naive mistake.

Later that evening we all sat around the kitchen table and pondered about how many other family "traditions" are carried on from one generation to another. We laughed as we tried desperately to put butter **BACK ON** the well-scrubbed turkey.

That Thanksgiving turned out to be the most memorable for all of us, since we recall the day the children's grandmother scrubbed the Butterball turkey. The fact that she remembers and laughs with us makes it all the more special.

### ON THIS THANKSGIVING DAY

May you have your favorite meat,  
Upon your table.

And may your favorite friends and  
family,  
Dine with you.

May your heart be filled  
with joy,

For all you have.  
And may you thank the

Lord above,  
For all your blessings.

—Annette Lingelbach

To the thoughtful, Thanksgiving comes every day.

### COVER STORY

Our American forefathers were blessed with precious little in the way of material things, but they found occasion to and did observe many *days of thanksgiving*.

The first *day of thanksgiving* on record was held August 9, 1607 on the coast of what we know today as Maine, by colonists who had come from England on the ships *The Gift of God* and *Mary and John*. In the autumn of 1621, Governor Bradford ordered a *day of thanks* among the New Englanders in gratitude for the harvest. The colonists were joined in this celebration by friendly Indians who contributed deer to the feast.

Thanksgiving was founded on an idea that testifies to the hopes and prayers that have been answered and even those yet to be answered.... It is the knowledge that we have so much more for which to be thankful. It is also the belief that as a free, united people, under God, we may share and enjoy ever greater blessings.



## DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

Last month, I wrote about the memorial service for Grandmother Crandall, my mother's mother. Preceding my part of the service my father, Frederick Driftmier, gave a very beautifully written talk. Cousin Chris Preston read a poem, the first stanza of which I wish to share with you here. It was written by an eighth grade student named Roxanne Flint. The message of the poem is that all of us have the responsibility to keep the memory of our grandmothers alive for a generation of great-grandchildren who will not be able to remember them. The poem goes like this:

If I only knew what her shadow looked like.

My parents have told me so much about her.

I heard that she traveled to many foreign places.

She used to sit and write beneath a tree.

If I only knew what her shadow looked like.

Another grandson, Sam Pierson, sang a gospel hymn which he had written in memory of Nana. My cousin Steve Crandall closed with a very powerful prayer that he had written for the occasion.

In my last letter I did not write about the full event, which was very meaningful to all of us in the family and to all of her many friends who came to the service. Sharing the responsibility of a memorial service is one way to make a family feel very close to each other and to experience, in a direct way, the love that holds them together.

This month, permit me to share with you the highlights of a wonderful visit with my old friend Dan Donovan in New York City. The fastest way from Calgary to my parent's home in Connecticut is to take a non-stop flight that goes every day to New York. In the past, I have sometimes seen Dan for a few minutes or spoken to him on the phone, but it has been some time since we have had a real visit. This time I had a very special mission.

For many years, Dan Donovan was the chief purser aboard the steamboat Alexander Hamilton, an old sidewheeler that used to make daily trips, during the summer, up the Hudson River. The boat now sits at the bottom of the Hudson River. Dan is the president of a society that hopes to raise enough money to float the boat again. When I was only fifteen-years-old, my best friend, Allen Appleton, and I, along with his father, made a fifteen minute movie of the boat and we got to know Dan.



David and Sophie were very happy to have Mr. and Mrs. Julius Appleton visit their home this last summer. Here, Johnny Driftmier is shown sharing a family photograph album with them.

Many of you will remember that Allen Appleton died, tragically, in an automobile crash several years ago. This last summer, Sophie and I were honored with a visit from Allen's parents. We had many fine conversations about the old days and Allen, who remains close to our hearts and thoughts. (As I type this to you, I am looking at the framed photograph of Allen that always stands on my desk.)

On their arrival, they placed in my hands the old film we had made. I asked them if it was all right to give the film to Dan. The Appletons agreed that Dan should be the one to hold the film "in trust."

How grand it was to have a reunion with Dan. Sixteen years ago, I was eighteen-years-old and worked on the boat as an assistant purser. We have kept in touch, but this was the first time that Dan and I had time to really visit.

Besides renewing our friendship, Dan gave me a marvelous tour of the city.

Dan is the perfect person to show people around New York because he has lived in the city all of his life. Dan, now an architect, loves his hometown and would live nowhere else. He lives in the Bronx, in a tall apartment building on a hillside next to the Hudson River, from which you can see almost the entire city with a glance. From that home base, we drove and saw a great deal of New York in Dan's car.

All of us know the stories that come out of the city, and indeed, they are all true. There is garbage on the streets and crime on the sidewalks. This bad news also comes out of many other big American cities. But what Dan wanted to show

me, and what I want to share with you, is that New York is also full of good news. In its own wonderful, crowded, concentrated, hectic way, it is a living, breathing example of all that is positive in America today.

Dan met me at the airport and our first stop was Broadway. We had a great seafood dinner at Luchow's, a famous seafood restaurant. (What is New York City, if not the gastronomic capital of the United States?) The restaurant has an interesting pricing policy, in order to insure that the fish on the menu is always fresh. The fish is half price between eight and ten o'clock, and after ten o'clock the price of fish is halved again. By midnight, they hope to have sold all of their fish, so they can start "fresh" the next morning!

From there, Dan and I set off to the Broadway Theater to see Anthony Quinn in the musical hit *Zorba*. The musical is an American art form that is loved all over the world. How I love Broadway! It is a feeling like none other that I know to join the throngs of people on the street, all filled with anticipation, as the curtain time of 8:00 approaches. After seeing a truly great performance, we were out walking down Broadway again. Every store is open far past midnight, and American free enterprise fills the sidewalks, as street vendors sell every kind of food and commodity.

The next morning, we set off early on our explorations. What Dan showed me first was a total surprise to me. In the lower Bronx, at about 253rd Street and not far from Manhattan, there is a neighborhood of narrow, winding country roads, great shade trees, totally forested areas, large mansions, and estates. New Yorkers like to say this part of the city is "more like Connecticut than Connecticut." Among other places, we saw the home where the writer Mark Twain spent many years. Who would have thought that such a quiet, rural area could be found in the heart of the city?

Dan and I then headed south and soon entered Harlem. It was a Sunday morning, and the many churches there all had their doors open. The sidewalks were full of people in their Sunday best. As we turned down 125th Street, we passed the famous Apollo Theater, where famous singers like The Supremes got their start, and where famous white singers, like Elvis Presley, went to learn how the famous black singers did their act. A few years ago, the Apollo was closed after it became a scene of violent crime. It is now reopened and, again, having a great deal of success. Further down 125th Street, we found the street closed off for the annual Harlem Day celebrations. Booths were set up everywhere, and the performances included dancing and singing and reading from poetry and literature. It is said that

(Continued on page 20)



## SHENANDOAH'S RADIO TOWER SITTER

by  
Bob Birkby

The early radio history of Shenandoah was a time of great excitement. At KFNF, the station from which *Kitchen-Klatter* was first broadcast, owner Henry Field was eager to promote anything that would entertain listeners and bring a crowd to town. Perhaps no spectacle of the era was more curious than that of the man who tried to set a world's record by sitting atop the KFNF tower.

W. H. Penfield was a native of Strawberry Point, Iowa, who had spent half of his 50 years as a steeplejack. Still agile enough to touch the top of his head with his foot, he claimed to hold the world mark for sitting on a flagpole—51 days, 21 hours.

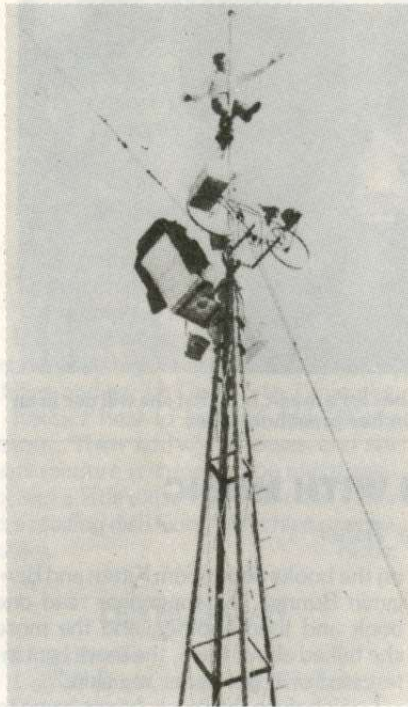
On June 20, 1931, Penfield arrived in Shenandoah. Henry Field had invited him to spend the weekend in a special chair bolted to the top of the KFNF radio tower, a full 210 feet above the Henry Field Company seedhouse. A local physician gave Mr. Penfield a physical examination and proclaimed him sound of body, said nothing concerning his soundness of mind, and watched him make the long climb up the steel ladder to the top of the tower.

From his lofty perch, Penfield could look down upon the rooftops of Shenandoah, and out over the rich farmland and thriving nurseries of the Nishnabotna Valley. For a man who enjoyed the solitude and spectacle of flagpole sitting, the KFNF tower must have seemed like heaven.

It was certainly comfortable, as these things go. Penfield's aerial chair was designed to fold out flat so he could sleep, and a stationary bicycle had been attached to the tower near the chair. A siren connected to the bike sounded whenever Penfield pedaled the machine, alerting people far and wide to look up and see him getting his daily exercise.

During the first night on the tower, Mr. Penfield weathered a fierce thunderstorm. "I have no way of measuring how much this tower moves in a high wind," he said the next morning, "but I sure got swayed around in the storm. The lightning looked close from up here, too. My canvas blanket kept out most of the rain, but the wind blew so hard that I had some wet spots to sleep on. That made it pretty cold but I am not discouraged any."

In fact he decided not to come down according to the schedule, but rather intended to remain aloft long enough to break his own endurance record. "I hope to stay up until Labor Day," he shouted to the people far below. "I don't expect to be bothered by social calls at this altitude!"



Champion flagpole sitter W. H. Penfield waves from his lofty perch atop the KFNF radio tower. (Photo courtesy of John Henry Field and the Iowa State Historical Society.)

A telephone line was strung to the top of the tower to allow Penfield easy communications with the ground, and a cable system was set up by which he could haul food and water to his chair. To prove that he never left his perch, Penfield allowed himself to be shackled to the tower with a ten-foot length of chain. In an emergency he could quickly free himself, but only by cutting through the heavy leather cuff which held the chain to his wrist.

And so he sat while the days became weeks, and the weeks turned into months. He rode the bicycle and sounded the siren. He read fan mail and newspapers glued to heavy cardboard backing to prevent the pages from blowing away. At night he slept in his chair beneath two blankets and a canvas tarp that kept him warm and warded off the dew.

The sitting wasn't always easy. Hornets found their way to his perch and buzzed about his head. He fell asleep with a lighted cigarette between his lips and scorched his beard. Having cut the crown out of his hat to keep himself cool, he suffered a blistering sunburn on his scalp.

The most serious threat to his endeavor occurred at the end of his first month aloft when he became quite ill. Diagnosing Penfield as best he could from the safety of the ground, the physician blamed the sitter's cramps and grogginess on food poisoning. An employee of the seed company climbed the tower and sat with Penfield through

the night, and the next morning the steeplejack's condition had improved sufficiently to allow him to stay up in the sky.

Enduring storms, boredom, heat and wind, Penfield watched the languid Iowa summer drift slowly toward fall. At long last Labor Day arrived, and the streets of Shenandoah were jammed with the cars of people who had come to watch the hero of the radio tower make his triumphant descent.

A Field employee climbed the tower to remove the chain from Penfield's wrist and attach a safety line around his waist. His knees a bit shaky, Mr. Penfield eased himself down the ladder, and the crowds greeted him with wild ovations.

Other than a little weakness in his legs, Penfield felt none the worse for the wear. He had been aloft for 79 days and 2 hours, a new world's record.

What did he discover in the course of his eleven weeks on a radio tower high over Shenandoah?

"Time," said W. H. Penfield, "was pretty long up in the air."



## HONOR THE VETERAN

by  
Norma Tisher

Armistice Day has been with us for about sixty-five years. President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed November 11th, as Armistice Day in 1919. It was to commemorate the signing of the armistice between the Allies and Germany that brought an end to World War I at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month. It continued to be observed until 1953. Congress changed the name to Veteran's Day in 1954.

In Canada, it is known as Remembrance Day. Remembrance Sunday was proclaimed the Sunday nearest November 11th in Great Britain. Most states observe Veteran's Day also at this time in November.

We honor veterans of all wars. It is observed with parades, speeches and the placing of floral tributes on the graves of servicemen by veteran organizations, relatives and friends.

So let's display your U.S. flag on this patriotic holiday and remind yourselves of the sacrifices made by men and women in the armed forces. Maybe you have a husband and son who are veterans of foreign wars like I do; please, honor them with sincerity and love.





Catherine Jarolimek of Crete, Nebr., reaches for a music box that she will use in an illustration about a certain animal story in her preschool class.

## A COLLECTION WITH MUSIC

by Norma Tisher

Little did Beatrix Potter, a famous British writer and illustrator, realize that her stories would become a big part of a collection.

In southeastern Nebraska there is a woman who has a unique, colorful collection which is a hobby but also is used in school classrooms. Being very warm and modest, she doesn't only scratch the surface but presents the Peter Rabbit and other miniature animal stories in such a way they seem to come alive for the preschool students. She can bring sunshine on any cloudy and overcast day to a group of students or adults.

I first met Catherine Jarolimek at our local hospital serving juices and beverages at the extended-care floor during her volunteer duty for the elderly. Later, she presented a program at our local women's club meeting, sharing her collection and the life of this famous British author. She displayed and explained the music boxes with characters portrayed in the famous animal books. Catherine's life has taken on an added dimension with her presentations.

Catherine has taught kindergarten and various elementary grades. One can't help but get interested in her collection whether you are a preschooler or a senior citizen. With her bubbly enthusiasm and explicit, she steers her program in such a way that people feel the animals are real and lifelike.

What's more, Mrs. Jarolimek enlists several roles. She is a wife, mother of two adult children, grandmother, great-grandmother and a preschool teacher. She teaches nursery school three mornings a week. Keeping busy with these roles plus adding to her collection, Catherine's family fills her days.

The intellect of these originals has rubbed off on her grandchildren. They all have the stuffed animals of these characters. My first question was, "When did you get interested in the collection?"

Catherine explained, "About twenty years ago, my supervisor gave a report

on the books about Tom Kitten and Benjamin Bunny. The supervisor read one book and then another, and the more she talked about them, the more I got interested or it got under my skin."

Long before the music boxes came to light for Catherine, she had other collections. "The figurines and books were collected first," said Catherine. These were four- by five-inch hard books with good strong paper; two sentences on each side under each picture are easy for little children to hold and read. Then came the four trays," reminisced Catherine.

One of the four round trays depicts the story often repeated by Catherine . . . "Mother Rabbit coming back from the Bake Shoppe, the three good bunnies get buns, Peter takes off for Mr. McGregor's garden and gets none." She lectures lightly and teaches them a lesson on reliable safety rules. Peter Rabbit encountered a dangerous practice when he disobeyed and could have gotten hurt seriously. She tells and retells the miniature animal stories to the children.

Music boxes have different stories to add variety to the classrooms. Children like to ask, "How many pretty music boxes do you have?" Currently, Mrs. Jarolimek has 36 music boxes, which she started collecting about ten years ago. They are all musical wind-up figurine-type painted porcelain imports. All of these music boxes sprouted and grew from the original Peter Rabbit story which was penned to entertain a sick child. All the furry friends are represented in the music boxes. The boxes depict such animals as Tom Kitten, Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, Piggy, Benjamin Bunny, Duchess the Dog, a hedgehog, and an owl. Jemima Puddle-duck and Mrs. Tittlemouse tagged along somewhere. The different animals add variety to the classwork activities. Nature, colors, holidays, and the importance of care of animals complete lesson plans for the school children.

As I inquired, "Do you think the illustrations in the music boxes strike the fancy and readership of books?" Catherine replied, "Yes, very much so!" With anticipation, the preschool students anxiously wait for a new story illustration by a different music box.

"How does this collection help you in your classrooms?" I questioned Catherine.

"It gives me an insight of how to present stories. The once-upon-a-time beginning isn't used because these were real animals. The author had a real bunny, a friend, about whom she wrote," Catherine expressed. "The music boxes help teach facts about kindness and dangers of various animals."

I found some of Catherine's stuffed animals very special. I especially liked the shoe-button eyes. One sad and happy note strikes everyone's emotions. Benjamin Bunny, a stuffed animal, was given to a sick little girl (a student of Catherine's) which the little girl enjoyed very much but unfortunately she didn't recover from her illness. Catherine still has the Benjamin Bunny music box.

Catherine displays her music boxes on a sturdy bookshelf in her living room. Some can be found on or near her coffee table. It was a well-spent afternoon reviewing the collection of music boxes. In program presentations, Mrs. Jarolimek shows and tells some interesting facts about her 36 music boxes. How she obtained each one, why, and where. Catherine enjoys sharing her hobby collection with others.

Catherine is always browsing for new music boxes to add to her collection. Some were purchased during her travels and some were given to her as gifts. When a teacher turns to schoolbooks and crayons in the fall, Mrs. Jarolimek turns to rearranging her lesson plans to make them more interesting by using her unique collection.



### JACK FROST

Last night when all was silent,  
Jack Frost with skillful hand  
Transformed our gray surroundings  
Into fairy land.

The hills he glazed with silver,  
And to the blue lake gave  
Huge diamonds for adorning  
The crest of every wave.

He wrapped the trees and bushes  
With tinsel; and upon  
The roofs he sifted mica,  
And strewed some on the lawn.

Then as dawn was breaking  
He flew through hazy air.  
Leaving radiant beauty  
Behind him everywhere.

—Sunshine





## STARTER

by  
Sandra Heid

Are you a starter? I don't mean a starter for sports, nor a starter for bread dough. I mean a handiwork starter. You know, someone with many projects started, maybe even a few items done, but many, many more in between. Surely you must have some craft item started, maybe in embroidery, tube painting, crocheting, weaving, quilting or knitting, that you have not finished.

Sewing by machine must be faster and easier than when each and every item had to be sewn by hand. Faster or not by machine, I have a lemon yellow dress (started years ago) and by the time I was ready to put up the hem, my pretty yellow dress was too small. Just in case I ever become a size eight again, there is a new dress, almost done. I wonder do they still wear hourglass dresses?

My father, a carpenter by trade, was told by one of his first employers to never start a job on a Friday as one would never finish it. In spite of this statement, there are crafts I have started any day of the week, and they are still not finished.

All of us have worked a small amount of embroidery on a pot holder, dresser scarf or pillow slips. I'm sure we all feel the first end of the scarf goes much faster than the second end. Have any of you started a cross-stitch tablecloth? They are beautiful works of art. However, the embroidering of said tablecloth is indeed another story. After purchasing a tablecloth, you must buy skeins and skeins of floss. This in itself should tell you something! After completing the center design, you then move on to the side designs. Now, the tablecloth seems to grow longer and longer and if that's not enough the cross-stitches start to multiply! Lots of luck to you that have started such a tablecloth.

Crocheting creates a bountiful amount of beautiful items. Many of us have put crocheted edging on scarves and maybe finished a small doily or two. There are accomplished ladies who make crocheted tablecloths from number 40 ecru thread! There is also yarn crocheting with larger hooks to make sweaters, rugs and afghans. I am sure every one of you have a friend who has made colorful afghans for each of her married children; of course she has seven married children! I have a lovely

lavender and deep purple afghan started since ----.

Quilting is the latest craze. I have a Grandmothers Flower Garden pattern started so long ago, I would hate to say when. My mother-in-law would sit of an evening sewing the small hexagon pieces, hers literally seemed to fly together. Not so with mine! The more I sew, the more there are to be sewn. I also have a corduroy Nine-patch quilt started. A Nine-patch is a simple beginners pattern and should set together very quickly. My main problem with this quilt is how to obtain enough different colors of four-inch squares to cover a full size bed.

Now, I am sure I'm not the only starter in the world. How many of you have peeked into that spare closet lately? Go ahead, dig something out, and finish it this year. Me, I'm off to start something new!

## NAPKIN RINGS

by  
Inez Baker

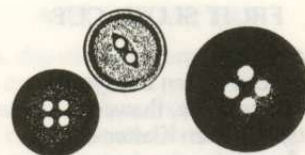
In these days of paper napkins, fast-food places and family members eating one-at-a-time, we don't always set an attractive table and eat together. Perhaps it would be worthwhile to slow down occasionally and demonstrate to the children the art of graceful dining. When planning ahead for one of these pleasant events, make a set of napkin rings for the family members. Using them on cloth napkins in the old-fashioned way lends an elegant appearance to your table.

For inexpensive or cost-free rings, use the tube from a roll of paper towels, cutting it into pieces about 1 1/2 inches long. One tube will make six or seven rings.

Cover each ring with velvet, drapery material or any attractive fabric you may have on hand. Cut a piece of fabric about 5 inches long (to go around the outside of the ring) and 2 1/2 inches wide. Glue this fabric around the outside of the ring. If it's thick material, as mine was, butt the ends together instead of lapping one end over the other. Glue well. Fold inside the extra fabric on each end of the ring and glue down smoothly.

Line the inside of the ring with another piece of the same cloth or a contrasting one. Cut a narrower piece of material to fit snugly inside the ring with the ends coming together neatly. Both edges of this piece should cover the folded-down portions of the outer 'cloth-shell.'

I covered one set of rings with a velvety drapery material. Another set of six, made from three colors of terry cloth, matches a fruit-patterned terry tablecloth.



## STRINGING BUTTONS

by  
Verna Sparks

My four-year-old granddaughter, Cassandra, spent the night with me last Saturday, and we had the best time. When Cassandra first got here, she went straight to the chest of drawers to find the jar of buttons. The last time while we visited she had strung several strings of them and had really enjoyed it. I thought perhaps it was because this was something new to her, and she was fascinated by the assortment of various colored buttons; but my granddaughter proved to me that stringing buttons was something she liked to do.

I joined in the fun of selecting the different styles and sizes while watching her carefully put the needle through the buttons, sliding them down the string until it was full. As she worked, we chatted about other things that she liked to do. Then I mentioned we would have to stop now and wash her hair which I had promised her mommy I would do. She obediently gathered up the strings and buttons, putting them in the tray that I had brought out for her.

Cassandra took off her glasses and said, "It won't take long, Ma Na, then we'll string more buttons!" To which I agreed.

In the bathroom I quickly shampooed her hair, then started to rinse it when she exclaimed that her mommy put her under the shower to rinse it. Noticing she was disturbed about how I would rinse her hair without a shower, I said "Slip off your dress, and sit in the bath tub, Ma Na will make a shower with my bigpitcher."

Cassandra happily sat down in the tub and I poured the warm water over her silken tresses. After drying her off with the towel, she sat under the hair dryer for a few minutes, then back to stringing buttons. I could see my granddaughter was very anxious to get her last string of buttons finished. She was battling with a pair of sleepy eyes, so I helped her gather the buttons and strings. While she put them in the chest drawer, I turned down the covers. Cassandra snuggled beneath the covers and was soon off to pleasant dreams. Ma Na thanks God that there are still a few old-fashioned things a child loves to do; one of them is stringing buttons.

How can people hope to get along when everyone wants to be in the front of the bus, the back of the church and the middle of the road?



**FRUIT SLUSH CUP**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 6-oz. can frozen pink lemonade concentrate, thawed
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen sliced strawberries, thawed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed
- 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups ginger ale

In a large bowl, combine all ingredients except the ginger ale; mix well. Add the ginger ale and pour into a 9- x 13-inch pan. Cover; freeze about 4 hours or until slush consistency.

Spoon 1/2 cup of slush into individual fruit cups. Serves 14.

—Verlene

**GUEST WAFFLES**

- 2 eggs, well beaten
  - 2 cups buttermilk
  - 1 tsp. soda
  - 2 cups flour
  - 2 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 6 Tbls. shortening, softened
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- To the well beaten eggs, add the buttermilk, soda, flour, baking powder, salt, shortening and flavoring. Mix well. Beat lightly.

Prepare just before using. If batter is too thick, add a small amount of water. Cook on waffle iron according to manufacturer's instructions.

Makes 8 waffles. Serve with the following syrups:

**Blueberry Syrup**

- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Stir all ingredients together and boil 5 minutes. Cover if not ready to serve. May be reheated.

**Strawberry Syrup**

- 1 cup strawberry jam
- 1 Tbls. Minute Tapioca
- 2/3 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Combine and boil 5 minutes, stirring often.

—Hallie

*Breakfast**Fruit Slush Cup**Waffles**Syrup**Scrambled Eggs**Sour Cream Coffeecake**Coffee and Milk***SOUR CREAM COFFEECAKE**

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/4 cup brown sugar

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a bundt cake pan. Cream the sugar and margarine, add eggs and beat. Beat in the sour cream. Combine the flour, baking powder and salt. Add to batter. Lastly, stir in the flavorings. Combine the remaining ingredients in a small container.

Pour a third of the batter in the prepared bundt pan. Sprinkle on half of the cinnamon mixture—do not allow any of the cinnamon mixture to touch sides of pan or the tube. Repeat layers of batter and cinnamon mixture, ending with batter on top. Bake for 60 to 65 minutes in the preheated oven. Cool 15 minutes; turn out. Powdered sugar may be sprinkled on top of coffeecake, if desired.

—Juliana

**SCRAMBLED EGGS**

- 6 to 8 eggs
  - 2 Tbls. milk
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - Salt and pepper to taste
- Combine all ingredients and beat until well mixed.
- Pour into well-oiled or buttered skillet. Cook until slightly dry; stirring often.
- Serve with ham, sausage or bacon. Serves 4 to 6.



(additional breakfast recipes)

**APPLESAUCE-BRAN MUFFINS**

- 1 1/4 cups fork-stirred flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup whole bran cereal
- 1 large egg
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

2/3 cup sweetened applesauce  
1/4 cup butter, melted

In a medium bowl, combine the flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and bran cereal. Set aside. In another bowl, beat the egg until foamy. Add the milk, flavoring, applesauce and butter. Beat to blend well. Combine egg mixture with the flour mixture and stir until just combined. Fill buttered muffin cups two-thirds full of batter. Bake in oven preheated to 400 degrees for about 20 minutes, or until muffins test done. Serve hot. Makes 12. Muffins can be reheated.

—Dorothy

**POTATO-CHEESE CUPS**

(For Two)

- 1 medium potato
  - 1/2 cup grated Swiss or Cheddar cheese
  - 2 Tbls. minced mild onion
  - 1/4 tsp. chervil or parsley
  - Salt and freshly ground black pepper
  - Butter
  - Paprika
  - 2 slices fresh tomato
- Place rack in center position in oven. Preheat to 350 degrees.

Peel and coarsely grate the potato. Place potato in water to keep from discoloring. Combine grated potato with the cheese, onion, chervil or parsley, salt and pepper. (If potato is placed in water, be sure to drain well and squeeze out excess moisture.) Grease two 6-oz. custard cups with butter and sprinkle with the paprika. Press in the potato mixture. Bake for about 40 minutes. Cool slightly and invert on tomato slice.

—Betty Jane



**HAM GLAZED WITH APRICOT**

- 12 lb. ham, unskinned
- 1 can (or 1 1/2 to 2 cups fresh) apricots
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind (I use a potato peeler for this.)
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- Water

Bake ham at 350 degrees until tender. This takes about 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Remove skin and fat; let cool. Boil the apricots until fluffy. Strain through a sieve. Add the flavorings to the 3/4 cup water. Combine diluted flavorings, the orange rind, juice, and sugar with the apricots. Cook mixture until sugar is dissolved, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Dissolve cornstarch in a small amount of water and stir into the apricot mixture; cook 1 minute or longer until mixture is clear.

Place ham in a shallow baking pan and cover with glaze. Bake at 400 degrees until glaze is set. Marinate again with the glaze and bake again until glaze is set.

—Robin

**SCALLOPED ASPARAGUS**

- 2 1-lb. cans asparagus, drained
- 3 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/2 tsp. salt, optional
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. paprika

Drain asparagus and save 1/3 cup of the liquid. Oil a large casserole and arrange asparagus on bottom. Add finely chopped eggs. Sprinkle with cheese and asparagus liquid. Salt to taste. Spread undiluted soup over asparagus, top with crumbs and sprinkle with paprika. Bake about 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

*Dinner*

*Turkey and Stuffing*  
*Ham Glazed with Apricot*  
*Apple Sweet Potatoes*  
*Scalloped Asparagus*  
*Colorful Holiday Aspic*

*Relishes**Date Cake*

*Hot Apple Cider*  
*with Cinnamon*

**COLORFUL HOLIDAY ASPIC**

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups V-8 juice
- 1/2 cup onion, finely minced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup green olives, chopped
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Dash Worcestershire sauce
- 1 3-oz. package lime gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tsp. cider vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 8-oz. carton sour cream
- 2 medium cucumbers, peeled, seeded and chopped very small

Soften plain gelatin in a little V-8 juice; stir into remaining juice and heat to dissolve. Add onion, olives, salt, lemon juice, lemon flavoring and Worcestershire. Mix thoroughly. Pour into a mold and refrigerate until set.

Dissolve lime gelatin in boiling water. Remove from heat and stir in mayonnaise, vinegar, salt, sour cream and cucumber. Mix well. When first layer has congealed, pour lime gelatin on top for a second layer. Refrigerate until congealed. Serves 12.

This can be made in individual molds. I served mine on a lettuce leaf with cottage cheese as a base; very tasty and colorful.

—Hallie

**HOT APPLE CIDER WITH CINNAMON**

- 1 qt. apple cider
- Cinnamon to taste
- Heat apple cider and add cinnamon.
- Makes eight 4-oz. servings.

**APPLE STUFFING**

- 1 lb. day-old white bread
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped celery leaves
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 medium Red Delicious apples, pared, cored and chopped
- 1/4 cup raisins

Cut bread into cubes and bake in a 375-degree oven for 5 minutes, or until dry and lightly toasted. Combine the toasted bread cubes and the remaining ingredients; mix well. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. Serve with turkey, chicken or pork. Makes 8 servings.

—Verlene

**APPLE SWEET POTATOES**

- 1 20-oz. can sweet potatoes
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 2 Tbls. cornstarch
  - 1 21-oz. can apple pie filling
- Drain sweet potatoes; save liquid. Arrange sweet potatoes in 8- by 10-inch baking dish.

Combine 1 cup liquid from sweet potatoes, brown sugar and cornstarch. Cook to thicken. Stir in apple pie filling. Pour over sweet potatoes.

Bake 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Serves 4 to 6.

To prepare in microwave, cook on low for 20 minutes.

—Hallie

**DATE CAKE**

- 2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup dates, chopped
- 1/2 cup chopped English walnuts
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind

Combine the flour, baking powder, soda, salt, brown sugar and white sugar. Add the shortening, egg, orange juice and the flavorings. Blend well. Mix in the dates, walnuts, orange rind. Bake at 350 degrees in a greased and floured 9-inch loaf pan for 35 to 40 minutes or until cake is done.

—Verlene



**PUMPKIN-CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE**

- 4 eggs
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups canned pumpkin (or 16-oz. can)
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup chocolate chips

Cream eggs and sugar. Add the oil, flavoring, and pumpkin. Mix well. Sift together and add the dry ingredients. When these are blended in, add the chocolate chips. Pour batter into a greased and floured bundt cake pan and bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 65 minutes until done. Let cake cool partially in the pan, then unmold and cool on a wire rack.

Cake can be glazed with a powdered sugar glaze, but it is delicious with whipped cream and shaved chocolate or chocolate chips for decoration. I also served it with vanilla ice cream and chocolate sauce on top.

—Mary Lea

**PUMPKIN PIE**

- 3 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 cups canned pumpkin puree
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. ground allspice
- 1/4 tsp. ground cardamon
- Pinch of salt
- 3/4 cup heavy cream
- 3/4 cup half-and-half
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie crust
- Pecan halves

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Beat eggs and add flavorings. Add sugars and beat until light. Blend in pumpkin, spices and salt. Stir in the cream and half-and-half. Pour into unbaked pie shell.

Bake for 8 minutes; reduce heat to 325 degrees and bake for 40 to 45 minutes, or until filling is set. Arrange pecan halves on top while pie is still warm. Press in lightly. Cool completely before cutting and serving.

—Robin

**(LEANNA'S) MOTHER'S BREAD**

- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 4 cups lukewarm water
- 1 cake yeast
- 18 cups (4 1/2 qts.) sifted flour
- 2 cups milk, scalded and cooled
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening
- 4 tsp. salt

Dissolve sugar in lukewarm water. Crumble in yeast and stir until dissolved. Add 1 1/2 quarts of flour, or sufficient to make a sponge. Beat well. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, about 1 1/2 hours. (Keep a safe distance away from the kitchen door during the winter when children are running in and out.)

When well risen, add lukewarm milk. Add melted shortening, salt and remaining flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead dough quickly and lightly until smooth and elastic. Place dough in greased bowl, cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, from 1 1/2 to 2 hours. When light, divide into 5 equal portions. Shape into loaves and place in greased bread pans. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Bake in hot oven at 425 degrees 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, or 375 degrees and finish baking about 30 minutes longer. Makes 5 loaves.

—Repeat from 1947

**ORANGE-CRANBERRY CHUTNEY**

- 4 oranges
- 1/4 cup slivered orange peel
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 lb. fresh cranberries
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/4 cup crystallized ginger, diced
- 3/4 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 1 cinnamon stick
- 1 whole garlic clove, peeled
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Remove orange peel, cutting it into thin slivers. Measure out the 1/4 cup. Remove and discard all rind and membrane from oranges. Cut oranges crosswise into 1/4-inch thick slices. Quarter orange slices and set aside.

Combine the slivered orange peel, orange juice, cranberries, sugar, raisins, ginger, curry powder, Tabasco sauce, cinnamon stick and garlic. Heat until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking until cranberries pop. Remove from heat. Discard cinnamon stick and garlic clove. Add the orange slices and orange flavoring.

Serve warm or cold. Keeps in covered container in refrigerator for several weeks. Makes 6 cups.

—Emily

**SCALLOPED PINEAPPLE**

- 1 20-oz. can unsweetened chunk pineapple
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 cups sugar
- 8 slices of bread, toasted and cubed
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Drain the pineapple, reserving the juice. Butter a 9- by 13-inch pan. In a large bowl, combine cornstarch and sugar. Stir in bread cubes, pineapple chunks and butter or margarine. Spread in pan. Combine the flavoring with the reserved pineapple juice and pour over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Goes well with ham. —Dorothy

**CRANBERRY PINK SALAD**

- 1 - 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup water
- 1 - 6-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 - 1 lb. can whole berry cranberry sauce
- 3 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
- 1 tsp. fresh grated lemon peel
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 2 cups sour cream
- 1/2 cup pecans, chopped

Drain the pineapple well, reserving all the syrup. Combine the syrup, flavorings, water and gelatin in a 2-quart saucepan. Heat to boiling stirring constantly to dissolve gelatin. Remove from heat. Stir in the cranberry sauce, lemon juice, lemon peel and nutmeg; blend well. Chill until mixture thickens but not set. Blend in sour cream, drained pineapple and pecans. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan or a 2-quart mold. Chill until firm.

—Verlene

**HAMBURGER-VEGETABLE SOUP**

- 2 lbs. ground beef (lean)
- 1 envelope onion soup mix
- 2 qts. tomato juice
- 2 qts. water
- Salt and pepper
- Celery salt or seasoned salt
- 1/2 cup Minute rice (may use regular rice if cooked in advance)
- 1/2 lb. frozen mixed vegetables
- Dash of Worcestershire sauce (optional)

Brown ground beef and drain. Add soup mix, tomato juice, water and seasoning. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add rice and vegetables and simmer until vegetables are done.

—Frederick



**AUTUMN APPLE-NOODLE  
PUDDING**

- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- 2 cups apples, peeled, cored and chopped
- 4 cups cooked fine egg noodles
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 pint whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 tsp. cinnamon

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease 2-quart deep casserole with butter.

In a large bowl, combine eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, sour cream, milk, salt, and flavoring. Stir in raisins and apples. Fold in cooked noodles. Pour mixture into prepared casserole. Top with nuts. Place casserole in 9- by 13-inch pan; pour hot water into larger pan, about 1-inch deep. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/4 hours. Let stand 10 to 15 minutes before serving.

In a medium bowl, beat whipping cream until soft peaks form. Fold in 2 tablespoons sugar and cinnamon. Serve with warm pudding.

This makes 12 servings. It keeps well in the refrigerator and is very good cold, but it does need the cinnamon (that is in the whipped cream) to give it the best flavor. Serve the pudding in place of cereal for breakfast with cinnamon sprinkled on and cold milk poured over.

—Mary Lea

**CRANBERRY BREAD**

- 2 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten slightly
- 2/3 cup fresh orange juice
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 cups raw cranberries
- 2 tsp. grated orange rind

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 4- by 8-inch loaf pan. Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt together in a bowl. Make a well. Pour in the flavorings, eggs, juice and melted butter. Blend well, but do not overmix. Fold in nuts, cranberries and orange rind. Pour into the prepared pan. Bake 45 to 50 minutes, or until bread tests done. Cool in pan for 10 minutes. Remove from pan and let cool completely. Wrap for storage. Best if allowed to set for a day or two before serving.

—Robin

**CHILI CON QUESO**  
(Chili with cheese)

- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1 4-oz. can green chilies, drained
- 1/2 tsp. crushed garlic
- 1/3 to 1/2 cup light cream or milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. pasturized process cheese spread, cut in cubes
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Tortilla chips or fresh vegetables for dipping

In a small saucepan, heat the oil over moderately high heat and add the onion, chilies and garlic. Cook 5 to 7 minutes.

Reduce heat to low and add 1/3 cup cream. Then add the cheeses and stir until mixture is smooth. You might want to add a little extra cream or milk. Serve in a chafing dish along with chips or vegetables.

—Robin

**LENTIL SALAD**

- 8 ozs. lentils
- 1 small onion, stuck with 3 whole cloves
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1/4 cup chopped scallions
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/2 cup toasted walnuts
- 10 cherry tomatoes, quartered
- 1/4 cup grated Romano or Parmesan cheese

Bring 2 cups of water to boiling. Add the lentils, onion and bay leaf. Cover and simmer for about 30 minutes, or until lentils are tender. Cool and drain. Remove bay leaf and cloves from onion and discard. Chop onion and return to lentils along with the rest of the ingredients. Stir well and chill overnight.

—Emily DiCicco

**CHOCOLATE TOFFEE BARS**

- 1 8-oz. tube crescent refrigerator rolls
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2/3 butter or margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups chopped nuts
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate bits or shaved chocolate bark

Pat out dough to fit in an ungreased jelly roll pan. Gently press down the dough. Seal perforations. In a small pan, combine brown sugar, butter or margarine and flavorings. Boil 1 minute. Pour evenly over dough. Sprinkle the nuts over top. Bake at 375 degrees for 14 to 18 minutes, or until golden brown. Remove from oven and immediately sprinkle with the chocolate bits or shaved bark. Swirl around as it melts. Cool and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

**APPLE-RAISIN CAKE**

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) yellow cake mix with pudding
- 3 eggs
- 1/4 cup margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3/4 cup applesauce
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup finely chopped raw apple

Combine all the ingredients except for the last two. Stir to moisten, then beat for 2 minutes at high speed with an electric mixer. Fold in the raisins and apple. Grease and flour a large bundt cake pan. Spoon in the cake batter. Place pan in middle of oven preheated to 325 degrees. Bake for 50-55 minutes, or until cake leaves sides of pan. Cool in pan for 20-25 minutes. Turn out and dust with powdered sugar.

—Juliana

**QUICK HOMINY CASSEROLE**

- 1 Tbls. dehydrated onion (or 1/2 cup chopped fresh onion)
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 Tbls. bacon bits
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup canned tomatoes (peeled, chopped fresh tomatoes could be used)
- 1 large can white or yellow hominy, drained (reserve liquid)
- Slices of process or Swiss cheese (both kinds or one or the other could be used)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Salt and pepper to taste

Saute onion, celery and bacon bits in melted margarine or butter. Add the butter flavoring. Combine the tomatoes with the hominy. Make a layer of the tomato-hominy in a greased baking dish. Add a layer of cheese (as much as you desire), then top with the sauteed onion mixture. Combine the drained hominy liquid with the flour and salt and pepper. Stir to mix well and pour over all. Bake, covered, for 1 hour at 325 degrees. Uncover and bake 10 to 15 minutes longer. Cut up wieners, dried beef or left-over meats could be added to make this a meat dish.

—Hallie

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## THANKSGIVING ALPHABET SOUP

by  
Helen Friesen

The month of November brings with it Thanksgiving. How better to describe it but with an alphabet roster of things included in a Thanksgiving gathering.

"A" is for AUNTS from near and far that come to join the gathering. They come laden with the best of their goodies to add to the festive occasion.

"B" includes BREAD or even the mound of BONES that await the dog at the conclusion of the lavish meal. In very small letters you could add a most discreet *belch*, something that happens to the overstuffed.

"C" could only be for CRANBERRIES. The glorious red berry, generally made into some sort of relish or salad, makes a good garnish for the meal. Some might be inclined to make cranberries into juice or even a pie.

The "D" must be saved for DRUMSTICK—what else? Now if only the bird had more than the usual two, that would please a lot of the youngsters who must find some peaceful way to settle the dispute as to who gets them.

"E" goes for ENJOY, something which this time of celebration brings to those who gather for this unique time of the year.

"F," like the indicator in the car, stands for FULL—which is what you'll be if you stay at the table any length of time.

"G" is for the rich brown GRAVY that finds a favorite spot on the menu. You could also add GIBLETS for those who favor them.

"H" can only stand for HOUSE. That will generally be Grandma's house where the clan gathers for its Thanksgiving reunion.

"I" goes for the INVITATIONS that went out to the many far-flung tribe who gather for this feast day.

"J" means the JOLLY time had by all as they gather. It could also be for the JOG you feel you should take as you leave the table. You might add some JAM or JELLY as well.

"K" has to be for the KITCHEN where all those good smells originate.

"L" stands for the LINEN tablecloths, pressed and freshly laundered before the big feed began.

"M" goes right for the mound of MASHED POTATOES which soon dwindle down to the last few table-spoons. Cover them with some of that delectable gravy.

"N" takes into consideration the NAPKINS which are a must when getting the last of the meat from the bird and fingers become sticky.

"O" goes for the OCEANS of dirty dishes resulting from the happy process of eating. Who's ready to head for the dishwashing chore and take care of the mess?

"P" is reserved for PUMPKIN PIE. Would Thanksgiving be the same without it? It might be a custard or a chiffon pumpkin but somehow there will be pumpkin. Some like it topped with a froth of whipped cream.

"Q" makes us turn to QUINCE jam or jelly but perhaps you have a different favorite.

With "R" we reach such things as the ROLLS or RELISHES or even the REFRIGERATOR that holds all the leftovers when the meal is over.

"S" means we have STUFFING for the bird. Will yours be made with sage, with raisins, or do you have even a different kind which makes it seem like Thanksgiving for you?

"T" has no choice but to stand for TURKEY, the national bird at Thanksgiving time. Whether you "bag" it or put it in a roaster doesn't matter—as long as the turkey is large enough for a few leftovers when the last guest has dined well.

"U" stands for the UNCLES that accompany the aunts. It is left for the UNCLES to entertain the small fry while the women see to getting things ready for the big meal.

"V" for VEGETABLES may not be as popular as the turkey or the mashed potatoes, but they provide added color for the table, groaning with its culinary treats.

"W" goes for WHIPPED CREAM which fits on top of the pumpkin pie. Make it a mound piled high. There are always plenty of takers.

We have to stretch it a bit for "X" but how about X-TRA helpings? This is a day when no one counts how many times you take mashed potatoes or how many rolls go down your hatch.

"Y" could stand for YAMS for those who like to add this colorful vegetable to the usual stack of white potatoes.

The "Z" could be some ZUCCHINI or even for the ZEST with which everyone gathers when the call arises to "come and get it."

Thanksgiving is more than an alphabet soup game and has become one of the nicest traditions for American families.



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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Can you believe there are seven winners in the All-America Selections for 1985? Judges at 60 official All-America trial grounds in all corners of the USA and southern Canada grew and evaluated these new flower and vegetable varieties. Each is the best in its class, having surpassed the performance of the previously top rated varieties in side by side comparisons. Because All-America Selections tests new varieties for home garden performance throughout North America, it takes the guesswork out of choosing reliable, quality garden plants, and the red, white, and blue emblem has come to be trusted by gardeners.

The 1985 winners are Century Mixed celosia, Mini-Star Tangerine gazania, Rose Diamond geranium FI, Trinidad verbena, Yellow Marvel zinnia, Red Sails lettuce and Sunburst squash FI. For a brief description of the above: Century Mixed celosia has the widest range of brilliant colors; Mini-Star Tangerine gazania is a unique color and very floriferous; Rose Diamond geranium FI is early with many flower heads; Trinidad verbena is a bright sizzling rose color and grows upright instead of sprawling; Yellow Marvel zinnia is a bright yellow with continuous flowering habit; Red Sails lettuce is truly red in color and is as decorative as it is good in salads. It is claimed to contain six times the vitamin A as crisp head lettuce and three times the vitamin C; Sunburst scalloped squash FI hybrid is as yellow as its flower, soft skinned and as buttery as its color. All the above can be purchased as seed from mail order catalogs next spring. Keep them in mind.

Did you try the 1984 winners Sugar Ann snap pea, Border Beauty Rose Hybrid zinnia and Celebrity hybrid tomato? We did in our garden and border. All three lived up to the superlative claims made for them. Sugar Ann snap pea was two weeks earlier than its mother, Sugar Snap, and its bush habit (grows only 18 inches high) endeared it to my husband who never could find time to put up the high fence needed for Sugar Snap. The pods of Sugar Ann are sweet, tender and stringless. Do try this edible podded pea next spring if you missed out on it this past season.

In our garden, Celebrity hybrid tomato, performed very much like the previous winner, Floramerica, except the fruits seemed thinner skinned and more tender. It was a high producer all season long and will be on our seed list

for 1985.

Border Beauty Rose hybrid zinnia deserved all the accolades attributed to it last spring. The sturdy, 20-inch plants made a lavish display of 3- to 3 1/2-inch radiant, rose-pink blooms highlighted with a touch of salmon. You will like Border Beauty Scarlet and Border Beauty Yellow equally as well as they attracted immediate attention in our borders this past season. Seed can easily be found in catalogs and there is no easier flower to grow than a zinnia.

### —WHAT'S IN YOUR SMILE—

It enriches those who receive it, without impoverishing those who give.

### AUTUMN'S VISIT

Announced by a rustle among the trees, she was  
Ushered in by a gentle breeze,  
Cloaked with the warmth of a late summer sun, she  
Planned to stay, 'til her work was done; and when  
Evening closed the door on the day, a great  
Orange moon splashed light her way;  
Autumn had come, to transform them all—(each leaf to  
Be tinted), properly dressed for fall!

—Marjorie A. Lundell

# INTRODUCING...



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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

The season of autumn is the time of gathering the harvest and a time of reflection. Thanksgiving is a reminder of the good we have experienced during the year. A book about the recurring seasons of life is Charles R. Swindoll's *Growing Strong in the Seasons of Life* (Multnomah Press, 10209 SE Division St., Portland, Oregon 97266, \$12.95). Author Swindoll offers suggestions to help read God's signals with a sensitive heart.

"Our journey begins in the winter, a season of quiet reverence," writes the author. "This is followed by spring, a season of refreshing and encouraging renewal. Then comes summer, a season of enjoyable and much-needed rest. Finally, we'll stroll through autumn, a season of nostalgic reflection. Our hope is to grow stronger and taller as our roots dig deeper in the soft soil along the banks of the river of life. And let's not fear the winds of adversity! Roots grow deep when the winds are strong."

Charles R. Swindoll, pastor of the First Evangelical Free Church of Fullerton, California, offers encouragement, nourishment and motivation to grow in your Christian life in this unique volume. Using short chapters derived from his years of ministry to his own congregation, he makes the Scriptures real as he uses personal illustrations, parables and other aids to apply the truth of the Bible to help a person grow and mature.

There are 144 readings in the book, with accompanying passages of Scripture, and special steps designed to help put the lesson of the chapter to personal practice in living a balanced life.

One particularly interesting reading is on *nostalgia* which he describes as the yearning within us to step into the time tunnel and recover the irrevocable. He mentions the following as sentimental journeys within the mind:

- A quiet visit to the place you were raised
- Looking over childhood photos in the family album
- Watching your now-grown "child" leave home
- Standing silently beside the grave of a close, personal friend or relative
- Certain poems . . . certain melodies

He says it is all right to give nostalgia the go-ahead signal.

*Growing Strong in the Seasons of Life* is a book to give yourself, a book that is meant to be used. And we welcome his most thoughtful conviction: deeper roots make for stronger lives.

*A Book of Hugs* by Dave Ross was a very popular book. Now he has a

companion book called *More Hugs!* For anyone who loves hugging, here is a light-hearted catalog of affectionate gestures. It opens with a hug history and goes on to the itty-bitty hand hug. How can anyone forget that first time a baby hugs you back by holding on to your finger? Mr. Ross tells us that get-well hugs give instant relief and are available without prescription! Cheer-up hugs help beat the blues. Sometimes hugs are risky, such as the poison ivy hug. Ouch. And yes, stuffed-animal hugs can get you through a stormy night.

This amusing handbook *More Hugs!* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022 \$6.95), for youngsters and adults, too, is designed to inspire healthful hugging and makes a perfect gift. Dave Ross, the illustrator and author, is the founder and executive director of the Helping Hands School, a private nonprofit school for children who are developmentally delayed.

Betty Bao Lord, author of the popular *Spring Moon*, has written *In The Year of the Boar and Jackie Robinson* (Harper & Row, Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$9.95, ages 8-12). It is based largely on the days when she was a newcomer to America. It concerns a Chinese child coming to Brooklyn, USA in 1947 and the matter of making friends in school. A miracle by the name of baseball happens, and at last, she becomes part of the American dream. She even got to present the key to their school to Jackie Robinson.

A humorous book, it also touches the heart. Of her immigrant experiences, Betty Bao Lord says, "Many feel that loss of one's native culture is the price one

must pay for becoming an American. I do not feel that way. I think we hyphenated Americans are doubly blessed. We can choose the best of both."

*Our Best Years* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$10.95) by Helen Hayes with Marion Glasserow Gladney is filled with gems of wisdom on making the most of one's golden years. Helen Hayes, at age 83 and still going strong, has become a spokesperson for the elderly. Her daily radio program spot is called "The Best Years." She likes to have the elderly called maturians because "It says there's still a bit of fight in us." In the book she touches on many things, including work, health, money, love, friendship, and fun.

Here is what Miss Hayes has to say about enjoying now: To feel really good about yourself, your life, you don't have to make the front page or make a million dollars. All you really have, in the final analysis, is self-esteem. No one gives it to you. You can't buy it. Self-esteem is not traded on the exchange. Most of us can explain, at great lengths, our dissatisfactions. But we fail to recognize and understand enjoyment.

*Our Best Years* is a treasury of the best of Miss Hayes' comments.

\*\*\*\*\*

I have wept in the night  
For the shortness of sight  
That to somebody's need made me blind;  
But I never have yet  
Spent an hour of regret,  
For being a little too kind!

—anon.

\*\*\*\*\*

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## FIVE WAYS TO HELP YOUR CHILD WANT TO LEARN

by  
Wianonia Black

1. **Start Young.** The parents of children are really the ones who open doors to learning. "If all parents spent 15 minutes a day reading to their children, the entire school system in this country could be revolutionized," Ruth Love, superintendent of the Chicago schools, stated recently. Most educators agree that reading to children should be started by the age of six months. Reading nursery rhymes and talking about pictures, while you are holding a child has a soothing effect on them. The child associates books with pleasure.

2. **Write Stories Together.** In our family every trip, even a picnic in the back yard, was enough reason to write a short story. We did this together, each child adding a line of his own. Young children delight in this activity which may lead them to writing paragraphs of their own a little later on. Teachers use this method to help children comprehend what they read. This also organizes their thinking and stimulates their imagination.

3. **Be Open To Different Viewpoints.** Encourage independent thinking. Take unhurried time to really listen with unjudgmental interest. Avoid lumping children into categories of any kind or comparisons with each other. This kind of atmosphere will teach them to feel positive about their natural curiosities and themselves.

4. **Encourage Children To Ask Questions That Fascinate Them.** Different questions may be put on a bulletin board for all members of the family to become involved in. Children's minds can be enticed, intrigued and nurtured by day-to-day learning experiences that are fun.

5. **Teach Children Not To Be Afraid of Failure.** Children stop trying when feeling inferior if they fail. Help them understand that all failures have many rich learning experiences. We need to check our own attitudes. Do I avoid trying new things that might involve failure and cause me to look bad? Dr. Wayne Dryer says, "Remember

that you can fail at anything in life without being a failure as a person."



## THE LAND

The land is patient.  
It is waiting, and still,  
For rain or for sunshine—  
Whatever is the Father's will.

The land is lovely.  
It's beauty is for all,  
Given without stint  
At the Father's call.

The land is fruitful.  
It's rich rewards it yields—  
Reflecting the Father's love  
From hills and fields.

Patient, fruitful, lovely—  
So may my life be,  
As I too glorify the Creator  
With the gifts He gives to me.

—Marjorie V. Dawson

**MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded**  
too many details to you right now because this letter will be printed before the bridal quilt will be delivered to the bride and groom. We are very excited at our house for Katharine.

Our cup runneth over. We have much to be thankful for this Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

## TOO LATE?

The north winds blow across the plains  
with chilling rains.

Cool sun  
floats down upon the browning soil  
with harvests' toil  
almost done.

Snowflakes leave their nests in clouds,  
creating shrouds.

Remember,  
time is late for gathering in  
to fill the bin.  
November!

—Martha E. Shivers

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<b>Orange</b>	<b>Almond</b>	<b>Banana</b>	<b>Mint</b>
<b>Maple</b>	<b>Butterscotch</b>	<b>Peach</b>	<b>Lemon</b>
<b>Cherry</b>	<b>Coconut</b>	<b>Cinnamon</b>	<b>Chocolate</b>

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_



**DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded**

Harlem is going through a renaissance of sorts.

As Dan's car headed down Broadway, we passed by two streets that were closed off so that two different parades, complete with floats and bands, could be formed. One parade was totally composed of Americans from India, getting ready to celebrate India Day. The next parade had bands and floats from other countries, for it was celebrating "International Day." Both groups were, for me, symbols of how the United States was built by immigrants from all over the world. How much fun it was to see the New York Police riding their handsome horses up and down the parade routes!

We took our lunch in the beautiful lobby of the new Citicorp Building. Among potted trees and singing birds, we listened to a woodwind chamber playing Mozart and more contemporary composers. The concert was free!

Then we turned and walked to the newly expanded Museum of Modern Art, or "MOMA," as it is affectionately called. There you can see many paintings by the French Impressionists, and also paintings from each period of Picasso. What was most interesting to us was the large exhibit, on the main floor, of contemporary painting. The post-modernism of the eighties seems to be taking a new direction. Gone are the days when one did not know what the subject of a painting was. Every painting that we saw had an element of realism, and I liked all of them.

Next, Dan and I headed down towards the Brooklyn Bridge. Right next to the old Fulton Street Fish Market, is the South Street Seaport Museum. When I had last seen it, in 1969, Dan and I were both volunteers, helping to paint and refurbish the old Ambrose Lightship, that is still anchored there at the dock. In my wildest dreams, I could not have imagined the huge improvement and changes in the last sixteen years. There are now many ships to see, and all of the old, then deserted buildings have been transformed to exhibits and every kind of restaurant and eatery. The beautiful area was thronged with people, out for the afternoon with their families. If you ever get there, be sure to see the multi-media show that tells, in a most interesting way, the history of the seaport of New York!

My message is this: there is much positive and worthwhile in New York City!

With this letter, I wish you all that is good for your family. Will you have the opportunity to share Thanksgiving Day with those near and dear to you? I hope so.

With every good wish I remain,

Yours sincerely,

David

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**

I am now serving as the interim minister. Each Saturday noon, one and sometimes two are my guests at a restaurant of their choice. When given the choice, they don't choose a fast food snack bar kind of a place. They choose the best and order the best, and I am so glad. While eating lunch together, we chat about the church and about what they can do to help the church. It is a good thing there are many good restaurants in this area, because no two of the youngsters have chosen the same one.

At a meeting of the youth group one Sunday evening, we played a game in which each of the youngsters had to name his or her favorite thing, the thing that made him or her the happiest. It was amazing to me that no two of the youngsters named the same thing! There were twenty-five of them playing the game, and some of the things they mentioned as a source of happiness were: football, travel, cooking, sailing, skiing, reading, friends, etc. etc.

It won't be long before I have to put up the boat for the winter, and that means Betty and I are sailing every opportunity we get, even if it means only a few hours on the water at a time. You ought to see the difference in the boat traffic during the height of the summer season and what it is now. Sometimes, Betty and I sail all afternoon without seeing more than two or three other boats. It is lonely, but it is beautiful! Just before Thanksgiving, I take the boat up the river to a marina where it is lifted from the water by an enormous crane, and then moved to a rack where it sets covered with canvas all through the winter. The motor is taken off the boat and stored inside, and all of the water system on the boat is drained and winterized. In this part of the country, it is impossible to insure a boat after Thanksgiving if the boat is left in the water.

Sincerely,

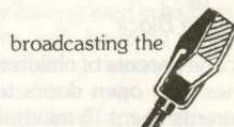
*Frederick*

**BUSY**

God is very busy,  
Every Sunday,  
For then He visits all the  
Churches,  
To hear His Name be praised.

Then on weekdays He  
comes back,  
To see how we are doing.  
Then may we all be practicing,  
What we said we'd do on  
Sunday.

—Annette Lingelbach

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- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
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**Evelyn**

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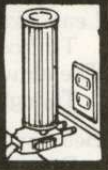
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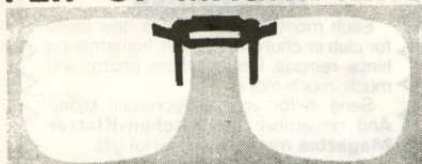
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Between the great things we cannot do and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.

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## FIRST SNOWFALL

by  
Rita Fay Farnham

By dusk on this final day of November, a gentle sifting of soft whiteness gave a powdered sugar look to the cold brown earth. All morning strong winds howled furiously, banging loose shutters, rattling windows, making our old house creak. Stubborn leaves tore from their branches, skipped down roads and driveways and were lifted up into merry little whirlwinds before settling against the wall or fence.

Bitter cold pushed through heavy coats while boys hurried to complete outside chores. Farm animals sought shelter in the barn or shed, and mother surveyed the back porch one more time to see if our wood supply was still adequate.

Around noon the air became motionless and the sky hung low and gray. A quietness descended. It seemed warmer although there was no temperature change.

"Snow will be falling before nightfall," father predicted as he settled back in his rocking chair. "It is there in those heavy clouds." A half hour passed and we looked out to see his prophecy commence. The child that is forever a part of each age drew us to the windows every so often to be delightfully thrilled with our first snowfall of the season.

"Just a few flurries," the weatherman called out on the evening news, but I switched on the porch light an hour or so later to see that the flakes had grown larger and fluffier and already a lacy white coverlet hung loosely on everything within view. Outside the stillness of snow was filling the woodlot and meadow. Inside cozy warmth from our woodstove reached into every corner of the large family room and drifted up the stairway making the bedrooms comfortable for sleeping.

Being snowed in is a secure, peaceful time of enjoyment, and secretly I longed for more than a dusting. Mother Nature complied for she had decided to put on a "really big show."

At dawn the following morning several inches covered the ground and big wet flakes were still falling. Snow continued all that day and all night again. By the next day it had finally ceased, and a slight wind whispered through the silence.

With the abundance of snow the driveway disappeared and no more a fence separated yard from field. Trees wore heavy shrouds and barely visible were shrubs and bushes.

I pulled on heavy clothes and tramped out to gently brush the snow from our favorite pines. Gratefully they lifted up their arms. After I filled the bird feeder, the hungry guests soon arrived. The snowplow passed by making one lane and pushing more snow against our mailbox. Now it appeared to be sitting in snow!

"There will be no mail delivery today," father announced when I entered the kitchen. The mail always comes, but knowing my father, the sage, I reasoned—this is an unusual amount of snow. Oh well, I decided, what better time for reading. I searched my bookshelf. An old copy of Whittier's *Snowbound* was there waiting to be read once again.

### LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

Our last night on the road was spent in Trinidad, Colorado. We went into the motel dining room to celebrate the fact that we'd actually gotten that far without any trouble—and that our next night would find us in Albuquerque.

When writing I feel as if I'm talking to each one of you as individuals and am ashamed to think how much space I will consume. In any event, I'm here in Albuquerque, Juliana and Jed are in the air between here and New York, James and Katharine are both at Valley High School, and Betty and Lou are working on a peach pie for our main meal tonight. The weather forecast has proved to be 100% accurate: heavy clouds and rain today. That's the diet we had yesterday too. In fact, while the farming areas of the Midwest have been unmercifully burned this past summer, New Mexico (at least in the Albuquerque area) has never had such rainfall.

And now this positively must be IT until you hear from me again.

With a feeling of friendship  
that never changes...

*P. V. V.*

### DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

to be torn up anyway, Frank and I decided to get new floor covering and new fixtures. We are happy with the results and it is a big relief to have it finished before winter.

Frank just stuck his head in the door to let me know the turkeys are getting close to the house so I'll grab my camera and maybe this time I'll get lucky.

Wishing all our friends a Happy Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## NOVEMBER

November is a prayer of thanks,  
For everything we have.  
And it makes us all aware,  
Of how much we really have.

—Annette Lingelbach



## NOT SEEING IS BELIEVING

Leaf color is invisible  
Till frost has had its way.  
The air we breathe cannot be seen  
Though with us night and day.

Believing, feeling, faith, and hope  
Defy the realm of seeing.  
Concern and kindness have no form  
Yet no one doubts their being.

And God is there beyond the blue,  
Unseen by human eyes;  
His handiwork is ocular;  
His love around us lies.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

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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.  
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Hallie E. Kite Blackman

Shenandoah, Iowa  
Shenandoah, Iowa  
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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

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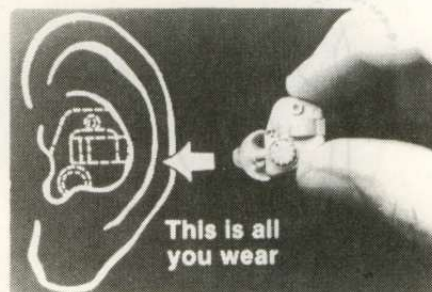
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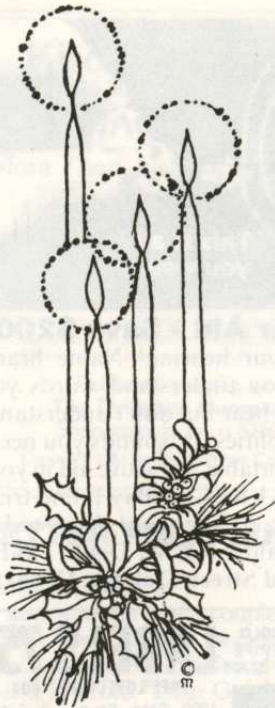
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### Home Style Microwave Cooking



With Carolyn





## FAMILY ADVENT

by  
Virginia Thomas

(Have ready an Advent wreath with four purple candles and a taller white candle in the middle.)

**Parent:** This is the first Sunday in Advent. Advent means *coming* and these weeks before Christmas are called Advent because we are preparing for the coming of Jesus' birthday at Christmas. The four Sundays before Christmas are called Advent Sundays. We light the Advent candles to remind us to prepare our hearts for Christmas and to celebrate these days before Christmas in expectation, in joy and love.

Purple is the color of royalty so it is the color of the four candles which we will light during Advent Sundays. The white candle we light for Jesus, whom we call the Light of the World, for his birthday candle on Christmas Day.

Long before Jesus was born, people were thinking and talking about the coming of the Messiah. They didn't know when or how He was coming but they could hardly wait for His arrival as they felt He would bring peace and happiness to the world and would help all those who were poor and unhappy or mistreated by wicked people of the world. In the Old Testament of our Bible, we can read that many of the Old Testament wise men and prophets foretold the coming of Jesus. One of these prophets was Malachi. Listen to what Malachi said to comfort the people of Israel a long, long time before Jesus was born.

**Scripture:** (Read by a child) Malachi 3:1

**Parent:** The hymn we will sing isn't very easy to sing, but it does tell how the people in Old Testament times were looking and longing for the Messiah to come.

**Hymn:** "O Come, O Come, Emanuel" or "Come Thou Long Expected Jesus"

**First Candle Lighted:** (May be a child) We light this first candle to remind us to begin to prepare our hearts for Christmas and Jesus' birthday. Let us get ready by the way we feel, the way we talk and the way we act. (Lights candle)

**Discussion:** The family may talk for a few moments about what it means to prepare the heart for Christmas, how to relieve the many pressures that sometimes interfere with true observance of the day and family plans for the days ahead.

**Closing Prayer:**

## SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT

**Parent:** Last week we talked about preparing our hearts for the coming of Christmas, Jesus' birthday, and lighted our candle to remind us. Today is the second Sunday in Advent and we will think about our *expectations* for Christmas. This Advent season is such a happy time and there is much excitement as we look forward to Christmas. This beloved Christmas hymn really expresses that excitement and expectation.

**Hymn:** "There's a Song in the Air"

**Parent:** The prophet Isaiah was excited about the coming of the Messiah. He did not know that it would be hundreds of years before Jesus came, but he could tell them what the Messiah would be like and how He would bring peace to the world.

**Scripture:** (By child) Isaiah 11:1-5

**Parent:** (Lights first candle) The first candle is lighted for *preparation* of the heart.

**Lighting of the Second Candle:** (By child) We light this second candle of Advent for the *expectations* of the joy and love we hope to know and share this Christmas season. (Lights candle)

**Discussion:** Talk about what each member of the family enjoys most about Christmas, trying to bring out family sharing times, church activities and other things that bring out the true meaning of Christmas.

**Closing Prayer:**

## THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

**Parent:** We lighted our first candle to remind us to prepare our hearts (have a child light first candle) and our second candle is to remind us of our *expectations* for Christmas (child lights second candle). Today is our third Advent Sunday and we will think about the *joy* we find in Christmas.

Somehow there is something very special about these days before the coming of Christmas. Don't you feel it? It seems there are more smiling faces and we all enjoy the lovely Christmas music and never get tired of singing the familiar carols.

**Hymn:** "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"

**Parent:** Not only were the people of Israel happy because the Messiah was coming, but as the time drew near for Jesus' birth, Mary and Joseph had great joy in their hearts as they thought of a new baby coming. Joy was in the heart of Isaiah, too, when he spoke this message to the people about the Messiah coming someday.

**Scripture:** Isaiah 9:2-7

**Third Candle:** So today we light our candle for joy that has always been and still is such an important part of Christmas. (Lights candle)

**Discussion:** Talk today about how we can bring joy into the lives of those around us, such as visiting a lonely neighbor, sharing a plate of Christmas goodies with an elderly person, sharing in a "mitten tree" in a Sunday school class, etc.

**Closing Prayer:**

## FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT

(Before starting the devotions, decide which child will light each of the first three candles and tell what it stands for and then a favorite carol might be sung.)

**Parent:** Today is the fourth and last Sunday in Advent and we are going to think about *love*, the greatest gift of Christmas.

**Hymn:** "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear" or "What Child Is This?", or both.

**Scripture:** (By child) Luke 2:1-14

**Discussion:** It is very important to stress the importance of love—read John 3:16 and talk of God's love for us, then talk about love of family, of friends, and then of how we show our love for others at Christmas.

**Closing Prayer:**

## LIGHTING THE FIFTH (OR CHRIST) CANDLE

(Light after fourth candle or light on Christmas Eve or Christmas Morning.)

**Hymn:** "Silent Night"

**Scripture:** Matt. 2:1-11 or, if preferred, repeat Luke 2:1-14

**Lighting of the Christ Candle:** We light this candle for Jesus, the Light of the World, remembering these words of John 3:16 (read verse from Bible).

**Hymn:** "Joy to the World"

**Benediction:**

