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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by James Soucie

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U.S. Pat Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Faithful Friends:

It is early in the morning on a day that surely feels as if summer has had its fling and that we should now begin adjusting to the fact that autumn is virtually upon us.

Ordinarily I don't need something to whip me into action, but on this particular morning I just finished saying goodbye to my only little grandchildren, James and Katharine, and their mother, (my only child) Juliana Lowey. Consequently, I feel down in the dumps. Long ago I learned that if there is any cure at all for a depressed mood, it's to get busy doing *something*, no matter what!

Now the circumstances of my life leave me with a very, very narrow selection of activities to plunge into. To get right down to stark facts, I'm left with the choice of going to the kitchen and pawing through cookbooks to see if I can find something to test . . . or I can read. In view of the fact that I've nearly read my eyes out, this solution doesn't take care of my present feeling of being busy at something constructive to get my mind off the children's and their mother's departure.

This last visit with them actually spread over eleven days, the longest span of time I've been able to be with them since my dreadful trip to Albuquerque around two years ago when I had to be returned to Shenandoah (with my dear friend and companion, Betty Jane Tilsen) in an ambulance situation. Even though the pilot was excellent and I had nothing to fear while in his care, I can only say that covering over a thousand miles flat on my back in an airplane isn't exactly a holiday.

James and Katharine hugged and kissed me goodbye with such deep emotion that I really had to grab onto my self-control so their last glimpse of me this morning would not be one in which they remembered me with tears rolling down my face. Now THAT is not exactly a happy memory!

We have a fine airport here in



A recent visitor, who toured our Kitchen-Klatter plant, snapped this picture of Dorothy Johnson as she addressed the magazine.

Shenandoah and to save time I called Ralph Edgar, a pilot, and asked him to fly Juliana and the children to Omaha where they made connections with a plane headed for Denver. The plane connections were by far the best we've ever had. Betty Jane was flying in from a visit with her mother in St. Paul and had to wait only eleven minutes before my family flew in from Shenandoah. Juliana had a chance to tell Betty Jane goodbye, and then Betty Jane joined Ralph on the return flight to Shenandoah.

During the flight, Ralph told Betty Jane that he'd been toting quantities of stuff but never had such a collection as he'd had to carry this time. (When the children were little he always carried them off the plane to where I would be waiting in the car to greet them here in Shenandoah. Now they are far past the need to be carried and poor Ralph is left with only a mountain of "stuff and junk" to transport.) On this last trip the load was climaxed by a huge sackful of unhusked sweet corn plus a solidly frozen big pork roast. The corn was intended as a gift for good friends who had never tasted Iowa corn on the cob and didn't believe that it is the finest tasting sweet corn available. The roast was intended as a gift for Jed who says the only way to get truly GOOD pork is to buy it in Iowa. This explains why Juliana was hauling around corn and pork!

I noticed a tremendous change in both children during this last visit. For example, several years ago I purchased two secondhand bicycles (one of the best investments I ever made). The children now know Shenandoah well enough to go out on their own and explore. Juliana and I didn't have to worry about them at all. We laughed when we remembered that several years ago Juliana covered Main Street with James and then he said: "Well, I'd like to go to another shopping

center now." At that time Main Street was our one and only shopping center.

Through the years it has been said by many, many people that with grandchildren a grandparent can simply relax and enjoy them to the utmost. This is true. You don't have to discipline them for the parents have taken care of that. You don't have to fret and fume over trivialities. When I compare my relationship with James and Katharine to my relationship with Juliana when she was growing up I can see a wide, wide world of difference.

Dorothy Johnson took the children up to the farm for three days where they had the time of their lives. James got to fish to his heart's content, and Katharine indulged in her favorite sport—playing with small animals. At home the children cannot have pets of any kind because of the severe asthma both Jed and James suffer when they are around animals, so you can see that the farm was a great experience for Katharine. It would take a whole book to cover the exciting things they found on the farm, but I'll just let the matter rest with the statement that nothing could have given them greater pleasure.

The children told me about the wonderful times they've had on their weekend camping trips in New Mexico for they are included with the grownups and other children who go on the archaeology trips that give everyone such pleasure. The members of the group range in age from young people, middle-aged people right up to "old" people—the bracket where I now belong. I like this idea of covering so many ages and so many professions—everything from a brain surgeon to a young man who is doing astounding work in electronics.

Juliana wasn't really panting to get home because they are in the midst of

(Continued on page 22)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

I have had to literally drag myself from my reading chair to the typewriter this month. The problem of how to spend my summer never really posed a serious question for me, but remained more a matter of which job on my list of "Things to Accomplish This Summer" would get earliest priority. Little did I expect to find myself greedily reading until the wee hours of the night and with little or no conscience about that "List", which was becoming neglected.

I must hasten to remark here and now that I love to read, anytime, but I've had an unexpected imperative of time added to my usual allotment of reading hours. It all began the last of May when our daughter, Adrienne, received a phone call at school from Oconomowoc, a little village west of Delafield. She could not get to the phone then so I volunteered to take the message for her.

Calling was a family friend, Steve Sanderson, who operates and owns one of the most delightful bookstores I have ever had the pleasure of repeatedly browsing through. It seemed he was in need of a part-time summer employee, and Adrienne had hinted to him many times that she would enjoy working at his store, The Bookery. I had to inform him that Adrienne already had two jobs lined up for the summer and, much as she would have wanted to say yes, her hours and his needs would never coincide.

It was at this point that he threw out an offer which I knew instantly I should decline considering my summer "Job List", but which I thought about for all of five minutes before accepting. Because I said yes, I now work part-time in The Bookery.

I am now exposed to such irresistible books that I bring home a back-breaking load after my day's work. I wish words could describe what a delicious time I am having. I have perused more choice children's books than I realized existed. I have become The Bookery's best customer because these are such wonderful books which, once having read, I cannot bear not to add them to my personal library. (I suspect that Mr. Sanderson chose for his summer employee that person he knew with the least sales resistance and he wasn't looking for Adrienne at all. It was all a ruse to get me in the first place!)

Regardless of all these facts, I am having a delightful summer. I'm working just enough to motivate myself to keep my clothes in a super-clean state, and yet manage to whip through a few of the



Mary Beth Driftmier has been working in a bookstore this summer.

most crying jobs on "The List". Meeting the fine people who come into a bookstore has been a refreshing change, too. I love my little fifth graders, but the individuals who frequent a bookstore are invariably devoted book lovers and they are absolutely terrific people with whom to talk.

All things considered, this summer's unexpected turn of events has added up to a very stimulating time. I've broadened my horizons once again and I'm much the better for the experience.

Husband Don has been pursuing the real estate business in various ends of the county. His hours are such that we seldom know when to plan a regular meal, but this is all right, too, because after our schedule-oriented school year a total break from set hours is good for all of us.

The fellow who has little or no schedule upon which to count is son Paul. It is almost impossible to know when to call him in Orlando, Florida. He sometimes works a shift until two o'clock in the morning, and his roommate, who does not necessarily keep the same schedule, is frequently the person to answer the telephone and relay the message to us that Paul is out. As a result, we're having a little trouble keeping in touch with him except when he calls us. Paul has reported that he is only an hour from the Atlantic Ocean, and he has made a nice circle of friends who enjoy going to the beach. He has learned to body surf and generally learned to combine his work at Disney World with the delights of beautiful Florida. If it were not for the fact that our elder daughter, Katharine, is so happy with her new arrangements in Madison, Wisconsin, she would be very envious of her brother Paul.

Katharine has found herself a perfect little apartment with just enough room to decorate easily. "Just enough room"

means commensurate with her income! It is really fun to sit and watch her furnishing her own little "pad". For her birthday, Don and I gave her an ironing board and iron and she was ecstatic. A year ago one of the last things on her wish list would have been domestic necessities such as these. But she has come out of the unreal world of college life and into the real world of realizing what it costs to equip a kitchen which, fortunately, already had a stove and refrigerator. She has borrowed her brother Paul's bicycle and finds she fits in with the balance of the masses of students on the Madison campus. I think she said that the number of bicycles in Madison outnumbers the automobiles two to one! Isn't that startling? Her apartment is fifteen walking minutes from University Hospital where her research lab is located. Her apartment is also on the shores of the smaller of the two large lakes in Madison. It is for this reason that she can smile sweetly when Paul talks of the ocean. She has just to walk across the apartment complex yard, which has its own swimming pool, and she can slip into Lake Mendota.

I am frankly enchanted with Madison. It has changed markedly since the turbulent sixties. I never had the occasion to be in the city itself until this year, but all of us in Wisconsin were aware of the radical elements who caused the university difficulties. Now it is a teeming college town where everyone is out to run in a marathon or bicycle off on a camping expedition. The city is extremely modern with many, many new buildings on the university grounds and even more connected with the State Capitol and the legislature. I think this coming year will be very interesting for Don and me, with the opportunity to drive the brief thirty-nine miles west for a complete change of scenery and a visit with Katharine.

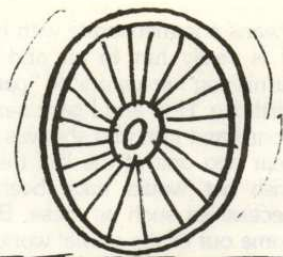
It won't be long before I shall have another index card to pin to my lamp shade with Adrienne's Evanston, Illinois, address on it. That will make three addresses and three telephone numbers to mark the changes in our life style.

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

COVER STORY

For a long, long time Lisa Nenneman, daughter of Tom and Donna Nenneman, saved every cent she could to buy this beautiful telescope. She has a veritable passion for the sky and this telescope has brought within her reach all of the things she has studied about so assiduously. It has compensated for the many things that her health has not been able to allow her. She is Mae and Howard Driftmier's granddaughter and they have very good reason to be proud of her. —Lucile



"Wheeling In"

A Skit with a Hit!

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Props and Costumes: This is a "for fun" skit. Outlandish costumes and props are always good for laughs in certain instances, so turn your imagination loose and see what you have available. Your new officers will take the part of the "Big Wheels".

The new officers carry the tools of the office—gavel, secretary's book, etc. Let the president carry a sledge hammer for a gavel, the treasurer a bushel basket marked with dollar signs, the secretary a large-size ledger and pencil or an armload of papers, seemingly bent over with the heavy load.

The other characters may be dressed in some funny fashion and carry the type of wheel mentioned fashioned from cardboard. They go through pantomimes to act out the parts. In some instances, two or more might be involved in the stunt, as for "spinning wheels", when some enter on roller skates and one carries a spinning wheel, or they get tangled up in yarn as they "spin" about the stage. The fly wheel ("regulator") might appear on stage and find two members over enthusiastic in their planning as they "yak-yak", and fly wheel calmly pulls out a large cloth and "gags" them—or tapes their mouths shut.

Let a narrator read the script as the characters in the skit act out each type of wheel. Have fun! (Let the narrator also dress in a wild-looking costume.)

Narrator:

Hello, each and every one,
It is so good to see you here
As we begin our journey
Into this new club year.
Now, would you all kindly set the wheels
Within your minds turning
As we think a bit about WHEELS?
Some lessons we may be learning!
That wheels are good for getting places
You will all be knowing,
But we'll look at several different wheels
That might—or might not—keep our club a-going.

(Enter "Big Wheels")

These BIG WHEELS are important
I'm sure you all agree.
It's necessary to have officers
To run our club efficiently.

(Enter "Cog Wheels")

It also takes COG WHEELS—like committee heads and such—
In vital spots, I've a sneaky notion,
To keep all gears and what-cha-may-call-its
Of this club in motion.

(Enter "Free Wheelers")
I'd say FREE WHEELERS we can do without—

They mostly occupy a chair—
Never sharing their time, interests or talents,

Generous only with hot air!

(Enter "Jerky Wheels")
Occasionally we may have some JERKY WHEELS

That balk a bit at what we're doing,
But we can get them running smoothly
With sweet-talk oil and kind and tender wooing.

(Enter "Fly Wheel")
A FLY WHEEL is definitely a club asset.
Serving as a "regulator" she holds us on beam,

Pulling us down to earth if we tend to soar
Or hatch a too-hair-brained scheme.

(Enter "Spinning Wheels")
SPINNING WHEELS—good old stand-bys—

Fun, but spinning along when there's a job to be done.

If our club has a good supply of these
Our year's work will surely hum!

Narrator:

That's our WHEELS' story, so check yourself out.

What's your honest feeling?

Where do you plan to fit yourself in
This club year's wheeling and dealing?

WE REMEMBER WITH LOVE

A Memorial Service for Departed Members

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: A beautiful blooming plant is used on a small table, with the Bible lying open beside it. Behind this arrangement, place a lighted candle in a holder for each deceased member to be recognized. Later, as each member's name is mentioned, let a candle be extinguished.

Leader:

Who walks the world with soul awake
Finds beauty everywhere;

Though labor be his portion,
Though sorrow be his share.

He looks beyond obscuring clouds,

Sure that the light is there!

—Excerpt from unknown writer

In his book, *The Prophet*, Kahlil Gibran has written these words: "And is not time even as love is, undivided and paceless? But if in your thoughts you

must measure time into seasons, let each season encircle all other seasons. And let today embrace the past with remembrance and the future with longing."

Such are the circumstances of life that we find our relationships with others divided into time sequences. So it is that with some we have a long sequence of time together—sharing, loving, and working together. With some, the time may be short. Still we know that our lives have been broadened, enlightened, strengthened, and blessed by the lives that touched ours. When the time allotted us together comes to an end, we can still be together in memory, and the best that we gained from our days of friendship can be carried on to make the future brighter.

Let this memorial service be not a time for sadness and mourning, but a time of thanksgiving for friendships shared and for the blessings we received from that friendship. Let us "embrace the past with remembrance", choosing to rejoice that for a short time we and the departed one (or ones) walked the road together, that we were able to "walk the world with soul awake", working together for common goals, sharing special moments of beauty and love and laughter, and our faith in God.

The candles (candle) have been lighted today in loving remembrance of: (Slowly give the names and have candles extinguished one by one, as each name is read.)

Like the light of the candles, snuffed out in the twinkling of an eye, the light of our friends has gone from our midst. But, like the beauty of this living plant, whose beauty we will remember long after the blossoms fade and drop, unmourned because we know that in due season it will blossom again and again. The memory of our departed members will linger with us and their spirits will live on in the tasks we do as we move forward to the future. Together for a time we dreamed dreams, made plans, and pursued bright visions together. Like the candles, their light may be dimmed, but the glow lingers on in our hearts. We remember them with love.

Because you were my friend, I have found

New joys that were not mine before;
New understandings, new strength,

Faith to lift my wings and soar.

Because I have known you, I've found
Many of your dreams are woven in with mine.

I'm so glad that we touched hands

And walked life's road together for a time.
—M.N.B.

(If there is just one person who is remembered in this memorial, the plant may be presented to a member of the person's family, or it can be announced that it will be sent to a nursing home or a church.)



Why Not Frame It?

by
Marjorie Fuller

Do you have a memento from your childhood that you treasure? Does it rest on a shelf or is it tucked away into a chest's bottom drawer? I decided I wanted to bring out some of my childhood treasures and heirlooms to frame and display so some of the deep "inside me" would show.

One such treasure is an embroidered pillow top which Mother received at a shower given for her when I was born some sixty years ago. This lovely, hand-crocheted pillowcase has the word **BABY** embroidered in the center in white with a white sateen back. The open end buttons together with several buttons. I framed this piece in a 14- by 15-inch white frame with a blue trim. Included in the lower left-hand corner of the frame is my birth announcement. An interesting note: at that time the baby colors were reversed and my announcement is edged in blue! Glass protects both items in the frame.

Putting a picture together isn't difficult. Finding frames stored in the attic or purchased at rummage sales greatly reduces the cost. Mount the object on a sturdy cardboard before putting it into the frame. Heavy paper, such as brown wrapping paper, can be used to glue over the back side of the frame to cover any cardboard which is needed to fill out the frame. A small bottle of gold paint will cover several frames if a gold finish is desired.

A funny little card, written to me ten years ago by my then six-year-old granddaughter, is framed and hangs over my desk. Her printing is a charming scrawl of misspelled words which bring a chuckle as I glance at "Dear Grandmoll". I mounted the card (post card size) on a piece of black construction paper and placed it in a 5- by 7-inch frame. The background gives the illusion of a blackboard.

One friend wanted to display an embroidered pillow top done by her great-grandmother. It is a colorful embroidery on black velvet. It took her a year to find just what she wanted in a

frame: round, made of wood, and heavily carved. She did not put glass over her pillow as the embroidery is quite thick and flowery.

Another imaginative display I've seen is made of old spectacles and a glove of a beloved ancestor. These are fastened to a piece of red velvet and the entire piece is framed. Unless one uses a shadowbox arrangement, a collection such as this could not be covered with glass.

I did make such a piece with an old gold frame which flanged outward. I fitted the glass over the *outer* extended edge, then fastened it to the frame with gold tape. This holds a painted metal mesh purse my dad gave to me when I was ten. It is too fragile for handling as the painted design chips easily. I stitched around the clasp of the purse and sewed it to the background fabric. Blue and gold, the purse blends well on a gold velvet background and adds an interesting note to the bedroom wall. It will someday become a keepsake for our daughter.

I have seen a child's violin, bow and a sheet of music mounted on black velvet. Framed in a large, wide and elaborate frame, it lends character to the room in which it hangs.

Paper items, such as dance programs or valentines, frame readily. I have framed some of my grade-school valentines and enjoy looking at them. I mounted them on a rosy-red blotter. A "scalloped" border was created with small, white paper doilies cut in half. Placed in an old frame painted gold, the valentines compliment my pink spare bedroom. I finally ended up with a grouping of frames as I had so many favorite cards. Incidentally, I listed the name of the sender on the back of each valentine; some were from relatives and

some from friends. It is nice to label each item by writing a bit of its history and the source from which it came on the back of each frame.

Framing lends itself well to current objects, for example, costume jewelry. Select the size frame needed. Mine is an oblong shape measuring about 12 by 24 inches and painted gold. I chose purple velvet as my background fabric to fit into my bedroom decor. Measure the size needed to fit the frame and cut two pieces of fabric. Sew them together as you would a pillowcase. Slip a piece of heavy cardboard inside and against the back. Stuff lightly with commercial pillow filling (such as polyester) or use cut-up nylon hose. Thus, the topside will bulge slightly like a pincushion. When the "case" is good and tight, sew the open ends together. This accomplished, the fabric can be fitted into the frame securely with the cardboard holding it in place. Your jewelry pins will stick easily right into this framed "pincushion". I use corsage pins to "peg" on chains and necklaces. My lesser jewelry is thus displayed; my better pieces still remain in the jewelry box.

As a child, my Grandmother Misch made lace in Denmark. I have several strips of her work which I intend to frame, along with a piece of tatting from an aunt. Glass-covered, they will keep clean and intact to be passed down to a child or grandchild; a bit of visible heritage is nice to leave behind!

One . . . "should hear a little music, read a little poetry, and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul."
—Goethe



NOTICE

Effective on September 1st, 1978, the
subscription price to our

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE will be:

\$4.00 for one year (12 issues)

All subscriptions sent to foreign countries will be:

\$5.00 for one year (12 issues)

**KITCHEN-KLATTER,
Shenandoah, Iowa
51601**



Aunt Nancy.

LIBERATED LIFE STYLE

by
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

Long before the birth of the E. R. A., there was one woman who lived as she pleased. In fact, she came and went as the notion struck her fancy, and this was unique to me. Although I was a small child, I observed that my mama and granny sort of adhered to the man of their house. Not Aunt Nancy, for she had no man of her own! We claimed her as an aunt because she seemingly had no family and roamed the roads like a man. She lived like a parasite, calling home wherever she hung her little black bonnet or until she wore out her welcome. This was in the days of tramps and hobos among the males who were allergic to work. So Aunt Nancy watched their carefree way of life, liked it, and took it up!

No doubt Aunt Nancy was an added burden to housewives, but to us children she was sheer delight. She spent a lot of time at my granny's, and I liked for my visits and Aunt Nancy's to coincide. What luck to look down the dusty lane and see that slow-moving black figure coming up to Granny's. No matter what I was playing, I dropped it and dashed to tell the news, "Aunt Nancy is heading this way!" Quick as a flash Granny was making a fire in the wood range, getting down the big zinc washtub, for she managed to get the traveler presentable before mealtime. Aunt Nancy carried an old, dirty carpetbag which held little else besides her "burying clothes". So Granny hunted up some extra clothes and with subtlety soon suggested that Aunt Nancy needed a restful bath to wash away her weariness. Thus she pitched the guest a bar of lye soap and slammed the kitchen door. (Farm homes used their kitchens as an all-purpose room, including bathing.) While Aunt Nancy was washing away her dirt, Granny set about to launder her

traveling garments. Cleanliness was next to Godliness in Granny's house, so with expertise she kept the long-staying visitor presentable!

Aunt Nancy's biggest asset was her talent as a teller of tall tales, but she had little inclination for work. She usually offered to string beans, dry dishes, or tear rags for rugs, but not work that required elbow grease. In the face of big jobs, Aunt Nancy complained she had always been a delicate woman. That excuse made Granny's dander rise and she snorted that for some folk "hard work was like leprosy and they shunned it." This suited us children as we flocked around to hear those unusual happenings, "hainted" houses . . . ghosts in graveyards and stories nobody else ever experienced. Warm weather found us huddled under the hickory nut tree while Aunt Nancy dipped snuff and told hair-raising tales. (During such a session she gave me a small pinch of snuff. I decided then and there that it had a terrible taste and if it was potent enough to kill chicken lice, I had better leave it alone.)

As I grew older, I asked questions about where Aunt Nancy had come from and why, but no one had any idea. She carried gossip from house to house, but telling things about herself was taboo. Yet her being a nomad had no bearing upon the hospitality she got from farm folk. Turning away any traveler without food or lodging was not even thought about. The men tramps were asked to split firewood, eat on the back step, and sleep in the barn, but not Aunt Nancy! She didn't even earn her keep, but she ate at the family table, slept in a bed, and was treated as a guest.

If Aunt Nancy sensed she might be a burden, she had a sly way of getting sympathy. She got her old carpetbag and took out her burial clothes, and with a solemn face explained she never wanted to be a bother. I recall her long black dress with the high neckline and long sleeves; to me it looked like death. When the picture taker came by Granny's place, Aunt Nancy had her picture made, too. She said we all knew exactly how she would look when she was "laid out".

Funerals were simple for someone of her status . . . men made a wooden box, women often dressed the corpse, and it was kept overnight in the parlor. Friends gathered to keep vigil until a simple service was held. Heavy veils were thrown over the coffin to help hide the palor of death on the departed one's face. "Boughten" flowers were unheard of in the country, but in season some of the women fixed bouquets. The service was usually held in the home; in warm weather it was often held in the yard. Aunt Nancy knew that when her time came the service would be simple and quick.

Aunt Nancy visited at least twice a year and her stay depended upon a diversity of things. Hard work in the household sometimes cut her visits short. I remember the time Granny was getting ready for the yearly hog killing, which made Aunt Nancy restless. She didn't want to handle a butcher knife or stir lard as it cooked in the kettles. So when Granny sent the boys for salt, Aunt Nancy hopped on the wagon and rode to the next farm.

When there was a hint of springtime in the air, we children looked for that familiar black figure coming up the lane. Time came when our hope failed; Aunt Nancy was long past due and even Granny sensed something was wrong. The community grapevine carried no news of the vagrant visitor. When the traveling salesman came to sell garden seeds he told the expected news . . . "Aunt Nancy had been taken by the death angel!" People where she made those habitual visits missed her, but children missed her most. Although she was a real vagabond lady, it sometimes seems she was only a legend of my childhood . . . with all her mystery!

WHICH IS YOUR "BONE"?

A "wishbone" who spends all his time wishing?
A "knucklebone" who knocks everything anyone does?
A "jawbone" is someone who does a lot of talking, but little else,
Or a "bonehead" who can't get with it.
Then there are "backbones" — people who get under the load and get the job done.

—Erma Clevenger

PRESERVING FRIENDS

Cultivate thoroughly and gently but do not use kid gloves. Best this kind be left in the garden.

Early in life, while still dewy fresh before the sun has parched their ways, pick about a half dozen wholesome specimens. Some will have blemishes the same as you.

Heat this friendship in water comfortable to the touch—not too hot or it will explode; if lukewarm, spoilage will occur.

With a spatula of fairness, turn all sides to warm evenly.

To preserve, add a giant cup each of Care, Concern, Interest and Time, for congealment.

Add a cup of sweetener to a cup of friendship and a pinch of advice only as a last resort.

Cap with frequent letters and long distance phone calls for long keeping.

Finally, do not put away on a shelf; leave out to admire.

—Esther Payne Davis



Ferns and wildflowers growing in the cool ravines of Maquoketa Caves State Park make it a popular place for nature lovers.

CAVES AMONG THE CORNFIELDS

Hernando's Hideaway, Up-N-Down Cave, Shinbone Cave, and Barbell Cave.

These are just a few of the caves that the visitor to Iowa's intriguing Maquoketa Caves State Park will find.

Most of the 200-acre park lies along a steep ravine with limestone cliffs from ten to seventy-five feet in height. The cliffs offer park visitors many stunning views and overlooks.

The thirteen caves are the major attraction, of course, but the park has something for everyone.

The hiker will find the rugged trails challenging, while the wildflower enthusiast will find the whole area carpeted with colorful blossoms in spring and summer. Ferns abound in the cool recesses of the park.

The photographer will find the bright orange of bittersweet in autumn and the snow-covered evergreens in winter a delight.

The caves were first discovered by a hunting party shortly before the Civil War but evidence shows that the caves were used much earlier.

Pottery, arrowheads, and other relics show that early Indian tribes used the caves for housing hundreds of years ago.

Sightseers as early as 1835 carved their names and initials in the limestone walls.

Before Maquoketa Caves received protection as a state park in 1921, vandals destroyed the beautiful stalactites and stalagmites hanging from the ceilings and rising from the floors of the caves.

Today, electric lights and concrete walkways make a tour of some of the caves easy. In other caves, however, a flashlight will be a big help.

The park has picnic areas, a camping area, a concession stand, shelters, and drinking water.

Maquoketa Caves State Park is in Jackson County, six miles northwest of the town of Maquoketa.

—Joe Taylor

GROWING OLEANDERS FOR HOUSE PLANTS

by
Clara Brandon

If growing house plants is your hobby, try your green thumb on oleanders. Indigenous to the more tropical climate of the southern states, oleanders may be grown as house plants in colder climates. If planted outdoors for the summer, they must be brought indoors before frost. Care must be taken in transplanting not to break the taproot.

Oleanders may be kept indoors the year around, or set on the patio for the warm months. Indoors or outdoors, they must have plenty of water. It is best to keep the soil moist.

As with many other house plants, oleanders must be watched for spider mite infestation. Watch for webs on the foliage, if any appear, spray immediately. You may want to use a commercial spray, but an effective and inexpensive treatment is made of liquid detergent—the mild type as used for dishes. With a spray bottle or a mister, use a solution of about 1/8 tsp. detergent to 1 cup of water. Put the plant on the porch or in the sink or bathtub and spray away. Be sure to cover the plant well with the solution, under the leaves as well as on top. Repeat treatment for several days, and keep the plant away from other house plants until no more webs appear.

Oleanders like plenty of light and sunshine. If kept in a sunny location, plants are more likely to bloom and the blossoms will be deeper in color. The blooms may range from almost white to a deep shade of pink.

Since the oleander is not the usual house plant, one may have to be ordered from a nursery. Once the plant begins to thrive, it will put out shoots which may be removed for slips to start new plants. It is best to remove the lower lateral shoots from the main stem of the plant. Use a sharp knife and start cutting above the shoot so as to remove some of the bark and a thin layer of the woody part of the stem along with the shoot. Don't cut too deeply—only a thin layer. Place in a glass of water to start rooting. It will take several weeks before the roots become strong enough for planting. I have always found this method to be successful, but for faster rooting try one of the commercial products.

If kept pruned and root bound, oleanders will bloom abundantly and still be small enough for nice house plants. However, if allowed to grow, they will become small trees, from 8-10 feet high.

Oleanders belong to the dogbane family, which is characterized by a white, milky substance. So, wash your hands well after cutting slips.

Oleanders may be grown with very little care and their beautiful, exotic



These pictures could be entitled, "How Times Have Changed!". Wayne Driftmier, the next-to-the-youngest son of Leanna and Martin Driftmier, was just one year old when the top picture was taken on the front steps of his Grandfather Driftmier's home. (Please note that romper-type suit.) Who could have guessed on that first birthday that Wayne would grow up to be an important nurseryman in Colorado. Recently, this second photograph of Wayne was featured on the cover of the *Home & Garden Supply Merchandiser*, a trade publication used throughout the U.S.

blossoms rival any other flowers for fragrance. The blooms grow in clusters—a single blossom often reaching three inches in diameter—and will fill your house with a heavenly scent.

MORNING PRAYER

Thank you, Father, for this morning
Of another precious day;
Thank you for your ready presence,
Ever near to lead the way,
To lead, to guide me on life's pathways,
Paths awash with joys and sorrows;
Hold my hand, God, lest I falter
Before I reach a safe tomorrow.

—Inez Baker



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you only minutes before taking off on what I hope will be one of the great adventures of our lives. Betty and I, along with a young man from our church, are flying to Montreal today, and from there are flying 2,000 miles straight north to the very northern tip of Baffin Island. At that point, we shall be 1,200 miles north of the most northern tip of Labrador. Why are we going there? Because we never have been there! For years we have been wanting to take a trip to the Antarctic, but since our vacations come at the wrong time of the year for a journey so far south, we have decided to try an adventure in the Arctic.

Several weeks ago I saw a little advertisement in a Canadian travel publication: "Have a high Arctic adventure. High above the Arctic Circle is the remote community of Pond Inlet—where you can relax and become a part of the day-to-day life in a tiny community (population 550). Few Arctic visitors travel as far north as Pond Inlet, where a stranger's face is a rare and welcome sight. Travel where life is lived by the tides under almost continual daylight."

We are going to get to this little Eskimo village by an airline which was created to serve the oil and mining interests in the Far North, and by flying on several small charter lines which fly when there are adventurous travelers who are willing to brave the unpredictable weather in that cold part of the world. You may have never heard of the Toohoonik-Sahoonik Hotel which is owned by an Eskimo cooperative, and has three bedrooms with fourteen beds. We could be sharing our room with a few Eskimos, a matter which gives Betty a bit of concern.

While in Pond Inlet, we hope to do much photography including taking pictures of the delicate flowers which bloom on the tundra during the three or four weeks when much of the snow is melted by the continual sunlight. On an island 20 miles away is Canada's most northern bird sanctuary, and if the water is calm enough so that an Eskimo boat can take us between the floating pieces of pack ice, we shall photograph some of the wild birds such as murres, eiders, snow geese, glaucous gulls, and Arctic owls.

For two weeks we shall be hundreds of miles above the Arctic Circle, and during that time our chief concern will be the weather. We are going prepared for cold weather, temperatures in the 30's and



Enjoying music at an early age, are Christopher and Isabel Palo, Frederick's and Betty's grandchildren.

40's with much fog and wind. We could experience snowstorms with temperatures below the freezing mark, and we could have some bright sunny days when the thermometer might reach 45 or 50 degrees.

All of the photographs we have seen show the Eskimos wearing winter clothing during July and August. In July we drove up to Maine to purchase clothing designed for the Arctic, and the salesman told us that what we bought was for both winter and summer wear. He said, "On the few days when the temperature might get up to 45 or 50, all you have to do is to unzip the front of your parka and push back your fur-lined hood." But then he added, "Most of our customers tell us that even in the summer the wind-chill factor makes even the brightest day a cold one."

There are big contrasts in the weather patterns of various parts of the Arctic. We are going to be a short distance from the northwestern part of Greenland, and yet the east coast of Baffin Island where we shall be is much colder and bleaker than the west coast of Greenland where people actually are able to raise a few sheep and have some small gardens. The difference is caused by the strong ocean currents which push along the coasts. Baffin Island is pounded by the Arctic currents carrying pack ice toward the south, and Greenland is washed by ocean currents moving from the south toward the north. The Baffin temperatures are kept low during the summer months by the cold water and the melting ice. The northern part of Canada (over near the Yukon in the far west), while very far north, can still have summer temperature as high as 80 or 90 degrees. The big contrast with the eastern section is caused by the absence of any large amount of water. Believe it or not, there never is any large amount of snow in the Arctic. Ice, yes, but less than ten inches

of snow in most Arctic areas. One might call parts of the Arctic, "Canada's Cold Desert". We get far more snow in New England than they get in the Arctic, but the Arctic has ice, and ice, and more ice!

One day this past summer, Betty and I were driving down to Rhode Island to visit her parents, and on the way we saw a number of foxes and several deer with their young. A large buck deer even trotted down the main street of our city one night not so long ago! How on earth the deer manage to come through all the suburbs and eventually reach the heart of the urban area is a question. Here in New England we are experiencing more and more raccoons and skunks in the inner city. Sometimes I wonder if they feel safer in the protection of the city than they do out in the wilds.

This summer I am doing my best to bring a little more order into my life. When I consider the world of nature around me, it becomes so obvious that God does all things in an orderly way; therefore, He must love order so it is reasonable to feel that God wants our lives to be as orderly as possible. At that point, my biggest problem has to do with the many letters, papers and articles which collect on my desks at home and at the church.

Part of my plan for greater orderliness involves my photo slide collection. I have thousands of colored slides that were useful to me at one time, but are no longer of any use. What I need to do is to sort out the photos, label the ones I want to keep, and then give the rest away. Where and to whom can one give old family pictures? I intend to give mine to a mental hospital. The Director of Rehabilitation asked for the photos, and when she did so, she told me that the slides are used to involve depressed persons in conversations. A slide is shown on the screen, and then the

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NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Does that line strike you as an odd one to use in beginning a September letter, or does it remind you of the many years you started school in the fall and found the first assignment given was to write about your summer vacation? Although school was out before the end of May, I felt like my summer vacation really and truly began on a rare day in June, the seventh to be exact, when I loaded the car with three excited boys, several crammed suitcases, odds and ends of sacks, swimsuits, baseballs, and cookies, and headed east from Chadron, Nebraska, toward Lucas, Iowa. With so much to keep track of, I felt fortunate to have the help and companionship of our friend, Miss Laura Sue Elwess, who accompanied us on our great excursion.

Our first stop was Valentine, Nebraska, where we enjoyed a late breakfast. As we approached Valentine, we tuned in to the Kitchen-Klatter radio program, a treat for us because we are unable to receive the broadcast in Chadron. We stopped briefly in Norfolk, Nebraska, and I informed my passengers that I had visited this town only once previously seventeen years ago. When I was eighteen years old, my mother and I met many, many dear friends when we spent the day at a supermarket in Norfolk.

Finally, late in the afternoon, we arrived in Fremont, Nebraska. Art's Uncle Andrew lives in Fremont, and we were very glad he could join us for supper. We spent a pleasant evening sharing our views on educational policies, politics, agriculture, and, oh yes, sports. With my three boys, particularly the two older ones, it would be unusual if the conversation did not eventually turn to sports.

The following morning, after everyone filled up on pancakes or waffles, we crossed the wide Missouri. When we whizzed by the sign that signaled our entry into Iowa, I startled everyone in the car by honking the horn for all I was worth, and had to explain that I was merely expressing my joy at returning to the state where I grew up, the state "where the tall corn grows".

Early in the afternoon, we pulled into the long driveway of the Frank Johnson farm, and you should have heard how wildly the horn was honked then! We were greeted by two precious and wonderful persons, namely, my parents, and I hardly need to tell you what an occasion it is to be reunited with those we so dearly love! I had been in such a hurry to arrive at our destination that I had postponed a lunch stop, but Grandma Dorothy was well prepared to fill our empty stomachs.

With nary a pause for the digestion process to begin, Andy and Aaron were in search of fishing poles and worms. Little Julian may not have understood what all this frenzied activity was about, but he caught on rather quickly when he was the first one to pull a fish out of the water. With Julian catching the first fish, Aaron the biggest fish, and Andy the most fish, the afternoon was considered a success.

Grandma Dorothy had made lemon ice cream before we arrived, but it disappeared even faster than she had anticipated. On the third day of our visit, a friend gave Mother two large boxes of ripe, home-grown strawberries, so we made more ice cream. Then, while the freezer was out and the ice already crushed, Mother decided she might as well make a second freezer of banana ice cream; thus we had plenty of this favorite dessert to satisfy us during our entire stay.

As you can imagine, the fun-filled week passed all too quickly. Julian was easily entertained by the little puppy in the barn, the small orange kitty, and the baby ducks. He was fascinated by the thing in the back yard out of which water flowed when he moved the handle up and down! I couldn't begin to tell you the number of buckets he filled with water. If pumping exercised his arms, running up and down over the top of the cellar cave exercised his legs. As I watched him, I was ever so grateful for his good health and exuberant energy.

In returning to Chadron, we followed an entirely different route which took us first to Shenandoah. Aunt Lucile and Betty Jane Tilsen had prepared a tasty evening meal for us, and just when we thought we couldn't eat another bite,



Kristin and Art Brase.

Aunt Lucile served one of her elegant cakes. Andy and Aaron then stayed all night with Aunt Lucile while the rest of us walked up the hill to stay all night with Aunt Margery and Uncle Oliver Strom. Since evenings are so long, it was still light enough to admire Uncle Oliver's fine garden.

After breakfast with Aunt Margery and coffee with Aunt Mae Driftmier, we were back on the highway crossing the Missouri River at Nebraska City. Last year, Grandma Dorothy and Andy went to see Arbor Lodge, and Andy had been so impressed with this State Historical Park that he could hardly wait to show it to the rest of us. Upon touring the 52-room mansion, carriage house, and grounds, we felt that his interest and enthusiasm were well founded.

When at long last we managed to tear ourselves away from all there is to see at Nebraska City, we continued to Grand Island where we spent the night with Art's brother and his wife and family.

(Continued on page 16)

Fall

is the perfect time
to share the

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO VISIT.

Listen each weekday over the following stations:

KLK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL

by
Evelyn Birkby

If a person wants complete creature comfort in a hotel, he probably would not choose to stay in the Grand Union in Fort Benton, Montana, but for atmosphere, glamour, scenery, friendliness, historical interest and ghosts of people from a time long gone, the Grand Union has few equals.

Room 16 was mine during a recent vacation stay in this 96-year-old hostelry. My window faced south toward the Missouri River. The water of the river was flowing swiftly, fed by the still-melting snows from the Montana mountain peaks and reinforced by unusually heavy summer rains.

The furnishings in my room were simple, old-fashioned and comfortable: a brass bed, a wicker desk, a huge wooden chair and an old mirror-topped dresser. On the floor was a deep red carpet, on the walls the original plaster had been freshened, patched and cleaned. No television, no air conditioning, no telephone, no elevators—in fact, if it hadn't been for the addition of a bathroom and closet, the room was exactly as it had been for 98 years.

Walking outside my room into the strangely turning and angled hallways, I could see the original burlap wainscoting. In recent years it has been removed, the wall repaired and the burlap repainted the original green color and repasted with the same type of thick flour-and-water paste just as it was done in the beginning of the life of the building.

Moving north down the hallway, I came to the grand staircase with its walnut railing and posts and finely hand-turned newel post at the bottom, all transported on a Missouri River boat in 1881, the year the hotel was built.

At the bottom of the stairs is the virtually unchanged lobby, furnished with the same rosewood piano which came up-river 98 years ago, a massive counter-desk, a safe built into the wall and a tiny high window which was part of a secret room in which armed guards sat to watch when gold shipments moved through this area.

The owner of the hotel, Harold Thomas, came from behind the counter and greeted me warmly. Taking time from his busy activities, he sat with me on the huge black settee and talked about the early days of the building.

Mr. Thomas told me that this portion of the Missouri was the farthest north section of the great river to be navigated by steamships during the last century. While Fort Benton was founded in 1846 by the fur traders and then became an army post, the influx of people and merchandise really began when gold was



Harold Thomas is pictured behind the counter-desk of the Grand Union Hotel.

discovered in Montana in the 1850's.

The idea of building a hotel on the banks of the river at the head of navigation came to a Mr. Todd, an enterprising hardware salesman who came up on one of the boats to visit the merchants of the area. In 1882, he began building the three-story, 57-room hotel out of locally produced red and yellow brick.

In those days blueprints were not used and dimensions were determined by the length of the bricks. Plans were drawn on the site with the windows and doors "so many bricks wide", walls were "so many bricks long", and buildings were not always perfectly square in final measurement as they are today. Bricklayers must have been the most important workers on such a project!

Victorian in architecture, the hotel was furnished with the finest of walnut beds, marble-topped dressers, velvet drapes, cut-glass lamps, hand-carved walnut stair banisters, thick wool carpets and with a dining room complete with fine linens and silver service to add to the plush furnishings.

A special entrance was built at one side of the hotel so lady guests could go directly to a finely decorated second-floor parlor and did not have to walk through the lobby. The rougher elements of the area—river men, gold seekers, cowboys, etc.—were not considered proper companions for the ladies who visited in far smaller numbers than the men. A special stairway into the dining room also permitted the ladies to go directly from the second floor into the first-floor eating area so they would not have to walk through the lobby.

For five years, the Grand Union Hotel (so named in honor of the preserved union of the United States following the Civil War) was the luxury stopping place

for visitors to Montana. With the arrival of the railroad in 1887, river boat traffic slowed and with it the influx of visitors to the hotel. Sold several times, modernized somewhat in 1899, the building fell into a state of disrepair.

In 1951, a reprieve was granted to the deteriorating building when it was purchased by Harold and Margaretha Thomas. A man with a vision, a sense of history and a background of carpentry and cabinet making, a more perfect person to own the old hotel would be difficult to imagine. Encouraged by Margaretha, a school teacher and County Superintendent of Schools for Chouteau County School District, Harold began the long and often heartbreaking task of bringing the Grand Union Hotel back to life.

Such an undertaking! Cobwebs in the unused rooms looked like curtains, leaks were so bad in some places they extended from the roof down through all three floors and into the basement, cracks were extensive in some of the exterior walls, the floor in the lobby looked like a washboard, the furnace was rusted, the electrical wiring needed replacing, and additional plumbing was required.

The light of the Montana sunset was fading in the west as Mr. Thomas took me for a walk around the outside of the old hotel. His love of the building was evident as he proudly told me that it recently was designated as a National Historical Site.

I asked Mr. Thomas what his dream is for the future of the hotel. "I want to really restore the main part of the hotel and the guest rooms to even more of the original than I have now. And I want to be here in 1982 for the celebration of the building's 100th birthday. I will be 77

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How the United States Got Its National Anthem

by
Leland C. May

Almost everyone has stood at a sports event or a civic activity and sung our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner". However, many people who sing it are not aware of the dramatic story which inspired Francis Scott Key to write it.

If it were possible for us to board a time machine and travel back to the year 1814, we could live the experience which inspired the birth of our national anthem. Our time machine would take us to a misty morning, September 14, to the city of Baltimore, Maryland. Here Francis Scott Key, a Washington, D.C., lawyer, wrote the famous hymn which was to become the national anthem by an act of Congress in 1931.

The song came directly from the heart of a patriot who saw the dramatic events of the British attack on Fort McHenry, which was the defense for Baltimore. Key had a perfect view of this attack, for he was aboard a British warship when the attack occurred. Secretary of State James Monroe had given him permission to communicate with the British for the release of Dr. William Beanes, who had been captured during the battle of Washington, D.C. The British agreed to release Beanes, but Key had to remain on board the warship overnight lest he reveal the British plan of attack to the few soldiers defending Fort McHenry.

Before the attack began on Baltimore, the British under General Ross had taken Washington, D.C., and burned and plundered the public buildings. The Americans had also been defeated at Bladensburg. The next target of Ross was Baltimore. Aiding Ross from the water was the naval force of General Cockburn, who believed that Fort McHenry would fall in a very short time. Cockburn's fleet arranged itself in a semi-circle around Fort McHenry two and a half miles away. As Ross prepared his ground troops for attack on Tuesday, September 13, Cockburn began the bombardment which lasted until the morning of September 14. The British kept up a barrage of fire for almost 25 hours, firing at least 1,500 bombs, rockets, and shells at the fort. This was no ordinary battle, for the British were seeking revenge because the Baltimore privateers with small, lightly armed vessels had caused considerable damage to British shipping. The motto of the British was "Destroy the privateers."

Because of insufficient gunpowder the little fort could not reply to the naval attack. The fort, surrounded by land and sea forces, seemed doomed, and with it the city of Baltimore. Until midnight there was no cessation of firing from the fleet. After a brief interlude the tremendous bombardment was renewed. It stopped in the early hours of morning. There was a haze of smoke and vapor surrounding the fort. The silence was frightening.

Pacing the deck of the British warship, Francis Scott Key was filled with anxiety, for he knew that as long as the firing continued the fort was still standing. Was the fort defeated? Would the British completely destroy Baltimore? Was all lost? His answer came at seven o'clock; a rift in the haze of smoke showed the flag flying from the ramparts.

Thrilled by the waving remnant and the dramatic moment, with tears in his eyes, Key drew from his pocket a letter and wrote on the back of it the first lines of his immortal poem:

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's
early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming, . . .

That original flag which survived the British shelling is now in the Smithsonian Institution. The flag was first presented to Major Armistead, Commander of the fort, during the attack. His descendants in 1912 gave the flag to the Smithsonian with the stipulation that it would remain there for visitors to see and appreciate.

In the future, when we have an opportunity to stand in respect to our flag and to sing our national anthem at Boy and Girl Scout meetings, conventions, ball games, fairs and other community and civic events, the anthem ought to remind us that old glory symbolizes vision, courage, profound sacrifice, and heroism of the first magnitude.

Although "The Star-Spangled Banner" was not designated as our national anthem until March of 1931, ever since that crucial battle of 1814 it has been an important and permanent part of our American heritage.



LISTEN . . . BUT TEACH TOO

Everything we have, everything we own, everything that exists will belong to others when we are gone.

Who are these others—these others who will own our corporations and hospitals and schools and mines and farms?

These "others" are our children, our young who will inherit all we leave behind.

Might be a good idea, therefore, to do two important things:

Listen to them.

Teach them properly.

After all, our children represent our biggest investment in time, energy, and money.



The ABC's of Salad Making

Maybe we get in a rut sometimes, and need a refresher course in doing something we do all the time. This month, it's salads.

First off, remember you can add interesting textures and tastes by using something besides lettuce for greens. Romaine, endive, escarole and bibb are all lettuces, and all different. But how about Swiss chard, mustard greens, kale, dandelion greens, fennel or beet tops?

Remember: to tear the greens, not cut; to keep them icy cold until ready to serve; to add salt and dressing at the very, very last minute; to always top with **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings. French, Italian or Country Style**, you're sure to find at least one that's just right for your taste. Put all three on the table and let your family decide which one, two or three they want on their salad.

You may like one best, but you'll love them all.

KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.75 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



PEACH PAN PIE

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup peach syrup
- 4 cups canned sliced peaches, drained

Topping

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. peach syrup

Combine flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Cut in butter or margarine and flavorings. Mix until like cornmeal. Stir in the 2/3 cup peach syrup. Knead on lightly floured board. Roll dough to 1/8 to 1/4 inch thick. Put into 9- or 10-inch pie pan. (Do not trim the edges.) Put in the sliced peaches. For topping, combine the sugar, cinnamon and salt. Sprinkle over the peaches. Dot with the butter and sprinkle over all the 1 Tbls. peach syrup. Fold dough toward center, leaving the center uncovered. Bake for 10 minutes at 450 degrees, then reduce heat to 350 and bake 35-40 minutes longer.

—Hallie

PEPPY BURGERS

- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1/2 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 3/4 cup cooked spinach, chopped and well drained
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned pepper
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 cup thin onion slices
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1/4 cup apple jelly
- 6 hamburger buns

Combine ground beef, cheese, spinach, pepper and salt. Form into six patties and broil five minutes. Saute onion and green pepper in the butter or margarine. Add the chili sauce and jelly. Simmer 15-20 minutes, or until thick. Add hamburger patties and turn once to coat. Serve on buns. —Betty Jane

APPLE-MARSHMALLOW CRISP

- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 4 cups thin-sliced peeled apples
- 2 cups cranberries
- 3/4 cup old-fashioned or quick rolled oats (raw)
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows

Combine sugar and flour and toss with apple slices and cranberries. Spoon into 6- by 10-inch baking pan. Combine oats, brown sugar, salt and flavorings. Cut in butter or margarine until like coarse crumbs. Sprinkle over fruit in pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Sprinkle with the marshmallows and broil until melted. —Betty Jane

BUTTERSCOTCH BROWNIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 cups dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Cream the butter and brown sugar. Add flavoring and eggs. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Stir into creamed mixture. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake for 35-40 minutes. Do not overbake. Cool; then cut. —Betty Jane

SWEET-SOUR MEATBALLS

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 3/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 of green pepper, sliced
- 2 Tbls. orange marmalade
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. powdered ginger
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup water
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Combine ground beef, bread crumbs, soy sauce, pepper and one can of the tomato sauce. Form into large balls. Place in shallow pan and bake for 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Meanwhile, saute the onion in the oil. Add the remaining ingredients, including the one remaining can of tomato sauce, to the onions. Remove meatballs from oven and pour off excess fat. Pour the sauce over the meatballs and return to the oven for about 20 minutes. —Dorothy

TUNA FISH CASSEROLE

- 1 6 1/2-oz. can light tuna
- 1 medium zucchini, sliced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
- 1 cup sliced carrots
- 1/2 cup chopped green onion
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. dry chicken bouillon granules
- 1 tsp. dill weed (optional)
- Dash of nutmeg
- 1/4 cup dairy sour cream
- Hot cooked rice

Drain tuna. Saute zucchini, garlic, mushrooms, carrots and green onion in the butter or margarine. Stir in flour, water, bouillon granules, dill and nutmeg. Lastly, stir in the sour cream and tuna. Put in casserole and bake at 325 degrees for about 30 minutes or until bubbly and brown. Serve over hot cooked rice. —Betty Jane

CUT-THE-CALORIES CHEESECAKE

Crust

- 2/3 cup cornflake crumbs
- 1/4 cup crushed grapenuts
- 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. brown sugar

Combine ingredients. Press into bottom of greased 8- or 9-inch round pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 6 minutes. Cool.

Filling

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups skim milk
- 3 cups ricotta cheese
- 1 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar

Combine gelatin, 1/4 cup sugar, egg yolks and milk in top of double boiler or over low heat. Cook, stirring often, until gelatin dissolves and mixture thickens to resemble custard. Refrigerate. Whip ricotta cheese (or whirl in blender) until smooth. Stir in juices and flavorings. Fold into gelatin mixture. Beat egg whites until frothy. Continue beating while gradually adding 1/2 cup sugar until stiff peaks form. Fold into custard-cheese mixture. Pour into crust. Keep refrigerated until time to serve. Garnish with fresh fruit in season—strawberries, raspberries, peaches, etc.—or well-drained frozen fruit. —Evelyn

LIME-APPLESAUCE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 cups applesauce
- 6 large marshmallows, sliced
- 6 large stuffed olives, sliced
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add marshmallows and stir until partially dissolved. Add applesauce and cool slightly. Add remaining ingredients and pour into mold. Chill until firm. Serves six to eight.

—Hallie

REUNION PUNCH

- 2 6-oz. cans frozen orange juice
- 2 6-oz. cans frozen lemonade
- 8 juice cans plain water
- 2 cups grenadine syrup
- Juice of 3 lemons
- 3 quarts chilled ginger ale
- Slices of orange, lemon, lime and maraschino cherries, for garnish

Combine all ingredients and pour over large chunk of ice in punch bowl. Makes 38 5-oz. servings.

—Lucile

BETTY JANE'S CHEESE BALL

- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1 small clove garlic, pressed
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup finely shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 cup blue cheese or Roquefort cheese
- 1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 2 Tbls. mashed avocado (optional)
- Finely chopped pecans

Blend all ingredients, except pecans. Shape into ball and roll in the chopped pecans. Chill. Serve with crackers.

MIXED VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups turnips, thinly sliced
- 2 cups carrots, thinly sliced
- 1/2 cup onion, sliced
- 1/4 cup celery, sliced
- 1/4 cup green pepper, diced (optional)
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 cup cheese, diced
- 1/3 cup saltine cracker crumbs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine vegetables, water and milk.

Cook, covered, until tender — 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into casserole and bake about 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot. This may also be simmered, stirring gently, on top of stove, until cheese melts and mixture thickens slightly. The crackers are the only thickening agent in this recipe. They add an interesting flavor. Remember that they also add a little salt to the seasoning.

—Evelyn

SPICED CAULIFLOWER

- 1 Tbls. shortening or oil
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/8 tsp. dried minced garlic
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
- 2 whole cloves
- 1 head fresh cauliflower
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/4 cup toasted almonds (optional)

In skillet, heat shortening or oil. Add onion, garlic and spices. Simmer until onion is transparent. Break cauliflower in florets and cut lengthwise. Add florets, salt and water to skillet. Shake skillet in order to coat all pieces of cauliflower. Cook about 10 minutes or until tender. More water may have to be added. Remove from heat and stir in sour cream and nuts.

—Dorothy

GREEN TOMATO CAKE

- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups diced or minced green tomatoes
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup milk

Cream butter or margarine and sugar; then beat in eggs one at a time. Stir in green tomatoes, walnuts and flavorings. Combine dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Pour batter into greased and floured 10-inch tube pan or bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour or until done. Cool in pan 15 minutes and put on cake plate. Frost.

CHINESE FRIED RICE

- 4 slices bacon
- 2 cups cold, cooked rice
- 3 eggs
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- Pepper

Fry bacon until browned. Remove bacon from skillet. Add rice to drippings and cook for about five minutes until rice is heated through and slightly brown. Break the eggs over rice. Add crumbled bacon and stir well. Fry until eggs are cooked. For seasoning, add soy sauce and pepper.

Any cold, cooked meat, such as ham, shrimp, lobster or crab can be used in place of bacon. In case other meat is substituted for the bacon, use a little cooking oil for grease.

—Dorothy

GOOD APPLE DUMPLINGS

- 1 recipe of your favorite 2-crust pie dough
- 6 to 8 apples, peeled and sliced (enough to make 12 dumplings)
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch or flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 12 pats butter
- 1/2 cup red cinnamon candies
- 1 bottle 7-Up

Prepare pie dough. Roll and cut into 12 squares. Combine the sliced apples, sugar, cornstarch or flour, cinnamon and flavorings. Spoon apple filling into pie dough squares. Add one pat of butter and 1 tsp. red cinnamon candies to each square. Bring corners of pie dough together and place in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Pour 7-Up over dumplings. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Hallie



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MILE-HIGH COFFEE PIE

- 1 cup strong brewed coffee
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped (do not substitute)
- 30 large marshmallows, quartered
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell (pastry-type or graham cracker)

Put coffee and butter in saucepan. Heat; add marshmallows and stir until melted and blended. Let cool. Fold in the whipped cream. Pour into crust and top with chopped nuts. Refrigerate until time to serve.

—Dorothy

MUSHROOM-BEAN SALAD

- 1 lb. fresh mushroom, sliced (or 26-oz. cans, drained and sliced)
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen baby lima beans
- 1 9-oz. pkg. frozen cut green beans
- 1 15 1/4-oz. can kidney beans, drained
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

1/4 cup chopped, fresh parsley

1/4 tsp. ground black pepper

Place sliced mushrooms in large bowl.

Cook lima and green beans according to package directions. Drain and cool.

Combine all ingredients and toss well.

Cover and refrigerate at least two hours.

**DOROTHY'S COMPANY
CASSEROLE**

- 1/3 cup minced onion or chives
- 1 lb. ground chuck
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1 cup creamed cottage cheese
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 4 cups cooked noodles or macaroni
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Brown onion or chives and ground chuck in the 1 Tbls. butter. Stir in the tomato sauce. Remove from heat. In a bowl, combine the cottage cheese, sour cream and cream cheese. In a 3-quart casserole, spread half the cooked noodles or macaroni. Pour the cheese mixture over the noodle layer. Cover with rest of the noodles. Drizzle with the 2 Tbls. melted butter. Top with the meat mixture. Cover and chill several hours or overnight. Bake, uncovered, at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes.

BROWNIE PUDDING CUP**Crust**

- 1/4 cup butter, melted
- 1 1/3 cups shredded coconut
- 1 1/3 cups finely ground pecans
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the above ingredients until well blended. Press evenly in bottoms and halfway up sides of 12 6-oz. custard cups. Use about 1/3 cup crust mixture for each custard cup.

Filling

- 1/2 cup real chocolate bits
- 1/2 cup butter
- 4 eggs
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. light corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt

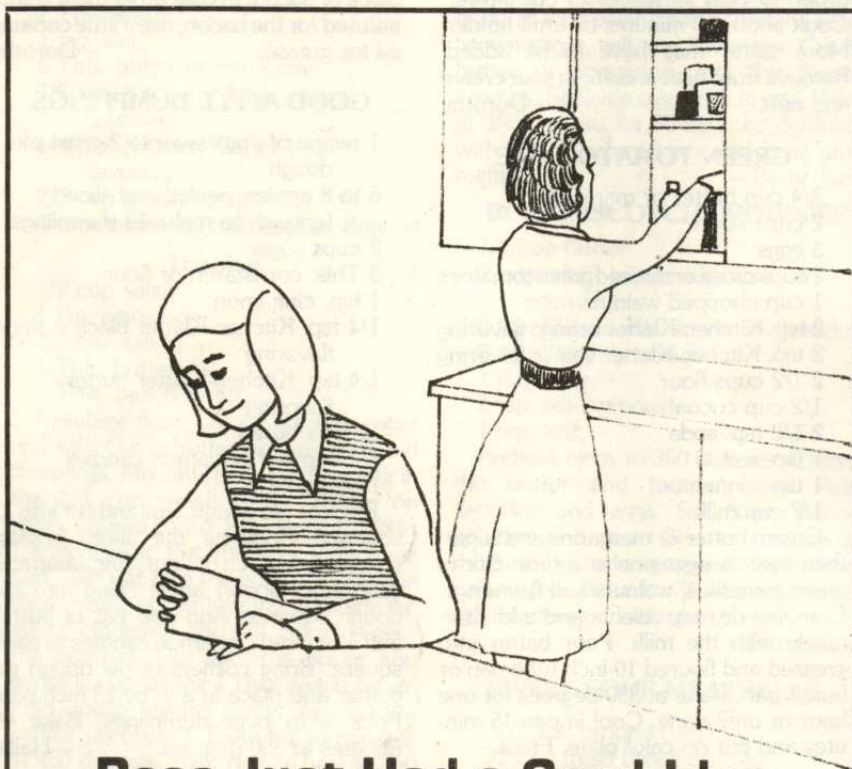
Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Combine in top of double boiler over hot, but not boiling water, the chocolate bits and butter. Stir until chocolate melts and is smooth. Remove from heat and set aside. Put remaining ingredients in small bowl and beat until well blended. Stir in chocolate mixture. Pour about 1/3 cup of mixture in each crust-lined custard cup. Place cups on a 10- by 15-inch baking pan. Bake 45 minutes.

Syrup

- 1/2 cup real chocolate bits
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. salt

(Make just before serving.) Combine in top of double boiler over hot, but not boiling water, the chocolate bits, sugar and water. Stir until chocolate melts and mixture is smooth. Add cinnamon and salt. To serve, put scoop of vanilla ice cream on each cup. Top with warm syrup.

—Betty Jane



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READY FOR SCHOOL?

by
Donna Ridnour

School is starting and most mothers of kindergarten children are saying, "I hope my child is ready!" While I would not attempt to tell anyone how to determine if a youngster is ready to start to school, I would like to share with you what I believe to be positive steps toward preparing a child for that first, big educational experience.

The most important way to help your child is to read to him as often and as much as possible. When our daughter, Jenea, was 1½ years old, we joined a book club for young children. Later we moved into a more advanced book club which sends out good, hard-back books. Receiving books in the mail is a great occasion, a pattern which is still continuing to bring interest and excitement into the lives of our two daughters. The girls also receive especially nice books for Christmas as special gifts. Beginning at a very early age, books are the most important asset you can have to help your child learn to read.

Talking to a reading specialist, I voiced my concern about daughter Jenea's reading ability early in her kindergarten year. The specialist asked if I had read to her at home and when I answered that I had been reading to her every day since she was old enough to look at pictures, she told me not to worry because if a child has an interest in books and has been read to a great deal, under normal conditions that child will read well. So far, Jenea seems to be proving that theory is correct.

Next, a child should become familiar with the tools he will use during his early educational life: scissors, glue, crayons and pencils. Last year, a little boy visited the 4- and 5-year-old church school class that I was teaching. On that particular day we were drawing and coloring pictures, cutting them out and gluing them on a large sheet of paper. I was amazed when the visitor simply sat and said, "I can't do it." He could not use a pair of scissors, and was very hesitant about what to draw and then, when he did finally outline a picture, what color to use. What a contrast he made to the other children who were busily creating.

As early as possible, we urged Jenea and Janine to paint, cut, glue, and to work with any creative materials that we had around the house (including hammers and nails!). True, they also made messes with their activities, but the fact that they used their own imaginations to create projects of which they were proud, was by far more important than needing to help them to clean up following their work.

Participating with other children their



Julian Brase, son of Art and Kristin, unwraps presents at his third birthday party. Julian will miss his older brothers, Andy and Aaron, when they return to school this fall.

own age in an activity outside the home is also vital in the early development of a child. Not long ago, I had an opportunity to work with our Vacation Church School in classes which were attended by youngsters 3 to 10 years of age. One little boy was accompanied every morning by his mother; he always cried when she left. He said he did not want to stay. Finally, on the last day, the mother said to her son, "You will stay!" and she turned firmly and walked out the door. The little boy stopped crying and we got along fine. Previously, his mother would coax and comfort and promise to stay and wait for him. Once he realized she had gone and wasn't going to plead with him any more, he relaxed, joined into the activities and enjoyed the morning.

It does take effort to see that our children are socially well rounded. Nursery school, church school and Vacation Church School are excellent activities for youngsters. The child learns to sit quietly, not to bother others, take turns in speaking, and to be under the care of someone besides his parents.

Our local kindergarten teacher says that those students with a nursery school background are easily identified on the first day of school. They have already learned many of the basic rules of behavior and are ready to progress to the 3 R's. Knowing some of the children in the class prior to that first day of school helps the newcomers as well.

Being familiar with school facilities helps eliminate fears about going to school. Our girls, being the daughters of the school principal, may have had a slight advantage over other children, but most school playgrounds are available to public use. Our girls have been visiting the local playground since they were old enough to swing. Whenever Duane had a meeting, the girls and I would go up to the school playground to play on the equipment. Through the years we've also attended school open houses, musical and sports activities. Everyone is

welcome to attend such activities and children quickly grow familiar with these educational surroundings. By the time they are ready to go to school, they will look forward to going to a place which is not new and strange but, rather, familiar and comfortable.

Help your child to establish a positive attitude toward going to school. Too often, and usually very unintentionally, we mothers make a child feel guilty about leaving us with comments such as: "Mommy will miss you when you go to school", or, "What will I ever do without you?" Don't transfer your fears and sense of loss to your child. He is unaware of what a big step he is about to take and you can help him best to anticipate the new friends, new activities and the fun that attending school affords. A child who looks forward to school is the child who will gaily wave at Mom and go to school by himself. If he wants to go, he is ready!

HOME FROM SCHOOL

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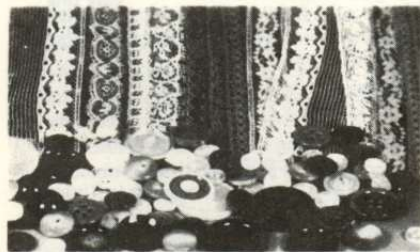
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**Come Read
 With Me**

by Armada Swanson

Driving on Interstate 29 to downtown Sioux City, Iowa, one can notice the changing seasons on the Missouri River and the trees and grass lining the river. The autumn-colored leaves are breathtaking, but by late winter I long for the first growth of fresh, new green on the stark, bare branches, and pleasure boats enjoying the water. Mari Sandoz, famous Nebraska writer, in her book *Love Song to the Plains* (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska 68508, \$3.50) described the Great Plains thus:

"The handsome Missouri Valley lay golden under the bluing haze, the rocky line of bluffs that stood back from the river pushing their grayish faces out of the russet and yellow brush that bearded their lower reaches, with stray patches of darkening sumac still standing along the brows. Clouds of migrating ducks, geese, cranes and swans darkened the sweeping curves of the river. In the evenings long strings of Indians, the pack horses meat-laden, trailed in across the tawny western prairie, back from the fall hunts far out on the buffalo plains." But that peaceful picture is only a small part of her book about people who made the history of the Great Plains. Explorers, fur traders, soldiers, pioneers hoping for a new life out West, good men, bad men, and Indians make up the stories in *Love Song to the Plains*.

There is a mixture of tall tales and real history in *Love Song to the Plains*. As a youngster, Mari Sandoz listened to the old-timers who stopped at the family home near a crossing of the Niobrara. They told stories, these buffalo hunters, road agents and Texas trailers. The daughter of Jules and Mari Sandoz, she was born in Sheridan County, Nebraska, in 1901. She wrote stories as soon as she could put letters together. Her *Old Jules*, written about her father, was rejected by a publisher in 1933, and she determined to quit writing after that rejection. One month later she was writing a novel! After reading *Love Song to the Plains*, I reread my very old copy of *Old Jules*, picked up at a book sale, and marveled again at the enthusiasm and faith of this man who helped many homesteaders locate in, at that time, an unorganized region.

A *Great and Glorious Romance* by Helga Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace and Jovanovich, \$12.95) tells how she sought the story of her origins—of the grandparents who were immigrants from Sweden and Luxembourg. In delving into the family history, she discovered much concerning the brilliant poet, Carl Sandburg, and the independent woman, Lillian Steichen, her father and mother.

She found glory in her Swedish Grandma Sandburg and strength in Luxembourg Grandma Oma. After a visit to the Sandburg home, Grandma S. wrote, "... there are so much good in the world for them that look for it. Open the hands, heart and take what comes be it storm or sunshine. . . . it all works for our welfare he who loves God all serves for the best" Luxembourg Grandma Oma molded her children, Lillian, and Edward Steichen (the famous photographer), to come up to the dreams of herself. She had crossed the seas as a young wife with a son in arms to look for her lost husband in the New Land.

Carl Sandburg was a wanderer and always had pen for writing. In one small book, *Incidentals*, he wrote, "Man does not live by bread alone. He has a soul . . . It wants art, beauty, harmony. For sweet sounds and forms of beauty and things that caress the eye and thrill the touch, it asks and demands." He was poet and philosopher on one hand, political agitator on the other.

What did Helga Sandburg find from her journey to the past? She writes, "Devotion, the fire of genius burning, pain, steadiness, love. When I took a friend once to visit my parents' home, he told me later, 'I have never been in a house before with an undivided feeling of harmony.' That was because, like a great wheel, everything spun around my father—his wants—quiet, food, sleep, companionship. When he died, the wheel stood still and it never was ever the same in the world again."

A *Great and Glorious Romance* is fascinating reading. My Sandburg books have clippings about this remarkable man, and years ago when I wrote to him, he replied with his autograph. When friends of mine visited Galesburg, Illinois, his birthplace, they brought a copy of his famous poem, "Fog". Another treasure to add to my Sandburg memorabilia.

With all this talk about family history, a paperback book that is valuable to interested persons is *Your Family History* by Allan J. Lichtman (Vintage Books, Random House Publishers, 201 E. 50th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$3.95). He has written how to use oral history, personal family archives and public documents to discover your heritage. He reminds us that the more deeply we probe family history, the more we find it becoming a part of our own sense of who we are.

KRISTIN'S LETTER — Concluded

By the following evening, we were safely home in Chadron. I see I have taken up so much space telling you about this one part of our summer vacation, that other tales must wait for another time.

Sincerely,
 Kristin Brase

MEET OUR WRITERS



Marjorie Fuller

I was literally pushed into writing some 28 years ago. Thinking I needed a stimulus during a year's recuperation from an accident, my mother, a professional writer, nagged and finally pushed my wheelchair to my typewriter and said, "You can do it."

Our two children, young teenagers at the time, proved a great source of material. Now, eight grandchildren later, the well has never run dry.

I was born in Coffeyville, Kansas. My dad was in the printing business with his dad. When I was 2½ we moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, a new and thriving town where Dad opened his own business. I grew up and went through school in Tulsa, including two years at Tulsa University.

Our home library was extensive and I had a natural love of books. English and languages were my favorite subjects in school, although I was a business major in college.

Married while still in school, I became a housewife and have enjoyed the role ever since, never working outside the home.

As luck would have it, in 1941 my husband's work brought us back to Coffeyville. We have enjoyed raising our children in a smaller community where we have been active in church, Scouts, PTA and various other activities and organizations.

Reading is an important part of my life (our own library consists of between 3500 and 4000 volumes), my house plants delight me and I enjoy sewing.

I write nonfiction and poetry. Currently, my writings are published regularly in several magazines.

Adv. — "My aunt does a great deal of entertaining. She is always on the lookout for new recipes to serve to her guests. I am ordering a copy of your Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook for her."

—S.R., Mustang Okla.

ROLL CALL SUGGESTIONS

1. The dress I remember best (other than wedding dress)
2. My favorite teacher and why
3. My happiest birthday
4. Something I never told my mother
5. My worst accident
6. A special neighbor I have had
7. My favorite food that Mother made
8. My most treasured heirloom
9. A special pet I had as a child
10. The funniest thing that ever happened to me
11. My favorite spot to relax
12. A household flop I have kept a secret
13. My favorite food
14. My best time-saving idea
15. One thing I would like to change about my spouse
16. A habit which I would like to break
17. The food I dislike the most
18. The best vacation I ever had and why
19. A favorite joke in our family
20. The worst punishment I got as a child
21. The prettiest outdoor scene I ever saw
22. What is your secret ambition?

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Last month I promised to answer a reader's queries about a home greenhouse. She wanted to grow her own flower and vegetable plants. In her letter she said, "You mention so many varieties of flowers and vegetables that are not available from our bedding plant supplier. If I had a greenhouse, I could grow them and as I use a great number of plants, my husband agrees that it would probably pay for itself in a short time. The one thing we can't agree on is its size—he thinks a 6'x8' is too small and that it should be at least 16 to 20 feet long. What do you say?"

If you do not plan to sell bedding plants, (we had the same thought when we built our little 6'x10' one) then a smaller house is certainly less expensive and easier to heat. A small electric space heater would serve if you started up in late March. If your building is as long as 20 feet, you must have a different heating system. Perhaps more space heaters or a large oil burner with a fan.

Personally, I feel it is better to start with a small building and learn as you go along what heat is best, how to ventilate and maintain a greenhouse. You can always sell your small structure to another gardener who "longs for a little greenhouse" and then build yourself a larger one another year. Eventually, you may want a greenhouse you can heat during winter and that is another kettle of apples. We used our small one for three or four years, then built a larger, more easily operated structure that could be heated in winter and cooled in summer. The small one became a handy storage place for pots, trays, and other equipment.

The best advice I can give is to go slowly. When our grown-up children came home one Easter weekend and built the little 6'x8' plastic-covered greenhouse, I simply got carried away. "Now," I told myself, "I can grow all those tempting flowers in seed catalogs and save a raft of money." Not so. I did not know about starting seeds in a sterile planting medium. I did not know that certain seeds had to be grown in the light and others in the dark. I did not know that some had to be given the "cold treatment" to trigger germination and that others required bottom heat for good germination. In fact, I could have written a book on what I did not know about seed starting and running even a very small greenhouse. Trial and error are two good teachers and I learned the hard way. If one sends for a prefabricated greenhouse, you will get much good information from the supplier. You can also go to any library and obtain books on the "how to" of greenhouse operations.



Washing dishes and making salads are only two of the jobs that Kevin Kite, age 10, can do to help out at the Wishbone Cafe operated by his parents, Kent and Connie of Shenandoah. Kevin also plays on the Little League team and is a member of the swim team. Kevin and his sister, Tressa (pictured on the next page), are grandchildren of Hallie Kite Blackman, office manager at Kitchen-Klatter.

GARDENING HINT

Plant stakes can be protected from decay by tarring and painting. It will pay you to take the time to protect your plant stakes.

The time spent on plant stakes can be cut down by having the paint thinner than usual. Use a receptacle deep enough to dip in as much of the stake as is to be painted. Dip each stake separately. Let each stake drain so the excess paint returns to the receptacle. Allow to dry and then dip again for a second coat.

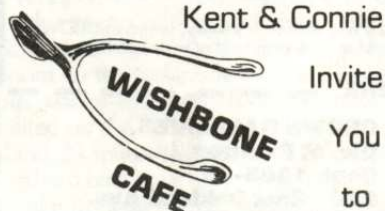
Tar should be applied to the low ends in the same way. Tar should extend up as high as the stakes are to be driven into the ground.

It is best to paint first and tar next.

When the stakes are prepared in this way, they are insured against early rotting and decay. —Evelyn Witter

I REMEMBER

In my treasure chest of memories,
There is one I hold most dear
Of days spent in a country schoolhouse.
A time of learning, fun and cheer,
A sweet and kindly teacher,
Girls and boys, we were friends.
The wheel of time turns backward —
Pleasant hours of reminiscence
I may spend.
—Carrie Wiggins



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Tressa Kite, age 14, pours coffee, operates the cash register, and does many other jobs at the Wishbone Cafe. Tressa always has a smile and friendly chat for a customer. Learning to sew has been her summer project. —Photos by Barton's Studio

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

For an easy salmon spread, combine softened cream cheese, drained canned salmon and chopped olives. Refrigerate. Use for sandwiches or as a spread for crackers. —B.J.T., Shenandoah, Ia.

For chicken-fried steak: shape ground beef into flat patties and chill. Dip patties in milk and then in flour. Fry in hot, melted fat. Salt and pepper as desired. Cook on each side until the coating is crisp. Flatten as the patties cook. (This is also a fine way to prepare minute steaks.)

—Mrs. E.B., Sedalia, Mo.

Extra onions can be frozen: peel, chop and put in blender with a little water added. Chop. Freeze in ice cube trays, along with liquid, then repack the frozen cubes in plastic bags. These are a real timesaver to add to soups, hot dishes and anything that can use a little extra liquid with an onion flavor.

—Mrs. R. W., Storden, Mn.

To make your own cake flour, put 2 Tbls. cornstarch into a measuring cup. Fill cup with unsifted all-purpose flour. Sift together *three times*. Measure out 1 cup for each cup of cake flour needed.

—A Listener, Fort Scott, Kans.

Since cocoa is cheaper than unsweetened baking chocolate, and often just as good, you can use 3 Tbls. cocoa and 1 Tbls. shortening (liquid or solid) as a substitute for 1 1-oz. square of unsweetened baking chocolate.

—A.T., Otterville, Mo.

BRAVE the COLD!

It's 10° outside . . . Even getting colder. So you bundle up in layers and layers of heavy clothes. First with long underwear . . . then bulky, restrictive thermalwear on top.

Oh, you were warm, all right. Like in a Turkish bath. Because you began to perspire from all your activity. And perspiring in that mountain of clothes is like perspiring in a plastic bag! The perspiration is locked in. So there you are. Wet and miserable.

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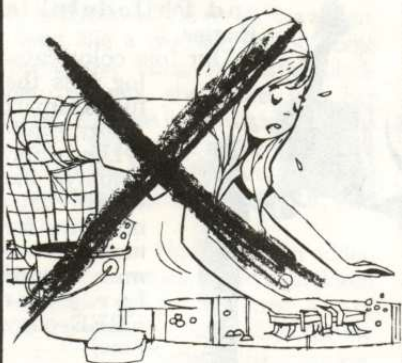
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Seems like we don't hear so much about "fall housecleaning" and "spring housecleaning" any more. Probably because the modern woman keeps her house clean, day-to-day, year around. Most of us don't beat rugs or take down and put up heating stoves.

And a whole lot of us have discovered a shortcut to cleaning: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It is ready to go the minute you pour it into water. It cleans deep down, without leaving froth to rinse away. And it's economical. For year-round cleaning, all around the house, you can't beat

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From Our Family Album

This picture is dated 1886 and so yellowed and faded through the years that I wondered if Blaine Barton, our very faithful and competent photographer, could get anything out of it. Most obviously he did.

Standing at the left is Aunt Helen Field Fischer. Next to her is Aunt Martha Field Eaton. Sitting in front at the left is Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh. The baby is our dearly beloved mother, Leanna Field Driftmier. The final daughter, Aunt Susan Field Conrad, had not yet made her appearance into this most uncertain world.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
patient is asked to make up a story about the picture, hopefully beginning a conversation.

Even on holiday, I find it very difficult not to be working. I have to be cleaning something, or writing something, or making something all of the time. Betty calls me a "workaholic", and I guess that is what I am. I go on working for the same reason a hen goes on laying eggs! I think it was the English writer, Oscar Wilde, who once said, "Work is the refuge of people who have nothing better to do." That may be why Abraham Lincoln claimed that he hated work more than he hated anything else. He claimed

that work is what you do so that sometime you won't have to do it any more. Perhaps the reason I work all of the time is because I know that if you don't want to work, you *have* to work to earn enough money so that you won't have to work! How about that?

Sincerely,
Frederick

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Share your bread and you will taste its flavor.

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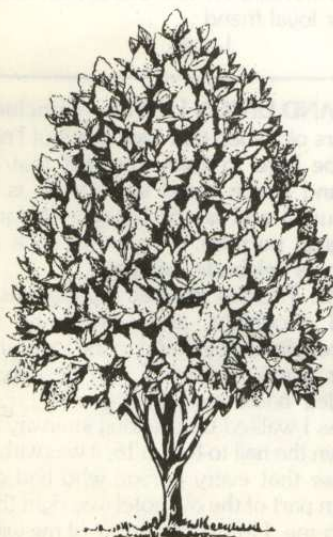
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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
doing long-deferred house remodeling. James said to me, "I'll tell you, Granny Wheels, I'll be mighty glad to sleep in my own bed again when the carpenters are done, because I've had to spend the nights in my sleeping bag on the living room floor."

Then too, Juliana worried about her huge vegetable garden, plants, shrubs—everything she has crammed into two acres of ground. Jed watered faithfully in her absence, but he warned her not to expect too much when she returned.

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This letter is the last item in this issue of the magazine to go down to the plant where it will be set into type and printed, and I have waited until right now to tell you something that has had me tossing and turning for the last year. I was told firmly and sternly by my accountants that I had the choice of increasing the price of this magazine or closing it down once and for all.

This last week the current reports came to me and I had to immediately reach the point that had worried me for so long; with our terribly increased costs of operations on every front we're not going to be able to continue to send out the magazine for \$3.00 per year. Every time a carload of paper comes in the price has gone up; our postage bills are unbelievable with no hope that they're going to go anywhere but up and up. People who work on salaries and not on hourly jobs have had deep slashes in their income. Obviously something has to be done.

I've tried desperately to keep going at the price we've charged for so long, but now we must increase our subscriptions to \$4.00 for 12 issues or the *Kitchen-*



I have a very loyal, dear friend, Mrs. Delma Hogue, who comes in to help us when work piles up. Here she is with her first grandchild, Jason Mitchell, who now lives in California.

—Lucile

Klatter Magazine will cease to exist. I've put in terrible hours poring over figures, but the best will in the world cannot change the facts we have to live with. I don't want to sound as if I flattered myself, but it seems to me that a real chunk of Midwestern history would cease to exist if we have to give up printing the magazine. We have printed the magazine, now, for more than fifty years and I sometimes think many of you know more about us than we know about ourselves!

Beginning September 1 (see page 5 for magazine ad) the price will be \$4.00 for a renewal or a brand-new subscription. Foreign subscriptions will be \$5.00.

There are many other subjects I had hoped to cover in this letter, but practically "at gun point" I had to tell you the cause for this price increase.

With hope for the future, I am always your loyal friend . . .

Lucile

GRAND UNION HOTEL—Concluded
years old when that happens, but I need to be here to enjoy the fact that this Grand Union Hotel still stands, is still beautiful and is still being used for its original purpose. You come back and help us celebrate, will you?"

Mr. Thomas grasped my hand as we said goodnight, and I knew he was sincere in his invitation to me to return in four years. "I hope I can be here," I smiled back toward the owner.

As I walked up the long stairway and down the hall to Room 16, it was with the sense that every person who had ever been part of the old hotel was right there with me. I know that some of me will always be a part of the Grand Union Hotel.



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But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour. —Unknown

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