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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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Westward Bound!

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U.S. Pat Off.)

MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Usually when I sit down at this type-writer, it sounds as if a couple of machine guns had let loose right outside the window, but today it sounds as if the artillery had been running into trouble. If you do any typing, you know exactly what I mean.

However, the events of this last month have done a lot to save the summer. You've heard me say on the radio many times (as well as writing it in my letters to you) that it would be a wonderful state of affairs if circumstances could scatter company over the year and not cram all the visitors into a short period in the summer. Well, this is true and the summer of 1978 lived right up to the usual patterns.

I had been afraid that once our parents were gone we wouldn't see much of the ones living quite far away, but this was wasted thought. During the bulk of the year my brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, etc., call me about every two weeks just as they called Mother and Dad, and now relatives come back to see us just as they did in the old days. These calls mean more than you can imagine, and when the whole tribe turns up at some point during the summer it is really heartwarming.

We never gave sleeping accommodations a thought for years because the folks had a big house with four bedrooms a sleeping porch and a bathroom upstairs. (They used only the downstairs after all of us had married and established our own homes.)

When the old family home was sold not too long ago, we were very grateful that three of us had our own homes with room enough to bed down anyone who turned up — and thus avoid a motel. This summer, for instance, Margery and Oliver put up Frederick and Betty; Howard and Mae put up Donald and Mary Beth; and I put up Wayne and Abigail. Dorothy flitted from house to house and spent one night with Ruby Treese (she was Mother's faithful nurse-companion). Everyone always goes to see Ruby at some point during their visit.

Incidentally, when Juliana was here, she took James and Katharine over to see Ruby and much admired her flowers and vegetable garden. Somehow in this rambling around Juliana lost a very beautiful ring that had been a gift from Jed when she turned thirty-five. I've seen Juliana very philosophical over many things, but not that ring! You can imagine how thrilled she was when, back in Albuquerque, a package arrived with the ring safely intact and a lovely note from Ruby. When she told me this on the phone, she was almost in tears of joy. Ruby had found the ring in her garden and had sped like lightning to get it into the mail—and a lovely note sent separately.

The children had one big disappointment while they were here and that was because our old municipal swimming pool had been torn apart and was out of action most of the summer. I believe the work was done just about ten days before school began! Several people have private pools and were kind enough to offer them for the children's use. Although both children have passed their first swimming tests, I didn't feel that anyone should be burdened by keeping an eye on them and I had too much to do to sit and watch, so this year there weren't any gay times at the pool.

Thus far, I haven't been out in the car beyond Essex (six miles distant) but before you read this I will have gotten up to Omaha, a staggering 60 or 65 miles away! This trip is of great importance to me because I am consulting an eye specialist (not bones this time!) and his diagnosis means everything in the world to me and it takes no imagination to see why this is of overriding importance; if I cannot read, I just cannot envision what in the world I will do.

When I was four years old (through some unexplainable reason), I taught myself to read and very proudly came home with books from our fine Shenandoah Library and my very, very own library card! I've been at it ever since. When I write to you next month, I'll pass on the Omaha verdict. I've tried not to pray for my own individual welfare, but these days I've broken down and thought foremost about my eyes!

If I get a favorable verdict in Omaha and don't need to hang around for treatment of any kind, Betty Jane and I are packing up the old car and actually heading west again. We are charting our trip to Albuquerque to go through Grand Island so we can visit the Stuhr Museum, something I've longed to do for years but somehow never have. After I mentioned this on the radio I had terrific pictures and articles from people in Grand Island and they have plunged me into a veritable lather of expectation.

We are allowing one full week simply to cover the country between



Katharine Lowey spent almost all of her time on the Johnson farm playing with the small animals.

Shenandoah and Albuquerque because I can't run the risk of going too far in the car and then coming down with an attack of my bone ailment. We're allowing two weeks for our return trip. I guess that my once-wild hopes for travel have simply come down to the point that I want to stay out of any hospital!

In Albuquerque, we'll have a chance to see the massive remodeling project that Juliana and Jed are just now winding up—it's a task that has gone on now for many weeks. All of their usual pleasures have been forsaken so that time could be spent installing new tile, staining wood, painting, pounding down floor boards, etc., etc. Juliana and Jed say that Betty Jane and I won't know the place.

On this trip we'll not be staying in the guest house because James and Katharine will be our responsibility and I don't want them alone in the big house while Betty Jane and I are far away in the guest house.

If everything goes all right I want to make a side trip to Golden, New Mexico, (not Colorado) to see Vera Henderson and leave some jewelry to be repaired. I've been careless a number of times and have leaned over to pick up something and then caught necklaces on the arm of my wheelchair. From here on out I'm going to be much, much more careful. But aside from jewelry repairs, I just plain want to see Vera again. She would be a worthy subject for a real book and I wish someone would write one about her.

Right at this point there are three in our household because Betty Jane's daughter, Hanna, is with us until the fall term of school begins. She spent last year at a private school in Tucson, but this year she is eager for another kind of a set-up, so as I write this she hasn't yet made a final decision as to where she will go. It seems very, very nice to have three people at the table.

I don't believe I've ever told you that
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

A nice gentle rain is coming down and our many, many (too many) ducks are going to be happy if it rains enough to fill up the duck pond again. For the past two weeks, the pond has been getting drier and drier until yesterday nothing was left for the ducks to walk in but a little mud. Ducks must be victims of habit—ours have a beautiful big bayou filled with water and yet they will all crowd into the little pond where the water is so shallow they practically walk in it instead of swim. The bayou does have a lot of turtles in it and maybe the leader of the flock has been frightened by having a narrow escape from a big turtle.

We have so many ducks in all stages of growth that I sometimes get tired of them, but I dare anyone to find a grasshopper in our yard or anywhere close to the house. The ducks range out a long way to catch insects. Late in the afternoon, we can see the ducks far out in the pasture filling up on grasshoppers for the night.

When Juliana and the children were visiting in Shenandoah, I knew James and Katharine would be most unhappy if they didn't get to visit the farm. After they had been with their grandmother (Lucile) for a few days, I offered to bring them home with me and return them to Shenandoah in a couple of days.

Because James was more interested in fishing than any other activity on the farm, I hoped he would have good luck. When my own grandchildren, Aaron and Andy Brase, were here early in the summer, they caught a lot of nice bullheads; fortunately, the fish were still biting when James was here. Since Frank hurt his arm, a standing rule around here has been that whoever catches fish must also clean them. James is used to catching trout and is very good at cleaning them but he had never dressed a bullhead. Bullheads are much more difficult to clean than trout, so his Uncle Frank helped James with the first ones he caught. These were frozen so James could take them back to Shenandoah for his mother and grandmother to enjoy.

James must have decided it was much easier to clean trout, because when he brought in his next catch of bullheads, he announced that he was giving them to us. James stated that he wouldn't fish any more until I told him my friend, Dorothea, wanted all the fish he could catch and she would clean them. He was up and fishing bright and early the next morning. James was very excited when Dorothea paid him for the fish. Juliana



James Lowey displays one of the fine bullheads he caught during his visit to Dorothy and Frank Johnson's farm. Even the glare of the sun and the resulting frown cannot detract from James' pride in his catch.

thinks now James is secretly wondering how he can peddle all the frozen trout in their freezer at home!

Katharine's first love when she visits the farm is our pony, Little Buck. He is ridden only once a year and really has a mind of his own. Katharine cannot make him do anything, but she enjoys sitting on his back and letting him meander slowly about (if he wants to). Frank led Little Buck around quite a bit with Katharine on his back so she could feel as if she had really ridden him. The children learned that Frank always carries butterscotch candies around in his pocket to give to the pony when he comes up to him in the pasture. I overheard James and Katharine wondering if they would tie a piece of the candy on the end of a stick and hold it in front of Little Buck if it just might encourage the pony to walk after it and Katharine could have a real ride.

Katharine also enjoyed playing with a baby kitten. She so much wanted to take it home with her, although she knew that was impossible. Most of our kittens are wild, but we do have this one little orange kitty with long hair that is tame enough for Katharine to hold and play with. Many years ago we had two cats given to us that were part Persian. Although the original pair has been dead for a long time, this cute long-haired kitten must be a descendant.

Some creature killed our little black hen and her chicks. Frank knew the hen was setting somewhere outside the pen, but couldn't find her for a long time. When he did, she was so well hidden in high weeds that he thought she could survive. She managed to be safe for all those days she was setting; then something got her, the babies and all the unhatched eggs. No evidence was left, but it must have been an unusually brave creature that took her since her nest was not far from the security light.

Frank and I saw quite a sight the other day while we were having our early-morning coffee on the front porch. On several occasions this summer, we had a big blue heron come in and light on the duck pond. These birds are so beautiful in flight with their wide wing span, long neck and long legs! When the one heron would come into our pond, the blackbirds would scold and whirr angrily near the large bird until it left. On this particular morning, we saw two herons approach and light atop one of the tall oak trees close to the house. Later, here came a third heron, then another, and another, until six had arrived. We had no idea there were so many around! They stayed in plain sight for a long time, flapping their wings frequently to keep their balance so they wouldn't fall off the tree branch. Watching them was an exciting experience for both of us.

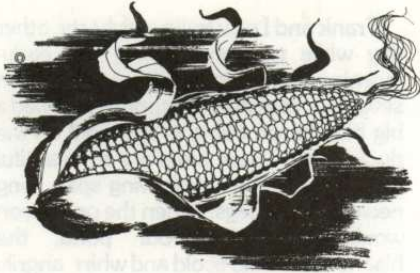
Our walnut trees have no nuts on them this year. Frank reports that he has not seen any hickory nuts, acorns or buckeyes in our timber. It is the first time he can remember never having any buckeyes. The squirrels may have a hard time gleaning enough nuts to see them through the winter. They'll probably have to depend on corn left in the field for their food.

I'm sorry to report that Frank's sister, Edna Halls, had to have more surgery and Bernie (another sister) got a rush call to come to Roswell, New Mexico, to be with her. Bernie has been gone three weeks now, and at this moment Edna is stabilizing. I may go to New Mexico when Edna gets home from the hospital and help out for awhile. I had planned to make a trip this fall to Chadron to see Kristin and her family, but decided it would be better to wait until Edna's condition improved.

When Frederick and Betty were in Shenandoah, I drove down to have a short visit. Unfortunately, it was at a time when friends of ours, George and Colleen Beukema, from Kanawha, Iowa, stopped by. George is one of the deer hunters who has been coming here every year for the past ten years. The Beukemas brought me a beautiful plant called "White Velvet" which has leaves covered with a white fuzz and little purple flowers that open during the day and close at night. I got home just half an hour after they left and was so sorry to have missed seeing them.

We are doing something this week we have talked about doing for a long time. Well diggers are coming to drill a new well and put in a water system for us. Our well near the house has served for more years than we are old, but it is a dug well with a brick lining. The bricks are beginning to come out, so we felt it was high time we had a new well.

I want to thank all of you who sent in
(Continued on page 17)



A "Corny" Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This is a time to use corn lavishly in decorations—miniature corn shocks, tassels, the golden leaves and ears of both field and Indian corn.

Make a door swag by using some leaves, tassels, and a few ears of corn. Tie with a bow of orange ribbon or use a wide strip of bandana print material.

Lovely wreaths can be fashioned from corn husks. Use a styrofoam ring base. Soak corn husks in water until soft. Cut rectangles (3"x5") of the dampened husks. Fold each rectangle in half crosswise, gather cut ends and tie to a toothpick. Insert the toothpick into foam ring. Use enough of these to fill the ring and make a "plump" wreath. Add a bow made of print material or ribbon.

Corn vases, holding dried strawflowers and grasses, make interesting centerpieces. To make the vase, use a sharp knife to cut a slice off the large end of an ear of corn, then glue on a square of cardboard to make a base so the ear will stand upright. Slice a bit off the tip end and use an ice pick to make a hole in the center of the cob into which the stems of flowers and grasses can be inserted. Place a few fall leaves around the base to complete the arrangement.

Small pumpkins make attractive candleholders for fat white candles. Clean out seeds, making hole the size desired for candle. Place each pumpkin "holder" on a circle of black crepe paper. Ruffle the edges of the paper by pulling it gently with your fingers. Place candle into hole in pumpkin and use singly or in clusters for a bright decorative accent.

Make a tall spook to stand beside an entrance door by using a coat rack for the body, two toy brooms tied on for the arms, a pumpkin jack-o'-lantern for the head and an old white sheet draped around for the clothes.

ENTERTAINMENT

Start the party with a "Haunted House" greeting. Beforehand, make a tape recording of sound effects. On this tape have strange noises: moans, screeches, pounding, rattling pans or wooden spoons, etc. Enlist some children to help on this recording as they will come up with some weird and ghostly sounds. Play the tape as the guests arrive. Have a costumed witch on hand to urge the faint-hearted to "come on in".

"Corny" Guess is the familiar "count the bean" game in a new guise. Have

ready a small hollowed-out pumpkin filled with corn kernels, replacing the pumpkin lid. Guests are invited to guess the number of kernels, writing their guesses on a paper that is provided. At the close of the party, a prize is awarded the person guessing nearest to the correct number. Award a "booby" prize to the person whose guess was farthest from the mark.

Corncob Bowling: Fasten ten corncobs to cardboard bases so they stand upright. Set up in regular ten-pin formation at one end of the room. Using an orange for a bowling ball, each player takes a turn. Allow ten points for each corncob knocked over in three throws. The one with highest score wins.

Spelldown Limited: Each player is provided with paper and pencil and instructed to write the words CORN and PUMPKIN at the top of the paper. The object of the game is to see who can write the most words in a given time *without* using any of the letters found in the words at the top of the page. It is more difficult than it sounds.

Cut-Up: Choose several contestants for this. Each contestant is given a very long crepe paper streamer which has been rolled into a roll, a pair of scissors, and a pair of large, bulky gloves. Wearing the gloves, at the leader's signal the players see who can be first to cut through the streamer lengthwise, without cutting through the sides.

"Speaking of Corn" Quiz: 1. Often a part of a ceremony. (cornerstone) 2. A public official. (coroner) 3. A container. (cornucopia) 4. Slang: it is. (corny) 5. A part of the ear. (corncob) 6. The gardener's favorite. (cornflower) 7. Where two meet. (corner) 8. Harry James likes it. (cornet) 9. Found in the kitchen. (cornstarch) 10. Often very decorative. (cornice) 11. Famous British general. (Cornwallis) 12. You're using it now. (cornea) 13. A privileged few may have it. (coronet) 14. Often used in crafts. (corn husks) 15. Everybody's favorite. (popcorn).

Corn Dip: Place candy corn in a large bowl. Let each player take a turn at dipping up a spoonful of corn and carrying it across the room where a scorekeeper counts the number of pieces of candy. The one carrying the largest number wins. Deduct one point for each piece of candy dropped on the floor.

ANIMALS IN THE BIBLE

1. Behold ye have sinned against the Lord and have made you a molten (calf). Deut. 9:16

2. He lieth secretly as a (lion) in his den. Psalms 10:9

3. Every beast of the forest is mine, and the (cattle) on a thousand hills. Psalms 50:10

4. And the (wolf) shall dwell with the (lamb) and the (leopard) shall lie down with the (kid). Isaiah 11:6

5. And the (dogs) shall eat Jezebel. II Kings 9:10

6. Which of you shall have an (ox) fallen into a pit and will not pull him out? Luke 14:5

7. (Foxes) have holes and the birds of the air have nests. Matt. 9:20

8. He was led as a (sheep) to the slaughter. Acts 9:32

9. Then went the devils out of the man and entered into the (swine). Luke 8:33

10. From following the (ewes) he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. Psalms 78:71

—Evelyn Lyon



AN INTERESTING ROLL CALL

Place a Bible on a small table in the center of the room or on a worship center. As the roll is called, the person named goes to the Bible, picks it up, chooses a verse (or turns to one she had previously chosen) and reads it. She places the Bible back on the table, then returns to her chair. The next person on the roll does the same thing, etc., until everyone has had a turn.

The leader (or secretary) can conclude the calling of the roll by saying, "We must pass the Bible from person to person so everyone has the opportunity to read and share it. We must read it ourselves so we can learn what is in its pages. Most important of all, we must continue to try to practice in our daily lives what we have learned from its pages. The roll has been called."

Variation: Choose a chapter in one of the books of the Bible and ask each member to read the verses chosen rather than choosing her own. These verses may be more in keeping with the theme of a meeting, or they may better emphasize some points for discussion later in the program.

Instead of the Bible, you could use a book of club rules, material written by the club's founder or prominent club leaders, or a club or church book which is important to the group. It is always good to refresh the minds and souls of the members of the values, benefits and joys derived from their organization.

—Annette Lingelbach

BLAIR, NEBRASKA'S, HOSPITAL RUMMAGE SALE

by
Shirley E. Jipp

One autumn afternoon I drank a cup of hot coffee, nibbled homemade sweet rolls while chatting with friends, and bought a lovely black evening purse with a gold chain for a dollar. I could have also purchased a rather battered dresser for \$10, an unusual green vase for 75¢, a serviceable typewriter table for \$2.50, and a paperback book for a dime.

If the thought of all these wonderful bargains bores you, then you probably are not rummage-sale minded. If, however, the chance to purchase something you have always craved at a nonsensically low price brings a shiver of joy up your spine, join the crowd. Though not new, the rummage sale is one of the fastest-growing of all American sports.

I have attended garage sales, browsed at flea markets, and probed through odds and ends in church basements. But the sale of all sales is the Blair, Nebraska, Memorial Community Hospital Auxiliary annual rummage vendition.

From a small rummage sale first held in 1958 and netting \$600 to a large-scale event in 1977 that netted more than \$11,500, this yearly October project has swelled to gigantic proportions. During the past 20 years the auxiliary has made some \$86,000 for the Blair hospital.

Auxiliary members number nearly 1,000 and run the gamut from housewives and saleswomen to doctors' wives and nurses. Male help is recruited, too. For example, electricians string temporary lights. Cement blocks and boards for shelves are loaned by the Blair lumberyards. High school boys and Boy Scouts help load and truck items to be sold. Local police are often on hand to direct traffic and to guard the sales area at night.

The selling place is the Blair High School bus barn, and it is always full to overflowing. This year's project will begin on Thursday, October 26 and continue for two more days. Hours will be: Oct. 26 & 27 from 9:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M.; Oct. 28 from 9:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M.

Preparations start long before October's final weekend. During spring and summer months garages and basements begin to bulge with things saved and stored weeks in advance. Often families moving from Blair donate items to be used as rummage. Even Blair merchants contribute new merchandise. Articles range all the way from minute salt and pepper shakers to all types of clothing to large pieces of furniture, books, and even antiques.

As the articles arrive at the bus barn the week of the sale, more than a dozen selling departments organize the wares.

The sorters handle everything from moth-eaten sweaters to pressed, immaculate garments. Some of these women could write a book about the things that have passed through their hands. Categorizing and pricing are time-consuming jobs, but interesting.

One year a call came in for a truck to pick up several items, including a chest of drawers, from the front porch of a Blair home. The lady of the house was in the process of painting a room, however, and had moved several pieces of furniture to the porch—temporarily. When the truck arrived, she was gone. When she returned home, so was the wrong chest of drawers. Luckily, the mishap occurred the day before the sale began and she was able to salvage the chest and several personal items. Fortunately, too, the lady had a sense of humor.

Another time a doctor's wife was sorting a box of clothing and came upon a pair of long, elbow-length purple gloves. "Hmmm," she mused. "I wonder if these will sell. Who in the world would buy them?" That evening, when she arrived home, she learned that her young daughter had purchased the gloves because she was sure they were something her mother would be pleased to own.

One year a worker lost her sweater in the shuffle and was unable to find it. There is no doubt it was mistakenly sold. Still another gal ran her own purse down three times to keep it from being bought before finally tagging it with her name and address! There is never a dull moment during the week of Blair's rummage sale. Like honey bees around a hive, there is a constant buzz of activity.

As the ladies work tirelessly arranging merchandise, each department begins to take on a new look, and the girls enjoy displaying their homemaking talents. Mannikins are stylishly dressed, items neatly placed on tables, dishes arranged attractively, clothing hung on long racks. The bus barn carries the air of a

department store. Each worker takes great pride in her particular area too. Homemade rolls, cookies, and sandwiches along with gallons of hot coffee are also sold during the three-day sale. And the gals do have fun!

Often some of them dress up in the donated clothing and parade around advertising their wares on sorting as well as selling days. There is competition too between the different departments. Separate money records are kept. Many a lady can tell you how much her department sold for years back. Each one hopes to do better financially than the previous year, and to be the top department.

There is something for everyone in this growing interest of recycling old, but still usable, items rather than pitching them to the junk pile. Some people love the things others throw away, so what is one person's tripe becomes another's treasure. Blair's rummage sale each year turns hundreds of unwanted articles into cash with a resulting three-way benefit. The hospital gets the money, the donor gets rid of things which have been cluttering up closets and storage space, and the purchaser gets a needed item at a bargain price. Nothing is wasted. When the sale is over, Blair churches and local charities are given first choice of what is left. The Good Will, Salvation Army and St. Vincent's dePaul's store in Omaha also share in the bounty.

Among the equipment which the auxiliary's benefit has bought for the Blair hospital are such things as a portable X-ray machine, positive pressure machine, special-care monitor, stove, ovens and freezer for the kitchen, draperies and carpeting, and physical therapy equipment. Last year the new equipment purchased was for the surgery room.

Prospects look promising for another great sale in October as Blair residents and merchants prepare to clean, pack, sell, buy—and turn trash into cash for their community hospital.



A scene from a rummage sale at Blair, Nebraska.



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

What a summer of adventure we had! In our 32 years of married life, Betty and I have travelled many places and we have done many exciting things, but never have we had as many thrills in a two-week period as we had on our trip to the Arctic. Just getting there was an adventure in itself. We flew to Montreal, and there we boarded a Nordair freight and passenger jetliner to fly non-stop to Frobisher Bay, the capitol city of Baffin Island. This Eskimo town of about 2,300 population is several hundred miles north of Labrador.

Our final destination, a village of 600 Eskimos named Pond Inlet, had a breathtakingly beautiful setting. It was just a few small houses and government buildings stretched out along the ocean harbor, but never in all of my travels have I seen a more beautiful harbor. We were amazed to find the harbor still covered by six feet of solid ice, and what a thrill it was for us to see that ice begin to break up into enormous ice floes while we were there.

On our second day there, we paid an Eskimo to take us out in his big canoe so that we could look for seals and polar bears on the ice floes. It took some skillful maneuvering to get in between the floating pieces of ice without getting crushed, and in the process we made enough noise to frighten any bears or seals far out of our view. It was just as well, for while the seals could have done us no harm, the bears could have. Every Eskimo guide we used made it a point to carry a rifle just in case a bad-tempered bear were to give us a hard time.

How I do wish that you were near enough to see some of the colored slides I made up there in the high Arctic. Not only did I get some good photos of the Eskimos, but I also got a splendid collection of wildflower photos. When I was photographing wildflowers high up in the Swiss Alps last summer, I was told about the dwarf plants which grow and bloom for three weeks of each year far, far above the Arctic Circle, and those were the flowers I found growing in the tundra on the northern tip of Baffin Island. When I speak of "dwarf plants" I really mean it. For example, the highest tree on all of Baffin Island is a willow tree exactly six inches high. Most of the wild Arctic flowers are only one or two inches high, and yet they are lovely in every detail. We spent many hours just walking through the tundra looking for them, and my photographs show that our search

was well worth the effort.

One big disappointment was our failure to get many good photographs of wild birds. The trouble was that we could not get to the birds. As the ice on the harbor began to break up, it was too dangerous to attempt a twenty-mile ice crossing with a dog sled pulled by a snowmobile, and it was too dangerous to try to get between the ice floes with a boat. The birds were almost all nesting on the opposite side of the harbor from where we were, and so that ended our efforts for bird pictures.

Some of my most interesting photos were made of the daily routine of the Eskimo seal hunters. We watched them skinning the seals, putting the skins on stretch frames, washing the skins, and then trading them for needed merchandise at the local Hudson Bay Company trading post. An Eskimo needs to trade for very little, since the seals provide most of his food and part of his clothing, but they do need gasoline for their snowmobiles and outboard motors. They also need guns and ammunition.

The Eskimos were out hunting wild caribou and Arctic foxes as well as seals and polar bears. Almost all of the meat is eaten raw, although they sometimes make a stew of caribou meat. When the head of the house brings home a seal, the entire family gathers around to eat it, each person holding a very sharp hunting knife in hand. At this time of the year, they frequently eat out-of-doors, and it was not uncommon for us to see families sitting out in front of their houses eating raw seal at two and three in the morning. Eskimos do not have regular hours for meals the way we do. They eat when they are hungry and when the food is available, frequently eating only one big meal a day, and that meal consisting of nothing more than meat. Incidentally, the word Eskimo means "meat eater". It is just as well that they do not eat bread, for bread costs as much as \$1.25 for a small loaf, and potatoes sell for more than \$1.00 a pound!

One of the thrills of this summer's trip was the opportunity I had to preach to a large congregation of Eskimo people. Before we left for the Arctic, I had had a phone call from a missionary in Pond Inlet asking me if I would be willing to preach with an interpreter. The phone call had come via a communications satellite.

The little mission church was packed to capacity, and there were many Eskimo women present who had children on their backs. Whenever they stood to sing a hymn, they would do a little shuffling dance step to soothe the crying babies. About the only book the Eskimos have printed in their language is the Holy Bible, and during the long winter night when they see no daylight

for nearly three months, they spend much time reading the Bible. They watched me speak a sentence or two, and then they would watch the Eskimo who was doing the interpreting, and all the time they were nodding their heads to show their satisfaction.

Some of the Eskimos have learned to read and write in English, and they begged me to send them copies of my book, *Never Lose Hope*. As we were climbing into a small airplane and were waving goodbye to our new friends, one of the Eskimos called out: "Please don't forget to send us your book." I mailed them several books just as soon as we returned to Springfield, Mass.

When friends have asked us if we recommended a trip to the villages we visited, I have to answer cautiously. Remember, we were nearly 800 miles north of the Arctic Circle, much farther north than the most northern point of Alaska, and that is no place to expect any great amount of comfort. If you want adventure, if you are prepared for a certain amount of danger, and if you can be satisfied with food far less good than you would receive on one of your usual summer trips, then go ahead and try a trip to the high Arctic. Things are changing very fast up there, and if you wait a few years for your first trip to the Arctic, it will be a little different than a trip to Alaska. Today, a trip to Alaska is like a trip to Glacier National Park, but a trip to the real Arctic is something else again. We loved it.

Sincerely,

Frederick



NEVER LOSE HOPE

by

Frederick Field Driftmier, D.D., L.H.D.

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UPDATE

by
Evelyn Birkby

Settling into a fall schedule has not been easy this year. The activities of spring and summer, which made me feel as if we were living on an escalator most of the time, continued far past the normal end-of-summer deadline.

No sooner had the Sidney Rodeo come into view than son Bob arrived home—passing through on his way to Springfield, Missouri. He had spent a short few weeks with us at the beginning of his vacation, primarily helping paint the house. Then, after a visit in Miles City, Montana, with brother Jeff, and the family canoe trip on the Missouri River, Bob hiked the mountains near Bozeman, traveled out to Washington and Oregon for visits with friends and relations, and then returned for another week in Sidney.

After helping us in the church rodeo food stand, Bob took the bus south to Springfield to assist with the registration at the University and to move into a different apartment. Two years ago, when Bob first began teaching at Southwest Missouri State University, he found his wonderful "Skyhouse" apartment (described in the July 1977 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*). Last year the owner of the building decided to move into the house and wanted that sunny third-floor area for himself, so Bob found an adequate apartment near the campus and settled in to teach his classes in English and Literature.

It might have been this closeness to the university music department building, or the challenge of a brand-new Steinway grand piano in the concert hall, or simply wanting to keep his piano work developing, but Bob decided to prepare and present a piano recital.

Robert and I were pleased that the scheduled time for Bob's presentation came when we could get away to drive down to Springfield. We met many of Bob's fellow instructors and students, enjoyed attending the Grace United Methodist Church (where we discovered the minister and his wife are longtime *Kitchen-Klatter* listeners), and treasured every moment—and note—of the recital.

Just before the fall term began, Bob was able to acquire an apartment in the same house in which he had lived that first year. It is not the third-floor "Skyhouse", but a sunny second-floor apartment in a pleasant neighborhood near a number of his friends.

Jeff completed his second summer of work at Miles City with a bang—literally! A tornado-rain-wind-hailstorm almost decimated the city and did weird things to Jeff's grass and plant experimental plots located around the nearby plains.



Evelyn looks like a proud mother (as she has a right to be) as she poses with her son, Bob, following his piano concert at Springfield, Missouri.

Jeff had just come in some 45 miles from his farthest experimental plot and was shampooing his hair in the bathroom of his apartment when the storm hit. First he heard the skylight in the living room booming. Then the bathroom rug lifted a good three inches off the floor. Jeff rushed into the kitchen and opened the door into the hall, then pushed up the kitchen window to equalize the pressure. As he watched, the windows across the alleyway turned into glass shards as golf-ball-sized hail smashed through them. Then the exhaust fan over his stove suddenly turned into a roof drain, dumping water into the kitchen. Jeff bailed with the cooler he used for his lunch carrier until he got the deluge under control.

The storm lasted for almost an hour, took out stained glass windows from churches, toppled walls on new construction sites, tore off movie marquees, damaged cars, shattered windows and turned Jeff's lovely, pampered test plots into chaos.

"My beautiful experimental sites," Jeff wrote, "with all those rain gauges, six-foot-high clover plants, stately grasses swaying in the breeze and neat strings marking off the area in little squares, is no more. The clover is now six inches high instead of six feet. The rain gauge stands are ripped apart. The stately grasses are flatter than pancakes. And some of the strings will never be seen again."

It took some time for the grasses to recover at all, and Jeff's experimental work took a turn which was completely unexpected. He carried on nobly and is now in Bozeman with all his notes, computerized information and knowledge wading into his master's thesis.

Craig, between several trips out to the Colorado Mountains and our canoe trip to Montana, was in and out of Sidney during the summer. He helped with a number of tasks around our "Honey Hill" acreage, including a painting stint on the house. In between chores, he sorted,

stored, discarded and packed his belongings into a manageable amount which could be carried in the car. With his treasured bicycle fastened to the carrier on top, boxes of books, typewriter, clothes, his clock radio and his basic camping gear (without which he goes nowhere), Craig announced that he was ready.

And so it was that Robert and I got into the car with Craig and his assorted essential belongings and headed east the 264 miles from Sidney to Iowa City.

The drive across Iowa was beautiful. The rolling hills were green; the corn, soybeans and assorted crops reaching toward autumn maturely looked lush and promising. We stopped briefly for a meal at the Amana Colonies, with Craig pointing out places he plans to see when time permits him to have a weekend.

The car pulled into the driveway of the medical fraternity house where Craig is living this year. The building is of interesting English architecture and presented a friendly appearance which was enhanced by the young students who welcomed Craig and showed him his pleasant room.

After we helped unload his belongings, Craig took us on a tour of the buildings in the medical complex of the university where he will be doing most of his studying this year. We were enormously impressed with the amount of energy, excitement and beauty which we found upon this great university campus. The green lawns, trees and park areas both around the buildings and along the river banks gave a calm sense of spaciousness.

The university is far flung along both banks of the Iowa River, but Craig's residence and the buildings for his studies are conveniently centered in the west section of the campus.

When we returned to Craig's room just prior to leaving for home, a young man put his head in the doorway, "Hi", he welcomed the newcomer, "are you an M One?"

"Yes," Craig answered, "are you?"

"I'm an M Two," the young man answered.

And so it was that Craig, Medical Student Year One, met a new friend, who was a Medical Student Year Two, the first of many.

Robert and I arrived home late that evening. We pulled the car close to the house, fed the dog and went indoors to fix bacon and tomato sandwiches for our own late snack. We sat looking contentedly across the table at each other with a sense of wonder at all the experiences into which our sons manage to get us.





YESTERDAY'S ATTICS

by
Harold R. Smith

One rainy autumn day a friend, Marjorie, visited us briefly. During her visit the rain streaked the windowpanes in a slanting pattern, gaining momentum as large drops slid effortlessly down the glass. The horizon was clothed in a strangely diffused light as the rain moved silently into the valley.

Our conversation turned to what

people do on rainy days and my friend remarked that such days in her childhood meant going to the attic and playing "dress up". Her family home has an attic which contains several generations of cast-off furniture, clothing, books and the usual potpourri of things people store against the day they might need some article. Given the run of the attic, young Marjorie would emerge dressed in her mother's finery: a peach-colored formal, high-heeled shoes, a once-fashionable hat with ostrich plumes, an elegant beaded handbag and, for a touch of glamour, an ancient fox fur. Her brother would dress in an old black suit with the pants flowing

over patent leather shoes. A dashing touch to his costume would be an old sword left over from some battle in the dim past.

Often, by the time they had tired of playing "dress up", and had partaken of cocoa and sugar cookies their mother had prepared, the sun would come out from behind charcoal-grey clouds to sparkle the earth in bright sunshine. The attic was quickly forgotten as costumes were abandoned and the children would go outside to run through the rain-soaked grass.

In the past, almost everyone stored items in their attics for future generations to use. This probably resulted from the ingrained habit of thrift so the family, newlyweds and the less fortunate could "make do" with something from the attic.

I think the nicest attic I've seen belongs to friends who live in an old house. Reached by an elegant staircase, it has two windows on either end of the large space for ventilation, has electric lights and is completely floored. Every article is neatly stored; racks are available for storage of clothing in plastic bags and built-in drawers are used for smaller items. Truly, it is the dream attic of all attics!

I have often read that people have found items of great value stored away in attics. An old painting, stashed away for generations, was proven to be the work of a famous artist and worth a fortune. The vases and wedding bric-a-brac of other generations are often the collectible art glass of today.

In our old house we have a large attic but the small opening in the hall ceiling, which provides entry to the attic, limits the size of articles to be stored. The center of the attic is quite high due to the steeply pitched roof, providing a perfect place for the television antenna which was dismantled and reassembled in the attic. Thus protected, the metal does not corrode and is safe from windstorms. With limited storage space, I try to live by the rule that if something is not used for a period of one year, give it away; clothing, furniture, and books are given to charitable organizations.

The attic, in the sense of storage, will someday disappear except in old houses and may become a novelty to future owners. Habits and life styles change and attics could vanish forever. If they do, gone forever will be the stored treasures and mementoes of other lives: dusty bureaus, an old hatrack, a stuffed duck, musty clothing and family portraits that stare from the unknown past, resplendent in gilt frames.

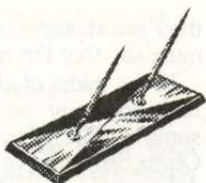
When the drumming sound of raindrops strike the old shingled roof, and children of today complain they cannot go outside to play, fond memories of yesterday's attics invoke pleasant thoughts for me as the autumn rain falls.

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DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

As this fall rolled around, I met it with mixed emotions, as Lisa was starting high school and Natalie entered junior high. I suppose it was the idea of not having one of the girls in grade school anymore that really made me realize how fast the years truly do fly by.

Lisa entered new Millard High School this fall. Not only is it a new building, but a new organizational plan. Her building houses only ninth and tenth graders, with the eleventh and twelfth graders attending classes in another high school complex across the district. I like the idea of only two grade levels in a building. I don't believe the children will have quite as many peer pressures with which to struggle in this arrangement.

My husband, Tom, spent a great number of nights during the summer working on school budget issues. He is quite concerned about the current spending limitation bill that will be on the Nebraska ballot in November. He feels that it could have a drastic effect on the schools and the programs they are able to offer students. The concern even gets down to the point that by taking away the local financing of schools it may eventually take away local control and we might end up with a state school system rather than one run by local people. Tom said it's going to be an "interesting" fall until the issue is settled.

Getting the girls outfitted for school was truly a joy for a change. For the last couple of years, it seemed that all they could really get excited about was a new pair of blue jeans, but this year dress pants seem to be holding their own again. It is such a treat to see the girls and their friends going to school looking like individuals again, instead of their all being dressed in washed-out blue jeans everyday.

After last summer's vacation, where we stayed in a different place almost every night, we decided to make this year's trip a little less hectic. This summer we spent two nights in Kansas City and from there we went on to Branson, Missouri, where we stayed the remainder of our vacation.

My folks (Mae and Howard) joined us again this year. They had never been to the Ozark area of Missouri and, since it seems to be such a retirement area, thought it would be fun to see it.

We left Shenandoah around 7:30 A.M. and arrived in downtown Kansas City in time to eat lunch at the Old Union Railroad Station. It had been over fifty years since Howard had last been in the

old station. Then it was bustling with railway passengers and dozens of trains arriving and leaving daily. Today it houses an Amtrack Center with only a few trains daily, a couple of restaurants, a museum and a large antique shop. After spending some time browsing through the antiques, Mom, the girls and I went across the street to Crown Center (which is a hotel and shopping complex) and Tom and Howard went to the Truman Library.

We had been to the Truman Library before, so Tom knew that he and Howard could spend a good many hours roaming around this complex, listening to tape presentations and watching films. Since they are both history buffs, the time flies for them in a setting such as this. But, had the girls been with them, it would have been a different story. Both girls had enjoyed the library when we were there a few years ago, but they certainly don't want to take the time to read everything and browse at the pace



Donna Nenneman snapped this picture of daughters, Natalie and Lisa, just before they left for school.

Grandpa and Dad do to enjoy it. So this is why that afternoon we went our separate ways.

Crown Center is full of small unique shops of every kind, so all of us enjoyed the few hours we spent there.

That evening we had dinner at Stevenson's Apple Farm, which is probably our favorite place to eat when we are in Kansas City. It specializes in barbecued foods; however, the range of choice goes far beyond that. The food is superb, and the atmosphere is very pleasant.

The second day in Kansas City was spent at Worlds of Fun. This, naturally, was the girls' day. They enjoyed the rides and shows even though the temperature soared to near the 100-degree mark. Believe me, when late afternoon rolled around, even the girls were ready to head back to the motel for a nice cool swim in the pool.

The next day was spent on the road to Branson, arriving late in the afternoon. Once we reach a new area, Tom always likes to take a ride to familiarize himself

with the territory. Following our ride, we spent a very relaxed evening around the pool while the girls swam.

Sunday morning we had decided to drive to Mountain Home, Arkansas, to visit with Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rape. Howard had not seen them for sometime and since he had spent a summer with them in New Mexico as a young man he has always felt especially close to them. Now Mountain Home did not look like a very long trip on the map and mile-wise it wasn't too far. However, we weren't prepared for the winding roads through the hilly countryside. Consequently, the trip took a lot longer than we had planned. Upon our arrival, we found no one at home, so Howard left a note in the door and we started our return trip to Branson.

There are a number of attractions in the Branson area that are great to attend as a family. Probably the most popular being Silver Dollar City. This is a reproduction of an old mining town. It is probably the only place in the Midwest (maybe even the whole country) where you can see old-time craftsmen at work. There are glass blowers, candy makers, wood carvers, metal craftsmen, candle makers, shingle makers, millers, and blacksmiths.

We visited the Shepherd of the Hills Farm, the farm that Harold Bell Wright used as the setting for his book, *The Shepherd of the Hills*. A great deal of the farm is in its original state and many of the possessions of Matt and Aunt Molly (the principal characters of the book) have been returned to their homestead.

We enjoyed the Ozark country very much in spite of some very hot weather; however, it was nice to get back home again.

Last summer I experienced one of the biggest surprises of my lifetime. Tom has never been inclined to buy anything major without the two of us first discussing it for probably weeks and sometimes even months. So, you can imagine my surprise when the telephone rang and a local store announced that it would be delivering a grandfather clock within the hour. This had been something I had wanted for years and whenever we were near a store that sold them I would always persuade Tom to stop with me to look at them and listen to their beautiful chimes. We had seen this particular clock a few weeks earlier and it was truly a thing of beauty. I can't think of a single gift that he could have surprised me with that would give me as much continual pleasure as the "surprise" delivered that day.

Tom is due home anytime for lunch so I had better scurry around and get something prepared.

Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman

LETTER FROM EUGENIE



Dear Friends:

My last letter to you was of our spring plans, but when my mother became seriously ill, and subsequently died, our plans for the spring were greatly altered.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you who sent us cards and messages of sympathy. We received a particularly kind gesture of sympathy from a *Kitchen-Klatter* reader in the Valentine, Nebraska, area and our card of thanks was returned "address unknown"; so, I hope she will read this and know how much we appreciated her thoughtfulness.

Since my mother's death, I have deliberately kept myself very busy. One of my first undertakings was a Spring Recital to be given by my piano students. My adult students chose not to participate in the recital, but the children, all of them nervous, performed well for their parents, sisters, brothers, cousins, and grandparents. The recital was held in the living room of the parsonage, and following the music and the picture taking we all moved downstairs to the "fireplace room" for punch and cookies.

After my students' recital, I increased my own daily practice routine, and a month later gave a piano lecture-recital. Since we do not yet have a concert-quality piano in our church, I also held my recital in the parsonage. With a small seating capacity, I had to limit the number of invitations to my piano students, their families, and to the members and families of the church choirs I direct. I thoroughly enjoyed playing, and before the afternoon was over I had to promise that I would have another recital soon.

Another summer project involved Martin as well as myself—the Youth Fellowship Third Annual Camping Retreat. This year we had nine junior and senior high school students attend. As their bank account was not large enough to feed that many people for so many days, as well as pay for the campsites, the Youth Fellowship elected to hold a rummage and bake sale to earn enough to cover the camping expenses. For weeks in advance, rummage was delivered to the parsonage by members and friends of the church and stored in our downstairs. We spent many hours sorting, cleaning and pricing everything, and placing the items on display. Finally, the big day came—and it rained! Fortunately, the sale was a huge success despite the weather.



Eugenie and Martin Strom as they visited the Como Park Conservatory in St. Paul, Minnesota.

The camping retreat was terrific. We went to Sandune State Park, about 40 miles northwest of Minneapolis. It is absolutely beautiful there. Heavy pine forests, a lovely lake, and a white sandy beach provide an ideal location for camping.

The theme of this year's retreat was: "Getting to know God". So often, junior and senior high youth begin to question the things they have been taught since birth. We used this opportunity and this perfect setting to begin their thinking for themselves about who God is for them in their lives. Each day we held discussion groups and did projects, and every evening a different group of young people led a Bible study program of their own design.

Aside from all this, we all helped with the camp chores: hauling the water and wood to our campsite, cutting the wood and cooking the meals over the campfire.

So far, I've painted a picture of lots of work and little play, but we spent a good deal of our time at play, too. Our three tents were pitched in one of the two campsites we rented. The other site was transformed into a volleyball court. We also spent plenty of time hiking and swimming. Needless to say, everyone had a great time, Martin and I especially.

Another of my summer projects is actually a Christmas project which I began in July. My Youth Choir (2nd thru 7th graders) will be presenting a musical version of "The Littlest Angel". This will be a production complete with costumes and scenery. We spent the warm summer days in the back yard painting the sets and scenery; it was so much easier to keep the mess outside and not have to scrub paint off floors, walls and furniture. This way we had only to scrub paint off the children. Since then, we have been learning lines, songs and actions, and making the costumes. It has been a slow process because we have been limited to only an hour or two a week. For such a young group of kids,

they are doing a very good job, and I must say that I'm proud of them.

In the midst of all these activities, we had company coming and going all summer. Martin's parents, Margery and Oliver Strom, were with us for a week in July and were able to join in our celebration of Martin's birthday. During their visit we took them sight-seeing and especially enjoyed showing them Minnesota's historic Fort Snelling which has been recently reconstructed to serve as a "Living History" monument to those who first settled in this area. We also took them to visit the beautiful Como Park Conservatory in St. Paul.

My dad also managed to come for a couple of weekend visits, and toward the end of August a cousin and her husband were here from Houston, Texas, for a week's visit. Another cousin from Duluth came down the same weekend and we all spent a wonderful day at the Minnesota State Fair. We allowed enough time to visit all the exhibits, enjoyed a ride or two on the midway, and made frequent trips to the Dairy Barn. The highlight of the entire State Fair for Martin was the rich, creamy milk shakes sold only in the Dairy Barn. We also enjoyed going together up to the North Shore of Lake Superior.

We did manage to find some time for us to be away by ourselves to recuperate from the busy summer and to renew our strength for an even busier autumn. While most of our church organizations continue through the summer months, it seems that with the beginning of fall the pace is stepped up. Also, the church school, confirmation, and Bible study classes resume with the beginning of the school year.

The Youth Fellowship is planning another hayride. I say another hayride, because two years ago we had one which was terrific, so the young people have decided to hold another one. We usually use a tractor-pulled wagon, and ride in an area where we can eventually stop along a lake shore where we can build a fire to roast wieners and toast marshmallows and heat up some cocoa. On the last ride, we sang ourselves hoarse and had a great time.

After spending so much of this letter looking backward at the things which we have been doing, it's good to end on this note of expectation, looking forward to another rewarding experience with the youth of our church.

Sincerely,
Eugenie Strom

A VERSE

Keep your troubles; work 'em out.

Other troubles are about.

Face yours, then, with grit to win

And thank those troubles you're not in.

USING YOUR SEWING MACHINE FOR EMBROIDERY

by
Robbie Fanning

Have you ever thought of using your sewing machine as a "drawing machine"? Almost since their invention, sewing machines have had the potential to help you do quick and attractive embroidery. But the full potential of the sewing machine has only just begun to be realized. Thousands of enthusiastic home sewers and needleworkers are caught up in the new craze for "machine embroidery".

The biggest advantage of machine embroidery is the long list of things you don't need. You don't need any previous experience with hand embroidery. You don't need a lot of time, or exceptional patience with fine detail. You don't even need to know how to sew, in the dressmaker sense. All you need is imagination and the desire to enjoy yourself while beautifying your linens, tablecloths, blouses—in fact, anything a needle will pass through! And because the machine does the stitching, you don't need years of practice to get neat, careful results. This makes machine embroidery particularly suitable for the growing number of men who are taking up needlecrafts, and may not have much background in traditional sewing.

Most sewing machines can do machine embroidery. Elaborate machines have automatic built-in stitches, but all you really need to start is the simplest machine . . . one that does straight stitch or zigzag.

Machine embroidery can be applied to almost anything. The number of stitches, threads, and fabrics is endless. With a little experimenting, you'll come up with your own personal favorites. I often advise my students to practice on a "doodle cloth"—a scrap of fabric on which to experiment with stitches and variations of thread color, tension and machine speed. I recommend using an embroidery hoop to keep the fabric taut under the needle.

The most popular use for machine stitchery is on clothing; peasant blouses, appliqué on aprons, smocking, and hat trimming. Its speed makes it practical for such densely stitched items as decorative patches for blue jeans, or wonderfully elaborate snowflakes to hang on an old-fashioned Christmas tree. Other "classic" applications are for trimming sheets and pillowcases, and do-it-yourself monograms on towels and napkins. The loose, rapid techniques of "free machine stitchery" are suitable for large-scale projects like collage wall hangings or church vestments. You can even re-create the nostalgic, cool look of



Many lovely quilts are made completely "by hand", such as this interesting quilt which recently won a ribbon at a southwest Iowa county fair. For those who do not feel inclined to do this kind of handwork, or are short of time, lovely quilts can be created on the sewing machine. Appliqué can be done with the zigzag stitch. Quilting can be nicely and rapidly accomplished using the straight machine stitch of the length desired. (Photo courtesy of Shenandoah Evening Sentinel.)

sunlight filtering through embroidered organza curtains. It can cover lampshades and provide designs for quilts.

With machine embroidery, any pattern or design is fair game. The embroidery rivalry has brought back traditional ready-made transfers for those who want to start easily. But the idea is not just to copy hand-embroidery patterns. You can transfer magazine pictures or your child's drawings to fabric, and make up whatever stitches suit your fancy. The glory of machine embroidery is using your machine as a "drawing machine"!

It's important to get to know your machine. What you can do will depend on the machine's capabilities and your own inventiveness in combining the basic elements of the craft. Even intricate zigzag can be done on a treadle machine, though of course it takes a bit more time.

A good starting project is the brim of a hat. You can use it as a "sampler" for many bands of different designs. But don't think only in terms of bands or borders. Many patterns, especially those using automatic stitches, work well as isolated motifs. Or, they can be rotated to make flowers and stars, or criss-crossed for a puckering effect.

Embroidery can be varied by using different threads—even heavy yarns and metallic threads, from the finest embroidery thread to 4-ply wool. As to fabrics, anything that will go through the machine can be used for added texture,

from felt to leather to see-through plastic.

It's easy to learn this exciting new needlecraft, even if you've never practiced hand embroidery before. It's so popular that many companies are sponsoring demonstrations in sewing shops and department stores. Or, you can read one of the new books that contain full instructions for the many-faceted art of machine embroidery. *Decorative Machine Stitchery*, by Robbie Fanning (Butterick Publishing, 161 6th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10013) is one such book which gives many details for machine embroidery.

A friend — the first person who comes in when the world goes out.

To try where there is little hope is to risk failure. Not to try guarantees it.

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**DELIGHTFUL SALAD**

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 3 cups boiling water
 24 large marshmallows
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
 2 Tbls. vinegar
 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, undrained
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup finely chopped pecans
 Pour boiling water over the gelatin and marshmallows. Stir until all is dissolved. Chill until syrupy. Mash cream cheese with vinegar until smooth. Add the pineapple and flavoring, blending well. Add the pecans. Combine the two mixtures. Pour in pan or mold and chill until set. —Dorothy

PUMPKIN CAKE ROLL

3 eggs
 1 cup granulated sugar
 2/3 cup canned pumpkin
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 3/4 cup flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 2 tsp. cinnamon
 1 tsp. ginger
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Chopped nuts for topping
 Beat eggs at high speed for five minutes. Then slowly add the sugar, while beating. Combine the pumpkin, lemon juice and flavorings. Add to egg mixture. Combine dry ingredients and add. Spread in jelly roll pan and top with chopped nuts. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes.

While still warm, turn out on cloth that has been well sprinkle with powdered sugar. Roll from narrow end—cake and cloth together. Let cool. Unroll, spread with Cream Filling, roll up again and chill. Slice to serve.

Cream Filling

1 cup powdered sugar
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
 4 Tbls. butter, room temperature
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Combine all filling ingredients well.

—Lucile

LUSCIOUS APPLE BREAD

1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. soda
 4 Tbls. sour milk or buttermilk
 2 eggs, slightly beaten
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 cups raw apples, finely chopped
 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Topping

2 Tbls. margarine
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Cream sugar, margarine and butter flavoring together. Add soda to buttermilk or sour milk, stir well and add to sugar mixture. Beat in eggs and vanilla flavoring. Stir in flour and salt. Fold in apples and nuts. Pour into greased and floured loaf pan. Combine topping ingredients and drop in dabs over top of batter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes, or until loaf tests done. Cool in pan for 10 minutes. Turn onto cooling rack.

This is especially good served warm.

PEANUT BUTTER SWIRL BARS

1/2 cup crunchy peanut butter
 1/3 cup softened butter
 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 3/4 cup granulated sugar
 2 eggs
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 cup flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 12-oz. pkg. semisweet real chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In large bowl, combine peanut butter, butter and sugars. Beat until creamy. Add eggs and flavoring and blend well. In small bowl, combine flour, baking powder and salt. Stir into peanut butter mixture. Spread into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle chocolate chips over surface. Place in preheated oven for five minutes. Remove from oven. With knife, cut through batter to marbleize. Return to oven and bake for about 30 minutes longer.

—Donna Nenneman

QUICK SAUERBRATEN

1 1/2 lbs. round steak, cut in bite-size pieces (or use stewing beef)
 1 envelope brown gravy mix
 1 Tbls. instant minced onion
 1 Tbls. brown sugar
 2 Tbls. red wine vinegar
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
 Salt and pepper, if desired
 Hot buttered noodles

Brown meat. Prepare the gravy mix according to package directions. Add the onion, sugar, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, ginger and salt and pepper to gravy. Put meat in casserole, pour gravy mixture over top and cover. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours. Serve over the hot buttered noodles.

—Jo Anderson

BANANA-OATMEAL COOKY

3/4 cup shortening
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 cup mashed ripe banana
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 cup unsifted flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. soda
 3 cups rolled oats
 1/2 cup raisins
 1/2 cup chopped nuts

In a large bowl, beat shortening, brown sugar, egg, banana and flavorings until creamy. Combine flour, salt and soda. Blend into creamed mixture. Stir in oats, raisins and nuts. Drop by rounded teaspoon onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 15-18 minutes. Watch closely. Makes about six dozen.

—Betty Jane

LOUISE'S APPLE KUCHEN

1 two-layer size yellow cake mix
 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
 1/2 cup flaked coconut
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 1/2 cups sliced, pared baking apples
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 2 egg yolks or 1 whole egg

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Cut butter or margarine into dry cake mix. Mix in coconut and flavorings. Pat mixture lightly into ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan building up slight edges. Bake 10 minutes. Arrange apple slices on the warm crust. Mix sugar and cinnamon together; sprinkle over apples. Blend sour cream and egg; drizzle over apples. Bake 25 minutes or until edges are light brown. Do not overbake. —Dorothy

PRIZE PEANUT CHEESECAKE

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 3/4 cup finely chopped dry-roasted peanuts
- 12 ozs. cream cheese, softened
- 2/3 cup creamy peanut butter
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 4½-oz. container frozen whipped topping, thawed

In saucepan, melt butter or margarine. Stir in cracker crumbs and chopped peanuts. Reserve about 2 Tbls. for garnish. Press remainder in bottom of 9-inch spring-form pan. Chill.

In large mixer bowl, beat cream cheese and peanut butter until fluffy. Add condensed milk and beat until smooth. Stir in lemon juice and flavorings. Fold in thawed topping. Turn into prepared crust in pan. Sprinkle reserved crumbs around outer edge on top of cake. Chill at least 3 or 4 hours before serving. Refrigerate any leftover portion.

PEAS AND EGG CASSEROLE

- 1 #2 can green peas, drained
- 1/3 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 can tomato soup, undiluted
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients. Put in casserole and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

CUBE STEAK CASSEROLE

- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- Pinch black pepper
- Pinch cayenne pepper
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Several outer large cabbage leaves
- 1 1/2 lbs. cube steak, cut in 3-inch pieces
- 1 can tomato bisque soup
- 1 1/2 Tbls. liquid brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. reconstituted lemon juice
- 1/3 cup finely chopped onion

Combine the egg, Worcestershire sauce, garlic powder, peppers and salt. Beat well. Boil the cabbage leaves in salted water about 2 minutes. Dip the meat pieces in the egg mixture. Brown the meat in hot oil for 2 to 3 minutes on each side. Save drippings. Combine the soup, brown sugar, lemon juice and onion. Bring to boil, add pan drippings and cook about 3 minutes. Wrap the cooked cabbage leaves around the browned steak pieces. Place in shallow baking pan and pour sauce over all. Bake about 40 minutes at 400 degrees.

—Juliana

SOUTHERN DELIGHT CAKE

- 1 2-layer size yellow cake mix
- 1 can mandarin oranges, juice and all
- 1/2 cup oil
- 4 large eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine the above ingredients. Mix until oranges are in tiny bits (about 5 minutes). Bake in three 9-inch pans that have been greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on wire rack.

Topping

- 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed
- 1 can angel flake coconut
- 1 15¼-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all

1 small box instant vanilla pudding mix
Mix all the above ingredients. Spread between layers and on top. Keep in refrigerator until time to serve.

—Verlene Looker

COTTAGE-STUFFED CELERY

- 1/2 cup small-curd cottage cheese
- 2 to 3 tsp. chopped green onion or chopped chives
- 1/8 tsp. salt, onion salt or seasoned salt blend
- 1/8 tsp. horseradish, if desired
- 1/8 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 3 to 4 stalks celery, cut into 3-inch pieces

In small mixing bowl, combine all ingredients except celery; mix well. Spoon mixture into each celery piece, using about 2 tsp. for each. Garnish with paprika, if desired. —Verlene Looker

FINGER-LICKIN' SPARERIBS

- 6 lbs. country-style spareribs
- 1 cup cranberry-apple juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 lemon, sliced thin
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups water

In large, heavy frying pan, brown the ribs. Add the cranberry-apple juice and cook slowly, covered, for one hour. In another pan, combine the remaining ingredients and cook slowly for one hour.

After ribs have cooked for an hour, remove from heat and let cool slightly. Skim off excess fat. Place ribs in roaster or large pan. Pour on any remaining juices. Pour the sauce over ribs and cover pan. Bake for about one hour at 350 degrees.

—Betty Jane

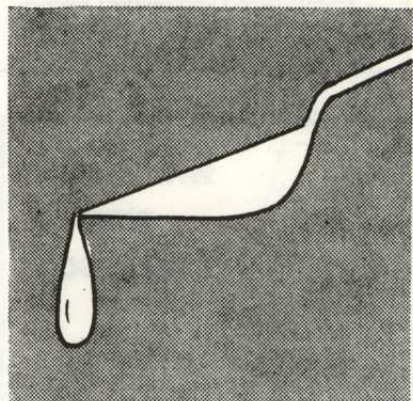
BEAN CASSEROLE

- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 stalk celery, chopped
- 1/2 stick margarine
- 2 #2 cans beans in chili sauce
- 1 small can Italian tomatoes, mashed (regular canned tomatoes can be substituted)

Salt to taste

1 cup cubed Velveeta cheese

Cook onion, green pepper and celery in margarine until transparent. Add beans, tomatoes and salt. Cook over low heat for about 45 minutes, stirring often. Cool. Add cheese and cover. Bake in 300-degree oven for about one hour or until cheese melts. Can be served over cooked rice. —Donna Nenneman

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**FREDERICK'S STEAK SAUCE**

(For grilled steaks)

- 1/2 cup catsup
- 4 Tbls. molasses
- 4 Tbls. vinegar
- 4 Tbls. soy sauce
- 4 Tbls. oil or melted butter
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 4 Tbls. honey or brown sugar

Combine all ingredients and blend well. Brush on steaks each time they are turned over.

PINEAPPLE-RASPBERRY SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 can strawberry pie filling
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 small carton prepared dessert topping, thawed

Dissolve raspberry gelatin in the hot water. Add the cold water and pie filling. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan and refrigerate until firm. Blend cream cheese, drained pineapple and dessert topping to a spreadable consistency. Spread over first layer and refrigerate.

—Donna Nenneman

OLD-FASHIONED RAISIN PIE

- Pastry dough for 2-crust pie
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups raisins
- 2 cups water
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter

Prepare your favorite pie dough recipe. Line pie pan with one crust. Combine the sugar and flour. Mix with the raisins and water. Cook until thickened. Add the lemon juice, flavoring and butter. Pour into the pastry-lined pan. Top with remaining crust. Bake at 425 degrees for 30-40 minutes.

—Dorothy

FIVE-CUP SALAD

- 1 cup chopped nuts
 - 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
 - 1 cup cooked rice
 - 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 - 1 cup whipped topping
- Combine all ingredients and chill.

—Donna Nenneman

SWISS, BACON & ONION PIE

- 1 cup crushed saltine crackers (about 26)
 - 4 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
 - 6 slices bacon, fried and crumbled
 - 1/2 cup minced onion
 - 8 ozs. shredded Swiss cheese
 - 2 eggs, lightly beaten
 - Dash of pepper
- Combine the crushed crackers and melted butter or margarine. Spread in bottom and up sides of greased 9-inch pie pan. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour into prepared crust. Bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot.

WALDORF SALAD

- 4 cups diced Jonathan or Winesap apples (leave some unpeeled for color)
 - 2 cups chopped celery
 - 1 cup chopped nuts (preferably black walnuts)
 - 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 - 1 1/2 cups whipped cream
 - 2 bananas, diced
- Prepare the apples, celery and nuts; then combine. Mix the dressing into the whipped cream and add to the first mixture. Refrigerate. Lastly, add the bananas just before serving.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING

- 3 cups cooked, mashed sweet potatoes
 - 1 cup white sugar
 - 1/4 cup evaporated milk
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 2 eggs, beaten
 - 1/3 to 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 cup coconut (optional)
- Combine all ingredients and place in buttered casserole or 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Sprinkle with the following mixture:

Topping

- 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup flour
 - 1/3 to 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 cup chopped pecans
- Combine topping ingredients and sprinkle over top of potatoes. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 12 to 15.

—Evelyn

"IT'S IN THE BAG" FUN

by
Mildred Grenier

Parents, save all those paper bags because they can mean hours of creative fun for your youngsters—from the littlest one on up.

Help your little girl make a doll by using a small paper bag and an empty plastic detergent bottle. Stuff the bag loosely with wadded paper, twist shut, and push the twisted end into the neck of the plastic bottle. You can fill the bottle with sand or plaster of Paris if you wish. Tie a ribbon around the neck to make a scarf if it is a girl doll, a bow tie if it is a boy doll. Let the child make features with crayons or water colors. Glue on hair cut from paper or yarn. The child can color on the doll's clothes with crayon or paint, glue on paper clothes, or you can help them sew cloth clothes.

A small girl will like to make a dress for her dolly by using a paper bag to fit the doll. Help her cut out a hole in the bottom of the sack to slip down over the doll's head, and two holes on either side to slip the arms through. With blunt scissors she can fringe the hem of the dress. She can decorate the dress with crayons or by pasting on cut-out figures. Pockets can also be cut out and glued on the dress, leaving the tops open, of course. A small paper hanky can be slipped into the pocket.

Young cowboys like paper bag vests to don while "riding the range" on their stick horses. Set a large paper bag upside down, cut out a hole in the bottom to fit the child's head. Place the bag over the child's head, pull down, and cut out the front of the bag to resemble a vest. Cut out holes for the child's arms to go through. The vest can also be fringed all around.

You can also make a stick horse for the child by using a paper bag for the head, and empty cardboard tubes (such as come with paper towels). Dent one end of a cardboard tube and force it into the end of another one; continue until the stick is as long as you want it. Stuff the cardboard tubes with newspapers if you wish. To make the horse's head, stuff a paper bag with wadded paper and twist shut. Push the twisted end of the bag into the end of the cardboard stick. Shape the nose of the horse by tying string tightly around the bottom of the bag. Extend the string around the horse's neck to make the reins. Draw in the horse's nose, eyes, and mouth with crayon. Cut out ears and paste on. Glue on a mane made of string, yarn, or fringed paper from a bag.

For rainy-day or lonely-day fun, make paper bag puppets for the children, or let the youngsters make the puppets themselves. Stuff a small bag loosely with wadded paper. Gather the opening of the



Aaron, son of Art and Kristin Brase, was pitcher on the Little League team this past summer.

bag around one end of a short cardboard roll, such as the one with bathroom tissue. Tie or tape in place. Cut out hands of paper and glue on. Draw on clothes with crayon, also the features for the face. Glue on yarn or paper hair. Slip finger inside cardboard roll to make puppet perform.

Large bags can be used for masks. Slip over the child's head and mark where the eyes are. Remove and cut out eye holes. Let the children draw faces on them.

They can make animal faces if they wish; for example, a lion would have a paper mane pasted on the top of his head. Braid strips of paper bag and make a tail for the child. Let the children use their imaginations to create other animals and funny or scary characters.

A boy may wish to make a spaceman's suit by using a large paper bag mask over his head, a cardboard box for the body, and small rectangular cardboard boxes over his arms and legs if these boxes are available. (Slip on shoes and gloves after the boxes fit over legs and arms.)

For Halloween, let the children decorate large paper bags in any way they wish to use for "Trick or Treat" bags. The large sturdy bags can also be decorated and set upright in a child's room as a storage bag for small toys, books, mittens, etc.

Give your child paper, paste, blunt scissors, and crayons, along with a supply of paper bags of various sizes, and see what original, useful, or "fun" items he can create.

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A "NEWSY" NOTE FROM ADRIENNE

Dear Friends:

This morning I rose before the sun to visit with you. I have been so busy that in order to do any of the reading or writing I enjoy so much I have to trigger my alarm clock to wake me a little earlier than the day before. Isn't it incredible that the months fly by so quickly? Whoever described "the fleet feet of time" must have been every bit as busy as I am to have gained so subtle a grasp on that idea.

During the summer I taught swimming on a small lake for a city recreation department as I have done for the last three years. This year was the most rewarding session because children that I first taught as beginners, who had to be coaxed into dipping an ear or a nose into the water, paddled about very confidently. Several of the taller, older kids I had had even took Senior Life-saving!

I developed an almost maternal feeling for all my little swimmers. The youngest ones usually have much fear to overcome, so they trust and depend on me, and relate back to me as a "mother figure". The older kids are less impressed. To them I am both friend and taskmaster.

It is not difficult for me to empathize with my students when the waves are high and the water is uncomfortably chilling, because it was only a handful of summers ago that brother Paul and I rode bicycles down to the very same lake and took lessons ourselves.

Several evenings a week after swimming classes, I quickly donned another uniform and rushed down to a fine restaurant where I worked as a waitress. The food service business certainly does not share the relaxed "laid back" atmosphere of the aquatic profession! Every course of the meal must be carefully timed so the customer doesn't find himself waiting for service, and when lunch hour arrives a lot of hustle is required.

An inexperienced chef can completely throw a waitress's timing—"put her in the weeds" as kitchen dialect would phrase it.

All of my plans for school at Northwestern University are finally falling into place. After weeks of anxiously checking the mail every morning, the information on dormitories and classes began to arrive. I was lucky enough to be assigned a room in the dorm I requested. It is on the north end of the campus with a beautiful view of Lake Michigan. My roommate is a very nice girl from central Illinois. After an exchange of letter, we both discovered that we have many things in common, particularly a love for basketball.



Adrienne Driftmier.

It was very difficult to decide which classes I would take the first semester. I was allowed to select only four subjects from pages and pages of possibilities. At this writing my schedule includes Physics, Calculus, English and Linguistics. It should prove to be a very challenging but enjoyable year.

Sister Katharine has been having a marvelous time furnishing her new apartment and becoming familiar with everything Madison, Wisconsin, has to offer. As soon as I can arrange the time, we are planning a complete weekend of shopping and eating together in Madison. There is an open-air farmers' market every Saturday morning which we plan to visit at six a.m. and some other little unique shops that may hold things which I'll need for Northwestern. Katharine is also planning to take me on a grand tour of her laboratory at the University Hospital and the campus on which it is located.

I hope you are all having a delightful fall.

Sincerely,
Adrienne

P-E-A-C-E PRAYER

P — PRAYER, without ceasing, is the first step to peace and a true unity, we know O God; so help us to live peacefully each day.

E — Let EACH and EVERY act of ours be done with kindness, understanding and justice.

A — Grant that we always ACKNOWLEDGE the rights of others willingly and with appreciation of their differences from ours.

C — Let CARE and CONCERN show in all we do and say as we are dealing with all humankind the world around.

E — Make us to be EVER READY to see another's need, to lend a listening ear, to hold out a helping hand, to give with a whole heart. Amen.



Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

An interesting book about the rural wisdom of bygone days is *Country Scrapbook* (Simon and Schuster, Publishers, New York, hardcover, \$12.50; paperback, \$5.95) by Jerry Mack Johnson. It brings the countryside to the reader, illustrating the manner in which country people recognized and used to their advantage the interlocking relationships of all of God's gifts. The author dedicated the book to the things that God gives us each day but sometimes we miss in the rush of life, such as:

"... the bobwhite's cheerio to sunrise
... red birds flitting among blackberry vines
... sitting around the table talking after supper
... your horse pointing his ears when you walk into his stall
... the silence of the country."

Country Scrapbook contains information about weather conditions, old ways of hunting and fishing, a look at woodland animals, birds and insects, as well as individual characteristics of trees, flowers, and shrubs. Also revealed are lots of old-time remedies, some of which the author does NOT recommend trying! *Country Scrapbook* also presents a collection of "receipts" of long ago, such as "How to Make Honey Vinegar or Patience Is a Virtue", and also hot slaw, dried-apple cake and squirrel stew. Country pastimes include the husking bee, marbles, and the hoedown, known today as the square dance. Legends, superstitions, and advice from old-timers give the *Country Scrapbook* its genuine rural flavor.

Plenty of Patches (Crowell Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$7.95) by Marilyn Ratner is an introduction to patchwork, quilting, and appliqué. While written for children and young people, it is one that can be used by anyone interested in these forms of art. It contains easy directions for many projects. You can turn old blue jeans into a new book bag, or add a yoke of patches to a workshirt, or make a mini quilt, or one of those clever friendship quilts where each person makes his own block. Each article featured has explicit directions for the project involved. Patchwork, quilting, and appliqué allow anyone to be an artist and by beginning with a pillow or potholder, you can advance to other beautiful, satisfying sewing. Illustrations in *Plenty of Patches* by Chris Conover capture the charm and fun of using the needle.



DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
suggestions on how to mend the leaks in my ice cream freezer. Several layers of epoxy glue worked best; at least it has not chipped off or broken off yet, and I have made ice cream with rock salt twice since the cracks were glued.

It's time to start dinner. The sun is out again and it didn't rain enough to fill the duck pond. Maybe next time.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

If you would be miserable, look within.
If you would be distracted, look around.
If you would be happy, look up.

My Feet Hurt-Nobody Had the Answer -So I Had to Find My Own!

I was retired from business and traveling in Europe, but not enjoying it at all because my feet were killing me. I hurt all over. I guess God must have had his arms around me because almost by accident I found a device in Germany that gave me instant relief when I put them in my shoes. They were called Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports, and the flexible shock-absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle. And just one pair was all I needed.

I was flabbergasted to find that they were only sold in Europe, so almost right then and there made arrangements to bring them to America.

Today thousands of Americans have found this blessed relief from foot problems just like V.W., of Cambridge, Maryland, who says: "I am delighted with the supports. The second day I had them I wore them in three different pairs of shoes, from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., which included two hours at a cocktail party. It's the first cocktail party I have left in years without wishing I could crawl out on my knees."

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with that pain for years and was told by a podiatrist that foot surgery was the only proper course of treatment. I've been wearing your supports for about two months, and I've not had even a twinge of pain from those calluses. Furthermore, they are shrinking in size and feel softer. I find I am able to stay on my feet for considerably longer periods of time, and I no longer have that 'tired' backache every evening. Thank you again for the vast improvement your product has made in my life."

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We Like Everything About October, EXCEPT . . .

The weather's great, with a nip in the air. The colors are beautiful. We welcome football, and hayrides, and new-crop cider. And hate fall housecleaning.

Getting the house ready for its winter shutting-up somehow depresses us. And that's another reason we're so thankful for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It works quickly and efficiently. Digs out dirt we thought was there forever. Does it without froth or scum, so rinsing is unnecessary. And saves money, because we're not paying for water. Fall housecleaning is no fun at best, but it would be a real chore without our favorite household cleaner:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER**

From Our Family Album

We regret that no more of Mother (Leanna Driftmier) shows in this picture which was taken the very first time Mary Leanna Driftmier Palo visited us in Shenandoah. Mary Lea, about age 2, is wearing the beautifully smocked dress that brought her aunt, Dorothy Johnson, first prize when it was exhibited at the Iowa State Fair. —Lucile



Before



After

NEW LOOK FOR AN OLD STOVE

Did you ever wish your stove looked different? Jeanne Barber of DeWitt, Iowa, did. Next year, they hope to build in their dishwasher and get a new countertop stove, so there is no chance of getting rid of the old stove in the meantime, but she got tired of the whiteness making the kitchen, which is the main living room of their farm home, look so "kitcheny".

She covered the refrigerator-freezer with a dark, wood-grained adhesive-backed plastic, (like Con-Tact) and it turned out beautifully, but it only made the stove look more irritatingly white.

"I wonder," she thought, "if I might just cover the drawer of the stove." And she did.

"Do you suppose we could remove the oven door handles?" she asked husband Bob.

They found the screws inside, removed them, and Jeanne carried on, covering the entire stove, top and all.

"The paper shrank just a little from the

heat," she says, "so I filled in the tiny cracks with black paint. I know now I should have overlapped the strips about 1/8 to 1/4 inch. And I am careful not to set hot pans on it. But I've been cooking on it, baking and broiling in the oven for six weeks now, and it hasn't shown a bit of wear. Grease wipes right off."

The entire job, refrigerator and stove, took \$11 worth of paper, probably about \$5 for the stove alone.

A friend, an appliance dealer, almost took offense before they explained. Then he said it would never last—but it has.

Visitors to the friendly farm kitchen assume the dark stove is new, that it came that way from the factory. One man came in to use the phone and wondered where he could order a stove like that. Maybe he'd better come back when they get that built-in, unless the Barbers decide they like Jeanne's temporary cover-up enough to keep it indefinitely.

—Monica Brandies

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

We have actually enjoyed some excellent melons this past season. This may not seem unusual to many of you who have no problems with melons but to us it is a prime achievement to get ripe muskmelons and watermelons. Our soil in Minnesota is a heavy black clay that stays cold late in the spring.

I started a few Green Nutmeg muskmelon (a luscious green-fleshed type) and a few seeds of Watermelon Sweet Favorite, the 1978 All-America winner, indoors the early part of May. I planted two seeds to each peat pot and grew them in the greenhouse until mid-June. They had already started to sprawl and buds were forming on some of the vines. We removed several shovels of soil from each hill site. This was put in the garden cart and thoroughly mixed with sharp sand, some builder's vermiculite and peat moss to make a light friable mixture. This was then replaced in the hill holes and allowed to settle. I sprinkled it slowly so the moisture would go all through the soil. The peat pots with the growing plants were planted in the prepared hills and covered with some old plastic pails for a couple of days until the plants became conditioned.

We dusted the plants regularly for beetles and they rewarded us by growing lustily and producing innumerable fruits. We cut off the tips of the vines to induce less fruit set and better size to those that were developing. We had only a few hills of each, yet the harvest was more than expected or actually needed—you can eat only so much melon. If you have had poor success with melons, do try the above method.

This is the last month in which to plant spring-flowering bulbs comfortably. You can plant them as long as the ground is not frozen but who wants to do this job when winter winds are threatening? It is also time to store garden tools and equipment, to take up birdbaths and put out bird feeders.

Don't plan a bird-feeding program unless you can carry it out well into late spring next year. Your little feathered friends soon learn to depend on you and it will be disastrous to them if you stop providing feed. Birds need water in winter almost as much as food and a heated water pan is great if possible to provide.

Incidentally, if you are interested in obtaining an inexpensive gardening library that will make good reading during the winter months ahead, do send for the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's "List of Handbooks". The list is free and the address is Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225.

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MEET OUR WRITERS



Shirley E. Jipp

Several years ago, as our family visited following a family dinner, my mother passed around samples of knitted slippers and mittens. Her eleven grandchildren were to select their favorite style and color from the various items. Then she would knit them as part of their Christmas gifts. When the box came to my son, Martin (age 5 at the time), he looked them over carefully and commented, "Gee, I wish my mother could make things like this. All she does is sit and write."

At that time I was enrolled in the non-fiction correspondence course of Famous Writers School which required three years of studying and writing before completion. No doubt it must have seemed to my family that a good share of my time was spent at the typewriter. I graduated from the course in May 1970, sold my first story the next month to the *Omaha World-Herald*, and since then have been writing articles.

Previous to this I had published only two things—a contest-winning short article on birds for the *Nebraska Farmer* in 1939 and a sonnet printed in 1950 in *The Antler*, a small college booklet from the English department of Kearney State Teacher's College.

I believe I wanted to write because I've always loved to read. My first eight years of education were in a one-room school near Ericson, Nebraska, in Wheeler County. Following high school, I taught two country schools and a school in a small town, interspersed with my teaching were classes at Kearney State Teacher's College for one year and several summers.

Soon after my last child was out of diapers, I vowed to read more and express my thoughts via typewriter since I felt the need of a challenge other than the daily routine of housework. Though writing takes perseverance and is just plain hard work, it does bring a feeling of accomplishment.

Writing is also said to be lonely but so far I've not experienced this emotion as there are frequent interruptions in our

household. Besides Martin (now 14) whose present aim is to become an Eagle Scout, we have a daughter, Ellen (21), a music major and senior at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln, and another son, Paul (19), a pre-dental student at Omaha University. Husband Ed is a building contractor.

As a member of the Nebraska Writer's Guild, which meets in various parts of our state each spring and fall, I enjoy traveling to the different areas to exchange ideas with other Guild members. Four different years I had the pleasure of attending a summer writing school in Minneapolis.

In closing, I would like to quote from the late Faith Baldwin: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart . . . you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

AMERICA

Why do I love America?
It's the only place I call home.
From North to South, from East to West,
No matter where I roam.

I love America's beauty,
It's with us everywhere,
With the mountains above, giant trees below,
There's nothing with which to compare.

I love the spacious oceans,
Its waters so gloriously blue.
The one brings in the morning light,
And one the evening glow.

I love the desert, I love the plains,
I love the forest green.
The beauty of Grand Canyon
Is something to be seen.

So many beautiful places and things
Are in my mind today.
Things that I shall never forget,
They'll stay with me always.

I wish I could go back again
And see what I have seen.
I love America for what it is,
And what it's always been.

America, the Beautiful,
Is what it is to me.
God gave me home and country,
Peace, love, and liberty.

—Letha Scott, age 95

COVER STORY

Andy, Aaron and Julian Brase look exactly as if they'd finished packing and were headed for the far reaches of the West! Actually, the picture was taken at Fort Cody near North Platte, Nebraska. The boys are the sons of Kristin and Art Brase of Chadron, Nebraska.



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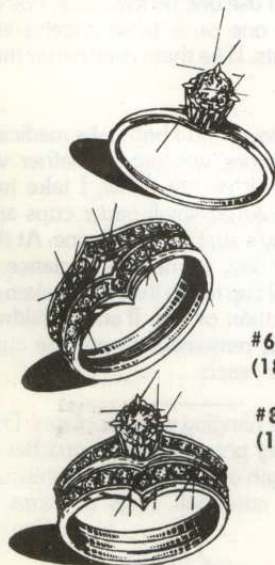
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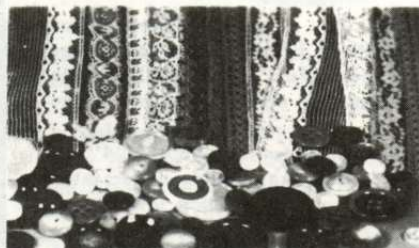
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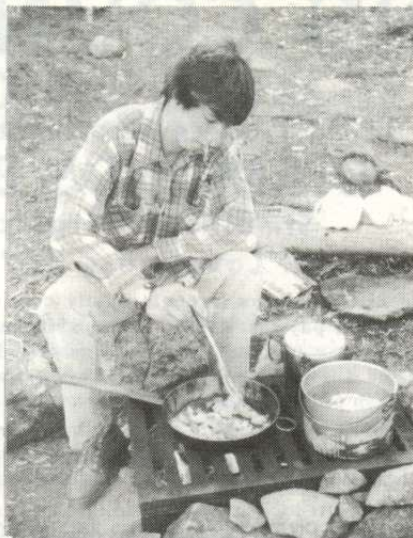
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Even someone who has lost interest in eating breakfast would be perked up by this picture. This is Tim Black, the oldest of Val and Julie Black's five children. Every year Val (our loyal printer for this magazine) takes one of his youngsters on a grand camping trip to northern Minnesota and they have the time of their lives. Those five Black children are a wonderful tribute to their parents' training.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

Betty Jane has five children. Joshua, her oldest, is a tennis pro and teacher in St. Paul; Nicholas is the professional chef in San Francisco who has done such a terrific job that he is now in the process of going into a partnership with a friend who has also made good as a chef. This accounts for her sons, but there are the three girls: Heather is married and has two little girls, Jennifer and Jessica. Heather is interested in the theater—they live in St. Paul. Naomi is the one we photographed with the enormous fish for the July cover of *Kitchen-Klatter*. She lives in San Francisco. Hanna is temporarily with us and a big help when errands need to be run swiftly. So . . . this accounts for Betty Jane's five children. They are faithful about writing and calling.

The office just now called and said they were waiting for this letter, so that means I must get these sheets of paper in order and call it quits for this month.

I cannot say "goodbye" without thanking the tremendous number of people who wrote to say that they understood our financial problems in these times and that under no conditions must *Kitchen-Klatter* come to an end. Not one single soul complained about the increase in our subscription rates. They understand if almost everything you use has doubled in price there has to be some kind of an adjustment if one is to survive.

Always your faithful friend . . .

Lucile

ODDS AND ENDS

I took my old, discolored asbestos stove mats and covered them with brown-and-white checked adhesive-backed paper. They wipe off easily and I have covered three of them and still have paper left. I use one on my stove, one on my dryer, one on a table under some house plants. I like them even better than new ones.

My husband and I both take medicine and sometimes we forget whether we have taken it or not. Now, I take two different colored small paper cups and put one day's supply in each one. At the end of the day, we need only glance at our color of cup to see if we have taken all our medication or not. If small children are around, remember to put the cups out of their reach.

To make hanging pots for plants: Drill holes in clay pots and either crochet or braid a length of yarn or cord, fasten into pots with notebook rings or loops of wire.

—Hazel Dorrell



"Suppose She'll Serve Some Goosey Dessert?"

Next time the girls are in for bridge, why not give them a pleasant surprise? Instead of high-calorie desserts, whip out crisp and icy salads. And, since it seems no one can agree on which **KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSING** is best, just put out all three and let your guests choose the one (or two, or three) they want on their salad.

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Hazel Dorrell

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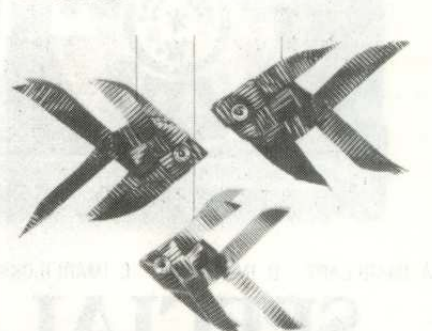
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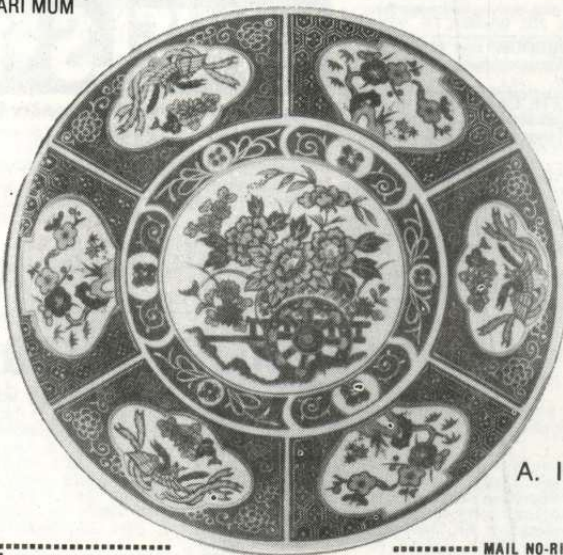
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