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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Robin & Juliana

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U.S. Pat Off.)
MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good and Faithful Friends:
WELL !!!!

For the last two years I've written to you on my old typewriter from my own room in Shenandoah, Iowa, so it is momentous for me to greet you on Juliana's typewriter from the breakfast room in her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

When I left here two years ago strapped to a stretcher en route to the airport where I would be placed on an ambulance plane headed non-stop for Shenandoah, I truly believed that I would never see this place again. I was in a very serious condition and I knew it. In about two days I was transferred from Shenandoah to the Clarkson Hospital in Omaha where I put in a tidy stretch of time, so you can see how thrilled I am to be back in New Mexico again.

Our trip out here was enough to daunt the spirits of Betty Jane, her mother, Grandma Lu (Mrs. Lucille Rice of Saint Paul) and myself, because we drove through heavy rain, hail, two tornadoes that touched the ground a safe distance from us . . . well, it was quite a time. But I was so excited to be in the car and out in the countryside again after two years of confinement in Shenandoah that I even overlooked the tornadoes . . . one of my real terrors.

We made it to Topeka and once again got lost! That is the single most poorly marked interchange I've ever been in. That was the only road confusion and after we reached Interstate 70 we had no trouble. Even though only two years had passed since I'd last been over it, I was surprised by the changes all along the way. We took time to turn off in Abilene so that Grandma Lu could see the Eisenhower Memorial, but other than this we kept right on going until we left I-70 at the Ellsworth turnoff.

All of us were shocked by the terrible evidence of drought on every hand. It was a mighty pitiful sight. But then we went from that scene into fields that could have served as swimming pools. At a filling station where we stopped, the attendant said that after weeks and



This is the first car Lucile and Russell Verness ever owned—a \$500 Chevy. Lucile wrote: "I had an eerie experience in this car. We were on this desert road and stopped to take pictures. I had just started to step down onto the road when a cold chill seemed to hit me and I stopped instantly. If I had continued leaving the car, I would have stepped on a diamondback rattlesnake!!"

weeks of no rain at all they were now being inundated. I still have no idea of what the final outcome will be: such intense drought and then virtual floods.

I knew that we shouldn't go too far in one day because of my precarious health, so we turned in at Great Bend and spent the night at the Holiday Inn because it had facilities that a wheelchair customer could manage. You'd be astounded at the large number of motels that still have not converted even one unit for the people who must travel by wheelchair; believe me, there are many, many people who must have a wheelchair if they are going to go anywhere.

The next morning we started out with soaring spirits, because with any luck whatsoever we'd reach Albuquerque and my dear family. But rain kept us poking along, so we made it only to Dalhart, Texas, where we had a good motel that met my needs. (Three weeks after Russell died fifteen years ago I had stopped there with my companion . . . Myrtle Welda. I believe the place had just about doubled in size since we had been there!)

The next morning we flew into our clothes and hit the road again, this time certain that we'd make Albuquerque sometime during the day. It poured the entire time, but we were almost overcome with joy when we saw the sign "Tijeras Canyon" and knew that Albuquerque was not very far. Two years ago they were doing extensive work on that Canyon highway, but now it has all been completed and a whiz to go through.

Then we were within the city limits of

Albuquerque (still pouring rain, you understand) and for the first time in all of the years I have traveled, we came upon a serious wreck: cars piled up, police cars galore, ambulances . . . well, just the whole works. We crept around all of the confusion and headed once again straight forward on the Expressway when all of a sudden we heard someone behind us honking frantically. Since we weren't doing a thing we shouldn't have been doing. We wondered why in the world there was such honking.

Then Betty Jane looked back again and lo and behold! who should be right behind us but Robin Read Justiz, the friend who so many of you have heard broadcasting with Juliana! She guided us right to Juliana's door. None of us could believe our good luck—imagine having Robin coming up right behind us on the Expressway! She said the moment she saw the blue car with a white top and an Iowa license plate that it had to be us—and it was!

Folks, I don't want to sound bragging and silly, but HONESTLY! I have never seen such an incredible change in a house as in Jed's and Juliana's house. I knew they had been torn up for a long time with a super remodeling job, but I simply wasn't prepared for what I saw!

People who love flowers would go into ecstasies over the flowers, inside and outside; and the exquisite ancient artifacts Jed and Juliana have turned up on their many archaeological digs are in an appropriate location. I go around the house and simply marvel. It is a very difficult house to photograph because it is so spread out in all directions, but in

(Continued on page 22)



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

After some of the narrow escapes Betty and I had traveling in the Arctic last summer, we came home to Springfield, Massachusetts, thinking that we would never again go so far off the beaten tourist track, but already we are having second thoughts. Now we are thinking about the possibility of going to Red China next summer. It is possible for a few tourists to go there, and our government is anxious to have some of us go to the expense and the effort to make a China tour. Since so few Chinese are permitted out, we Americans are going to have to go over there to let them see what we are like. Don't you think we ought to go if we get the chance?

Ever since our return to Springfield last September, we have had many requests to show our pictures and speak about our Arctic adventure. Next week I am speaking at three churches in three different cities. Few persons have ever traveled so near to the North Pole, and the novelty of our story and pictures has generated great appeal. Every week I am speaking somewhere, with church groups getting the first preference. I never charge a fee for any talk in a church, but I always take with me several copies of my book, *Never Lose Hope*. When the audience learns that I have some of the books with me, they buy every one of them and ask for more!

In our travels about the world, we have learned that native peoples have a great deal of faith. I am thinking about our Eskimo guide who took us out through the ice floes and the icebergs in his big freight canoe. If you know anything about outboard motors on boats, you know that you *never* go any distance without carrying an extra shear pin, because if the shear pin breaks, the propeller simply cannot move the boat. A shear pin is every bit as essential as the gasoline. Well, our Eskimo guide did not have an extra shear pin with him, and we did need it.

Fortunately, he was a great improviser, and he was able to make a new shear pin with an old screw he found on the deck of the boat, but while he was doing that, we very nearly lost our lives when the wind blew some big ice floes up against our canoe. The next time we went out with him, he assured me that he had gone to the Hudson Trading Post and bought some new shear pins. One hour later we were miles from the village, surrounded with enormous moving ice floes, when another shear pin broke. The

guide did not have the new ones on board! When I spoke to him of my impatience with such carelessness, he replied: "God takes care of us! We do not have to worry!" That is one kind of faith, I suppose, but God does give us minds and judgment and expects us to use them.

In this area, the little Eskimo chapel is so filled to capacity for both Sunday services that the members are now in the process of building a new chapel. The Eskimos intend to pay for the building themselves with the seal skins, the fox skins, and the lovely soapstone carvings they are able to sell for a profit. Just think of it! There they are in a little village of just 550 Eskimos, and they have to have a new church because their present one cannot begin to care for their needs. I have told my church people about this, and they plan to take up a special offering to help with the project. Betty and I will want to give generously ourselves, for we have seen what Christian worship can mean to those good people living nearly 3000 miles north of us.

Having traveled in the deserts of Africa and Asia, I had become accustomed to thinking of the big water problems of the world as desert problems. It was a revelation to me to learn what a big fresh water problem the peoples of the cold countries have. Except for a few weeks in the summer, the Eskimo must get all of his fresh water from melted ice and snow. Practically no water is available for bathing and laundry purposes during the nine months of winter. The water we had this summer in the little village of Pond Inlet was brought by tank truck from a lake about five miles away. By this time of the year, that lake is solid ice. Considering that there is nothing to burn in the Arctic except oil and gas brought

in once a year by ship (or by air freight at \$8.00 a gallon) and some whale and walrus blubber, you can imagine just how difficult it is to keep a family clean with melted ice.

It was quite an experience for us to live in constant daylight without a single hour of darkness for two weeks. When we asked one of our Eskimo friends to call on us at our lodgings, we did not expect him to make the call at 2:30 a.m. Since the Eskimos have so many weeks during the winter without any daylight at all, they make the most of the summer weeks when the sun never sets. As a matter of fact, in the summer they do not go to bed until 5 or 6 a.m., and then they get up around 1 p.m. It was hard for us to sleep our regular hours when little children were playing outside our windows at 1 and 2 a.m.

If you ever want to see for yourself how people lived on this North American continent during the last Ice Age 15,000 years ago, go visit the Baffin Island Eskimos. You had better go this year or next, because Eskimo life is changing very quickly.

After our Arctic exploration last July and early August, we flew back to Springfield and then went out to Iowa and on to Oregon and British Columbia. It was in the Canadian Rockies about fourteen miles from Lake Louise that we finally found what we believe to be the most beautiful spot in all the world. Our son, David, and his wife, Sophie, had on several occasions told us about the heavenly beauty of the hiking trails around Lake O'Hara in Yoho National Park, and to satisfy their desires more than our own, we finally went there to see for ourselves. Now when people ask us: "Of all the places in the world that you

(Continued on page 20)



Frederick has often mentioned his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall. We were delighted to receive this very good photograph of them. See Lucile's Letter for an interesting story about them.



LET US PAUSE

A Thanksgiving Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: A large opened Bible is placed on the altar before the service begins; then, as the prelude is played, helpers come to the altar to place near it a loaf of bread, an article of clothing, and a brick and trowel, representing food, warmth (clothing), and shelter.

Prelude: "Now Thank We All Our God".

Call to Worship: *Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! And let them offer the sacrifices of thanksgiving, and declare His works with rejoicing.* Psalms 107. KJV

Hymn: "Now Thank We All Our God".

Scripture: First Reader: Psalms 103:1-2. Second Reader: Psalms 67:5-6. First Reader: Psalms 105:1-2. Second Reader: Psalms 104:14 & 27-28. Both Readers in Unison: *O come let us sing to the Lord . . . For the Lord is good; His steadfast love endures forever, and His faithfulness to all generations.*

Leader: Ours is the only nation which, by proclamation of civil authority, observes a universal Thanksgiving Day. This is a distinction of which we may be proud. But if we, as individuals, are to be worthy of this privilege, we must try to give sincere meaning to our own personal thanksgiving. Let us pause then to ponder what makes thanksgiving more meaningful to us, remembering that "gratitude takes three forms: a feeling in the heart, expression in words, and in giving to others."

First Meditation: "Thanksgiving is a feeling in the heart." It is that sense of well-being and gratitude as we look around our homes, however humble, and see our families happy, well-nourished, and healthy. It is that special glow that comes when we pause to remember we are snug and warm regardless of the weather outside, or when we see grain bins overflowing. It is the family gathered around the table at mealtime, or laughing and sharing a good joke together.

It is that feeling of peace and contentment that comes to a heart that

knows a strong faith in the "God of Our Fathers", desiring to pass this faith along to those who will follow after.

Second Meditation: Now let our thoughts meditate upon that part of thanksgiving which is to be "expressed in words".

Most of us would agree that to a certain extent we do express our thanks easily when things are going well for us, but there are other, more difficult, times. I'd like to share with you these lines entitled "My Thanks Come Easily at Times":

My thanks come easily
When my fortunes rise
And my will is king
And all the world seems my estate.

Today, let me remember to give thanks,
Not only for the sunlight,
But for those darker hours
That teach me fortitude.
Let me profess, today, a grateful heart
Not merely for successes I may know,
But as truly for those failures
That teach humility.

Let me breathe appreciation
For all those poignant slights
That teach me thoughtfulness,
The wrongs that teach me fairness,
And for each violated trust
That leaves loyalty as its lesson.
And let me not forget today
To whisper thanks for these:
The contempt that teaches pity,
The tear that teaches joy,
The pain that teaches mercy,
And the loneliness that teaches love.
So, now . . .

Let me reflect upon these thanks I owe . . .
And let my thanks come easily today!

—Bernard J. Patrick, Deere & Co.
(Used with permission)

Hymn: "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee" or similar song of praise and joy.

Third Meditation: Now for the third part of thanksgiving and gratitude: "A giving to others." We can best show our own gratitude and thanksgiving by passing on something good to someone else and by sharing other persons' needs and concerns. More simply, it means being a "Good Samaritan" in every circumstance, being a good neighbor, being a friend. We can best express a real thanksgiving by being A CARING FRIEND to all, beginning with those nearest and dearest and reaching on out to the community and to the world.

Solo: "Somebody Did a Golden Deed — Was That Somebody You?" or similar hymn.

Scripture: *Lord, thou has been our dwelling place in all generations . . . I will sing of Thy steadfast love, O Lord, forever . . . I will proclaim Thy faithfulness to all generations . . . For thou, O Lord, hast made me glad . . . at the*

works of Thy hand I sing for joy . . . Bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all His benefits . . . This is the day which the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it. Amen.

—Excerpts from the Psalms

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

Benediction: Be thankful. Be loving. Be a friend to all. And may God's peace be with you always. Amen.

NOTE: This service can be developed into an entire program by asking the persons present to comment and discuss each of the three ways we express our thanksgiving. Do this at the conclusion of each meditation given. The suggestions of the individuals present will add variety and depth to the presentation.

COVER PICTURE

Once a week the listeners to the Kitchen-Klatter program hear Juliana (Verness) Lowey and Robin (Read) Justiz as the two sit down at the mike out in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for a short visit. The girls have been life-long friends. They started kindergarten in Shenandoah at the same time, went through all the grades and high school, and graduated together. Both entered the University of New Mexico simultaneously, were married in Albuquerque, still live in that city and are the dearest of friends.

In our helter-skelter world this long-lived friendship is quite a record.

—Lucile

"If there is righteousness in the heart, there will be beauty in the character. If there is beauty in the character, there will be love in the home. If there is love in the home, there will be order in the nation. If there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world."



THE NUTTING PARTY

by
Fern Christian Miller



My brothers and I, and a family of neighbor children, had been planning a party for weeks! We wanted to gather plenty of nuts for Mother to use in her holiday baking. One of our neighbors had a woods with a fine lot of nut trees: pecan, black walnut, and hickory. We children had permission to gather nuts when the frosts brought them tumbling down.

Finally, after a very busy fall filled with Saturdays when we had to help with the farm work, Father spoke up at breakfast, "We have the work under control at last. I guess I can spare you youngsters to get those nuts from the Hoover's woods. Yesterday in town Mr. Hoover told me that the squirrels are sure getting those nuts fast. Fern, you had better call your friends and tell them to get lunches and sacks ready to go in thirty minutes."

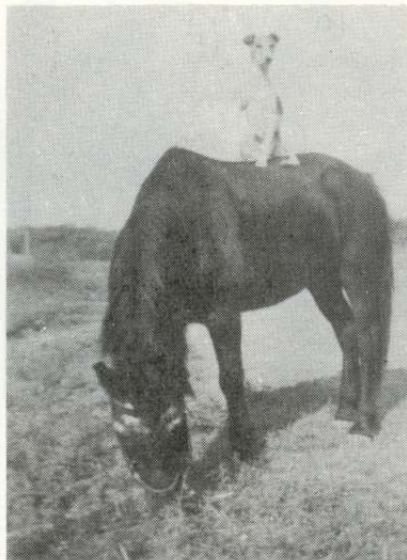
We went scurrying away getting ready for our picnic almost before Father had finished talking. Mother must have had advance warning as she had a big platter of golden-brown chicken all fried and waiting in the warming oven of the big kitchen range. There was also plenty of fresh bread and butter, cookies and apples.

The autumn morning was crisp, all golden and blue, a typical Indian summer day. Half the gay autumn leaves were on the trees and half were carpeting the ground below. We drove over to Hoover Hill in the spring wagon pulled by our gentle gray buggy mare, Old Sally. When we drove through the gate into the woods, we saw that the frisky squirrels were, indeed, busily gathering the abundant harvest of fallen nuts. Brother Lee unhitched Old Sally and tied her with a long rope halter to a tough hickory sprout where she could munch grass to her heart's desire.

At first, it was so wonderful to be free, we simply ran about playing. We rolled in the leaves, tossed pebbles across the flat creek, and scrambled up the side of the cliff. The smaller kids gathered clam shells on the gravel bar. Soon the older boys reminded us that we had come to gather nuts.

We had a contest to see who could fill a 25-lb. sack first. A friend and I worked rapidly under a huge black walnut tree where the ground was covered with fine, big nuts. Next, we chose a tree we knew had the finest pecans and last, a tree of paper-shell hickory nuts. Our older brothers were also working as busily as the fat red squirrels.

The smaller boys and girls had soon



This picture came to us years ago with no identification on it. It is entertaining to imagine how a dog and horse could become such kindred souls that one would not take a step without the other.

tired of the tedious nut gathering. We could hear them laughing merrily as they threw stones from the top of the small bluff to the creek below. Suddenly, a wild scream split the balmy autumn air. The sound of falling, followed by a loud splash, caused us to drop our sacks and dash toward the bluff. A sleek, dark head bobbed up in the center of the creek, then moved rapidly toward shore. Luckily, small Ernie could swim like a tadpole. We all scrambled down the hillside to see if our friend was hurt. Brother Lee ran to the wagon and brought back an old blanket we used on the seat. Ernie was already laughing sheepishly as he crawled out of the water dripping wet. Although the air seemed warm, he said the water was cold. The boys held the blanket in front of Ernie as he pulled off his wet clothes. Lee wrapped the blanket around him, and set him on the sand at the foot of the bluff. We all helped gather wood and bark and started a fire. Green tree limbs, stuck in the sand around the fire, were used to hang up his clothes. The clothes dried while we all ate the delicious lunches we had brought with us. The fresh water one of the boys brought from the spring tasted so good.

Finally, we put out the fire. Ernie dressed in his wrinkled, dry clothes and set off looking for more mischief. The rest of us went back to our nut gathering knowing the autumn evening would end before we were ready; we all had evening chores to do at home on the farm. A frightened yell from the woods brought us all running again. This time, small Lucile pointed a trembling finger at a giant black snake stretched across the big rocks in the sun. "He stuck out his tongue at me", she said tearfully. "Kill

him!"

My brother laughed at her. "That is just a harmless old black snake. He is the 'Farmers' Friend'. He eats mice and rats, and gophers and big insects. He is not poison. Just leave him alone and pick up nuts over there." Lee led the small girl to another tree where the larger nuts were plentiful, and comfortably stayed right beside her.

Mischievous Ernie had no sooner dressed than he found a large pecan tree and scrambled up into it. When we got under that tree with our almost-full sacks, he screamed like a banshee so we would all look up. Then from high in the branches, he gave the tree a vigorous shake. We all screamed in surprise and pain as the hard nuts hailed down in our faces. But rascally Ernie slid down the big tree and picked up the good nuts more rapidly than anyone, so our anger was short-lived.

As we drove home through the rapidly cooling evening, a big harvest moon began to show in the sky. We hurried Old Sally along so we would reach home before dark. We all gloated over our well-filled sacks, and laughed over the day's events.

We all agreed it was the best nutting party we had ever shared! The boys made plans to run the black walnuts through the corn sheller the next week to remove the wrinkled black husks. Then the walnuts would be dried in an airy shed with a screen over the window to keep out the squirrels.

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

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IT HAPPENED!

by
Evelyn Birkby

The garage is done! Now when people come to our house they drive along Maple Street until they are almost at the edge of the town of Sidney. When they reach the mailbox (yes, we live on a rural mail route), they will see the silhouette of a horse and buggy perched on top, along with the name, Robert Birkby, printed below. This mailbox marker was a gift from our son, Craig, a number of years ago. The driveway leads from the mailbox up the rise in the land, makes a gentle curve past a tree and goes directly into the new two-car garage situated on the north of the house.

Already I have found the ease of moving in and out of the car a real delight. Never having lived with a garage in all our married life, Robert and I are just like children with a brand-new toy. The car is parked in warm shelter only a few short steps from the house. Only persons who have had to traverse a length of lawn through mud and rain, sleet and snow, cold of winter and heat of summer, to reach their mode of transportation, can appreciate the true joy of having a car close by the door and under a firm, weatherproof roof.

Needless to say, the garage is already serving many purposes besides housing the car. A covered barrel receives the dry trash we accumulate each day; a box is situated right by the back door and used for a rapidly growing pile of newspapers. Robert has frequently parked his lawn mower and his garden tiller in the garage and I have my eye on one corner of the addition to use for refinishing some old furniture which needs attention.

Someday the other half of the space may be needed for another car, or we may put our small tractor and blade in that half to stand ready for clearing the driveway should a winter storm bring snow, but at the moment we have not needed all that area. We are glad we decided to build the size we did, however; soon the space will all be utilized in one way or another.

One of the reasons this particular project was done this past year was a matter of circumstances. The cement, which had been originally placed on the north of the house and the patio which had been poured on the east, had unfortunately settled toward the foundation. Every time we had a heavy rain the cement blocks in the basement rooms showed moisture. We put off the inevitable replacement for as long as we dared. The heavy rains of last spring made us realize that the work had to be done as soon as possible.

So the old cement was removed. (That is a simple statement for what turned out



In the August issue of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, Evelyn shared a photograph of the rear view of the Birkby home. After the new porch was added, Evelyn took this snapshot from approximately the same angle. With the garage farther to the north, the house has a different appearance and much more useable space.

to be a major effort!) With crowbars, air hammer, sledge hammers and a small "bob cat" (which lifted the cement a bit off the ground so it could be broken more easily and then moved the chunks out of the dirt and up onto a truck), the workmen gradually got the original patio and the stretch of cement where the garage was to go cleared away.

As long as we had to replace the patio cement anyway, it was decided to add the longed-for porch. "If we don't do it now we will probably never have a porch," Robert decided. A cement platform was poured as a base which created a space 10 by 20 feet right outside the sliding doors which go into the dining-family room part of the house. This area was framed in and, eventually, 14 windows and one door were put in place. These are the combination storm and screen windows which will keep out the snow in winter and the dust and wind in summer.

No sooner was this much of the project completed than we began to use that porch for all kinds of activities. Our dining room table was moved out on the porch the last of August and is still there although it may need to be brought inside soon, for the wind is growing cooler and winter is at hand. Two comfortable chairs and a lamp are placed at the north end of the room with an old piano stool placed between them to hold magazines, coffee cups and, in the evening, a lamp for reading. If we wish, we bring the portable television out for viewing.

All the flowers and plants which were moveable have helped decorate the area. Baskets of plants were already hanging outside and we simply enclosed them and left them pretty much as they were. Now I am in the process of repotting the plants and getting them rearranged indoors for the winter. In their place are

winter arrangements in some of our stoneware jars and churns which are fun to use with bittersweet, cattails, milkweed pods and the like. I expect many bright sunny days this winter will find us back out on the porch!

The inside of the porch will not be completed until spring. Robert will be installing the finishing boards, a ceiling and some kind of floor covering. We want to live with the area for a few months and take our time deciding on these details.

Robert's father, "Grandpa Shorty", so much enjoyed watching the work as it progressed on the porch and the garage. Every evening he drove the few blocks from his home in the south part of Sidney to our home in the northwest part—usually accompanied by Robert's mother, "Grandma Dulcy". He gave us his opinions on every step. He criticized if he did not like something; he suggested if he thought something could be improved. His final summation was that it was a fine addition to the house and he wished he had the same kind on his.

We shared some happy evenings on the porch with Shorty and other members of the family. The last weekend that Jeff was home from his studies in Montana, he had a showing of the summer slides from his work in Miles City and the family canoe trip along the upper reaches of the Missouri River. All the relatives who live in the area, and we are fortunate enough to have quite a number of Robert's family nearby, gathered that evening for the sharing.

Just two days later, Grandpa Shorty had a sudden heart attack and died. It came as quite a shock to everyone. Having so satisfactorily recovered from the effects of his broken hip two years before, at least to the extent that he could do many projects which he enjoyed, Shorty's death was completely unexpected. Everyone agreed that it is the way we would choose to go if we had a choice, but the suddenness of his home-going made it difficult to realize it had really happened.

Jeff had gotten no farther than Wahoo, Nebraska, when we phoned to tell him about his grandfather's death. He returned for one day to visit with us all, then had to continue back to Bozeman for the fall term at the university. Craig came from Iowa City on the day of the funeral and, along with several other grandsons, served as pallbearer. Bob did not come from Springfield, but phoned and talked with us several times, so we felt he was close at hand.

All of Robert's family who could be present were together. As usual, the thoughtfulness of friends and neighbors was both overwhelming and comforting. Having good friends close at hand at such a time is one of the great blessings of a small community where people know and care about one another.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

My letter for the magazine last month had to be written early because I was planning to make a trip. Many things have happened in the interim I wrote that letter and you received it. Those of you who are able to hear our Kitchen-Klatter programs on the radio know that Frank's dear sister, Edna Halls, my beloved sister-in-law, passed away while I was visiting her and her husband, Raymond, in Roswell, New Mexico. Her death came as a great shock to all of us because she seemed to be making great strides toward better health after her last surgery. Edna had been in poor health for many years and had suffered a great deal, but she was so cheerful and uncomplaining it was always a joy to be around her.

Frank's sister, Bernie, had been in Roswell for a month. When Edna was able to go home from the hospital, I decided to go down there for awhile so Bernie could come home and get a few things done.

The day before I left we had a nice visit from brother Don and Mary Beth. They stopped at our home near Lucas for dinner on their return trip from Shenandoah to their home in Wisconsin. It wasn't a very long visit, about three hours, but it was nice to get caught up on the news of their family firsthand.

I told you we were having a new well dug and the workmen pulled in the morning just before I had to leave for the airport in Des Moines. I hated to miss out on this project because it was a new experience for me, but I did get to see them start digging before my friend, Dorothea Polser, came to pick me up. She took me to the plane since Frank was busy.

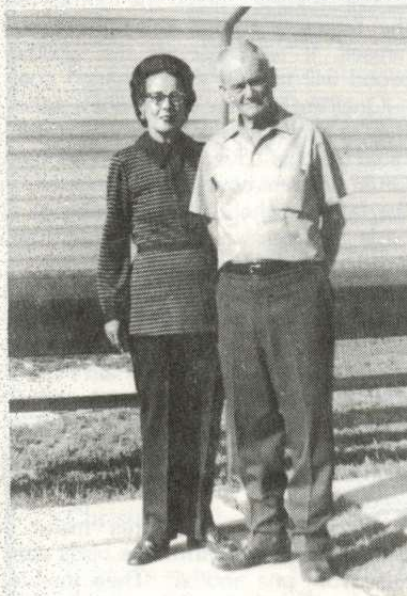
Juliana, Katharine, and James met me in Albuquerque and I spent the night with them. They were just about ready to "wind up" all the remodeling, and Juliana said by the time I stopped on my return trip the house should be pretty much in order. She was anxious for me to see it then, but as events turned out I didn't get back.

Bernie took the bus home the next day after I arrived in Roswell. It had been almost three years since I had been to see Edna and Raymond, and as long as I live I shall always be grateful that my timing on this trip was so right. The three of us had several days of visiting; Edna was eating well and walking some, gaining strength every day. She had been through so much and had so many operations the past year, her heart

suddenly gave out—she lived just an hour after we got her to the hospital following her attack at home.

The funeral and burial were to be in Chariton. Raymond and I drove back to Iowa, leaving early Monday morning following Edna's death on Saturday. (I was to have gone home by plane on that Monday.) All the relatives were glad I was with Raymond for that long drive. He drove the first 150 miles; then I took the wheel and drove the rest of the way.

Edna and Raymond have lived in Roswell for almost nine years and have made many good friends in the court where they lived. She will be greatly missed by all of them, and all of us. Raymond hasn't made any definite plans as to what he wants to do, but is going to take his time about any long-range decisions. He has been here in Iowa for a



A recent picture of Frank's sister, Edna, taken with her husband, Raymond in Roswell, New Mexico.

month and is leaving in a day or two to return to Roswell. He thinks he will at least spend the winter in New Mexico. Since he has two sisters and many other relatives in central Iowa, he may eventually decide to move back here.

Some nice things have happened to me this month. I was able to keep some engagements to which I had committed myself several months before. One was to attend Billie Oakley's and Shenandoah Radio Station KMA's big Cookie Festival. I have never seen so many cookies in my life—at least 600 dozen spread out on 20 tables. It was estimated that there were 600 women present, and the entrance fee was a dozen cookies on a paper plate, along with the recipe. We'll be sharing some of these recipes with you.

The day after the Cookie Festival, Billie and I drove to Hastings, Nebraska, where we had been asked to put on a few cooking demonstrations at the annual

Homemakers' Fair held in the Hastings City Auditorium. This event is sponsored every year by the Hastings Area Chamber of Commerce. I wish I had had more time to look at all the booths and watch the demonstrations.

We were at the auditorium early the next morning to get the food ready for our part of the program. It was wonderful to meet so many of our good friends in this area. Billie and I both enjoyed the entire day tremendously.

Something very special happened to me that day. In the July, 1977, issue of the magazine, I told you about locating my college roommate, Frances Nylén Chambers, who I hadn't seen for forty years. The day before I left home for the Shenandoah-Hastings trip I had a letter from her in which she said she was going to be in Elm Creek, Nebraska, visiting another long-time friend. Frances was accepting my invitation, and was coming to Hastings to meet me and ride home with me for a visit. After all these years we both recognized each other on sight! Needless to say, I will always fondly remember the Hastings Fair.

We had a lovely dinner that night with Marie and Carroll Kilmer (Marie was chairman of the Fair), Mel and Betty Bundy, and Betty's mother. Mel was also a member of the Fair committee, and he and Marie are both connected with the City National Bank and Trust in Hastings. They invited us to stop at the bank in the morning for coffee and rolls before leaving town, which we did.

Frances spent two weeks with us and we had a wonderful visit. Frank said we didn't stop talking the entire time she was here. We reminded him it took a long time to tell each other all that had transpired for each of us during the past forty years.

Nothing much was going on in the line of entertainment, at least it didn't seem so to me, but Frances thought our farm life was wonderful and peaceful and insisted she enjoyed every minute of her visit. Frank told her when she left he hoped she wouldn't wait another forty years to return.

Maxine Siglin had a Birthday Club luncheon while Frances was here. We played bingo after lunch and introduced her to our way of playing it (I think it is called traveling bingo), and she thought we had a great group that manages to have lots of fun.

At this writing our crops aren't ready to harvest, and since we just recently had a flood the ground may have to freeze before it will hold up heavy machinery. We don't know how many of our beans will be lost because of high water. Maybe next month I can give a more complete crop report. Until then . . .

Dorothy



Hail to the Quail!

by
William Witter

A few 6-oz. quail (or bobwhite) can give you a bigger scare than a horror movie! The drama begins when the quail hear you approaching. Then the birds huddle carefully in a thicket and wait. Should you get so close that they think there is danger, they burst into the air with such a racket of wings "as of lions roaring" that the average person is shaken and stunned.

By the time your nerves stop tingling, the quail have found safety in another place. They'll build another grass-roofed nest there, perhaps in a shallow hollow on the ground close to the edge of a field or woods. Never will they return to the spot your appearance marked as dangerous.

The quail, a mottled, brown bird—a little wood chicken with black marks on the face—makes other noises that are better known than the beating-of-wings noise. For example, outdoorsmen say the quail's flocking call (when he is lost from the others and wants to be found) is one of the loneliest sounds to be heard. On the other hand, the quail cock whistling his familiar "ah-bob white" from some tree or fence post in spring and summer makes pleasurable listening.

Quails have other unusual characteristics. For example, often if the mother dies and leaves the nest unattended, the cock will sit on the eggs until the baby birds are hatched.

Usually a quail hen will lay an average of fourteen white eggs, about one a day. The cock stays around the nest and stands guard by giving his bobwhite whistle to warn against any enemies. He doesn't want the hen disturbed as she lays her eggs; he knows she'll abandon the nest if she becomes agitated. She may give up easily but, once the eggs are laid and she has started incubating them, her whole attitude changes. Then she won't leave them at all! The hen is a dramatic actress at this point. If she sees a marauder coming close to the nest, she tries to distract his attention from the nest by acting as if she suffers from a broken wing.

However, statistics show that even with all the precautions taken by both father and mother quail, five to seven nests out of every ten are destroyed. But the quail do not quit. They build new nests and start over again. Most hatching is done from June to August, but pairs that have had to start over and over again have been known to hatch a brood as late as October.

Parents and chicks leave the nest as soon as possible after hatching. This early move sometimes makes the babies sick because they are often chilled by sudden rains. However, if they survive for seven weeks, they can stand the weather, because by that time their down has been replaced by feathers. Feathers are waterproof; down isn't.

Parents raise their babies in about four or five months. Should the mother die, the father will often raise the brood himself. If both parents die, another brood will take in the orphaned quail.

Quail are not only kind to one another, they're sociable, too. If one quail is separated from its covey, it will join another. Often different coveys travel together in the fall, and there is an interchange of birds between coveys. In winter, two small coveys may combine into one.

In hard winters, quail may lose as much as one-third of their body weight in four days from lack of food. Such loss often causes death. People can help by feeding them. Quail foods are easy to supply because quail like many things: insects in summer and fall, corn, soybeans, acorns, wheat, and ragweed seeds in winter.

When low temperatures make it difficult to keep warm, the birds seek heat from one another. Their method makes an unbelievable picture—in a place where there is heavy grass or weed cover, they form a tight little circle with their tails in the center of the circle and their heads pointing outward. This way they keep warm and are still in a position to flush in all directions if they are threatened.

If you are surprised in the fields or woods by a sound "as of lions roaring", don't be afraid. Instead, enjoy this little bird who is patient, persistent, charitable, helpful, and so ingenious in protecting himself and others of his species, and whose familiar "ah-bob-white" belongs to the music of the great out-of-doors.

WHAT A GOOSE!

by
Harold R. Smith

During one of those November days that a poet has difficulty describing, friends called asking if my mother, Frances, and I would like to have a large, wild goose. We certainly did! I drove out to get it, taking along a large plastic bag.

With the goose in the bag, my friends inquired if we had ever cooked or eaten a wild goose. When I replied we hadn't, they told us how to skin it, for they found this method preferable to plucking and worrying about pinfeathers, and then gave us implicit instructions on how to cook it.

On the way home, I held a one-sided conversation with the goose and decided I preferred buying meat, fish and fowl at the supermarket where I had a more impersonal relationship with meat packaged in plastic.

The basement was selected for the dressing and drawing procedures. The next hour's activities would defy description. The goose had the largest wingspan, longest neck and biggest webbed feet I've ever seen. There were times we waltzed, wrestled and fox-trotted around the basement to the accompaniment of sounds from our cat, Checquers. Stationed outside the basement doors, he was snarling and voicing complaints that he would like a bite of *whatever* I had on the other side of the closed door.

By the time I carried the goose to the kitchen, it was far fresher than I was. While it soaked in cold salted water, we quartered apples, onions, carrots and potatoes. According to my friend's instructions, the apples and onions were to be placed in the cavity and cooked for *half* the roasting time. They would then be discarded and replaced with potatoes and carrots which would also be discarded at the *end* of the roasting time. Frances, meanwhile, had made a corn bread dressing, cooked vegetables and cranberries. The goose was basted occasionally and in appearance looked perfect. When the roasting was finished, it was placed on a tree-and-well platter and allowed to rest before carving.

As I carved the goose, Frances took dinner rolls out of the oven and placed the food on the table. The meal looked sumptuous.

I cut off a small piece of goose and chewed it thoughtfully. Frances looked over and inquired, "How do you like it?"

"I don't," I replied, "and as far as I'm concerned, no more wild goose *ever* for me!"

Frances had a small bite and quickly agreed that she didn't like it either, so we finished out meatless dinner with the goose sitting well out of sight on the kitchen counter.

"Just think of all those nice vegetables we discarded that would have made an excellent soup," Frances remarked.

"And those apples could have made a good Waldorf salad," I replied.

Our next problem was what to do with the goose. I made several telephone calls and the general consensus was, "Thank you but NO thank you!" The majority

(Continued on page 15)

A FAMILY NIGHT

by
Virginia Thomas

A family night offers a wonderful opportunity for the entire family to enjoy a jolly time together with other families and is a worthwhile event for your church or club to sponsor. It can be a party with a committee appointed to plan an evening of fun for all ages; or, it can be a more elaborate event set up by a number of committees, thus involving more people. In the latter case, you would need a general or overall committee to decide some of the ways in which they feel the event should be directed, and then appoint various committees to carry out their plans. This committee would also decide the date, time and place.

For example, this general committee might decide that the evening would include a supper (pot-luck, pancake, or a soup supper), a program or entertainment time, a hobby or a craft time, or a costume party with game and stunt time. They would then need to appoint a kitchen committee, a dining room committee, a program committee, costume and prizes committee, hobby committee—whatever would be necessary to seeing that the plans were carried out and that the event runs smoothly.

If it is decided to have a craft "show and tell" as part of the program, it could be the display-type show. Do consider the possibility of setting up a few selected crafts in different areas with instructors and supplies so that everyone can choose and learn a new craft "on the spot". Be sure there is a craft plan for all ages. If this is a church group, the different craft classes might be set up in the various classrooms. This type of a craft session is good in that it bridges the generation gap with young and old often happily working in the same group.

I have seen such craft classes so enthusiastically received that instead of one family night, it was held for three or four consecutive weeks.

Simple hobbies or crafts that work well with family groups include finger painting, spatter painting, block printing, soap carving, baked-dough decorations and painting, flower arrangements with dried materials, yarn, calico, or paper flower making, yarn crafting such as the ojo de dios, simple leather-making items, bead crafts of various types, safety pin necklaces and earrings, making lawn ornaments and birdhouses, and seed pictures. Just look around your community and you'll find many persons who are teacher prospects for such a fun evening.

Another idea along this line is to set up a "Do-It Shop" where those who participate make up puzzles, simple



Katharine Lowey is so bundled up in her heavy ski clothing it's hard to recognize her. The family was headed for a ski run in the Jemez Mountains near Albuquerque.

toys, scrapbooks, simple games, all of which are to be donated to a children's hospital, a state hospital, or to a nursing home.

FAMILY FUN ENTERTAINMENT

Arithmetic Bingo: Line up two teams of ten persons each. Give each team captain file cards on which are printed the numbers 0 to 9 (one number on each card). The leader calls out arithmetic problems—simple ones in addition, subtraction, and multiplication. Each side tries to line up the answer first, by the persons on the team having the numbers in the answer lining up in correct position. For example, the leader might call out "7 times 9" and the side getting the 6 and 3 lined up would win and score one point.

Goin' Fishin': Needed: one pop bottle and a wooden curtain ring suspended from a yardstick with a length of string. Players in turn try to get the ring over the neck of the bottle which stands on the floor. Allow so many seconds, and have each player stand in the same spot. Scoring might go like this: up to 15 seconds—100 points; 15-30 seconds—75 points; 30-45 seconds—50 points; over 50 seconds—10 points.

Chair Bounce Ball: You will need a chair, a tennis ball, and a wastepaper basket. To play, the player stands on a line ten feet from a chair and must bounce the ball on the floor and over the chair back and into the basket. Each player might be allowed three turns, and is awarded 10 points for each basket made.

Cuckoo-in-a-Nest: Divide the group into smaller groups of five. In each group, four of the players join hands to form the nest and the fifth one gets inside the circle (nest) to become the cuckoo.

Whenever the leader claps hands, or blows a whistle, each cuckoo must leave the nest and find another nest. The fun is that there are several extra cuckoos (players) who seek nests when the signal is given, so some birds are left without a nest each time.

Famous Hand Signals: To some members of the group, give a slip of paper. Upon each paper is written the name of a character who makes well-known use of his hands and arms—umpire, preacher, prizefighter, pianist, violinist, fisherman, baseball pitcher, orchestra leader, etc. Each person must portray his or her character in a pantomime of the hands while the rest try to identify the character.

Peanut Bingo: Place a cup inside a baking dish and then place the baking dish inside a dishpan placed on the floor. Standing eight feet from the pan, players are given three peanuts, and then try their hand at throwing the peanuts. Score 5 points for each nut that lands in cup.

Blackout skits, sing-alongs, and charades are always good entertainment for such a party.

Perhaps you have one family which has musical talent among its members who could present a few numbers to conclude the evening of fun followed by a closing prayer or a fellowship hymn.



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MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

Although only a month has gone by without my writing you, there has been so much going on to tell you that I must make this letter a little historical.

Don and I left the children—the one still at home, rather—and made an end-of-the-summer flying trip to Shenandoah to visit the family. We knew that school would restrict our freedom soon enough, and if we didn't go, another year would slip by without contact with all those good folks. Needless to say, we had a grand visit with Howard and Mae Driftmier because we stayed at their house. Sister Lucile and her gourmet cook, Betty Jane Tilsen, served up a simply memorable dinner-birthday celebration for Don. We buzzed over to Omaha to see Donna and Tom Nenneman and their nearly grown, very dear daughters.

Because of my summer's exposure to the bookstore business, I managed to wiggle in an hour's visit at the Driftmier family's favorite bookstore. All the years of our marriage, I have heard tales of Don's father's, Mart Driftmier, stops in Omaha at Keiser's Bookstore. The stories came complete with the enlargement and embroidering of details that come with the passage of years and age of the teller. While Howard and Don visited with Mr. Keiser's son, George, I spent my time greedily inching my way up and down aisle after aisle of one of the most complete book selections I have ever encountered. Milwaukee has many great bookstores and I have been to the famous Krock and Brentanos in Chicago, but this was the *most* complete and best laid out store I had ever been inside.

The bookstore where I spent my summer hours was for sale and, as many employees do who like their jobs, I had seriously tempted myself and Don with the idea of buying this store in Oconomowoc as a retirement toy. However, after my nostalgic trip through Keiser's, I knew there was so much I did not know about the proper way to run a bookstore that to buy one would be folly. Perhaps if I could apprentice under George Keiser (although he has two grown sons who have already served their apprenticeships) I might be equipped to own my own bookstore, but certainly not with my present knowledge.

We returned from Iowa and were immediately thrown into the flurry of activities unique to the beginning of another school year as viewed from the teacher's end. Before I knew it, the first



Donald Driftmier addresses a class at the Academy where he teaches.

week of school had dawned and I found myself greeting a new set of students' faces. We got acquainted with one another and suddenly the routine of classroom work and homework was flowing along like a well-tuned old automobile engine.

This morning when I woke up I noticed a terribly strange noise in the house. It was a Saturday following a full week of classes and I had popped awake to this unusual sound. There had been no alarm clock to rouse me and my usual habit was to make a little extra use of the bed on a weekend's morning. I puzzled over the strangeness of the sound and then it became clear that I had not heard the sound in almost 24 years. It was the empty sound of a house with no children in it! Don and I had been so busy during the week of school and so tired after a day of teaching that we were able to ignore the emptiness of the school days. But this was my first face-to-face realization of that frequently referred to phenomenon, the Empty Nest.

We were one year married before Katharine arrived on the scene, and it has been until this week for it all to come to an end. I feel great compassion for women who are facing this period of their lives without a husband. And even though I sometimes get weary of the regularity of going to school, this is one year when I shall be especially grateful for the enforced busy hours it will bring me. It is a trite, worn-out phrase, but where did the years go?

I still feel every inch a mother, but suddenly the only thing that needs mothering is our poor kitty, Simba, who is, I am convinced, suffering more noticeably than either Don or I. Every day when we have come home from school she has greeted us at the garage door with more than a welcoming yowl—as Siamese cats do instead of meowing! She has screamed and scolded after us as we took our heap of schoolbooks back to our study room. I believe the

poor thing feels suddenly abandoned in this big house. Even fat old Morris is still outdoors soaking up the grand autumn weather instead of lending his companionship, albeit it is an annoyance, to poor Simba.

The physical part of moving Adrienne to Evanston, Illinois, was uneventful. Don managed to borrow a station wagon from an understanding friend who knew a girl could not be moved into college quarters by means of a standard sedan. The only hitch in the move was a last-minute real estate engagement for Don which was unavoidable, so I drafted Katharine from Madison to help us make the move. It was a stroke of good fortune that she was available because Adrienne's room is on the fourth floor of a dormitory originally built for boys who were apparently not expected to need an elevator! I made one trip up those four long flights of stairs because I wanted to see Adrienne's room, but I am not sure I shall see her again except on a ground-level floor. Those kids are sure to have the strongest legs in all of Cook County.

Adrienne is living in a coed dorm and eating in a coed dining room. The dining room is not attached to the dormitory she is living in, so she'll have to walk for her meals. The coed dorm is not my idea of the most ideal style of living. I had advised Katharine, when it was her time to begin college, concerning the best conditions under which to live. This year, after five years in college, Katharine enlightened me to the fact that if she had it to do again she would go for a coed dormitory. We shall see how Adrienne likes it.

Fortunately, the boys are at one end of the building so they are at least not right next door. In fact, there is a boys' fraternity house closer to Adrienne's room than are the boys on her floor. She and her roommate do not have a stereo, but the boy in a room across the court in the next building has one which sounded as though it were in her room. We could hardly hear one another on the phone during a long-distance conversation because of the music coming from the building next door. Once again, I am grateful for the web-like connections the telephone provides me with my children. It is a busy person's blessing, to be sure!

Our news from Florida is that Paul is learning invaluable lessons in the college of "Hard Knocks", where his primary subject this year is Economics. His hours at Disney World have been cut, so to meet his expenses he and his roommate are removing their telephones. However, we still have a number where we can reach him, so our contact is not lost.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

MARY LEA WRITES FROM MAINE



Dear Friends:

My last letter to you was full of plans for a summer vacation. Well, the "vacation" never materialized—we went camping only once—but the summer turned out to be much more interesting than I could have imagined.

I wanted to get out of the house (you know how *that* feels!) and meet some more people so I volunteered to work during the summer while my husband, Vin, was not teaching school. The children were sick so often last winter that we had lived here in Springvale, Maine, almost a year and I still knew very few people. A job was hard to find, but I finally signed to work on the second shift at Sprague Electric, a company that makes capacitors and is one of the biggest employers in this area. A capacitor is a little metal cylinder with wires on each end which holds an electrical charge and is found in almost every piece of electrical equipment: television, vacuum cleaner, blender, pacemaker, etc.

This was the first time I had ever worked in a factory, and it was an eye-opening experience! The jobs I learned to do were not too difficult technically, but I never did achieve the degree of speed and accuracy with which such jobs should be done. Everyone in my department worked hard. There was no wasted time, nor, due to the nature of the machinery, was there any leeway for carelessness. I learned a lot and met some nice people, but I was glad when my two months were over.

Right after I had started working at Sprague, a real windfall landed in my lap. I was given the opportunity to teach English as a second language in the summer program for foreign students at Nasson College. I couldn't pass that up, since international education is my field, so I taught every morning for two hours.

While all this was going on, Vin took two courses in computer science at the University of Southern Maine in Gorham. He's been interested in computers for quite a while, so this was a great chance for him to explore that field and earn credits toward recertification in teaching at the same time. When those courses ended he was hired by our neighbor, John Crouch, to help John paint his house. They did an extremely thorough job—and it shows! We tease John about having the "showplace of the neighborhood" now. They had fun and learned as they went along. They've already been commissioned to paint



Isabel points out how funny Chris looks in his cute nightshirt and Daddy's hat. They are the children of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo.

another neighbor's house next summer.

What about the children? Believe it or not, even with all these comings and goings we needed our trusted baby sitter only about twelve hours a week. And when she was here she took Isabel and Chris to the park or to the story hour at the library. We had rather a cold summer, but when the weather cooperated the children made good use of their wading pool in the back yard. They had fun in their sandbox and spent countless hours riding their tricycles.

Sundays were usually family outing days. Once we took a gondola ride up Mt. Whittier in New Hampshire where we had a marvelous view from the top. By accident we took this outing at the height of the blueberry season and that mountain was covered with blueberries.

Like little bears we sat down in one clump after another and gorged ourselves. Another Sunday trip was my first in twelve years to Star Island, a conference center ten miles off Portsmouth, N.H., where I was a waitress for two summers. There is a fancy new boat for the journey, but almost nothing else had changed. I even saw some familiar faces! It was fun sharing this special place with my family.

Now fall has arrived. Vin is teaching sixth grade again at St. Thomas School. Isabel is back in nursery school. Chris, at twenty months, keeps me running. For variety, I'm also teaching a new group of foreign students at Nasson. In addition, I had another windfall, a friend and her husband were planning to leave town for a few months and she asked me to take over her newspaper columns temporarily. So I am writing the "News of Springvale" and the "News of Acton" for our weekly paper. It's a very good way to meet people and find out what is happening around the area. It's also a project that can be done primarily at home.

I offer these suggestions to anyone who has just moved to a new town and feels isolated. It is possible to begin to feel like you belong; just reach out and get involved. The first effort I made was to get to know my neighbors. Now we can say that our neighbors are our friends, and they have helped us make other contacts. Another helpful activity was to spend time at the local library. When I was looking for a summer job I left several copies of my résumé with the librarians, and that is how the director of the foreign student program heard about me. So survive your housebound times as best you can, then go out and be friendly. The rewards could be anything from flowers or vegetables from a neighbor's garden to an interesting part-time job.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea

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OYSTER STUFFING

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 6 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1 pint oysters, including liquid
- 1 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 3/4 cups milk (about)

Put butter or margarine in skillet. Add flavoring, celery and onion. Cook until transparent. Remove from heat and let cool slightly. Add crumbs, oysters, seasonings and eggs. Add enough milk to moisten and mix well. Let stand for one hour before stuffing turkey. Remove bay leaf. This is enough for an 11- to 12-lb. bird.

—Betty Jane

GOOSEBERRY SALAD

- 2 cups orange juice, heated
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 #2 can gooseberries, undrained
- 2 cups finely chopped celery
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts

Dissolve gelatin in the heated orange juice. Add the remaining ingredients, stirring to mix. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan and refrigerate until set.

—Hallie

PAULINE'S BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, partially thawed
- 1 small carton creamed cottage cheese
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1/4 lb. medium sharp Cheddar cheese, grated
- Salt and pepper to taste

After beating eggs, stir in broccoli. Add the rest of the ingredients, blending well. Pour into greased casserole and bake at 350 degrees for about 25-30 minutes.

FRUIT SAUCE

- 1 large can whole unpeeled apricots
- 2 large cans purple plums
- 1 large can peaches
- 1 1/2 quarts drained fruit juices
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup white distilled vinegar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard, dissolved in 1 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 small can whole green chili peppers, rinsed and seeded (optional)
- 1 clove garlic, pressed

Pit all fruits. Put drained fruit juice in pan and boil until reduced to about 3 cups. Add the sugar, vinegar, mustard and salt. Boil about 10 minutes longer. Put cooked mixture, fruits and chili peppers in blender and blend. Return mixture to pan and bring slowly to a boil. Cook about 10 minutes. Add the garlic and cook about five more minutes. Store in refrigerator.

A good accompaniment to all meat dishes.

—Betty Jane

ELEGANT PUMPKIN PIE

Crust

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup homogenized shortening or lard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 to 3 Tbls. cold water

Combine first six ingredients. Blend until mixture is crumbly, resembling coarse cornmeal. Stir in remaining ingredients with a fork, adding enough water to just make it form into a ball when pressed together. Chill. Roll out and place in 10-inch pie tin.

Filling

- 2 cups canned pumpkin (1 1-lb. can)
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. ginger
 - 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 - 2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 3 eggs
 - 3/4 cup milk
 - 3/4 cup cream or half-and-half
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Combine all ingredients.

Bottom Layer

- 1 11-oz. jar apricot preserves
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Stir bottom layer ingredients together. Spread over unbaked pie shell (in 10-inch pan). Spoon pumpkin layer over top of apricot layer. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and continue baking until center is set — about 40 minutes. (Test by pushing a

silver table knife into center; when it comes out clean the pie is done.) Remove from oven and cool to lukewarm.

Topping

- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- A pinch of salt
- 1 cup pecans
- Whipped topping (optional)

Combine brown sugar, butter or margarine, flavoring and salt. Fold in 1/2 cup of pecans, saving as many halves for decoration as desired. Spread mixture over top of baked pie. Decorate with pecan halves. Place in broiler about four inches from flame and broil about 1-2 minutes, until bubbly. Watch closely! Remove from broiler. Serve warm or cold, with or without topping.

—Evelyn

CINNAMON-CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1/4 cup red cinnamon candies
- 1 cup water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 16-oz. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

In saucepan, heat candies and water until dissolved. Add gelatin and stir until all is dissolved. Remove from heat. Beat in cranberry sauce. Chill until partially thickened. Stir in celery and nuts. Pour half of gelatin mixture in mold and refrigerate until set. Blend together the remaining ingredients. Spread over the gelatin in mold. Spoon remaining gelatin over cream cheese mixture and refrigerate until firm.

—Dorothy

FRUIT BREAD

(Baby Food Fruit)

- 1 small baby food jar each of prunes and plums
- 1 small baby food jar of either apricots or applesauce
- 6 eggs
- 2 cups cooking oil
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 3 cups sugar
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 to 1 cup chopped nutmeats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Mix all ingredients except nutmeats in a large bowl. Blend well. Fold in nuts. Pour into greased loaf pans. Do not fill more than half full. Bake at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes.

—Hallie

MARVIS'S DATE ROLL

1 lb. dates, chopped
 1 lb. graham crackers, crushed
 2 pkgs. dessert topping mix, prepared
 1 to 2 cups chopped pecans
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 20 large marshmallows, cut up
 (Reserve some of the crushed graham cracker crumbs for coating.) Combine all remaining ingredients and form in a log. Coat in the reserved crumbs. Chill for several hours before serving. Can be prepared ahead, wrapped and frozen.

JEANETTE'S MARINADED SALAD

1 20-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables (chunk style)
 3 stalks celery, sliced in bite-size pieces
 1/2 cup sliced pimiento-stuffed olives
 1/2 cup sliced, pitted ripe olives
 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
 3-4 sliced green onions
 3-4 tomatoes, cut in wedges
 Sliced cucumber and green pepper (optional)
 1 pkg. dry French salad dressing mix
 2/3 cup salad oil
 1/4 cup vinegar
 Salt and pepper, to taste
 Bring frozen mixed vegetables to boiling in salted water. Boil about two minutes; drain. Let cool; then add remaining vegetables. Combine dry salad dressing with oil and vinegar. Let set about 20 minutes. Pour over vegetables. Toss. Place in bowl with tight-fitting lid. Chill for 24 hours. Stir occasionally. Add salt and pepper to taste. This will keep for several days. —Hallie

CARROTS AU GRATIN

5 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 cup cornflake crumbs
 1/3 cup chopped onion
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1 cup shredded American cheese
 4 cups sliced carrots, cooked and drained
 1 Tbls. dry parsley flakes
 Melt 2 Tbls. of the butter or margarine in a small saucepan. Remove from heat and add cornflake crumbs. Mix well and set aside. Melt remaining butter in larger saucepan over low heat. Add onion and cook until tender. Stir in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk gradually and stir until smooth. Continue cooking while stirring until thickened. Add cheese and continue cooking and stirring until cheese melts. Add carrots and parsley. Pour into greased 6- by 10-inch baking pan. Spread cornflake crumbs over top. Bake for about 20 minutes at 350 degrees. —Betty Jane

SAUSAGE CORN BREAD WITH CHEESE SAUCE

2 8-oz. pkgs. sausage links
 1 15-oz. pkg. corn bread mix
 1 cup milk
 1 egg
 1 8-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained
 Cook sausage links and drain fat. Line baking pan with waxed paper and grease sides of pan. Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Arrange links in pan. Prepare corn bread according to package directions using milk and egg. Stir in the corn. Pour in pan over sausage links. Bake for 20 minutes. Remove from oven and loosen corn bread around edges. Turn out of pan. Serve with the following cheese sauce:

1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
 1 tsp. salt
 Dash of cayenne pepper
 2 1/2 cups milk
 2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
 1 2-oz. jar pimiento peppers, diced and drained

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan; blend in flour, salt and pepper. Cook one minute, stirring constantly. Stir in milk and cook until thickened. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Lastly, stir in the pimiento peppers. Keep sauce warm to serve over corn bread. —Betty Jane

AUTUMN HARVEST CAKE

1 cup margarine
 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 3/4 cup white sugar
 4 eggs
 1 cup grated peeled apples
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 2 tsp. ground nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. mace
 1 cup chopped nuts (I used pecans.)
 1 cup raisins

Topping

1 Tbls. flour
 1/4 cup chopped nuts
 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 Cream margarine and sugars together until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Stir in apples and flavorings. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Blend into first mixture. Fold in nuts and raisins. Pour into greased 9-inch tube pan or bundt pan. Combine topping ingredients and sprinkle over top. Bake in 325-degree oven for one hour and 30 minutes. Let cool on rack for about 15 minutes before removing from pan. May be glazed.

THANKSGIVING PIE*(Mock Pecan Pie)*

3/4 cup Grape-Nuts
 1/2 cup warm water
 3/4 cup sugar
 3 eggs, beaten
 1 cup dark corn syrup
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/8 tsp. salt
 1 unbaked pie shell

Combine cereal and water. Let stand until water is absorbed. While this stands, blend sugar into eggs. Stir in syrup, butter or margarine, flavorings and salt. Fold in softened cereal. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour, or until filling puffs up completely across the top. (This settles some after cooling, so don't be surprised when it "shrinks" a bit.) The flavor of this pie is excellent and comparable to the pecan pies. —Evelyn

BEAN SALAD DRESSING

1 1/2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup water
 1/2 cup vinegar
 1 Tbls. celery seed
 1 small bottle Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Combine sugar, water and vinegar. Boil five minutes. Add celery seed and cool slightly. Stir in Italian dressing. Pour over any combination of cooked beans desired (cut green, limas, chili, etc.). Cover tightly and refrigerate for several hours before serving. —Betty Jane

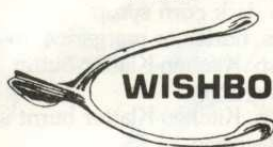
TURKEY SUPREME

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 1/4 cups milk
 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
 1/4 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 2 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli, cooked and drained

3 cups cooked, sliced turkey
 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
 Melt butter or margarine; add flour and cook, stirring, until mixture bubbles. Remove from heat. Gradually blend in milk and egg yolk. Add seasonings. Cook, stirring, until mixture is thickened and starts to boil. Add Cheddar cheese and cook, stirring, until cheese melts. Arrange broccoli and turkey in 8- by 12-inch baking dish, spooning sauce between layers and on top. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Broil about four inches from heat until cheese is browned. —Dorothy

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lives to their tremendous difficulties.

—Spurgeon

CHEESE-BROCCOLI- CAULIFLOWER CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen broccoli
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen cauliflower
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup diced process cheese
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

Thaw frozen vegetables according to
package directions. Combine flour, salt,
pepper, butter or margarine and cook to
make a white sauce. Add cheese, cheese
soup and flavoring. Mix well. Place
vegetables in well-buttered casserole.
Cover with cheese sauce. Additional
milk may be added to cover vegetables.
Bake for one hour at 350 degrees.

—Hallie

CORN PIE

- 2 cups milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 to 4 cups frozen or fresh cut corn
- 3 eggs
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- Cracker crumbs (optional)
- Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a

1½-quart casserole with unsalted
shortening. Pour milk into a small
saucepan; add the 2 Tbls. butter or
margarine and heat over moderately low
heat until bubbles appear around edge of
milk. Place eggs in a medium-sized bowl
and beat well with a rotary beater or wire
whisk. Add corn, heated milk, salt,
pepper and sugar to eggs. Pour mixture
into prepared casserole. Sprinkle
cracker crumbs over top if desired. Set
casserole into a larger pan and fill pan
with boiling water to depth of one inch.
Bake 45 minutes or until knife inserted
comes out clean.

—Hallie

HUMMINGBIRD CAKE

- 3 cups flour, unsifted
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups vegetable oil
- 3 eggs
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice
and all
- 2 medium bananas, chopped
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple
flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana
flavoring

Mix flour, soda, salt, cinnamon, sugar,
oil, eggs and pineapple. Mix by hand
only. Add bananas, chopped nuts and
flavorings; mix well. Pour mixture into a
greased and floured bundt pan. Bake at
350 degrees for about one hour and five
minutes. Let cool in pan one hour before
removing.

—Verlene Looker

ALMOND PUDDING WITH CRANBERRY TOPPING

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 4 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond
flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

Combine all ingredients in saucepan.
Beat with whisk or beater until blended.
Cook over low heat, stirring, until
mixture coats a spoon. Remove from
heat and cool slightly. Spoon into bowl
or individual sauce dishes. Chill.

Topping

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 cups cranberry juice
- Slivered almonds for garnish

Combine sugar, cornstarch and juice
in saucepan. Cook over moderate heat,
stirring, until clear and thick. Cool
slightly. Spoon over pudding and top
with nuts. Chill until time to serve.

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Andy, son of Kristin and Art Brase, is all dressed up for a school event.

THREE SQUARE MEALS?

by
Mary Jane Bromanda

Hoorah! This morning I ran across a recipe which will serve 24. It sounds like good honest food. Now that is a worthwhile dish for my family of six with three of them being long, lean, teen-age sons.

At least five times a day these three boys lope into the kitchen and devour anything in sight that looks edible, almost edible, or only slightly edible. They are the same boys who can, at one meal, clean up a mountain of mashed potatoes smothered in brown gravy, two quarts of creamed string beans, an enormous roast and a gelatin salad. Then, as they scrape the last bit of food out of the last serving bowl, they tell me they thought something was wrong with the beans and that they prefer milk gravy to water gravy with the roast!

After a meal I often look at the table and think, "It's a good thing my cooking isn't any better, after all their complaining not a crumb is left!" If we had a dog it would starve if it had to depend on our table scraps.

So often recipes are tailored for a one- or two-person household. It is not always easy to increase such a recipe for my family. If a recipe says it will serve four, generally this means four ½-cup servings. My boys are hollow, so I have to figure out how many ½-cup servings it takes to fill them up. Just as I have a quantity final, one or the other will have a growing spurt and my calculations have to be done over again. Usually I just multiply the recipe as many times as my pan will hold! (I'll be hopeless when we go entirely into the metric system. My only salvation will be to have enough familiar, well-used recipes to see me through to my old age.)

I tried once to fix dishes in larger quantities and freeze them ahead. This idea may work for some families, but at my house it proved to be futile. The food had to cool before going into the freezer. When I returned to the kitchen to cover and store the containers, I found only empty bowls. The next time I decided to fool my hungry family. I doubled the amount, left some out for the scavengers and froze the rest. I felt like a three-year-old with a security blanket. I felt smug knowing I had, at last, an entire meal tucked away in the freezer.

Later, when I went to the freezer to resurrect the meal, nowhere could the fruits of my labor be found. I was rummaging around in the far corners of the freezer, rolling around the frozen packages of food as I searched, when one of my boys walked in.

"Say, Mom," he patted my shoulder lovingly, "the guys sure liked those beef roll-ups last night. A bunch of us stopped back after basketball practice. We were so hungry, I was glad to find so much good food ready for us in the freezer. Those twice-baked potatoes are my favorite. The frozen salad was sure good, only next time why don't you make a BIG batch of it?"

I quietly closed the freezer lid; my search was useless. I had failed again.

I really give the American farmer full credit for my "problem". Without his efficient production of quantities of excellent produce our abundance of food would not be possible. Compared to everything else we buy, good honest food is still a bargain. I may complain about a family full of hearty eaters, but I am thankful every night that I have the ability to feed them well; I do not have to put any of my children to bed hungry.

Meanwhile, I'm multiplying recipes like crazy and tucking them away as a hedge against the time when my math becomes as outmoded as the size of my family.

WHAT A GOOSE! — Concluded

agreed they did not care for the wild taste reflected by the goose's diet of fish and insects.

So the goose was carved into small portions and frozen. In time, Checquers, who had wanted only a bite while I was dressing it, devoured the entire goose. I would not have been surprised had he spread his paws and soared into the sky!

Most families tend to share "inside" jokes that only they understand and experiences are often used as a measure of this humor. When something happens in the old house known as Greystone that is disappointing, I am reminded of the day when I truly got my goose cooked!



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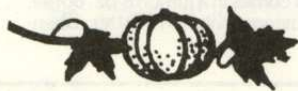
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GIVE CHEER BOXES

by
Dorothy Enke

With Thanksgiving and Christmas close at hand, now is the time for club members to think about holiday giving.

Many organizations repeat the same project year after year because they feel it meets a community need: the Salvation Army provides holiday meals, the Goodfellows collect and distribute toys, CARE helps the needy all around the world, various church groups find specific places where food, clothing and family assistance are needed.

If your club is only a small group, your project can more readily become a person-to-person activity. Gather the names of shut-ins, or those in need of special remembrance at holiday time, and distribute the names among the members. Each member is responsible for remembering a particular person, thus insuring individual attention to someone specific.

Perhaps your organization will decide to send Cheer Boxes to the residents in a nursing home. A Cheer Box is exactly what its name implies—a box to bring happiness to someone. Such boxes can be filled with baskets of fruit and/or trays of homemade cookies. One club, whose holiday project is always something for people in nursing homes, sends the residents a paper with a list of items which can be added to the usual boxes. The shut-ins check an item or two which they feel they could use and the papers

are returned to the club. Such items are usually inexpensive, but needful. They comprise many little things one is apt to use every day, and consequently always need: facial tissues, tooth paste, toothbrush, hand cream, stationery, stamps, post cards, stick for chapped lips, face lotions, pocket combs, bath soap, talcum powder, shaving cream, etc.

Often a gentle suggestion may be added to the list. One shut-in said wistfully, "I'd really like to have a little old-fashioned licorice." But who, without a bit of prompting, would have thought to add some licorice to a Cheer Box?

One garden club determined to do something different for the residents of a convalescent home. Narcissus and daffodil bulbs were started in individual pots and distributed among the shut-ins. For another holiday, each received a thriving philodendron or ivy plant.

Because there is always the problem of adequate space, the thoughtful gifts for shut-ins will not require storage space in the future. The best remembrance is one to be enjoyed and then, if necessary, to be disposed of, rather than packed away.

A group of women who enjoy baking made their gift boxes memorable by baking small loaves of bread. These were tucked into the Cheer Boxes with a jar of homemade jam and a miniature fruitcake. The individual fruitcakes were baked in muffin pans lined with paper baking cups. These dainty sweets proved extremely popular.

When you consider the various possibilities of the Cheer Boxes, become aware of the limitations. There are always shut-ins who must have no sweets. There are those who enjoy sweets but cannot cope with coconut or nutmeats in the goodies.

Once you've done your best in planning and preparing the Cheer Boxes, try to have some of your warmth and concern show in festive wrappings that fit the season. Then devise a fun way, a happy pattern for giving the boxes. Perhaps you can interest a group of teen-agers or children to provide an excellent delivery system. A team of relaxed and interested adults who can take time to visit and to listen as they hand out the gifts is a challenge to every group's best efforts.

Every year there are holiday projects by many organizations striving to add happiness. A group can offer a special bit of uniqueness that is really each member sharing with some individual, someone in particular. When you approach holiday giving with freshness and innovation, with awareness and appreciation of others, the boxes can become real Cheer Boxes, both for the recipient and you.



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Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

When our Jon returned home from his summer employment, he brought favorite paperback books for us to read. Husband Frank read *Marathon, the Pursuit of the Presidency 1972-1976* (New American Library, \$2.95) by Jules Witcover. Power and the exercise of power, and what it did to the candidates and their families in the presidential year of 1976, is what *Marathon* details. My choice was Hedrick Smith's *The Russians* (Ballantine Books, \$2.95). As New York Times Bureau Chief in Moscow for three years, Mr. Smith ranged as widely as time and the Soviet authorities would permit. His personal experiences and observations about the people and the country make *The Russians* illuminating reading.

The recently published *Air Time* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$12.95) by Gary Paul Gates is the behind-the-scenes profile of CBS News. It covers the history of CBS News from the revered Edward R. Murrow and his role in pioneering the tradition of news coverage on wartime radio to Walter Cronkite on tonight's television news. Careers of reporters are explored which help make *Air Time* an entertaining chronicle of American news today. School time came for Jon before he could read my library copy of *Air Time*, but he said, "That's OK, I'll buy it in paperback!"

The award-winning "Little House" books continue to entrance readers, young and old. Mrs. Irene Lichty, devoted curator of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum at Mansfield, Missouri, writes that the past summer brought visitors from all over the world, including several exchange students, and a mother and son from West Germany, to view the "Little House" author's home. Mrs. Lorraine Houck, of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Park and Museum at Burr Oak, Iowa, writes they, too, have had a fine summer at the "Little Hotel in the Village". The Masters Hotel was restored and its opening was a part of the 1976 Bicentennial Celebration in Burr Oak, Iowa. DeSmet, with its "Long Winter" pageant, and other "Little House" areas have been busy, too.

The village of Burr Oak, Iowa, was founded in 1851. Many covered wagons traveled through there on the way to the West. When the Ingalls family moved to Burr Oak, Laura was nine. In her personal memoirs, she tells of her pleasant experiences while living there. Back in 1970, Mrs. Lichty compiled a booklet telling of the time elapsed between *On the Banks of Plum Creek* (Continued on page 20)

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THANKSGIVING TIME

Thanksgiving time is for thanking
On that special day each November,
When first we render thanks for life,
Then dear ones we remember.
We're grateful for our faithful friends
On whom we're often leaning,
For they with home, with faith and hope
Lend to our lives much meaning.
So, thank you, Lord, for all of these
And for these perfect days;
Help us show our gratitude
More often and in more ways.

—Inez Baker

THINGS TO MAKE

Pretty Place Mats: Cut burlap to the size desired. Pull threads around the edges to make a fringe, stitching to keep the fabric from raveling beyond the width desired. Contrasting color of thread can be used. For making appliqué designs, cut felt into simple flowers, leaves, geometric designs of squares and circles and stitch onto place mat in attractive designs. If the place mats are to be used as a gift, use designs suggesting hobbies or the work of the recipient: a loving cup and a golf club for a golfer, garden tools, fruits and vegetables for the gardener. The designs on the place mats can be appliquéd by hand or by using the zigzag stitch on the sewing machine.

2. Buy wash-and-wear quilted fabrics in Early American and other bright prints. Cut into the popular oval-shape and bind off the edges with contrasting colored binding for lovely place mats.

Bookmark Ideas: 1. Cut a length of "beading" lace or embroidery trim. Lace it with a piece of ribbon or velvet, tying a bow at one end. Glue the ribbon to the lace at each end.

2. Cut the bookmark of bright-colored felt. Cut slits in the felt crossways and "lace" through the slits with contrasting ribbon or yarn.

3. To braid a bookmark, cut six equal lengths of bright-colored yarn for each bookmark. Tie a knot of all the yarns at one end, then braid the yarn, using two lengths for each of the three braiding strands. When it is the desired length, make another knot, cut off any extra yarn, leaving a little tassel on the end.

Key Rings: Large, oversized key rings are popular. Using a jigsaw, cut scraps of plywood in shapes, such as big daisy-like flowers, four-leaf clovers, round happy faces, etc. Drill a hole in the wood of each into which a chain or notebook ring can be attached to hold the keys. Paint and decorate as desired.

Wood Chip or Bark Plaques: These are especially nice for children to make. They can be of a large size but the miniatures are pretty and can be made to go in sets of two or three. Find some interesting pieces of bark, or some wood chips where a dead tree has been cut down. Smooth with sandpaper if needed. Paint little scenes on the smooth side of the bark or chip. Glue on sprays of pretty grasses, dried weeds, pods and seeds, with dried flowers for color. Interesting "bugs" and "beetles" can be made from tiny rocks, or beads, painting on spots, eyes, etc. Add one of these rock "creatures" by gluing it to a pod or seed spray which has been already placed on the plaque. Miniature animals and bugs can also be purchased at craft shops and those are fun to add for interest. For those plaques which hang on the wall, fasten a tape-type hanger on the back.

These can also be arranged on a table or shelf with the arrangements standing up from the wood chip base. Floral clay helps hold such an arrangement firmly in place. Remember that dried beans, peas, macaroni and tapioca are items which can be glued into interesting designs for plaques and shadow pictures.

ALL ABOUT TURKEYS

1. An Asian country. (Turkey)
2. A character in the children's story "Henney Penney". (Turkey Lurkey)
3. A symbol of Thanksgiving. (Turkey gobbler)
4. An old-time fiddle tune. ("Turkey in the Straw")
5. Kind of a dance. (Turkey trot)
6. An old-fashioned duster. (Turkey wing)
7. Used in hunting. (Turkey call)

—Evelyn Lyon



CLEAN FLOWER POTS

Some diseases are transmitted through dirty pots. There is no need to suffer this hazard. Pots are easy to clean.

Here is one expert-approved method of cleaning pots:

Fill a large crock or similar container with nested pots and cover with water. Combine 1/10 as much sulphuric acid as water. Slowly pour mixture over pots in container. Let soak 24 hours.

Take out, rinse and scrub with stiff brush and water. Soak again in clean water to remove traces of acid.

Your pots will be as good as new after this treatment. The acid destroys and loosens the old, doubtful dirt and the green growths on the pots.

—Evelyn Witter



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Artificial light is truly a bonanza to house plant lovers. It allows one to use decorative plants throughout the home. Plants can be grown in dark hallways, gloomy corners and glamorize the living quarters with beautiful plants that would not survive if they depended on window lighting alone. Artificial light is measured usually by foot candles (the amount of visible light striking an object) and I am perfectly willing to let the manufacturers of such lights give the instructions on how they should be used. If instructions are followed as to the distance the plants should be for maximum growth, you will not go far wrong.

It is better to use a pair of fluorescent lights than a single one because the space lighted is too narrow from a single light. Two lamps will be sufficient for a 12-inch wide shelf. They should be set about six inches apart but may be placed closer together for certain plants that require more light to bloom well. Light manufacturers cater to indoor gardeners and one can buy models in electrical supply stores for almost any plant need.

Nature Island, Inc., 5360 Snapfinger Woods Dr., Suite 106, Decatur, Ga. 30035, will send you a free booklet on successful indoor gardening under lights. Earthway Products, Inc., Dept. 7PGL 10, Box 547, Maple St., Bristol, Ind. 46507, offers a very attractive indoor lighting center with a not-so attractive price tag to anyone with a tight plant budget. If you can afford it though, the center is truly a fine piece of furniture as well as a conversation piece.

Another source of indoor lighting equipment is the gadget and gardening aid section of some seed and nursery catalogs. You will find such offers in the Geo. W. Park Seed Catalog, Greenwood, S.C. 29647. Send for their special gift catalog for gardeners. Westinghouse Electric Corp., Public Service Lamp Corp., GTE Sylva and Duro-lite Lamps, Inc. are firms that manufacture lights for the plant hobbyist. You will find their products available at garden centers and at electric shops.

Fluorescent light lamps will give up to 20,000 hours and are relatively inexpensive to operate. If you have some indoor gardeners on your Christmas list, do keep light units in mind for gifts. Oftentimes such gifts can bring cheer to elderly gardeners and to shut-ins who like to putter with plants.



defy the Cold!

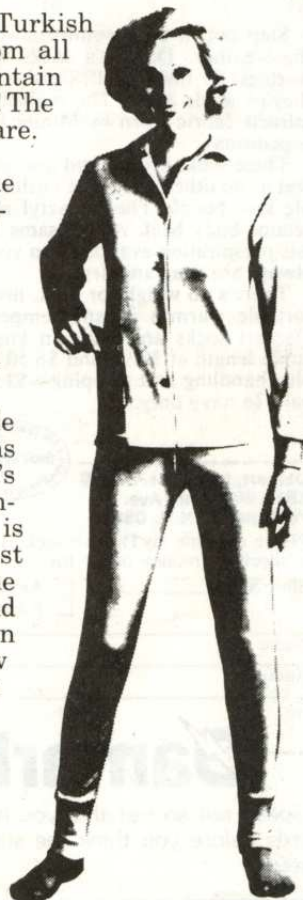
It's 10° outside . . . Even getting colder. So you bundle up in layers and layers of heavy clothes. First with long underwear . . . then bulky, restrictive thermalwear on top.

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

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COME READ WITH ME — Concluded and *By the Shores of Silver Lake*. She calls it *The Ingalls Family from Plum Creek to Walnut Grove via Burr Oak, Iowa*. Here we read of life with Laura and her family as they lived and worked at the Masters Hotel, how Laura and Mary liked school, although Laura did have a little trouble learning the multiplication tables! The booklet also tells of their move back to Walnut Grove.

(The booklet *The Ingalls Family from Plum Creek to Walnut Grove via Burr Oak, Iowa*—price \$2.00, plus 75¢ for postage and handling—by Mrs. Irene Lichty is available from the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home, Rocky Ridge Shop, Mansfield, Mo. 65704, or from the Laura Ingalls Wilder Park and Museum, Box 43, Burr Oak, Iowa 52131. The Museum at Burr Oak also has a cookbook for sale at \$3.75, plus 60¢ for postage.)

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October, 1978.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.
Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.
Managing Editor, Hallie E. Blackman, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company
Lucile Driftmier Verness
Margery Driftmier Strom
Hallie E. Kite Blackman
Shenandoah, Iowa
Shenandoah, Iowa
Shenandoah, Iowa
Shenandoah, Iowa

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

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

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

83,446
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1978.



From Our Family Album

My cousin, Louise Fischer Alexander, who lives in Claremont, California, was kind enough to send me this old, old picture. The subjects are her father, Judge Frederick Fischer (my brother, Frederick Driftmier, was named for Judge Fischer), and my Aunt Helen Field Fischer. Aunt Helen was an older sister of my mother, Leanna Field Driftmier. She had a life-long interest in gardens that she developed into a radio program, "The Flower Lady", writing magazine articles and a book. Also in the picture is Gretchen, the first baby of Aunt Helen and Uncle Frederick. She is now Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, and lives in Iowa City, Iowa. Following in her mother's footsteps, Gretchen is a landscape architect, an enthusiastic gardener and a writer. A book, *McCall's Garden Book* (published by Simon and Schuster, New York, N.Y., 1967) written by Gretchen, continues to be one of the finest resource books of its kind. When this photograph was taken no one could have foreseen the many achievements ahead for this fine family.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded have been, which one would you most like to visit again?", we have the answer. Without hesitation we say, "We want to go back to visit Lake O'Hara. It is our Shangri-La!" I shall tell you more about it later.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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will hold down this fortress and see that everything goes along in its accustomed schedule.

Even though I had seen James and Katharine for a few days last summer in Iowa, I was astounded by the change in them. They seem very mature and self-possessed. James blasts away on a saxophone and Katharine toots up a storm with a clarinet; this takes me back to my own childhood when one of my brothers would be trumpeting away in the basement and another raising the roof upstairs. Katharine and James are such loving and affectionate children. They do exactly what is expected of them and no grumbling around about it. Juliana has so much more sense as a mother than I ever had!

No children EVER, EVER had a more companionable father than Jed. He takes a lively interest in all of their activities. This afternoon they are going to the New Mexico State Fair where Katharine has a painting and James has one of his pieces of sculpture on exhibition. This is a city-wide selection from their age groups, so I am happy about my grandchildren's artistic efforts being chosen for display.

On page 3 in this issue, you will see a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall, Betty Crandall Driftmier's parents. I asked Betty if I had permission to tell you about her parents and she said "yes" without a moment's hesitation.

Betty's own father died during the terrible flu epidemic in 1918. Two years later, Betty's mother married her deceased husband's brother. Mrs. Crandall had two daughters by her first marriage and then, after she married Julian Crandall, they had a daughter and a son. The son was to have been the 5th president of their family business. It was a terrible tragedy to the whole family when this son died so young (I believe only forty). He was taken by the disease simply referred to as the Lou Gehrig disease—there is a medical term for this illness but few can ever get it straight.

I was astonished when I studied the picture of Mrs. Crandall to notice how much Betty Driftmier looks like her mother!

I've used far more space than I usually do, but I'm so excited to be here in New Mexico with my family that I just couldn't seem to stop. Next month I'll try to stay within the bounds of reason.

Always your faithful friend,

Paula

TIMELY TIP

You can fool some people all of the time.

You can fool all people some of the time.

But don't fool yourself any of the time.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 30¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

January ads due November 10
February ads due December 10
March ads due January 10

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

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THE MARK OF QUALITY

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
one way or another we are going to get some pictures.

In exactly one week, Juliana and Jed will leave with eight of their archaeological friends, fly to Los Angeles, and then board a plane that will take them to Lima, Peru, for about ten days of archaeological digging in that fertile area. (You know old worry-wart Lucile, so you also know I'm happy that one of the group is a doctor!) Betty Jane, Grandma Lu and I

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IT'S AMAZING! Just open the package—place bulbs on table, mantel or anywhere, and watch them grow and bloom—without soil, without water! No fuss, no bother, they will bloom with gorgeous big blossoms in every shade of blue from soft lilac to deep, royal purple. Wonder Bulb (Crocus Zonata) will produce from 3 to 6 blooms from just 1 bulb, on tall 4 to 6" stems. You'll be delighted with this rare phenomenon. Ideal as gifts that will amaze everyone. It's a good idea to order at least a dozen. **SEND NO MONEY.** On delivery pay \$1.00 for 5 bulbs, \$2.00 for 12 bulbs, or \$4.00 for 30 bulbs, plus COD charges. But order now—this offer is only good for 30 days. Cash orders prepaid.

GUARANTEE Wonder Bulb's guaranteed to be of high quality, exactly as advertised and to arrive in good healthy condition, or purchase price refunded. **RETURN SHIPPING LABEL ONLY**, you may keep the bulbs. (One year limit.)

Order Here

HOUSE OF WESLEY, Greenhouse Division, Dept. 1575-45
2200 East Oakland Ave., Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Please send me _____ Wonder Bulbs.

TOTAL \$ _____

POSTAGE PREPAID

☐ Prepaid ☐ COD Illinois Residents add 5% sales tax.

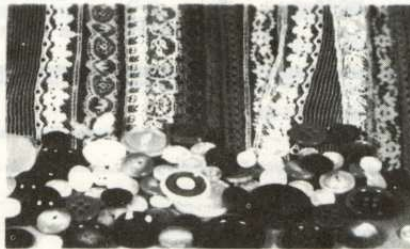
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MARVELOUS GIFT IDEA from Plantron, Inc.

House-Plant-a-Month Plan

January

Trailing GARDENIA

Graceful glossy vines and fragrant pearl-like blooms. Cannot be shipped to Calif. or Ariz.*



February

Dwarf ORANGE

Lovely dwarf tree that bears juicy FULL-SIZED fruit. A touch of southern sunshine. Cannot be shipped to Calif. or Ariz.*



March

PASSION FLOWER

Unusual legend surrounds this lovely plant with its purple and pink blossoms.



April

PRAYER PLANT

Each evening this remarkable plant folds its lovely variegated leaves like hands in prayer.

- Opens in Morning
- Closes in Evening



May

Ivy GERANIUM

Colorful flowers cascading gracefully on a trailing vine. Everyone will love this charming old-fashioned beauty!



June

QUEEN'S TEARS

Blue and white flowers with "tear drops" of nectar atop silvery-white leaves.



July

Lipstick VINE

Brilliant scarlet flowers and shiny green leaves for year-round beauty.



August

Venus' FLY TRAP

Famous and beautiful, fascinating for children and adults.



September

ROYAL PLUSH

Shimmering, luxuriant purple and green velvet. A show-stopper.



October

COFFEE PLANT

Shade-loving beauty with fragrant white flowers and shiny red coffee beans.



November

MING TREE

Table-top showpiece of amazing Bonsai culture. Fascinating and rewarding.



Christmas

GLASS GARDEN Plants

A care-free miniature landscape of SIX woodland plants to delight everyone.



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED*

Now with the help of Plantron, Inc. you can provide the perfect gift for relatives, friends, business associates, shut-ins, even yourself! Every month an unusual interesting plant, already growing and healthy, will be sent as a reminder of your friendship. Each plant is a proven success in homes — as easy to care for as it is beautiful. Beginning and veteran plant lovers alike will be intrigued with these distinctive carefully-chosen plants. Complete instructions and fascinating history are included with each plant. Order your gifts for Christmas and all the year — birthdays, anniversaries, all special days — now. Simply specify the month each plan should begin. A handsome gift card inscribed as you direct will announce the membership at the proper time. Shortly thereafter your gifts will begin arriving. All except the glass garden plants will already be growing in their own plastic pots. The glass garden packet (glass container not included) will be ready to plant and enjoy. Choose from the three plans described below.

3 MONTH PLAN

Long-lasting thoughtfulness with gift plants sent the three consecutive months of your choice.

\$4.98

6 MONTH PLAN

Six gifts in one — lovely hardy plants in each month of the six consecutive month period you indicate.

\$8.98

12 MONTH PLAN

A delightful plant every month of the year. A connoisseur's collection. Please tell us when to begin.

\$15.98

* SATISFACTION AND PLEASURE GUARANTEED

Each healthy, carefully chosen plant is covered by Plantron's full guarantee. Plan members not completely satisfied with a plant need only to return the shipping label and we will replace the plant. *Where state laws prohibit import of selected items we will substitute a plant of comparable beauty and value.

SEND NO MONEY

Just use the coupon to order exciting House Plant plans for those on your gift list and for yourself — we'll take care of the rest. You pay our invoice next month. Or — include your payment with order (thus saving us bookkeeping expenses) and we'll send you 2 easy-to-grow Miniature Orchid bulbs (a reg. \$1.50 value) absolutely free! Note: We must receive orders by the 20th of the month for which shipment is requested.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

PLANTRON, INC. House-Plant-A-Month Plan, Dept. 102-45

2207 East Oakland Ave., Bloomington, Illinois 61701

Here is my gift list. Please send the plans indicated.

Send a _____ Month Plan beginning in _____ to _____

Send a _____ Month Plan beginning in _____ to _____

Name _____

Name _____

Address _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send me a _____ Month plan beginning in _____.

Send a _____ Month Plan beginning in _____ to _____

☐ I enclose \$_____ payment for my plans. Please send me 2 Miniature Orchid bulbs.

Name _____

☐ Please bill me for the indicated plans.

Address _____

Name _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Address _____

Sign gift cards _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DID YOU INCLUDE EVERYONE'S ZIP CODE?