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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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## 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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## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

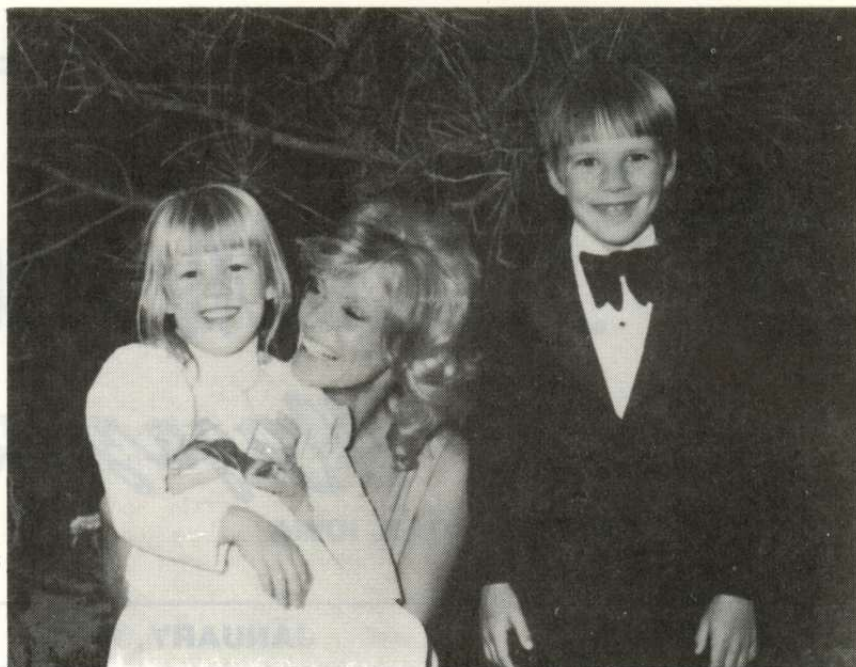
Today, as I sit at my typewriter in my Albuquerque home, I am thinking about this usually being Mother's page. It is always a pleasure to be the one to share this space with our readers.

It is one of our bright, sunny New Mexico days today. We New Mexicans really appreciate our warm winters and sunshine. The geraniums on the window ledge above the typewriter appreciate the sun, too. They are in full bloom and cheering up the room. My thoughts are now going back to the geraniums in Peru for in that country they are not used as houseplants, but are hedges growing outside. Peru is a plant lover's paradise!

To tell you about our trip to Peru, I'll start 'way back at the very beginning. Cousin Emily has been working in Central and South America for about a year now, and last spring she wrote asking if Jed and I could possibly get down to visit her. I chuckled when I read the letter because I couldn't imagine our actually going all the way to Peru! But the more I thought about it, the more I came to the conclusion that this was an opportunity that shouldn't be passed up. About that time, several friends called to say that Emily had written to them, too, and that they were seriously considering making the trip. After much conferring, eight of us made the decision to go.

In spite of all the preparations for the trip—getting passports, shots, packing, etc.—I couldn't believe we were really going until we arrived in Lima. Emily and her husband, Rich, were there to meet us. (Emily confessed later that she didn't think we would *actually* be on the plane until she saw us coming through customs.)

The first stop was at a private home which rents rooms to tourists. It was a lovely older home run by a charming woman who went out of her way to make us comfortable. We had arrived early in the morning, so our hostess had coffee, rolls and fruit waiting for us. After



My grandchildren, Katharine and James Lowey, have attended many weddings in recent months. James has been a participant in so many ceremonies that he says he is going to hire out as a professional! I have a sneaking feeling that he'd make a real success in this field. Pictured with the children is Robin Read Justiz, Juliana's very dear friend.  
—Lucile

breakfast we headed out with our guides to see the sights.

Lima is a huge, modern city of about 5½ million people, I understand. The old part of the city is fascinating. The architecture is Spanish colonial with very ornate cathedrals. Gold is used extensively for ornamentation. How I wished that we had a flash attachment for our camera so that I could have taken pictures of the interiors of those churches! The other quality that impressed me about Lima was the masses of flowers. It was springtime there and many plants were in full bloom.

Our first excursion outside of Lima was to the fortress of Pachacamac, twenty miles south of Lima, near the Pan-American Highway. Pachacamac is a Quechua word meaning "The One Who Rules the World". The fortress overlooks the Pacific Ocean and is one of the most important landmarks of pre-Inca and Incan civilizations. Constructed of adobe, the fortress is in the process of being restored. As the climate is very dry, much of the original adobe has survived. After climbing around the fortress, we all began to realize that we were very tired. We had planned to go out to eat dinner, but we suddenly just decided to go back to our rooms and sleep!

The next morning we were up bright and early to catch a plane to Cuzco. We were grateful that it was a short flight as we were all tired of being on an airplane after our nine-hour long trip from Los Angeles to Lima. The city of Cuzco is located 11,444 feet above sea level. The

air is very thin, so we quickly learned to slow down; just the walk from the airport to our bus had us gasping. After leaving our luggage at our hotel and grabbing a quick cup of excellent Cuzco coffee, we got back on the bus. It was fine just to sit on that bus and enjoy the spectacular scenery on the way to the famous Pisac market. This is an Indian market which is held once a week, and we were lucky to be able to time our trip so we could attend. The vendors were in their beautiful native costumes selling wares which ranged from vegetables to colorful hand-woven shawls called *mantas*. This was our first taste of bargaining in Spanish, and it was very confusing! Not only did we have to understand the Spanish words for various numbers, but we also had to figure out the conversion from soles (Peruvian money) to U.S. dollars.

The market closed at noon, so it was back to the bus and on to the Inca ruins of Ollantaytambo at the foot of the Urubamba Valley. As we drove along, I constantly clicked my camera. We passed hills which were covered with many unusual plants such as bromeliads and cacti. Some of them appeared to be growing out of solid rock.

On the way back to Cuzco, we stopped at several more Inca ruins. These ruins were all made of solid rock. I had read about the Inca stonework and how finely the rocks are fitted together and it is true! These huge stones are so closely fitted that not even a razor blade could be inserted between the stones.

(Continued on page 22)



## A NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM MOLLIE DOWDLE

Dear Lucile:

For forty years, I've kept up on all the activities of Kitchen-Klatter's sprawled-out family. Rheumatoid arthritis keeps me rather confined at times, and it's fun to drag out all those ragged *Kitchen-Klatter Magazines* that I've kept for years and relive your marriage, Juliana's birth, Russell's death and your present bone ailment. All of the many people who make up the Kitchen-Klatter family are my bosom friends.

When I was 15, a tiny redheaded girl, I quit school and went to a logging camp in northwest Washington to work waiting tables. When I found out I must carry seven hot, heavy ironware dishes on my little left arm, I almost walked off the job. But I found an answer: after everyone else was in bed asleep, I slipped up to the cookhouse and practiced carrying those heavy dishes.

Never having the chance to go on to college, I had to take every opportunity to learn from my experiences. For example, I learned about death when the railroad locomotive would round the last corner into camp sounding a death wail. I learned to call the sound "Taps". The first dead man I saw brought in was tall—a soiled blanket used to cover him didn't reach over his caulk shoes. I ran to my bunk shack and cried hysterically—at the time I was just a little girl.

There were three of us girls and we saw to it that 180 men were fed. We were permitted only to speak to a man if we needed a dish passed to us. When we washed our underwear and hung them out on the clothesline, we slipped each garment inside a pillowcase. My underwear then consisted of black saten bloomers, a wide camisole and a corset. Imagine incasing my 80 pounds in a corset! I also wore black lisle stockings, Mary Jane pumps and a starched, ironed apron.

I learned to hike the hills where the actual logging operations were located. I tamed a herd of forty wild elk, who became so friendly they would come close enough that I could touch two of them.

In ways, I was naughty. Once, another girl and I got up at midnight, rang the locomotive bell and then beat it back to bed.

The cook, second cook and dishwasher lived in the shack next door. Every night they played poker and their laughter and loud talk kept us awake. So, we girls came up with the idea of poking a gunny sack down the stovepipe to smoke them out—we'd fix them! But our trick backfired when the roof of the shack burned out. Of course, the workers found the sack, but we girls refused to talk and no one ever knew!

Later, the entire camp was burned out and we girls stayed, making sandwiches, until flames lapped at our heels and we made our escape.

For a number of years I worked at a different camp every year. Then I met and married a wonderful man who was a logger. We had two sons of our own, but cared for many other children as well. I felt every child who needed me was a gift from God. I took children, all boys, and taught them about the woods and hills and all things bright and beautiful. I believe that passing on my knowledge of God was best of all that I did for them.

Imagine me, one frail young woman, hiking eight steep miles into the mountains with seven boys. We carried the few supplies we needed: cold biscuits, chocolate bars, grease in which to fry fish and four army blankets. The fish were so abundant in a lake near where we camped that we played with them after catching what we needed for our meals. Add to this a campfire at night, peeping frogs, a hoot owl and the moon and stars overhead. We snuggled under the blankets and wondered at the closeness of the heavens. Joining hands as we said the Lord's Prayer together, and loving seven sleepy boys, doesn't happen to everyone.

I always wanted to write, but had no time. I began to catalogue my thoughts, put them on paper and, finally, sent off an article to the *Better Homes and Gardens* magazine. When they bought that first article of mine, it was a day to celebrate.

A daily newspaper gave me a chance to write a column "when I had time". In

the past 15 years, I've turned out a lot of writing. Why, I don't know: I can't type, I can't spell, I mark out, I do everything wrong.

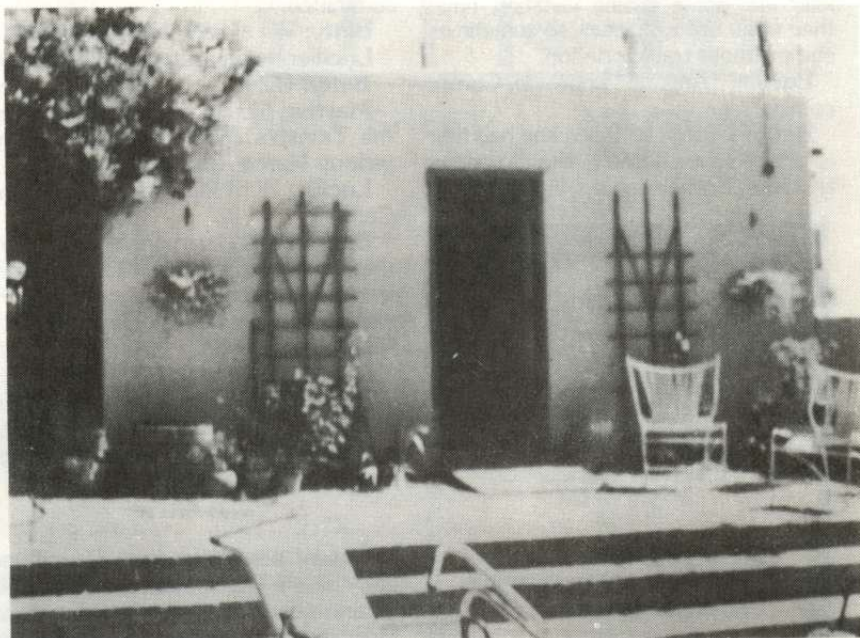
Our first kids grew up and I moved in some more children to care for. One of our own sons went to Korea. My husband was critically injured in a logging camp accident and, after eighteen months of hospitalization, he died. (While my husband was so very ill, my children and my sons were gone and the nine rooms of my old-fashioned farmhouse rattled with loneliness. I wrote a long letter to you about my flower garden and my work as a gatekeeper for a logging camp. The *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* came with that letter on the first page—what a boost that was!)

The boys came home from war. My own youngest son started to college and he now has two Ph. D.'s from Yale! My oldest son was badly wounded in Korea and is now on a veteran's pension. Two of my cared-for children graduated from the University of Washington. They all have great jobs. I have lots of grandchildren and some great-grandchildren.

Today, the nine rooms of my old house are completely filled with antiques. Wally, my oldest, lives with me. Oh, yes, I still take in kids who need me.

Now it is three A.M., my bones hurt, the coyotes are howling but I just wanted to write and wish you a Happy New Year and tell you how much you and all the Kitchen-Klatter people mean to me.

Love to you all,  
Mollie Dowdle



When we refer to Juliana's and Jed's guest house in Albuquerque, New Mexico, this is the building to which we make reference. Since my wheelchair could not negotiate the steps into it from the patio below, Jed had a curving concrete walk made up to the main level in front of the door, settling the whole problem. Juliana always feels terrible when she has to refuse people who ask if they can rent the guest house for a short period of time, but it is just impossible. The house is in use 90% of the time with relatives and long-time friends who come through Albuquerque for a visit.  
—Lucile



## THEY WERE IT!

(A Playlet)

by  
Annette Lingelbach

**Setting:** A table and some chairs are on the stage. Club officers Betty, Lucille, and Martha enter and sit down at the table.

**Betty:** I see we're the first ones here.

**Lucille:** I wonder if Marcia will be here today.

**Martha:** Why shouldn't she?

**Lucille:** She doesn't have a car, and she's so shy and reluctant about asking anyone to pick her up.

**Martha:** Do you know if Anne's coming?

**Betty:** Oh, her car is in the repair shop.

**Lucille:** But Lavonne always brings her when she needs a ride.

**Betty:** Lavonne's vacationing in Bermuda.

**Lucille:** Oh, yes, I had forgotten.

**Martha:** But Eloise is always willing to pick up people.

**Betty:** She's in bed with a cold.

**Lucille:** Oh, dear! We may have a very poor turnout today.

**Martha:** Where's Lorraine?

**Betty:** She has the same problem as Marcia. No car, no available driver, no come.

**Martha:** Can we depend on Ida?

**Betty:** If you call and urge her real hard, she'll come. But she has to depend on someone for a ride, too.

**Lucille:** What about Lisa?

**Betty:** I don't know about her. The kids are home during vacation time; they often use Lisa's car, so sometimes she's without transportation.

**Lucille:** Anyone know if Carol's coming?

**Betty:** I doubt it. Since she had that accident, she doesn't like to drive anymore. So her car sits in the garage



Dorothy Johnson has often mentioned the Birthday Club in her letters. She is pictured here (far left) with several of the members.

most of the time.

**Lucille:** I should have called her. I just forgot.

**Martha:** She always calls me at the very last moment to pick her up when I usually have every place in my car filled. Then I have to spend a lot of time finding her a ride. You know, I'm always willing to pick up people, but my car holds only so many riders, so why can't they call me ahead of time?

**Lucille:** At every meeting, we should remind all our members to call a few days ahead of the club meeting if they want a ride.

**Martha:** Educate them, you might say, to calling every time, until it gets to be a habit. You know what?

**Lucille:** What?

**Martha:** We need a transportation committee.

**Betty:** We already have one.

**Lucille:** (in amazement) We have!

**Betty:** Us.

**Martha:** You're right, Betty, we are the Transportation Committee. I'll go pick up Marcia, Lisa and Anne.

**Lucille:** I'll pick up Lorraine, Ida and Carol.

**Betty:** I'll call everyone and tell them that you're coming. Next time, though, let's call everyone in advance, instead of waiting until the last minute to do it.

**Martha:** Will do.

**Lucille:** Me, too.

**Betty:** See you back here soon, girls, and I hope with more of our members.

**Closing:** They all leave the stage together. End of playlet.

\*\*\*\*\*

Present this playlet first. Then if you don't have a Transportation Committee, organize one. You'll discover that many members who really want to come to the club meetings, but just won't ask for a ride, will gladly accept one if it is offered to them.

Elderly members who no longer drive, or may suffer with ailments like arthritis, will especially appreciate this service.

As a result, you may have all those members present at your club meetings who might not be there if the club didn't have a Transportation Committee. Give a vote of thanks at the end of the club year, and perhaps even a small gift, to each member of this very helpful, valuable, and member-keeping committee.



## "IDEAS"

### Make a Scrapbook

Delightful scrapbooks can be made from greeting cards. Have each person in the family choose his favorite greeting cards for different holidays, such as Christmas, Easter, also for special occasions such as graduation from school, marriage, a trip, or even the death of someone close. Create sections in this family scrapbook for each subject chosen. Handmade cards by the various members of the family can add variety and interest to such a book.

Besides a big family scrapbook, members of a family might wish to make scrapbooks of their own. Original ideas of order, arrangement, selection and subject matter can make each one an individual creation.

A scrapbook which contains primarily religious cards can have special interest. This type of book could make an appropriate gift for someone who feels discouraged, depressed or troubled since the messages are predominately hopeful and comforting.

If a scrapbook is to be given as a gift, it is thoughtful to include a snapshot of the person who is sending the gift and, if possible, a photograph of the person who is receiving it.

Another lovely scrapbook can be developed by pasting favorite poems and sayings into a small book. These can be typed, written, or printed on plain white or colored paper. These can then be pasted into book form. Another method would be to leave enough space at the top corner of each piece of paper, punch a hole through this space and tie together with a bright piece of yarn or ribbon. Pages could easily be removed to fasten to bulletin boards, hung from a wall or taped to a mirror for frequent reading. Pictures cut from greeting cards are colorful additions to paste on the poetry pages if space permits.

If you have a busy friend who is in many activities, a thoughtful gift would be a personalized scrapbook made of clippings of news items pertaining to these events. The outside of such a book could be covered with sheets from your local newspaper or a collage of clippings and pictures from the paper of people and events known to your friend.

—Annette Lingelbach

## NEVER LOSE HOPE

A book which contains a message of encouragement and practical help for anyone who has experienced a problem, shared a sorrow or faced a serious decision.

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

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## DON'T BREAK THE COOKIES

by  
Evelyn K. Dorr

Anna Harvey was waiting for the Greyhound bus at the drugstore where it stops in her small town to pick up passengers. She was going on her annual visit to her son, Roger, her daughter-in-law, Ruth, and her grandson, Richard. She called them her "three R's", and they were the most important part of her life. She always traveled by bus, because she believed it was the cheapest and safest.

She was seventy years old, but you would never guess it. She had a face quite free of age lines, laughing grey eyes that twinkled, and no grey in her long brown hair piled on top of her head. Her slender body would look good in styles designed for one much younger, although she was wearing her usual plain navy blue jacket dress with oxfords to match. They had been her "Sunday best" for several years.

Although you would never guess Anna's age from her appearance, you might guess it by listening to her thoughts. They stayed in the realm of the world before the age of electronics and automation. She clucked her tongue at jet transportation, dishwashers, moon shots, escalators, panty hose, TV dinners, and daylight-saving time.

"Foolishness!" she snorted in disgust.

She boarded the bus gingerly, carrying a box of her homemade sugar cookies and yeast bread. She never made a visit without them. They had been Roger's favorites when he was a boy at home, and now Richard expected them. She carefully settled the box on her lap and smiled, remembering her grandson's warm embrace on her last visit and his remark, "Nobody bakes cookies like you, Grandma." She adored him—her only grandchild.

Richard was waiting at the bus terminal when she arrived.

"Hi, Grandma!" he called cheerily, spotting her quickly among the passengers getting off the bus. He hurried to her side and gave her a kiss. She handed the box to him, and hugged him tightly. "Hello, dear boy," she said, misty eyed.

"Bet I know what's in here," he laughed, patting the box. "You never forget. You are the greatest. I asked to meet you by myself, Grandma, because now I have my driver's license. I really feel tough now that I drive."

"Now dear, you aren't tough. You're a sweet, gentle boy."

While they waited for the luggage to be unloaded Richard looked at his grandmother admiringly, "Hey, Grandma, you are really cool looking."

"Am I?" she replied, "Well, I'm really as warm as toast."



This is a photograph of "Grandma Lu", one of my very, very best friends. She is Mrs. Lucille Rice of Saint Paul, Minn., "my" Betty Jane's mother and great-grandmother of Jennifer and Jessica Baum (Jennifer and Jessica are the children of Heather Baum, Betty Jane's daughter). Grandma Lu is never in our house more than fifteen minutes than out comes her needle and thread to do needed mending. I suppose Betty Jane and I could get along without all of her stitching, but I don't know just how. Lu's granddaughter, Hanna, snapped this photograph during the Thanksgiving holidays.  
—Lucile

"You aren't scared to ride with me are you, Grandma?" Richard asked, helping her into his car. "Isn't my car neat?"

"Neat?" she asked, looking at the back seat with an appraising eye. There were a pair of muddy track shoes, a tattered T-shirt, a ball bat, and schoolbooks strewn on the seat, and empty soda bottles on the floor. "It's a mess," she thought silently.

"By the way, Grandma." Richard continued, "I thought you might be shocked by my long hair and beard. I was worried that you would think I look a little hippy."

"Oh, my goodness, no!" she assured him. "You are nice and slim. I am the one who has gotten a little hippy the past couple of years. I just can't leave those rich desserts alone," she sighed.

"Don't be gross," he said emphatically.

"Well," she laughed, "I don't weigh quite that much."

Richard went on enthusiastically, "You know Dad has had a nice promotion. We really have a lot more bread now."

"Dear me," she said with a worried expression. "Maybe I shouldn't have brought bread this time, then."

"Oh, sure," Richard said squeezing her hand affectionately. "Oh, say, you should have been here last night for the school play. I had the part of the butler and wore one of those swallow-tailed coats. I felt weird, but it was fun, and afterwards there was a big blast."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, wide-eyed. "Was anyone hurt?"

"Nope, it was just for the cast, Grandma. Well, here we are," he said, pulling into the driveway. "Wait until you

see my room. Mom just redecorated it. Now I have a really nice pad."

"A pad?" she asked, alarmed. "What happened to your bed, Richard?"

Just then she saw Roger and Ruth coming out of the door to greet her.

"Mom and Dad are really anxious to see you, Grandma. You'll have a lot to talk about. Just don't make it into jive."

"Oh, really now, Richard," she said, "I don't dance that stuff. Besides, I have to get unpacked so my things won't be all wrinkled. Be careful—don't break the cookies."

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

For company turkey a la king, add a couple tablespoons of Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing to the white sauce, along with the same amount of sour cream. Combine with leftover diced turkey (or any fowl). Serve over patty shells and top with grated cheese.

—Mrs. T.L., Newton, Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

I make my own pie filling (saving at least half of the cost) by adding cornstarch thickening to the juice from canned fruit, and sugar to taste, to the home-canned or store-boughten fruit. About 3 Tbls. cornstarch to 3 Tbls. juice or water is about right for the thickening for most fruit pies. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens, then put into unbaked pie shell and cook as usual.

Also, when I want jam or preserves, I open a can of fruit, add sugar and simmer until the mixture thickens. I am especially fond of peaches this way. They can be cut any size you prefer.

—Mrs. O.M.C., Lawrence, Kans.

\*\*\*\*\*

To cook ground beef, start in cold skillet over medium heat—any grade beef from loose to patties. Drain well. (Also, a little salt in the bottom of the skillet before adding the meat will help keep it from sticking.)

\*\*\*\*\*

I make my own homemade cake flour by mixing 2 cups minus 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 2 tablespoons cornstarch. I mix all of this in a flour sifter and sift well. Then when a recipe calls for cake flour, I use this mixture—even in my angel food cakes. It makes them very light and fine textured.

—Mrs. K.S., Warrensburg, Mo.

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To keep dogs from running through and digging in my yard and garden, I take dishwashing liquid bottles and put a small amount of household ammonia in each. I set each one in a shallow hole in the ground (so they cannot tip over). With the lid open, the smell of the ammonia

(Continued on page 20)





## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

As I stand here at my typewriter on a blustery, dark, winter morning, I can see the wild birds flocking around my bird feeders. It seems they are looking through the window at me, and I wonder if they are wishing that they were humans living in a nice warm house with a pantry stocked with all kinds of good things to eat. I doubt if they do. Each species of God's creation is just what it is. Each animal possesses at birth the life-span time of its kind and a built-in instinct to fight for the full share of its particular destiny. What keeps the birds at my feeders so determined to fight off all rivals for the limited food available is their God-given passion to hold onto life no matter how great the dangers.

You and I cannot do anything about time except to try and get our fair share of it. One of the strange things about the amount of time we have on this earth is the fact that each creature considers its particular life span as the right one. In other words, a bee with a life span of six weeks has a full and satisfactory life in that amount of time. The housewren lives three years, and most dogs live about three times longer than wrens, but this is the right amount of time for both the wrens and the dogs. Horses usually live on an average about three times longer than do dogs, and most of us will probably live three times longer than the average horse. We cannot be positive about the attitude horses and dogs and bees take toward all of this, but we do know our attitudes.

I have dozens of nature books here in my upstairs study, so many, in fact, that I do not begin to have room for them in my bookcases, and they are spread out all over the floor. Every now and then, Betty picks up a dozen or more of the books and takes them up to a storeroom on the third floor. Just as surely as she does that, I find myself searching high and low for some book that I was positive I had tucked away under some big chair. I love my books! The more I read about the wonders of nature, the more I praise God.

One of my church deacons was here in my study yesterday, and he asked, "If I could buy just one book on nature, which book should I buy?" I was absolutely nonplussed! What interests one person might not interest another, and there are many different aspects of nature. I answered, "First of all, you should not buy just one book on nature, you ought



The Visiting Nurses Association of Springfield, Mass., recently honored Frederick and Betty Driftmier for their many hours of service. It would be interesting to know the contents of the beautiful box being presented to Frederick, but undoubtedly it was a thoughtful and welcome gift.

to buy several, but you might begin with Rutherford Platt's *River of Life*. It is a book filled with all kinds of fascinating information about so many different subjects."

There is something about the end of one year and the beginning of another that always makes me think in terms of time. Twenty-five years ago, 1979 seemed to be so far away, but here it is, and here I am, and here you are. Once more we have completed our annual trip around the sun, riding together on this spaceship *Earth*. How wonderful it is! Our trip around the sun during 1978 was a rough ride for some of us, and a smooth ride for many others, but rough or smooth, it was a good ride. You and I grew one year older, but no one grows old by living . . . only by losing interest in living. The more I learn about God's creation—about life, about nature—the more my interest grows.

Do you make New Year's resolutions? I do. Of course, I break them, too, but I do make them. The resolutions do for me what my Lenten Vows do; they are the interest I collect on my spiritual bank account. They must be accumulated before they are needed, but when they are needed, there is no substitute for them. For example, one of my resolutions for 1979 is to be quicker to speak kind words to strangers.

People who spend so much of a lifetime in the downtown, urban part of a big city sometimes become oblivious to the hundreds of persons around them all the time. It is so easy to walk down a busy city street and pass hundreds of people without ever actually seeing them. Well, this year I am going to really look at more of the people I pass. I am going to speak, and smile, and stop occasionally to visit. A Japanese proverb says, "One kind word can warm three winter months." When a kindness is

done to us, we are immediately warmed by it, and through the miracle of memory we are rewarmed each time we remember that kindness. This year of 1979 is going to find me giving more people some warm memories.

It was just twenty-four years ago this month of January that Betty and I were asked to visit our present church, the South Congregational Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, to consider whether or not we would be interested in working for it. All of our years here have been wonderful years filled with God's richest blessings, but they have not been easy ones. Some years have been harder than others, and certainly the year 1978 was one of those hard ones. It was the year when our church had the enormous cost of replacing its heating system, creating twelve months of noise, dirt and confusion. The original plan was to do the work in August and September, but when December came along, the work was still incomplete. There were days when the church was cold and the offices torn up, but all in all, things went better than we expected. At no time did we have a painful emergency—just slight anguish.

We managed to endure the sacrificial costs and frustrating confusion by practicing the good Christian custom of counting our blessings. Expensive and upsetting though the job was, God did help us to pay for it. During all the work, our church continued to be used for services and meetings without having to cancel even one. Since our church is busy seven days and seven nights a week, it was little short of miraculous that we got through 1978 as well as we did.

Do you want a good story to tell your family today? A few minutes ago, one of our church members called to tell me this story. It seems that during World War I, a village priest with a church near a large army camp was complaining to some of the officers and men about his tiny, Sunday morning congregations. Since the old man was well-liked by the military men who knew him, it was decided to cheer him up on New Year's Day by holding a special military church service.

When the troops reached the church, they were halted outside. The little church had room for only half of the men. Something had to be done, and the officer in charge was quick to react. "Sergeant," he ordered, "tell the men who don't want to go to church to fall out." A large number quickly availed themselves of the opportunity.

"Now, Sergeant," said the officer, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out, and march the others into church—they need it most!"

Happy New Year!

Sincerely,  
Frederick





## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

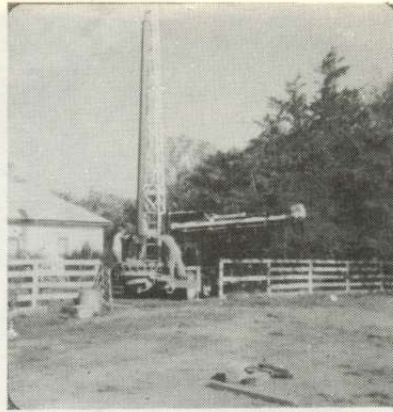
Dear Friends:

Another month has rolled around and it is time for me to sit down at the typewriter and write my letter to you. These are such busy days for me this is the only letter I manage to find time to write so my stack of "letters to be answered" keeps getting bigger and bigger. I sometimes wish I had a secretary. Since Frank's last illness I have been spending more time with him outside, helping with the chores so he won't have to expend quite so much energy. He thinks this is silly and tells me several times a day that my help is appreciated but unnecessary. I do it because I want to.

We made a few changes this year to make it a little easier for Frank to feed his cattle during the winter months. We all tease him about his spoiled cows that expect to be hand fed, but we have to admit he takes good care of them and the cows usually come through the winter looking good. Frank prefers to have early fall calves, so we have a lot of small ones running around.

Now that the bayou is frozen over and there is snow on the ground the ducks are staying closer to the house. With the hunting season open, we have a strange dog show up once in a while. One day recently when Frank went out early in the morning, he found several dead ducks in the yard and a friendly young bird dog. Since the dog had a collar and tags, Frank was able to track down the owner who graciously reimbursed us for the damage his dog had done. We have also been losing some chickens, but Frank thinks either a fox or a coyote is the culprit. Our dog was barking loudly before daylight the other morning, and when Frank went out to investigate he scared off something that ran faster than a dog.

While I am on the subject of animals, I have another story I want to tell. The last of the old-timers in this neighborhood, Bill Bell, died this fall and his farm has been sold, so a dispersal sale was held recently. One of the items sold at the sale was a fur lap robe, or buggy robe. We didn't go to this sale, but some of our friends were telling us about the robe and in what good condition it was. When they described the robe, Frank said it had to be old Charlie. Mr. and Mrs. Bell (the parents of Bill) had a beautiful horse named Charlie, a buggy horse. When Frank was about ten years old, Charlie died and the Bells had a robe made out of his hide. We have a picture of Mrs. Bell and her daughter in the buggy with Charlie in the harness. Since the robe



**Dorothy snapped this photo last fall when the new well was being dug on their farm near Lucas, Iowa.**

has to be over fifty years old, I thought this was quite an interesting story.

I had a nice long letter last summer from a good friend of mine, Virginia Miller, whose home is in Tacoma, Washington, where her husband, Dr. Lambert Miller, is a practicing physician. Virginia and I were school friends in Shenandoah where we both grew up. She leads a busy and active life doing volunteer work with two wonderful programs, Friend to Friend and Hospice. Virginia sent me a brochure about these programs. Somehow I have managed to mislay them, but maybe in a future letter I can tell you more about this work.

Virginia wrote that while visiting at the Cottesmore Nursing Home she became acquainted with, and visits often with, a lovely woman by the name of Grace Wilson Franz. Grace was 88 in June. During their conversations, Virginia learned Grace was born in Charter Oak, Iowa, but moved with her family to South Dakota when she was thirteen. Virginia isn't certain how Grace ever came to live in Washington, but she is a widow, has a large family of nine children, and because of her inability to walk and her blindness, she is in this most Christian-orientated, warm, loving and caring nursing home. Grace's children, in-laws, and grandchildren come to see her three and four times a week and she is greatly loved and cherished. Virginia discovered that some member of Grace's family reads every issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine to her from cover-to-cover. Also, Grace told Virginia that when her first child was born my mother sent her a pair of booties, and this is one of her most cherished memories. Virginia said Grace was really

### PRAYER

Oh, heavenly Father, protect me another year on the stormy sea of life.

There are many voyages yet to be made; But the waters are rough and my ship is very small. —Unknown

surprised when she found out that she knew all of our family and was a special friend of mine, and that far away from Iowa and Shenandoah, I can well imagine they were both a mite astounded by the flow of events that brought them together.

We recently had a short visit from our friend, Billie Oakley, and a friend of hers, Beth Conrad, of Omaha. Billie had called to say they were going to be passing through Lucas and wanted to know how to get to our house. I told her the simplest thing for her to do was to stop at my friend, Dorothea's, (she had been there before) and have Dorothea come with them to show them the way. Dorothea had just taken some fresh pecan rolls out of the oven, so she brought some of them along to go with coffee. Frank and Billie hadn't seen each other for at least 35 years. We were sorry they couldn't stay longer, but the weather forecast was bad and they thought they had better be heading home.

We have a brand-new cave door thanks to Glenn and Peggy Dyer. Frank had planned to get a new one made before cold weather but hadn't felt up to it, so while he was in the hospital Glenn made the door and Peggy painted it.

We appreciate our new well more and more each day. The well and big tank where Frank used to water the cows in the winter is quite a ways from the house and much time was required to pump it full of water, build a fire in the tank heater, and keep it going all the time. Now he just has to turn on the hydrant and step out to the barn lot to keep the fire going. For years Frank had a chain saw that was so heavy I couldn't help him with it, so two years ago this Christmas my gift to him was a light-weight one and I'll be able to help with this chore now. Gone are the days when we used to get up a big stack of wood and then have a wood-sawing.

Dorothea and I had our Birthday Club Christmas party this year. We had a luncheon because we both enjoy getting the food ready. For the centerpiece, we had a glass tree filled with colored tree ornaments. This used to be Mother's and having it on the table gave me a good feeling. Around this we had the shell frogs playing their band instruments which we offered not long ago as a premium. Dorothea used a Christmas tablecloth and napkins and our nut cups were red with miniature red and white canes fastened to them. We played bingo to get our gifts, and had several surprise gifts we gave in different ways. Dorothea's house looked most Christmasy and I think everyone had a good time. I know we did.

I'm going to have a cup of coffee with Frank and then take this to the post office so I won't miss my deadline . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy





## Great-Grandmother's Town House

by Harold R. Smith

My great-grandmother was a short, "fleshy" woman, due in part to the bountiful meals she and her family enjoyed to fortify their strength for their daily tasks. Brisk and efficient, she worked throughout the day and portions of the night creating an atmosphere of love and attention for her family.

Her home was a two-story farmhouse approached from a high road, down a narrow lane which crossed a small stream, and up the hill where it sat proudly surveying the fertile farmland. The front door, always unlocked, stood beneath a formal portico beckoning family and friends. On less formal occasions, a side door was used which opened from a dining room, making it convenient to walk to the barnyard, henhouse and garden. The usual rooms were downstairs and two bedrooms were upstairs, so arranged as to admit summer breezes on three sides, overlooking the kitchen wing, terrace and orchard. The house boasted gaslights, a unique feature in this area. While her neighbors trimmed wicks, refilled lamps and cleaned chimneys, Great-Grandmother turned a small valve to create bright, flickering lights in her numerous chandeliers, sconces and fixtures.

An independent spirit dwelt within Great-Grandmother for she had the ability to see business matters with great clarity. Looking back in retrospect, I think Great-Grandfather simply went along with her successful decisions, always taking part of the credit. If Great-Grandmother ever felt women should not engage in business, she never bothered discussing that fact; her talents, in her opinion, were simply constructive gifts. In addition to operating two farms, she owned another small one as well as a rented tenant house.

In those days, the chief mode of travel

was by carriage. Wagons were used to haul freight. Great-Grandmother looked the situation over, selected a lot near the railroad depot and had a *Livery Stable* constructed. Before the paint was dry, the door was open for business; her husband, son and a hired hand doing most of the work. Freight was hauled to stores from the railroad, passengers were picked up and delivered to hotels, and drummers, arriving with samples, were deposited at the hotel or at the offices of their business accounts.

After long days, my great-grandparents and uncle would drive to the farm in all weather conditions; snow, ice and rain. Eventually, the trip became sheer drudgery. During such a trip in a blustery snowstorm, Great-Grandmother had an idea that struck like lightning in a summer storm; she would build a town house!

If the village ladies discussed Great-Grandmother's latest venture over hot tea and crisp cookies, no one told her. Lots were purchased and someone designed a Victorian house as colorful as the era in which they lived. It was a one-story house with narrow high windows and at least one outside door in each room, so designed for safety in case of fire. (One room had two outside doors!) Art glass windows with ruby-red panes were the latest vogue and Great-Grandmother had one. Acid-etched scenes depicting rose bouquets and deer in forests added a distinctive touch to the doors. The piece de résistance was a generous porch, encircling half the house.

The house and porch were cluttered with carvings and when painted white resembled a huge wedding cake. Decorated with the then current mode of heavy furniture, the family enjoyed staying in town in extremes of weather (or simply because they wanted to!). A neighbor was hired to look after the

farms in the family's absence.

Four sugar maples were evenly planted across the front of the town house property by a man who owed Great-Grandmother money. Unable to pay his debt, Great-Grandmother asked him to plant maple trees from his farm in payment of his debt. The trees, in time, grew to maturity and displayed leaves of molten gold and garnet-red each autumn, to the delight of the community.

Several years later, Great-Grandmother's husband died after a lengthy illness. She sold the *Livery Stable* and returned permanently to her beloved farm. She rented the town house to various families, some of whom became lifelong friends. (Years later we found rent receipts: \$4.00; city taxes of 37¢.) During this time a spark from the chimney ignited shingles on the roof which required one bucket of water to extinguish the flames.

Great-Grandmother spent her remaining years keeping busy with her garden, flower beds and chickens. The old orchard was a favorite place when her heart grew heavy. When the apple blossoms drifted onto the moisture-sparked grass of early morning, her cares faded as quickly as the dew in the rays of spring's sun. Dark-red strawberries produced fruits of unusual sweetness and the harvest continued, in season, with peaches, grapes and the apples of autumn. The quiet beauty of the orchard blanketed in snows of winter gave her heart calm when needed.

During this idyllic period, the town house was willed to a granddaughter who lived there for many years. When the house was no longer needed by her, it was rented for a time and later sold to a contractor who, after salvaging the architectural oddments for sale to collectors, had the house razed.

Two new houses are located on the land today. Two of the sugar maples remain, standing as they have for over a century, a reminder of a debt justly paid. Autumn sunrays still filter through the gold and red leaves, creating a dense canopy, and in the winter the trees lift gaunt outlines against the sky similar to those of past years at Great-Grandmother's town house.



### REMEMBER GOD

When trouble comes as it does to us all, Remember that God is waiting for your call.

May your faith in Him keep your courage high.

He is just a prayer away; He is always nigh.

With the love of God in your heart every day,

Your cares and troubles will soon fade away. —Irene Van Dame





## PAUL SENDS A MESSAGE FROM FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

Thinking back, I find that I can't remember when I last wrote you. Dutifully, my mother, Mary Beth, and sisters, Katharine and Adrienne, have kept you aware of my existence.

So without further ado . . . this is my life. At the moment, I am hiding in my dining room as protection from the 85-degree heat in late fall in Florida. I am finding it increasingly difficult to accustom myself to the eternal summertime of Florida. At least the oranges seem to enjoy it; they are just ripening and are filling the dark green groves with color.

As you know, I moved to the Sunshine State in May at the close of my second year at Marquette University. My parents and I decided that a short break from scholastic efforts would be good for me in order to give me some time to decide what I want to do with my life. Before coming down, I secured a job with Walt Disney World driving one of their famous monorails. I never dreamed I would some day be working for a company built by a mouse! What is that saying about "the best laid plans of mice and men"? It never ceases to amaze me when I think of the magnitude of what Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse have created here.

I am now in my sixth month of work and in that time I have learned many more practical and vital lessons living on my own than in all my fifteen years of mental gymnastics in school. Among these lessons I have learned, the hard way, that my parents really were right, money really doesn't grow on trees, and it requires a lot of tender loving care. My accounts payable almost always outnumber my accounts receivable.

Right now I am in the throes of a not-so-minor disaster. Last week, while driving one of my roommates to the bank, a girl in a white van, going about 40 m.p.h., ran a stop light and plowed into the driver's side of my car. Needless to say, the cute little Chevette my parents bought for me was but a fly to her fly-swatter of a van. By some miraculous act of God, Bret, my roommate and passenger, escaped uninjured. Only a few stitches were required to put me back together. My car, however, was a total loss and I now find myself without transportation of any kind. I can't work because, while "onstage" at Disney World, you can't have any visible sutures! Luckily, I had already set aside enough



Paul Driftmier (center) relaxes with two friends after a busy day at Disney World.

money to cover my bills which are due this week, however, it's going to be pretty slim pickin's for the next few weeks.

My insurance will pay for a new car, pay my hospital and ambulance fees and compensate me for the time I lost at work. Anyone who says that insurance companies are a ripoff, eat your words. From an investment of \$318, I got a return of well over \$3,000. That's almost a 1000% return on an investment.

Never again will I allow myself to be underinsured. However, I have now developed a healthy respect for big cars and a downright paranoia of sub-compacts.

Enough meditation on these dour subjects. I am eagerly anticipating a well-earned, paid vacation from Disney World. I am planning a short trip back up to Wisconsin to visit my family and friends there who I miss so much. I don't know how cold it gets in Florida in

January, but I certainly know what to expect from the skies of Wisconsin in the dead of winter. Believe me, it will be quite a change.

I am sharing my apartment with three other guys, Bret, Greg and Dennis. Bret has been here three months and works as a lifeguard at Disney. Dennis and Greg just moved in and both work at Disney. Greg and I have the most in common of the four of us: we are both from the North, we both work monorails, and Greg like myself, is taking a short respite from collegiate activities. He attended one year at Purdue University in Indiana, my mother's alma mater. With all these factors in common, we find that we relate quite well to each other.

At last this tropical heat is getting the better of me, so I'm going to take a short swim in the pool and attend to some obligations I have.

Until next time,  
Paul Driftmier



## NOW HEAR THIS!

The KITCHEN-KLATTER radio program each weekday during 1979 over one of the following radio stations:

<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
<b>KSIS</b>	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
<b>KLIK</b>	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial—9:30 a.m.
<b>KHAS</b>	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—11:00 a.m.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
<b>KVSH</b>	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
<b>KSMN</b>	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
<b>KMA</b>	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
<b>KWPC</b>	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
<b>KCOB</b>	Newton, Ia., 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
<b>KOAM</b>	Pittsburg, Ks., 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.



## QUILT TABOOS AND SUPERSTITIONS

by  
Erma Reynolds

Do you knock on wood and refuse to walk under ladders? This means you're superstitious, and will probably be interested in taboos and superstitions that have been woven around some of the old quilt patterns.

It was a definite taboo for a quilter to make an exact copy of a quilt design created by another quilter, which probably explains why so many varied quilt designs have been handed down.

A superstitious quilt maker would often deliberately spoil the symmetry of a design. This was to prevent an imitation of God's perfection, and thus provoke His divine wrath.

In Hawaii, where beautiful appliqué quilts have been made, it was strictly forbidden that while the appliqué design was being basted to a quilt, any one but the quilter sit on the coverlet.

The pineapple motif, one of the most favored of Colonial quilt designs, was considered a good luck symbol and sign of hospitality.

Unfortunately, the swastika design gained ill-repute through Hitler's use of it, but in the olden days of our country, this design was held in high regard, being a symbol of good luck.

Superstition and taboo applied to the "Wandering Foot" pattern. The superstition had it if a little boy slept under a quilt with this design he would develop a discontented disposition and desire to roam. Because of this belief, the taboo ruled that no young child should be allowed to sleep under this quilt's harmful influence. Then someone, probably a housewife with a lack of quilts, got the bright idea of changing the design name to "Turkey Tracks". This renaming supposedly removed the evil effect, and made the quilt safe to use.

When a boy reached his 21st birthday, he was given a "Freedom Quilt" to indicate he had "come of age". His mother invited his girl friends and young girls of the neighborhood to a birthday supper. These guests arrived soon after twelve o'clock, and during the afternoon worked busily, piecing together a quilt top which often included patriotic motifs in its design. The quilt was then laid aside until the young man was about to be married, at which time he presented the "Freedom Quilt" to his fiancée as his gift to her dowry chest.

There were numerous and charming superstitions regarding the "Bride's Quilt". In the early days, the dowry chest of a girl was supposed to contain thirteen quilts. The first quilt was begun when she was a child, with each coverlet increasing in intricacy through the twelfth. The thirteenth, the "Bride's Quilt", was not

designed and quilted until the girl became engaged, the belief being that dire consequences might occur if a girl started her "Bride's Quilt" before she became engaged.

Designs included in this bridal quilt had symbolic meanings, with hearts and doves usually appearing, the heart designating romantic love, and the dove marital happiness. It was considered bad luck to use the heart motif on any of the other quilts until the girl was engaged. A pineapple design was often included, this signifying good luck and lots of friends for the newlyweds.

It was also believed to be bad luck for the engaged lass to do any of the quilting stitching on her bridal quilt, so when guests were invited to a bee to quilt a girl's "top", it was the equivalent of our modern-day engagement announcement party. At some of these bees, each guest made an individual block for the quilt on which she embroidered her name as a remembrance token for the bride-to-be.

One lovely superstition of the "Bride's Quilt" was to have the prospective groom draw a design of his sweetheart's favorite flower to be used as a special block. Every stitch of this pattern was sewn by the bride-to-be. No one was allowed to copy it, and after the "Bride's Quilt" was finished, this "Groom's Pattern" was destroyed.

## SOUTH CHURCH POETRY

My son walks determinedly toward the water.

Behind him: footprints.

They remain clear and bold in the damp sand.

In these transient monuments there is no hint of how unsure and wobbly are the little legs that made them.

Onward he strides, pulled by some hidden magnet. Then, as if suddenly aware of the vastness of this space and the timeless horizon, he turns.

Searching, now smiling, he comes back to the sheltering circle of my waiting arms.

Father, I am aware of the vast space of my life and my responsibility to fill it with your work.

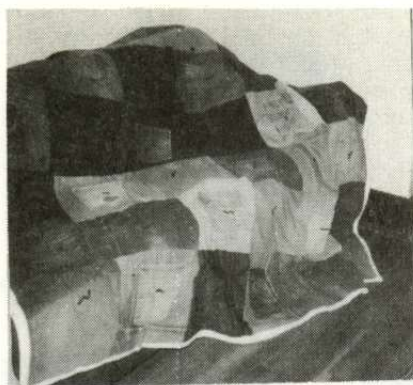
Lay your hands on me; send me your Spirit to give me strength and comfort.

We are small, my son and I, in this world of beach and ocean.

But we could be giants: the sun, setting behind us, stretches our shadows far across the sand.

Thank you, Father.

—Mary Lea Driftmier Palo



## A USEFUL QUILT

For a really warm, useable quilt, cut 12-inch squares from worn-out discarded denim jeans. Every other square should be cut in such a way that one of the jean pockets is included. The more worn the fabric, the more interesting the completed quilt will be.

Cut the numbers of squares needed for the size quilt desired—I won't give the number of squares as there are so many different sizes of beds nowadays that people would no doubt want different sizes. Sew the squares together on the sewing machine.

Denim material is heavy, so no need for a batting with this quilt, which cuts down on the cost immensely. For the backing, purchase a flannel sheet-blanket. Put the quilt top on the backing and overlap the flannel toward the front so as to form a binding. (I used a white sheet-blanket so the binding on my denim quilt is white.) Tie once, or as many times as desired, in the center of each square, both the plain ones and those which have the pockets. Red knitting worsted yarn is heavy and bright for making the firm, perky bows.

Everyone who has seen my quilt is crazy about it. It is admittedly not the kind of quilt you might enter in a fair or a quilting contest, but for a serviceable use for old jeans, it is terrific. Special uses could include a boy's bedspread, a college student's bed, couch or chair cover, a car robe or a quilt to carry to a sporting event to sit on or tuck around chilled legs.

If you have no old jeans at your disposal, as was my case, go to rummage, community and garage sales. I talked to the persons in charge and told them that I was looking for old, tacky jeans to cut up for quilts. I told them I didn't feel like spending any more than ten or fifteen cents for something I was just planning to cut up. Most often they sold me all I wanted for 10¢ a pair. It does help, I might add, if you go to the sale after it has been in progress for several hours. The salespeople are then anxious to clear out as much as they can.

—Jean Holt



## SOCIAL OBLIGATION #49: THE BABY SHOWER

by  
Bob Birkbox

For months a friend of mine has been afflicted with pregnancy, and as the time draws near for her to cash in her chips, the mystique of impending motherhood is bringing forth baby showers. Friends gather to rain upon her all manner of infantile accouterments, eat nuts and little mints, and get themselves duly recorded the next morning in the society pages of the local paper.

The other day I found in my mailbox an engraved invitation to such a shower. I say "found" since it may well have been left there by accident. Had the hostess known me better, she would never have invited me. Had I known what I would have to go through, I would never have accepted.

Now, I have nothing against babies, red and squirmy though they may be. I was once one myself, but managed to recover.

And sometimes having one around can be an advantage. Let's say you are wandering around downtown trying to meet girls. If you have a dog on a leash, girls might come over to pet him and talk to you, and then again they might not. But they'll never miss a chance to scratch a babe behind the ears, and as soon as you can convince them the child is not yours—"Just holding it for a friend, actually"—you can gather phone numbers and addresses and be set for the evening.

Unfortunately, I'd had neither dog nor child on my last trip downtown, and thus had no date for the night of the shower. So I accepted the invitation and went off to the local shopping mall to harvest a gift. It was raining and I, dateless, was depressed.

The store was the Baby's Bottom Boutique. I went in, the door resounding with some kind of pre-two-year-old tinkling of chimes and bells, and a high school girl clerk, who obviously had no more understanding of babies than I did, flitted over.

"Hi! Hi! Hi!" she sang, apparently enjoying the lyrics.

"Hi, yerself," I grumbled, and pulled my damp hat down firmly so my ears crinkled over in empathetic tribute to my general malaise.

"Can I help you?" she asked, her face awash with Baby's Bottom Boutique cheer and good will. "Can I help you? Can I . . ."

"All right!" I shouted, hoping to cut her off before she really got into the rhythm of the thing. "Help me! I've got to go to this baby shower. I've got to take a gift. I don't have much coin. Take it from there."

And take it she did. Soon she had laid



This cheerful little boy is Gabriel Trollinger, for whom the spoon in Bob's story was purchased.

out an ominous array of divider plates you can plug into electrical outlets, leaded crystal bottles, blankets with the obligatory duckies and bunnies, socklets and booties, crib mobiles to amaze the blank mind, diaper pails emblazoned with American flags ("Left over from the Bicentennial, you know, you know, you know . . ." chanted the girl), and an assortment of expensive but unidentifiable apparatuses I didn't care to understand.

"You got anything normal?" I asked her. "Something useful like, oh, a spoon?"

"Spoon? Spoon? Spoon?" I could tell she was ready to break into a Moon/June/Swoon tap dance routine next time the vamp came around, so I acted swiftly.

"Yes, a spoon. Get me a spoon. Don't talk. I am losing control quickly, so don't say another word. Just get me a spoon."

She brought out this contraption the likes of which I've never seen in the free world. There was a bowl on that spoon big enough to knead dough in. Big enough to bowl a 300 game out at Rainbow Lanes. Big enough for Hollywood Bowl with the Henry Mancini orchestra and chorus.

And the handle! The thing made one of the nicest Immelmann turns a Fokker pilot could ever wish to see. Up, up, up it soared, then arched gracefully over onto its back and nose-dived downward and into itself. Foobah! Some spoon, let me tell you, and only a buck.

"I'll take it!" I shouted, happy to be done with the whole cursed quest. "Wrap that turkey up."

"Sir," whispered the girl, "sir, may I speak now? There's a 50¢ charge for wrapping each purchase . . . a 50¢ charge . . . a 50¢ charge . . ."

"Put it in a bag, then!" I cried. "Bag that

Immelmann spoon, that veritable dogfight of strained prune future, that craft which freighted with needed supplies for the masses will wing its way through the flack and flailing red and squirmy hands into that pink mouth-hanger, zoom! Isn't that good? Azoomm! Full of vitamins! Aazoommm!!! Make you grow tall and strong! Aazzoommm!!! Eat, child, eat for all that is good, for the duckies and bunnies, for the home team, for the . . ."

Somehow I got out of there before I hurt myself with a nipple brush or something, and by the time I got home, I'd pretty much recovered my senses.

After all of that, the shower itself was a little anticlimactic. We all sat around and talked about babies. One woman had even brought a real one with her, though it couldn't get its eyes to focus on anything and had very little of interest to say. It reminded me a great deal of the girl in the Baby's Bottom Boutique.

(Continued on page 20)

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# RECIPES



## HEARTY BEAN SOUP

- 2 lbs. small navy beans
- 4 quarts hot beef stock or water
- 1 1/2 lbs. smoked ham hocks
- 1 potato, cubed
- 1 carrot, chopped
- 1 onion, chopped
- Butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper

Soak beans overnight. Drain and put in pot with water or beef stock and ham hocks. Cook 3-4 hours. Braise onion in butter or margarine. Add along with potato and carrot to beans. Salt and pepper to taste. Cook until done.

—Betty Jane

## ORIENTAL CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 4 chicken breasts, stewed in salted water
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 1 can mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1 #2 can bean sprouts, drained
- 1 small can cashews, chopped
- 1 pint sour cream
- Crushed potato chips

Cut chicken into large chunks; mix with remaining ingredients except potato chips. Place in large baking dish and sprinkle crushed potato chips on top. Bake, uncovered, at 325 degrees for about 40 minutes. Serves 8-10.

—Donna Nenneman

## COOK & CARRY MAPLE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 1 cup quick or old-fashioned rolled oats
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1/3 cup finely chopped nuts

Beat together the butter or margarine and brown sugar until light and fluffy. Blend in eggs and flavorings; mix well. Sift together flour, salt and soda. Add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk, mixing well after each addition. Stir in rolled oats. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Combine butterscotch chips and nuts; sprinkle over top of batter. Bake in 350-degree oven about 30-35 minutes. Cool.

—Evelyn

## SPECIAL SAUSAGE SNACKS

- 1 lb. good grade bulk sausage
- 1 lb. soft process cheese, diced
- 1/8 tsp. oregano
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- Party rye bread

Brown sausage in skillet. Drain. Stir in cheese. Heat over low flame, stirring, until cheese melts. Blend in oregano, dressing and garlic powder. Spread on pieces of party rye bread. (These should be the small-size pieces, but can be halved or quartered, if necessary, to make finger-size snack sandwiches.) Place on cooky sheet. Heat in 400-degree oven until cheese is bubbly, or until hot through. Serve immediately. (These can be frozen before or after baking, then reheated.)

—Hallie

## SAVORY SPINACH CASSEROLE

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped spinach, cooked and drained
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Combine softened cream cheese and milk, mixing until well blended. Place spinach in greased one-quart casserole. Top with cream cheese mixture. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes.

—Betty Jane

## DILLY CASSEROLE BREAD

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1 cup lukewarm cottage cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. margarine, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. dill seed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2 1/4 to 2 1/2 cups flour

Dissolve yeast in the warm water. Combine with warm cottage cheese. (To heat cottage cheese, place container of cottage cheese in bowl of hot water until warm.) Combine the beaten egg, sugar, onion, margarine, flavoring, dill seed, salt and soda. Add to yeast-cottage cheese mixture. Gradually, add enough flour to make a stiff dough. Let rise in warm place until double. Work down. Place in greased 8-inch casserole and let rise again. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-50 minutes. Brush with butter and turn out of casserole.

—Betty Jane

## SAUSAGE-CAULIFLOWER CASSEROLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cauliflower
- 12 ozs. brown-and-serve sausage links
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs

Cook cauliflower as directed on package; drain. Brown sausages lightly; keep warm. Remove any grease from skillet. Add butter or margarine, flour and salt. Blend. Gradually stir in milk and continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly, about five minutes. Remove from heat and add cheese, Worcestershire sauce. Stir until cheese melts. Place half of the sausage links in bottom of 1 1/2-quart baking dish. Add cauliflower, remaining sausage links and then cover with the cheese sauce. Top with bread crumbs. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes or until cheese is bubbly.

—Hallie

## KIDS' KORN CHIP CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 cups crushed corn chips
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt (optional)
- 2 cups cooked tomatoes
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. oregano (optional)
- 1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- Cheese for topping

Brown ground beef. Drain off excess fat. Add crushed corn chips and salt and pepper to taste. (Corn chips are a little salty, so use a light hand when seasoning until you can taste the results.) Spoon into casserole. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over ground beef mixture. Top with grated cheese or cheese slices. More crushed corn chips can also be used for the topping for texture. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. When ready to serve, shred lettuce over top of casserole, or serve on the side. Extra tomato sauce can also be served if desired. The spices are optional; this is a wonderful kids' dish, but if children are not accustomed to garlic and oregano it may be wise to add just a pinch or two until they get used to such spices.

If prepared in quantity for the freezer, do not add the corn chips until mixture is thawed and ready for the oven.

—Evelyn



**SALMON CASSEROLE**

- 1 can salmon, flaked
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1 cup bread cubes
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper

Combine all ingredients. Put in shallow casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. —Dorothy

**EASY NOODLES**

- 1 stick boughten pie dough
- 1 egg, well beaten
- Flour

Combine pie dough and well-beaten egg. Add enough flour to make a very stiff dough. Roll out and cut very fine. Boil until tender.

**MAYNARD'S CHOCOLATE CAKE**

- 2 1/2 squares baking chocolate
- 1/2 cup plus 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Melt chocolate over hot water. Cream butter and sugar well and add melted chocolate. Add salt and soda to sifted flour. Add flour mixture and buttermilk alternately to creamed mixture. Add eggs and flavorings. Beat well. Pour into two 8-inch pans which have had the bottoms greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees until cake tests done, approximately 35 minutes.

**Chocolate Frosting**

- 2 1/2 squares baking chocolate
- 1/2 cup plus 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 lb. powdered sugar

Melt chocolate over hot water. Cream butter or margarine, salt and flavorings. Add eggs, melted chocolate and powdered sugar. If frosting is a little stiff, add a few drops of brewed coffee.

This recipe came from Topeka, Kansas, where the Maynard's were famous for food. They have had a chocolate shop, a restaurant, a couple of coffee shops, and a bakery. After retiring, Mrs. Maynard scaled down some of her famous recipes to family size. This chocolate cake and frosting can now be made in our own homes.

—Evelyn

**CORN PUDDING**

- 2 cups whole kernel corn
- 1 cup cream (or half-and-half)
- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Salt and pepper to taste

Cheese, if desired for topping

Combine all ingredients except cheese. Pour into buttered baking dish. Top with cheese, if desired. Place dish in larger pan on oven rack and pour hot water around the dish until halfway up the side (just as you prepare to cook baked custard). Bake at 325 degrees for about one hour or until a table knife comes out clean when inserted in the center.

This dish may be made with fresh corn cut from the cob, frozen corn or well-drained canned whole kernel corn.

—Evelyn

**TUNA-RICE CASSEROLE**

- 1 6- or 7-oz. can tuna, drained
- 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. diced pimientos
- 1/2 of 10 3/4-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- Bread crumbs

Combine tuna, rice, celery, onion and pimientos. Blend soup, milk and cheese. Heat. Stir into tuna mixture. Season to taste. Turn into a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake at 375 degrees for about 20 minutes or until hot and bubbly.

—Dorothy

**BUTTERY CHEESE SNACK**

- 1 egg white, beaten to foamy
  - 1/2 cup butter, softened
  - 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
  - 1/2 to 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
  - Sandwich bread slices, trimmed
- Combine egg white, softened butter, garlic salt and grated cheese. Blend well. Spread filling between three slices of bread; stack one on top of the other. Cut each into four lengths. This makes long "ribbon-type" sandwiches with three layers of bread and two of filling in each finger sandwich. Wrap in foil and refrigerate overnight. Bake 12-15 minutes in 400-degree oven. Serve hot.

These may be frozen by placing strips on cooky sheet (be certain they do not touch) and freeze until firm. Stored in the freezer in an air-tight plastic bag, these tiny finger sandwiches can be taken out in any quantity desired, put in a single layer on a cooky sheet and baked as directed. Great for make-ahead or emergency treats for unexpected company.

—Hallie

**ESPECIALLY GOOD LEMON DESSERT**

- 1 stick margarine
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Combine and pat into bottom of 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes if using a metal pan—325 if using glass pan. Cool.

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup whipped topping
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 regular-size pkgs. instant lemon pudding mix
- 2 3/4 cups milk

Beat cream cheese and sugar. Fold in whipped topping. Let set 15 minutes before spreading on cooled first layer. Beat together the lemon flavoring, pudding mix and milk. Pour over cream cheese layer. Top with additional whipped topping. Chill.

This is an excellent club dessert.

**APRICOT SWEET POTATOES**

- 1 1/2 cups dried apricots
- 2 18-oz. cans sweet potatoes
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cook apricots as directed on package. Drain. With electric mixer on low speed mash apricots. Beat in sweet potatoes, milk, eggs, butter or margarine, salt and flavorings. Whip with mixer until light and fluffy. Bake in a greased casserole at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serve hot.

If desired, save 5 or 6 apricot halves to garnish top of casserole. Also, a few dots of butter can be placed on top before baking.

—Hallie

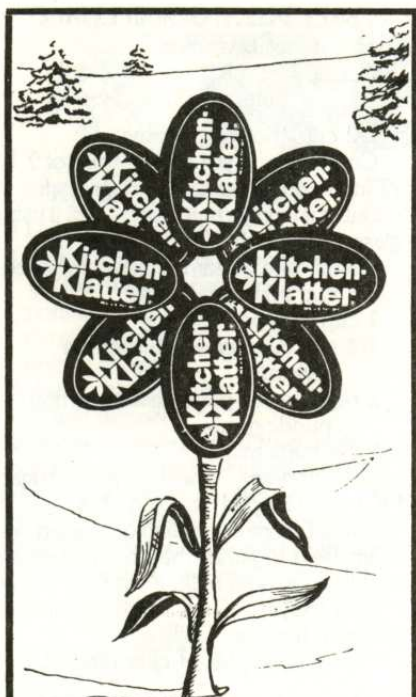
**CHICKEN DIJON**

- 2 3-lb. frying chickens, quartered
- Salt and pepper
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. Dijon mustard
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can chicken broth (or make your own)
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped fresh parsley

Sprinkle chicken pieces with salt and pepper. In large skillet, melt butter or margarine. Brown chicken pieces slowly on all sides. In small bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Pour over chicken pieces in skillet. Simmer, turning pieces occasionally, for about 40 minutes or until tender. Remove chicken to platter. Continue cooking juices until thick. Pour thickened juices over chicken.

—Betty Jane





## IT'S JUNE IN JANUARY

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### SWISS-ALMOND-CHICKEN SANDWICH SPREAD

- 1 cup shredded cooked chicken
- 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 1/2 cup sliced almonds
- 2 Tbls. chopped green onion
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- Dash of pepper
- Pinch of salt

Combine and let set several hours in refrigerator to blend flavors. Spread on bread or crackers. —Betty Jane

### BLACK BOTTOM PIE

#### Crust

- 1 1/2 cups fine vanilla wafer crumbs
- 6 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Combine and press evenly in bottom and sides of 9-inch pie pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

#### Filling

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 cups milk
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 3 Tbls. cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 1-oz. sq. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In a saucepan, combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Beat egg yolks slightly; blend in milk. Add to sugar mixture and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Remove 1 cup custard mixture and set aside.

Soften gelatin in the cold water; add to hot mixture in saucepan. Stir to dissolve. Add 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring and the black walnut flavoring. Chill until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from spoon. Combine melted chocolate, 1/4 tsp. vanilla flavoring and the reserved 1 cup of custard. Spread over bottom of baked and cooled wafer crust.

#### Topping

- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped and sweetened

Grated chocolate, for garnish

Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until foamy. Add sugar, 1 Tbls. at a time, beating until very stiff peaks form. Fold the chilled portion of custard mixture into meringue. Spread over chocolate mixture in pie shell. Chill at least three hours.

Within 30 minutes of serving time, spread whipped cream evenly over pie. Garnish with grated chocolate.

—Lucile

### CREAMED ONION CASSEROLE

- 3 1-lb. cans small white onions, drained
- 1 1/2 cups thick cream sauce
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup chopped salted peanuts
- 1 cup buttered bread crumbs

Arrange half of the onions in bottom of greased casserole. Prepare cream sauce using your favorite recipe. Add mustard and nutmeg to cream sauce. Layer chopped peanuts, cream sauce and remaining onions in casserole. Top with the buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 425 degrees for 25 minutes. —Dorothy

### BAKED SQUASH CASSEROLE

- 4 cups cooked winter squash, mashed
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 4 Tbls. brown sugar
- 4 Tbls. sweet or dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of nutmeg
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup blanched, slivered toasted almonds

Set aside about 1/4 cup of the almonds. Combine all remaining ingredients. Put into a well-greased casserole. Sprinkle remaining almonds over top. Bake at 375 degrees for about 40 minutes. This is a good casserole for a company meal. —Dorothy

### SPECIAL BANANA-COCONUT CAKE

- 1 pkg. coconut-almond frosting mix
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 4 eggs
- 2 large bananas
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

1 2-layer size yellow cake mix

Combine frosting mix, rolled oats, butter or margarine, butter and coconut flavorings in saucepan. Melt over moderate heat, stirring, until butter melts and mixture is crumbly. Set aside. Beat eggs in large bowl. Beat in bananas, sour cream and banana flavoring. Add cake mix and beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Spoon half the batter into a well-greased 10-inch tube pan or bundt pan. Sprinkle 1 cup of the crumb mixture over this first batter layer. Continue with batter and crumbs and end with a crumb mixture topping. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool upright in pan for about 15 minutes. Remove from pan and turn cake so crumb mixture is on top, if desired. A light glaze can be added if cake is served with crumb mixture on the bottom.

—Evelyn

Adv. — "I start reading the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine the day it arrives and read it from cover to cover. No other magazine is like it."

—Mrs. M.G., Gower, Mo.



## MEET OUR STAFF



**Evelyn Birkby**

For over 23 years, Evelyn Birkby has been a part of the Kitchen-Klatter "family". In July of 1955, Evelyn began writing a feature article each month for the magazine. The following year, when Leanna Driftmier was vacationing in California and Lucile had unexpected surgery, Evelyn came to "pinch hit" with the radio broadcasting and has continued to fill in whenever she is needed. In February of 1977, she began helping with the editing of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

Evelyn, the second child of the Rev. and Mrs. C. M. Corrie, was born in Springfield, Illinois. When she was three years old the family moved to Madrid, Iowa. Moving around, as Methodist ministers' families seem to do, Evelyn and her sister, Ruth, soon became used to the pattern of packing up and going to a new community to become acquainted with a different group of fine people.

"It became an exciting pattern," Evelyn explained. "My parents always emphasized the happy part of moving and getting to know new people and making more friends. We enjoyed the challenge of getting settled in a different house and adjusting to a new school system."

After graduating from high school in Sidney, Iowa, Evelyn attended Simpson College in Indianola, Iowa, for two years. Armed with a brand-new teacher's certificate, she taught third grade in the Carlisle and Tripoli, Iowa, school systems.

Evelyn changed professions after her father's death, going to Waterloo, Iowa, as Director of Religious Education in the Grace Methodist Church. Two years later she moved to Chicago, Illinois, to become Director of Youth Activities at the First Methodist Church (Chicago Temple). While in Chicago, Evelyn completed the studies for her college

degree.

Robert Birkby, a high school friend from Sidney days, returned to Evelyn's life during one of her vacations to visit her mother who lived in Shenandoah. They were married in 1946. At that time Robert was a Boy Scout Executive for several counties in southwest Iowa. He resigned to attend Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa, and then went into farming south of Farragut. They moved to Sidney, Iowa, some 23 years ago when Robert became Executive Director for the Fremont County ASCS.

Robert and Evelyn's first child, Dulcie Jean, was born in 1947. She died in 1953 at the age of 5½ from a sudden viral infection which was never diagnosed. Bob was born in January of 1950 and is now in his third year as an instructor of English at Southwest Missouri State University, Springfield, Missouri. Jeff was born in February of 1954 and is currently working on his master's degree in Ecology at Montana State University, Bozeman, Montana. Craig, born in December of 1955, recently started medical school at the University of Iowa.

We asked Evelyn to tell us of something that made her particularly happy. She told us how grateful she has been through the years that Robert encouraged her to write and broadcast. In 1949, she began a weekly column for the *Shenandoah Evening Sentinel*, and in 1950 developed her own radio program over Radio Station KMA in Shenandoah. Two years later, Evelyn decided her family and home needed more attention, so she stopped her full-time radio broadcasting.

Evelyn's outside interests have been many and varied through the years. Presently, she teaches a junior high class in the Sidney church and is a member of

the National Board of Managers of Communications for the United Methodist Church. She is a member of the Iowa State Judicial Nominating Commission and has recently been appointed by Iowa Governor Ray to a new Iowa Rural Community Development Committee. Hobbies include reading, needlepoint, sewing for her sons, cooking, square dancing, camping, and hiking "when the family will take me along!"

Life continues to be challenging and exciting for Evelyn. "Through my work I've found an extension of my life in a parsonage where I made new friends, and an opportunity to continue to be with people just as I did with my teaching and church work; the finest people I know listen to the Kitchen-Klatter radio program and read the magazine. I feel so fortunate that Leanna invited me to become part of Kitchen-Klatter and Lucile continues to encourage me to develop and use whatever talents I may have."

Evelyn's cheerful smile as she spoke let us know she really is happy doing the work with the Kitchen-Klatter "family", even after almost 24 years.

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

Through the years, readers of our local newspaper have been enjoying a Monday homemaker column called "From the Kitchen Window" by Miriam (Miriam Baker Nye) which appears in the farm weekly section. We have come to know her family. We've appreciated her handy, practical ideas for cooking and housekeeping, and her thought-provoking opinions and advice. So it was sadness her readers felt when her husband, Carl Baker, was killed in a freak auto accident in 1970.

Through the maze of needs and worries that developed, Miriam worked through her own sorrow to write *But I Never Thought He'd Die* with the subtitle *Practical Help for Widows* (The Westminster Press, \$4.95). Conversation and correspondence with other widows, as well as graduate study at the University of South Dakota, helped her in writing this guide to widowhood.

She deals with issues a widow must face: working through her grief, helping the family do the same, settling her husband's estate, functioning as a single parent, handling finances, and reorganizing her life as a single person. Looking back, she could see the stages of her own grief as: (1) shock and numbness, (2) disorganization, and (3) reorganization.

The author writes, "Knowing the expected phases and recognizing where



Mrs. Miriam Baker Nye, homemaker columnist from Menville, Iowa, has written a book on practical help for widows called *But I Never Thought He'd Die*.

one is in the process can be helpful in terms of both reassurance and motivation toward life's new patterning."

On the mature use of prayer she writes, "The quality of your prayer life reveals the degree of awareness you have concerning your own special needs in widowhood. It is also a good indicator of the extent of your progress through grief toward a steady state. Perhaps you have surprised yourself (in praying) by leaving off complaints, and thanking God for years of fulfilling marriage, for children, for employment, for daily strength, for all the blessings you can count. Perhaps you have progressed past informing God of where and how he is needed to being grateful for his dependable presence in every aspect of life."

*But I Never Thought He'd Die* tells

how a widow can create a satisfying new life for herself and will be of interest to widows, physicians, friends, their families, and all who would help them. (Check with your bookstore about this practical book for widows by Miriam Baker Nye. Ask them to order a copy for you. If there is not a bookstore available near you, write The Westminster Press, 905 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107 and include check or money order for \$4.95 per copy, 50¢ postage and handling, and sales tax if applicable.)

Attending the autographing party for Miriam Baker Nye was a thrill for me, as our friendship has grown over the years. I noted her special thoughts for several book buyers, as well as Miriam's second husband, the Rev. John Nye, proudly snapping pictures of his wife on this very important day—the launching of her book.

Here's a roundup of new books for children: *Me and My Family Tree* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$6.95) by Paul Showers is a fine book that presents basic science information written with understanding of how children think. He explains just what a family tree is and how you inherit certain characteristics from your ancestors. He writes of the monk Gregor Mendel and how his discoveries contributed to our understanding of the traits we humans pass down. For now and future generations!

Margaret Tarrant was one of the finest children's illustrators of the period between the Wars, but it is now over sixty years since her delightful books first appeared. Now available are Margaret Tarrant's *Fairy Tales* (Thomas Y. Crowell, \$6.95) with the old favorites—*The Three Bears*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Beauty and the Beast*, as well as her *Nursery Rhymes* (Thomas Y. Crowell, \$6.95) with all the best-loved traditional verses. Just the present for a grandchild, or your own son or daughter.

### ALL ABOUT SNOW

1. Children build them as a winter sport. (Snowmen)
2. A cozy winter song. ("Let It Snow, Let It Snow")
3. A movie about a mountain in Africa. ("Snows of Kilimanjaro")
4. A girl in a fairy story. (Snow White)
5. A kind of bird. (Snow bunting)
6. A song about a winter character. ("Frosty, the Snowman")
7. A game played by children falling in snow. (Snow angels)
8. Emerson wrote a poem about it. ("The Snowstorm")
9. Popular with children in the summertime. (Snow cones)
10. Often happens in the country in the winter. (Snowbound) —Evelyn Lyon

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## SWEDISH IVY

by  
VaDonna Jean Leaf

Swedish ivy (*Plectranthus australis*) is a house plant that grows beautifully in a hanging basket. I receive many compliments on mine. The plant has a lush green color. The interesting leaves are rather thick and have pretty scalloped edges. Occasionally, a small flower spike develops. The tiny flowerets are a lavender-pink color.

My start of Swedish ivy was given to me by a friend. It can be purchased in little pots in most nurseries or flower shops. One variety has glossy green leaves; the variegated Swedish ivy has interesting light- and dark-patterned leaves. Swedish ivy in fact, is not a true ivy, but is a member of the mint family, *Labiatae*.

I planted five slips in my basket, one in the center and four around the outside edges. It grows rapidly, cascading over the basket like a tumbling waterfall. I make the plant grow bushy by pinching off the ends of some of the branches. I also prune the plant to a pleasing shape. I root these "prunings" to make new plants.

Swedish ivy likes light, but not too much direct sunlight or the leaves turn pinkish-red and take on a scalded or sunburned look. I water my plant whenever the soil feels dry when I poke a finger into it a little way. Occasionally, I wash the leaves with a soft wet cloth to remove the dust. This seems to perk up the plant, too. If we have a warm misty-like rain in summer I hang the plant outdoors for a while. I also spray the plant with a mist sprayer in the summertime when the air is hot and dry.

Swedish ivy seems quite resistant to disease and insects. Mine hung in the porch one summer beside a pot-grown morning glory which became heavily infected with aphids, but I found none on the Swedish ivy, not even on the new tender growth.

My friend found red spider mites on her ivy and she sprayed it with mild soapy water. She repeats the spray occasionally and this takes care of the problem. She said a sign of spider mites is yellow leaves. These insects like to hide under the leaves and suck the cell juices of the plant.

If the leaves on my ivy start to curl and turn brown, it is a sign the plant is too warm and dry. I've nursed my hardy house plant back to health by moving it to a cooler location for a while and giving it more water. The larger and longer the plant grows the more water it will require. Once a year I carefully scrape off some of the top soil in the basket and add new.

A special hint when preparing the molded peat-like basket liner, is to put a



The author's daughter, Melissa, displays her mother's Swedish ivy.

piece of plastic on the bottom. I find this a safeguard against possible leakage, especially when I bring my plant in from the porch during the cold Iowa winters.

Next, scatter small pieces of broken clay flowerpots on the bottom, then fill the basket with soil to within an inch of the top. I mix my own soil in a five-gallon plastic garbage container with a snap-on lid and keep it on the back porch, handy whenever I want soil. Roughly, the mixture consists of potting soil, garden loam, sand, vermiculite, and a small amount of peat moss.

Be sure to fasten your hanging basket securely to the ceiling. A basket full of damp soil is very heavy. I use a chain to suspend my basket from a ceiling hook, thus making it easy to swing the basket around to the light to encourage an even growth.

Swedish ivy roots easily in water or moist sand to make new plants to share with friends. I hope you try Swedish ivy in a hanging basket. You'll enjoy it.



## SNOWMAN CHEESE BALL

Instead of the usual round cheese ball for the snack buffet, form a snowman by making two larger size balls for the body and a smaller one for the head, plus a still smaller one for the hat. Assemble the snowman by pressing the body and head balls into position. Press the hat crown onto the center of a round snack cracker which serves as the brim. Make eyes cut from green pepper, and the mouth from red pimiento pepper. Make red pimiento "buttons" to march down the front of Mr. Snowman. Use carrot or celery sticks for arms. Chill the snowman overnight, or for several hours. When ready to serve, place the snowman in the center of serving plate and surround with an assortment of crackers.

—Mabel Nair Brown

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## Christmas All Year Long

by  
Elizabeth Myhr

Christmas, for me, never really ends. A few years back, however, I used to sigh with relief when the holidays were over and even wished that December might be eliminated from the calendar.

The day after New Year's is our day to dismantle the tree. After the trimmings are stored and the house cleared of all decorations, pine needles, spilled candle wax, nutshells, and broken candy canes,

the house loses that pending, suspenseful feeling it has through the weeks of pre-December 25. However, it used to be, after everyone was back in school or off to work, I would collapse, deeming myself justified in doing nothing until I sensed some whisper of life returning to me. It was blissful not to have to wonder what to buy for Aunt Susie or Uncle Ted; gone were the mad baking sprees and the juggling of impossible family schedules and depleting budgets and no more longing for one good night's rest.

A question slipped into my consciousness one year, though, while recuperating from my usual case of "December depletion": why should I be so utterly flattened over what ought to be the most glorious experience of the year? Christmas wasn't like the weather. One could do something about it. But what?

The answer, for me, began as I reread all the greeting cards we had received. I had barely had time to scan the cards except for their highlights. But when the hubbub was over, I took time to sit down and enjoy each one of them. Many of them contained snapshots, hankies, or other mementos to be saved and cherished. Sometimes there was money in the cards. That particular year there was more money than usual.

Well, that was the point where Christmas all year long at our house came into being. I made my way, directly, to the bank with that money and opened a Christmas savings account. While uptown, I took advantage of post-Christmas sales, purchasing greeting cards, Christmas napkins, candles, and small gift items.

Upon returning home, I placed my bargains in well-marked boxes and stored them on our Christmas shelves under the basement stairs. The greeting cards I had read earlier still lay in a multicolored heap on the living room carpet. That evening, using pinking shears, I transformed many of them into gift tags; others were cut into rounds and glued onto circles of red or green felt. A hole was punched at the top for string, so they could be hung as decorations on next year's tree. Some of the cards were made of heavy paper. Those with no writing on the back could be cut out and used as Christmas postal cards, requiring less postage than a sealed letter. I was well on my way toward a better and more economical holiday!

It came to me that Christmas baking needs, such as chocolate chips, nutmeats, bark, etc., could be purchased ahead, even in January, and stored safely in the freezer. Soaps and paper products for the kitchen could be bought any time, ready and waiting for that "busy" month; the same went for the bathroom supplies, such as tissues, shampoo, soap and cleansers. One could buy and store



If you think this looks like an ocean stretching off in the distance, you are absolutely right; it is the Pacific Ocean. Enjoying a perfectly wonderful trip, in connection with an educational conference, are Donna and Tom Nenneman (Howard and Mae Driftmier's daughter and son-in-law). When they told us of all the places they had visited around the San Francisco area, it certainly recalled many memories of the time we lived there. This photo was taken very close to the Golden Gate Bridge... our apartment was just a stone's throw from there.

—Lucile

them whenever there came a special.

Surely the pantry shelf could store imperishables as easily as the grocery shelves, so I put in a quantity of canned milk, pumpkin, shortening, tomato paste, chocolate sauce, and sugar, to name a few. Extra butter and margarine would keep well in the freezer. I do not suggest hoarding, but why wait until the holidays to overstrain the budget? By sacrificing a little all along, expenses and shopping time can be spread more evenly throughout the entire year.

I began keeping a gift diary. This habit, I discovered, was as good for the soul as it was for the harrassed December mind. I found that I was becoming interested all year in the desires and needs of others. I paid keener attention to what they were saying, forgetting self, growing in understanding. I was learning to know and love each person on my list all the better for the secret attention I was giving him.

Something else I found helpful and wise was to do my major holiday housecleaning early in the month; then only light housekeeping was necessary until afterwards. Also, when it came time to mail packages, I was glad I had thought to buy mailing labels and heavy wrapping tape ahead of time.

The above suggestions are only for those who may wish to take this approach to Christmas. Each family must find its own way for efficient planning and for making those plans fun. This is a *must!* When one prepares in this way with love and thoughtfulness, it will

(Continued on page 20)

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

The nicest aspect about January is the arrival of new seed and nursery catalogs. It is pure pleasure to settle down in a favorite chair on a cold winter evening and browse through their contents. It is exciting to search for new and unusual plant materials to help plan for the coming season and to learn what is being offered in flowering bulbs, in shrubs, in perennials and annuals to add interest to the yard and garden. It is best to have pencil and notebook handy to jot down notes and to make comparisons as you go along.

A reader wants to know if one-year-old decorative shrubs and trees are a good buy. She writes, "We have a new yard to landscape and not a lot of money to invest in plant material. Some catalogs offer extraheavy, one-year-old plants at a much lower cost than larger specimens. I am debating if the larger plants would not be the best in the long run. What is your opinion?"

I think the one-year-size plants that are grown and shipped in their pots are an excellent buy. You can get more plants for the same cost and if you lose a few, the loss is not so great financially. If you are a beginner, one-year-old potted plants are a challenge and will reward you with rapid growth if you care for them properly. Another mark in their favor is that there is no set-back when you plant material that has been grown and shipped in pots. The root system need not be disturbed when transplanting.

"Last fall I brought in three mum plants that were budded but threatened by frost. I dug them out and repotted the plants in large pots and set them near a sunny window in the dining room. The leaves wilted for a day or two and then perked up. The plants bloomed beautifully and we enjoyed their bright flowers for several weeks. Now the blooms have faded and the plants look unsightly. I hesitate to put them in the basement for fear they will die. I'd like very much to save them for planting outdoors in the spring." This question came from L. H., S. Dak.

Cut your foliage back on the mum plants and set the pots in the basement to rest until spring. Water very lightly at intervals so the soil doesn't dry out completely but not enough to induce new growth. If some growth appears prematurely, just break it off. After the weather is warm and settled, set the mum plants outdoors. Remove the root clumps from the pots and divide up the stolons to give more plants. Use those that are growing on the outer edges and discard the centers of the old root clumps.

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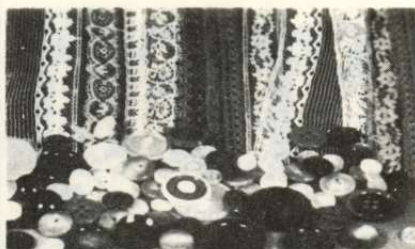
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## From Our Family Album

Mrs. Leanna Driftmier (left) is holding her first grandchild, Juliana Verness Lowey. Mrs. Mabel Johnson (right) is holding her only grandchild, Kristin Johnson Brase. (Kristin was the only Johnson grandchild and the entire family adored her.) The photo was taken when Dorothy and I came back from California to show off our daughters to the Iowa homefolks. —Lucile

### CHRISTMAS ALL YEAR — Concl.

never be a last-ditch occasion, bringing only the hurries and worries.

In December, there should be time for friends, family, and the affairs of children. Christmas can usher in that peace and joy the carols proclaim. When the children wish Christmas could last forever, assure them that it can, and employ them in your year 'round planning.

When there is an established "Christmas room" in one's heart, planning for loved ones eventually spills over into planning for those who may be less fortunate. That is when Christmas truly does last all year long!

### BABY SHOWER — Concluded

Another woman, a recent graduate of a cake-decorating course and thus someone invited to nearly every party within five counties, had made a huge cake with "Happy Labor Day" written on it in a green squiggle the like of which I think I could duplicate even without a cake-decorating course. But it was tasty, and gave me something to do while the guest of honor opened an ominous array of divider plates, cut glass bottles, blankets with obligatory duckies and bunnies, an assortment of expensive but unidentifiable apparatuses . . .

And, of course, one spoon, dearly bought. The mother-to-be told me it was the best gift of all, and I believed her even though I overheard her saying the same

thing about each of the other presents.

From then on, the party relaxed into a nice and friendly time, and I was glad I'd come—especially when the expectant woman promised that after her baby arrived, I could borrow it when I go on walks downtown trying to meet girls.

### HINTS — Concluded

does the work of keeping the dogs away. A little ammonia lasts for months.

—V.G., Ks.

\*\*\*\*\*

Instead of an address book, I got two recipe card holders with the alphabet cards inside. I made a card for each name in my address book for each one of the boxes. I use one by the telephone and included the telephone numbers on the cards, adding those I call most often. The other is on my desk where I address cards and letters. This is a real timesaver. Also, if someone moves, space is available to write the new address on the card. If a card gets too full it is simple to make a new card. Marking birthdays, holiday greetings received and mailed, etc., can also be done on the cards.

—Mrs. H.S., Adrian, Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sewing hint—When you have trouble threading a needle, put a white piece of cloth or a paper under the needle. The eye is much easier to see by this method.

—L.M., Wayne, Nebr.



## SMACK IN THE MIDDLE

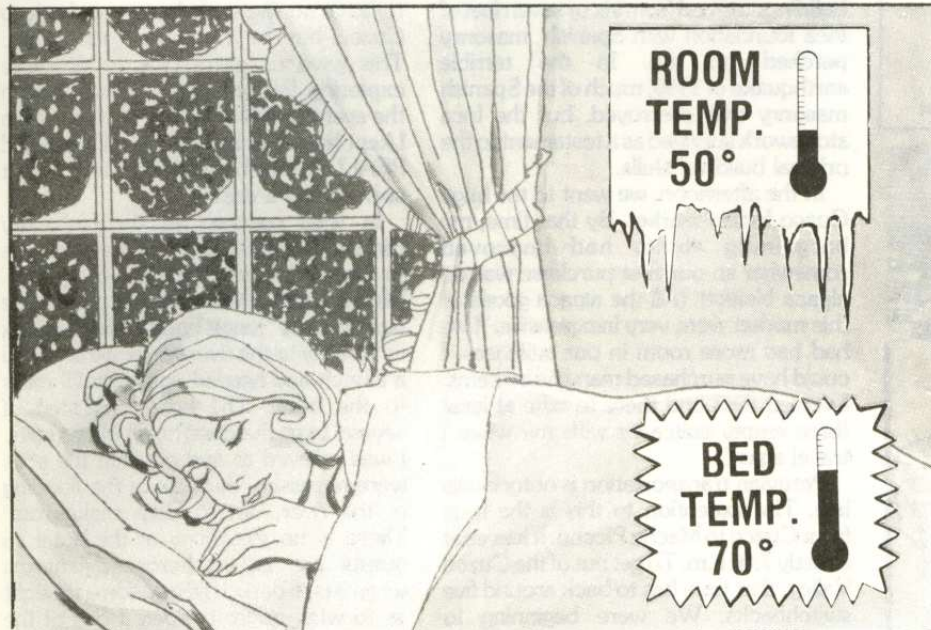
Midwinter. The fall house-clean is wearing off, and it's way too soon to start the annual spring thing. But that doesn't mean you have to put up with soot and grime and grease the rest of the winter.

Not with **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** on your side. Pour a little into water. See how it goes into solution instantly. Try a little on mop or sponge. Note how it reaches right down through grease and grime. Now wipe it away. Nothing left to rinse or wash away. Now check how little that cleaning costs! Maybe that's not the best part, but it's the frosting on the cake. Fast, dependable, economical.

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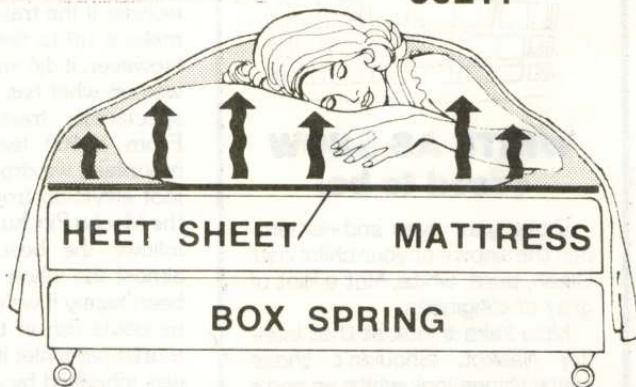
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## JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

Just as the sun was setting, we glanced up to the top of one of the ruins in the nick of time to see two little girls herding 30 or 40 llamas down the hills. I surely felt as if we had stepped far back in time.

The next day we set out to see the sights of Cuzco. This city is built on an old Incan ruin, one of the most famous cathedrals has as its foundation the original Inca sun temple. It is not unusual to walk down a street in Cuzco and see buildings formed from six or seven feet of Inca foundation with Spanish masonry perched on top. In the terrible earthquake of 1950, much of the Spanish masonry was destroyed, but the Inca stonework survived as a testament to the original builders' skills.

In the afternoon, we went to the huge Cuzco Indian market. By that time, my bargaining ability had improved somewhat so our first purchase was an alpaca blanket. (All the alpaca goods at this market were very inexpensive. If we had had more room in our suitcases, I could have purchased many more items. I vowed then and there to take at least three empty suitcases with me when I travel again!)

Peruvian transportation is notoriously late. The exception to this is the train from Cuzco to Machu Picchu. It leaves at exactly 7:00 a.m. To get out of the Cuzco Valley, that train has to back around five switchbacks. We were beginning to wonder if the train had enough power to make it up to the top of the mountain! However, it did and we were soon on our way on what has to be one of the most spectacular train rides in the world. From 13,000 feet, at the top of the mountain, we dropped down to a 6,200-foot elevation tropical jungle located at the Machu Picchu train station. The train follows the beautiful Urabamba River almost the whole way. Jed would have been happy if we could have stopped so he could fish in the river, because the tourist pamphlet indicated that the river was inhabited by giant rainbow trout!

Once we reached the train station at Machu Picchu, we boarded a bus that took us up to more ruins. This bus trip is absolutely hair-raising! It is a vertical ascent of 1,300 feet on a narrow dirt road that is all switchbacks. I kept my mind off the road by looking at the blooms on the many wild orchids that grow everywhere. Emily admitted that the bus trip was her least favorite ride so she became involved at looking at orchids, too.

Of all the places we visited in Peru, Machu Picchu has to be my favorite. This ancient city escaped the early Spanish treasure seekers and was forgotten about until 1911 when it was rediscovered by Hiram Bingham. A great deal of archaeological work has been done here and is continuing today. The natural

setting of the city is overwhelmingly beautiful. High, snow-capped mountains are in the distance while the ruin itself is in a tropical jungle.

There is a small government-operated hotel at the ruin and we stayed there for that night. Reservations are absolutely necessary and Emily had arranged for these.

The next day we were up before the sun so that we could take more pictures with the morning light. We had planned to leave on the early local train back to Cuzco, but the train was broken down. This gave us extra time to do more exploring. We returned to Cuzco late in the evening. All the way back on the train I kept having to remind myself that I had REALLY, truly been to Machu Picchu. It seemed like a dream.

In total contrast to the high, dry climate of Cuzco, our next venture was to the headwaters of the Amazon River. We were met at the Iquitos airport by the bus from our "jungle hotel". The bus took us directly to the river where we boarded a launch and headed upstream 25 miles to the hotel. The hotel consisted of several large thatched huts built on stilts. I was relieved to find out that the stilts were necessary because of the flooding of the river, not to keep snakes out. There is no electricity at the hotel so guests are issued kerosene lanterns when it gets dark. I did give some thought as to what might happen if one of the lanterns was knocked over in those thatched huts!

We took two boat tours on the smaller tributaries of the main river so we had the opportunity to visit two native villages. The Indians were eager to trade and one of them took a special liking to Emily's long braid of hair. He wanted Emily to cut off her braid in trade for his feather head-dress. Emily was tempted, but decided to keep her hair!

Well, I see that I have run out of space. I'll have to finish writing about the conclusion of our adventure in my next letter.

Sincerely,  
Juliana Lowey

## COVER PICTURE

Juliana and Jed Lowey took many interesting photographs during their recent trip to Peru, South America. They were especially fascinated by the wealth of architectural beauty almost everywhere they turned. Many of the cities were built hundreds and hundreds of years ago and include buildings with the type of detail as that exhibited in our cover picture. Few of our American cities contain buildings with such dazzlingly artistic facades.





## "Little Ads"

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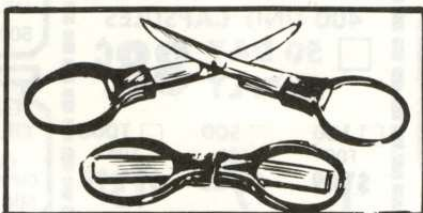
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