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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When I wrote to you last month I said at the conclusion of my letter: "I'm sorry that this letter had to contain so many IFS, but next month I'll have a chance to tell you how everything worked out."

Well, this is the next month and all of the things mentioned earlier now belong to the past, so I can bring you up to date on what has happened here at home base, plus other things that weren't mentioned in my August letter and for a very good reason, I simply hadn't known about them.

Yesterday I said goodbye to Juliana, James and Katharine at the conclusion of a visit that seemed to be comparable only to a prairie fire that happens so quickly you scarcely know it happened at all until it was out. From the viewpoint of Time itself, it was the most brief visit they have ever spent here, and there was a very sound reason for this.

During the month of July, each of these grandchildren of mine spent two weeks at a church-sponsored camp in the Jemez Mountains. Katharine went first and the beginning of this brand-new experience was far from successful. She didn't make any new friends with whom to share experiences and was dreadfully homesick for her parents and her brother.

Juliana told me that she had to fight all week long to overcome the impulse to get into the car and drive up into the mountains and pick up Katharine and bring her home. This great impulse came from the contents of Katharine's letters and the reports in phone conversations with the counsellors. Both Juliana and Jed talked together about the situation and finally came to the conclusion that it wouldn't be wise to let Katharine leave the camp feeling defeat and failure. Thus, they stifled their impulses and didn't go to get her.

The second week, most fortunately, an entirely new group of children arrived and Katharine immediately made friends and had a perfectly wonderful time—was actually loathe to go home when her parents came to pick her up! This was an



Before Juliana, Katharine and James made their trip to Shenandoah, they had an exciting family outing to the Navajo National Monument at Keet Seel, Arizona. Pictured in the front row are Katharine and James Lowey and Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco. From left to right in the second row are Juliana and Jed Lowey, Rich DiCicco, and two of the Lowey's friends.

important milestone in her life since it was the beginning of the realization that she had to learn how to carry through on her own, so to speak, and couldn't just give up and run back to her parents and brother.

James had a marvelous time from beginning to end and was most reluctant to leave camp when the time came to pick him up. He is now eleven years old and the difference in age (Katharine is nine) probably had a great deal to do with Katharine's slower adapting. Those two extra years of learning to stand on his own on the school grounds had taught James a great deal about adjusting to radically different situations.

I've lived long enough to understand exactly how Juliana and Jed felt about Katharine, and I surely agreed with their decision not to give in to what they wanted so badly to do during that first week. All in all, it was a momentous month for the entire family. This helps explain why they couldn't make the trip back here until August.

Incidentally, their plane trip from New Mexico to Iowa was not like any they have ever made before. They had a three-hour layover at Stapleton Airport in Denver but couldn't visit with their Aunt Abigail or Uncle Wayne Driftmier because they were in Atlanta, Georgia, where Wayne was a speaker at the National Nurserymen's Convention.

Always before, they have changed planes in Denver and come straight through to Omaha, but on this trip the plane they were on had stopped in Grand Island and Lincoln, Nebraska, before it landed at Eppley Airport in Omaha. There the three met their old friend, Betty Jane Tilsen. She had scheduled her flight from the Minneapolis-St. Paul airport to coincide with Juliana's and the children's arrival. All in all, that

complicated timing worked out right on schedule, and with the tremendous numbers of people flying on every possible plane, it seemed surprising that nothing went askew at the Omaha airport. (Everyone who has had family and friends coming to visit this summer will understand exactly what I am talking about.)

During the short time Juliana and her children were here, they went up to the farm near Lucas, Iowa, to see their Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank, plus their cousin, Kristin, and her three boys. This gave Juliana and Kristin their first real opportunity in a long time to have an almost all-night talking marathon! Julian Brase (Kristin's youngest son whose picture appeared on the cover of our August magazine) hadn't even been glimpsed before, so that gives you an idea of the time period since Juliana and Kristin had had an opportunity to be together. The two girls grew up more like sisters than cousins, so you can imagine how much catching up there was to do.

Once back from the farm, James and Katharine had a perfectly wonderful time discovering once again the things they remembered so vividly from previous visits. They love this Iowa town and said repeatedly how lucky kids were to grow up here instead of in a big city. They couldn't get over the fact that they could go *anyplace* on their bikes instead of being driven in all directions to do what they wanted to do.

This attitude confirmed what I've been hearing from you friends who write to say that your children are extremely anxious to get away from a big city with their own children to any small town in the Midwest. It's true that all of our small towns have changed tremendously right before our eyes, but youngsters from

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I had just gotten my typewriter out to start my letter to you when one of my friends drove into the yard. She had brought a bucket of apples she had picked off her tree for me. Frank came in just then and the three of us had coffee on the front porch and enjoyed a relaxing visit—a nice break on a hot morning.

One thing we were discussing was how serious the coyote situation is becoming around our part of the country. Norma also has quite a bit of timber on her farm and she raises sheep. The coyotes have gotten several of her lambs in spite of the fact she pens up her sheep next to the barn fairly close to the house. The coyotes have also managed to get rid of all her chickens. She had kept only enough chickens to supply her with eggs. One early morning, the dog was putting up a terrible fuss and Norma's son-in-law grabbed his gun and went to investigate. He found a coyote in the pen devouring a lamb. He shot the coyote, but it was too late to save the lamb. This was the second coyote he has killed this year.

I realize there are many people who feel it is wrong to dispose of wild animals, but a farmer has to protect his livestock. After all, a few losses like this can take away all the profits in a hurry—profits a person needs to live.

Frank was saying there is a theory now that perhaps one of the reasons the coyotes are getting so daring and troublesome is that they may be crossed with dogs that run wild in the timber. There is something bloodcurdling about being awakened in the middle of the night by the sharp bark and shrill howl of a pack of coyotes. This happened to me the other night and it sounded as if they were right out by our corncrib, an area that is well-lighted with a security light. Our dog was barking wildly as she always does to alert Frank of impending danger to our animals and fowl.

We were saddened this past month by the sudden death of Bernie's brother-in-law, Donald Stark. He had always lived in Lucas and had a host of friends who will miss him greatly. He lost his wife a few years ago and he has always been a pillar of strength to his four daughters. He was one of those people who showed great care and concern for friends who were ill, and devoted much of his time to calling on shut-ins and those in the nursing homes and hospitals. He worked hard for the betterment of his community, and served on many committees for the elderly in our county. Donald was active in the church and Sunday school. The

women of the church prepared and served a lunch to a large number of relatives and friends both before and after the funeral services. I have never seen so much food donated for a meal! Donald's daughters were very appreciative.

While I was fixing the food to take to the church, I turned the oven on and baked a pie shell. Then, while preparing the filling, I turned the oven off and put a couple of frozen casseroles in to thaw out slowly. An hour before time to leave for church, I turned up the oven temperature to bake. A half hour later I checked the casseroles and found the oven was cold. It had not run out of bottled gas, so it could only be the electric thermostat which lights the oven that had ceased functioning. It was too late to do anything about repairing the



Sylvia, Brian and Clarence Meyer, of Aplington, Iowa, are long-time friends who recently visited in the home of Frank and Dorothy Johnson. Clarence is a rural mail carrier and says he delivers a big stack of *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazines every month to the many readers in that area.

problem then, so I took just the pie and went on to the church. Fortunately, so much food had been brought in mine wasn't missed.

We had a nice surprise the other day when our good friends from Aplington, Iowa, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer, and their son, Brian, spent the afternoon with us. Clarence suffered a heart attack last spring and was hospitalized for several weeks. He is up and about now, looking and feeling great, but his doctors have forbidden him to return to work until fall. The three had driven their pickup camper to Lake Rathbun to spend a few days fishing, and Clarence called and said if we were home and didn't have any company, they would like to swing around past our house on their way home. We were delighted. Our friendship with Clarence dates back

many years to our California days.

Our friends, Peggy and Glenn Dyer of Des Moines, who spend their weekends at their timber place near us, have tried every year to raise a garden down here but without a great deal of success. The soil isn't the best in the world. When it turned dry, they weren't able to drive down to water and weed the garden except on Saturdays. Last summer, Glenn cleaned out our barn and hauled several loads of manure to their hilltop garden spot. This year they had been reading about putting heavy mulch on gardens to keep the moisture in and the weeds out, so they decided to give that method a try. They got three large hay bales from Frank and put a heavy mulch between the plants in their garden. The results have been fantastic. Their sweet corn grew so tall Peggy said they had to use a step ladder to pick it! The rest of the crops have been bearing like crazy.

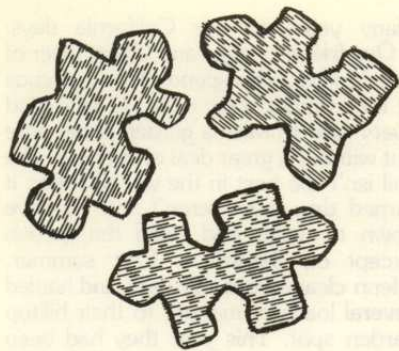
Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, recently had to undergo major surgery. We are in close touch with him and are happy to report he is getting along just fine. He was so fortunate that his sister, Dorothy Allen, whose home is in Chariton, was able to get away and be with him through all of this. As I write this, Raymond is back in his home in Roswell, New Mexico, but Dorothy will stay with him another week or two until he is feeling better.

The home for elderly people in Chariton, where our Aunt Delia Johnson has made her home for the past several years, was recently closed. Delia has moved to Des Moines to live with her sister, Helen Wagner. The other day Bernie and I, along with two of our friends, went to see her. Last February Delia fell and broke her ankle. It was a bad break and she was hospitalized for a time, and had to wear a cast for many weeks. We wondered if she would ever be able to walk normally on it again, since she will soon be 83. Now she has no swelling in the ankle and is walking everywhere with no problems. She and Helen will be good company for each other.

Frank is through haying so we have been trying to get a few odd jobs done. I have been trying to get the yard mowed at the Andybear (our other place), so it will look nice when Kristin and the boys come here for a few days before school starts. Kristin has been in both sessions of summer school which has left her very little time for any trips to Iowa. At any rate, the house is ready for them when they arrive.

When I have had any extra time, I've been baking and fixing casseroles for the freezer so I'll be prepared when Kristin and my three grandsons come. Meals I have planned will be easy to get on the table, with plenty of snacks to feed hungry boys. Hopefully, I'm going to get

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WILL OUR PUZZLE PIECES FIT?

A Program to Open the New Club or Church Year

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Props and Settings: To make the puzzle, you will need a very large square or rectangle of heavy poster board as a backing to which the pieces of the puzzle can be fastened as they are fitted into place. Set this backing on an easel. Use sticky tape on the back of the puzzle pieces to fasten them in place as indicated in program.

To make the puzzle pieces, cut a lighter-weight poster board to same size as backing. Cut this into seven jigsaw puzzle-shape pieces. Each piece will have printed upon it in large letters one of these words: VISION, COOPERATION, AMBITION, HUMOR, PATIENCE, TACT, and FRIENDSHIP. Also, cut out four more puzzle pieces which will not fit into the puzzle. Each has on it one of these words: GLOOM, INDIFFERENCE, ROOT-BOUND, and CONTENTION.

The puzzle pieces are placed on a small table near the easel. A helper stands beside the table sorting through the pieces to find the ones which fit. As the narrator reads the script in a chatty tone of voice, the helper finds the proper piece and puts it in place, occasionally trying to fit in a wrong piece as indicated, twisting the piece this way and that as the narrator explains why that piece isn't fitting in the puzzle.

Narrator:

Today is a wonderful new beginning
For our brand-new club (or church) year.
It behooves all of us to ask,
"Where—and how—do we go from
here?"

To me it's like a jigsaw puzzle
Wherein certain pieces fit—
Others don't. Here's our new year's puzzle.

What will we make of it?

Narrator: (Points to backing on easel.) We start out with a big blank space—our new year. What will be needed, what will fit in to complete the puzzle, our year's work?

Over here on the table we have many puzzle pieces. Which ones will fit into place? Right now they look a jumble, but let's see if we can find the ones which fit. (Name of helper) have you found a piece that you think will fit in someplace? Oh, you've found a corner piece I see. That's always a good place to start. (Helper places VISION into position.)

VISION—that's a wonderful way to begin a new club year. Vision in our program planning makes for sessions which fit our own individual interests and needs. Vision helps us each see where we fit into the scheme of things, to know where our part is in our club, our community, and in national and international affairs. Ours is a world large in scope, yet a small world in that each one of us can make some contribution. Let our year be one of vision.

Ah, I see (name of helper) has found another piece she is trying hard to fit into the puzzle, but she's shaking her head in frustration so it doesn't seem to fit. No wonder! GLOOM! Now we don't need that at any of our meetings. Deliver me from those who always look on the dark side of activities or those who always think the world is going to the dogs and that everything our club tries to do is going to fail. You know—the ones who say, "But we tried that once several years ago and it flopped," or "How would we ever get the money to do that project?" or "I don't think anyone would come to that event and pay to get in." No, put that piece away and try another.

That one looks as if it would fit. COOPERATION—we can surely use that in big doses—cooperation from each of us as we try to carry out the programs and projects for the year. That eliminates those "Oh, count me out, I'm just too busy," or "Let someone else do it who has more talent," or "But I did that last year." Cooperation is the key word for every member to assure that we have a club year that's best for us all.

Well, it seems (name of helper) is having trouble again. Won't that piece fit? (Helper shakes head and holds piece up so word is in full view.)

Narrator: Well, I think not. One of the last things we need in this club is INDIFFERENCE. Did you ever see a billy goat butt his head up against a stone wall? That's exactly the way the club president feels when some new project comes up which arouses no sign of interest at all among the members. I'm sure that's exactly the way the person feels who works hard to have a program and then has several in the audience who stare off into space, whisper to their neighbors, or leaf through their club book while the program is given. Let's drop that indiffer-

ence piece quickly. We need no billy goat feelings of futility among our members.

Ah, now that one fits perfectly and so it should. AMBITION—that will take care of all indifference in a hurry. The most well-planned program in the world will not be carried through unless there is ambition. Without it, too, any project we attempt will fall flat. May we resolve right now to have ambition as we tackle the plans for this year.

HUMOR—say, that one you found right away, didn't you, (name of helper)? That is one of my favorite puzzle pieces. We need plenty of humor and merriment along with the serious side of our meetings. Laughter can surely take the kinks out of some of those long drawn-out committee meetings.

Almost any task, time, or so it seems to me,

Can easily be cut in half
Or the tension of dissension broken,
By a good old hearty laugh!

Oh, oh—another piece that won't fit in anywhere. Let me take a look. No, not that one—ROOT-BOUND. (Gives big sigh.) I do hope we have no one with root-bound ideas among our members. They are death on progress. You know the members I mean—the ones who say, "That isn't the way we have always done it", or "Our club has never gone in for anything like that", or "That will never go over in this town." Chuck that one away; we want none of that.

There, that one looks as if it will fit right in. We can always use PATIENCE. Patience when another member expresses an opinion contrary to our own, patience when there is much business to be done and the meeting drags, patience when the speaker is long-winded, patience when a pet project is voted down, patience when the program is long and the seat gets hard, may we each have patience, please!

You've chosen a small piece with a big punch—TACT. If we each endeavor to cultivate tact, it will go a long way towards lubricating all the wheels that make our group run smoothly. Tact will have us listen with attention to what other members are saying. Tact will see that we do not look at our watches if parts of the meeting bore us. Tact will soothe the ruffled feelings and injured pride. If arguments get fast and furious And reason flies the track,
Get things on the beam again,
With the subtle use of tact.

What's that you are trying to fit in there? CONTENTION? That will never fit in our puzzle. If there is anything we do not need, it is petty arguments over trifles. My word, the little things about which some people get into a huff! And fussy! Some people can get fussy over nothing. Why, we can pitch in and work countless hours to buy carpeting for the hall and then almost come to blows over

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The Story of Greystone

by Harold R. Smith

Greystone is the name of my old house. I feel it waited patiently for me as the decades passed. The love affair between us, at least on my part, started as a child when, on my way to school, I would walk a block out of my way just to catch a glimpse of the old house. The dream of owning it persisted. Years later, a distant cousin who owned it decided to sell. Papers were signed and the old house became mine. Now I feel the situation is reversed; the house owns me!

Greystone, originally built by a doctor for his wife and son, was copied in miniature from a French manor. The doctor had a crew of men dig a full basement by hand. The excavation was lined with rocks and allowed to settle for a year so that the great weight of the house would not collapse the foundations. A portion of the floor was not cemented so wood could be stored there when stoves, and later a log furnace, were used to heat the house. Later, a coal furnace, followed by one using oil and finally, a natural gas furnace were installed. A door in the middle of the kitchen floor gave access to the basement but was closed off many years ago. Cold spring water was, at one time, piped from three blocks away to a basement faucet.

To duplicate the rough stones the doctor wanted, workmen made facsimiles by hand out of cement reinforced with iron. The quoins stones have a stippled finish, the remainder of the blocks are textured to resemble quarried stone. The house, perfectly balanced with doors and windows, has four dormers on each side of the steeply pitched roof which efficiently sheds the heavy snows of Missouri's winters.

None of the windows in the house are

the same size, although they appear to be so, for they were fashioned on the site to accommodate the rooms as they were built. Many retain their original wavy glass with bubbles and distortions. The doors, woodwork, and staircase were made by a local cabinetmaker. Fir was first used for flooring; later, subsequent owners laid hardwood floors downstairs. The staircase is curved as it flows upward to continue its spindled way around the staircase opening. The front door is balanced on three hinges; the original lock has two keyholes. Protruding from the house in what was once a portion of the kitchen is a large shadowbox with a glass door. We could never figure out its original purpose. We later learned from friends, who had seen a similar one, that it was designed to keep foods cool—an early "refrigerator". The housewife could look through the glass door and select foods which were kept cold through the winter months.

The downstairs contains formal living and dining rooms, a kitchen, bedroom and half-bath. The upstairs contains a huge bedroom with two dormers, a large hall designed as either a bedroom or sitting room with another dormer, a full bath (which utilizes a portion of another dormer). Each dormer is large enough to accommodate a three-quarter size bed.

Over the years, we have added additional plumbing and wiring and updated the kitchen. Wallpaper was stripped off the rooms and paint, in soft muted tones, provides a suitable background for accent colors in draperies, furniture, rugs and accessories. Family antiques blend well with our traditional furniture. Gifts from estates and friends are especially cherished and proudly displayed.

The abstract of Greystone consists of 55 pages and reposes in the bank's vault. Reading it is like stepping into the shadowy path of history. The property once consisted of 160 acres as evidenced by a land patent signed by President James Polk. Eventually, it was divided into two 80-acre farms, then broken into smaller parcels until today only three lots remain with the house. Wills, lawsuits and legal matters of other properties and persons form portions of the abstract. For example, one widower in the late 1880's left "as a token of my esteem" the sum of \$4000 to a Miss Mary Wilkerson. I would like to think he was romantically inclined toward her but my mother, Frances, dryly commented she could have been just a friend, relative or even the cleaning lady! I prefer my version, but Miss Wilkerson is lost in the shadow of history.

Interesting incidents are part of any house's history, regardless of age. I recall once, while having the front porch re-roofed, of hearing a crashing sound and was astounded to see a leg dangling through the porch ceiling! Fortunately, the worker's leg wasn't seriously injured. One winter night I was removing wallpaper from the kitchen ceiling and, although I didn't feel well, continued until a late hour. The following day I had to have an emergency appendectomy and will always believe the attack was hastened by my vigorous scraping. One bedroom had 19 layers of wallpaper! When we finally got to the bottom layer, we discovered the original paper was a burnt-orange design on a black background. The upstairs hall's original paper revealed fanciful bouquets in urns with stripes, plaids and scrolls, all in silver.

Greystone's lawn is narrow and long with the house taking quite some space. An old shed is in the back lawn and is convenient for storage.

Living in an old house would not appeal to everyone but this is the way we prefer to live; one foot in the past, another in the present. Old houses, with charm and history like Greystone, can become treasured friends.

COVER STORY

A good many years ago Shenandoah celebrated the opening of the fall school year by having a parade with a large collection of floats, special decorations, etc., on Main Street. Dorothy (our sister Dorothy Driftmier Johnson) was asked to ride on this float to portray the teacher because her grandmother, Mrs. S. E. Field, was the first teacher in this area. She rode horseback from their little homestead-house to reach her school. There is no identification on the back of this photograph and consequently I cannot identify the children. —Lucile

TEACHING CHORAL SPEAKING

by
Evelyn Witter

September brings Promotion Sunday and Religious Education Sunday in many churches. Developing choral speaking for a program can be done with any age group, and for any time of year. It gives variety plus providing an interesting way to teach children some Bible passages, particularly the Psalms. If you have wanted to use choral speaking but did not know exactly how to go about it, here are some instructions which are basically simple.

Start your group off with a well-known nursery rhyme, marking the tempo with your hand, keeping the voices together. "Little Jack Horner" is good for tempo practice. After the group has said the rhyme once, ask individuals to give some different inflections to the last line ("What a good boy am I"). The class will see how inflection changes the meaning.

Divide the group into two parts. Let one group ask questions and the other group answer them. With the pupils still divided into two groups, let one group say the first line, the second group the next line, and the whole group the final line all together. Now arrange your speaking choir by voice. Arrange them by high voices, medium voices, and low voices.

Since rhythm is important in choral speaking, it is necessary to realize the difference between "beat" and "rhythm". Rhythm can be achieved if the pupils see the complete, flowing thought in a piece rather than reading it line by line. Interpretation of meaning helps to build the correct rhythm.

Tone, volume and breathing are produced by good posture, careful enunciation, and tone which come from deep within the diaphragm.

The Psalms are a good choice for choral readings, particularly Psalms 24, 46, and 136. There are many songs and poems in the Old Testament which a choral group can give effectively, but do not overlook the New Testament. The Palm Sunday story with its hosannas, the Christmas story with its angels' voices, Mary's song and Simeon's prayer, and the writings of Paul (as in I Corinthians 13) are but a few of the New Testament readings a group can make come alive. Look in the responsive reading section of your church hymnal for useable material.

Here is a sample arrangement; it is fun and easy to make your own arrangements:

All: The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

High Voices: For He hath founded it upon the seas.

Low Voices: And established it upon

the floods.

Soloist 1: Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?

Soloist 2: Or who shall stand in his holy place?

Small Group: He that hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

Small Group 1: He shall receive the blessing from the Lord.

Small Group 2: And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

All: This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

High Voices: Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors;

Low Voices: And the King of glory shall come in.

Soloist 1: Who is this King of glory?

All: The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

High Voices: Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors.

Low Voices: And the King of glory shall come in.

Soloist 1: Who is the King of glory?

All: The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory!

If you want something different and if you want involvement and variety, try choral speaking.

WRINKLES

There are wrinkles in my clothes,

And wrinkles on my face.

There are wrinkles in the prunes I eat,
And wrinkles on my bed sheets.

But there are no wrinkles on my soul,
For I've got God!

And my soul is smooth as satin,
And as beautiful as lace.

—Annette Lingelbach



LITTLE PRAYER

Guide me, O Lord, to pastures green,
Rivers of water, fresh and clean;
Glories that only Thou hast seen,
Guide me, O Lord.

Up the steep mountain, down the sharp cliff,

Lead me, O Lord.

Where the bright sunshine spreads its gold rays,

Where lofty mountains rise in blue haze,
Take me, O Lord.

When my feet falter, my heart grows faint,
Then to Thine altar, guide me, O Lord.

When my friends wander, calling me on,
Earth and its splendors, beckon to me,

May I be found, Lord, happy with Thee.

—Phyllis Skinner

FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

I'm sending you one of the quilt blocks which is part of the quilt work we do at our church for Lutheran World Relief. My own part of the project is to do the featherstitching because I have arthritis and it's easier for me to do that while I sit in my rocker than putting the blocks together. Once the quilt top is done, we tie them together at the church on Thursdays. Unfortunately, many of our once-faithful workers are now gone and the young women have little ones at home which makes it difficult for them to come and help. Those of us who can get together do enjoy it and have a good time while we work.

I made a quilt for some Korean boys my granddaughter adopted. Now the boys have their 14-year-old sister with them so I have finished making a quilt for her, also. They live on a dairy farm near Starbuck, Minnesota.

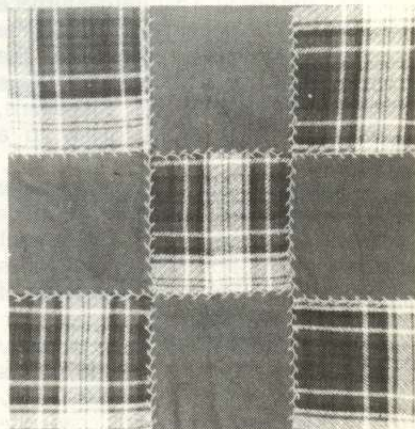
I don't get out much if the weather is bad, but I do go to the Christian League for the handicapped out at Courage Center. They have a van which comes right to the door to pick me up and then they bring me home, along with others who need transportation. Different churches also drive those who are able to ride in cars and take turns serving lunch for us. You should see how happy these

people are when they get together once a month. Some of those who come are blind, they come for the fellowship and visiting.

Oh, yes, back to the quilt top. We have made some of the nine-block squares as shown in the photograph and put backs on them to make nice pillows. I have made some and fill mine with plastic bags, like bread wrappers, for the stuffing. Old nylon stockings are also good to fill such pillows. When they are made with dark colors they are nice for children's use, to carry in the car or for camping trips.

May God bless all of you.

—Anna Olsen



A portion of the quilt described and made by Anna Olsen.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

I am here in my study writing this letter to you and wishing that some bit of magic would bring you walking through the door so you could see this new, beautiful room of mine. In this study are my books, music, photographic equipment, favorite paintings and art work. Since buying this house, we have done much to fix it up, and I must confess that most of my energies and interest went into this study.

Betty's parents are spending the summer with us, and her father uses this study almost as much as I do. In the evening, the two of us sit here and play cards by the hour. Occasionally, he comes down during the day to listen to my stereo equipment. I say "comes down" because this room is on the basement level.

Have you heard one of my sisters speaking on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program about the death of Betty's Uncle Frank? He was her mother's only brother; a man at whose home we spent our summers for fifteen years. Uncle Frank had his summer home at Lake Wincheck and it was in his guest cottage that we spent so many happy summers when our children were young. While he died at his winter home in Florida, the funeral was held just a few miles from here, over on the other side of the Pawcatuck River. I took a part in the funeral service, one that was attended by dozens and dozens of old friends.

Like all family funerals, this one was the cause for the gathering of the clan. Betty's relatives came from near and far to pay their respects to a man everyone loved and admired. This meant that there was much entertaining to be done. On the night before the funeral, Betty's father gave a big dinner for the family and the out-of-town guests. For lunch on the day of the service, we all went to my sister-in-law's home, a lovely place high on a hill about a mile from the ocean. After the service, everyone came back to our house for a delicious buffet that Betty had prepared.

My new boat is in the water at last, and it is just what I have wanted for years. It is only seventeen feet long, but it carries an enormous amount of sail and has a small auxiliary motor. It is an ideal boat for nearby waters—the river and the bay. With so much sail for such a small boat, it is very fast, even fast enough for racing. Perhaps next year I shall enter it in a few races just to try it out.

Some of you thought I was kidding



This is a recent picture of Frederick, a very happy grandfather, with his two little grandchildren. We cannot quite make out the vehicle in which Isabel and Christopher Palo are riding but it looks as if it might double as a bed if needed for naps.

when I talked about retiring so I could spend my time sailing!! You can see how quickly I kept my promise. Betty sometimes sails with me, and even her father likes the boat. Actually, his idea of a boat is something from which he can fish, so soon I shall take him out fishing. For fishing, we will use only the motor and not the sails. When I took Betty's father out for his first ride in the new boat, Betty was sure that some kind of disaster would arise, but we had a lark all of the way.

During the summer, I made several trips back and forth from our shore home to the parsonage in Springfield. Each time I returned to the shore, I brought back a carload of household effects. Never! Never in all of my life have I had such a time trying to make up my mind what to keep and what to throw away. For thirty-three years, Betty and I have kept far more things than we needed and, as a result, when it finally

REQUISITES FOR CONTENTED LIVING

- Health enough to make work a pleasure.
- Strength enough to battle with difficulties and forsake them.
- Grace enough to confess your sins and overcome them.
- Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.
- Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor.
- Love enough to move you to be useful to others.
- Faith enough to make real the things of God.
- Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.
- Wealth enough to support your needs.

—Goethe

came time to move, we were simply overwhelmed by the decisions. We human beings are great collectors of things. Betty and I have finally learned our lesson. Anything we have not used in ten years must go. Never again are we going to get caught with too many things. Our motto is going to be: "Use it or give it away."

Do you realize that Betty and I are going to have to pay a fuel bill and an electric bill for the first time in our lives? Always before, the church has provided us with our heating and with our electricity. Now that we have retired, we shall be the ones to pay. I find the prospect rather frightening, but somehow we shall manage. There is much publicity about a probable "oil famine" in New England this winter. We are planning to install some electric heat to have for an emergency. Much fireplace wood was left in the basement of the parsonage in Springfield. Hopefully, before the cold season gets here, some of that wood can be brought down to this house. Sometime during the winter we will escape the cold with a trip to Florida.

We live in the little village of Pawcatuck, a part of the larger town of Stonington which is a little dream of a seacoast town. It looks like a picture out of a history book—narrow streets all leading down to the ocean, old sea captain mansions, quaint shops, picturesque shore-front restaurants, and lots of boats. When guests come to call, we always drive them over to see Stonington. Perhaps I should not say "we always" drive them there, because there are days when fog is so thick that they would not be able to see anything. This area does have lots of heavy fog, but it usually lifts by ten-thirty or eleven in the morning, and it doesn't come in again until about seven o'clock in the evening. Fortunately, the nearest foghorn is a few miles away, and, while we do hear the horn, it is not loud enough to be offensive.

Right about now, I am beginning to feel that I really have retired. Oh, I have plenty to do to keep me busy. The first big job is to spend several weeks getting all of my pictures sorted out so that the Springfield church will have a complete photographic record of the activities and events that took place during my long ministry there. I have literally thousands of colored slides to be put into order. When that job is done, the next task will be to sort out boxes and boxes of sermons, throwing out most, but keeping a few good ones for future reference. By the time I get through with that job, it will be time to go to Florida.

Hope to see you out here someday. Friends are always welcome.

Sincerely,

Frederick

THE RELUCTANT "DUCK"

by
John A. Giegling

Nature had never intended her to be a duck, much less a wild one. Her feathers were not waterproof, and her feet held no broad webs for swimming. But this stern-eyed old barnyard hen was destined to make the attempt.

It started when I, as a boy on my parents' farm, discovered a wild duck's nest in a grain field. With a boy's sense of adventure, I decided to take four of the eggs (the rest I left for the duck) and hatch them under a hen.

I looked over the chickens. At certain times of the year each of the hens would experience an urge to stop laying and begin setting. At least one or two such birds could usually be found. I chose what I perceived to be the most dedicated setter among the bunch.

She was an average-looking hen, but with a most stern gaze. This I failed to notice at the time—since all "setting" hens are cranky. I put the small, khaki-colored eggs under her and carefully tipped out.

It was June, and extremely warm. Setting in the hot, stuffy shed was neither easy nor pleasant, but the hen remained faithful to her task. I brought food and water each day; I never saw her off the nest, but the food and water were always consumed.

Finally, about three weeks later, I noticed her off the nest—for the first time. I was about to put her back on the job, when a tiny, black and white, skunk-striped creature scurried under her feet with amazing speed. Then I saw the rest of the brood. All the eggs had hatched.

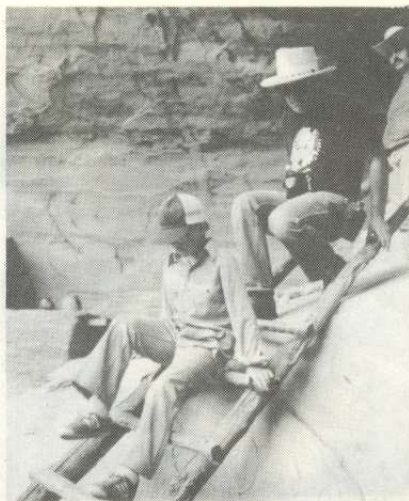
With my father's help, I fixed a small coop with a band of two-foot wire fencing around it. We locked the hen and her ducklings inside the coop for the night.

The next morning, when they were let out of their small enclosure, the odd family immediately escaped. The ducklings crawled under the wire fence which formed the large pen for the bigger, less agile domestic ducklings and goslings. We searched everywhere—in the orchard, by the barn and even in the fields. But eventually, as we should have known, we found them by the water.

We had a natural spring behind our house which makes a stream that winds its way through the pasture. The ducklings had made considerable progress down that stream, farther than our domestic ducks or geese had ever gone, and all in the first morning of their lives.

By this time the poor old hen could surely have felt justified in abandoning her unusual "chicks", but she patiently endured their aberrant behavior. Perhaps she felt she could yet train them to be self-respecting chickens.

In the clash of wills that followed,



It may be difficult to make out details of this shot for it was taken in a cave during one of the wonderful archaeological weekends which the Lowey family enjoys so much. James is at the bottom, behind him is his father, Jed, and behind Jed is Rich DiCicco.

there was never any doubt as to who was in charge; the ducklings led from the start. They wasted no unnecessary time acclimating their "mother" to her new schedule, which was undoubtedly more aquatic than she would have preferred.

Extremely independent from the instant they hatched, her charges were alert and bright-eyed as only wild creatures can be. They could run unbelievably fast and fearlessly swam upon instant contact with the water.

Other wild characteristics appeared. They began to catch the tiny flies and gnats along the stream's muddy banks. Without any training they knew exactly how to feed themselves.

On the other hand, they did poorly in the most common henish traits, such as scratching for food. Their mother, accustomed to the normal response from baby chicks, would dig in the dirt until she unearthed a juicy worm. Then she would dutifully call her offspring, but their response was scant or none at all. They simply did not understand what she was doing.

As they grew older, one of the four did finally learn what the scratching and odd cluckings meant. He would come when his mother called and was usually rewarded with a fat grub or insect. The others never learned.

The old mother hen must have felt very perplexed about all these oddities. But they were her babies, and she stuck by them even though most of her time was spent walking along the shore while her brood swam.

Each night we put the hen and the ducklings into their coop. Seldom did they go willingly; usually we had to drive them in or catch the ducklings separately. Inside the coop they were safe from prowling minks and raccoons.

A wild duck mother would have known where to safely spend the night, but a domestic hen who could only partly control her strong-minded charges was not reliable.

As the ducklings grew older, they began to leave their mother early in the morning and wander down the stream, catching bugs and eating the tender water plants. We would not see them again until late afternoon. The mother hen never accompanied them on these long watery wanderings, but she was always there to greet them when they returned—muddy and tired, self-satisfied and usually hungry. The ducklings seldom showed any visible signs of affection, however, there did seem to be a trace of gladness on their part when they were reunited with their "mother".

As summer progressed, the hen stopped clucking over them, and entirely gave up the useless task of scratching for grubs. She did stay by the ducklings whenever they were around; another hen would probably have lost interest in such an arrangement long before.

I think it was the mother hen who was responsible for the ducklings' always returning to the hen yard for the night. They enjoyed the food we put out but could easily feed themselves in the wild. Throughout the summer they kept up this odd routine: the ducklings prowling down the valley and rejoining their mother in the afternoon.

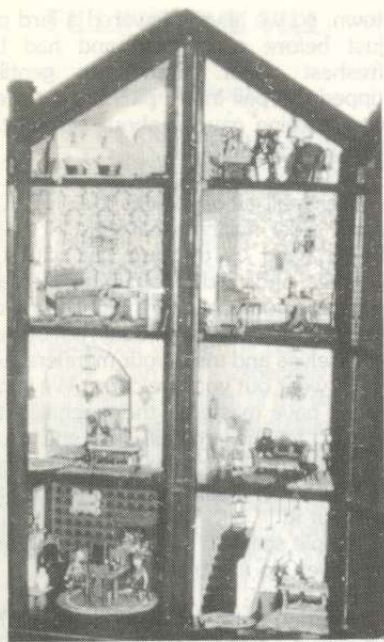
We no longer locked them inside the coop. Just where the hen and ducklings spent the night, we never knew. The ducks, being able to see in the dark, may also have been active part of the night—something to further strain the parental bond.

During the days, the hen now began to associate more with her own kind. The ducks spent less time with her. By early fall they had attained full growth. It was then that we knew, by the white patch on their wings, that they were gadwalls—a species of wild duck midway between the mallard and teal in size, and dull gray in color.

On a September day, one of the ducks surprised us with a long, beautiful wild duck's flight down the valley. Before this moment, they had flown only a few yards. Eventually all of them could fly. Now the hen and the ducks seemed more like equals—a very peculiar sight.

The four ducks slipped away one by one before my parents, entertaining some vague and terrible notions about roast wild ducks, could realize their wish. And the "reluctant duck" went back to being a full-time hen.





—Photo, courtesy of The General's Ladies
This delightful dollhouse is a permanent part of the displays at the Dodge House historical mansion in Council Bluffs, Iowa. It is even built so that real water can be run into the bathtubs on the top floor!

MINIATURE WONDERLAND

by
Evelyn Birkby

Ever since the first time I took an orange crate and made my own dollhouse and then fashioned the furniture out of cigar boxes (they were made of wood in those days), I have been fascinated by the world of miniatures. The art of building and creating replicas on a small scale has been increasing in recent years until it has become a hobby enthusiastically followed by many.

Recently, I had the pleasure of visiting the restored Dodge House Mansion in Council Bluffs, Iowa, to see a Doll and Dollhouse Exhibition presented by "The General's Ladies", the organization which does so much to care for the valuable mansion. The home is worth a trip just to see the beauty of the rooms and furnishings.

The dolls, which were arranged in various areas of the mansion, included a mother and her baby, tiny Kewpie dolls, dolls as large as a young child, baby-sized dolls dressed in real christening dresses covered with elaborate embroidery, historical figures such as Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd Lincoln, boy dolls including Amos and Andy, clowns and a drum major. An original Teddy bear was shown, along with a scene with the three bears and Goldilocks. Dolls from many periods and nationalities were present. They were made of all kinds of materials.

A few of the miniature houses shown had doll people to live in them, but not

many. Purists do not put dolls into miniature rooms. Some say the reason is the threat to the precious furnishings, for if the dolls fall over or a child should try to move them around, they could damage the interiors.

The types of houses on display were as varied as the exhibitors who shared them. One was a *log cabin* actually made from small tree trunks and put together in the time-honored method of notching the end of each "log". Shake shingles were used on the roof. An attic bedroom stretched across the top of the house with two rooms below. Created from the same small logs were the rustic table, chairs and beds. Overstuffed chairs had been fashioned from small cardboard rolls which had been cut into chair shapes and then padded and covered with old-fashioned print fabric. The people who lived in this house had been carved from dowels in a manner that gave them hinged arms and legs.

This log cabin, as was true with many of the other displays, had a glass front which protected the contents from dust and unwanted intruders.

A four-story, seventeen-room *Williamsburg Mansion*, with both a front and a back which could be opened, was one of the most elegant houses on display. Built, as were most, on a scale of one inch to one foot, most of the house and furnishings had been made by the owner who began the project three years ago. This house had people—delightful people. A front yard had been developed outside the house as a setting for a wedding party complete with a bewigged bridegroom dressed in the lace and satin of an 18th-century gentleman and accompanied by his gorgeously attired bride. The furnishings inside the house were French provincial. The dining room was set up for the wedding reception. The table held a decorated wedding cake, a punch bowl and cups, hors d'overes and tiny napkins.

I noticed some innovative touches in this large dollhouse: canopied beds, electric lights in every room, a petit point rug, lace-trimmed curtains, a kitty drinking milk from a saucer and a cornhusk doll "maid" sweeping the kitchen. One bedroom was inhabited by elves with a fireplace hung with stockings and a decorated Christmas tree in one corner. On the roof was Santa and his sleigh.

Probably the most unusual house at the exhibit was a *modern solar home* built by a grandfather for his granddaughter. Built in extremely modern fashion, it even had solar skylights in the wing-shaped roof. Small white stones were glued to the roof (crushed, the owner told me, from the white marble chips purchased for garden trim). Decorated in modern black, white and red, practically all the furniture was designed and developed by the creator.

He had made the plastic furniture from strips, cut to size, then heated and molded into the chairs, tables, beds, etc.

The builder told me how he utilized unusual napkins to develop the wallpaper in the solar house. (One wall was papered, for example, with a large animal design.) Each napkin was sprayed three times with acrylic spray such as is used for decoupage coating. It was allowed to dry 24 hours between each spraying. When stiff enough so it would not stretch, the napkin was glued to the wall for an unusual covering. Grass cloth wallpaper was used for floor covering in some rooms. A water bed with black and white sheets and pillowcases furnished one of the bedrooms.

I stopped long enough to have cookies and punch in the magnificent ballroom on the third floor of the mansion. As I drank the unusual punch, nibbled on lime and lemon slice cookies and delicate meringues, I peopled the large room with those who had lived in the house so long ago. I feel certain that many of the "General's Ladies", who provided the tea and generously shared their recipes with me, sense a close kinship to the Dodge family.

I saw many miniature displays worthy of mention and gathered excellent ideas which someday, if time and talent permit, I'd like to use myself. Vegetables and fruits, for example, were made from a dough of soft bread mixed with enough white glue to be pliable. The tiny shapes were molded and then allowed to dry and painted to resemble the fruit and vegetable. A food grater was made from a paper clip covered with aluminum foil and pricked with a pin to make tiny holes. A bird's nest was made from an acorn cap. Little beans were painted blue and put in the nest to duplicate eggs. Several of the exhibitors had Tiffany-like lamps made from half a ping-pong ball which had been painted with a design using colored felt-tipped pens. A lacy hanky made a curtain, another made a bedspread and a third was a tablecloth. Perfumed sachets were used "as is" for pillows, or cut smaller to be used as table doilies. Hats were created with crowns of toothpaste tube lids. Picture frames were fashioned from old costume jewelry edgings. Rugs were made of everything from a piece of old velvet to various colored washclothes.

Creating a miniature scene is not always an inexpensive hobby. One young man had on display a house he makes to order for his customers. The price was \$380. And that is just for the house!

The fun of creating a miniature scene need not be that costly. It can start with a single box, a section of a shelf or the pigeonhole of a desk. Or, if you can still unearth one, a dollhouse can be created in an orange crate with cigar box furniture.

WHO REMEMBERS THE LARD PAIL?

by
John Gould

Cook said if I'd fetch her some lard, she'd make me a blueberry pie. I'd rather have that than a license to steal, so I brought a bag of blueberries from the freezer and went to the market for some lard. "No got," said the boy, who is given to picking up oddities from tourists.

"No lard?"

"Nope."

"Is there some reason for this deplorable destitution in a land otherwise flowing with milk and honey?" It takes a certain amount of effort to counteract the seasonal sloppiness, and when it comes to language I can hold up my end.

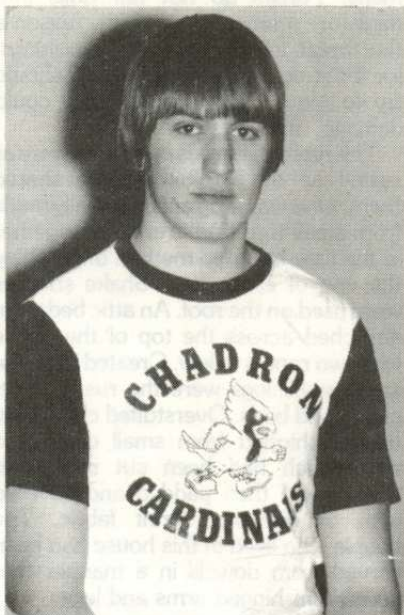
"I dunno," he said. "We order it all the time, but none comes."

"So how is my wife going to make me a blueberry pie?"

He pointed at several just-as-goods on the shelf, things I had seen well recommended on the TV, all of them non-this and non-that and made from wonderful things that are good for me. I said, "My wife still makes her pie crust from lard, and I have every intention of protecting her in this abysmal ignorance."

So I went to some other places, and in the third one I found lard. She performed as agreed, and that blueberry pie was some old good.

Evidently lard is not supplied indifferently, as the demand has waned. There is no substitute in pie crust for



Andy Brase, grandson of Dorothy and Frank Johnson, is starting his sophomore year at Chadron High School in Chadron, Nebraska. His many interests include band, sports and photography, so we know he will have a busy year.

pure, old-time leaf lard, and this should be embroidered in letters of gold and hung on the august walls of the Smithsonian Institution.

Who remembers the lard pail?

Lard could be had "loose"; it came in a tub and the grocer dipped it by the pound. Or it could be had in a pail—two-pound, three-pound, and five-pound. These were substantial tin pails with tight covers and sturdy bails, and after the lard had been worked into the family program they had a thousand uses until they wore out. The lard pail disappeared from the domestic grocery long since, but for some time afterwards it persisted up in Canada. The Canadian pail had a bright red maple leaf as a trademark, and before busing you could look a mile ahead up the roads and see scholars with their maple-leaf pails carrying their lunches to school. That was before hot lunches, too. It was grand to visit Canada and see all the lucky people who still had lard pails.

I had a two-pound pail for my school lunch, but I was a light eater. Two-three sandwiches, a cold chicken leg, pickles, cupcakes, pie, cookies, and an apple, and I was ready to run outside and play. I remembered the Willard twins had a ten-pound pail—the hotel model—but they usually had a sandwich or two for recess instead of waiting for noonin'.

The lard pail was great for berrying. Loop your belt through the handle, and both hands were free to pick.

It was just right for picking up the hens' eggs.

We had one for well water. The deep well in the field had the best water in

town, so we always lowered a lard pail just before each meal and had the freshest water. Sometimes gentility tipped the pail into a pitcher, but there was nothing gauche about setting the lard pail on the table.

Now and then Mother would send us with a small gift of cookies to a shut-in or some older neighbor having a birthday. She'd hand us the lard pail with the goodies, and we'd set out in the pleasant spirit of a good deed. We might go in if we were asked in, she would say, but behave yourselves and mind your manners, and don't wear out your welcome. We might never have mastered the amenities if it weren't for the lard pail! Then she would call after us. "And don't forget to bring home that lard pail! I couldn't keep house without it!"

People seem to be able to today, and can even do it without lard.

Too bad.

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HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

When boiling eggs, add a teaspoon of salt to the water. Should an egg crack, the white will not leak out of the break.

—L.M., Independence, Ks.

Instead of buying prizes for a children's party, have a large bowl of wrapped candy or a bowl of pennies ready and let each winner take as many candies or pennies as his one hand can hold. Children can't really take that many, but they love to try.

—A listener

When celery becomes limp, put it in ice water with a thin slice of potato added and it will perk right up.

—L.M., Independence, Ks.

When mashing potatoes, add a pinch of baking powder for added fluffiness.

For excellent navy, lima, etc., bean soup (made from dry beans), wash the beans and put them in a large pot. Pour boiling water over them, enough to cover. Let them stand, covered, for 1 hour. Drain. Cover with fresh water and add whatever you wish to cook with the beans—bacon bits, ham ends, grated carrots, onion slices, etc. Simmer for 1 to 1½ hours, or until tender. No need to soak long hours or overnight if this method is used.

—M.W., Omaha, Nebr.



BACK TO SCHOOL




Now that the children are off to school, take time to enjoy the

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE.

Each issue is filled with timely, useful articles, excellent recipes and family letters and pictures for your enjoyment.

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MARY BETH REPORTS

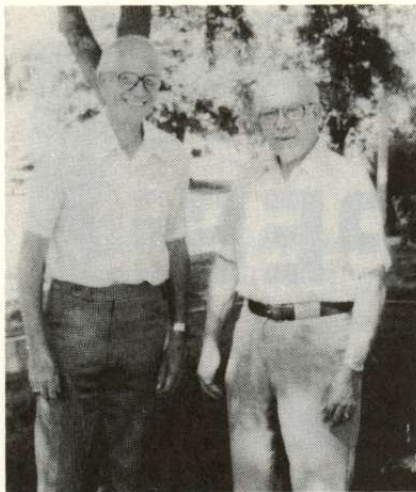
Dear Friends:

If I were to begin my new school year with the classically titled composition, "How I Spent My Summer Vacation", it would prove to be an easy and pleasant assignment for me. This three-month break in my routine has been especially restful this year because I have not attempted to be productive outside of our home—there were an endless number of tasks left over from winter which needed attention to keep me busy.

One of the first things I did was read the book which Adrienne reviewed for you about the Scarsdale Medical Diet. Teaching school is the kind of occupation which doesn't allow much time for physical activity, so every spring I find myself tipping the scales toward the wrong end of the numbers. Katharine had already been very successful with this diet, so Adrienne and I went on the two-week program as soon as she and I were able to cook and commiserate together. I did not have the good fortune of losing the twenty pounds which the diet declared was possible, but I did lose ten pounds which was enough to make me more comfortable in my summer clothes. And what is just as happy is the fact that I have kept those pounds off!

Adrienne has had a fierce schedule to keep and her trim, fat-free body was not so willing to yield up its required pounds. Her job opportunities worked out very profitably for her. She secured a six-week position teaching swimming at one of the nearby lakes. This kept her busy from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. From this, she hustled home to wash the lake sand and pollen out of her hair and jump in the car to drive to her night job as a waitress. This is an identical arrangement to that which she had last summer except her position this year is in a simply superb restaurant. It is hard to believe that we live in the heart of an area where there is an abundance of beautiful lakes around many curves in the road and spotted around these lakes are excellent places to eat. This year's experience for her is very worthwhile. She does tableside cooking of steak, veal and shrimp main courses. This was all learned during cooking classes held for all new waiters and waitresses.

The restaurant where Adrienne is working was originally an inn built as a stopover for traders and trappers hauling their produce and furs to Milwaukee. This public house, in what is now the village of Nashotah, became known as The Red Circle Inn. Except for an interruption due to a fire in 1916, it has



Donald Driftmier (left) is the youngest of the Driftmier brothers and Howard (right) is the oldest. Since Donald's home is in Delafield, Wisconsin, and Howard lives in Shenandoah, Iowa, the two brothers treasure the times when they are able to get together. During their most recent visit, the two posed for this snapshot.

never ceased operation since 1847! Nashotah is less than three miles from our house and Adrienne considered herself most fortunate to have been hired. She knows now that the year she spent working as a bus-girl and then working up as a waitress in a restaurant where there was less pressure was time well spent. This year she was mentally prepared for what was expected of her.

An interesting side-note is that this restaurant specializes in high-quality veal which is raised on a diet of "Provimi" formula which comes from Holland. If you catch sight of large blue and white refrigerated trucks on the highway which are identified by the words "Delft Blue Company", you know that somewhere in your area their flavorful veal is being sold.

Oh, yes, one other little job which she has wiggled into her schedule is a tutorial session with a young man who is in need of math help. Twice a week his mother

brings him to our house and Don and I clear out of the kitchen for an hour while it turns into a math classroom. As soon as Adrienne has earned her share of her year's college tuition, she will begin the sheer delight of spending her earnings on those lovely things every girl has to have to look beautiful.

Because of her tight schedule, Adrienne was not free to accompany Katharine and me to visit my mother in Anderson, Indiana. Katharine had some vacation time from her laboratory in Madison and so she joined me for an unusually pleasant week. We had a lovely, quiet and relaxing time while we caught up on news with my sister, Marge, and her husband, lazed around on my mother's screened-in porch visiting and reading and knitting.

This summer was a major milestone in my mother's life because she finished a year-long plan of food control which resulted in her weighing less than she ever has in her adult life. Mother has especially painful arthritis in her knees, which her specialist in Indianapolis insisted he could treat better if her knees were under less weight-bearing conditions. I am happy to report that she is now suffering less than before this weight-reduction program was required.

On the way home, I drove to the north-eastern corner of the state of Indiana to visit the state-maintained home of Gene Stratton Porter. She is the author of the very popular book, *Girl of the Limberlost*, which my class of fifth graders reads every year. She, like Laura Ingalls Wilder, wrote many books, several of which are arranged into a series. She was to Indiana what Laura was to Wisconsin and Missouri. She set her stories in this territory, writing of the natural beauty of the dense woods and swamps. She was born in 1863 in Wabash, Indiana, and grew up in the Limberlost swamp of east central Indiana near the city of Geneva. In 1912, the swamps were being drained near Geneva and she, with her husband, moved to Sylvan Lake near Rome City, Indiana. Her home there is still maintained and it was a very moving experience for me to walk through the area.

It is almost time for me to rummage through the refrigerator for anything that needs to be magically turned into a delectable leftover. We're having such a cool summer that the normal number of cold meat salads are not quite so appealing. The cool summer has also inspired me to keep my fingers busy on my knitting needles with thoughts toward the coming cold winter and the prospects of energy-saving temperature reductions. With thermostats to be kept at 65, I'll need every sweater I can put together. Until next month I remain,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

LIFE IS LIKE A GARDEN

Life's like a garden
Where lovely things grow,
And bloom in the sunshine
Of pleasures we know.

It will always see days
When the sky isn't blue,
When the rain clouds above
Hide the sunshine from view.

But the nice thing to know
Is that life has a way
Of constantly changing
As day follows day.

So be patient with clouds —
They just last for a while
And the sun's close behind them
Just waiting to smile. —Unknown



RECIPES

DOUBLE CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
- 1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 2-layer size chocolate cake mix
- 1 4-oz. pkg. instant chocolate pudding mix
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Sprinkle 1/2 cup of the pecans on bottom of well-greased 10-inch tube pan. In large mixer bowl, combine all ingredients except remaining nuts and chocolate chips. Blend at medium speed for four minutes. Fold in nuts and chips. Pour batter in pan and bake for about 75 minutes. Test for doneness. Cool in pan for 15 minutes; turn out. —Dorothy

LAYERED VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 large onion, coarsely chopped
- 1 large green pepper, seeded and cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 small eggplant or zucchini, peeled and diced
- 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 large tomato, peeled and chopped
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. dried leaf thyme
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup herb-seasoned stuffing mix
- 2 cups shredded Swiss cheese (divided)

In large skillet, heat oil. Add onion and green pepper and saute for about 3 minutes. Add eggplant or zucchini and mushrooms and saute 3 more minutes. Add tomato and seasonings and simmer for one minute. Spread stuffing mix in bottom of greased 2-quart casserole. Make a layer of about half the vegetable mixture. Spread over one cup of the cheese. Top with remaining vegetable mixture. Bake for about 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Sprinkle on the remaining cup of cheese and return to oven for about 10 more minutes. —Betty Jane

BARBECUED BEEF & SHELLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 1 1/4 cups water
 - 3/4 of 18-oz. jar barbecue sauce with onions
 - 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, undrained
 - 1/2 cup diced green pepper
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1 cup small shell macaroni
 - 1 16-oz. can whole onions, drained
- Crumble beef and brown in a large skillet. Stir in water, barbecue sauce, mushrooms, green pepper and salt and pepper. Bring to boil. Simmer, uncovered, for about 15 minutes. Stir in macaroni, cover and simmer for about 30 minutes or until macaroni is done. Stir occasionally. More water may have to be added if it becomes too dry. Add onions and heat. Serves 6 to 8. —Dorothy

APPLE GOODY DESSERT

- 6 cups diced apples
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats, uncooked
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats

Combine the apples, white sugar, 2 Tbls. flour, cinnamon, 1/2 cup nutmeats and black walnut flavoring. Spread in well-greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle the 1/2 cup water over all. Combine the remaining ingredients and spread over top of apple mixture. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven (325 to 350 degrees). Top with whipped cream, ice cream or whipped topping. Serves 12 to 15. —Hallie

PEAR-APPLE SALAD

- 1 cup diced peeled pears
- 1 cup diced unpeeled apples
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup thinly sliced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or flaked coconut

Lettuce

Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Toss pears and apples with lemon juice, sugar and 1 Tbls. of the mayonnaise. Just before serving add celery, walnuts or coconut, and remaining mayonnaise; toss. Serve on lettuce leaves topped with Kitchen-Klatter French dressing. —Hallie

BOHEMIAN STEAK

(Large recipe)

- 8 cups noodles, crushed, cooked and drained
- 6 lbs. ground beef
- 2 cans tomato puree
- 1 cube chicken bouillon or 1 Tbls. chicken granules, dissolved in small amount of hot water
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups chopped onions
- 2 tsp. black pepper
- Salt to taste

Combine noodles and ground beef. Add the remaining ingredients and form into 25 to 30 patties. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Serve with a commercial mushroom gravy.

The friend who sent this recipe said it was served at their church supper and was well liked by everyone.

—Betty Jane

BUTTERSCOTCH BARS

(Unbaked)

- 2 1/2 cups finely crushed graham cracker crumbs
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup shredded or flaked coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

In a large bowl, combine the cracker crumbs, marshmallows, coconut and nuts. Set aside. In heavy saucepan, combine the remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil. Cook five minutes over low heat, stirring constantly. Cool to lukewarm. Pour over crumb mixture and stir well. Press into 9- by 13-inch pan. Top with the following:

- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine topping ingredients in a pan and melt over low heat. Spread over first mixture. Chill and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

FREEZER PEACH PIE FILLING

- 4 quarts peeled sliced peaches
- 1 gallon water
- 1 tsp. powdered acid fruit (or lemon juice)
- 3 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup plus 2 Tbls. quick-cooking tapioca
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt

Place the one gallon of water in a large container. Put the peaches in the water as you are preparing them. Sprinkle peaches with the powdered acid fruit (or lemon juice) to keep from discoloring. When the four quarts of peaches are prepared, drain off the liquid. Combine the peach slices with the remaining ingredients. Spoon into freezer cartons and freeze. Allow to thaw slightly before putting into pie shell. Makes enough filling for four pies.

—Hallie

MABEL NAIR BROWN'S 24-HOUR PLUM SALAD

- 2 cups fresh Italian plums (often called prune-plums)
- 2 cups seedless grapes
- 2 cups pineapple tidbits, drained well
- 1 or 2 bananas
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows (or 16 large ones, diced)
- 1 cup fresh orange segments (or 1 can mandarin oranges)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Remove stones from prune-plums and cut into thin slices. Combine with remaining ingredients in a large glass or pottery bowl (not wood). Fold in enough dressing (dressing recipe follows) to coat each piece. Chill, covered, for 24 hours. Garnish top with mint sprigs, orange slices, plums, marachino cherries or other fruits in season.

Dressing

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup orange juice
- 1/3 cup juice drained from pineapple
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup whipped cream or 1 pkg. dessert topping, prepared

Put egg in heavy saucepan and beat until it is thick and lemon colored. Beat in honey, cornstarch and salt. Add all juices and flavoring. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from heat. Cover and chill. Fold in whipped cream or topping.

This may make more dressing than needed. Store leftover in covered container and use for any fruit salad.

ZUCCHINI-PORK BAKE

- 1 lb. lean ground pork
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 6 5-inch long zucchinis
- Salt and pepper
- 6 oz. sliced mozzarella cheese

Place pork in a frying pan over medium heat. Cook pork, stirring until all pink color is gone; drain. Stir in garlic salt, crumbs, 2 Tbls. of the Parmesan cheese and sour cream. Set aside. Cut zucchini in thin slices and sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Grease a shallow 2-quart baking dish. Place half of the zucchini slices in the bottom. Spoon pork over top and cover with remaining zucchini slices. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Remove and place mozzarella cheese slices on top and put the remaining Parmesan cheese on top. Place back in oven, uncovered, for 10 minutes longer.

—Betty Jane

MASHED POTATO SALAD

To leftover mashed potatoes, add enough salad mustard to color. Stir in finely chopped onion, dill pickle and celery. Chill.

—Robin Justiz

LIME & LEMON SLICE COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 4 Tbls. milk
- 4 cups flour
- Flavoring
- Food coloring
- Colored sugar

Cream butter or margarine and sugar together. Beat in eggs. Stir in baking powder, salt, soda and milk. Add half of flour. Divide dough into two parts. Add flavoring and coloring as desired. Add remaining flour, dividing between the two portions. Shape into rolls and wrap in waxed paper. Refrigerate. Slice and bake on lightly greased cookie sheet at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until firm and delicately brown on the bottom.

To make the lime and lemon slices, color one portion of dough yellow. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. When ready to slice, coat outside of cookie roll with yellow sugar. Cut a slice from the roll, then cut this in two to form two half circles. Lay on the cookie sheet and bake as directed. The yellow looks like lemon slices with the yellow sugar appearing as the rind. Make the lime slices in similar fashion using green coloring, mint flavoring and green sugar. If colored sugars are not available, make up your own using white sugar and food coloring. Spread out on waxed paper to dry before using.

—Evelyn

UNUSUAL VEGETABLE DIP

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped stuffed green olives
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- Dash of salt
- 1 Tbls. half-and-half
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Soften the cream cheese to room temperature. Stir in the remaining ingredients, using enough half-and-half, or Country Style dressing, or the combination as given to make of dipping consistency. Chill. Serve as a dip for zucchini sticks, celery sticks, raw cauliflower pieces, etc. Excellent as an appetizer or a relish.

—Evelyn

SOUTHERN CORN BAKE

- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 3 cups drained yellow hominy
- 1 8-oz. can (1 cup) seasoned tomato sauce
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 4-oz. pkg. corn chips, crushed

Heat oil in skillet and saute the onion. Add hominy, tomato sauce, salt and chili powder. Stir well. In greased casserole, layer half the hominy mixture, half the cheese and half of the crushed chips. Repeat layers, topping with the corn chips. Bake about 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

SWEET POTATO YEAST BREAD

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1 1/2 cups lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 to 3 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup cooked, mashed sweet potatoes
- 5 to 5 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked rolled oats

Soften yeast in lukewarm water. Pour scalded milk over sugar, salt, spices, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Stir in sweet potatoes. Beat until blended. Stir in 1 cup of the flour, yeast mixture and rolled oats. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 8-10 minutes. Add a little more flour if too sticky. Place in greased bowl, turning dough to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise until double. Punch down. Shape into loaves or rolls. Place in greased baking pan. Brush tops of loaves or rolls with melted shortening. Let rise until nearly double. Bake at 350 degrees about 20-25 minutes for rolls, 45 minutes for loaves.

—Evelyn

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DODGE HOUSE PUNCH

- 2 12-oz. cans frozen orange juice concentrate
- 1 12-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate
- 1 46-oz. can pineapple juice
- 5 bananas, mashed
- 6 cups water
- Sugar to taste (about 4 cups)
- 7-Up

Combine juices, banana, water and sugar, making sure sugar is dissolved. Chill. Add 7-Up just before serving. The bananas give this punch a most unusual taste. They can be pureed in the blender, along with some of the fruit juice, so they blend in well. Depending on amount of 7-Up used, this recipe will serve 30 or more punch cup-size servings. —Evelyn

MERINGUE KISSES

- 2 egg whites
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Add salt, cream of tartar and flavorings. Gradually beat in sugar, continuing to beat until mixture forms stiff peaks. Be certain sugar is beaten in well and dissolved so as not to be grainy. Fold in nuts. Lightly grease a cookie sheet, or cover with waxed paper or brown paper. Drop meringues onto this surface by teaspoonfuls. They can be spaced quite close, as these do not spread much. Bake in a slow oven, 225 degrees, for about 40 minutes or until they hold their shape well. (Do not overbake, these should still be moist and chewy in the center.) Remove immediately from pan.

Other flavorings may be used besides those given. —Evelyn

PORK WELLINGTON

- 1 4-lb. boneless, tied and rolled pork roast

Roast meat until well done (or 170 degrees on meat thermometer). Cool for one hour. Save meat drippings. Remove strings used for tying the roast. Cover or wrap the roast tightly and refrigerate overnight.

Prepare the following fruit filling, also the day before serving:

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 6 ozs. of mixed, chopped, dried fruit
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 2 tsp. Dijon mustard

In skillet, melt the butter. (Do not burn!) Add the rest of the ingredients and bring just to boiling. Remove from heat, cover and let stand until all liquid is absorbed—about 15 minutes. Refrigerate.

Prepare the following pastry to cover

the roast, also the day before:

- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 4 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 3 eggs
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted

Combine yeast, water and sugar. Let stand ten minutes or until foamy. In large bowl, beat the butter or margarine until creamy. Beat in eggs, salt, 3/4 cup of the flour and the yeast mixture. Add 2 more cups of the flour. Turn out and knead in the remaining flour until dough is just smooth. Place dough in a warm place and let rise until double—about 2 hours. Punch down and refrigerate at least 6 hours (or longer).

The day of serving, remove the roast from the refrigerator one hour before baking.

Remove dough from refrigerator and turn out on a floured surface. Roll dough into a 1/4-inch thick rectangle. Spread a 4-inch wide strip of the fruit filling down the center of the dough. Place the roast on top of the filling. Bring dough up around the roast, covering it. Trim off excess dough.

Seal dough ends together with a mixture of 1 egg yolk and 2 Tbls. milk. Place the wrapped roast carefully on a greased baking sheet, seam side down. Brush with the remaining egg-milk mixture.

Use trimmed-off dough pieces to decorate the top of roast. I cut out flowers. Do not glaze the decoration. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours or until the pastry is golden brown and the meat is heated all through.

The meat drippings can be used to make gravy to serve with the Wellington.

—Juliana

BUTTERSCOTCH BOSCS PEARS

- 6 fresh Boscs pears, pared and cored from the bottom (leave on stems)

- 3 cups water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/4 cup light corn syrup
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 cup evaporated milk (or half-and-half)
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Combine water, granulated sugar and lemon juice; bring to boil. Boil five minutes. Add pears, cover and cook for 12-15 minutes or until pears are tender. Baste occasionally. Cool pears in syrup. Combine remaining ingredients and boil for about three minutes or until syrup reaches 220 degrees. Cool to room temperature. Place a pear in sherbet dish and top with the butterscotch sauce. May be served with a spoonful of whipped cream or topping.

FILLING THE TILL

by
Virginia Thomas

This is the time when organizations are planning their money-raising projects for the coming year. These ideas are different, fun to do, not too difficult and guaranteed to "fill the till". Each one of the suggestions can be a starter for your group to discuss.

Come-As-You-Are Party: Arrange for a large hall where the party can be held and plan for especially good entertainment. The night of the party, let the members of the organization take their cars and go around to gather up people to go to the party, charge a small fee for the "cab" fare. If a person wants to change any item of clothing, comb hair, etc., charge a set fee (10¢ to \$1.00) for each change that is made. If all will enter into the spirit of fun, this party can really be a riot of fun as well as adding to the treasury.

Bread-baking Week: If quite a few in your organization bake breads of various kinds, advertise that during such and such a week, your club will take orders for baked bread to be filled and delivered within 24 hours. Give the telephone number of one person who takes all the orders and then passes them along to the bakers.

Make-believe Tea: (Good for any especially busy season or when you're snowed in next winter!) Make copies of this verse and staple to a napkin along with a tea bag and mail it to each "guest":

Do sit down next Friday afternoon
When we are having tea,
Just stay calm, relaxed, no dressing up,
Just drink it comfortably.
As you drink, please think of us
For we will all be home, you see.
To raise some money for our till,
We're hosting this "Make-believe Tea".
The price we ask is not too much
We think you will agree—
Would you mail back a dollar
To make our "Make-believe Tea"
come true for (name of organization and address for mailing)?

Pig-in-the-Poke Auction: Ask each member to bring some article in a brown paper sack to the next meeting such as an item of baked goods, gift item, article of clothing, craft item or a "white elephant". The item should be a "good" article, not rummage-type. The sacks may be labeled as "baked goods", "clothing", etc., if desired, but it is much more fun to auction off the bags without any hint as to their contents.

Alarm Auction: Instead of a regular auction, have everyone bring an item of baked goods or hand-crafted items and auction them off, setting an alarm clock or kitchen timer for a certain number of



For many years, people who visited Shenandoah and caught a glimpse of these two dogs were very surprised—to put it mildly! They were named Pat and Bud, one was a Chesapeake and the other a water spaniel. The two pets ran countless errands for their master, Claude Aid, and were completely trustworthy to follow all kinds of instructions. If they loitered too long on some errand, Mr. Aid called and told whoever answered to put Pat or Bud on the phone. After a brief conversation, those two dogs instantly dashed back home. On hot summer days, they both carried parasols and were truly a sight, particularly when they were on an errand that involved carrying some meat!

—Lucile

minutes (vary the time from item to item) and let the bidding begin. When the bell goes off, the last bidder at that time gets the item. This usually makes for some lively fast bidding, especially if you can find an auctioneer with ready wit to urge the bidding along.

The Magic Hamper: Fill a clothes hamper with lovely hand-crafted items.

Sell tickets for a drawing to be held at a certain time and date. The hamper could be auctioned off if your group prefers that method, but a drawing would probably bring in the largest sum for your treasury. If handmade items are not possible, use any idea for filling the hamper—food items, canned goods, towels, etc.

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MEET OUR STAFF



—Photo by Evelyn Birkby

Val Black

Take an interest in hunting, fishing, Indian artifacts, woodworking, children, home, travel, solar energy, collecting old mechanics magazines and printing, toss them all together and you'll come out with Val Black.

Val has been part of the Kitchen-Klatter printing department since 1966 where he helps keep approximately 84,000 copies of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine coming off the presses. It is not an easy job. Val takes the photographic negatives as they come from the photographer and makes from them the plates which are then placed on the presses for the printing runs. Val inks, checks the copy for clarity, repairs and services the presses and does all the tasks needed to keep production running on schedule. He also does the small printing needs around the plant such as letterheads and business forms. In his "spare time", he works with the other employees who help choose and order the premiums used in the business.

Val enjoys printing, for he finds it a creative occupation, one which he does with his hands and the results can be quickly observed. Val even has a hand press at home upon which he experiments with some of his creative ideas.

When he is not working at the Kitchen-Klatter plant, Val enjoys gardening, a hobby which helps feed his family which includes his wife and their five children. He has added a number of improvements to the solar room which he built in 1977. (This project was described in the January 1978 issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine.) A number of people have written Val asking questions about this project. He particularly enjoyed hearing from a school student, Mike Veek of Sibley, Iowa, who wanted help on a science project on solar energy. Val felt that the time he took answering Mike's letters was well repaid when the project took first place in the school Science Fair.

If you look in the corners of Val's basement, you'll find stacks of old *Popular Mechanics*, *Modern Mechanics*

and *Mechanics Illustrated* magazines. He not only enjoys collecting these aging issues, but Val reads them to glean ideas for various projects around his home.

And where did Val's interest in travel, Indian artifacts and his printing expertise begin?

Val was born and raised in Shenandoah, Iowa. After he completed high school in 1955, he joined the army. For two and one-half years he lived at La Rochelle on the west coast of France. Taking full advantage of his time overseas, Val traveled to Spain, Ireland, England and Scotland. His favorite place was Ireland because his ancestors had originated from that country. He especially enjoyed an old monastery named "Glendaloch", which is located north of Dublin. It was established by St. Kevin about 525 A.D. Glendaloch is a typical example of an early monastic settlement and, at one time, included thousands of students who came to study from various parts of Ireland, Britain and the Continent. Now the ruins have become tourist attractions, not only because of the history involved, but also because of the beauty of the area. Val found it especially interesting and hopes someday to go back and take his wife to see the beautiful valley.

One of the fascinating parts of living in France, Val found, was the excellent food at the sidewalk cafes. Fine soups made with fishstock base, French bread with a different, more chewy texture than the bread made in our country, and French onion soups, became Val's favorites. France was a country of friendly people and sitting at the tables at the outdoor restaurants provided excellent places to eat, watch and visit with those who passed by.

After Val returned to southwest Iowa, he met his wife, Julia Ann Hawks. She was teaching school in Villisca, Iowa, some 30 miles north of Shenandoah, where one of her fellow teachers was an aunt of Val's. The aunt played cupid by seeing that the two met. A few months later, they were married and moved to Bismarck, North Dakota.

Bismarck was an enjoyable location with fine people, many of German-Russian extraction. The Blacks enjoyed the history of the area. They lived near Fort Lincoln, the place from which General Custer started out on his way to the Little Big Horn. A dump on an old river bank provided a wealth of arrowheads, old bottles, crockery, flint and gun casings for the digging. The fact that Lewis and Clark passed near the area, and the Mandan Indians were indiginous to that section of the country, added to the Blacks' fascinating experiences. Val says the state historical museum in Bismarck is "just great".

After a year and a half in Bismarck, (Continued on page 18)



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Gardening really did bring us a great deal of joy this past season. We delighted in many new and different flowers that had never been grown in the yard before and in watching the pleasure they gave to others. Children and grownups alike were enchanted with the pansies we tucked in shady nooks, around the Little Chapel of the Flowers and around bird-baths located in semi-shade. New ones were *Sunny Boy*, a rich yellow with dark blotches and *Orange Prince*, the new all-America winner for 1979. *Imperial Blue*, an older winner that has earned a place in our pansy beds with its huge blotched blue faces and sturdy stems, was also a favorite. Pansies are easy to grow from seed which we treat as annual flowers and thus plant seed each spring. Some of the plants do live over winter and give us an added bonus.

Marmalade rudbeckia has been a mainstay of all the borders and beds because it is practically carefree. No insects or diseases attack this sturdy rudbeckia and the plants bloom continuously from early July until killed by frost. Last spring we added a new dwarf called *Rustic Colors*. The plants had the same growth habit—dwarf and bushy, but with vibrant gold, orange, brown and deep bronze colors. There are intershades and solids.

Each year we acquire a few new ideas for planting that are worth repeating. Some springs the cutworms are especially bad and making tar paper collars for every plant became an almost insurmountable task. Because we save everything without rhyme or reason for doing so, we have collections of odd things around the place. One was a box of cardboard rollers such as come in waxed paper, foil and plastic film. By cutting these rolls into two-inch lengths, we had perfect collars through which to poke seedlings, and then insert the ring into the soil as a cutworm guard. By the time the cutworm season was past, the cardboard collars disintegrated into the soil. Cutting the rollers was difficult either with shears or a knife but we found that the wire stem cutter in the floral shop worked like a charm, so one rainy day I cut up a large, five-gallon pailful of the collars. The pail went along to the flower beds and vegetable garden and a collar was easily slipped over each seedling when it went into the ground. Perhaps you will want to save your cardboard rollers for cutworm guards to use next spring.



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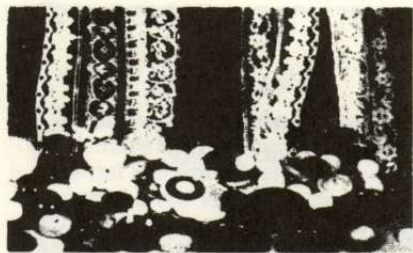
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OFF THEY GO !!!

Those shirttails may be flapping in the breeze, but you want the children clean when they head back to school. Parents send the kids away clean in the morning, knowing full well they'll be pretty grimy when they return in the afternoon.

Fortunately, there is help: the **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins**. When **Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and **All-Fabric Bleach** go to work, keeping up with school-ager's dirty clothes is just a little easier.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

If you are one of the *Kitchen-Klatter* readers who especially enjoyed Carl Hamilton's book, *In No Time At All*, you'll be pleased to know that he has edited another called *Pure Nostalgia*.

In No Time At All became one of the Midwest's best sellers, probably because it told of commonplace events of country life in the 1920s and 1930s. After publication of that book, Mr. Hamilton received many stories from readers, sharing their own experiences from bygone periods of Iowa history. These essays in *Pure Nostalgia* are representative of the remembrances which span the period from the 1850s to the early 1940s. Hamilton writes in the prologue of *Pure Nostalgia*, "Each of these Iowans has recorded a bit of history that is found nowhere else. Conventional history books paint with broad brushes; these persons tell it like it was on a one-to-one, I-was-there basis."

A sampling of the subjects reflects the book's tone: "Memories Never Forgotten", "From Steam to Diesel", and "Unseen Battles", written by a country doctor.

Pure Nostalgia (Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa 50010, \$8.95, plus 60¢ postage and handling) brings to readers some experiences of people who were growing up and making their contributions between the time when mid-America was just emerging from the prairie-grass era to the period of the Great Depression.

Another beautifully written book is *Petra* by Julia McDonald. After watching the author being interviewed on television, I knew I wanted to read this story of a young Danish-American woman. This tale about Danes in Iowa presents a realistic picture of life from the turn of the century to the 1930s. Cultural adaptations of "Old Country" ways to a new land are shown with rich descriptions of Danish customs, superstitions, and holiday celebrations. *Petra* Jorgen grew up in a world dominated by her mother and three sisters, since she was born shortly after her father's death. She followed her brother everywhere. When she came of age, she did not adopt the traditional woman's role. Julie McDonald follows *Petra* through her childhood, to her years as a country schoolteacher, and then as a young farm wife. *Petra* (Iowa State University Press, \$8.95, 60¢ postage and handling), with a setting in southwest Iowa, says it so well for women in the concluding paragraph: "I was back at the beginning—in a world without men. I yearned for the innocence that knew nothing else, despaired of

regaining it, and knew finally that I could endure—as my mother had. It is the women who abide and maintain houses of refuge for those whose bridges have fallen."

When I go walking around the block in the evening with our beagle, we meet neighbors and friends who are jogging or walking, too. In Ralph H. Hopp's book, *Enjoying the Active Life After Fifty* (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, paperback \$5.95), there is an important message: . . . "that the development and maintenance of a healthy attitude toward life as one grows older can be achieved in large measure by continued participation in pursuits that will tend to keep one younger and optimistic." So this book lists several types of physical activity that could open up an extended and happier life. These include: birdwatching, camping, swimming, sailing, bicycling, walking and jogging. Ralph Hopp writes of a special benefit of birdwatching. After a night snowfall, he was shoveling snow on a cold, sunshiny day. The air was pierced with the melodious song of a cardinal. "There he was, at the top of a neighbor's tall elm tree. With his cry of 'what cheer, what cheer' my mind immediately was redirected from the grizzly, bitter winter we had just been through, to the inexorable rebirth of life that comes with every spring. What cheer!"

Enjoying the Active Life After Fifty establishes guidelines that would be helpful to middle-aged and older people.

Incidentally, when my husband goes walking and jogging each day after his early rising, he meets a different set of people than I. Morning people! Then he exercises by doing push-ups and sit-ups. (I barely have one eye open . . .)

MEET OUR STAFF — Concluded

the Blacks drove back to southwest Iowa in an old '48 Chevvy. It was cold! They settled for a time in Atlantic, Iowa, where Val sold bomb shelters during the Cuban crises and Julia gave birth to their first child, Timothy Joseph. The Black family now includes: Tim 18, Tony 17, Teresa 16, Ann 14 and Ted 13.

It was in Atlantic that Val became interested in the printing profession. He began work as an apprentice to a local printer. From then on he was fascinated with the trade and worked, learning as he went, for two years. Val heard that an opening existed in the Kitchen-Klatter Company for a printer, so the Blacks moved back to Shenandoah.

In his thirteen years here, Val has become a mainstay in the process by which this publication reaches you readers. He is a fine person to visit with as well. All you need to do is bring up one of his favorite subjects and you'll soon be immersed in a fascinating discussion.

HOME, THE FIRST SCHOOL

by
Roberta Kalen Price

Parents, especially of young school-age children, must be amazed at the flood of articles that appear each fall in newspapers and magazines designed to help families adjust to the school routine. Such information is useful, but for many people it may be a case of "Too little, too late."

The foundation for success in school, as well as in jobs and in life, is laid during the preschool years when the parents have their best opportunity to mold and influence their children. Mother and Dad should agree on their priorities along these lines and then cooperate to get the results they desire.

So, rather than thinking about the children who will be entering or attending school in 1979, it is important to focus our attention on the preschoolers in your home. First, visit your local library or bookstore to choose books that can be helpful. Government publications on child development and child care are available. Consult lists of titles from the U.S. Government and your state—many of the items are free or cost very little.

Second, ask yourselves what is important to you in the rearing of your children. Goals will differ for different families.

Chart the items you consider important—list your priorities, and then plan to work on some phase each month.

The matter of discipline will probably come close to the top of your list. The dictionary gives several definitions for the word discipline. The one I like best is "obedience; submission to control." Not to parents' control only, but respect for authority in general and self-control in particular. A teacher who taught several



We have had many requests for a photograph of Juliana and Jed Lowey's guest house. This shows the adobe-type building which is used so much in New Mexico with the inviting patio in the foreground. The swinging doors in the gate and the vines and bushes give a secluded air about the area.

of our children over a period of years once told me she never had problems with them because we sent them to school disciplined and ready to learn.

Young parents need to make as few demands and limitations as possible on their children's actions. Especially try to avoid the "No, no," which becomes so common to the toddler. However, when either a command or a prohibition is made, **MAKE IT STICK!** Start that policy from the very beginning and you will avoid many problems. I'm sure the first conflict each of my children and I had was their learning that I meant it when I insisted they lie still while diapers were being changed—they really wanted to flip over after they had learned to do so. A firm "You may not do that", gave them the message.

In your zeal to make sure your child

learns obedience, be willing to make exceptions and to apologize if you have been hasty or unwise in your demands. Each child deserves to be treated as a person, with his rights respected just as those of an adult.

These ideas came from Frederick J. Moffitt:

"A child learns by wiggling skills through his fingers and toes into himself, by soaking up habits and attitudes of those around him, and by pushing and pulling his world.

"A child learns more through trial than error, more through pleasure than pain, more through experience than suggestion, more through suggestion than direction.

"A child learns through affection, love, patience, understanding, belonging, doing, and being."



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END OF SUMMER

The first falling leaves mean different things to different folks. Some think of football. Some think of the cold, dark days ahead. Some just enjoy the colors and brisk days. But all us know it's time to stow away the trappings of summer such as the barbecue grill, the patio furniture, the lawn mower, wheelbarrow, etc. Every one of 'em needs to be cleaned up before storing for winter.

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04



From Our Family Album

Our Driftmier family had exactly two dogs through the long, long span of years. Old Trix was the first and believe me, a whole book could be written about him! Dad wasn't the least bit enthusiastic about another dog, but when Mother first saw this cocker spaniel she wanted him so badly that Dad gave in. Rusty was with us for several years and then was struck and killed by a car. As far as I know, this is the only picture we have of Mother and Rusty.

—Lucile

VOLUNTEERS

by
Winifred Peterson

Happy children's laughter, dogs barking, and adult voices heard outside an open window are the things that characterize the sounds familiar to my husband and me these days. Life on the campus of Southwest Indian School in Peoria, Arizona, is quite a contrast to the life which we live nine or ten months of the year on a Kansas ranch.

Young missionary families living in close conjunction with retired persons working as volunteers on this campus and mingling with Indian students, grades 1-12, bring a variety of life. There is no boredom nor dullness here.

We are among the volunteers. There seems to be a place for everyone. Some are retired professional and technical people. Others, like us, are farmers not quite ready to retire but not wanting to be tied to a plot of land. Life as a volunteer gives the satisfaction of doing something worthwhile for others without monetary gain. In fact, we seem to be the recipients. God's presence is so real. Many lasting friendships are made. The work is done in an atmosphere of love. My husband is happy when laying blocks and bricks and there are many waiting to be laid. I can type to my heart's content, with filing, addressing letters, cooking in the school kitchen, and entertaining Indian children all thrown in.

Volunteers are needed and do serve in many areas of service in our country. Southwest Indian School would suffer if it weren't for the volunteer workers who compose half of their staff. Some spend nine months out of the year at the school and have special jobs. Work groups come to help for two or three weeks at a time. The amount of work done seems miraculous. In 1977-78, a nine-apartment complex was built within the year

and made ready for occupancy. This was called "The House That Love Built". Only the plumber and the company that applied the stucco to the outside of the building were paid workers. This past winter, a school building was started in the same way. By May, the roof was being built.

My husband and I came with a work group for three weeks a year ago and stayed for fifteen weeks. This past winter, we applied to the school to come on our own and are staying ten weeks. Being a volunteer makes us feel useful and needed—we recommend it to everyone.



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But keep this one fact in mind: No success rules work unless you work.

WILL THE PIECES FIT? — Concl.

the color to order! Yes, that is another piece that is an absolute misfit. Do find another to fill in that last spot.

Ah, (name of helper), you have that last piece of puzzle. **FRIENDSHIP**. One of the greatest joys to come to us through our organization is the friendships we share together. We must keep those friendships alive and growing.

Closing:

So we see our puzzle completed

With every space filled in,

We hope you got the message—

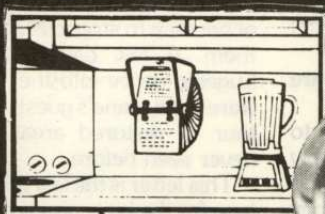
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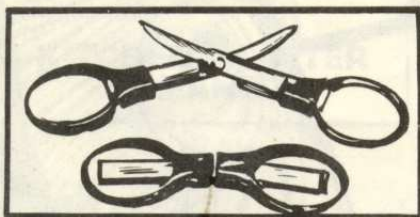
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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
some ice cream made and into the freezer before this day ends. My oven hasn't been fixed yet; probably they have had to order the thermostat. In the meantime, I'm using a small electric oven Bernie gave me recently. It doesn't hold very much at one time, so consequently it takes twice as long to get everything baked, but I am certainly grateful to have it in this emergency.

Right now it's time to think about a hungry husband and what to fix for our supper. I hope next month to tell you about Kristin's visit. Until then . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
large cities think small towns are wonderful.

James and Katharine returned to Albuquerque feeling excited about only one thing: they would be back with their father. MY! How very, very much they missed him, and well they might since he is a remarkably wonderful father.

Their departure from Shenandoah seemed to come so hastily and abruptly because they were due to register at their schools almost immediately after they returned to New Mexico. This coming school year James will have his first experience at riding the bus since he is to be enrolled at what they call the *Middle School*—classes made up only of sixth and seventh graders. It's a good thing Katharine has friends who will walk with her down the oh! so familiar old dirt road that she always walked before with James.

Betty Jane had a wonderful time during the three weeks she spent at Lake Ottertail and St. Paul. Almost all the family members and friends who were expected came, and on the last Sunday

they had a tremendous feast with thirty-five people gathered at three tables in the yard of Betty Jane's mother in St. Paul. There were cameras clicking on all sides during this occasion, and she is hopeful that some good clear shots will turn out so that I can see them. A great many relatives had flown in for the affair and work schedules made it far too short a visit all the way around.

Martin Strom and his wife, Eugenie, were here in Shenandoah briefly. By the time you read this, Martin will have broadcast on our Saturday radio visit. Betty Jane had more of a chance to visit with the Stroms in Minnesota than we had in Iowa, for on one of the trips she made with her mother from Lake Ottertail back to St. Paul, she drove out of her way to stop in Maple Lake and see them. A few days later, Martin and Eugenie drove into the Twin Cities and were Betty Jane's guests for dinner and a tour of restored areas that they had never seen before.

This letter is the last thing to be set into type for the issue you are reading. Until I write to you in the October issue, it is absolutely necessary to say "goodbye" . . . and here I was just getting started!

Always your faithful friend . . .

Lucile

THE HOUSE THAT I LIVE IN

You tell me that I'm getting old—
I tell you that's not so.
The house I live in is worn out—
And that of course I know.
It's been in use a long, long while—
It's weathered many a gale.
I'm really not surprised you think it's getting somewhat frail.
The color is changing on the roof.
The window is getting dim.
The walls are a bit transparent and looking rather thin.
The foundation is not so steady as it once used to be.
My house is getting shaky, but my house isn't me.

A few years can't make me old—
I feel I'm in my youth.
Eternity lies just ahead, a life of joy and truth.
I'm going to live there forever.
Life will go on. It's grand!
You tell me I'm getting old.
You just don't understand.
The dweller in my little house is young and bright and gay,
Just starting on a life to last throughout eternal day.
You see only the outside—which is all that most folks see.
You tell me I'm getting old?
You've mixed my house with me!
—Unknown

✕ ✕ ✕



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