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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

What an exciting summer we had this year! First, there was our retirement from South Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Then, there was the move into our new home here on the banks of the Pawcatuck River, with all of the busy work of carpenters and painters rushing to get things ready for the arrival of Betty's parents. But most of all, there was the happiness of having the senior Crandalls with us. What good times we have had with them, and how much it has meant to Betty and me to be able to share with them our hopes, dreams, concerns and anxieties. Nothing ever can take the place of the wise counsel of one's parents.

The summer began with Betty's father being rushed to the hospital with health problems of a very serious nature, and then the summer ended with my taking Mr. Crandall to Nova Scotia for a week. He not only was well enough to make the trip, but was on the go from morning 'til night giving parties and going to parties and calling on old friends up and down the southeast coast of that little land we in this family all love so much.

This was my first trip back to Nova Scotia since 1973, and I had forgotten just how foggy it could be. After living up there for so many summers in years past, one would have thought that I would have expected fog and rain, but never have I seen the fog as thick as it was this past summer. Even our Nova Scotian friends admitted that the fog was much worse than usual.

Unless you have had some leisurely trips to Canada's most beautiful maritime province, you cannot appreciate how good, and how friendly, and how generous, and how helpful the Nova Scotian people are. Of all the people in the world, those beautiful people are, in my opinion, among the finest and the best. That is very lavish judgment, but, if you have had an opportunity to know them as we in this family have known them, you realize this is not an exaggerated statement.

Remember how much I looked



Enjoying an outing on the river in front of Frederick's and Betty's house, are from left to right Christopher, Vincent, Isabel and Mary Lea Palo.

forward to going sailing this past summer? I bought a beautiful little sailboat and learned very quickly how to run its motor, but when the time came to actually sail it, trouble evolved. First, the weather kept the boat in port. Then, when the weather improved, the boat did not. A serious problem developed with the movable centerboard, a part of the boat more important even than the sails. The boat was taken out of the water and repaired. At last came the big day for me to take Betty for her first ride in the new boat. You guessed it! The repairs seemed to have made the problem worse. The entire boat was loaded onto a truck and taken back to the factory. What a disappointment that was! The summer passed with practically no sailing at all.

I did, however, get to use the motor on the boat to take our grandchildren for two rides up and down the river. I planned to take them across the bay to the public beach, but rain began, so we returned to the dock. Perhaps the grandchildren will come down again before the boat is taken out of the water for the winter in time to take them for a sail around our beautiful bay.

On an island a short distance off our Connecticut coast, there are about one-hundred wild geese which chose to stay in this area for the summer instead of going to the North. Every morning, for the past few months, those geese (or "honkers", as we call them) have been flying from the island to a small lake in nearby Rhode Island. They fly so low over our house, honking like mad, that I am sure they will come through the windows. In the evening, the birds fly back to the island, once again passing over the house at a very low altitude. In the morning, the "honkers" fly a few feet

from the south side of the house, and then, when returning in the evening, fly on the north side of the house. It is just as though our little cottage is some kind of a beacon or road sign. I sometimes wonder if those geese are saying: "There is the Driftmier place!"

As of now, the birds have made no obvious plans to leave us for warmer lands to the south, and we are hoping they will stay around. It is such fun to watch these geese fly by, and to hear them honking at each other. It would be interesting to learn what all of those honks really mean.

Did you hear a recent announcement that said the state of Massachusetts was the worst state in the country for retired persons? It really is, money-wise, and that is why Betty and I moved down here to the Connecticut shore. Massachusetts is commonly nicknamed "Taxachusetts" around here. It has the nation's highest taxes on the kinds of incomes older persons use for retirement. Connecticut is better. Betty and I have many reasons for loving the place where we are now, even though we confess that we wept bitter tears when we parted from our dear friends in Springfield.

Many interesting stories abound in this part of our newly adopted state of Connecticut, but in this letter, I shall mention just one bit of fascinating lore: the first stone house built in New England was built in Guilford, Connecticut, a short distance from where we live. The Pilgrims at Plymouth built their houses of wood and mud, but Rev. Henry Whitfield, who led a group of Puritans to our Connecticut shore, built a big house of stone in 1639. That house is still standing, a beautiful example of 16th and 17th century English architecture,

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I had just come home from mailing last month's *Kitchen-Klatter* letter when the telephone rang. Kristin said, "Mother are you ready for us? We are in Adair and will be at the farm in another 2½ hours." To say Frank and I were surprised is putting it mildly. The second session of summer school was only half over, but Kristin had a talk with her professor who agreed to let her turn in all of her work and take the examinations when she returned. In this way, she arranged to come home to see Juliana, James and Katharine.

I did get a freezer of ice cream made just hours before they arrived. Since they had already had lunch on the road, big dishes of ice cream and cookies were all they wanted. They said it really "hit the spot" after driving all day long. The boys were so anxious to get here they didn't want to stop to eat, so Kristin packed a lunch to eat in the car. However, they did stop often for short rests so everyone could get out and stretch. Julian, at four, is a good little traveler, and everyone was happy when they got here.

The boys really look forward to staying at the Andybear which serves as our guest house and think of it as their very own house. Since they arrived earlier than I expected, I didn't have the beds made or the house aired out so they agreed it would be better to stay at our main house the first night. The next day, we all helped get the Andybear ready: stocked the refrigerator, put away clothes, made beds. Soon they were all settled in for the remainder of their visit. Aaron got my bike out of the shed and put air in the tires so he could ride it back and forth between the two houses. I don't know how many trips he made during the day. Andy and Aaron both like to fish and spent a great deal of time on the bank of the bayou. Fortunately, the fish were biting the first three days they were here, so by the end of the week we had quite a few in the freezer. The boys are good at cleaning their catch so it didn't cause me any extra work.

Kristin seldom wants to go anywhere when she gets back to the farm, but likes to spend all of her time with us. Bernie came out for several meals. (We were hoping Frank's sister, Ruth, could come for a few days from Kansas City, and Marge and Oliver could spend a day with us while Kristin and the boys were here, but they were all unable to get away right then.) My good friend, Dorothea Polser, had us come in for coffee a couple of times. Bernie wanted to take all of us out to dinner one night but Frank and I decided we would stay at home so she



Juliana Lowey snapped this picture of her Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank Johnson's family when she drove to their farm and had a wonderful reunion with all of them. From left to right are Andy Brase, Dorothy Johnson, Kristin Brase holding Julian, and seated is Aaron Brase in a very pensive mood!

took just Kristin and the boys.

Juliana and her children came from Shenandoah one morning and stayed until noon of the following day. This was a dream come true for all of us. It had been seven years since the two cousins had been here at the farm together. Juliana had never seen Julian.

Except for Julian, the children all walked over to one of the ponds to fish as soon as Juliana's family got here. By the time they got back, they were ready for the fried chicken dinner I had prepared. After dinner, Kristin and Juliana took a long hike into the timber with all five children. While they were gone, I made a freezer of fresh peach ice cream. It was a very hot day and they were more than ready for big bowls of it by the time they got back. While I was in the business of making ice cream, I made a second freezer (banana) so I think for once everyone had all they wanted to eat.

The Andybear looked like a real dormitory that night. I stayed and visited a while with the girls. After I left, Juliana and Kristin sat up half the night having one of the good old talks like they used to have when they were teenagers.

James and Aaron got along very well; James is just seven months older than Aaron and they had a grand time together. Juliana is hoping that somehow the boys can be together for a couple of weeks next summer. Maybe they can both spend some time here with us.

There was a big celebration in Lucas the second day of their visit. I took the boys into town and left them in the morning so they could see the parade. Julian and Katharine came back home with me, but we all went in later to see the mule jump contest. For lunch, we ate sandwiches and pie which was being

served at the community hall, then Juliana, James and Katharine headed back to Shenandoah.

Kristin and the boys went home the next day. We planned to have a fish fry the night before they left, but Bernie took the boys to Indianola to see the hot-air balloon mass ascension instead. Unfortunately, it was too windy for the balloons to go up. I packed the fish well and put them in a styrofoam case so they were still frozen when they got back to their home in Chadron. The boys were satisfied, because by doing this they got to share their catch with their dad.

Ever since I married into the Johnson family, I have heard about the Pettinger family—Mr. and Mrs. John Pettinger and their five sons and three daughters. They moved from a farm near Adair, Iowa, to a farm close to the Johnson farm in 1920, so the Johnson "kids" and the Pettinger "kids" practically grew up together. I have heard many tales about the fun they used to have. Two of the boys still live in this county. Robert Pettinger and his wife come to call on us occasionally and he and Frank have a lot to reminisce about.

After his wife died in 1934, John Pettinger moved back to his farm in Adair. When he died, one of his sons bought the farm. That son is now gone but the land is still in the Pettinger family because one of his daughters and her husband, Becky and Ron Dreher, are now the owners. This young couple are very proud of their family farm and have worked hard at replacing some of the older buildings. This year they built a big hog house, 36'x72', and before they moved the pens into it they invited over 200 relatives, neighbors and friends to come for a big pig roast. Bernie is invited to drive over with the Pettingers

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What About Our Children?

A Program for The International Year of the Child

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Let the center of interest be a large poster of a reproduction of the special symbol designed for this "Year of the Child". Around the base of the poster, arrange objects representing the different areas where we are to be concerned about our children. This might include: a bottle of milk (nutrition), a toy stethoscope (medical health), tube of toothpaste (dental health), and a text-book (health education). If unable to have the poster, make a large scroll on which is printed some of a "Child's Bill of Rights".

Leader: And Jesus said, *Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* (Read the following slowly, thoughtfully, and distinctly, pausing between each phrase.)

Red children, black children, white children, yellow children,

Healthy children with smiling, happy faces,

Pale, dull-eyed children with faces drawn with hunger,

Children who speak my own language, Children whose language I cannot understand,

Happy children, frightened children, Safe children, refugee children, unwanted children,

Playing, joyful children and waiting, watching children,

Children in wide-open spaces, Children crowded like rats in a warren,

Children whose home is the sidewalk, Children in a comfortable home or apartment,

Children in a boat or a cave, Children in trailer parks and migrant camps,

Children in a dying community, Children born in love and comfort,

Children spawned in poverty and filth, Children mentally alert, learning children,

Handicapped children and sick children,

Children I know, children I love, Children I have heard about and children I have passed by.

WHAT ABOUT OUR CHILDREN?

Song: "Jesus Loves the Little Children".

Leader: 1979 has been designated as the International Year of the Child by the

United Nations. The purpose for this designation was to encourage all nations of the world to take a close, hard look at the services they provide for their children and to upgrade the care and well-being of children everywhere.

When President Carter pledged the support of the United States to this program, he suggested that our country work on such problem areas in America as child abuse and a lack of good medical and dental care for over half of our nation's children! And we are supposed to live in a land of plenty?

Other areas needing to receive attention are accident prevention, nutrition, immunization and health education.

(NOTE: Here a speaker might be introduced to outline briefly what is being done in your county or city under any child and youth health projects. You might also have a speaker tell what is being done in the area of child abuse prevention in your local community.)

Leader: I have asked (name) to give us the United Nations Declaration of Rights of the Child.

A CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS:

The right to affection, love and understanding.

The right to adequate nutrition and medical care.

The right to free education.

The right to full opportunity for play and recreation.

The right to name and nationality.

The right to special care, if handicapped.

The right to be among the first to receive relief in times of disaster.

The right to be a useful member of society and to develop individual abilities.

The right to be brought up in a spirit of peace and universal brotherhood.

The right to enjoy these rights, regardless of race, color, sex, religion, national or social origin.

Leader: Our children are our greatest natural resource. They are our great hope for the future.

I know that most of us are aware that there are, in many developing countries today, thousands of children who are undernourished, without adequate health services, without opportunity for education and whose hope for the future

is "confined to a single tomorrow." Think about that—"whose hope for the future is confined to a single tomorrow!"

But that isn't the whole story. Right here in the United States one-fourth to one-third of our children are born into families with financial strains so great that the children are deprived of many of the very basics of life!

If you will look at the symbol for this Year of the Child you will note that it shows an adult bending down to help a child while the child reaches up. This is inside a wreath indicating peace.

Can we take a look right here in our own community in 1979 to see what some of the needs of our children are? How we will reach out to help? Let us think not only of 1979 but also think what we can do to insure a better 1980, 1990, and 2000 for our children, remembering that children born this year will turn 21 in the year 2000, ready to begin to take over as the leaders of our community and our country.

(NOTE: At this time you might arrange for a panel discussion, with moderator, on the subject "What are some needs of our children in this community?")

Leader: The Year of the Child cannot possibly answer the deeper questions to tell us how to order our society in such a way that we can both honor and elaborate the future through the wise caring and loving of our children. It can, however, if we work at it lovingly, diligently, and with effort every day, be the beginning of something better, something very real and wonderful: a new sense of caring and understanding and hope for the hurting and the hungry children of the world.

Closing: Let us now join hands in a circle as a symbol that we will join hands in doing something for those children who are in need. Let us sing once more the chorus, "Jesus Loves the Little Children".

ROLL CALL IDEAS

1. My favorite piece of kitchen equipment and why.
2. The most unusual visitor I ever had in my home.
3. The best vacation I ever had.
4. An incident I remember best about grade school days.
5. A teacher I remember and why.
6. Where did I go on my first date?
7. The best letter I ever received.
8. The names of my grandparents and where they were born.
9. The nicest thing a neighbor ever did for me.
10. What I do when I'm lonely.

—Virginia Thomas



HEIRLOOMS

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller

Is there an heirloom in your family? I hope so because it presents an added dimension to your roots. It is a touch into the past, a link in reality, a wondering.

My paternal grandmother, Anna Boysen Misch, left Denmark as a young woman and came to America where she married and raised her family. Always in close communication with her relatives and remembering the unusual type of lacework crafted in Denmark, she asked her sister, Christina, to start a pattern on the old *knipling* board and ship it to her.

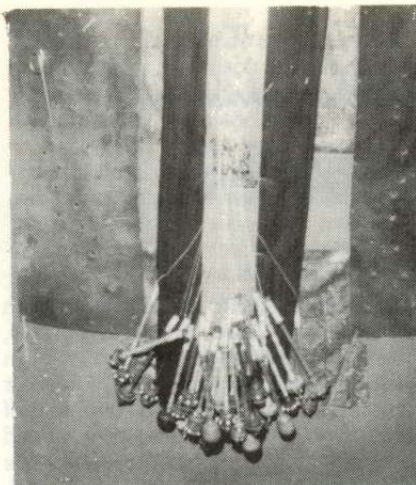
The *knipling* board, or screen, or lace pillow, as it is also called, was shipped in 1925, so it took some time for it to arrive. When it finally reached Grandmother, the board was as she remembered. The same old red and white slick-surfaced calico-type material still covers the upholstered board for protection from the dust, though the small pattern is somewhat faded. Heavy cardboard straps top the tan canvas upholstery. The perforations present different patterns of lace-making. Picks are used to control the bobbin threads as the pattern of lace develops. A smaller pricked paper is used under the lace. The pattern is first pricked in the desired design, then the pins are pointed into the holes while the hand-held bobbin winds the thread, twisting around the pins to form the pattern. This board uses a series of tiny wooden spools to help control the thread as the pattern develops. It is an intricate motion and can involve as many as 150 bobbins.

Under the upholstery on each side of the wooden frame nestles a little wooden drawer. Held shut with small wooden buttons, the drawer stores the thread. When the lace pillow arrived, a skein of linen thread was enclosed. On the backside is another compartment with two swing doors. One bears the date 1837. The board has been in our family ever since.

Originally, the *knipling* board was bought for my grandmother's aunt, Christina Boysen, by her mother in Osterbye, Denmark. Her initials appear in gold above the date. Excited to receive the board, she became a zealous student. Used to a much simpler piece, she was fascinated by the ivory bobbins with their beaded knobs.

Christina died before she was grown, but her brother, who married and settled in the family homestead, kept her board.

When his own daughters, Christina and Anna, started to school (which was, incidentally, taught in an old barn), he arranged for them to have some *knipling* instruction. The little girls fancied it more fun to run through the heather atop a hill nearby, but were encouraged to carry on



Front view of knipling board. Old cloth covering is visible under lace. Metal pick is shown stuck in pattern at left side. The long bobbins dangle at thread ends.

with the lace-making.

When the little class had finished enough lace to sell, their teacher walked the students through the woods skirting a baron's castle to Mogel-Tonder. Here they approached the shopkeeper, who was crankily particular that the lace had passed through clean fingers in the making.

Young Christina showed a natural bent for the lace-making and gradually assumed the status of family knipler.

Because of the lace intricacy, a good light was needed. An ingenious arrangement called a lace-maker's lamp was devised during that time. A lighted candle placed behind a bottle of water threw an even glow which was intensified by the water. Frequently, several bottles were placed around one candle with an artisan at each bottle. My grandmother never mentioned their lighting to me, but I would guess that most of her work was done by daylight.

Now that machines have taken over the making of lace, it is not so exquisite nor the thread so sturdy.

Our particular *knipling* board now belongs to my paternal aunt, Leona Misch Love. When she received the lace-maker, she had a sturdy, decorative box made in which to store and preserve it. To satisfy our own curiosity, we would like to know the value of our board but it is not for sale.

Knipling boards are scarce in this country. I have seen only one other and that was in a picture. It stood on a tripod arrangement. The models vary as they were frequently homemade and individually styled. The bobbins likewise varied. Delicately carved wood or ivory were usual, but glass, silver and brass also appeared. Many of them bear inscribed names or sentiments.

If you have an heirloom somewhere in your family, trace its history, write it down, and cherish it before it is too late.

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

For one small child's birthday, his mother sent a chocolate cupcake to school for each student. On the top, she had chocolate frosting and had outlined a smiling face with white frosting. That is also an easy way to trim a large cake for a party. Children love the smiling faces.

When a meeting is held inside (due to weather or preference) but the atmosphere for a bonfire is desired, build your own fire with a light bulb inside a wire "cage" which has been covered with red tissue paper. Pile logs around the "fire". Have everyone sit around the "fire" to sing their songs and have devotions. It is amazing how real it seems and how much it adds to a fall or winter program.

—E.G., Newton, Iowa

Coriander is a wonderful spice. My grandmother came from Germany and she always used this spice ground in her homemade sausage. I always use 1 tsp. to each pound of my sausage. I also use 1 tsp. in a batch of homemade chili (the amount that serves 4 or 5 people). The seed is best stored and then ground as needed, but you can grind all the seed at one time and store in a tight container. The whole seed should also be stored in tight containers. Just be sure it is well dried. Many people grow coriander in their own gardens.

—E.B., Laddonia, Mo.

When baking any kind of yeast bread, be certain to "proof" the dough after the first rising. This means to turn the dough out on the breadboard, punch it down and then let it "rest" 10 minutes before continuing to knead and shape into loaves or rolls. The dough handles much easier when it is "proofed". No fighting back; this helps relax the dough before rolling and adding the toppings or fillings.

—Mrs. L.W., Creston, Iowa

When making pie crust, roll the flattened crust around your rolling pin, then lift it over the pie pan and unroll it gently into the pan. Use one hand to pick up the outer edge of the crust and guide it in place.

—I.F., Griswold, Iowa

Special cranberry topping: cook 1 lb. of cranberries in 4 cups water until the skins pop. Remove from heat, add 1 cup sugar, 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring. Chill. Serve over any sponge-type cake for an unusual shortcake.

—J.H., Topeka, Ks.





The Romantic History of Spices

The history of spices is a truly romantic story. In ancient times, before preservatives were known, spices were eagerly sought to relieve the monotony of the meager diet of the times. This was especially true in winter because of the problems of storage. Great quantities of meat were dressed at the beginning of cold weather, but with poor facilities and little knowledge of curing, the flavor and quality of the meat left much to be desired as the months passed. Spices, herbs and dried fruits were used to make it more palatable.

The cultivation of spices dates far back in history, long before man began to keep written records. There is evidence that great spice caravans moved about the Near East in ancient times. The Bible records commercial trade at the time of Abraham. By the time of Joseph, money was being used, as he was sold for silver into slavery in Egypt. With the use of money, luxuries from one part of the world could be purchased by peoples in lands far away. Spices were an important part of this commerce.

The original homeland of many spices is unknown, but we can trace some back a long ways to certain areas. Chinese writings of 2,000 B.C. mention *cassia*. In 800 B.C., Sanskrit and Greek writers discussed *cardamon*. Archaeological digs in Swiss lake dwellings uncovered *caraway* seeds while *coriander*, *cumin* and *caraway* seeds have been found in old Egyptian tombs dating back over one thousand years before Christ. Black pepper goes back to the fourth century B.C. in Greece. The West Goth King Alaric demanded a levy of 3,000 pounds of pepper from Rome in 408 A.D. Cloves were mentioned in Chinese writings in 300 B.C., and by the early-Christian era were a prized spice in Europe.

The Romans of 2,000 years ago made common use of *sage* and *summer savory* in their cooking. *Thyme*, when first used, was burned as an incense in Greek and Roman temples. *Cinnamon* was also used in the early temples of Asia. *Ginger* came from China and India to Greece and Rome via camel train. By 1066, it was used in England. Since *coriander* and *dill* were grown in England before the Norman Conquest, it is assumed that these spices were brought in by the Roman occupation.

Wars in Europe and the Near East had a great effect on the spice trade. When overland routes were cut off, spices had to go by sea, traveling from the Far East

and the Near East to the Suez ports, then by caravan to Cairo, by boat on the Nile, then by camel to Alexandria. High customs were collected at each transfer point. One sultan's toll was one-third of the cargo! More duties were added before the spices finally reached the European markets. During that period, in England a pound of cloves cost two cows!

The spread of Mohammedanism also had a tremendous effect on the spice trade. The followers of the Prophet overran the lands traversed by the spice caravans so that eventually the Moslem revenue from their spice monopoly was one of the greatest obstacles facing the Crusaders, draining Christendom of much of its wealth.

Then came the time of the great explorers who set out to find a new sea route to the Far East and the source of their spices. Venice and Genoa owed much of their wealth to the spice trade and would do almost anything to keep that trade. During the later part of the fifteenth century, Spain, England and other countries were desperate for a new sea route.

Columbus accepted the challenge and set out. We know he did not find the Far East, but his voyage did encourage other explorers. Five years after Columbus sailed, Vasco da Gama sailed around Africa to India. Soon after that, Ceylon and the Malayan Archipelago were added to the already-known spice countries. The explorer, Magellan, completed a voyage around the world and arrived back at a Spanish port in 1522 with a shipload of precious spices.

We can say, then, that the Old World tropics are the original home of most spices: *cinnamon*, *cardamon*, *cassia*, *pepper*, *nutmeg*, *mace*, *cloves*, *turmeric*, and *ginger*. Cooler regions of Asia and Europe produced the *cumin*, *coriander*, *mustard* and *dill*. Our own American tropics contributed *allspice*, *red pepper* and *vanilla*.

Spices grow in many ways: *vanilla* and *black pepper* grow on climbing plants (vanilla belongs to the orchid family!), *nutmeg* and *allspice* are fruits of trees, *cassia* and *cinnamon* are barks from trees, *capers* and *cloves* are flower buds, *ginger* and *turmeric* grow underground.

Yes, spices have a romantic history. The next time you reach for a familiar box of spice, think of its background, the effect that spices have had on the patterns of the world.

"IDEAS"

Covered Hangers

Make plain wire coat and dress hangers pretty by covering them in bright colors with thread or yarn crocheted strips. First, crochet the strip, then wrap it neatly around a hanger and sew the end firmly in place. Bright-colored cloth, ribbon or lace, may also be used. Wrap firmly to cover all the wire on the hanger and stitch as needed. The hangers not only will be more colorful, but clothes will slip off and on more easily and will remain firmly in place while on the hanger. Covered hangers are excellent for gifts, bazaars or your own special house guests.

Spool Decorations

Spools can be used as interesting holders for small items. With the thread still on, a spool is bright and colorful. After the thread is gone, the spool can be covered with bright-colored cloth or paper, painted or crayon colored. These decorated spools can be used to hold a small pencil or pen, a feather, a plume or a tiny artificial flower. They make decorative accents for a table, a desk or a shelf. They could also be used for place favors for a party or as tray favors for hospitals or nursing homes.

Oilcloth Doll Spreads

Bright-colored oilcloth is an excellent choice for a doll's bedspread, blanket for a doll buggy or a miniature tablecloth. Hem with a bright, contrasting, colored yarn. Soap and water keeps oilcloth items clean and even a young child can care for them easily. Curtains, rugs, wall coverings and other uses can be found for the versatile fabric. Heavy colorful plastics are also available to use in the same manner. As soon as a child is old enough, let him cut, stitch and glue his own items in as creative way as possible. Leftover scraps could be cut into odd shapes and glued to cardboard for interesting modernistic pictures for the family bulletin board.

Unusual Book Jackets

Make a colorful book jacket or dust cover for a favorite book by folding bright-colored paper to fit the book as desired. On the back and front, paste cancelled postage stamps. If possible, choose stamps which follow the theme of the book. When the stamps are pasted on as desired, coat with clear shellac, a plastic coating or one of the clear craft sprays available for this purpose. This is an excellent project for children and would be a fine quiet craft for an ill person.

—Annette Lingelbach



MOM AND HER GIFT SACKS

by
Monica Brandies

My mother-in-law could teach even Santa Claus something about giving. Like him, she totes about bags full of gifts. But hers usually come as a complete surprise without cause or season. They are given without expectation of anything in return. The contents are often items that Madison Avenue would cringe to advertise, for Mom knows more about the simple problems and pleasures of life than she does about price or profit.

The first special sack I remember was left in the hall outside our apartment the morning of our first anniversary. It was full of paper goods: tissues, napkins, place mats, paper cups, stationery, even toilet paper.

We realized only vaguely that she was saying: "I'm here, at the edge of your lives and I won't intrude, but maybe these things will help you . . ." We didn't know then that Mom had barely begun to develop one of her talents.

When my husband, David, quit his job to go back to college full time, our standard of living dropped from simple to subsistence. Relative reaction varied, but Mom's only comment was, "Fine, if that is what you want." More than anyone I've ever met, she accepts people as they are without judgment or even comparison.

We moved to another town, and Mom didn't get to visit often. But every time she came she had two large paper grocery bags. One held her overnight things and her current needlework project. The other was for us. Sometimes it included eggs bought on sale at her grocery or a bag of apples for applesauce. Mom saved her old magazines and collected others to put in her sack. There might be a pan or a serving dish she no longer used or a new kitchen gadget she had purchased.

I suspect that in those days Mom started on the next bag as soon as she delivered the last one. She never had much money, but no one was ever richer without it, and she shared all that she had. When a Goodwill store opened in her town, she was able to stop in often and watch for things we might use.

Mom walked the several blocks to her work and was on greeting terms with every soul she passed, so she felt not the least embarrassment to ask, when she saw something she could use put out for the trash man, "Don't you want those curtains? Well, it won't matter that they are faded. I could use them for backing on my quilts." One day she found a large doll whose speaking mechanism was broken but nothing else. With permission, she took it home, made a



Katharine Lowey with her ever-present stuffed bear that she bought here in Shendoah on her very brief visit in August. This picture was taken in Lucas, Iowa, and the handsome harness that really took her eye was worn by an animal that was entered in the big Lucas festival.

whole wardrobe of clothes for it, and delighted our two little girls.

Many friends know of the beautiful patchwork quilts Mom makes, and save their sewing scraps for her. The larger pieces, which she considers too nice to cut up, she makes into clothes for the children or packs them in one of her sacks for me to use. If it is someone's birthday there is a special gift, brand new. Mom acts as though that is the only thing of value in the sack, but before we get through all the treasures, there is usually something for everyone.

Garage sales have given Mom a whole new area to explore. That is where she found the box of silverware that comes in so handy when my sister visits and our family of nine doubles. But we had to tease Mom because a few pieces are marked U.S. Army and PRR. "You do have a knack for picking up things, Mom!"

She saves recipes and coupons for 10¢ off, free seeds and samples of salad dressing, and clippings from the home town newspaper. She collects things with the attitude that they are trivial, that it is the people she can give them to who count. After seventy some years of taking care of bodies, her greatest gifts are now from soul to soul. Her sacks are given as quietly and comfortably as she pitches in to help in emergencies or sits to visit among the everyday clutter of our busy house. Mom is a Mary as well as a Martha.

We are but a few of the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren for whom she sews and shops; there isn't anyone who can make time or money or energy stretch farther than Mom. She gives the best gift of all—she gives of herself.

A VOYAGE

Often have we heard the story
Of Columbus and his three
Little ships that set their course
O'er a pathless, unknown sea.
How his staunch determination
Kept his seaman sailing on
Till they reached America, when
His hope was almost gone.

Thus it is upon life's sea, with
Tempests and temptations, too;
Fears and hindrances that threaten
To submerge our craft and crew.
But, like him, we must be steadfast,
Valiant, sailing on and on,
Till we reach our Heavenly Harbor,
And our earthly voyage is done.

AFFIRMATION

From everlasting to everlasting,
God's glory the Heavens proclaim;
The firmament showeth His handiwork,
The universe His vast domain.

From everlasting to everlasting,
The psalmist oft' declares;
All nature doth resound His praise,
In majesty and power.

From everlasting to everlasting,
The steadfast love of God extends,
His loving kindness fills the earth;
His mercies never end.

From everlasting to everlasting,
His spirit doth abide,
Of it no height or depth or width
Can man e'er measure or describe.

From everlasting to everlasting,
Whatever path we trod,
With love He draws us to Him;
Great and marvelous is our God.

—Thelma M. Griffith

SCARED AT MIDNIGHT!

by
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

I am one female that cannot declare independence . . . I'm afraid! I've been an affirmed "fraidy cat" since childhood when I had a scare that simply ended my musical career and instilled in me a dependency on someone, anyone, in the face of danger.

My early fright came on a sultry autumn day when I was dutifully doing the scales on our old upright piano. My unwilling hands were busy, but my eyes were watching the clock—after all I didn't want to run over my allotted time at the keyboard. Mama was dressing big fat fryers behind the chicken house; the preacher was coming to Sunday dinner. Having the house to myself made me uneasy, for Mama was forever warning me about the tramps that came by our farm. She said for me never to have anything to do with those disgustingly dirty hobos. These seemingly harmless nomads roamed the country in search of food and a barn loft in which to sleep and my mama never fully trusted anyone who didn't have a home. As I sat practicing and thinking how alone I was, there was a loud rap at our screen door! I had never heard of "instant anything" and yet I was instantly frozen to the piano bench—in the middle of b-flat! I could feel the goose pimples surface and my hair went instantly on end—I was petrified!

A booming voice outside the door asked, "Little girl where is your ma?" Mercy, I had not breathed since he first knocked, so how could I answer? Finally, I thawed out enough to flee breathlessly from the parlour by the side door, across the chicken lot and into my mama's arms! Limply, I laid there and she kept asking why I was so placid and pale? Mama began to shake her head knowingly with the answer, "This kid has got to have a dose of worm medicine!" Goodness, how I tried to get my tongue untied. Then around the corner came the tramp. I took safety behind Mama's long dress and prayed silently that the tramp would grab her first! While he gobbled up Mama, I would run for help!

I remember very little of the talk between Mama and the tramp, but he soon was splitting her some cookstove wood and she was frying chicken. I recall how hungrily he ate his lunch on our back step, while I stayed close to Mama.

Now, don't you all understand why I have such a built-in fear? It is impossible for me to be brave. I need backups when I forge forward to face a foe! For instance: the other dark night the stillness was broken by heavy footsteps on our basement stairs. I quit breathing and waited for my usually watchful hubby to go after the ghost, or whatever. He failed me. After 42 years, he laid still and breathed deeply in sleep while some



The original color shot shows beautiful lavender flowers behind Katharine and James Lowey, Lucile's only grandchildren of Albuquerque, N.M. The picture was snapped in Lucas, Iowa, when they attended the Lucas festival this past summer.

culprit invaded our home! My whispered warnings were met with more contented sleep, then I heard more slowly descending footsteps. The second midnight prowler must be even bigger!

Somehow, a bit of sanity came to me and I recalled the time I had a bird in the balcony. It sounded exactly like a human so perhaps this noise was made by some little animal. Little? It sounded awful BIG! Shucks, I'd gather my grit, grab the shotgun and be brave. Well, I hate firearms, so I decided not to load the gun for safety's sake—MINE! How could a thief tell for sure if a gun is loaded?

I forged forth, aiming to yell and wake my hubby if I needed him. Silently, I approached the basement door and quickly yanked it open, then switched on the light. As security, I had put my best foot forward for a quick get-away, but to my surprise the two culprits were lying at the foot of the stairs! What strong-armed robbers they turned out to be: two big onions, looking as innocent as the day I set them in our garden. When I harvested our onion crop, I hung them in the stairwell. The stems had dried, until suddenly in the middle of the night, the stems let go and the biggest onions dropped! Slowly, and separately, they had "walked" down each step sounding like footsteps to a lifetime fraidy cat.

I had to reciprocate for those onions putting me through such a frightening experience so the next day they were quite tasty on hamburgers! I did not let their innocence play on my sympathy, so they paid the supreme sacrifice. After all, they scared ten good years off my already-declining life.

Take my word for it, onions can be strong! They sounded so authentic as they walked down our steps at midnight. So, until somebody invents a bravery pill, I know I cannot overcome the feeling that I need backup reinforcements; I am not ready to face the world alone—especially at midnight!

THE MEETING WILL PLEASE COME TO ORDER

(A Humorous Reading)

(The reader bustles on stage, breathless in her haste, clutching purse, notebook and a sheaf of paper in her hands. She rushes to a podium or small table at center stage and makes a futile attempt to get herself and her papers in order as she begins to speak.)

Well, it is nice to see so many of you here. Mary Belle phoned she'd be late. Said something about someone coming to check a leaky faucet. If you ask me, I think she wanted to watch her soap opera on TV. You'd think after having her own gallbladder out she'd have enough of hospitals without watching that program. We won't wait for Katy either because she is always late.

While I am president these meetings are going to start on time, so will the meeting please come to order and we will have roll call. No, we won't either, because June couldn't come and I forgot to pick up her secretary's book on the way here. Oh, well, we all know who is here anyhow, and besides, if I'd stopped at June's, I'd be there yet. Honestly, she talks on and on so I can't get a word in edgewise!

We'll have the reading of the minutes. Oh! we can't have those either, they are in the secretary's book, too. Well, that's O.K., we didn't do much last time anyway so it really doesn't matter. June's writing is so bad I probably couldn't read it anyway.

Now, where is my gavel? *(Searches among papers.)* Must have left it on my dresser. That's too bad for I intend to carry these meetings out according to parliamentary procedure. I hate meetings that get out of hand when long-winded gabbers take over on stuff that has nothing to do with the business at hand. Now, where was I? Oh, yes, will the meeting please come to order?

We won't have the treasurer's report as it is getting late and we all know we didn't have much in the treasury last month and haven't done anything to make any money since then. Of course, it would have been a different story if we had had that bake sale like I wanted. Well, it is just too bad everyone isn't progressive.

Let's have the committee report on "Landscaping for the New Library Grounds". Margaret couldn't come today. Her beauty operator is on vacation, and Margaret didn't want us to see her hair in such a mess, but she told me about her committee. They couldn't find any trees for the amount of money we allowed, so they went ahead and bought the trees anyway and charged the balance to the club. We'll have to find

(Continued on page 20)

OCTOBER REPORT

by
Evelyn Birkby

October is a beautiful month. It has some of the most splashing colors, gorgeous views and pleasant weather of any season in the Midwest. Besides that, it brings me a surcease from hay fever, a problem which is better contained now than in the past as I continue taking desensitizing shots and antihistamines. October also heralds the conclusion of the processing of the garden produce.

At this moment, I am sitting on our "new" porch. It is one year old, now, but still approached with a sense of amazement that it really exists. I can look east across the bluffs which lift in undulating waves of brown and tan. The brown designates the cornfield which seems wearily ready to give up the burdening weight of heavy ears of corn. The tan soybeans almost crackle with the dryness of the pods which will hopefully be picked before a heavy wind or rain shatters them to the ground.

The crops have been especially good this year where the hail and heavy winds did not damage the plants and the one extended dry spell did not cause stunted growth. Most of our garden did well, with the exception of the vine crops. I am still taking a few jars of tomato juice down into the basement each week to add to the rows of jars filled with pickles, beets, green beans, tomatoes, jams, jellies, etc.

One does not stand with the freezer lid open to admire the quantities of food stored in this efficient manner, but I have a list of the fruits and vegetables in the freezer posted on the wall: strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, corn, asparagus, green peppers, to name a few.

And still the tomatoes keep producing their tasty fruit. I need to look through my recipes for ways to use up the last of the tomatoes—I wonder if I should try a green tomato pie?

I'm back to the point of watching for the mailman and listening for the phone to ring so we can keep track of our three sons. This year the process never really stopped. Craig no sooner finished his spring term at medical school than he arrived home to restock his energies with some home cooking, picked up his outdoor equipment and a few clothes and headed for Alaska. Terry Sutton, a friend from Morningside College days, traveled to this 49th state with Craig. They flew to Anchorage and then spent a wonderful four weeks together hiking, camping, backpacking and sightseeing.

When Terry had to return to his home in LeMars, Iowa, to prepare for his second year of teaching emotionally disturbed children in the Omaha public school system, Craig continued on alone. He had some fascinating adventures when he visited the Eskimo village of Barrow, which is situated on the most

northern tip of the United States. He stopped in Prudhoe Bay to see the north end of the Alaskan pipeline and the oil fields.

Before returning to Iowa, Craig made a stop in Helena, Montana, to visit his brother, Jeff. Jeff has lived in Helena since the first of July when he accepted a position with the Department of Natural Resources for the state of Montana. His work includes identifying geothermal resources in the state, promoting their uses and writing a geothermal handbook which will contain information for people who wish to use the resource of hot springs, warm underground rivers and geysers.

The two brothers spent a happy weekend camping in the Elkhorn Mountains, exploring old abandoned mining camps and viewing the open-pit mine at Butte.

Craig flew into Omaha and came home long enough to do up his laundry, eat quantities of fresh corn on the cob, attend the wedding of his college roommate, help his father tear down an old barn, mow the yard and pack what he needed for the fall term at the University of Iowa Medical School. The rolls of film he had taken in Alaska had come to our mailbox in Sidney where we gathered them up and sent them to be developed. Some of the most interesting evenings with Craig were spent viewing those slides with him as moderator.

Bob, our eldest son, has kept us well informed of his progress on the Appalachian Trail hike via slides, journals and phone calls home. He started hiking on June 1 in Maine from Mt. Katahdin at the northernmost end of the historic trail. His goal has been to hike the entire 2,000 miles to Springer Mountain, Georgia. At this writing, he is still moving along in great spirits, enjoying the adventures of the trail, the people he is meeting along the way, taking many photographs and

writing each evening in his journal.

Bob's plan is to reach Springer Mountain by the end of October when the beauty of the Smoky Mountains should be at their height, spend some time with friends in Georgia and North Carolina, and then be home in time for the Christmas holidays.

Not to be outdone, I have been taking photographs this summer, a number of them on this porch. We've had much company through the past months—my sister, Ruth, from Arizona, Robert's brother, Jack, from Oregon, cousins from California, the relatives who live nearby—and I've taken pictures at many of our gatherings.

The plants on the porch have given a fine background for my efforts with the camera. Never have I grown such fine flowers and foliage plants; this porch location has provided a perfect "greenhouse" atmosphere. Now I'm concerned as to where to put all these plants when it gets too cold for them to survive out here. The African violets, which Robert started from leaves, have been blooming so beautifully I hate to think of trying to get them to adjust to other temperatures and light. My Christmas cactus has almost doubled in size. The huge pot of schefflera will certainly fill one whole corner of the living room all by itself.

Some of these growing things—the prayer plant, the wandering Jew, the purple passion, for example—need dividing. Then what will I do with the additional plants? I read an article recently which stated that "anyone can make a jungle out of his living room." Well, I don't want a jungle in my living room, just a few green plants to remind me that spring will come again.

In the meantime, I'll enjoy every warm, sunny day, eat the last of the late, late sweet corn and find out if Robert thinks green tomato pie is worth the effort.



Craig Birkby, right, and his friend, Terry Sutton, check the map during their backpacking trip on the Kenai Peninsula of Alaska. The snow-covered mountains in the background are part of the Kenai Range. The hiking trail the two are following is in the Chugach National Forest which blankets most of the upper peninsula.



An October Affair

by
Virginia Thomas

Decorations

Decorate with a lavish hand and with posterboard jointed *skeletons*, suspending them in doorways and from ceiling light fixtures. Be sure there is a large one at the entrance door. If yours is an outdoor party, hang the skeletons on tree branches. Arrange concealed lighting to shine directly on the swinging skeletons so as to cast weird shadows.

For more "skeleton" decorations to help create a spooky atmosphere, use rubber dog bones (find them at the variety store), or ask the butcher for some rib bones.

Intersperse the hanging skeletons with *black paper bats* strung on long black thread. A bit of florescent paint can give these flying bats very spooky eyes. Use the same paint on the eyes of black paper cats placed about the room. Pin bats and cats to lamp shades and turn the light low to make for a more creepy setting.

Ghostly Favor: Mark facial features on a white cleansing tissue. Drape the tissue over a marshmallow which has been stuck to one end of a pipe cleaner. Twist another pipe cleaner, below the marshmallow, around the "body" cleaner to make the arms. Tie the tissue with black yarn so that it forms a head around the marshmallow with the rest of the tissue forming the ghost's robe. If you want the favor to stand upright on table or tray, twist the bottom of the body cleaner in a circle to form a base.

Witch's Graveyard: To add to the ghostly setting, use large sheets of newsprint, or any white paper. Cut it in a rounded tombstone shape large enough so that two glued together will make a "cover" to slip over the straight chairs in which your guests will be seated. Make enough so each guest will have a tombstone! In large letters, print each guest's name on a "tombstone", along with some silly epitaph. As guests arrive, invite them to find their "resting places".

Games

Spook Physiology: The answers are parts of the human body.

1. Two established measures? (Hands, feet)
2. Two musical instruments? (Drum, organ)
3. Small article used by carpenter?

(Hammer)

4. Used by an artist? (Palate)
5. What a soldier hopes he is? (Instep)
6. A dedicated building? (Temple)
7. A graceful tree? (Palm)
8. A large wooden box? (Chest)
9. Part of a wagon? (Tongue)
10. A male deer? (Heart)
11. A student? (Pupil)
12. To move a vessel? (Toe)
13. A tough place? ("Joint")
14. Pride of Saint Louis? (Arch)

Skeleton's Will: Each player is given a piece of paper and a pencil. Across the top is written: "The last will and testament of (blank)". Below, across the paper, make three columns and in each column place the numbers 1 through 5. To play the game, each guest writes his or her name in the blank and then in the first column lists five most treasured possessions. The player then folds the paper so the column is turned under so the words cannot be seen. Guest passes the paper to the third person on the right. That person writes in the second column the names of five persons to whom the possessions are left, folds that column under and passes to the third person on the right. That person writes the use to which each of the five possessions will be put, then passes the paper to third person on the right. Then this player reads the will aloud.

Refreshment Ideas

For *witch ice cream cones*, dip ice cream balls ahead of time and into them stick chocolate chip eyes and nose, then place on a cookie sheet and freeze. Make black paper witch hats of a size to set on the ice cream head. When ready to serve, place a head in an ice cream cone, add a hat and serve.

For *pumpkin cuties*, dip round balls of orange sherbet. Have ready chocolate chips to stick into each "head" for eyes and nose and wide mouth. Place on a large sugar cookie to serve.

Jack-o-lantern sandwiches are also pretty. Cut slices of round rye bread for each pumpkin sandwich face. Spread with pimiento or other cheese spread. Add slices of stuffed olives for the eyes and use a slice of pimiento for the mouth and a bit of olive or pepper for the nose.



FUN HALLOWEEN MASKS TO MAKE

by Mabel Nair Brown

Why not let the children make their own Halloween masks? It is great fun and will save money, too. Animal faces are easy to do and there can be many variations in the facial features and in the way they are trimmed. Use old newspapers to make the patterns, and a child's coloring book as a good source for ideas.

Cat Face: Cut the pattern from a 15-inch square of newspaper. Fold it in half, then draw the outline of half a cat face in pencil, the center of the face being on the fold. Trace on a small eye, slanting it up at the outside edge. Cut out around the face and cut out the eye. Using the pattern, trace the cat face on black construction paper and cut out. (If you want a firmer, more durable mask, paste this cat face to a piece of cardboard. Trim around it and cut out cardboard eyes.) Now you are ready to put on the added features.

Glue on toothpicks or cotton-tipped swabs to make the whiskers. Make large circles out of white paper to go around each eye. Break toothpicks in half and glue on for eyebrows. Cut a wide slash for the mouth. Glue on a red paper tongue so that it appears to be hanging out the mouth. You can cut irregular-shaped teeth from white paper and glue in the mouth, leaving gaps between some of the teeth. Extend the nose by making a triangular-shaped tube of black construction paper. Fasten it in place with cellophane tape. A ball of cotton can be glued on for the nose. Fasten a length of string at each side of the mask to use for tying it onto the wearer.

Miss Pussy Cat: Make the black cat face as described above, but give this face a red rosebud mouth. Below the chin fasten a large bow of orange construction paper. Outline the markings on the bow with a white marking pen.

Mr. Fox: Cut face out of rust-colored paper, with a sharp, pointed nose (a cone of paper taped on), a long red construction-paper tongue, high, black, arched eyebrows made of yarn, and pointed white paper teeth.

Peter Bunny: Cut face out of grey paper, with shaped pink paper pasted on for each ear, a cotton nose, and big blue eyes.

Mr. Elephant: Use grey paper. Add a long trunk made by pleating two pieces of grey paper together (like we use to make May-basket handles). Run a pipe cleaner through the center to give it shape. Tape trunk to the mask. Add stiff, white paper tusks.

Turn the children loose on these and be prepared for all sorts of weird-looking animals!

CATCHING UP WITH KATHARINE DRIFTMIER

Dear Friends:

What decadence! A Monday afternoon off! My experiments in the lab kept me so involved this past week that I was happy to have the extra hours to continue right through into Saturday. And my reward is being enjoyed today with the invitation to take a full afternoon all for myself. I rushed home at one o'clock, delighted to have the chance to scrub and polish my bathroom stem to stern, tidy up the kitchen, put away clean clothes and vacuum the living room. GAASSPP! Perhaps I should have considered taking time for a restful lounge in the park outside my apartment window? (Not really.)

I don't know how those mythical, successful, career women manage their lives. My mother is a perfect example. Her kitchen is always clean, the laundry done, and the bathroom sink is polished. Her years of routine have taught her some valuable habits which I continually struggle to assume. She uses her scarce time efficiently and keeps all aspects of her life complete. She leads a full life, too, although it's not as frenzied as a young single woman's might be. But in contrast, here in my apartment the kitchen floor begs to be swept and the bathtub scoured! In fact, my whole life could use a thorough spring cleaning. And here it is October! Mind you, it's not really messy here, my apartment is just "lived in", and definitely comfortable. Through the weekly stabs at the many trouble spots, I'm able to maintain a semblance of order. But it will take a lot of practice to develop the skills of the truly successful housekeeping career woman.

I can see where the root of the problem rests. It settles around my own peculiar circadian rhythm. A "circadian rhythm" is any daily fluctuation in an activity that follows an approximate period of 24 hours. All organisms have inherent rhythms and countless studies have been made to follow the variations of heart rate, body temperature and metabolic functions in relation to the time of day. It's a fascinating and obvious phenomenon. We all observe how some birds and animals are diurnal and enjoy their activities during the daylight hours while others, the nocturnal animals, are confined to living their busiest hours in the dark of night. Until recently, around 1950 in fact, scientists believed that these rhythms were imposed on the organisms by their environment, that the activity of an animal is triggered by the onset of "day": the sun rising makes the birds sing. But of late, much research has shown that the rhythms exist as an intrinsic part of the animal's being. That men, kept in isolation from each other and from any outside stimuli to tell them what time it is in the real world, will still

function on a roughly 24-hour cycle. They will rise, eat, be active and sleep in cycles of around 24 hours, a product of the inner clocks that regulate us all. If this interests you, there are many books written about these studies.

At any rate, the problem with being an eight-to-five working person is that the best hours of the day are dedicated to your professional work, leaving you to come home in the evening lacking any residual enthusiasm to put much more energy into anything taxing. Evening, I've found, is a great time to settle into a sewing project, or work on throwing ceramic pots, or painting, work that requires less intentional concentration, less mind strain. But if I want to read for retention, if I need to study a problem, or work on my bookkeeping, the best time is from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. Housework is another task that falls into the category of "taxing". I really enjoy tending my



Like many other people who find a bicycle excellent transportation for both economy and exercise, Katharine Driftmier uses hers for travels around Madison, Wisconsin.

roost with love and care, but mostly during my alert times. My job gets the best hours of my day, so it is a special treat to have spent this afternoon busy around my home. It's been fulfilling.

Looking over this place, I can see it really is "home" now. With my family's encouragement, I've been able to build a nice nest: pictures on the walls, bookshelves filled with friends from "happy reads past". I have cultivated many healthy plants and all seem to be weathering the abuses of my two romping kittens very well, all things considered.

Recently, I adopted my Siamese twins, Yin and Yang, with the strong encouragement of my parents. I think that they really wanted some baby cats of their own, but didn't want to hurt the very delicate feelings of Simba, our family's aging Siamese queen of ten years. So I eagerly searched the papers for ads of kittens and soon found two, from different families, who have quickly

become a happy family of their own. They are a joy—company in the evenings that I spend alone, friends to chat with when I return from work.

It's so nice to have close contact with my folks. Delafield is just an hour away from my Madison home and we visit nearly every week. They drop in on me and we enjoy the liveliness offered in this capital city, or I drive to Delafield for a more sane visit. Besides being good friends, my parents are a great help too! This apartment would never have been so pleasantly furnished without their many contributions of desk, couch, bureau, bed. *Many ideas! Many muscles!* My father is an especially good sport. You might have had reservations about standing in the rain beside the interstate highway holding a mattress, but not my good ol' dad.

Dad and I were carting my double bed, mattress and springs to Madison to exchange for the twin-size bed I had been using. In the return drive from Madison to Delafield, with the smaller set secured to the top of the car with heavy rope, we drove east right into a violent thunderstorm. The bedding would have been ruined. But Dad's clear head saved the day! We ducked under an overpass and tried to squeeze both the mattress and springs inside over the seats of the car. The otherwise roomy interior of the good Buick was uncooperative. We'd been a bit overzealous and too optimistic about the capacity of the big, old car. Only one piece would fit at a time, and one passenger—the driver of the load. And the rain continued to POUR. And the wind blew COLD.

At first, we thought we might wait out the storm, but it showed no signs of passing over or wearing out. So, for lack of any other good ideas, dear Dad stood by the side of the road to wait while I drove the remaining 25 miles to Delafield to drop off the box spring and then return to fetch him. For over an hour, he stood conspicuously with his mattress. He had laughable stories to tell by the time he was finally home and dry. He had dragged the bulky thing up the sloped cement ramp to where it joined with the overpass, for the rain was blowing and the passing cars and trucks were spraying Dad and his cargo. I can assure you, he was quite a sight out there in the middle of nowhere in the rain. *Have Bed Will Travel!*

So much for the latest from Katharine Driftmier. Autumn is beautiful, but early here in Wisconsin this year. My garden was very fruitful this summer and the farmers' market near the Wisconsin capital supplemented what I didn't grow to keep my pantry well-stocked fairly inexpensively. I hope you, too, fared well over this past summer and can look optimistically into this new fall.

Best Wishes to All!

Katharine Driftmier



Recipes



ELEGANT CHICKEN BREASTS

- 1 pkg. chipped beef
- 10 chicken breasts, deboned
- 10 strips bacon
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature

Dash of Tabasco sauce

Line a greased casserole with the chipped beef. Wrap a strip of bacon around each chicken breast and arrange in casserole. Combine the remaining ingredients and spread over the chicken. Bake for one hour, covered, at 350 degrees. Uncover and bake until done. May be sprinkled with a little paprika, if desired.

—Robin Justiz

HASH-BROWN CASSEROLE

- 1 2-lb. pkg. frozen hash-brown potatoes, thawed
- 2 cups commercial sour cream
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine

Pepper to taste

Combine the above ingredients. Place in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan or two 8-inch square pans. Sprinkle with the following ingredients, which have been combined:

- 2 cups crushed cornflakes
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine

Bake for one hour at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

24-HOUR DESSERT SALAD

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 2 cups white cherries, pitted (or green grapes)
- 2 cups diced pineapple
- 2 oranges, peeled and diced
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows

Beat eggs and combine with vinegar, sugar and flavorings. Cook over low heat until thick. Remove from heat and stir in butter or margarine. Allow to cool. Whip the cream and fold into the cooled mixture. Fold in the fruits and marshmallows. Refrigerate overnight.

—Betty Jane

MAPLE NUT-DATE CAKE

- 2 tsp. soda
- 3 cups chopped dates
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup butter
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts, floured

Sprinkle the soda over the dates. Add the water and mix. Cream the sugar and butter. Mix in the eggs, salt and flour. Add the date mixture, flavoring and nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 and bake 30-35 minutes longer. Serve warm or cold, plain or with whipped cream.

—Dorothy

HOMEMADE PUMPKIN PIE SPICE

- 8 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. ground cloves

Combine all ingredients. Put in jar with tight-fitting lid.

CRUMBLE BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder

Cream butter or margarine and sugar.

Beat in eggs and flavorings. Combine flour, nuts, cocoa, salt and baking powder. Stir into first mixture. Spread into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Take pan out of oven.

- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 1 6-oz. pkg. real chocolate chips
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups crisp rice cereal

Spread the marshmallows over top of baked mixture as soon as it is removed from oven. Return to oven for three minutes. Cool. In small saucepan, combine chocolate chips, peanut butter and flavoring. Stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Stir in cereal. Spread over the cooled baked bars. Cool and cut into bars. Refrigerate any leftovers. Makes three to four dozen bars.

—Dorothy

GRATED YAM PUDDING

- 3 cups grated raw yams
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup dark syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter, melted
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten

In large bowl, combine all ingredients except eggs. Beat eggs and add to mixture. Put into greased baking pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 50 to 60 minutes.

—Betty Jane

DRESSED-UP HOMINY CASSEROLE

- 2 1-lb. cans white hominy
- 4 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2/3 cup coffee cream or half-and-half
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup slivered almonds
- 2 cups buttered bread crumbs

Drain hominy and place in bottom of casserole which has been greased with bacon fat. Combine soup, Worcestershire sauce, cream, celery seed and pepper. Sprinkle crumbled bacon and almonds over the hominy. Pour cream mixture over all. Stir ingredients lightly. Top with the bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

BRAN-DATE DELUXE BREAD

- 2 cups chopped dates
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups bran
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Combine dates and boiling water. Set aside. In separate bowl, beat eggs until light. Slowly add brown sugar, beating constantly. Add burnt sugar flavoring. When mixture is creamy, sift in 1 cup of the whole wheat flour, baking powder and soda. Add half the date mixture and the second cup of whole wheat flour, bran and vanilla flavoring. When well blended, stir in the remaining half of the date mixture and nuts. Spoon into lightly greased loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for one hour.

NOTE: This recipe has no shortening. This bread slices nicely into thin slices, holds together well and is delicious made into sandwiches with soft cream cheese filling.

APPLE CRISP DESSERT

4 cups sliced apples
 1/2 tsp. salt
 3/4 cup flour
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 cup sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 cup butter or margarine

Spread apple slices evenly in bottom of 8- by 10-inch buttered baking dish. Sprinkle with the salt. Combine flour, cinnamon and sugar. Cut in butter or margarine and flavoring. Mix until crumbly. Sprinkle over apples. Bake at 350 degrees for 55 minutes.

—Betty Jane

FRIED BANANAS

4 Tbs. butter or margarine
 3 Tbs. brown sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 cup fresh orange juice
 Juice of 1 lemon
 6 bananas, peeled, sliced lengthwise and quartered

1/2 cup cream
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

In large skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add brown sugar and stir until dissolved. Add vanilla flavoring, cinnamon and juices. Put bananas in skillet, cut side down, and heat for just 2 or 3 minutes. Remove bananas from pan onto platter. Heat syrup until slightly thickened. Add cream and banana flavoring and allow to heat. Pour over bananas.

—Robin Justiz

PEANUTTY COOKIES

1/2 cup peanut butter
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
 3/4 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup finely chopped peanuts

Cream together peanut butter, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Add sugars and beat until light and fluffy. Add egg and remaining flavorings; beat thoroughly. Sift together flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Stir into creamed mixture. Cover and chill at least one hour. Shape heaping teaspoonfuls of dough into balls. Roll in chopped peanuts. Place three inches apart on greased baking sheet. Flatten balls with bottom of drinking glass. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until lightly browned. Cool on racks. Makes about three dozen.

—Lucile

GOURMET POTATOES

Shape leftover mashed potatoes into croquettes. Place a small amount of American cheese or soft American processed cheese in the center of each potato ball. Brush the entire surface with melted butter or margarine. Roll in crushed cornflakes (or other dry cereal, crushed). Place on cooky sheet and bake until nicely browned at 350 degrees.

These can be served immediately, but they can also be made up and frozen. Store in plastic bags. Bake as directed, only allow a longer baking time for the frozen balls.

—Evelyn

CHEESE ROLL

1 2-lb. pkg. Velveeta cheese, room temperature
 3 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
 1/2 lb. chopped pecans
 1 clove garlic, finely minced
 Salt to taste
 1 Tbs. Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 tsp. cayenne pepper
 Paprika

Combine all the above ingredients except paprika. Shape into rolls and coat with paprika. Wrap and place in refrigerator. Serve with an assortment of crackers. Will keep indefinitely in the refrigerator.

—Robin Justiz

FRENCH STEW

2 lbs. cubed beef stewing meat
 1 1/2 cups Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
 2 strips bacon
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 2 cloves garlic, minced
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. dried rosemary
 1/2 tsp. dried thyme
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 cup water
 1 beef bouillon cube
 6 carrots, sliced
 3 onions, sliced into rings
 3 Tbs. water
 3 Tbs. cornstarch

Combine cubes of beef with Kitchen-Klatter dressing. Let marinate for 2 or 3 hours, stirring occasionally to coat each piece well. Drain, reserve dressing. Cook bacon in heavy Dutch oven. Remove bacon, leave drippings in pan. Brown beef cubes in the bacon drippings. When brown, add chopped onion, minced garlic, seasonings, flavoring, water, bouillon cube and the French dressing which was drained from the meat. Cover and simmer about 45 minutes, or until the meat is almost tender. Add carrots and onions and continue cooking until they are tender. Combine water and cornstarch, stir into liquid in pan and cook, stirring, until mixture thickens slightly. Serve in soup bowls with French bread and a tossed green salad. —Evelyn

MINI CHEESECAKES

Vanilla wafers
 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cherry pie filling

Line muffin pans with paper cups. Place one vanilla wafer in each cup. Combine the cream cheese and sugar and beat well. Add the eggs, salt and flavoring; beat. Put one heaping teaspoonful on each vanilla wafer. Bake 17 minutes at 350 degrees—watch closely. When cool, put a spoonful of cherry pie filling on top of each one. —Dorothy

SALMON-CHEESE CASSEROLE

1 1/2 cups milk
 2 Tbs. margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup soft bread crumbs
 3 eggs, well beaten
 2 Tbs. minced parsley
 2 Tbs. finely chopped onion
 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 15 1/2-oz. can salmon, drained and broken into pieces (remove skin)

Heat milk, margarine and butter flavoring until melted. Stir bread crumbs into beaten eggs. Stir hot milk into egg mixture. Add remaining ingredients with exception of salmon. Mix until well blended. Spread salmon into bottom of greased 1 1/2-quart casserole or loaf pan. Pour custard mixture over salmon. Set casserole into larger pan of hot water, uncovered. Bake at 350 degrees about one hour or until custard is set.

—Juliana

ROUND STEAK SUPREME

Round steak, cut into serving-size pieces
 1 medium onion, sliced thin
 1 small green pepper, sliced
 1 Tbs. butter
 1/2 cup mushrooms
 1 beef bouillon cube
 1 cup water
 1 tsp. salad herbs
 2 Tbs. cornstarch

Brown pieces of steak quickly to sear on both sides. Place in flat baking dish. Saute onion and green pepper in butter. Combine remaining ingredients. (Be certain the water is cold so cornstarch will not lump.) Stir until cornstarch is dissolved. Heat, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Pour over meat. Sprinkle with parsley if desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. (If you do not have the salad herbs, mix in 2 Tbs. Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing. Shake the mixture well so you will get a nice amount of the herbs this dressing contains.) —Evelyn

3-MINUTE YOGURT PIE

1 graham cracker pie crust
 2 8-oz. cartons fruit-flavored yogurt (strawberry, lemon, blueberry or raspberry)
 1 9-oz. carton frozen whipped topping
 In large mixing bowl, blend well the yogurt and whipped topping. Spoon into pie crust, cover and freeze. —Lucile

MEXICAN BEEF CASSEROLE

2 lbs. round steak or chuck
 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
 1 clove garlic, minced
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1 Tbls. chili powder
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1 7-oz. can pitted ripe olives
 1/2 cup uncooked regular rice
 1 1-lb., 12-oz. can stewed tomatoes (or home canned)
 1 1-lb. can red kidney beans
 1 beef bouillon cube
 3/4 cup boiling water
 1 tsp. paprika

Cut the meat in cubes. Spread mustard over meat cubes. Sprinkle with garlic, pepper and 1 Tbls. of the chili powder. Place meat in bottom of 3-quart greased casserole. Heat salad oil and butter in small pan. Add the onion and saute until transparent. Slice three-fourths of the olives—set aside the remainder. Cover meat with half of the onion mixture. Make layers using half of the rice, tomatoes, beans and olives. Repeat layers. Dissolve the bouillon cube in the boiling water and pour over all. Top with the remaining whole olives and sprinkle paprika over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 2 to 2½ hours. —Juliana

SPAGHETTI WITH UNUSUAL SAUCE

1/2 cup salad oil
 1 large onion, chopped
 1 1/2 cups diced celery
 2 large carrots, grated
 1 lb. ground beef
 1 clove garlic
 1/2 cup water
 1 quart tomatoes
 1 16-oz. can tomato sauce
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
 6 peppercorns or dash of black pepper
 6 whole cloves or 1/4 tsp. powdered cloves
 1/4 tsp. thyme
 2 tsp. salt
 Dash of red pepper
 1 Tbls. sugar
 1 can mushroom stems and pieces
 Cooked chicken or turkey with broth (optional)
 Cooked spaghetti
 Combine salad oil, onion, celery, carrots, ground beef, garlic and water in heavy kettle. Cover and simmer, stirring occasionally, for one hour. (Do not brown meat first, just add at the same time other ingredients are added.) Add tomatoes, tomato sauce and paste, French dressing and seasonings. Continue simmering, covered, for one to two more hours, stirring often. Lastly, add mushroom stems and pieces, along with liquid, of any size can desired. Add cooked chicken or turkey, cut into bite-size pieces, along with a cup or so of broth. Simmer until heated through.
 Serve sauce hot over cooked spaghetti. Sprinkle a little grated Parmesan cheese over top if desired. —Evelyn

FRIED APPLES

Place about 1/4 cup butter or margarine in skillet and melt. Add peeled and sliced apples. Sprinkle granulated and brown sugar over apples. Add a little water and cover with lid. Put over low heat and let simmer until apples cook down. Watch closely! —Dorothy

NOODLE CASSEROLE

1 box Noodles Romanoff, prepared
 1 lb. ground beef
 1/2 cup chopped onion
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1/2 cup milk
 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
 1/4 tsp. thyme
 1 cup commercial sour cream
 1 cup dry bread crumbs
 2 Tbls. butter, melted
 Prepare the Noodles Romanoff according to package directions. Brown the beef and onion. Drain off excess fat. Add the soup, milk, pimiento, thyme and sour cream. Place in greased casserole. Toss the bread crumbs with the melted butter and sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. —Donna Nenneman

BANANA-PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE**Topping**

3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 8-oz. can pineapple slices, drained and halved
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 Melt butter or margarine in a 9-inch square baking pan. Sprinkle brown sugar over melted butter. Arrange pineapple slices and nuts over brown sugar.

Cake

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 3/4 cup sour milk
 1 cup uncooked quick or old-fashioned rolled oats
 1/2 cup mashed ripe banana
 Beat together butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Blend in eggs and flavorings. Combine flour, soda, baking powder and salt and add to first mixture alternately with sour milk, mixing well after each addition. Stir in oats and banana. Pour over topping in pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45-50 minutes. Loosen sides of cake from pan and invert onto plate.

Serve warm or cold with vanilla ice cream, whipped topping or whipped cream. —Dorothy

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Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



The only swamp I have ever explored lay on the far side of a dark, wide river in Wisconsin. An oak felled years ago by some violent storm spanned the gap between the tame wooded trails and the treacherous, deceptive paths among the reeds. In December, icy currents flowed under our feet while we, with tightrope walker skill, balanced our way across the perilous bridge, and found on the other side safe, solid footing. Winter had left the swamp quiet, frozen, and defenseless. We crept about with an eye open for Indians, of course, and gathered brown cattails and brittle weeds for the winter bouquets which decorated our secret clubhouse.

Toward late March and April, our visits grew more and more infrequent and soon stopped altogether. As the swamp came to life, the swelling river made crossing the natural bridge difficult and dangerous, and false steps from familiar trails found us up to our knees in muck. We never visited the summertime swamp which was the playground for naturalist and author, Gene Stratton Porter.

A self-taught student of nature, Mrs. Porter developed her love for wild things on the Hopewell Farm near Wabash, Indiana, where she was born in 1853. There she collected butterflies and insects, searched for birds' nests and planted wildflowers in her own garden plot. Soon Gene found the perfect laboratory for exploration when she and her husband moved to a cabin on the fringe of the breathtakingly awesome and terrifying Limberlost Swamp. As her interest in the beauties hidden in the swamp grew, Gene began to capture her finds in their natural state on film. She also made water color illustrations of birds and moths, keeping meticulous records of her observations. Her collections of photographs, sketches and nature writings have won her national acclaim; often her skill has been compared to that of Audubon.

It was the discovery of a very uncommon black vulture's nest which inspired her to write *Freckles* in 1904. *Freckles* is a novel, but so much of Gene Stratton Porter, her love for birds and wild creatures, and the dominating presence of the mighty swamp itself is in the book that it is difficult to remember it is fiction.

Freckles is an orphan who comes to the Limberlost at a time when lumbermen are just beginning to select the valuable trees from the great swamp. His courage and determined spirit endear him to the leader of the lumber



Dorothy Johnson enjoys reading to her youngest grandson, Julian Brase. Kristin (Julian's mother) provides many books for all of her sons to read.

gang, McLean. Freckles is given the job of protecting the seven-mile perimeter of the tract that will be cleared. Twice a day, armed with a great stick to combat dangerous snakes along the path and a revolver to protect the land from Black Jack, the head of a band of timber thieves, Freckles tests the line around the border of the swamp. Freckles embodies Gene Stratton Porter's intense curiosity about nature, and motivated by the discovery of a long feather from a black vulture, he buys books and learns the names and habits of all the wild things about him.

Mrs. Porter appears in the book as the "Bird Woman" who comes to the swamp carrying tripod and camera to photograph the rare and beautiful wild life which Freckles discovers. With her she brings the "Angel", a beautiful young girl who learns to love and understand the swamp as Freckles does.

The dangers of my small Wisconsin swamp seem insignificant compared to those which Freckles faced: the quicksand, the rattlesnakes, the evil bandits.

The Girl of the Limberlost is another of Gene Stratton Porter's stories of love and courage and the great Limberlost. Elnora Comstock, determined to go to school, collects butterflies and moths and sells them to Freckles' old friend, the "Bird Woman", in order to pay her tuition. Her cold and insensitive mother, ridden by grief for her dead husband, tries to block Elnora's efforts to rise above her shabby, unhappy surroundings. Finally able to overcome her grief, Mrs. Comstock wins Elnora's heart by capturing two rare moths, completing her daughter's collection. Loveable, self-reliant and kind, Elnora brightens the lives of all her friends and she wins the adoration of a wealthy young man.

Gene Stratton Porter's fiction reflects her dedication to nature and is enriched by her astute observations as a true scientist. She brings to life the rich music of the out-of-doors and a determined spirit to face and overcome adversity.

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04

SEWING TIPS

by
Roberta Kalen Price

The dictionary defines reinforce: to strengthen with new force or materials. Here are several devices I use for reinforcing my sewing:

Replacing buttons that have popped off or have torn out a piece of the surrounding fabric is a thankless task. Sewing the buttons on firmly in the first place will help prevent this problem. Using the machine is much quicker and can be done easily if your machine has a zigzag stitch. Drop the feed dog, adjust the stitch width, and sew on the buttons. These techniques will make buttons stay on longer, whether sewn by machine or by hand: (1) Cut the thread halfway through the job and start with another thread—then one will hold even if the other gives way. (2) A small square of fabric placed behind each button will take some of the strain off and reduce the likelihood of tearing out the cloth around the button.

Buttonholes are more substantial when you put an extra piece of fabric between the two layers of cloth. A piece of fabric from which the garment is being made or a scrap of white or neutral-colored fabric may be used. On shirts, blouses, and pajama tops put a strip of cloth inside both sides of the front facing as it is turned back. This will reinforce both buttons and buttonholes. Sewing around twice on machine-made buttonholes will make them much more

durable. The buttons will stay buttoned much better if the buttonholes are made horizontally, rather than vertically.

Sleeves ripping out often cause problems. There are several ways to prevent this. Sewing the seam twice, especially between the notches around the bottom of the sleeves, is helpful. Or, sew a second seam 1/8 inch inside the seamline. Flat-felled seams are called for on shirts. A false flat-felled seam is simpler to do and lasts just as well on pajamas and nightgowns.

To help keep pockets from ripping loose, place a small rectangle of cloth underneath at each side where you begin and end stitching on the pocket. Look at commercially made garments and see how they make a triangle stitching at each of these points. Do the same thing or make several back-and-forth stitches, going above the pocket onto the garment with the reinforcement piece in position slightly above the pocket.

Manufacturers of men's suits would earn my thanks if they would put sturdier pockets in the pants. Replacement pockets are available at notion counters. At times, when I didn't have such a replacement on hand, I have made my own using the original pocket as a pattern. Cut it of firm cloth—you might even want to make the bottom section double—and sew it in as substantially as possible, probably by hand.

Children's pants take a real beating; think of as many ways to reinforce them as possible. Extra stitching of a narrow strip of cloth embedded within the crotch

seam will help. Make the bottoms of the pant legs longer than needed, with the bottom hemmed and turned up so that it can be let down easily as the child grows. Double knees will more than double the wear at this crucial spot. Simply sew a rectangle of the fabric on top or beneath the knee and it will fade with the garment as it is washed. Or, make the patch more interesting by cutting into an unusual shape. It may also be padded slightly with polyester fiberfill. If you're using wide elastic at the waist, stretched on and sewed like the factory-made garments, put it on carefully with several rows of stitching which will withstand the strain it is sure to get during wear. Turn under the fabric around the top of the pants with one row of stitching before applying the elastic—this will prevent raveling if a few stitches on the elastic give way. If inserting elastic in a casing, you might like to add an extra inch or two of elastic which can be let out if needed. Always stitch elastic where it joins several times—there is anything more frustrating than having to rethread elastic?

When making little girls' dresses, reinforce sleeve seams, as suggested above. The shoulder seams may be strengthened by sewing in a piece of twill or bias tape, or merely a strip of cloth. Sew a gathered skirt twice—several inches drooping at the waistline are an unattractive sight should one thread give way. Be sure to allow extra material at the bottom of the skirt so the hem can be let down as the little girl gets taller.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Now is a good time to review your gardening efforts for the past season and to look for ways to improve your perennial border. A friend stopped in one day recently and asked what she could do to improve the perennial border she and her husband had planted some years ago. "It looks so stylized," she said. "We planted everything in rows. Some of the plants are taking over and it has become somewhat of a mess. I'd like to remove all the plants this fall and start from scratch but am not sure how to go about it."

I remembered her border. One of the main problems was that an area 10-12 feet wide had all been planted with rows of peonies, iris, monarda, delphinium and other perennials. We worked out a plan on paper with a more casual design and narrowed the border to six feet or a bit more and with a curving contour across the front. My friend and her husband agreed to remove all the plants they wished to re-establish and to work up the plot with a tiller. They had access to an old compost pile and planned to incorporate large amounts into the bed along with a little superphosphate before planting.

While the bed was being prepared, we selected a few new perennials from a fall nursery catalog. Rather than replant in rows, the old plant material was to be replanted in clumps or groups along the whole length of the border, some in the foreground and some in the background according to the heights of the plants. To retain continuity, plants of the same color and form were placed at irregular intervals throughout the length of the border. New and different perennials would be added for accent.

It is better to plant a perennial border slowly over a period of 3 to 4 years. This way you can get the "feel" of the plantings and learn if you are going in the right direction to achieve your goal. If a plant doesn't look right where it is growing, take it out before it becomes too well established. Don't be concerned about colors clashing as Mother Nature paints with a generous hand, letting colors fall where they may. Try for a variance in bloom period so that something is constantly showing color. Most perennials have their own "bloom season" and make a big show for a brief time. Examples are peonies and iris. If you check catalogs carefully, you can find some perennials that bloom over long periods of summer and fall and by using early, medium, and late bloomers, you can have a splash of color all season long.

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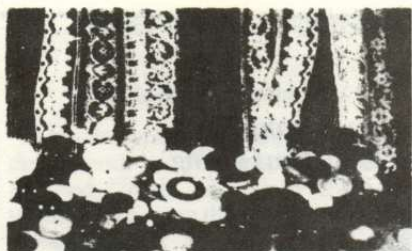
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THE MARK OF QUALITY

LEARN ABOUT FERNS

by
Erma Reynolds

Have you ever grown a plant that dates back to prehistoric times? "No," you say. Is there a fern included among your house plants? Then you are growing one of the oldest plants in the world.

The fern family is a large one, made up of some 6,000 species. They can be a single-leaf plant, or a tree growing in the tropics to a height of forty feet.

The chief characteristic which distinguishes ferns from other plants is that they are non-flowering. Instead of flowers they bear spores on various parts of the frond, and these spores produce new plants, just like seeds.

In ancient days, strange and sinister powers were attributed to a fern, associating it with demons and goblins. Some superstitious folks believed the brake fern was a protection against devilish friends because of the initial of Christ showing on its root, an indistinct letter "C" being formed by the plant's vascular tissues. This same pattern appearing in the cut stem looked like a spreading oak tree, and the more vivid the mark, the luckier the person was supposed to be who found one of these plants. Another far-out superstition had it that if a person carried a piece of fern on his person, it had the power to make him invisible if he so desired.

With attention given to a few basic requirements, ferns can be grown successfully as house plants. True, there are thousands of species, but just a few of these adapt to house development. The hardy ferns found in the woods, or by country roads, seldom survive indoors.

When potting a fern, use a porous soil, containing a fair portion of sand. Add a little charcoal to each pot, plus bone meal.

This plant prefers a moist, warm location, with the source of heat coming from above. In other words, don't set the fern over a radiator or hot-air duct. And keep it away from drafts. To supply needed humidity, stand the pot on pebbles in a tray, or jardiniere, that contains water. Because this water constantly evaporates, be sure to watch it and replenish when needed.

A fern can stand plenty of light in the winter, but should be shaded from direct sun in the summer. It has a tendency to grow toward the sun, so the plant should be turned every day or two, to prevent its growing lopsided.

Apply water freely during summer, but sparingly in the winter. Let the soil dry out before rewatering. Some plant growers like the system of letting the plant stand in a bowl of lukewarm water overnight, once a week, rather than watering it every day or so.



This is Betty Jane Tilsen's mother, Mrs. Lucille Rice, of St. Paul, Minnesota. She has visited in Shenandoah many times. With Mrs. Rice is her granddaughter, Nicole, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rice of St. Paul. (Richard is Betty Jane's only brother.) This was snapped on the great day when thirty-five people gathered for a tremendous feast in July at the family home of Mrs. Rice in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Feed a very diluted liquid fertilizer once a month. Do not use stable manure or dry commercial fertilizer.

A fern needs to be groomed to give it a good appearance. Avoid touching its tips, and remove the fronds as soon as they begin to fade and yellow.

Since the root system of most ferns grows rapidly, a young plant becomes pot-bound quickly, making it necessary to repot about once a year. Roots of an old fern grow more slowly, so the "oldster" may not need repotting more than once in three years.

When repotting becomes necessary, the fern should be divided into two or more plants. Transference of the plant, with its tight compact mass of roots, to a larger pot is seldom satisfactory. Remove the plants from the pot, and pull it into sections, with each part containing some of the roots, and whatever soil that happens to cling. Be sure to work ever so carefully to avoid injuring the roots. Repot each section in a smaller pot and water liberally. Then set in a shady, warm place until the plant begins to send out new fronds.

It's a sad fact, but occasionally a fern will have the misfortune to become "ill". A possible remedy is to water the ailing plant with a solution of 1/2 cup salt added to six pints of lukewarm water. A fern believed to be dead can sometimes be revived by standing its pot in a container of very hot water for about an hour, or until the water cools.

Thoreau said, "nature made ferns for pure leaves", so try growing some of these "pure leaves" for a decorative house plant.

MEET OUR WRITERS



Annabelle Scott Whobrey

I appeared in the Scott household during World War I on a farm in southern Green County in the Missouri Ozarks. After my sixth birthday, I started my schooling in a one-room elementary rural school. It had all eight grades, one water bucket for our drinking purposes and those undesirable outhouses in the back yard! However, I remained healthy enough to walk most of the time; nearly two miles. Concluding grade school, I rode a horse three miles to Mentor Job High School. This was only a two-year high school so to finish my education, my parents moved to Springfield, Missouri. Dad was in the commission business at the local stockyards so this arrangement worked fine. I graduated from senior high school in 1933, and could have attended college, but being a shy farm girl and homesick for our farm, we all moved back home!

Few farm girls found work outside the home, so I mostly had fun! I was asked out on my one and only blind date that proved a turning point in my life! After a two-year courtship, I became Mrs. Bert Whobrey on July 4, 1936. It was a time of drouths and depression, but my new husband and I settled down to farm. Next June 11, our first son was born. Today, Dwayne is welding supervisor at the U.S. Medical Center for federal prisoners in Springfield. He and his wife and two teenagers live on a farm across the road from us.

Our daughter, Beverly, was born on July 18, 1938. With two babies, I became busy in the diaper department! Much later, our daughter lost her husband during open-heart surgery and now lives with her teenage daughter on a nearby farm. Our last child, Gary, came October of 1943. He and his wife and two

children live half a mile away. Gary is a conductor for the Frisco railroad, but his love for the soil finds him sowing and reaping on his farm each year.

Writing has always been a hobby for me but until I was encouraged by family and friends I never dreamed of selling my material. I do considerable free-lance writing, mostly in the nostalgic line. I sometimes do a meditation or humorous article. I belong to the Springfield Writer's Guild and that group has given me many markets and much encouragement. I am also a member of the Missouri State Writer's Guild.

I am deeply rooted in this community; part of our farm once belonged to my maternal grandparents. Grandpa settled in this area following his discharge from the Union army, in which he served during the Civil War. We belong to our neighborhood Center Point Church of Christ and attend regularly. Happiness includes sitting in church, surrounded by our family and friends. Happiness is also writing something and knowing it brings enjoyment to others.

Fortunately, you have two ears . . . And you will hear your share of pain and sorrow.

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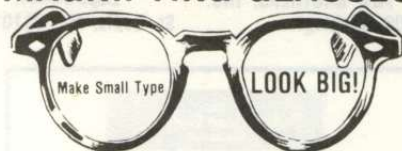
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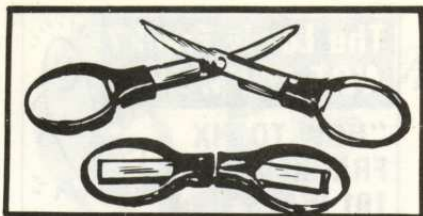
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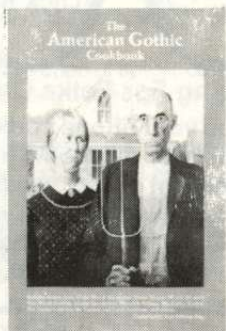
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From Our Family Album

This picture of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier was taken immediately after their wedding ceremony on August 9, 1946, at the old family home of our parents on Summit Avenue, Shenandoah, Iowa. Abigail had always expected to be married at the family home of her parents in Onawa, Iowa, but her father's very sudden death at that time changed all of the plans. The full details of this wedding and a large photograph of the family appears in "The Story Of An American Family". Incidentally, the coffee table in front of them was made by brother Howard as a gift to his parents.

—Lucile

A LETTER THAT REALLY WARMED OUR HEARTS

Dear Good Friends:

I'm so sorry it was necessary for you to have to send me a second renewal notice. Actually, *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine has been coming into our home for many, many years, and I would be lost without it! Within the pages of your little magazine there is such a feeling of caring and sharing—a sense of TOGETHERNESS that is akin to real friendship. There is no way to measure the length and breadth of such a publication, or to tell how far-reaching can be the effects of its material. Almost everybody's lifetime is dotted with certain people, certain events that help (or hinder) to turn our lives—maybe ever so gently, but still turned—in the right directions. *Kitchen-Klatter* is like that... a good companion-traveler from which we can gather support and sustenance, strength and guidance, information and inspiration.

So, I thank you for all the good ingredients contained within your magazine—it has its own SPECIAL place, for time and eternity, within the hearts of your many readers. God bless you all! And do renew my subscription for another year!

Sincerely,
Mrs. J.W.F., Ohio

WEE GOBLINS A-KNOCKING

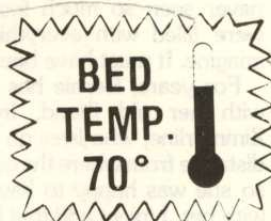
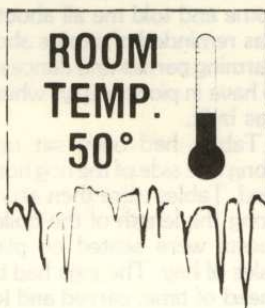
There's a soft knock, knock, knocking,
And I hear giggling outside.
I am ready with goodies
And fling the door wide.
Three wee goblins with bright round eyes
And Mom's shoes on their feet,
Totter there shyly, then whisper,
"Twix or tweets." —Mabel Nair Brown

A HUMOROUS READING — Concl.
\$2.37 someplace. Margaret has enough money. I'd have thought she could have paid that \$2.37 herself.

Will somebody move that we accept this report from Margaret and pay the bill she charged? We must carry this meeting along correctly.

Now is there any new business? Oh, you just want to talk about the historical society taking over the old Garden Grove schoolhouse. You just go ahead and work on that project and tell us about it some other time for I smell the coffee. If someone will make the motion to adjourn, we can talk about a club float for the Harvest Day parade while we eat—that way if we get into an argument, it won't get into the minutes. I'd hate to think that years from now someone might read about our club squabbles. Shall we adjourn, ladies? —MNB

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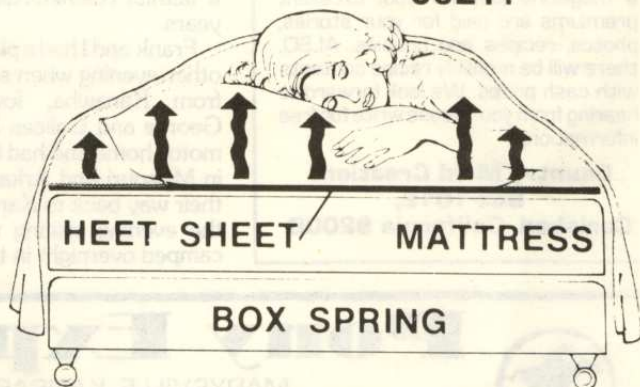
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A NOTE FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

The final copy for this issue of the magazine will fall during the time I am in Minnesota for the first time in many, many years. Frederick's letter appears in the space I usually occupy, but next month I'll be with you again to give you details of my vacation with Betty Jane Tilsen in Minnesota.

Sincerely,

Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
featuring a steep roof, small windows, and a great hall. If you can stop by to see it, plan to spend a few hours there. Incidentally, from that old stone house it would be only a short drive over to see us. We would love to see you.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

who live near Lucas. When she returned home and told me all about the party, I was reminded of stories about the barn-warming parties and dances people used to have in pioneer days when a new barn was built.

Tables had been set up lengthwise along one side of the hog house for all the food. Tables were then set up crosswise along the length of the building and the guests were seated on planks laid on bales of hay. The pigs had been roasted ahead of time, carved and kept warm in electric roasters. Everyone brought covered dishes, and Bernie said she had never seen so much food. The tables were filled with everything you could imagine. It must have been quite a sight.

For years, Bernie has kept in touch with her old friend, Irene Pettinger Zimmerline, who lives on a farm a short distance from where the dinner was held, so she was happy to have a good visit with her. I might add that Irene has been a faithful Kitchen-Klatter fan for many years.

Frank and I had a pleasant surprise the other evening when some of our friends from Kanawha, Iowa, dropped in. George and Colleen Beukema have a motor home and had been on a vacation in Missouri and Arkansas and were on their way back to Kanawha. They spent the evening visiting with us and then camped overnight in the Stephens State

Forest near Lucas. I must have sensed we were going to have company for I baked a pumpkin-date cake that afternoon. It tasted real good with peach ice cream.

George commented about how good our crops look. It has been awfully dry here and the hay isn't growing very fast. The pastures are getting pretty brown, but we would rather have it this way than to have all the rain and floods many parts of Iowa have had this summer. Frank and I have been checking fences so we can turn the cattle into another pasture and give the one they have been in a rest.

I must get this to the post office, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

ALL ABOUT CATS!

1. A vegetation observed in the fall. (cattails)
2. An omen of bad luck. (black cat)
3. A kind of seafood. (catfish)
4. A slang expression of the 20's. (cat's meow!)
5. A kind of tea. (catnip)
6. Used for fiddle strings. (cat gut)
7. A variety of marbles. (cat's eyes)
8. Description of a timid person. (pus-sycat)
9. Figured in a nursery rhyme. (cat and fiddle)
10. A cartoon character. (Felix, the Cat)
11. A short sleep. (catnap)
12. An expression — soft as a . . . (cat's paw)

—Evelyn Lyon



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