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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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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

As always, this is the very last material written for our *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine before it is "put to bed", and I am writing it at my own beat-up desk right here at my home in Shenandoah, Iowa. I glance around and can see no evidence whatsoever that last month I wrote to you from Juliana's desk in Albuquerque, N. M.

As a matter of fact, it now seems like a dream that I was ever gone! This must be a sensation shared by almost everyone who goes into a totally different world, and then returns home where everything is familiar and known to the last inch—were you really gone at all?

In my last letter, I didn't mention the fact that Juliana and Jed left Albuquerque while a devastating event was unresolved: Katharine's bicycle, her pride and joy, had come up missing. She had been told and TOLD umpteen times that never must she ride that bicycle to school without chaining and padlocking it to a post. Alas, she had failed to do this. Consequently, her parents had to leave with the agitation of a broken-hearted Katharine's tears as a burning issue.

The next day Katharine burst into the house in a state of hysterical joy: her bicycle was safe. It seems that when the janitor went out to empty the day's trash, he noticed a handlebar sticking out of a pile of debris. He dug the bicycle out, returned it to the teacher in charge of such details, and together they locked it into a room where it would be safe until the rightful owner appeared. The rightful owner was Katharine! Never have I seen a more ecstatic and radiant child than she was when she appeared with the glorious news that her bicycle had been found.

I've gone into this in such detail because it serves in a nutshell to show the painfully realistic world in which children develop today. They take for granted the fact that their belongings are going to be stolen if items aren't firmly padlocked and chained. It impressed me, for instance, that when both James and Katharine got new and badly needed heavy gloves for winter, they attached

them to their belts with padlocks! I felt like a survivor from another world when I saw all of the precautions that the children take for granted.

Juliana and Jed returned so shortly before Thanksgiving that we decided to stay and spend the holiday with them. Betty Jane and her mother, Mrs. Lucille Rice of St. Paul, (she made the entire trip with us) couldn't visualize being on the road or holed up in some motel on Thanksgiving day! In addition, I was delighted to see the family of four who have been close friends of the Lowey family for many years. The two families always share Thanksgiving together. We had all of the old familiar standbys in the line of food. It was a very, very happy Thanksgiving for all of us.

We went out for only one restaurant meal while we were in Albuquerque, and that was when my very dear, long-time friend, Katherine Simons, took all of us out to New Chinatown. This is a place known to me from years gone by which has wonderful food and unexpectedly good service. Katherine is a native of Shenandoah and usually gets back to Iowa once a year.

The one trip out of town we took while we were in New Mexico was a drive up to Santa Fe and on out to Nambe where Russell and I had purchased a place in 1961. We had intended to use this as our retirement home, but because of Russell's death in 1963, that day never came. It was with overwhelming feelings that we drove in and looked around for I hadn't seen the place since the day I drove out through the gate for what I felt was the last time.

In the time since I had last seen it, I found incredible changes along the road leading up to the property—only two absolutely recognizable landmarks remained! It was hard for me to believe that such a remote and previously empty area could be transformed in sixteen years

into what is now called "urban sprawl". When I commented about this to the very gracious and cordial woman who came out of the house to the car to visit with us, she understood completely what I was talking about.

The city of Santa Fe itself was as strange to me as though I had never seen it before. We took an hour or so to drive around and aside from such historical landmarks as the capitol building, the great cathedral, Palace of the Governors on the Plaza, etc., it was all an unknown quantity. The unique and very different town that had once seemed so familiar is now an intensely commercialized city, and I cannot imagine we ever lived there.

We were all set to return to Iowa when a sudden and totally unforecast snow hit New Mexico. Since we were determined never again to be stranded in Tucumcari as we were several years ago and also as we were coming down this trip, we held off departing until weather bulletins gave us some assurance that we'd be able to drive back to Iowa without trouble. Just to be on the safe side, we swung over to Tucumcari and then across the Texas Panhandle and on into Amarillo for the first night's stay.

The next night found us in Perry, Oklahoma, with Oklahoma City behind us. At 2:30 P.M. we were in Oklahoma City and found the traffic horrible; we couldn't imagine what it would be like during the rush hour. We had hoped to get across the line into Kansas that day, but by the time we arrived in Perry, Oklahoma, we were so tired that we wanted only to get off the road and into a motel.

The following morning we hit the highway in driving rain and forecasts of "winter storms" in the area we'd be passing through, so we got on the road early and just kept going and going and going. Our only stops were to try to get
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New Mexico seems far enough south that snowfall would be infrequent, but once in a while enough snow does fall to provide fun for the youngsters in that area. Katharine and James Lowey had a great time making this snowman near their Albuquerque home after a snowstorm.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

How lucky we have been weather-wise so far this year! Many places had their first severe snowstorms the last of October and have had more since then. So far, we have had only a couple of flurries—nothing that accumulated enough to be measured. In fact, we haven't really had any extremely cold weather. There have been a couple of days that seemed much colder than the thermometer registered because of a strong wind, but we have only just now started building fires in the tank heater.

With the price of gas and fuel oil so high, many, many people are trying to cut expenses by heating their homes with wood. As I drive back and forth from Lucas to Shenandoah, I see more large woodpiles stacked in yards than have been for years. Owning as much timber as we do, Frank and I both feel it is ridiculous not to burn wood again as we did until about twelve years ago. We discussed changing over to wood fuel this fall, then decided we hadn't thought about it early enough since it would entail several major changes in the house. Gas or oil are both so convenient and clean, I hate to think of going back to carrying in the wood and cleaning out the ashes. Also, we are both afraid of fire and have felt much safer since the old wood stoves were taken out.

Wood stoves made today are much improved over the old ones. Every year Frederick and Betty send us a subscription to the *Yankee*, a magazine we enjoy tremendously, which this year has included many advertisements for every conceivable type of wood-burning stove. If we decide to burn wood next year, it will be hard to decide just which stove to buy.

We had a lovely day recently with our good friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer, and their son, Brian, of Aplington, Iowa. We had called and asked them if they would like to have us save them some walnuts. Clarence suggested it would give them a good excuse to come down and pick up the nuts and spend the day with us. We also asked if they might like to try to get a pheasant or two. Since Clarence had heart surgery in August (four by-passes!), we didn't know if he would be able to go hunting or not, but he assured us he was feeling great. Sylvia and I walked along with Clarence and Brian for the exercise. The boys saw quite a few birds but without a dog were unable to get them up into the air so they could shoot at them. They did get one pheasant which is now in our freezer for



One of Dorothy's favorite pictures is this one of her grandson, Andy, sitting for the first time in the musical chair.

us to enjoy later.

Nothing gives us a warmer glow than spending a day with old friends. Our close friendship with Clarence dates back to California days when we were all young and happy so we have many memories to share. Sylvia is an Iowa girl we have known since before she and Clarence were married. After fourteen years of marriage, along came Brian. Clarence and Brian enjoy so many things together, one of which is snowmobiling. They think the rolling hills and pastures on our farm would be ideal for this sport, so when a few inches of snow accumulate on the ground, they hope to come down for the purpose of snowmobiling. I have never ridden one, so I'm looking forward to a new experience.

Another dear friend, Peggy Dyer, has also just undergone open-heart surgery. She had rheumatic fever as a child and lived with a defective valve for years. She knew that someday she would have to have the valve replaced; fortunately, when that day arrived, she got along beautifully. It will be quite a while yet before she can spend any time near here at their timber place. We have certainly missed seeing her every weekend. When her husband, Glenn, was here last weekend he had a bad fall and cut his arm severely, so he is also on the ailing list. For those two it is certainly a case of "it never rains but what it pours".

It was thirteen years ago that three men from Kanawha, Iowa, knocked on our door wanting to know if they could hunt deer in our timber. Frank visited with them a long time and enjoyed them so much he invited them back to hunt the following year. They have come every year since then. They have not only come but brought friends, so instead of three the number is now six. At the end of each hunting day, they come in and sit around the kitchen table, drink coffee

and tell about the day's activities.

Our Johnson family get-togethers for holidays get smaller and smaller. Frank's sister, Bernie, and her friend, Belvah Baker, were the only ones here for Thanksgiving dinner. Kristin knew, even with nice weather, it would be too far to come for such a short time, and, for the same reason, turned down an invitation to spend the day with Art's brother and family in Grand Island. She and the boys had several days' vacation, but Art had to be at work the day after Thanksgiving, so they didn't plan to go out of town. It was a wise choice because on Thanksgiving Day there was a foot of snow on the ground in western Nebraska and no one was going anywhere. Kristin said she didn't even get to drive to Scottsbluff to get Art's mother.

When football season was over, Andy started right in with wrestling. He is so tall I thought he might be going out for basketball, but he is more interested in wrestling and prefers to spend his spare time with this sport.

Speaking of Andy, I want to tell you the story about the picture on this page. Several months ago, there was a picture in the "Family Album" section of *Kitchen-Klatter* of Kristin and Juliana both trying to get into the musical chair Kristin received on her first birthday. During the thirty-five years since that picture was taken, there have been many children who have sat in that chair for the first time and the expressions on their faces when they heard the music have been so funny. Many times I wished I had had a camera ready to record those looks. Andy was about nineteen months old the first time he was introduced to the chair. This time I was ready with my camera. He sat absolutely transfixed, listening. A few seconds later he got out and tried to find where the sound was coming from, like almost every child before him had done. The chair played only when a child was sitting in it, so from that time on Andy was in and out, in and out—so I caught the picture at the right instant.

Marge and Oliver Strom are settled in for the winter months in Green Valley, Arizona, after leaving Shenandoah about the middle of November. I usually stay with either Lucile or Marge when I go to Shenandoah, but the last time I went down they were both gone so I stayed with our good friend, Billie Oakley. We always have a good time together. She plans to come to the farm soon, but says she is waiting until there is a good possibility she will get snowed in.

Every time I'm in Shenandoah, I see our dear friend, Ruby Treese, who stayed and cared for Mother and Dad for so many years. I stay all night with her occasionally. She has had a grandson with her this winter. He had been going

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"In the Beginning . . ."

A NEW YEAR'S WORSHIP SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: On an easel or a bulletin board, arrange some pictures or articles suggestive of beginnings—packets of seeds, bulbs, pictures of new babies, of buildings under construction and rocket ships lifting off. Under these, place a placard on which is printed the words from Gen. 1:1.

Call to Worship:

Quiet now.
Close the mind's door
On the business of the day
And for these brief moments
Clear the way for God—and new beginnings.

Quiet now.
Let your tongue be stilled.
Listen. In the quietness
His spirit will direct;
His spirit will fill

Your soul and point you to new beginnings.

—Church paper

Scripture: Gen. 1:1, Proverbs 3: 5-6 and Psalms 117:2.

Hymn: "O Worship the King".

Leader: *In the beginning . . .*
Everything has a beginning. Most beginnings are small. Tall skyscrapers, a house, a cathedral, they all begin with foundation blocks, girders, beams that are small in comparison to the finished building. When jigsaw puzzles are put together, a small piece is put in first, then another and another until it is completed. When a garment is stitched, a pocket or a dart is very small compared to the finished article of clothing. A flower or a tree has its beginning in a small seed or bulb.

Electricity was all around in the atmosphere. It took an idea in the mind of Benjamin Franklin to capture and bring it to everyday use, a boon to all of us. A hope for peace became the United Nations. Each great work of art, great musical composition, great book began as a small idea in the minds of one human being.

We also had a small beginning. Just think how tiny a baby is: so helpless, so dependent on others. Growth depends upon the nurture received. How growth continues mentally and spiritually depends upon how we nurture mind and soul right now.

How will you grow this year? A new beginning—a new year—for me and for

you. What can it mean? How can it become a new beginning? How will it develop as the days go by? What part do we play in the patterning of this year ahead?

Meditation: (by helper) In the beginning God created. He created us in His own image. Because He created, we can create.

Let us look at our hands. With our hands we can create beauty—a painting, a lovely room, an afghan, or a sweater. Our hands can plant a flower, make a loaf of bread, comfort a child, console a friend, share a talent. Let us look at our feet—they, too, can be creative. We can run, skip, jog, dance, walk to visit a friend. As we move, our body can show emotions: sorrow, joy, hatred, sympathy, rejection, love, peace.

In the beginning God created. He created me. I can create.

How can we creatively make a new beginning in our lives? We can begin at home, growing more thoughtful, more loving, more respectful, more helpful of those who are our nearest and dearest. We can encourage more time for prayer, for inspiration from Bible reading, more imagination with family devotions. We can try a new hobby, learn a new skill, cut out some nonessentials so as to make more time for family, for worthwhile projects, or simply more time for meditation and inspiration.

We can make new beginnings in our community by bringing our talents, intelligence and time to the schools and community projects. Volunteers are needed in so many areas—assisting teachers, activities with the physically handicapped, as aids in hospitals, readers in libraries and as sponsors for various youth groups.

We can make new beginnings in our church by improving our attendance, teaching in the church school, singing in the choir, volunteering as librarian or for part-time secretarial work, cataloging choir music, or janitorial work.

We can make a new beginning in this very organization: striving for better attendance, serving as an officer, accepting an assigned job and doing it well, welcoming the ideas of others, being supportive of the officers and committee chairmen.

You are only one person, true, but remember there were only a few people at the cross, but those few disciples set the world aflame. Now, centuries later, that flame is still burning as Christianity lives on around the world. Let us each make this our personal prayer as we begin 1980:

Speak to me, Lord, that I may know
What you would have me do.
Accept my love, my talents, my life,
Lord, I give them all to you.

Speak to me, Lord, and I shall be
Filled with the power to begin,
To love, to work, to follow, Lord,
To begin, again and again.

Closing Hymn: "God of Grace and God of Glory".

Benediction: With our hearts still warm with the spirit of Christmas, we face the task of beginning a new year. Guide us and send us forth to sow seeds of love and kindness, knowing that in and through Thee we may accomplish great things. Amen.

January Centerpieces

Winter Scene Centerpiece: For the base, use a large circle of styrofoam covered with a layer of fluffy cotton. Sprinkle it with artificial snowflakes. At one side, arrange a cluster of trees, using pine sprays and some of the long, slender cones (standing upright) as the trees. Place one or two smaller pine sprays around as "shrubs". For figures in this snow scene, fashion tiny elves from pipe cleaners and use felt scraps for making bright costumes or use peanut pixies. Have some of the figures wearing pipe cleaner snowshoes. Place other figures so they appear to be having a snowball fight (making snowballs from tiny balls of cotton). Perch a few "snowbirds", cut from white felt, in the pine trees.

Wishing Candle Centerpiece: Place a very large candle in the center of the table, encircling it with greens, tucking small cotton snowballs here and there among the greens. A miniature sled or white reindeer could be placed among the greens. At each place setting, place a small candle in a gumdrop holder. Candleholders can also be made using small styrofoam circles covered with foil. Either candle and holder idea can be developed as tray favors as well as table gifts. Just before refreshments, each guest in turn lights the small candle from the large one in the center and makes a wish for the new year. Leave all candles lighted until each one has been lighted, then sing "Auld Lang Syne" before blowing out the candles.

—Virginia Thomas





Rich DiCicco feeds the birds after a knee-deep snowfall at his and Emily's home in Arlington, Virginia.

WINTER

by
Harold R. Smith

The calendar firmly states that winter has officially arrived. First a few snowflakes fell. We are never alarmed for they fall gently and slowly melt. The air grows sharper and we dress warmer as frost dusts the lawn with white. The sun seems to rise slower each morning and a quickening in routine occurs as colder weather settles in. Heartier dishes are prepared: savory stews, baked chicken with dressing, various casseroles. The oven adds warmth to the kitchen and hearts when delicious aromas of baking permeates the air.

Then heavier snow arrives, falling softly and deceptively deep. Pale blue shadows are cast upon the snow from the trees. The world, dazzling in bright moonlight, is fresh and clean. The lawn is crisscrossed with footprints of our wild animal friends who venture out into the night. Cedars, drooping under their heavy burden of snow, stand like sentinels guarding the night. Snow crunches underfoot as I survey this wonderland covering the bare earth with a mantle of white. The moons of winter cast a hard white light as icy-cold as the glint of a precious gem. The old house becomes quiet except for the occasional creaking sound which all old houses seem to possess. Wind-driven snow patterns the lawn as the driveway drifts deep. Morning will come when we must scoop out paths and brush off the car's heavy coat, but tonight we bask in the gentle warmth of the house, enjoying another cup of steaming hot, fragrant coffee.

By mid-January a light rain often falls. Quickly followed by sleet, it strikes the windowpanes with a constant rhythm. Roads are icy sheets striking fear in the motorist's heart. Plans are canceled to

drive into the city, but there will be other trips in other months.

Winter etches her season in sharp blacks, dark browns with grayish overtones against the whitest of whites; the total effect so dramatic as to be almost theatrical. Winter's artistic signature is revealed in frost-laden panes of glass, intricately designed. The cold brilliant colors of winter sunsets replenishes the spirit with their beauty. Winter will continue to stalk in on the winds of the north; it's frigid breath transversing the land driving snow and sleet in it's path. When warmer days of "January thaw" arrive, the snow will melt and as night comes, form great icicles which will hang from the roof.

A soft sound is heard as the Scotch pine releases snow from its branches. Soft lights from the old house dapples the snow with golden pools. Walking toward the old greystone house, which beckons me, I glance at the star-strewn heavens and bid my silent farewell to a winter night.



A Winter Story

by Evelyn Witter

A soft, heavy snowfall slowed my usual fast trip home from town. My errands had taken longer than I planned, and it was getting late. Naturally, I was concerned about what the family was doing. I've always made it a point to be home at chore time. But after I turned in at our farm, the snow-whitened landscape began to answer the questions that had been accumulating in my mind. The children had made it home from school, all right. Heavy tire tracks swerved where the school bus had skidded into the land, but then recovered a firm, reassuring course.

When I put the car away, I looked toward the garden to see if my husband and son had gone through yet to do the chicken chores. They hadn't, for I could see the horse nettle weeds, drooping under ridges of snow, blocked the way unmolested. I looked to the east, to the half-acre our children use for a playground. Beyond it lies our hilly orchard and, farther on, the thicket that leads to the woods.

I smiled then, for my menfolks and our dog had left me a note in footprints. There was no mistaking it: "Dear Mom, We'll be a little late for chores this evening. You see, with the new snow and all, we couldn't resist the temptation to scare up a few rabbits. Have a good hot supper ready? Love from Bill, Jim and Bub."

Inside the house, seven-year-old

Louise greeted me with a hug of delight. "Look out the window, Mom. The snow has made all sorts of things in the bushes and trees! There are poodle dogs, and an alligator . . ."

Since chores were waiting, I supposed mealtime could wait too. So I joined in the fun. "I can see birds in the snow," I told Louise, "and there's a fish!"

The sky began to brighten, over there where the day was going to bed. The clouds broke apart and took on after-sunset colors. We sat and picked out snow objects until the dark blacked out our view.

Soon we heard excited voices and the rattling of milk buckets. Clearly the tramp through the woods had been a high adventure. The chores were now under way, and it was time to start getting that good, hot supper!

GOSSIP TOWN

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town,
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor with rustling
gown,
Is going the livelong day?

It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go,
The Idleness Train will take you down
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,
And most people start that way,
But it's a steep downgrade; if you don't
look out
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.

You'll glide through the Valley of Vicious
Talk
And into the Tunnel of Hate,
Then crossing the Add-to Bridge, you
walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They Say,
And I've Heard is the public well;
And the breezes that blow from False-
hood Bay
Are laden with Don't You Tell.

In the midst of the town is Tell-Tale Park.
You're never quite safe while there,
For it's owner is Madam Suspicious Re-
mark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the park is Slanders Row;
'Twas there that Good Name died,
Pierced by a dart from Jealousy's bow
In the hands of Envious Pride.

From Gossip Town, Peace long since
fled,
But Trouble and Grief and Woe
And Sorrow and Care you'll meet in-
stead,

If ever you chance to go. —Unknown
(Reprinted from
The Voice in the Wilderness)



MARY BETH REPORTS

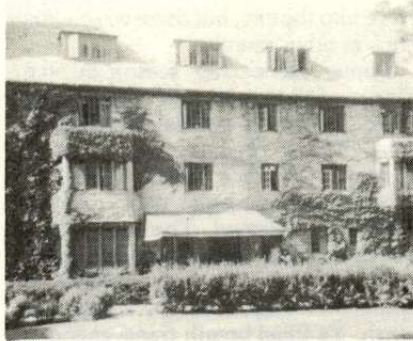
Dear Friends:

I have just settled down for a few quiet minutes before the evening arrives to turn my time into supper preparation, into supper cleanup, into last-minute preparation for Monday morning's class! Magazine deadlines being what they are put my writing this on the weekend which has to have been one of the busiest of my life. Today is the end of Thanksgiving vacation which for us at the Academy began at noon on Wednesday. The planning began much earlier in the week when I decided that eleven months without having seen our son, Paul, was quite enough. One way or another I had to be with him. I phoned the airlines and learned that there was no way I could get a flight into Orlando, Florida, since this was the busiest holiday of the year for that area. There seemed little hope for any last-minute plans until a dear lady at the ticket reservation desk informed me that they had openings on Thanksgiving Day for passengers from Florida north, with a return opening two days later. If Paul could make the flight, it would enable us to have a late turkey dinner and have almost a two-day visit.

A hurried phone call to Paul's place of employment to see if he could get off had to be made very early from our school in Brookfield. Paul has no home phone and with the difference in time zones, it was imperative that I reach him at work. As good fortune would have it, his employer was willing to give him the extra day off, so our plans could proceed.

I had hoped to keep his arrival a super secret from everybody in the family, but keeping surprises from too many people can often prove to be impossible. I certainly didn't want Don to busy himself with real estate obligations on the Friday of Paul's visit, so I confided in him who our unexpected visitor would be. Together we conspired to pop the surprise on the girls only when Paul walked through the door.

To cover up the plan, I hatched the scheme that one of the young teachers, who has family in California, was going to share dinner with us. This made it easy to excuse setting the table for an extra diner and to fix five salads, etc. The teacher has no car so it was very logical that a little after three o'clock in the afternoon I should be leaving the house to drive quite a ways into the country to pick him up. When I left, the house smelled very "Thanksgivingy", the table looked beautiful, and Katharine and Adrienne were showering and shampooing. I chuckled happily at the



This stately building is the dormitory on the Northwestern University campus in Evanston, Illinois, where Adrienne is living this school year.

wonderful success or my surprise and the special present to myself!

It is a fifty-minute drive to the airport from our house and I encountered not more than ten cars with people away from their hearth and table. Paul was waiting outside the airport when I pulled up and, needless to say, he was a dear sight to behold. The trip back to Delafield was one of constant chatter between the two of us. The girls were busy in the kitchen when Paul walked through the door from the garage into the house and neither of the girls could believe her eyes. The teacher who they expected resembles Paul in height and hair color. Katharine said when she saw Paul in the dimness of the doorway she remembers saying to herself, "My, Lance certainly does look like Paul!"

The two days flew by and before I knew it, we were once again on the way back to the airport with the hollow feeling I had stifled for so long blessedly saturated with hours of warm memories from our time together.

Katharine and Adrienne still had several hours left of their visit and we filled these up trying to find new eyeglass frames for me! This is almost as agonizing and mind-boggling a venture as trying to pick out a winter coat! Since frames are a major investment which a person is stuck with for quite a while, the choice needs to be neither too conservative nor too flashy. However, I really needn't have worried about the final choice because with three women's opinions to be consulted it was a guaranteed conclusion that no opinion would be reached! The next time I go shopping for glasses it will be alone!

Fortunately, the necessity of glasses is not yet pressing. I know my vision is getting fuzzier in the distance, but I have glasses for driving and other little necessities like reading the blackboard across the room at school. I can also read all the little print on things except the very finest writing.

As if it is not bad enough to be picking out one pair of frames, I have to choose two. I am scared to death of wearing biocals because, unlike the average

person walking down the street who seldom looks at the path before his feet, I am constantly surveying the ground for uneven spots or little rocks which could cause me to fall. Any person with an artificial limb is acutely aware of the street's surface. Having a piece of distorted glass between my eyes and the ground or on stairways sounds close to a suicidal act. Therefore the decision for two pairs of glasses. One of these years I am sure I shall have eyes which cannot read things close at all, but until I must have bifocals, I'll continue as I am, changing glasses for whatever my immediate needs might be.

I surely hope that on my next trip out for new frames I don't see the sales ladies who put up with the three undecided Driftmier women. I am sure they will remember me when I walk into their stores, so perhaps they will avoid me and I shall be spared any further embarrassment.

When I drove Adrienne back to Evanston for the remainder of her fall term, I went up to see her room. It was an eerie experience to be the only two people in an entire residence intended to house 150 people. I was given a complete tour—downstairs and upstairs, where she eats and studies and does her living. Northwestern has a beautiful campus... wish I were young again.

Happy New Year!
Mary Beth

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

Want some ideas for really worthwhile New Year's resolutions? A century ago Robert Louis Stevenson offered several:

1. Make up your mind to be happy. Learn to find pleasure in simple things.
2. Make the best of your circumstances. No one has everything and everyone has something of sorrow intermingled with the gladness of life. The trick is to make the laughter outweigh the tears.
3. Don't take yourself too seriously. Don't think that somehow you should be protected from misfortunes that befall others.
4. You can't please everybody. Don't let criticism worry you.
5. Don't let your neighbors set your standards. Be yourself.
6. Do the things that you enjoy doing, but stay out of debt.
7. Don't borrow trouble.
8. Since hate poisons the soul, do not cherish enmities, grudges. Avoid people who make you unhappy.
9. Have many interests. If you can't travel, read about new places.
10. Don't hold post-mortems. Don't spend your life brooding over sorrows and mistakes.
11. Don't be one who never gets over things.

FLOWERS OR FOOD

by
Evelyn Birkby

Poor Robert! Ever since I returned from a vacation-working trip to Washington, D.C., I have been telling him about the beautiful gardens I visited in that area. Some of them have provided me with a number of very elaborate ideas for our own yard.

"Look," Robert said the other evening as he glanced up from his seed catalogues, "Those people in Virginia had many, many servants and even a few slaves to help build and care for those great, formal gardens. All you have is me. By the time I get the vegetables and the fruit trees cared for, I have no more hours or energy for building formal flower gardens." With that statement, he dissolved back into the pages of the nursery catalogues and the farm magazines.

But I have a mental picture of those beautiful gardens etched clearly in my mind: the Jacqueline Kennedy garden at the White House, the formal gardens at Mt. Vernon, Monticello and at the Carlyle House in Alexandria, the informal arrangement behind the Old Stone House and the magnificent European-style gardens at Dumbarton Oaks in Georgetown.

It was late fall when I saw the White House gardens with masses of gold and yellow mums around the fountains and along the paths. The exquisitely arranged area outside the east wing of the President's mansion has been permanently named in honor of Jacqueline Kennedy. It is rectangular in shape with trimmed boxwood hedges, topiary trees and an edging of seasonal flowers around a center rectangle of smooth, clipped lawn. Delicate wrought-iron seats are arranged near the path and under an arbor at the west side of the area.

"Robert," I interrupted his reading. "We really could duplicate that delightful garden in our back yard."

"Harrumph," he harrumphed. "Boxwood hedges will not grow this far north. Sorry."

"They smell funny, anyway," I sighed. "Maybe we could use honeysuckle in their place." Robert didn't even hear me.

I seriously considered showing my recalcitrant husband the plans for George Washington's gardens at Mt. Vernon, for they include such sections as a botanical garden which George used for experimental plantings, the vegetable garden with its many varieties of edibles, a greenhouse and fruit orchard. Even the flower garden, as seen today just as it was in the 18th century, has many plants familiar to the Washington era.

Since Monticello had a similar style of



The Carlyle House in Alexandria, Va., is an excellent example of the way in which years of hard restoration work can preserve a building from our historical past. Evelyn enjoyed touring the mansion as well as the lovely formal garden behind it.

garden as Mt. Vernon, I gave up trying to convince Robert of any duplications we could consider for our own use. However, the sweep of smooth, green grass, the reflecting pool, the care used in placing the shrubs and flowers, and the joy that Jefferson had in the use of those beautiful areas made me wish for a retinue of gardeners, but I kept that fantasy to myself.

The Carlyle House has a smaller garden of balanced design which is still used for wedding receptions and parties, so that is a practical as well as artistic restoration of the original garden. It is located between the house and the Potomac River. The mansion was built in 1752 by a Scottish merchant, John Carlyle. Since it is a design based on a similar mansion in West Lothian, Scotland, I assume that the restored gardens are similar to the early small formal gardens in that country.

The day I spent wandering around Georgetown held two highlights. First was a stop at "The Old Stone House" which was built in 1764 as both a residence and a place of business. Today the front room is shown with the tools of the early cabinetmaker who lived in the house. The kitchen and upstairs dining room and bedroom have the equipment and furnishings of the workingman's family of that pre-Revolutionary period. Behind the house, where the kitchen garden and livestock were once situated, there is now an attractive rock wall with steps which go up to the level of green grass, casually placed flower beds and tree plantings and curving gravel paths. Maybe, just maybe, I thought, Robert would consider such a simple plan.

After walking along the fascinating streets of the old city of Georgetown, I came at last to Dumbarton Oaks, the

second high point of the day. All I knew about this elegant estate was that it was the location for the international conference in 1944 which created the United Nations and that it is now a research library for Byzantine Studies for Harvard University.

The gardens were developed by the owner, Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, who along with her husband, purchased the home in 1920. The original land was bought in 1702 by a Mr. Beall who had been born in Dumbarton, Scotland. He named the estate "The Rock of Dumbarton", which was later changed to Dumbarton Oaks. The original mansion was erected in 1801 and has since had additions, remodeling and restorations to bring it to its present magnificent condition.

When Mrs. Bliss began to look over the grounds, she developed the idea of creating the space into designs similar to the great gardens of Europe which she had observed in her travels as a diplomat's wife. With the help of Mrs. Beatrix Farrand, a talented and widely known landscape architect, she made her dream come true. Now the gardens are open to the public for the immense enjoyment of any who have the time to wander along the paths, up the steps and across the terraces.

Fortunately, a tour had just begun as I walked through the gate, so I tagged along and listened with fascination to the stories of the creation of the gardens. Starting next to the house with the most formal setting, the gardens move progressively farther away from the house—the lower the elevation the more informal in mood. The designs were developed to fit the lay of the land and to preserve the trees and natural plantings. The name of each section tells only a little about the beauty of the places we saw: the Green Garden (the most formal section next to the house, used frequently for entertaining), the Beech Terrace (a smooth grassy area shaded by a tall American beech tree with a canopy-shaded garden seat providing a delightful quiet place), the Pebble Garden (really a long, shallow pool with small naturally colored stones arranged in artistic patterns and completed with statuary and a fountain), the Green Garden, the Cut Flower Garden, Camelia Circle, Forsythia Hill, Crabapple Hill, the Arbor Terrace and Lover's Lane Pool. The Rose Garden was the favorite area of the Bliss family and here is the final resting place for the ashes of the owners who put such a great amount of love into the creation of so much beauty.

A booklet, which I purchased at Dumbarton Oaks, told much of the creation of the estate. I read a quotation to Robert from it written by Georgina Masson: "Today the world is changing (Continued on page 20)

The Sweets Merchants

by
Betty Jess Peck



"Now for my goodies, Gram," whispered my small granddaughter, as she tugged me toward the candy department of the big department store.

She had waited patiently for the promised treat with only an occasional query of, "How much longer?" until I finished my shopping. At last the long-awaited moment had arrived, and with her nose pressed against the glass, she moved slowly from one case to another, intent upon making the right choice.

The boxes and packages, carefully sealed against any contaminating factor, and the row upon row of various-shaped bars with double wrappers defying even a guess as to their contents, presented, it seemed to me, a most uninspiring array.

How I wished I could wave a magic wand and set us both down in front of the candy counter of my childhood in a small New England village.

My father was a carpenter and each night when he came home from work my sister and I stood expectantly by while he emptied his pockets. Along with the sawdust, wood shavings and stray nails, there was always a penny for each of us. We hoarded them like little misers until the time Mother said, "Today you may go to the sweets merchant."

After she had buttoned us into our coats, or tied on our straw hats, as best befitted the season, we would trip hand in hand up the block to the corner store.

Mr. Kelsey's whole store would have fit into a corner of one of today's supermarkets but what a candy counter it had! It was always so full of penny candy that some of the varieties had to be set out on top.

You could get four toasty marshmallows for a penny and for just a cent Mr. Kelsey would put a whole handful of cinnamon drops into a striped paper sack and twist the top tight for you. There were plump marshmallow bananas and sugary orange slices. A glass jar of jelly beans stood beside a box of black licorice sticks, ropes and pipes. There were boxes of candy cigarettes

with pink tips that looked like they were really lighted. The red, green, and purple gumdrops were so sparkly from their dusting of sugar, that we regularly bought one "ruby" and one "amethyst" and pressed them into our birthday rings that had long been setless. There were pink and white peppermint sticks, little round mint patties wrapped in tinfoil and cute little coconut cakes. These we knew were favorites with our mother, so we each always took one home for her. After several occasions, when we found that we had already spent all of our pennies, we learned to make Mother's coconut cakes our first purchase.

Down at the end of the counter there was always a box of family-sized sticks of gum. And, as we tried to find the flavor we wanted, some of the sticks would fall out on the floor. There were generally other kids at the counter trying to make up their minds and digging for their favorite flavor of gum, too. Mr. Kelsey was patient and never scolded or tried to hurry us.

He was a short, round, little man with his glasses always dangerously near the end of his nose. He'd just stand there smiling and pulling on the strings of his long, white apron until it was so tight I feared it would split over his ample midsection. Sometimes, when we just couldn't make up our minds, he gave us a free sample.

After the shopping was finished, there was still the trading to look forward to. That is, if I didn't do any nibbling. I soon learned that my older and wiser sister could tell if I had nibbled—even the tiniest bit—so I tried not to even think about what was in my sack until we got home.

Sometimes, on hot summer afternoons, we spent our pennies when the ice cream cart came down our street.

The ice cream man's name was Mr. Jicky, but he always said, "Just call me Jicky," and all the children did.

We could hear Jicky ringing his bell, and the clop, clop of his horse, Toby's,

feet long before he came in sight. Toby had awfully big, hairy feet, but he had a nice, gentle face and we all loved to pet him. Toby and Jicky belonged together. Jicky's hair stuck out in funny little tufts on either side of his old, black hat, but he had a kind face, too.

The ice cream cart had three bins, one for vanilla, one for chocolate, and one for strawberry. You could get little cones for a penny or big five-centers, or Jicky would put your ice cream in a little square box with a string handle and you could take it in the house and eat it with a spoon.

And then there was Jicky's specialty that he called "crazy mountain." It had a scoop of vanilla, chocolate and strawberry all piled on top of each other in a big, tall cone. About the only time anyone ever got one of those was when he had a birthday or something special was happening.

Old Toby would stand peacefully resting a hind leg while we made up our minds about what we wanted. Jicky told us that brown bears liked chocolate ice cream best, that vanilla ice cream was first made for polar bears and that pink elephants dreamed up strawberry ice cream. I don't think any of us really believed Jicky's stories but it was fun to listen to him tell them.

When the last pennies were spent, Jicky carefully closed the covers of the three bins, picked up Toby's reins, and, bidding us all goodbye, moved off down the street.

The jingle of the cash register brought my mind back to the present as it signaled that my wee one had completed her purchases and was ready to go. She stood waiting, a small paper bag clutched in one of her hands. I took the other, and regretfully stepped off my magic carpet and onto the escalator.

WINTER FANTASY

The postman brought a catalogue
That listed plants and seeds,
With hoes and rakes and insect spray
And other garden needs.

I built myself a roaring fire
And sought an easy chair,
Then turned its pages one by one
To study each with care.

I visualized a summer day,
When leaning on my hoe,
I'd view the labor of my hands
And prize it row by row.

By bushels I would count my beans,
My corn and "taters" too;
Tomatoes big as basketballs,
Best squash that ever grew.

And never in this fantasy
My garden is a "flop"
Where cabbage stalks stand headless,
And the onions "go to top".

—Esther B. Lamont

MIDDLE AGE, INCREDIBLE!

by
Shirley E. Jipp

The trouble with middle age is there's no escaping it. Suddenly, one day you awaken to the realization that the 40 to 65 period of life, which seemed mystical when you were a child, is actually here. You feel like a fly caught in a gossamer web!

The hill you've been climbing on your nightly walk grows steeper, a short hike in the woods leaves you breathless, newsprint is smaller and a needle's eye has all but disappeared. An easy chair beckons reassuringly after the evening meal. There's something wrong with that recently purchased pantsuit; it has bulges showing over the top of the slacks.

Other strange things occur. You've not only slowed down and gotten wider but you notice one morning with a shock there's a white streak running through your hair—and you didn't get it at the beauty shop.

Middle age? How could this be? You vividly recall the time you were ten and climbing trees and catching tadpoles. Then the thought of anyone being forty seemed remote. It was a hazy number you were sure you couldn't possibly reach for many years. As you become involved in that bittersweet thing called nostalgia, you find your children casting wary, then bored looks at you. "Back in the thirties" causes them to sigh audibly and look heavenward. Then you realize you are repeating yourself—something of which older people are guilty and you vowed you'd never do.

You continue to reminisce with mixed emotions, recalling old times of swinging on the end of a rope from the rafters of your Dad's barn, herding cows on summer days, building snow forts, reading the Bobbsey Twins and Zane Grey novels. You well remember the ration books and sugarless days of World War II. And there was that first rural school you taught when your energy seemed limitless as your roles included being teacher, janitor, nurse, mother.

Middle age? Listen, that happens to other people. You visit your hometown on a weekend and chat briefly with a "boy" who was in your high school class. Then it hits you with a terrific impact—he's a grandfather for goodness' sake! You study the faces of other former acquaintances surreptitiously and see the receding hairlines, the double chins, other protruding waistlines. You suspect some classmates are wearing wigs and dentures. When you are finally alone, you examine yourself in the mirror, searching for the evidence you're scared you'll find, and finding it: the crow's-feet around the eyes that the



This delightful three-generation photograph shows Dorothy Driftmier Johnson standing to the right in the picture beside her daughter, Kristin Brase. Kristin's two younger sons are Julian in his mother's arms, and Aaron standing beside his grandmother. Even though the Brases live in Chadron, Nebraska, and the Johnsons near Lucas, Iowa, the two families keep in very close contact.

makeup and glasses can't quite hide, the lines in your neck.

You read about sneaky, expensive ways to fight this battle you will eventually lose—secret trips to rejuvenation centers, cosmeticians, exercise programs. You become conscious of the fact you are no longer sixteen and haven't been for years; except perhaps in your mind's eye or in that stubborn, inner self that refuses to grow up. You finally admit to yourself that middle age doesn't really arrive overnight. It inexorably creeps up on you furtively, silently with those persistent hints you tried to ignore—the steep hill, the arthritic pain, tiny newsprint, drowsing over a novel.

Once you accept the axiom of middle age, you realize you might as well resign yourself to the fact that moving forward is the only way. You'll probably never sail around the world or be a millionaire so why worry about it? You'll never be a theatrical star and have your name in lights. Once you accept the things that can't happen, then you can begin to concentrate on events that might occur. You've never authored a book though this is a goal you may someday reach. You've never been to Europe or the Holy Land but that too is a possibility.

You finally convince yourself that being middle aged is great. It has its own merits and rewards. The kids are out of diapers, can tie their own shoes, are earning their own money. You've taken your turn being room mother, den mother, church school teacher, driving in a car pool. The household tasks you don't get done today aren't as important as they used to be and will wait for tomorrow. You even find time to write an article, finish reading without interruption a new book you started, do a little embroidery. How vitalizing to be

an autonomous, free person, setting your own goals, planning your own time.

This, then, is middle age. It is the difference between ignorance and wisdom, impulse and judgment. Most of us arrive at these middle years by different routes and peak at different ages but eventually arrive nevertheless.

Another facet is being satisfied in knowing you are finally mature. It's accepting yourself as you look back over the years, being content with yourself as you reflect on the present and savoring, with a little shiver of excitement, the future. You just might still write a best seller or win an essay contest, you look forward to your husband's retirement, you anticipate grandchildren. Middle age? It's here! It can be great!

COVER STORY

Whenever the three Birkby sons are home, they much enjoy building a fire in the fireplace, popping a big pan of popcorn, getting apples from the cellar and settling in for a long visit. The opportunities for the three to be together come infrequently, now, so the sessions continue long into the night.

During their most recent get-together, Bob talked a great deal about his Appalachian Trail hike, Jeff told about his geothermal energy work and skiing in Montana, and Craig filled everyone in on his summer in Alaska and his fall studies at medical school.

In the cover photograph, Bob is standing on the left, Craig is in the center and Jeff is on the right. As they laid the fire, they patiently paused long enough so this picture could be taken. The wood Craig is holding is only a small amount of the kindling the three chopped and burned during their recent holiday vacation.

—Evelyn

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Perhaps my monthly letter should be called "From the Dog House". That is the name Betty and I have given to the new study in our retirement cottage. Actually, the previous owners of this house did keep their handsome dogs in this very room. Some wall-to-wall carpeting, indirect lighting, lovely paneling, and a scattering of orientals have all worked together to make this "dog house" the perfect study. The finishing touch to the artistic decor has been the addition of a beautiful painting which takes up a large area of importance on the major wall of the room. It is a seascape done by the noted 19th Century artist, Frank Knox Morton Rehn.

Never before have Betty and I owned a truly great work of art, until this painting was given to us by Florence VanHouten of Springfield, Massachusetts. Because Florence doesn't drive, and because this part of Connecticut is not easily reached by public transportation, we are going to arrange to drive to Springfield and bring her down to see her gift in its new setting. Even as I write this letter to you, I find myself every few minutes turning to look at the painting. I love it!

We keep in touch with our children and grandchildren via telephone. Because David and Sophie live up near the Yukon border in northern British Columbia, our calls need to be carefully planned because of the several hours difference in time. Last week, they proudly told us of their new acquisition—they have bought a duplex house out in the rapidly developing western section of Calgary, Alberta. They have done this as an investment, but, hopefully, they will be able to settle down in one part of the duplex in another year or two. Sophie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lang, and both of Sophie's grandmothers live in Calgary. The senior Langs are in the housing business and they will manage the property while David and Sophie are still away from that area. Betty and I had to wait until we retired to own our first house, and here David and Sophie are property owners before they are thirty years of age!

Mary Lea and Vincent have an attractive older home in the little rural community of Springvale, Maine. Like so many of the people in the rural areas of New England, they are heating their home largely with a wood-burning stove. They have central oil heat, but they prefer to use the stove. It is in a most

artistically handsome stove setting, sitting as it does in a corner of a large kitchen which opens easily into two other rooms. When we were up there for the celebration of Thanksgiving Day, I helped Mary Lea get rid of a collection of ashes, something that has to be done only on rare occasions. While Vincent is at Officer's Training School for the Air Force, Mary Lea is having to do the "man's work" about the house, too.

Betty and I are reliving some of our World War II memories as we observe Mary Lea's family adjusting to military requirements. None of us know just where Vincent will be stationed when he finishes his term at the Officers' School, but we all hope that it will be in this part of the country. Many of you will remember that I used to be a chaplain in the Naval Air Force, and Betty was the Officer in Charge of a company of WAVES for whom I was at one time the chaplain. We



Frederick snapped this photograph of his daughter, Mary Leanna, and his son, David, with Mary Lea's husband, Vincent Palo, looking over their shoulders. David wrote a note on the back of this picture saying it is one of the favorites in his collection.

are both very fond of military life and have the greatest respect for persons in the uniform of our country. The Navy was very good to Betty and me, for which we are most grateful. We are very proud to have our son-in-law in the Air Force.

Did you hear us talking on the radio about our bufflehead ducks? I don't know when we have had more fun with our bird watching than seeing the buffleheads dive for fish in the little cove in front of the house each morning. They are so handsome and so entertaining. We had never seen buffleheads before, and when we first spotted them in the cove, we thought they were little puffins that had wandered to our New England shores from Iceland. Actually, they come down from the lands farther north each fall, and we are hoping that the ones in our cove will stay until spring. Perhaps you have some buffleheads wherever you live. When I was a boy growing up in the Middle West, I never saw any. What acrobats they are! They dive like loons,

swim like fish, and can take off from the water without running along the surface the way other ducks do.

Remember the "Ugly Duckling", the story of a swan that was hatched by a pair of ducks and grew up thinking that it was a duck, and an ugly one at that? Well, I think that the original "ugly duckling" lives in our cove. We have named him Alexander. Unlike most swans, he does not stay with the crowd; he is a loner insofar as the swans are concerned. Instead, he swims around with some wild mallard ducks. Most ducks are afraid of swans and keep their distance from them, but Alexander is their friend. The first time I ever fed bread to Alexander, the mallards would not touch the stuff. Obviously, they never had tasted bread. After watching Alexander ravenously eating the crumbs, one of the ducks got up nerve enough to try some. She liked it, but each time a piece floated near her, she would swim around it in circles for a minute or two before eating it. Now Alexander and his company of mallards come hurrying to the edge of the cove whenever they hear me blowing on my tin whistle. I am not sure what my neighbors think of that whistle, but my feathered friends like it.

A few weeks ago, Betty and I made our first official visit to our beloved old South Church in Springfield. The ladies of the Afternoon Guild had us back to present a program entitled: "Down Memory Lane". It was a showing of some of my favorite church photos taken over the period of our twenty-four-year ministry there. It was a program filled with laughter and tears. I had to pour over thousands of colored slides while organizing the show, and there were hundreds of pictures that I would have loved to have shown had time permitted.

Memories of our years at South Church are brought to us each week by the many friends who are visiting us here at Pawcatuck, Connecticut. At least once a week, someone from the church comes here to the house. If it isn't church friends, then it's radio friends. What fun it has been to greet friends from our radio audiences, the ones in the Midwest, and the ones in New England. Some of the persons in our New England radio audience have vacation cottages in this area, and during the summer weeks we saw many of them.

Did I remember to tell you why our departure for the winter trip to Florida has been delayed? I have been asked to deliver a 300th Anniversary Sermon for our former parish church in Bristol, Rhode Island. I was the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Bristol when that church celebrated its 275th Anniversary in 1955. What a thrill it will be for us to return to that beautiful church on the first Sunday in January.

(Continued on page 18)

BEFORE YOU START TO WRITE

by
Lucile Verness

For a good many years, I have received letters from people who ask me to send them the magic recipe for writing a story that will sell. If I had such a recipe, I would part with it happily (and no charge attached), but there isn't such a thing. However, all professions have well-mapped-out road charts, so to speak, and writing is no exception. If you are one of the many who feels a definite urge to commit your ideas to paper, perhaps these facts will help.

It has been said over and over again, that one *must* write about what he knows. The moment you tackle a subject or an idea beyond your own experience, you betray this fact in the very first paragraph. None of us would think of picking up a surgeon's knife or of sitting down to an industrial engineer's drawing board if nothing in our background has prepared us for such work. By the same token, we have no business attempting to describe a way of life or personalities completely alien to our own experience.

There are exception to this, of course, but those exceptions are very few. We stand a much better chance of coming out on top if we stay with subject matter with which we are familiar.

Most people who have the urge to write are happily unaware of the competition that they face. Not only are they pitting their story against the story of the well-seasoned, talented professional writer, but also against the story of their next-door neighbor. The flood of manuscripts that arrive by every mail in editorial offices would scare most people half to death if they could see it.

Now, let's skip ahead to your completed story and look at some of the dos and don'ts that will carry your manuscript past the first desk where 99% go down to defeat. Its very appearance as it comes out of the envelope helps spell success or failure.

The very first thing noted is this: have you enclosed a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your material's return? If so, you're past the first big hurdle. If not, you're automatically stamped as an amateur who knows nothing about the cardinal rules and regulations. (The only exception to this is when an agent handles your work. Many times he will deliver your manuscript in person. If he doesn't, the question of postage, etc., is part of his business overhead.)

Is your manuscript typed? If you're aiming at what we call the big market, it *must* be. Any editor, regardless of the size of the publication, will give preference to a typed manuscript for it can be read in a fraction of the time that it takes to plough through unfamiliar hand-



Besides being publisher of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, Lucile Verness has published *The Story Of An American Family* and the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*.

writing. If you don't own a typewriter, engage someone to type what you've written. It may be a chore to run down someone who can do this work for you, but it makes an enormous difference in the finished product. Whether you type your own copy or have someone else do it, I cannot stress enough that you *must* carefully read the final copy and correct any mistakes.

Once you've lined up a typewriter of your own or have found someone who can do the job, remember to use only standard typing paper. If you resort to personal stationary or anything else that comes to hand, your manuscript must be retyped for the printer on standard-size paper. This means extra office expense.

The first sheet of a manuscript should contain the title of the story or article—this should appear about halfway down in the middle of the sheet. Directly underneath it, your name should appear. In the upper left-hand corner, type your name and full address and in the upper right-hand corner type the figure "1". On all subsequent pages, be sure to type the title and address in the left-hand corner and the page number in the right-hand corner.

All manuscripts should be double-spaced. This is imperative. A single-spaced manuscript constitutes almost as much of a psychological barrier in the editor's mind as a handwritten manuscript. Not only is the single-spaced manuscript hard to read, but it allows no room for corrections or notes to the printer and consequently must be retyped before it can go to the composing room.

In short, it's not too much to say that you've gone a long mile down the road towards selling your story or article if its

physical appearance is perfect and eliminates any additional stenographic work in the editorial offices.

If you have any reason to feel uncertain about your grammar, have your writing efforts checked by someone whose knowledge of the English language is completely dependable. Any grammatical error, particularly in the opening parts of a manuscript, is tantamount to blowing taps. There is no such thing as success in writing if you violate the elemental rules of grammar, and countless people could be spared endless disappointment if they only knew this.

A number of years ago, when I taught classes in modern American literature, I had the misfortune to encounter a woman who was absolutely determined to write. She had had no encouragement from any source, and yet she persisted in spending a grueling ten-hour day, year in and year out, at her typewriter. Early in our acquaintance, she brought me the manuscript of a novel that she had been slaving over for several years. The moment it was returned from a publishing house she set about trying to improve it, perennially hopeful that with these new additions it would sell. I read three pages and put it down with a sense of shocked pity. Virtually every paragraph was peppered with the most flagrant grammatical errors. Under those conditions she would never, *never* dispose of it to any editor in this world. I told her this (not as bluntly as I've written about it here) and she was offended and hurt. She simply didn't believe me.

It almost goes without saying that a writer should check his spelling. So many words—especially compounded and hyphenated words—are difficult to type accurately. Get an up-to-date *large* dictionary and look up every word you question. Nothing will turn off an editor faster than to spot several misspelled words upon first glancing at your manuscript.

Before you send a manuscript anyplace, be sure that you're aiming at the right publication. Fully 50% of the daily arrivals in any editorial office are rejected because they are not suitable for the publication in question. It pays to buy one, or several, of the monthly magazines published for writers and study the market. It also pays to own a copy of the big *Writer's Digest* Guide that is published annually. There you will find a complete listing of all magazines that are interested in seeing a wide variety of manuscripts, their requirements, rates, etc. This is published in Cincinnati, Ohio, but I do not know the price. No doubt an inquiry would bring a prompt reply!

Never ask a professional writer to read your work and give you suggestions.

(Continued on page 20)

**PARTY NUTS**

1/2 lb. mixed salted nuts

1/4 tsp. garlic powder

1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Lightly oil a shallow pan. Combine all ingredients and place in pan over medium heat. Stir until heated.

FESTIVE GREEK COOKIES

1/2 cup butter

1/2 cup vegetable oil

6 Tbls. orange juice

1/4 cup sugar

2 tsp. baking powder

1/8 tsp. soda

3 1/4 cups flour

1/2 cup chopped walnuts or dates

Cream the butter and thoroughly blend in the oil. Add juice and sugar and beat well. Combine the dry ingredients. Beat in about a cupful until the dough begins to stiffen, then blend in the rest by hand. Pinch off a small amount of dough. Stuff it with dates or walnuts and shape into small oval cookies. Place close together on a cookie sheet and bake until golden brown (about 15 to 20 minutes) at 375 degrees. Cool. Prepare the following syrup:

1/2 cup sugar

6 Tbls. water

1/2 cup honey

1/2 tsp. lemon juice

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Make a syrup by bringing sugar and water to a boil. Add the honey, lemon juice and vanilla. Dip cooled cookies into hot syrup for about one minute (keeping the syrup hot as you dip). Sprinkle with cinnamon-sugar mixture (1/4 cup sugar, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon) and let dry several hours before storing.

These are delicious, fun to make with children and freeze well.

—Mary Lea Palo

BAKED PORK RIBS

2 1/2 to 3 lbs. frozen country-style pork ribs

2 onions, chopped

1/2 tsp. garlic salt

Salt and pepper, to taste

1 1-lb. can sauerkraut, drained

Quartered apples (optional)

Place frozen ribs in Dutch oven. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for about 3 hours. Drain off excess fat. Place onion over top of ribs. Sprinkle with garlic salt and salt and pepper to taste. Cover and bake 2 more hours at 275 degrees. Add the sauerkraut and quartered apples and bake about one more hour.

I used frozen ribs, however thawed ribs can be used—baking time may not have to be as long.

—Juliana

FLORIDA COCONUT SQUARES

1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened

1/2 cup brown sugar

1 1/3 cups flour

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 large eggs, beaten

1 cup brown sugar

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

1/2 tsp. salt

2 cups coconut

1 1/2 cups nutmeats

4 Tbls. flour

1 tsp. baking powder

Combine the first four ingredients and press into an 8- by 10-inch pan. Bake for 15 minutes at 325 degrees. Cool.

Mix the beaten eggs, brown sugar, flavorings and salt. Add the coconut and nuts. Stir in the flour and baking powder. Pour over the baked layer and return to the oven for 25 more minutes.

—Verlene

RICH MEATLOAF

1 lb. ground beef

2 eggs

1/2 cup rich milk or half-and-half

1/2 cup catsup

2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce

1/4 tsp. dill weed

1 1/2 cups finely crushed graham crackers

Mix all the ingredients well. Bake in a loaf pan for about one hour at 350 degrees. Turn out onto serving plate after removing from oven. Cool slightly, slice and serve.

—Hallie

NAVY BEAN SOUP

1 lb. navy beans

Ham hock or pieces of cooked ham

1 large onion, chopped

1/2 cup chopped celery

1/8 tsp. red pepper

1/2 tsp. seasoned salt

Salt and pepper to taste

Water to cover

Wash beans and pick out any faulty ones. Cover with water and let soak 6 hours or overnight. (Some cooks like to add 1/2 tsp. soda to the water to help soften the beans.) Drain. Combine with remaining ingredients, including water to cover. If ham is very salty, additional salt may not be needed—do not add salt and pepper to taste until the cooking is almost completed. Simmer, covered, about one hour or until beans are tender. Add more water if needed. For an additional ingredient which adds color and food value, include up to 1 cup grated carrots.

—Evelyn

SCOTCH CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups flour

2 cups sugar

1 tsp. soda

1 tsp. cinnamon

1 cup margarine

4 Tbls. cocoa

1 cup water

1/2 cup buttermilk

2 eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift together the flour, sugar, soda and cinnamon; set aside. Bring to a boil the margarine, cocoa and water. Pour the hot mixture over the dry ingredients. Mix well. Stir in the buttermilk, eggs and flavoring. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. While cake is baking, prepare the following frosting:

1/2 cup margarine

3 Tbls. cocoa

1/2 cup milk

1 1-lb. box powdered sugar

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup chopped pecans

Bring to a boil the margarine, cocoa and milk. When boiling, remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour warm mixture over cake while cake is still warm.

—Donna Nenneman

NATURALLY GOOD PEAR MUFFINS

- 1 cup whole wheat flour
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup chopped canned pears
- 1 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening
- 3 Tbls. honey
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Mix the dry ingredients and spices together. Add drained pear and distribute it gently. Blend the liquid ingredients together. Add them to the dry ingredients all at once, stirring as little as possible to moisten. Fill oiled muffin tins two-thirds full and bake at 400 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes.

—Mary Lea Palo

CREOLE VEGETABLE SOUP

- 2 lbs. beef brisket or soup bone
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 stalks celery, chopped (leaves and all)
- 1 large potato, diced
- 3 quarts water
- 1 large can tomatoes
- 1 cup chopped cabbage
- 3 carrots, chopped
- 1 turnip, diced
- 2 stalks celery, chopped (leaves and all)
- 1/2 of medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 of medium potato, chopped
- 2 sprigs parsley, minced
- 1 small can whole kernel corn
- 2 Tbls. rice
- Seasoning, to taste (see Seasoning recipe below)
- Small amount of broken spaghetti or macaroni

In 4-quart covered pot, boil meat, large chopped onion, 2 stalks chopped celery and large diced potato in the 3 quarts water. Cook three hours. Remove meat from pot and let cool. Remove vegetables, saving broth. Pick meat from bone and cut into bite-size pieces. Mash cooked vegetables and strain. Return meat and strained vegetables to broth. Add all remaining ingredients and cook until vegetables are almost done. Add spaghetti or macaroni about the last 20 minutes of cooking time. Continue cooking until all vegetables and spaghetti or macaroni are tender.

Seasoning

- 1 26-oz. box salt
- 1 1/2 ozs. black pepper
- 2 oz. ground red pepper
- 1 oz. garlic powder
- 1 oz. chili powder
- 1 oz. monosodium glutamate

Combine and use as seasoning for Creole Vegetable Soup and other dishes.



This sweet waitress is Barbara Bass, who served Evelyn and her niece, Claudia Gerhardt, the Candlelight Cake with Hot Orange Sauce in the Johnson Tavern, built originally in 1799 in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

HOT ORANGE SAUCE

- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Grated orange rind (optional)
- 3 egg yolks

Combine all ingredients, with exception of egg yolks, in a saucepan. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils, becomes clear and starts to thicken. Beat egg yolks lightly with a fork. Gradually blend a few tablespoons of the hot orange mixture into the egg yolks and then stir this mixture into the cooked sauce. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick. Remove from heat and serve as a topping for cake, gingerbread, date pudding, mince pie or pumpkin pie. Keeps well in a covered, refrigerated jar.

Evelyn ate this sauce at the Johnson Tavern in Fredericksburg, Virginia. It was served on a square of yellow cake and was called "Candlelight Cake". We appreciate the chef who kindly shared this original recipe with us.

TWICE-BAKED HONEY ROLLS

- 2 cups milk
- 5 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 10 cups flour (about)

Scald milk. Add salt, honey, shortening and butter flavoring. Set aside. Combine yeast, lukewarm water and 1 tsp. sugar. Let set for about five minutes to dissolve yeast. Add yeast

mixture to lukewarm milk mixture. Stir well. Stir in 6 cups flour. Beat well. Add additional flour, enough to permit kneading. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead five minutes or until smooth and elastic. Turn into greased bowl, turning to grease all sides of dough. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk.

Punch down and turn dough onto breadboard. Knead two or three minutes. Shape into rolls as desired and place in greased pan. Let rise, covered, until almost double in bulk. Bake in a slow oven, 275 degrees, for 40 minutes. Remove from oven. Let set in pans for 20 minutes. Turn out on cooling racks. When completely cool, wrap in foil or plastic wrap and refrigerate or freeze as desired.

When ready to serve, place rolls on ungreased pan or cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees until brown, about 10 minutes. Frozen rolls can be thawed before baking, or baked a little longer. Makes three to four dozen rolls, depending on size.

—Evelyn

QUICK TAMALES

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3/4 cup chopped onion
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, drained
- Dash bottled hot pepper sauce
- 3/4 cup yellow cornmeal
- 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder (or more)
- 2 tsp. salt

In large skillet, brown beef, onion and garlic. Drain off excess fat. Add the remaining ingredients and stir well. Spoon into shallow baking dish and bake at 350 degrees about 45 minutes. Cut into squares to serve.

—Dorothy

DATE DESSERT CUPS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup buttermilk
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup chopped dates

Cream butter or margarine until fluffy. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add buttermilk, egg and flavoring. Fold in dates. Fill 6 greased custard cups half full. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. While these are baking, combine:

- 3/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup sugar

As soon as cups are removed from oven, pour a little of the glaze over each dessert. Let set a few minutes, then turn out. Serve warm.

—Dorothy

CURRIED SHRIMP

1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, undrained
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 tsp. curry powder
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 3/4 lb. cooked fresh shrimp (or 2 or 3 cans, drained and washed)
 1/2 cup slivered almonds, toasted lightly in a little butter
 Mix soup, undrained mushrooms, and seasonings. Add shrimp. Refrigerate. To serve, heat in top of double boiler until piping hot. Add nuts. Serves 4.
 I served this over hot, cooked rice.
 —Robin Justiz

PARTY FRANKS

1 lb. cocktail franks
 1 tsp. dried onion flakes
 Ginger ale
 Place franks and onion in chafing dish. Cover with ginger ale. Allow to heat. Spear each frank with toothpick and serve.
 —Betty Jane

LITTLE CARROT CAKE*(For people who don't like carrot cake)*

1 cup cooked, mashed carrots, cooled
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1 tsp. baking powder
 3/4 cup vegetable oil
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 eggs
 Sift together the dry ingredients. Blend in the carrots, oil and flavoring. Add the eggs and beat well. Pour into a greased 8-inch square pan and bake at 350 degrees until done (about 45 to 50 minutes). This is scrumptious frosted with:
 1/4 cup margarine
 4 ozs. cream cheese
 2 cups powdered sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Cream the margarine and cream cheese. Mix in the powdered sugar and add flavorings. Spread on cooled carrot cake.
 —Mary Lea Palo

OVEN CHICKEN ROMANO

1 fryer, cut up
 1 cup melted butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 1/3 cups seasoned bread crumbs, finely crushed
 2/3 cup grated Romano cheese
 1/2 cup finely snipped parsley
 Parsley for garnish (optional)
 Melt butter and combine with butter flavoring. Dip each piece of chicken in the butter, then roll in a mixture made of the remaining ingredients. Place pieces, skin side up and not touching, in two greased shallow baking pans. Drizzle any remaining butter over top and sprinkle with any remaining crumb mixture. Bake at 375 until done, about one hour. Remove to platter and garnish with parsley, if desired.

This recipe came from the "Kitchens Through the Years" event held in Tarkio, Mo., last fall. The "Modern and Kitchens of the Future" booth served this as their main meat dish.

NOTE: You can buy seasoned bread cubes as for dressing and crush to make the crumbs, or make your own by adding the sage, poultry seasoning, herbs and spices usually used for bread dressing.
 —Evelyn

DIFFERENT CARROT CASSEROLE

1 1/2 lbs. carrots, peeled and sliced (4 or 5 cups)
 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 1 Tbls. prepared horseradish
 1/4 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1 cup crushed saltine crackers
 1 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
 Cook carrots in covered saucepan in salted water for 10 to 15 minutes. Drain well. Place carrots in greased casserole. Combine mayonnaise or salad dressing, onion, horseradish, salt and pepper. Spoon over carrots. Stir lightly. Combine crushed crackers and melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle over top. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.
 Dorothy served this casserole recently at a club luncheon and it was enjoyed by everyone.

SCALLOPED CORN AND TOMATOES

2 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
 3 cups cooked drained corn
 1/2 cup onion
 2 Tbls. minced green pepper
 1 tsp. sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 Dash of pepper
 1 to 2 cups dried bread crumbs
 Butter or margarine
 Combine tomatoes, corn, onion, sugar, green pepper, salt, flavoring and pepper. Grease an 8-inch square baking dish. Layer the mixed ingredients with the bread crumbs, ending with bread crumbs on top. Dot with the butter or margarine. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes.
 —Hallie

QUICK SAUSAGE & BEAN SUPPER

2 slices bacon, chopped
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1 stalk celery, chopped
 1 clove garlic, minced
 1 bay leaf, crumbled
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1/4 tsp. allspice
 1 large can red kidney beans
 1 1/2 lbs. Polish sausage
 1 cup water
 Fry bacon in Dutch oven or large saucepan until crisp. Add onion, celery and garlic and saute until tender. Add bay leaf, salt, pepper, allspice, beans, sausage and water. Simmer at least 30 minutes.

This variation of a Cajun recipe is traditionally served over rice, but you can serve it over noodles or whatever you have.
 —Mary Lea Palo

**MID-WINTER BLAHS**

Christmas gone. Dark days and long nights. And no relief in sight. We all start feeling down this time of year.

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SEWING TIPS

by Roberta Kalen Price

For many years I made pajamas for our family of seven. As I discovered areas that wore out or ripped, I tried to think of ways to make the pajamas sturdier in the first place to avoid mending. The older boys and men seemed to give strain at the crotch area. So I adopted the "armored crotch" technique from commercially made men's shorts. Lay the pants pattern piece on a scrap of the fabric and cut out this portion. Place this piece under the fabric when sewing the center seams, treating them as one piece. Turn under 1/4 inch and stitch into place the exposed edges of the extra piece which is inside the garment. As you finish the fly front and casing, the extra reinforcing piece becomes an integral part of the garment.

Patterns for some pajamas call for a piece at the back of the neck which strengthens that area to a small extent. However, I go a step further. Cut a piece exactly like the back of the pajama top, extending it below the bottom of the inset sleeves. This section can be pieced or, if you do not wish to buy the extra material, cut a piece from the back of a worn-out man's shirt. Sew this piece inside the back of the pajamas, right side of insert to wrong side of garment. If making a collarless top, join these pieces at the neckline and turn the insert to the inside, clipping on the curve. If the pajama top has a collar, sew in the insert with the collar seam later. Turn under 1/4 inch on bottom of insert piece and stitch it into place. From then on, handle as one piece while sewing shoulder seams, setting in sleeves, and joining side seams. Seaming the back of a man's pajama top down the middle often enables you to cut the material to much better advantage—it does not cut down on sleepability at all!

Since children's pajama knees often wear through, put a rectangular patch of material under the knee area when making the garment. It's also a good idea to allow extra length at the bottom of pajama pant legs. Hem them first so they are ready to be let down later. This hemmed portion may be stitched with longer stitches that are easy to take out when letting-down time comes.

Bath and lounging robes take a great deal of strain across the shoulders and around the collar. Use a technique similar to that described for pajama tops. Add extra pieces under both the back and the front of the robe, cutting them from the same fabric as the robe or a lighter weight fabric. Extend the back

reinforcement piece to just below the sleeve and the front piece a few inches below the shoulder, to about the middle of the front of the sleeve. Sew them into the robe as it is being made, as described in the pajama top technique. Reinforce the pockets with a piece under each top corner. Should you care to make a plaid pocket on the bias for contrast, put a piece cut on the straight of the fabric underneath to help keep the pocket in shape, treating the two pieces as one when making and attaching the pocket. Reinforce the belt loops by sewing a small piece of fabric underneath the stitching, as described for pockets.

When sewing a child's robe, make the belt loop longer than the pattern calls for. Sew it on with the same type of reinforcement as the pockets. Sew an extra row of stitching across the middle, enabling the child to use the top portion of the loop first and shift to the bottom half as he grows taller. An extra wide hem to be let down as the child grows is another possibility when making a robe.

CARE FOR YOUR COOKBOOKS

by
Erma Reynolds

Cookbooks are such treasured possessions they deserve good care. Here are some hints to help keep them in good condition:

A cook, upon obtaining a new cookbook, can hardly wait to open it in search of tasty new recipes. But mark time! To spare a new book a broken backbone, it must be opened properly. Support its back against a level surface, and then let the front and back covers drop down, ever so carefully. Next, take a few pages at the front of the book and press them open. Then go to the back of the book and carefully press open a few pages there. Repeat this procedure until the middle of the book is reached.

Coat the cover of a cookbook with clear shellac, and drips and spills can be easily removed with a damp cloth.

Protect a paperback cookbook from wear and tear by binding all edges of its covers with cellophane tape.

When following a recipe, slide the opened book into a plastic bag. The page will be protected from splatters and the directions will be easy to read.

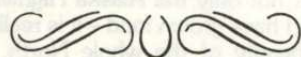
When holes in a loose-leaf cookbook become weakened or torn dab each hole on both sides of the page with colorless fingernail polish. Let dry before closing the book.

To mark a place in a cookbook, never turn down the corners of the page. Instead, use a thin paper bookmark to indicate the location. And don't stuff in a batch of clipped recipes you plan to try some day — this bulging collection can

break the spine of a book.

If a page becomes torn, apply a thin coating of transparent plastic glue to join the torn edges. Place a sheet of waxed paper on either side of the page to prevent its sticking to adjacent pages. Close book and allow glue to dry. An invisible permanent mending tape can also be used as a mending medium for torn pages.

Sometimes a cookbook page becomes marred with a grease spot. Such a stain is almost impossible to remove. There is one remedy that can be tried, although it does not always work. First, put a clean blotter under the stained page, then very cautiously swab the grease spot with the commercial solution that is used to remove wax crayon marks.



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DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Again I write to you from Fort Nelson, British Columbia. The Alaska Highway is becoming more and more like home. When we drove up the road on the way back from Vancouver where we spent our summer and I went to summer school at the university, I actually began to enjoy the fact that the "highway" is as windy, rough and narrow as it is. This area would not be as unspoiled as it is if the road were paved all of the way to Fort Nelson.

It is not only the Alaska Highway of which I have grown fond—it is really the vast beauty of the whole North. The more I explore British Columbia the more the varied landscape astounds me. British Columbia is vast almost beyond belief. Its area is actually bigger than the states of California, Oregon and Washington combined, with a little over two million people living in its boundaries. Vancouver itself has over one million people while three other cities combine to form another quarter of its population. The other half million people live in smaller towns like ours, spread out over the few highways that cut through the land.

It is exciting to head east from Vancouver into the rich farm land of the



After school, David Driftmier took off his tie and was working in his classroom when a student snapped this picture.

Fraser River Valley, with its snowcapped mountains rivaling the beauty of the mountains that surround Swiss farms. Soon the valley narrows into a wild canyon of white water and steep cliffs, and within a short time you are in arid, desert land—an area of cattle, lakes and fruit orchards. When you turn north towards the city of Prince George, you are constantly tempted to turn your car off to the right and hike or canoe in the little-frequented Caribou Mountains, or turn to the left and explore the great plateau that extends back to the coastal mountains. Northeast of Prince George, one of the largest hydroelectric power stations in North America creates power for most of the province's needs. When one goes over the Rocky Mountains, the rich fields of the Peace River yield large grain harvests in this great, potential-filled North. Up the Alaska Highway, the drilling goes on for natural gas in a forest where wild game is still in abundance. Every so often one passes a bit of cleared land; this area is just being opened up for farming. It is just under 1,200 miles from Vancouver to Fort Nelson by road, and the entire trip is an adventure!

As one who was once an Easterner, I can honestly say that it wasn't until I lived in the western half of this great North American continent that I realized how richly blessed people in the United States and Canada are. As you know, both countries are now welcoming in large numbers of Vietnamese refugees. This is only right, I believe, because we have so much wealth here and, compared to most of the world, our countries are uncrowded. These new refugees are only the latest chapter in the whole history of North America. There are very few among us who do not have ancestors who were once immigrants!

Because I am a teacher, I am concerned with the education of students from other countries. I am always impressed with how hard they work to learn a new language and the ways of a new culture. It is not easy for

them. In the last week, I have been working with other teachers to organize a student tutoring system to help the new Vietnamese children in our schools. (Three refugee families have come to Fort Nelson.) We think that the experience will be rewarding for both the new Vietnamese and for the children who are helping with the tutoring.

Right now, there is a large controversy everywhere about religious instruction in the schools. It is true that the religious backgrounds of all students must be respected, but surely there should be time at the beginning of each day to teach the wisdom of old, as taught in both Testaments as well as other sources. Morality and right attitudes have not been a part of the school curriculum in many places for too long a time.

As you know, Sophie and I live in an apartment building here in Fort Nelson. We hope that this year will be the one in which we can take the great leap and buy a home of our own. One of the first things we will do is plant our own garden. How we enjoyed it when our friends who had gardens brought us fresh vegetables: potatoes, tomatoes and peas! Things really do taste better when they are home-grown.

I am sure that in my father's letters and on my parents' radio broadcasts you have heard the names of Evelyn and Larry King, friends who live in Springfield, Mass. Larry has one of the most remarkable gardens that was ever crowded into a standard city lot. When he made a trip to visit Sophie and me in Vancouver last summer, he spent most of his time visiting the public gardens around the city so that he could observe new suggestions that he could use to improve his already-prospering "farm". I must share with you a portion of a letter that he wrote to us on his arrival back to Springfield:

"The garden is really going great. Jerusalem artichokes are 14' high and Hubbard squash has taken over the front corner and is growing over the rose trellis at the front gate. We harvest 10 lbs. of tomatoes every three days; beans, eggplant, kohlrabi and potatoes are giving us good returns and flowers are in peak condition. My zinnias are 4½' tall with five or six bunches on each."

Didn't that letter make us envious!

As I write this letter, both Sophie and I rejoice in the fact that both of our families are well. Our plans include visits to both sets of parents. It gives us a lot of happiness to know that my parents are truly happy in their beautiful new house and that they are enjoying a retirement that was so greatly deserved.

I hope that when you read this you and yours are also happy and well and that the best of everything comes your way.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

STEP AHEAD TO 1980

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Nothing delights a gardener as much as the arrival of the first new spring seed and nursery catalog. Even if the gardening season seems to be far off in the future, the late December and early January arrival of the seed and nursery catalogs gives you time to dream, plan and fantasize a little about the garden you hope to grow. What fun to try the new marigold featured on the front cover or a tremendous new tomato pictured on the back of a spanking-new 1980 catalog.

Not many gardeners can buy all the new flowers and vegetables available but the early arrival of the catalogs gives us a chance to pick and choose the varieties we would like to grow in our gardens.

There isn't space to list all the many good firms that offer such catalogs to customers for the asking but here is a list of some of the old, reliable companies that have supplied us satisfactorily with seeds and plants over the years: The Earl May Seed Co., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601; The Henry Field Seed Co., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601; W. Atlee Burpee Seed Co., Clinton, Iowa 52732; Gurney Seed Co., Yankton, So. Dak. 57078; The Farmer Seed & Nursery Co., Faribault, Minn. 55021; The L. L. Olds Seed Co., Madison, Wisc. 53707; and J. W. Jung Seed Co., Randolph, Wisc. 53956. The above firms are located in the Midwest. Sometimes it is necessary to send to a distant firm for more unusual seeds. Two excellent companies are: Geo. W. Park Seed Co., Greenwood, So. Car. 29647 and Stokes Seed Co., Buffalo, N.Y. 14240.

While it is fun to browse through many catalogs, it isn't cricket to send for seed and nursery catalogs indiscriminately. The cost of preparing and producing today's descriptive colorful catalogs, to say nothing of the postage needed to send them out, is mind-boggling. If you really are going to grow a garden, plant a flower bed or set out shade trees and ornamentals in the spring, then you can send for a few catalogs with a clear conscience. The catalogs listed above are all free but many firms that specialize in certain specialty plants now ask a small fee for a catalog. The fee is usually deductible when an order is sent in.

Those long remembered by family and friends were not the richest but the kindest.

The goal may be distant and difficult, but pushing toward it is only the next step away.

THE MENDING

by
Kay Appleby

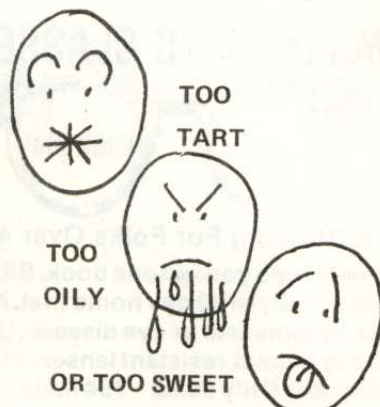
There is a looming shadow in the back of my closet. We do not speak of it; it is a family taboo. It is called The Mending. Whipping out a three and a half-ton sewing machine with sixteen legs and two yards of dangling electrical cord at the eleventh hour has never been one of my strong points.

There are many methods one can use to deal with this particular domestic crisis. My favorite is to ignore the problem in hopes it will go away. Of course, when the high school yearbook comes out and my kids are the only ones with placards in front of the torn knees of football pants, and the shoulder pads are dangling by broken strings, it does cause a tinge of regret, but this fades quickly. (Lack of remorse is a common symptom of the non-mender sect.)

When the day comes that the basement ceiling is dusted and all of the socks are mated and I have made dessert when there is no company coming, and I can't find one more excuse to postpone the project, I square my shoulders, open the door and slowly approach The Mending as one might a hibernating bear. Out in the daylight with all of the correct equipment ready to go, I think it will be a matter of just a stitch here and a seam there. Wrong! Five hours later there is a neatly folded pile of three items completely mended and ready to wear once more. There is a pile to the left for the rag barrel (I might decide to open a carwash someday) and then there is the pile for the Salvation Army. (Is it my fault that the child outgrew those clothes while they were in the closet for four months?) That pile in the other corner is saved for the time when my mother-in-law comes to visit. I haven't had a depression-era lecture for some time! Then there is the most difficult pile of all, it will be boxed up and sent to Heloise. No one else would know what to do with it.



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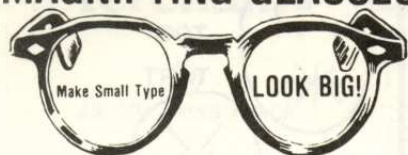
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960 on the dial.

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- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on
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- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on
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- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730
on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on
your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950
your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on
your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on
your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010
on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on
your dial — 9:35 A.M.
- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960
on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
(Note new time.)

*From Our Family Album*

This photograph of the members of the Driftmier family was taken on a Sunday morning in 1931. I can still remember what a chore it was to get everyone dressed in his Sunday best and into the living room at the same moment to have the picture taken.

Standing at the back on the left is Dorothy Louise Driftmier, who is now the wife of Frank Johnson and lives on a farm near Lucas, Iowa. On this day in 1931, Dorothy was getting ready to leave home to attend Nebraska State Teacher's College in Chadron, I. Adelynn (how many of you knew my first name was Adelynn?) Lucile Driftmier, am standing next to Dorothy. The very next day, I was leaving for Lander, Wyoming, to work on a local newspaper. As you know, my husband, Russell Verness, died in 1963 and I make my home in Shenandoah, still carrying on the Kitchen-Klatter tradition. Herbert Howard Driftmier is standing next to me. He worked for many years for the Earl May Nursery Co., is now retired and lives with his wife, Mae, in Shenandoah.

On the arm of the sofa on the left is Stephen Wayne Driftmier, now the owner of a large nursery in Denver, Colorado, where he lives with his wife, Abigail. Sitting on the floor next to Wayne is Margery Anne Driftmier. She is holding her Persian cat, Mitzi. Margery and her husband, Oliver Strom, are both retired. They spend their summers in their home here in Shenandoah just east of me and go to Arizona for the winter months. Donald Paul Driftmier is seated on the sofa next to Margery. He has that sad look on his face because Mitzi got into the picture and the dog, Trixie, didn't. The boys tried to get Trixie to pose with them but he absolutely refused to cooperate. Donald and his wife, Mary Beth, are both teachers and live in Delafield, Wisconsin.

Frederick Field Driftmier is shown in the rocking chair. Frederick and his wife, Betty, now live in Pawcatuck, Connecticut, after their many years of service in the United Church of Christ.

Mother, Leanna Field Driftmier, is seated next to our father, Martin Henry Driftmier. Dad died in 1968 and Mother in 1976 after many, many years of developing Kitchen-Klatter into a Midwestern tradition.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
Some of our Bristol friends are having a reception for us earlier that week, and we are looking forward to that happy occasion with much anticipation. We had five of the happiest years of our married life there in that picturesque New England seaport town where we

have such good friends. Some of you reading this letter will remember the letters that Betty and I wrote to you back in our Bristol days.

Betty and I both wish you a very happy and prosperous new year.

Sincerely,

Frederick



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

A New Kind of Country (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$6.95) by Dorothy Gilman is an exploration into our essential aloneness and the wonderful country of the inner self. The author of the widely read Mrs. Pollifax novels, Dorothy Gilman says *A New Kind of Country* is about "living in a fishing village in Nova Scotia, and it's about living alone, and about being a woman alone." When her two sons were off to college, she found herself with an "unemployed heart". Also, she was tired of being in a hurry and never having enough time for anything.

An interesting story of life in an old beach-front house in a beautiful coastal village in Nova Scotia, *A New Kind of Country* tells how the author let loose of some of the inhibitions, shoulds, musts, and tensions in her life. She became acquainted with the lobster fishermen and their families, and the open-door visiting policy of her neighbors. Arriving in New Jersey for Christmas and then departing for Nova Scotia lead her to these thoughts:

"Arrivals and departures . . . losses and gains. We can never balance the accounts of our life. The only abiding sense of permanence—of centeredness and stability—has to come from inside of us. We are like small boats moving toward the ocean, sometimes in convoy and sometimes alone; the scenery and the cast of characters keep changing. Nothing, as Emerson points out, can bring us peace but ourselves."

On "Simplifying", she reminds us that we Americans need to learn to practice economy in living. We are surrounded by countries that "mend old kettles". In Bulgaria, the author saw fences made by peasants to confine sheep or chickens. They were woven by hand of twigs and sapling branches; ingenuity was used. By learning the art of mending and preserving, we will sharpen our wits.

A New Kind of Country shows how Dorothy Gilman found personal identity and a heightened sense of self on the rugged seacoast of Nova Scotia.

The Acorn People (Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tennessee, \$4.95) by Ron Jones is the story of a counselor and severely handicapped children at a camp built for "normal" Boy Scouts. The counselor's wish was to serve others and also to enjoy summer camp life. Soon he realized it would be luck if they could even take a few steps together. There was Benny, with polio; also Spider, and Thomas Stewart, with muscular sclerosis; Martin, and Aaron. The

counselor decided to endure. A necklace of nuts became important to the children and they called themselves the Acorn people. Ron Jones brought dignity to these handicapped children and, in their own way, they became racers, mountain climbers, observers, and kings.

While browsing at the library, I found *The Encyclopedia of Collectibles*, Vol. 1 (Time-Life Books, \$7.95) which includes specific information and colored pictures of everything from art glass to autographs to banks and baskets. Just the type of book to have near your easy chair, to be picked up at leisure moments. Right now, Art Glass, Victorians' Fanciful Ware, is holding my attention. During the last quarter of the 19th Century, American glass manufacturers created some of the most colorful, whimsical and charming glassware ever made. Called art glass, it was made for well-to-do Victorians, whose taste for bric-a-brac was matched only by their desire to possess the latest thing in lemonade pitchers, flower vases, and compotes. More than two dozen kinds of art glass were created, most between 1880 and 1900. Illustrations include Peach Blow, a shaded glass; Satin glass, usually colored, with a mat surface; Royal Flemish, a stained glass with raised, gilded lines; and Napoli glass with see-through design. Hope you can find this at your library.

Adv. — "A distant cousin of my husband's came to look up as many of his relatives as he could find. I decided he should have a copy of your *Story Of An American Family* to see how Lucile had presented her family. I think it will inspire our cousin in his research."

—S.R., Mustang, Okla.

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BEFORE YOU START TO WRITE — Concluded

When he makes his bread-and-butter at his own typewriter, he hasn't time to ponder over your manuscript. Furthermore, there is always the risk that some idea will lodge in his subconscious mind and that he may unwittingly use it in his own work at some time in the future. If this happens it can lead to endless trouble, so save yourself a rebuff by consulting, if you feel the need, only writing "specialists" who make a business of reading and doctoring manu-

scripts. You'll find their advertisements in writers' magazines.

Don't fall into the common error of assuming that juvenile stories are simple to sell because they're simple to read. This field is considered one of the most highly specialized in the entire business. Some magazines published for children have a printed pamphlet of requirements, so that gives you an idea of the road you're going to travel if you contemplate selling children's stories.

If I were asked what I considered the one most imperative thing to do if someone asked me how to go about being a writer, I would say this: READ. Read constantly and endlessly. Read a tremendous variety of material. Inevitably you will absorb a knowledge of how stories are put together and in due time you will discover, if you have any flair whatsoever for writing, that you have a sharpened awareness of the basic structures involved in expressing your ideas.

MY KIND OF CLOCK

by Vera M. Brooks

Sometimes little things in our lives provide food for thought as well as humor.

During the long, monotonous winter days, the Other Half of this household, being retired and all, enjoyed looking over the "junk mail" that finds its way into the house. One day a sales circular arrived and among items mentioned was a cuckoo clock. I remarked that it was cute, then thought no more about it.

Then day of days! I was busy hosting the ladies of my club with a noon-time luncheon potluck. Just as we were seated at the table a rap sounded at the door. It was a delivery man bringing a small package.

Quietly placing the box in the utility room, I gave my husband a look which plainly meant, "Please, can't this wait until later?" and mumbled something about it must be an item that I had ordered. Since he understands my reasoning quite well, I had only succeeded in adding to his curiosity.

An hour later the dinner was over and the club meeting was underway when I heard the gentle tapping of a hammer pounding a nail. Did you ever try to remain calm, cool and collected under a similar circumstance? All I could do was wonder what was going on. Soon I heard a cheery "cuckoo" and knew immediately that a little bird was all settled somewhere in my kitchen.

After the ladies left, I examined my pretty, small clock. It has bright flowers and a water fountain in front of a brown, wooden house where a little old man and woman take turns foretelling weather changes. It has a bird which darts out every fifteen minutes, delivers a quick



Different kinds of clocks fit different kinds of people. Tom Nenneman bought this lovely grandfather clock as a surprise for Donna about a year-and-a-half ago. Its lovely chiming as time passes has been a continual enjoyment to the entire family.

"cuckoo" and darts back inside the house.

As I have become more aware of the fifteen-minute intervals, I have noted some interesting facts. Idle chatter on the telephone often lasts for more than fifteen minutes. A sink full of dishes can be washed, a quick lunch prepared, a lonely person cheered or a sleepy grandchild told a favorite story in that length of time. Fifteen minutes may seem long or short; the way it is used makes all the difference.

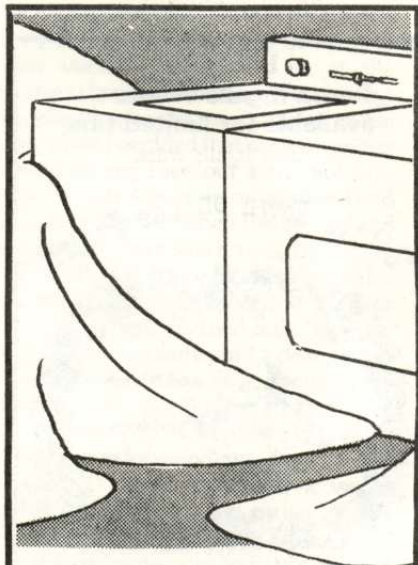
Most of the time I find the little bird's call amusing. It is especially helpful during long winter months in combating "cabin fever". But late the other evening I was on my hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor when that funny bird came out with his cheerful "cuckoo". I did not feel cheerful, for I knew it was far too late in the day to be scrubbing the floor. However, I had to stop and laugh at the accuracy of the bird's comment—indeed I was *cuckoo*! At that moment I knew why this is exactly the right kind of a clock for me.

FLOWERS OR FOOD — Concluded
fast. It seems unlikely that the future will produce anything of this kind again, and Dumbarton Oaks may be virtually the last great American garden created; for our society is flowing irrevocably toward the utilitarian and the stereotyped."

"Robert, you really don't want to be just utilitarian and stereotyped in your gardening, do you?"

Robert smiled, "No, not really. But I do want to eat. I can see this discussion is going to go on for many weeks, probably right up to planting time." And at last we agreed.

Friendship is a condition that allows one to understand another and still remain a friend.



SNOWDRIFTS IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM?

Maybe not, but the sparkling white sheets and towels will make you think of fresh snow. Not just the white things, either; colors and prints will sparkle, too. The miracle workers: **Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins — Blue Drops Detergent and All-Fabric Bleach.** In hard water or soft, in any machine, they pull out the dirt quickly and safely. With a clean, fresh fragrance, too.

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THE MARK OF QUALITY

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BURGESS GIANT PUMPKIN

That's Howard Dill in the picture with a 357 lb. pumpkin from his 1977 crop as certified by the Nova Scotia Dept. of Agriculture. Through the breeding efforts of Mr. Dill of Windsor, Nova Scotia in 1977, Burgess introduced the new Burgess Giant Pumpkin that is specially suited to northern growing conditions.

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Gentlemen:

Enclosed is a picture of my son and the Burgess Giant Pumpkin that he won first place award with at the York Fair. It weighed 174.38 lbs. We also had another one later in the fall that weighed 210 lbs. Thank you for allowing us to have a wonderful "growing" experience. This pumpkin growing turned out to be a conversation piece for the community.

D. B. (Penn.)

P. S. My son had his picture taken with the Pa. Sec. of Agriculture and pumpkin was donated to local Fire Co. for their annual Pie Sale.

(Letter Unsolicited)

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by Rhoda Engelson

A few years ago, I spent \$25 for a little plate I saw in a gift store. I hung the plate on my wall, and it's been there ever since.

I saw a copy of The Plate Collector Magazine recently. Leafing through it, I came upon the "Plate Price Trends" which appear every month. I looked up my plate: it lists for more than \$1000!

If you have some plates, old or new, they may be worth more than you think. I've arranged for a leading company in collectibles to send you a FREE copy of the Plate Price Trends portion of Plate Collectors Magazine. They'll also send you information about selected current offerings in collectibles.

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NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

Almighty God, our refuge and our strength, keep us ever under Thy watchful care in this new year. We beseech Thee to be present in all our living, to protect our nation and guide its leaders, to keep our homes safe and all in that home secure in Thy undying love. In our times of prosperity, kindle in us a spirit of thanksgiving and a sensitivity to the needs of those less fortunate. In times of adversity, grant us courage and a deeper faith and understanding. Let Thy spirit dwell in us and among us this year, O God, and from generation to generation. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

—Virginia Thomas

FAMOUS IOWANS

What did each of these Iowans do to become famous?

1. Don Ameche (Actor, best known for inventing the telephone in his movie role of Alexander Graham Bell.)
2. McKinley Kantor (Novelist)
3. Grant Wood (Painter)
4. Priscilla Lane (Movie actress and singer)
5. John Wayne (Movie actor)
6. Bob Feller (Famous baseball player)
7. Meredith Willson (Musical composer)
8. Herbert Hoover (President of the United States)
9. Andy Williams (Singer)
10. Mary Louise Smith (Former chairman of the Republican National Committee)
11. Ann Landers (Newspaper columnist)
12. Abigail Van Buren (Newspaper columnist. She and Ann Landers are sisters.)

—Annette Lingelbach



THE MARK OF QUALITY

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
to school in Maryville, Missouri, but decided to work this winter in Shenandoah. Ruby's granddaughter, Karen Harms, was married the last of November, so Ruby was busy attending the many showers that were given for Karen.

Frank says he has a list a mile long of errands he wants me to run for him when I go to town to mail this letter, so I had better close. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

the kind of gas that my old car demands. It was exactly 6:00 P.M. when we pulled into our driveway here at home, and that's exactly where I've been ever since.

Betty Jane's mother spent several days here and then headed north for St. Paul. We knew that she was very eager to get to her own home, but we were sorry to see her leave and still miss her very much. Fortunately, we've had a visit of about a week with Betty Jane's daughter, Naomi Tilsen, who lives in San Francisco. It was a great joy to us that she could get away from her work and come to Shenandoah to see her mother for the first time in more than two years.

In this part of the country, we always have to consider snow and ice when we make plans of any kind. IF the weather is good we'll have Betty Jane's daughter, Heather, her husband, Bob Baum, and Betty Jane's only two grandchildren, Jessica and Jennifer Baum, with us for the holidays. This means that we'll have grandchildren with us (they are nine and thirteen years of age) for the period between December 25 and December 30. As I write this, all we can do is HOPE that these plans all work out.

And so, we wind up the last few days of this year and will say goodbye not only to 1979 but also to a decade. To close a decade is a very sobering experience. What do you expect the 80's to hold? I'd like very much to have you reply to this question because I'm curious to know if our thoughts go in the same direction. When you catch a breath after the holidays and have your decks cleared, I'd love to hear from you on this subject. It will be very interesting indeed to see how many of our forecasts actually come to pass.

Always your devoted friend . . .

Lucile

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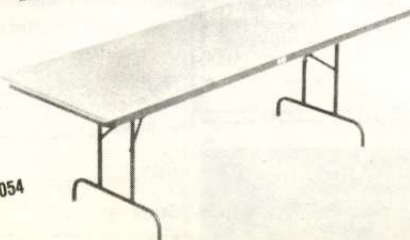
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THE MARK OF QUALITY

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HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

I make up my own plant food by dissolving in 1 gallon of warm water the following: 1 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. Epsom salts, 1/2 tsp. saltpeter, and 1 tsp. household ammonia. Let cool. Use to fertilize plants once a month. Avoid getting the mixture on the leaves of African violets.

—Mrs. A.B., Pittsburg, Kansas

If you are not handy with cake decorations, frost the cake and then press a fancy cookie cutter into the icing before it sets. Let it get firm and then use a different colored frosting to fill in the outline. It is so simple even I can make a cake pretty.

—M.M., Bedford, Ia.

For a busy-day activity for children, or a way to make a new piece of jewelry out of old, take your old necklaces, take them apart and restring the beads into new color combinations. The popular long strings of beads can be the result.

—R.B., Newton, Ia.

When you dye an old, faded sweater or blouse, put a piece of fabric in at the same time and then make a tie or scarf out of the matching colored piece. It can really up-date a piece of clothing.

—Mrs. J.J., Springfield, Mo.

Make up your own iron-on patches out of bright print fabric (or matching fabric) by using the bonding fabric used most often for facings and hems. To make interesting shapes for children's patches, use patterns from coloring books or trace around cookie cutters.

—T.J., Topeka, Ks.

Instead of putting cream or milk into mashed potatoes, try adding low-calorie plain yogurt. It gives a sour cream taste without all those calories. I put in 1/2 cup into potatoes enough for four people.

—C.W., Ames, Iowa

To keep garlic for a length of time, peel and drop each bud into a bottle of salad oil. Refrigerate. Remove each bud as needed. The oil takes on the garlic flavor and is good to use with any recipe which needs the added taste of garlic.

—R.J., Albuquerque, N.M.

I make up hamburger patties for the freezer by measuring out 1/2 cup of ground beef and patting it down on the plastic lid of a coffee can. Then I cover with a piece of foil or plastic wrap; repeat the process. When I have all the patties made, I put the entire stack of hamburgers into a plastic bag. This can be put into a large mesh orange bag so it will not get lost in the bottom of my freezer. I can pull out one hamburger patty at a time, or as many as I want. Each little package does not scatter over the freezer.

—E.S., Lincoln, Ne.

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