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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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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

What a beautiful autumn day! New Mexico's finest season is the time between September and Thanksgiving. The high elevations are the first places to feel the oncoming winter. The aspen trees turn an incredible shade of gold which contrast with the dark green pines, the blue spruce and the russet of the scrub oak. A drive through the mountains is the best way to spend a day—to my way of thinking. Not only is the scenery beautiful, all the little back roads are lined with small fruit and vegetable stands. There seems to be an abundance of apples, peaches, chili peppers and melons. One particular stand features long ropes of ornamental corn woven together. The spaces between the corn ears were filled with small gourds, red chili peppers and wheat. It is hard to describe, but the overall effect was lovely.

There were times this summer when I would have guessed that no one would have a bit of produce for sale. New Mexico was in the same weather pattern that created the drought and tremendous heat in other parts of the country. We had many days over 100 degrees and tied the all-time record high of 105 degrees several times. To make matters worse, we also had a plague of grasshoppers and range caterpillars. My garden was not affected much by these problems. The drought was overcome by constant watering with the hose and the insects were kept under control by our resident quail, mockingbirds and a pair of road runner birds. The heat did take its toll. Most of the heat damage was to my flower garden. The vegetables didn't seem to mind the hot temperatures.

Like many other people in this area, we made a beeline for the mountains on the weekends for the temperatures were about twenty degrees cooler at nine thousand feet. The national forest camp-ground areas were full most of the time. I

was so grateful that we have a pickup truck to carry all of our gear plus drinking water and a card table. These two extra items make it possible for us to camp comfortably outside the regular camp-ground areas. The drinking water is a necessity and the card table is a convenience. We use it for the camp stove and for serving food. We used to put these things on the tailgate of the truck; however, it seemed that the minute I would crank up the stove for a meal, Jed would need to take the truck down the road to go fishing or on some other errand.

In addition to our weekend camping trips, James and Katharine both went to camp in the mountains. They also took their first airplane flight without either parent along to supervise. This was the trip from Albuquerque to Omaha. There are no non-stop flights so the children had to change planes in Denver. They have made this trip and plane change many times so we weren't too apprehensive about sending them off. I will admit that I practically pounced on the phone when it rang that evening with the news that the children were safely at Mary Lea and Vincent Palo's residence in Omaha. The next morning they went on to Shenandoah to Granny Wheels' home where Jed and I picked them up two weeks later.

It had been many years since I had driven from Albuquerque to Shenandoah. Our car does have an air conditioner, but it is very undependable. We left Albuquerque at 4:30 A.M. so we could travel a long distance before late in the afternoon when the heat really built up. Great Bend, Kansas, was our goal and we arrived at 5:00 P.M. We were on our way at 6:00 A.M. the next morning and pulled into Shenandoah at 1:30 P.M. I wish we had had the time to poke around in some of the little towns we went through. They looked so inviting.

I was interested to see that almost every town had a municipal swimming pool. What a wonderful thing for the residents of these communities. I'm sure those pools represent a lot of hard work—I'm also sure they are well worth it.

Our stay in Shenandoah was very short—only three days. We were able to see the Shenandoah relatives and Mary Lea and her family. Donna Nenneman and her family were in town for a class reunion so we saw them, too. Most of the time was spent visiting with Mother and Betty Jane Tilson.

One evening we did go over to the Sidney, Iowa, Rodeo. This was specifically for Jed's benefit. He has always enjoyed rodeos, but the ones held in Albuquerque are indoors. An indoor rodeo is not the place for someone who is allergic to horses. The children hadn't been to a rodeo before so they were really excited about getting to go.

Several cowboys were from New Mexico and they had their own private cheering section thanks to the Lowleys.

On the way back to Albuquerque, we took a slightly different route that took us through Hugoton, Kansas, so I could call my old friend, Suzie Henshaw Berry. We went on to Boise City, Oklahoma, to spend the night. The next morning we were up very early because we had planned to eat breakfast in Clayton, New Mexico. What we had forgotten was that we were crossing a time zone before we got to Clayton. It was an hour earlier there and we were just plain lucky to find a cafe that opened at 6:00 A.M. Clayton has a huge, experimental wind-powered generator. I had seen pictures of it, but couldn't really appreciate how huge it is until I had seen it with my own eyes. From Clayton, we headed on back to Albuquerque and arrived home about noon.

I was wondering what I would find when we returned. We had hired the neighborhood teenage girl to water the yard and the vegetable garden. She had done a good job of taking care of everything so I had no cause to worry. Another neighbor had volunteered to stay in the house and take care of the house plants, so all was well there, too. What a relief! We are fortunate to have such dependable friends. Those of you who have been robbed or have had many plants die due to neglect will understand what I mean. (Both of these things have happened to us in the past.)

Projects for this fall include getting my greenhouse operable—no matter what. Several years ago Jed built a small greenhouse for me in the side yard. It is not fancy at all, but it has enough room for quite a few pots of plants and an area to start seeds. Due to a whole series of mistakes on my part, the greenhouse was abandoned and just left to sit. Meanwhile the price of plants has gone up to the point that it now makes sense to fix up the greenhouse to winter over my geraniums. I also plan to start most (if not all) of my bedding plants. A friend is planning to share the expense of the bottled gas for the heater in exchange for space for her geraniums. The first thing to do to make the place operable is to clean out the black widow spiders which are prevalent in this area. Next is to trade the large, leaking gas bottle for a small one that doesn't leak and that I can manage to haul to get refilled. The water supply is going to be a large, plastic garbage can which I can fill with a hose. I hope it works out.

The other major project I would like to tackle is to repaint most of the interior of the house. I'll have to admit that painting is not one of my favorite jobs. I am hoping for a paint sale so I can stock up on plain, white wall paint. I don't have visions of doing anything elaborate. Another (Continued on page 22)



**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE FARM**

Dear Friends:

We have been getting a nice gentle rain off and on today which started about the middle of the morning. I mention the time because before daylight, when I was about half awake and half asleep, I thought I heard the steady drip, drip of rain. I knew I should get up and check to see if it was raining in any of the windows, but was too numb to move. I drifted back to sleep and dreamed that I got up and looked out from the front of the house and the water was pouring across the meadow into the bayou. When I looked at the rain gauge, we had had 5½ inches of rain and I couldn't understand how it could have rained that hard and not awakened me. This dream really woke me up, only to discover it hadn't rained at all. After it did start to rain this morning, I told Frank about my dream and he said he wished I wouldn't dream about such things.

I had a letter the other day from a retired Iowan who has moved out of the state. He said he counted on my letters in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* to keep him informed on how the crops are looking in Iowa. I can speak only for our own farm: right now our corn and beans look great, but just a few miles from us our neighbor's look very bad. The rains this growing season have been so spotty—some places just a few miles west of us crops were wiped out with hail, whereas the same hailstorm didn't hurt our fields.

Whenever Frank hears me tell anyone it looks as if we will have a normal yield, he reminds me the grain isn't in the crib and truck yet and anything can happen. This has been a crazy year, weather-wise. We think the corn and bean yield estimates by the USDA are awfully high from what we have seen and heard about the crops in the Midwest, but we aren't experts and don't know about other areas so we might be fooled.

Our grandson, Julian, now has his little bicycle at home where he can enjoy it. Kristin says he has ridden it so much his hands are becoming calloused from gripping the handlebars. I feel very fortunate I was able to get it out to him so soon after they left here. Exploring every means of transportation, I found it was too large to send in a carton by UPS, and weighed too much to mail parcel post. Last fall, when I made the trip to Chadron in my car, Cris Hirsch of Indianola went with me to visit her daughter, Sue Crawford, and Sue's husband. Kristin called and said Sue was coming back to Iowa for the National Balloon



Frank Johnson, on the left, is visiting with his neighbor, Roy Querrey. This photograph was taken last year when a bountiful corn crop was harvested. The two men certainly hope their crop will be as good this year as it was when this picture was taken on the Johnson farm near Lucas, Iowa.

Races and if I would call Cris, maybe Sue would have room to bring it to Julian. Not only was Sue happy to take the bike, but she also had room for a big box of books and the box of dishes Kristin wanted.

Among our summer visitors were Larry Allen, his wife Doris and their five-week-old baby, Lindsey Jean. (I wrote in detail about Larry in the February, 1980, issue.) Whenever they get back to Iowa to see their families, they always stop to see us. Now that they have this adorable baby, we hope they'll come to see the grandparents more often and we'll get to see them, too.

Raymond has been here for another visit from his home in Roswell, New Mexico. He came especially to attend the Lucas school reunion, but he was around these parts for three weeks. He missed seeing Kristin and Julian by a week, but did get to see Aaron when he came to spend a week with us. It had been seven years since Raymond had seen Aaron, and he was surprised at how much Aaron had grown.

Aaron had a ride as far as Des Moines with Mrs. Kathy Wigington and her son, Mark, from Chadron. They had to go to Iowa City for a week and invited Aaron to ride with them, which we thought was very nice. Mark and Aaron are best friends and Kristin said she thought they had as much fun making their plans as they did on the actual trip.

Aaron loves to fish and was looking forward to spending most of his time at his favorite spot by the bayou. After Frank helped him get his fishing poles fixed up, he was terribly disappointed when he couldn't find one single place, from one end of the bayou to the other, that wasn't completely covered with a green weed. Some of this weed appears every summer, but the wind usually

blows it one direction or the other; there has never been a time someplace that wasn't clear enough for fishing. The ground was also so dry Aaron and Frank couldn't find any fishworms. I took him to the bait shack and got him some night crawlers, then a couple of afternoons I drove him to the Lucas pond and he had a little luck fishing there. The last afternoon he was here, his favorite spot on the bayou cleared up and he caught seven real nice fish in just a short time. Aaron got them cleaned and I fried them for him. We got him a rod and reel to take home so he and Andy can go fishing near Chadron, and this made him happy.

While Aaron was here, Raymond and Bernie went with us to an ice cream social in Lucas. This social was a benefit to raise money for the family of Karon Thompson, a young mother who had lived most of her life in and near Lucas. Karon discovered last March that she had acute leukemia, and had spent most of the time since then in a hospital in Des Moines, and then in Houston, Texas. She had been so courageous and cheerful throughout her illness, that everyone wanted to do something to help. A group of Lucas citizens and friends got up the ice cream social and worked hard to make it a success. Nearly everyone within a large area happily donated cakes, pies, ice cream (or if they didn't have a freezer, donated the ingredients for it—several couples got together at the community center and froze 30 gallons one day). Besides selling ice cream and cake, the committee planned cake walks and pie walks to bring in extra money. Cash donations are still coming in. Sadly, on the night before the benefit, Karon died in Houston where she had been the past seven weeks.

Frank and I were sitting on the front
(Continued on page 22)

CREATIVE CORNHUSK CRAFTS

by
Virginia Thomas

Cornhusk crafts are quite easy to make and are wonderful conversation pieces whether used as a part of the home decor, as decorations for a dining table centerpiece or as part of a museum display.

The best time to gather the husks is in the fall when they are dry and before the corn is harvested. I like to go through the field and find the nice long ears of corn, gently snap the ear out of the husks, then cut the husk covering from the stalk with a bit of the shank attached. I do the sorting of the individual cornhusks after I get them to the house. The coarse, discolored outer husks are discarded. It is the clean inner ones with the shading from beautiful cream to dark tan in color which will be used for crafts. Save the corn silk to use for such things as dolls' hair.

You might also like to try dying some of the husks to use for articles of the doll's clothing, wreaths and flowers. Although I prefer the natural husk shadings. To dye the husks, make small bowls of the hot fabric dye solution in the colors desired and then place the leaves in the hot dye until desired shade is achieved. Using the dyed husks is a bit tricky, however, for if one works with too-damp husks, the dye might run into the natural husks used. But a little practice will help you to overcome this.

Before starting your craft item, soak the husks in water for several minutes. Place on paper towels to absorb the excess moisture—the husks should be just damp enough to be pliable.



Fig. 1

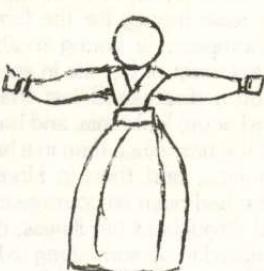


Fig. 2

Cornhusk Dolls: Approximately 12 husks will be needed to make a girl doll.

1. Place 6 large husks, one on top of the other, wide edge at the top.

2. Measure down 1 inch from the top and tie the husks very tightly.

3. With scissors, round the top into head shape. (Fig. 1)

4. Holding the head in one hand, peel the husks down over the head (like peeling a banana). Tie tightly at bottom of head to make the neck.

5. To make the arms, roll 2 husks together (or, to make arms easier to bend,

use 1 husk rolled around a pipe cleaner). Insert the rolled husk crosswise between the husks below the neck. Tie below (crisscross front and back) to make the waist and hold arms in place. For puffed sleeves, place wide end of husk at shoulder of doll, over the arm, before the bodice is made. Cut to desired shape and glue into place, puffing sleeve toward shoulder before tying the wrist end.

6. For bodice effect, use 2 husks, folding each into a fold about 1 inch wide. These are placed, one over each shoulder, crisscrossed front and back, and tied at the waist.

7. For the skirt, place long, wide husks around the waist; having enough above the waistline to hold well after they are tied tightly at the waistline. Fold another husk to an inch-wide fold and tie, or glue on for the belt.

8. Cut off the skirt evenly at the desired length. Fold arms down and cut to right length (about 1/3 of distance to bottom of the skirt), tying at the end, to make the hand. (Fig. 2) Bend arms to position desired. If pipe cleaner is not used, you may need to use a bit of string or a rubber band to hold the arms until they dry into position. If fuller skirt effect is desired, set doll over a small round jar, or a drinking glass until skirt husks dry to shape.

9. Glue corn silk to the head for hair. Curls can be made by wrapping corn silks (dampened with water mixed with a bit of glue) around a knitting needle, leaving it on needle until it keeps its shape, then sliding off and gluing each curl to the head separately. Corn silks can be braided into pigtails, too, or twisted like a "granny's knot".

10. Mark on facial features with marking pens.

To make the male figures, do not use as many husks as for skirt; divide husks and tie to make legs and feet. Cut bib for overalls and glue in place on front of chest.

As you work, you will see that you can make hats, scarves, caps, shawls, aprons—all out of the husks—to add to the costumes of the dolls. Make tiny brooms for Mrs. Doll to hold in her hands by using a length of corn tassel stalk to which is glued a fringe (straw) of husks. Some dolls can be shaped to sit in tiny chairs or rockers fashioned from the tassel stalk. A mamma doll may hold a tiny baby in her arms. Simply fashion the tiny husk body for baby and wrap in a cornhusk blanket.

Just bear in mind your doll figures can be bent into almost any shape if done while the husks are wet and held into shape until dry. Thus they may sit, stand, appear to be sewing, knitting, hoeing, walking with a cane, rocking a baby, whatever your imagination desires.

Cornhusk Baskets: Braid the dampened strips, gluing another strip on as needed when braiding and then

using the braid to form the round or oblong basket. Braid handles may be attached. The braids may be glued or hand sewn to form the basket shape.

Cornhusk Wreaths are made in many ways. 1. Use large, dampened husks to braid a strip long enough to make the size desired, and fasten the ends together. Place on a flat surface until dry, then add decorations of nuts, dried seed pods, dried flowers, etc., which can also conceal the joinings. To give added "body" to wreath, the braiding may be done around a wire.

2. Bend a coat hanger to wreath shape. Tie on strips of cornhusks by alternating the ends first to inside, then outside of the wreath. Continue until all of the wire is covered. Some like to clip the ends with an angle cut, others like to trim the ends to an even length and then fringe the end of each strip while still damp. To fringe, pull a darning needle through the husks. When husks are dry, this fringe will curl nicely. Trim the wreaths with clusters of pods, nuts, dried weeds, perhaps a bow of calico print.

Place Mats may be made using the cornhusk braids and are very durable if given a coat of shellac.

Exotic Flowers may be made from dampened cornhusks—just try a bit of experimenting to see what you can do. These flowers, along with some cornhusk leaves, a dried corn tassel and some ears of corn, make a lovely fall arrangement that definitely says "corn country".



COVER STORY

Kristin Brase is pictured on this month's cover with one of her most prized possessions—the heirloom quilt made and given to her by her beloved grandmother, Leanna Driftmier (originator and founder of Kitchen-Klatter). Leanna had appliqued this beautiful quilt for the purpose of giving it as a gift to the first of her granddaughters who married. Kristin fulfilled that requirement when she married Art Brase in 1963. Leanna used a number of different applique patterns to create this masterpiece. The design on the left is identified as "Wreath of Roses" and the one on the right as "Spring Bouquet". It would be interesting to know if those two designs have been called by any other names.

When this photograph ran in the *Chadron Record*, the story accompanying it concluded with Kristin's statement: "My grandmother had three sayings that I try to live by: 'Count your blessings' or think positively, 'Peace at any price' or be one of God's peacemakers instead of quarreling, and 'Life's too short' or don't get upset over little things or hold grudges."

Kristin treasures her Midwest heritage, the courageous philosophy of her grandmother Leanna and the quilt which is filled with so much love.

A FUN SUPPER

by

Dorothy Sandall

A friend and I and our two husbands had a Fun Supper. First, we made up imaginative names for the food and silver so our guests would not understand what they were ordering. We provided a tray, menu, recipe card, pencil and napkin for each guest. Also, three times as many styrofoam cups as people and several small paper plates and bowls for each guest.

Food and silver were laid out in the kitchen and numbered according to the silly items on the menu. We had enough trays for each guest to have one. We had picnic tables with red and white plastic cloths and garden flowers set up by the back door. A washtub of water and paper towels were near the tables for a wash-the-hands area. The garbage can was set just around the corner to make the clearing of the tables easier.

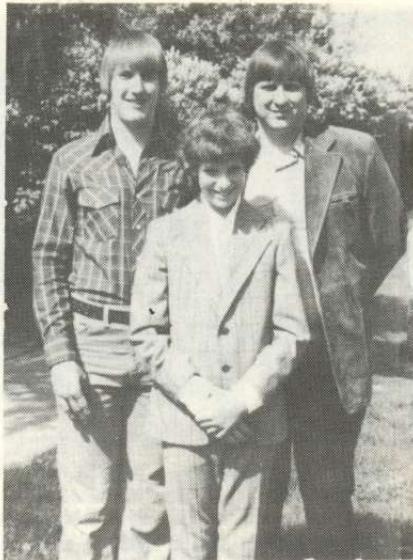
We told our guests that this was to be an informal picnic so to dress accordingly. When they had arrived (and washed up if needed), they sat wherever they wished at the picnic tables. Each guest was given the special menu with the imaginative names but no other clue as to what each item was. They each were also given a recipe card and pencil. The cards were marked I, II, III, IV, vertically, indicating one number for each course to be served. Guests wrote five numbers from the menu for each course, signed their names at the bottom and gave them to the waiters (in our case, the four hosts). We did suggest that they not use a number more than once for variety.

As the cards were collected, we took them out to the kitchen and placed one on each tray. Then we put everything each person had numbered on his tray for the first course, using plates or bowls but nothing else. (If a fork was listed, fine, if not, that was tough.)

When all the trays were ready, we took them out to the table one at a time, removed the order, bringing the tray and the card back to the kitchen. We turned the first course under, and started filling the tray with the second course while the guests started eating.

The table was cleared before the second course was carried out. We were careful to take up any silver as, by now, the guests were wise enough to try to keep it for the next serving. (The same procedure was repeated for the remaining courses.)

Enough time was allowed so we could enjoy the jokes along with our guests. It was fun to watch as they imaginatively used what they had to eat with—some used toothpicks to spear, crackers to scoop, carrots and celery as chopsticks and some just tipped up their bowls and drank. Some had ice cream for the first



Art Brase, on the right in this photograph, looks almost as young as his two sons—Andy on the left and Aaron in front. The three had some great times together when they "batched" while Kristin and youngest son and brother, Julian, were visiting in Lucas, Iowa, with Grandmother Dorothy Grandfather Frank Johnson.

course, another got a knife, fork, spoon, toothpick and iced tea for one of his listing!

It was a hilarious evening and an idea which could easily be adapted for a young people's organization, a birthday party or any fun get-together.

The menu can be varied but this is the one we used:

1. An Old Egg fried chicken
2. Rocks and Leaves iced tea
3. Bull's Downfall knife
4. Wedge cheese
5. Sliver toothpick
6. Jack Frost ice cream
7. Summer Spuds potato salad
8. Twiggies French green beans
9. Circles and Squares round & square crackers
10. A German Rectangle German chocolate cake
11. Spear fork
12. Thick and Thins carrots & celery
13. A Pucker pickle
14. Forever Amber coffee
15. It's Witched water
16. Scoop spoon
17. Chips and Strips beef & noodles
18. A Crusty Lump roll
19. Golden Nuggets corn
20. Shakes gelatin
21. A Spare fork
22. Golden Pat butter

Only the numbers and names on the left were on the menu. The real names on the right were just for our information.

Every morning lean thine arm awhile upon the windowsill of heaven, and gaze upon thy God. Then, with the vision in thy heart, turn strong to meet the day.

HALLOWEEN FUN

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Halloween is a grand time to provide some tricks and treats and fun and mystery for your own youngsters and some of their little friends.

GAMES

Halloween Art Plates: Provide the children with marking pens in various colors and give each a paper plate. Let them decorate the plates with a Halloween theme in any way they choose. These may be shellacked, a gummed hanger stuck on the back and taken home to use for pictures on the wall or each plate might be covered with saran wrap and used for the party refreshments.

Goblin Puppets: Each child is given an orange and a square piece of fabric cut from an old white sheet (about the size of a man's large white handkerchief). Features may be cut from felt and glued on to turn the orange into a goblin. Holes are cut in the material so the goblin's arms (the child's fingers) stick out of the goblin's robe. The children will soon see how they can make their goblin puppet talk and act in an amusing manner.

Sack Masquerade: Each child is given a large brown paper bag. A mouth and nose are cut in each sack and then the child puts the sack over his or her head for a mask. Now the fun begins. The children find partners and they then use marking pens to draw a "funny" face on the partner's sack. A time limit should be set.

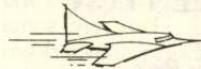
DECORATIONS & FOOD

Quickie Decorations: Make jack-o'-lanterns from oranges and place them on pretty autumn leaves. Push whole cloves into the orange to make the features and add a tall hat of construction paper with a lace paper doily for a collar.

Favors: Create stick candy witches, using a candy stick for each body topped with a marshmallow head with clove features. Add a crepe paper cape and a tall paper hat.

Black gumdrops make cute Halloween cats. Use a large gumdrop for the body and, with toothpick, attach a smaller gumdrop for the head. Snip a short length of black chenille-covered wire for the ears and curve another piece to make a tail. He will look cute on a pumpkin-shaped cookie and used as a decorative favor.

Pumpkin Punch Bowl: Set a bowl inside a scooped-out pumpkin. Serve cider from the "punch bowl". Serve doughnuts by placing them on the handle of a new toy broom—a "witch's broom", of course.



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

I feel as if I were caught on the cusp of the seasons, looking back at summer and looking ahead to fall. It's just a quick downhill slide from here until we're all wrapped up in school and other activities.

We have had such a long summer this year—from the beginning of May when it got warm in Mississippi—that I can't regret the end of it. This has been a very eventful few months for us.

You may remember that my husband, Vincent, is now in the Air Force, and that when I last wrote he was on temporary duty at Keesler Air Force Base in Biloxi, Mississippi. His courses there ended in mid-May and we took the rest of that month to vacation and then drive to our permanent duty station.

The first stop on our vacation trip was Pompano Beach, Florida, where we visited my grandparents. We were able to stay in the apartment they reserve for guests, so Nana and Grandpa could see as much as they wanted of the children without getting tired.

The kids were happy to show off their swimming ability in the condominium pool. Chris preferred the pool to the ocean, but Isabel enjoyed being bounced around by the waves. They both collected shells and other beach treasures to show to their great-grandparents. When I count my blessings, high on the list are those moments my children have been able to spend with their grandparents and great-grandparents. Each encounter strengthens the web of love and security in which my children will grow up; fortunate they are to know such wonderful people.

Our other vacation stop was at Disney World. We have now been to both Disney parks and can say from experience that, in our opinion, Disney World is far superior to Disneyland. The efficiency with which thousands of people are ushered through the attractions is awesome. I kept thinking that if our government could function like this, the bureaucracies and the budget could be cut in half. Another thing that impressed us is that the people—thousands of tourists—were so well-behaved. No one argued, littered, pushed or shoved. Vin says it's an example of environmental engineering. If a place is engineered correctly, it will demand a certain standard of behavior from the people within it. Disney World does this and it is fascinating to watch.

We were fortunate to be at Disney World during Armed Forces Days so we had a special discount ticket that opened all the attractions to us. Intermittent rain contributed to our seeing almost



Isabel and Christopher Palo are adjusting well to their new home at Offutt Air Force Base in Bellevue, Nebr. After a vacation filled with fun at Disney World, a move from Biloxi, Miss., to a new home in Nebraska, the two children of Mary Leanna and Vincent are settling into a happy fall.

everything. We would take all the rides in one area, then run to the next area when the rain let up. Disney World really is a family experience—I can't tell you which one of us had the best time.

We returned to Mississippi to pick up a rental trailer, loaded up our minimal household possessions, then set off for Omaha. We stopped briefly in St. Louis to visit an old friend, then arrived at Offutt Air Force Base on May 30. We were fortunate to be able to stay in Temporary Living Quarters (a glorified motel) for eleven days until our house was ready. We were *extremely* fortunate to get into base housing so quickly.

We are so pleased with our house and neighborhood. It is in an older section of the housing area that has established trees and plantings. Our neighbors are wonderful. They encouraged us to borrow from them what we needed, and we needed quite a bit for a while. Our furniture from Maine didn't arrive until we'd been in the house for five weeks.

It's been fun to finally entertain some Driftmier relatives. Aunt Marge and Uncle Oliver are the only ones who had ever been in a home of mine before, and that was six years ago in Albuquerque. I'm only sixty miles from Shenandoah and I trek over there when I can. Julian and Jed Lowey were in town only briefly but I was able to have two good visits with them. The next time Katharine and James are here I want to reserve a greater share of their time. I know they would really enjoy seeing the base, especially the SAC Museum with its collection of airplanes and rockets.

The highlight of the summer for me was a five-day trip back to Connecticut. I felt an urgent need to see my brother, David, whom I hadn't seen in over a year, and my grandparents. So Vin indulged me and let me escape family responsibilities to make the trip. And what a great

trip! Unencumbered by children, I had my first opportunity in a long time to devote my complete attention to someone else.

The day after I arrived, several of my favorite cousins, two of my closest friends, and David, Sophie and I went out to dinner. I love them all and the occasion would have been welcome at any time. But after half a year of only seeing "new" friends, it was especially refreshing to be with friends of many years' standing. We talked so much I literally lost my voice and didn't fully recover until I'd been home a week.

I had two good sails with Dad in his new boat. Dave was with us on one trip. We anchored off a sand bar in Little Narragansett Bay, swam to shore and walked on the beach. As we were sunning ourselves dry after the swim back to the boat, I reflected on our good fortune. As much as I have wished my parents well over the years, I never dreamed up anything as nice as the situation they presently have; when my father writes about how much he enjoys his life now, believe me, he means it!

There is more to be said about this visit and about family relationships, but I'm out of space and out of words. I hope fall brings you a pumpkin patch full of happy experiences.

Sincerely,

Mary Leanna

FAITH

I walk not alone
On the pathway of life.
There is someone beside me,
Through joy or strife,
Though my vision be dim
My steps measured and slow,
His presence is nigh,
Wherever I go.
So I travel on,
Faith lights the way
To a glorious sunset
At the end of my day.

—Carrie Wiggans

FRIENDS

There are friends that pass like ships in
the night
Who meet for a moment then sail out of
sight
With never a backward glance or regret,
Friends we know briefly then quickly
forget.
There are other friends who sail together
Through quiet waters and stormy weath-
er,
Helping each other through joy and
through strife —
They are the ones who give meaning to
life. —Anonymous

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends:

Now that summer is behind us, I wonder where it went? Never has a summer seemed to fly by so quickly. We had so many things happening, so many people coming and going, and so many responsibilities to be met. The biggest bit of good fortune was having David and Sophie here for a few weeks and being able to have Mary Lea fly in from Omaha for a good visit. It had been several years since both of our children could be with us at the same time, and it could be several years before it happens again. How precious were the hours we had together. David and Sophie were bubbling over with stories about their summer in Europe, and Mary Lea had so much to tell us about the grandchildren and her new home at the air force base in Omaha.

Last month I told you about my new sailboat, and you can be sure that much of my free time has been spent out on the blue ocean. It seems that almost every time I take the boat out for a day of sailing, I have some adventure. Recently, I had a most frightening time when a sudden strong wind came up. I was able to get my two large sails down before the worst of the storm reached me, but other boats within sight of our boat were knocked down and some were severely damaged. A big wave sank a boat just a short distance from where we were struggling to keep our boat upright, and one man was drowned. Since that experience, I have been much more careful about picking the days to take the boat out on the ocean.

You may have heard me telling on the radio about the good visit we had with the Donald Teten family from Talmage, Nebraska. Don and Kathie and their two children, Susie and Sandy, had hoped to see me at the Mystic Seaport Museum, but they went there on a day when I was not working. They called us from the museum, and I insisted that they come right over to our house. The Tetens were visiting Kathie's sister, Norma Sitoski of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, and Norma and her husband, Michael, were with them. They drove up our driveway just as I was going down to the water to feed the swans and ducks and they took several pictures of me and my "feathered family".

Had you been here today, Betty would have served you some delicious swordfish. Fish is on the menu at our house at least once a day, and sometimes twice. On occasion, we've had fish three times

in one day: fresh flounder for breakfast, some tender, sweet scallops for lunch, and a delightful lobster Newburg for supper. Down the shore a few miles from our house there is a fishing establishment which cans a Newburg concentrate. Betty dilutes the concentrate with light cream and butter, and to that she adds lobster meat freshly picked out of the shell. It makes a dish fit for a king.

One of the first lessons Betty ever gave me about purchasing food supplies was in buying fish. A fresh fish never has a "fishy" smell. The eyes are clear and protruding, the gills are pink, and the scales or skin is bright and clear with the characteristic marking of the fish. The flesh should be firm and should spring back to the touch. The flesh of fillets should be bright and glistening, not ragged, yellowed, or looking like cardboard.

We trade in three different fish markets, and the clerks in those markets know that I will never, never buy a clam, or a mussel, or an oyster if the shell is open even a crack. Those clerks also know that any lobsters or crabs that I buy have to be lively ones, kicking and scrapping. Seafood purchased live should be *really* alive and full of fight.

Lots of people are complaining about the high cost of seafood, but if you could watch the fishermen going by our house at the crack of dawn, going out in all kinds of weather, carrying all kinds of expensive gear, and using boats which burn costly gallons of gasoline and diesel oils, you would understand the high prices. In periods of bad weather, like the weather we have been having for the past three days, the prices of seafood will rise because the smaller fishing vessels are forced to stay in port.

Now is a good time to shop for lobster. There always are more lobsters caught in October, and lately, when I have been out in my sailboat, I have seen the lob-

ster fishermen bringing in hundreds and hundreds of pounds. There are some lobster traps just a short distance down the river from our house at the point where the river enters the ocean, and recently those traps have been literally packed with handsome lobsters. Also, bay scallops are less expensive in the fall than at any other time of the year. My next-door neighbor went scalloping yesterday, and today he is busy freezing gallons of them.

Something else to keep in mind when you are wondering about the price of seafood—fish fillets, scallops and lobster meat are all edible protein. Of course, you do pay for bones and shells when buying a whole fish or a whole fresh lobster, but boneless fish pieces are totally edible with no waste of any kind.

Betty just called from the laundry room where she is ironing to say that the most important thing to remember about cooking fish of any kind is that fish flesh is very delicate and so it cooks in a very short time. Cook it only until the fish just flakes when tested with a fork, but is still moist. There is one general rule to follow when deciding how to cook fish and that is to remember that the dark-meated, oilier fish are better broiled or baked, while the white-meated fish are better if fried, steamed, or poached. Many people are cooking fish over very high heat in oriental woks, and fish cooked that way is usually done in less than a minute.

After retiring a little more than a year ago, I never thought that I would be preaching again, but this past summer I preached on four different occasions—each time in a very large church. While Betty and I do miss our church work back in Springfield, we are getting involved little by little in church work here in Connecticut and Rhode Island. We are so pleased when any of our former church members come to call on

(Continued on page 20)



This photograph was taken at the 300th Anniversary banquet of the First Congregational Church of Bristol, Rhode Island. Frederick is shown in the center, with Fred Ferrit, the Moderator of the church and David Sartrys, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, on either side.

DIVING DUCKS

by
Evelyn Witter

Did you know there are some ducks known as *diving ducks*? They are called diving ducks because they are able to dive great depths to get food. These ducks live on wetlands, lakes, bays and streams and have special names: redhead, canvasback, scaup, bufflehead, ring-necked and such sea ducks as eider and scoter.

The way ducks are shaped shows how much they are adapted to water. They have large feet on short legs located far back on their bodies. Their legs and feet cause them to be clumsy on land. Diving ducks like to flock together in large numbers on open water such as lakes, shallow bays and estuaries. They are attracted to certain underwater plants and small animal life.

In the fall, diving ducks fly south for the winter. Huge flocks of scaup gather offshore along the Gulf Coast of Louisiana and Florida; redheads go to the Texas Coast; canvasback fly to the famous marshes of Chesapeake Bay on the Atlantic Coast and areas with similar watering conditions on the West Coast. Some diving ducks spend the winter in Mexico and in the Caribbean areas. The ducks stay at these winter homes about three months.

In February and March, the brightly colored ducks move north again and look for places to nest. The place chosen for nest building differs for each variety of diving duck. Some nest in cavities in trees or stumps and prefer sites that are over water. The ring-necked duck and scaup build their nests in depressions in the ground near water. Canvasback and redhead ducks nest over water in clumps of bulrushes, cattails or other plants.

Most diving duck hens lay seven to twelve eggs and sit on them for about four weeks. Ducklings are able to swim and get food for themselves soon after hatching. For some time, the little ones depend on their mothers for protection. Water is the most important need for all ducks since food for them is in the water. Cover and nesting materials are in the wetlands. Most shallow ponds as well as deeper waters are full of tiny insects which the ducklings eat. There is still much to be learned about how to preserve and improve wetlands.

It is important to learn to save our nation's wetlands where diving ducks and other fowl can nest and raise their young. If we learn to protect the water areas, the sights and sounds of our diving ducks will continue to be an interesting part of our outdoor life.

That which we do for ourselves dies with us.

That which we do for others remains.



Frederick has written a great deal about the beautiful swans near his home and how much he enjoys feeding them. This shows "Clyde" being given a bountiful piece of bread from Frederick's trusting hand.

COME WITH ME . . .

Come with me. Autumn is walking in the woods, running up the hills, pausing in the hollows; and so will we. We'll start early, while there is still a pungent wetness, and our steps will be a muffled tread. The dampness has a chill that promises of winter, but the sun will climb the eastern ridge, warming the earth; the smell will change to a dry and acrid bite. Then our footsteps will crackle and the leaves will fly before us as we walk.

Somehow it's best when all the colors are muted; mahogany, chestnut, tarnished gold. There's beauty in the reckless colors of the maples, but there is rest and food for the soul in the tones of oak and walnut, the soft yellow of the hickory.

There's abundant life in the autumn woods. A squirrel scuttles on his endless rounds. If we see the unexpected deer, there will be a surging thrill, a quickening pulse. There's the life not so readily seen that darts among the leaves and hides under the rotting bark of fallen trees. In a sunny hollow the lazy song of the bee can be heard, his season slowing.

Perhaps, if the mist is rising from the hollows and the magic is right, we can sense those who have gone before, and somehow remain just out of sight. It's not hard to imagine an Indian, the color of the burnished oaks, striding confidently through this land he knew so well. And down the hill, across the hollow, by the creek, one can imagine the first settlers looking with awe, just as we do now—a parade passing through the years of our imaginations. And a sense of the eternal.

And when the walk is through, we will have the memories, the storehouse of sights and sounds, sensed or seen, to carry us through the bleakest winter, when the flicker of the fire on the hearth will bring to mind the color of an autumn day. Come with me . . . —Bets Kirby

DON'T SPLIT THE WOOD

(A Short Meditation)

by
Mabel Nair Brown

My father, a fine carpenter, had many little axioms which he used frequently in conversation to get a point across. A favorite quote of Papa's came to mind recently, "Hit the nail on the head, but be careful, don't split the wood." How often I heard him use these words when some controversial step was to be taken, or where some words were needed in a difficult situation. It was his way of urging action with kindness and concern, to offer criticism or opposition without hurt.

Just as it takes the right touch and the appreciation of the wood used to drive a nail without splitting the wood, we must use appreciation, understanding and compassion when we are dealing with people, with organizations, with communities and with nations.

It is said that when you mix criticism with genuine appreciation, you gain an admirer instead of losing a friend. On the other hand, when we ride roughshod over others, seek to force everyone to our particular way of thinking, or are bent only on criticism and faultfinding instead of seeking friendship and wider horizons, our perspective becomes distorted, antagonism and distrust often arise. We may hit the nail, but we split the wood, ruining what we are trying to build.

When dealing in the area of human relationships, we must use our best thinking, develop a deep concern for other persons, act only after calm deliberation and then act only in kindness and love. Be it in our relationship with the people in our own home and local community or in the worldwide community, let us remember not to split the wood!



Meet the Cucurbitaceae

by
Eula Mae Stratton

If you're a gardener or an Ozarker you know about *Cucurbitaceae*, for it's the botanical name for gourds. Some people consider gourds a part of their heritage—maybe because early settlers planted gourds near their cabin doorways as it seemed the Biblical thing to do. At least the old story of how God made a gourd vine to shelter Jonah's head and how Jonah was exceedingly glad of the gourd vine comforted the early pioneers.

Gourds are very easy to grow as they need almost no cultivation. They have large rough leaves that vine rapidly thus making quick shade. Their fruit comes in various sizes and colors and has a very hard shell. Most plants produce large yellow blossoms but some, like the Mexican bottle gourds, have intricate white blossoms.

When early settlers planted gourd seed, not many knew that what they planted belonged to the *Cucurbitaceae* family. All they cared about was having plants that would produce heavy vines that would bear both male and female blossoms—big as saucers, yellow as sunshine and, when dipped in a thin batter and quickly fried, would become a very special food.

In early American days, gourds were almost a necessity for survival, though not considered edible. Their hard-shelled fruit came to the pioneer family's rescue for use as cups, bottles, grease pots, nest eggs, birdhouses, toys, candleholders, long-handled ladles and dippers.

One variety of seed planted produced an excellent substitute sponge. When dried, the fruit was cracked open and the "sponge" removed and used to scrub pots and pans. Today that seed is listed in most catalogs as *Luffa* ("dishrag") gourd. A real old-time household hint for keeping ants out of cupboards is to crush two large dried gourd leaves, powder well and mix with a handful of wild cinnamon plants. This hint was given to my mother by her Cherokee grandmother and passed on to me. When I could find no wild cinnamon, I mixed the dried leaves with a few drops of oil of cinnamon, which proved just as effective.

Today, no one would ever call a big orangy pumpkin a gourd, though they do grow on coarse trailing vines, have hard shells and belong to the *Cucurbita* family

with the botanical addition of *Pepo*. They have always been considered edible.

History reveals that Indians fed *Cucurbita Pepo* to their stock, made a filling soup from its orangy meat, and cooked them whole in the sun as it "sweetened their innards". Before eating the sun-cooked pumpkins, all seeds were removed and saved for making worm medicine.

In many North American states, white scallops (*Cucurbita Melopepo*), which most people call squashes, are considered gourds and are served as gourmet food. Also, one of the most valuable culinary gourds is the green-fruited Spanish *Cucurbita Maxima* treasured by many cooks.

One can hardly attend a craft fair anywhere without seeing centerpieces of colorful Oriental gourds as well as gourds made into Mexican bottles, delightful penguins and bright birdhouses.

Last summer, I decided to grow some gourds and do my own crafting. I planted four birdhouse gourd seeds at the back of my garage. Two 30-foot clotheslines are fastened to the garage and are anchored on the far side of the yard. With no cultivation or fertilization, big green leaves covered the end and half the roof of the garage by August. Large gourds hung from the garage eaves and trailed down both clotheslines as though hung out to dry.

My garden book told me gourds were very easy to grow, that seeds should be planted in part shade if possible and near buildings or a large trellis to serve as a support for their heavy vines. One sentence said they could be used nicely as a ground cover for unsightly vacant lots.

I learned that gourd fruit should be allowed to ripen on their vines. When the stems turn brown and look dry and dead, the gourd is ready to be picked. Be certain to pick all gourds before frost. Leave one to two inches of the stem fastened to the fruit. Wash in a disinfectant such as a strong Borax solution or a mixture of 1/4 cup chlorine bleach mixed with 4 1/2 cups of water. Scrub well, rinse and spread out on newspapers or boards where the temperature is 70 to 75 degrees (an attic is a good place if available). Do not put near direct heat.

Length of drying time depends on how fleshy the gourd is—from two to six weeks. When dry, shellac or varnish.

To make birdhouses: when varnished gourds are thoroughly dried, cut a small hole on one side of birdhouse gourds if intended for wrens, a large hole if other birds are to occupy them. Run a slender wire through the dead stem, using enough wire to fasten securely on a tree where "renters" will be attracted to start nesting.

Last Christmas, I pleased my neighbors with gifts of gourd birdhouses and still had some left to continue with my hobby of gourd-crafting. Next year I'll plant *Aladdin* or *Turk's Turban* gourd seed. I'm told they grow into colorful centerpieces for a club luncheon or an outdoor picnic; since both types of gourds are edible, the centerpieces may be cooked and eaten the next day.

If you want to grow gourds next year, seeds may be ordered from any reliable seed company. Whether you plant *Cucurbitaceae* (gourds) or *Cucurbita Pepo* (pumpkins) I hope, like Jonah of old, you'll be exceedingly glad of your gourd vines.

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MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

This lovely summer has glided by so quickly that I can barely bring myself to think about it as almost done.

At this writing, Adrienne is winding down her unheard of 14-hour workday. She did manage to snatch a 3-hour period to scoot downtown to spend some of her hard-earned cash on winter clothes. With unemployment rampant in the Milwaukee area, I didn't have real confidence that she could find a job but, true to her prediction, she secured an exciting and responsible position in Oconomowoc. She served the entire summer, after a training period of one week, as manager of The Terrace, the main dining room of Olympia, the hotel-resort complex six miles from our little city.

The reservations at Olympia have been unusually heavy considering the economic situation. Oconomowoc is not more than 120 miles north of the Chicago area and this mileage was apparently just right for many vacationers. Adrienne had hoped to pick up a waitress job because of its wonderful opportunities for "megabucks" in tip money, but there were no college students being hired at any of the local restaurants. The only opening at Olympia was for a dining room manager. She convinced the hiring supervisor that she could do the job.

Adrienne's day begins at 6:30 when the guests can come in for breakfast. Lunch is served at 11:00 and the dinner hour begins at 5:30 P.M. and she falls into bed at a little after midnight. Between 2:00 and 4:00 each afternoon she usually can get home for a quiet supper and a quick nap. It has been a hard, but challenging, summer for her.

I am sure Paul has told you about his former job with the foundry which dissolved because of company layoffs. Shortly before this happened, he had the good fortune to find an opening with an automobile parts distribution company. He enjoyed this work and was grateful for the income. The primary problem with this situation was the location. In terms of real dollars, it was nearly killing him to buy the gasoline needed to get there and back. Looking at it now, he should have taken a sleeping bag and slept in the building and just come home for weekends.

Needless to explain further, Paul's employment at automotive distribution is in the past tense because the man next door has hired him to work for his company. Another recession-proof product—meat. Paul worked for our neighbor when he needed help with his



Mary Beth's new pet, "Tom Kitten".

yard during the spring so he knew firsthand that Paul was a hard worker. Paul was happy to accept his offer because the pay was exactly twice what he was then earning. The job had to be accepted immediately, so Paul began learning the meat-cutting and packing trade the next day. He was not happy to leave the auto parts company on such short notice so, after working 8 to 10 hours on his new job, he still drives to the other side of town and loads trucks for their next day's deliveries. This will stop as soon as they have another person hired.

The first two or three days on his new job, Paul came home distinctly pale. Although he is not near the area where the butchering is done, the meat he handles looks, as he describes it, "as though something had walked too close to a helicopter blade." He wears his winter thermal underwear, wool socks and ski boots because his workroom is a cool 40 degrees. His appetite for beef is slowly improving but for a while I served him a heavy fish diet for his suppers.

Paul is really a very lucky fellow! In a brief period of six months, he has had the chance to learn three skills. He is gaining so much practical experience with all of these jobs that his goals in education are continuing to shift. He is not considering returning to school this fall. His father and I are really happy to have him home, especially after Adrienne packs up and moves back to Northwestern and leaves the house uncomfortably quiet.

It is always such fun to have kids home from college for the summer. The split second between having children around that require training and the next second, when these same children are at a stage in their lives where they suddenly share vocations and interests in common with their parents, is one filled with much happiness. It has truly been a joy to see the daily development of Adrienne this summer. She worked like a dog. The responsibilities which were thrust upon her were heavy but she gave her employer a full measure of hard work in exchange for his dollars. She missed many parties enjoyed by her friends because there was no one to take her place on her job. To offset these disappointments, she experienced some

unexpected bit of good luck. Several Chicago businessmen, who were attending week-long business or company conferences at Olympia, after exchanging pleasantries with her and learning that she was an engineering student in Evanston, offered her employment with their companies. She certainly proved to herself that hard work and a good appearance are noticed. Come next spring, when Adrienne is job hunting, she will have her nest-egg collection of business cards to draw from.

Don passes the children in the kitchen separately during the week and if we're lucky, we catch one meal together on the weekends.

The summer has not been without its traumatic moments, however. Our unplanted vegetable garden has turned into a cemetery for two of our favorite kitties. Katharine's two beautiful Siamese kittens, now just past their first year's anniversary, were killed within two months of each other. I allowed them too much freedom before their little inexperienced minds were capable of handling the dangers inherent with the great outdoors. I had forgotten that our dear old Simba was a grownup before she was ever allowed outside, and Morris, well, Morris was born with street sense, wherever he was born. Any old tomcat, who can freeload his way through life and manage to have neighbors competing for the privilege of feeding him, is one smart animal. I was always taught that there was no such thing as a free lunch but Morris has proved that is not always true. There are some animals who can do this with grace.

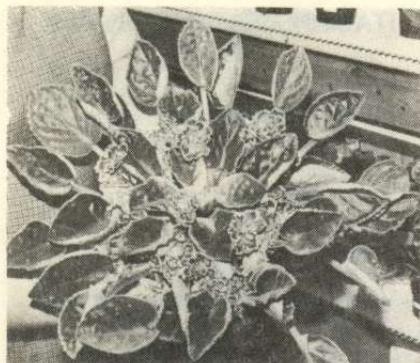
I have replaced these two sweet pets with a new boy kitten. This little fellow came from the same mother and father as the first male kitten of Katharine's. This little chap, whom I have named "Tom Kitten" after one of Beatrix Potter's major characters in her book of the same name, is not going outdoors—ever! Since his arrival, I have been carrying a fully loaded squirt gun trying to keep this naughty fellow away from the doors. I understand that dog trainers suggest the use of squirt guns to teach animals to avoid particular places. I hope it works.

The school year is upon me. Gone are my "house-Frau" pleasures until another summer. The summer was simply lovely. I hope yours was, too.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP?

True friendship is a harmony between souls rather than between minds. Our best friends are those with whom we are most in unison at heart. It is not needful that friends always think alike. Often they hold opinions far apart, but there must be a unity of spirit and feeling if friendship is to be of the enduring kind.



—Photo by Beatrice Daily Sun
One of the beautiful frosted blue African violets grown by Sybil Behrens.

VIOLET TROUBLE?

by
Sybil Behrens

In my experience with African violets, I have found the beautiful plants to be quite hardy as far as house plants go. About the only diseases that bother them are the pathogens causing root and crown rot—some of these are slime molds and others are molds that are soil-borne. These are quite easy to control by sanitation. When you grow African violets, never use a soil that has not been pasteurized. If the potting soil package purchased at the store is broken, or does not say the contents have been heat-treated to sterilize, the mixture is only safe if you sterilize it yourself.

(The directions were given last month, but to repeat: moisten soil and bake in a 325-degree oven for 1 hour, then cool soil for at least 24 hours before using.)

Overwatering is the biggest single cause of violet trouble as far as root rot and crown rot are concerned. Be careful not to get water in the center of the plant (the crown) if you water from the top.

As far as insects are concerned, there are a couple that can wipe out African violets. The hardest to catch before it is too late is the little cyclamen mite. This little beast is so tiny you need a 20-power microscope to see it—but boy can it ever do your plants in! It is no disgrace to get an infestation, but it is stupid to keep it or pass it on.

The first sign of an infestation of the mites is when the center of an African violet begins to look funny. It usually becomes light-colored with a grey cast and the leaves become brittle and distorted as the problem advances. By the time you see the trouble on one plant, all the plants are loaded with mites, too. To eradicate, Kelthane is the approved spray to use. Mix and use according to directions, then be sure to repeat every 3 days for at least 3 applications. It is really best to do 4 treatments, then once every 10 days for a couple more times. Be sure to treat every plant you own.

For control of foliage and soil mealy

bugs, white flies, fungus and gnats, I use systemic granulars. There are several brands available. As a matter of fact, every single plant that comes into my house is treated with the granulars and kept isolated for a few days before being placed among the other plants. I usually add the granulars every time I repot a plant to control fungus gnats as our soil is organic and the little pests love it. Just remember that this product smells, so play like a cat and scratch away some of the soil and cover up the granulars with dirt. Soil is a great deodorizer.

I personally do not use a commercial fertilizer. If you feel you must use one, get any of the good fertilizers which have a middle number larger than the first, such as 5-10-5. Use one-fourth the recommended strength every time you water. Be very sure, however, that you do not use water which contains fertilizer if you accidentally let a plant get completely dry—so dry it is wilted. Water with plain water until it revives, then use your fertilizer solution.

That should solve most of your problems. If the blossoms turn brown, check your temperature—the plants are probably too hot or too cold.

Every grower has pets among the 30,000 varieties of African violets that have been developed. I have a number that have been with me for a long time, plus a hundred or more new ones which are added each year. Now, I'm not saying the problem of deciding on favorites is a trouble, but it is difficult. I might say that a lot of the new ones are nothing to get excited about and I often discard them in a short time.

I do want to give you the names of a few of my favorites. In the pinks some of the best are: Pink Voyageur, Do Si Do, Oh Sugar, Pink Velvet and Ballet Lisa. A lot of new reds have hit the market in recent years with Tina, Mark, Persian Violet, Firethorn and Crimson Frost especially fine varieties. Of the whites my favorites are Orion, Genesee White Cap and Pure Water. Among the laver-dars and blues, I like Blue Bell, Frosted Plum and Gigi. There are great plants with variegated leaves, two-toned flowers and other combinations.

I have solved most of my plant growth problems, the only problem I have yet to learn how to control is my tendency to go overboard when it comes to growing things.

A NOTE

Kristin has had so many requests for her article, "Dreams and Their Interpretation", that she has had to have the material commercially printed. This will cause a brief delay in the time it will take for her to get it in the mail. Kristin will have the article sent out as soon as possible.

—Lucile

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- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

RECIPES

FRESH APPLE CAKE

3 large apples, peeled and chopped fine
 2 cups sugar
 2 eggs
 1 cup oil
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking powder
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 3 cups flour
 1 cup chopped black walnuts

Sprinkle sugar over apples. Allow to set 20 minutes. In a small bowl, mix eggs, oil, soda, salt and baking powder. Pour over apples. Stir in flavorings. Blend in flour and beat well. Fold in nuts. Pour into greased and floured tube pan. Bake for 70 minutes at 325 degrees.

—Juliana

SWEET-AND-SOUR COUNTRY-STYLE RIBS

4 to 5 lbs. country-style ribs
 3/4 cup soy sauce
 1/2 cup water
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. ground ginger
 2 cloves garlic, minced or pressed
 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 large onion, sliced
 2 medium-size green or red sweet peppers, seeded and diced
 1 Tbs. cornstarch
 1 Tbs. water

Place ribs in shallow baking pan. Bake, uncovered, in a 425-degree oven for 30 minutes. Remove pan from oven and reduce heat to 325 degrees. Discard excess fat.

Combine soy sauce, water, sugar, ginger, garlic, pineapple and flavoring. Stir to dissolve sugar. Pour over ribs, cover tightly with foil and return to 325-degree oven for 30 minutes. Add the onion and pepper, cover and bake 30 minutes longer or until meat and vegetables are fork-tender.

Remove meat and vegetables from pan to serving platter; keep warm. Skim fat from juices remaining in pan. Blend in cornstarch which has been combined with the 1 Tbs. water. Cook, stirring, until thickened. Spoon some of the sauce over meat and vegetables; pass the rest in bowl.

—Lucile

BANANA-NUT BARS

3/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
 1 1/2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1 cup mashed banana
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of nutmeg
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 1/2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats

Cream the butter or margarine and brown sugar. In separate bowl, beat egg until frothy. Add the flavorings to beaten egg and beat again. Add the egg mixture and mashed banana to the creamed mixture and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and combine with the nuts and oats. Add to mixture and blend well. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake for 25 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool. May be frosted with a powdered sugar icing, if desired.

NOTE: There is no liquid in this recipe.
 —Lucile

REFRESHING PEAR MARMALADE

6 pears
 2 apples
 1 orange
 Few drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 1/2 lbs. sugar

First, peel orange and then cut peeling very thin. Put this peel through food grinder and set aside. Peel and seed pears and apples. Remove any white membrane from orange and take out seeds. Grind the fruits. Discard pear and apple juice (orange juice may be saved and added to mixture if desired). Combine fruits and sugar. Boil 20 minutes, stirring frequently. Add orange peeling and flavoring. Continue cooking until thick. (Test with a little on a saucer in refrigerator when it is almost thick enough. This thickens more when it cools, so this test will help you keep from overcooking.) Spoon into jars or jelly glasses and seal or freeze.

This refreshing pear marmalade came from Laurel, Nebraska, and is a fine addition to our collection of excellent pear recipes.

—Evelyn

ITALIAN MEAT BALLS WITH SAUCE

1 lb. ground beef
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 1/2 cup grated Romano cheese
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. garlic salt
 1/2 tsp. black pepper
 1 egg
 1/4 to 1/2 cup milk
 1/2 of medium-size onion, chopped
 2 6-oz. cans tomato paste
 Dash of salt, pepper, garlic salt
 4 to 6 tomato paste cans of water
 Combine beef, bread crumbs, cheese, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. garlic salt, 1/2 tsp. black pepper, egg and milk. Shape into balls. Brown balls in hot oil in heavy skillet.

In another pan, brown onion in a small amount of oil. Add tomato paste and season with salt, pepper and garlic salt. Dilute with water. Put browned meat balls in sauce and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for about two hours.

—Donna Nenneman

CAROL'S PUMPKIN DESSERT

24 graham crackers, crushed
 1/3 cup sugar
 1/2 cup margarine or butter
 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 whole eggs
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 2 cups canned pumpkin
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. salt
 3 eggs, separated
 1/2 cup milk (or half-and-half)
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 envelope plain gelatin (softened in 1/4 cup cold water)
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 pkg. whipped topping mix, prepared according to package directions (or 9-oz. carton frozen prepared topping)

Crush graham crackers and blend with the 1/3 cup sugar, the butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Press into a 9- by 13-inch baking dish to form crust. Beat the 2 whole eggs and add the 1/2 cup sugar and softened cream cheese. Spread over crust. Bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven immediately and allow to cool.

Mix pumpkin, 1/2 cup sugar, cinnamon, salt, egg yolks and milk. Cook until thickened—about 10 to 15 minutes. Stir often and watch closely. Remove from heat and stir in the softened plain gelatin and remaining flavorings. Cool.

Beat the 3 egg whites and add 1/4 cup sugar. Fold into pumpkin mixture. When crust and pumpkin are cool, pour pumpkin over crust. Top with whipped topping. Refrigerate.

—Hallie

APPLE-BANANA BREAD

1/3 cup shortening
 2/3 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 egg
 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. soda
 1 cup mashed banana
 2 medium apples, peeled and chopped
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Cream the shortening, sugar and lemon flavoring. Beat in the egg. Sift together the flour, baking powder and soda. Blend into creamed mixture. Fold in the banana, apples, vanilla flavoring. Put into greased loaf pan and bake for about one hour at 350 degrees.

CHILI-SPICE BEAN SALAD

1 1-lb. can red kidney beans
 1 1-lb. can pinto beans
 1 1-lb. can garbanzo beans
 1 4-oz. can green chilies, diced
 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn
 1/2 cup thinly sliced green onion
 1/4 cup chopped parsley
 1 cup sliced celery
 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
 1 clove garlic, pressed or minced (optional)
 1/8 tsp. liquid hot pepper seasoning (optional)
 1 tsp. chili powder
 1 tsp. crushed oregano leaves
 1/4 tsp. ground cumin
 Put beans, chilies and corn in large colander; rinse with cold water and drain well. In large salad bowl, combine beans, chilies, corn, onion, parsley and celery. In another bowl, combine remaining ingredients and pour over vegetables in bowl. Stir to coat. Cover and chill several hours or overnight. Stir occasionally.

—Betty Jane

BEEF-APPLE STEW

(A slow-cooking pot recipe)

2 1/2 lbs. lean beef, cut in 1-inch cubes
 2 Tbls. oil
 2 cloves garlic
 2 carrots, cut in 1-inch cubes
 2 onions, cut in wedges
 1 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups apple cider
 2 apples, peeled, cored and cut in 1-inch cubes
 1/4 cup flour
 1/4 cup cold water

Brown meat in the oil in skillet. (Save drippings.) Place meat in slow-cooking pot. Add the garlic, carrots, onions, salt and half of the apple cider. Mix the remaining apple cider with the drippings in skillet and add to the meat in cooker. Cover and cook for about five hours. Make a paste of the flour and cold water. Mix with a little bit of the juice from pot. Add the mixture to the pot along with the apples. Cook about 3 more hours.

—Robin Justiz

HAM & POTATO CASSEROLE

1/4 cup chopped onion
 1 can cream of chicken soup (or celery or mushroom soup)
 1 soup can milk
 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
 4 cups cubed cooked ham
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables, thawed and drained
 4 cups warm seasoned mashed potatoes
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 Combine onion, soup and milk. Heat and stir until well blended. Add mushrooms, ham and mixed vegetables. Place in greased 3-quart casserole. Combine the mashed potatoes, egg and cheese. Drop by spoonfuls over top. Bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

CALIFORNIA POPPY SEED CAKE

1 box (2-layer size) lemon pudding-cake mix
 4 eggs
 1/2 cup salad oil
 1 cup sour cream
 1/2 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
 2 Tbls. poppy seed
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine all the above ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat for five minutes. Pour into well-greased and floured bundt pan. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees. Remove from pan and let cool on rack. Dust with powdered sugar. —Verlene



Hallie Blackman and Verlene Looker, of the Kitchen-Klatter office staff, taste some of the excellent cookies which were brought last year to the KMA Cookie Tea. This annual affair draws hundreds of homemakers (and some husbands) to Shenandoah each fall. This year the Holiday Cookie Tea will be held at the Shenandoah Elks Club on October 7, 1980, at 1:00 P.M., with admission, as always, being one dozen cookies and their recipes.

PEACHES & CHEESE DESSERT

1 8-oz. tube refrigerator crescent rolls
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1 21-oz. can peach pie filling
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1/2 cup flour
 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar

Roll out rolls to fit a greased 9- by 13-inch pan, pushing dough up sides a bit. Combine cheese, granulated sugar and 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring. Spread on top of dough. Spoon pie filling over cheese layer. Mix the butter or margarine and 1/4 tsp. almond flavoring and combine with the flour and brown sugar. Sprinkle over top. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Refrigerate any leftovers.

Other fruit pie fillings and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings may be substituted.

—Juliana

SQUASH-PEANUT PIE

Pastry dough for a 9-inch pie shell
 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/2 cup, plus 2 Tbls. light brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 1/2 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
 2 eggs, lightly beaten
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 cup dairy sour cream
 1 cup cooked, mashed winter squash
 1 3/4 cups milk
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup chopped unsalted peanuts
 Whipping topping and ground nutmeg (for garnish)

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Prepare favorite pastry dough and line pie pan. Prick bottom and sides of pastry shell. Bake for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and cool.

In medium bowl, combine 4 Tbls. of the butter or margarine, 1/2 cup of the light brown sugar and the pumpkin pie spice. Cream well. Add eggs and flavorings and mix well. Blend in the sour cream. Gradually blend in the squash and milk. Stir in the salt. Pour into the pie shell and bake 15 minutes. Remove pie from oven and lower temperature to 325 degrees.

Meanwhile, melt remaining 2 Tbls. butter or margarine in small saucepan. Stir in remaining 2 Tbls. light brown sugar. Cook and stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and add peanuts. Stir, making sure peanuts are coated. Spoon peanuts over pie filling. Return pie to oven and bake about 40 minutes or until knife inserted comes out clean. Cool. Garnish with whipped topping and a sprinkling of nutmeg.

—Dorothy

DOUBLE-CRUSTED SALAMI PIZZA

1 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. pkg. hot roll mix
 1 1-lb. can whole tomatoes, drained and chopped
 1 tsp. oregano leaves
 1 clove garlic, minced or pressed
 1/2 lb. mushrooms, sliced
 1 1/2 cups (8 ozs.) chopped hard salami
 1 1/2 cups (6 ozs.) shredded mozzarella cheese
 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
 1 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. can sliced olives, drained
 Salad oil

Prepare roll mix according to package directions; cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled. In a large frying pan set over medium-high heat, cook the tomatoes, oregano, garlic and mushrooms. Stir frequently, continuing to cook until all liquid evaporates. Cool. Stir in salami, cheeses and olives.

Punch down dough and knead as directed on package; divide dough in half. On a floured board, roll each portion into a 14-inch round; place one in a greased 14-inch pizza pan.

Distribute filling over dough. Top with remaining round and crimp edges. Brush dough lightly with salad oil and make several small slashes in top. Bake in 375-degree oven for about 25 minutes.

MOCK CRAB CASSEROLE

1 lb. perch fillets
 1 Tbls. seasoned salt
 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
 1/2 tsp. black pepper
 4 Tbls. olive oil
 2 cloves garlic, diced fine
 1 cup diced celery
 1/2 cup diced green pepper
 2 shallots or green onions, diced
 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
 1/3 cup stuffed green olives, sliced
 1 cup cream or half-and-half

Skin perch fillets if needed. Cut into bite-size chunks. Toss with seasoned salt, monosodium glutamate and pepper. Refrigerate about two hours. Put olive oil and minced garlic into skillet. Sauté fish fillets until just barely tender. Remove fish to a buttered casserole. In the drippings remaining in the skillet, sauté the celery, green pepper, shallots or green onions. (Add a bit more olive oil if needed.) Spoon these sautéed vegetables over the fish in the casserole. Spoon mushrooms and olives over top of vegetables. Pour cream or half-and-half over all. Place, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven and bake for 45 minutes. Serve over hot, cooked rice.

This makes an elegant company dish out of a simple fish. —Evelyn

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Black walnut and **coconut**, in cookies I bake.
Vanilla is added to all sorts of cake.
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DOROTHY'S CARROT CAKE

1 pkg. (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
 1 pkg. (4-serving size) butter-pecan instant pudding mix
 4 eggs
 1/3 cup water
 1/4 cup oil
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 cups grated raw carrots
 1/2 cup golden raisins, plumped
 1/2 cup chopped pecans
 2 tsp. cinnamon
 1 tsp. salt

Combine all ingredients in large mixer bowl. Beat at medium speed for four minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 55 to 65 minutes. Cool in pan for 15 minutes before removing. (Could be baked in two 8-inch square pans or three smaller ones for a shorter baking time, if desired.) Delicious served warm with whipped cream or topping.

COUNTRY CHICKEN PIE

1 whole fryer
 3 carrots, peeled and sliced
 2 stalks celery, chopped
 1/2 of medium-size onion, chopped
 3/4 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
 1/2 cup flour
 1/4 cup butter
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 Pinch of nutmeg
 1 cup evaporated milk
 2 tubes crescent refrigerator rolls

Place 4 cups water in large pot. Put in chicken, cover and cook until tender. Remove chicken from broth and allow chicken to cool. Add carrots, celery, onion and mushrooms to liquid in which chicken was cooked. Cook for about 30 minutes.

Remove chicken meat from bones and cut into bite-size pieces. Using a little of the liquid in pot, make a paste with the flour and return to pot, along with the chicken, butter, lemon juice, salt, pepper, nutmeg and milk. Cook about 10 minutes.

Grease 2-quart casserole. Roll out one tube of the rolls in one large piece. Line the bottom and sides of casserole. Cover with the chicken mixture. Roll out other tube of rolls and place over top. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes, or until rolls are golden brown. —Juliana

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HAVE A HEART

by
Monica Brandies

The butcher who was cutting up our first home-grown beef asked, "What shall I do with the heart?"

"What are my choices?" I asked. It was one of several spare parts I had never used before. I didn't want to waste any of our precious beef, but the idea of eating heart wasn't appealing even to my adventurous appetite, and I feared what my family would say.

"It's really good pickled and sliced for sandwiches," he suggested.

"Oh no," I stammered, "we aren't much for pickled meat." (To tell the truth we've never had any.)

"Or I could grind it in with the hamburger," he suggested.

"Do that," I said, "if it won't make the hamburger taste funny." A fine, uncomplicated solution. But the butcher forgot about the heart until most of the hamburger was wrapped. "I didn't want to mix it in too strong," he explained, adding to my prejudice. "So one package contains and is labeled *half-a-heart*."

Nearly a year later, we found ourselves with no meat on the hoof, in the packages, in barn, or the freezer. The time for squeamishness was past. In one of my cookbooks, I found suggestions for chicken-fried heart, heart meat loaf, heart cutlets, heart in casserole, heart creamed, broiled, and stuffed. But it was the suggestion to cook it in soup that most appealed to my uninitiated taste. Some of the flavor would be lost—the "strong" I hoped—but would be gained by the soup. The next pot of soup bones got the half a heart, and I just simmered it all for a few hours until tender. The best part of this plan was that I could do it in the daytime while no one was about. I was sure my family wouldn't touch the dish if they knew it contained heart. But if they didn't know . . .

I transferred the tender heart to a plate and let it cool just a bit. Then I cut away the small amount of excess fat. Beef heart looks much like a chicken heart only larger; with judicious trimming it soon ceased to look like heart at all. Then I began to slice it, and wow, this was the first time in my life I ever came out with thin, even slices. Although heart is a muscle meat like steak, it has no tough fibers to resist cutting and slices like I wish all meat would.

I served the chunks of soup meat as "pot roast" and the next day announced there was some sliced "roast beef" in the refrigerator for lunch. It made great sandwiches with lettuce, mayonnaise, or horseradish, and tasted so good it disappeared in no time.

"Good roast beef, Mom," was the only comment.

Homemade noodles cooked in the



Kristin Brase and five-year-old Julian have had an exciting time preparing for this school year. Julian started kindergarten and Kristin returned to her teaching position when the fall term began. The Brase family lives in Chadron, Nebraska.

soup stock made another dinner. Because the heart works constantly in life, it contains a great deal of excellent proteins and the B vitamins so vital for energy production. Although some nutritionists group it with liver and other glandular meats, it is fifty times easier to put over on a doubting family than liver.

I found myself buying heart about once a month. It was a bargain, for there is hardly any waste. (You can't get lunch meat of any kind, let alone comparable quality, for twice the price.) Eventually a member of my family caught me with my heart showing.

"Is that heart?" he asked.

"Sure is. We've been eating it for months." It is easier to get used to a new idea with backup experience like that.

When Grandma came to visit she was so bold as to bake a whole heart. In the serving dish, it even looked a little like heart, if you knew, only under all that golden dressing no one studied it much.

"That heart was good, wasn't it?" Grandma said. Everyone was too pleasantly full to object.

I still have a number of recipes I haven't tried in case we ever get tired of "roast beef" sandwiches. It doesn't sit in our freezer anymore, and when someone speaks of liking heart, I believe them and agree. We may even, someday, get around to pickling one.

WATER FOR BUSY GARDENERS

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller

Too busy for house plants? Try water gardening where no watering schedule is necessary. Many varieties will root and grow in water. When using a glass vase or bottle, the root system which develops will add an interesting note.

The container can be one of many varieties from a food jar to a fancy pitcher or a vase.

Philodendrons, ivies, Chinese evergreen, Wandering Jew, dieffenbachia, croton and coleus are a few that will thrive in water alone. The water hyacinth will bloom in water. I have had sultanas and begonias bloom when I kept them over the winter in water. Sweet potatoes and carrots will grow showy foliage water bound. One of my favorite water bouquets is of Jacob's coat. If kept in a sunny window, the color becomes more vivid.

A plant can be transferred from soil to water by carefully and gently freeing the root system. While no watering system is needed, fresh water should replace the old occasionally. A lump of charcoal will keep the water sweet and fresh. Use rainwater or untreated water if possible.

This is an easy method of living with greenery with the least possible effort.

DISCOVER THE

3

KITCHEN-KLATTER DRESSINGS

Christopher Columbus isn't the only one who can make important discoveries. In all the world, you won't find any other salad dressings like **Kitchen-Klatter's**.

Discover ingenious methods for using the dressings such as this **EASY CHICKEN**: Place cut-up chicken in a shallow baking pan. Pour 1 cup of **Kitchen-Klatter FRENCH Salad Dressing** over chicken. Sprinkle 1 envelope onion soup mix over top. Bake in 350-degree oven for 1 hour or until done. Or make your own **CROUTONS**: Combine 2 cups French or Italian bread cubes with 1/4 to 1/2 cup **Kitchen-Klatter ITALIAN Salad Dressing**. Spread on cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. And try the following **BAKED FISH SPECIAL**: Cut an 8-inch square of aluminum foil. Put a fish fillet and several shrimp on the square. Top with a medium white sauce to which you've added 1/4 cup **Kitchen-Klatter COUNTRY STYLE Salad Dressing**. Fold foil into a packet and bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Make a packet for each person.

Look in your local grocery store for all three excellent **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**.

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CREDIT WITH GOD

(A Playlet)

by

Annette Lingelbach

Setting: (On stage are two women, Mary and Anna. Anna is sitting at a desk or table on which are some papers and pens. Mary is sitting in a chair on the opposite side of the table.)

Mary: Our women's group would like to borrow some money from you.

Anna: Your name and address, please?

Mary: My name is Mary Christian. I live at 1109 Always Trying Street, the city of Lovemore, the state of Christian Effort, U.S.A.

Anna: You live on a good street. Now, give me the name of your church group.

Mary: (Answers with the name of the organization)

Anna: How much money do you want

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

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UNTIL MOM SEES THOSE MUD SPOTS

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to borrow and what use do you have for it?

Mary: We'd like to have \$30,000. Our church needs a nice meeting room with a kitchen for all our members and a recreation center for the young people. We have some unused space in our church and we want to remodel it to serve the community and the many people who live nearby. (Can substitute your own projects or one which is a special need and concern for your group.)

Anna: You have a worthy cause, one which serves all ages and many people, not just those within your own membership.

Mary: We feel our church should serve people of all ages. Our membership tries to reach out to others in many ways. Will you lend us the money?

Anna: This is the World Bank of God, and we do need to know what collateral you can give us before we can loan you anything.

Mary: Oh my, what kind of collateral do you want?

Anna: I need to find out if all of your members know the Ten Commandments, believe in them and try to live up to their high goals. I need to know if your members are familiar with the Golden Rule and try to apply it to their lives each day. Part of the collateral is in the service and time each member gives to the tasks of the church, attending each Sunday for study and worship, mid-week sessions and work meetings. Giving of their prayers, their presence, their talents and their money can add up to considerable collateral in our bank.

Mary: We have many members who do just as you are suggesting. Some of our projects this past year have included: (list ways in which your organization has raised money, helped others, served shut-ins and the elderly, world service projects, etc.) We study a great deal, also, to try and become better servants and stewards for our God.

Anna: It seems to me that your group is deserving of \$30,000 worth of love, faith and effort. Sign here and I will draw the amount from the World Bank of God. (Pushes a pen and piece of paper across the table to Mary, who signs it and hands both back to Anna. Anna reaches into a box at her feet or on a small table or chair beside her and brings out three pieces of cardboard. On one cardboard is written in large letters the words: LOVE—\$10,000; on another—FAITH—\$10,000; on the last one—EFFORT—\$10,000. She hands them one at a time to Mary who reads each aloud as she takes it.)

Anna: Remember, Mary, that if you and your organization stop meeting the requirements for this loan, the \$30,000 will immediately revert back to the bank. The important ingredients for a growing, helpful group are love, faith, effort, and if

each member does her best you'll succeed beyond your greatest dreams.

Mary: Thank you, oh thank you. We won't fail. We will achieve our goals and complete our projects (name major project here if you wish), you'll see.

Anna: God will be with you in your efforts. Come back if you need our help again, we make the loans which really count.

IN PRAISE OF THE SEASONS

(A Responsive Reading)

1st Leader: O, Lord, I thank You for the Autumn and the Winter, for the Spring and the Summer. Each season is so different and filled with pleasant experiences and ways to learn and grow.

Chorus: O, Lord, we thank You for the different seasons of the year.

2nd Leader: In autumn I see the glory of the colorful trees, smell the rich odor of the bonfires and hear the rustling of leaves under my feet. I enjoy the pleasure of winter with fresh, white snow, a warm house and time for friends.

Chorus: We thank you, Lord, for the wonders of autumn and winter.

2nd Leader: I see the flowers as they bloom in the spring and hear the singing of the birds. In the summer I enjoy sports, picnics, watching the gardens grow and having time with my family.

Chorus: We thank you, Lord, for the happy times of spring and summer.

3rd Leader: I know that I need to change and should try to grow better each day as the seasons pass into years. So make me, Lord, energetic as the autumn, warm as a winter fireplace, bright as the blooming flowers of spring and laughing with the joys of summer. Let me help others to be happy, too, and enjoy each season as it comes and goes.

Chorus: Help us, each in our own way, to make others happy, too.

1st Leader: I am thankful, Lord, for all your gifts. For joy and love and beauty, for the wonder of each season of the year and my growing appreciation of its variety. Help me to be flexible, understanding, sharing and alert to the possibilities of service. And thank you, again, for the wonderful and everlasting gifts which come with each Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer.

Chorus: We thank you again and again for the wonderful and everlasting gifts which come with the seasons of the year.

—Annette Lingelbach



A FRIEND IS . . .

A push when you've stopped,
A guide when you're searching,
A word when you are lonely,
A smile when you're sad,
A song when you're glad. —Unknown



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Fall is here as our leaves tell us. Most of our color is yellow and brown, but here and there the red flashes through. Uncle Jes writes, "These we know are busy days on the farm, with corn husking and getting ready for winter, but fall is really my favorite season of the year. Guess that is because of my farm childhood—in the fall you see the results of the year's labor." There are many areas where hail and sparse rainfall will hinder production, and we think about people living there. A farmer and his wife have to be optimistic people, with the thought next year will be better.

Did you have a chance this summer to visit the different areas Laura Ingalls Wilder mentioned in her *Little House* books? Perhaps at Mansfield, Missouri, you met Irene Lichty LeCount, devoted curator at the Wilder Museum. She has assembled a booklet called *Laura Ingalls Wilder Family, Home and Friends* (Potpourri). This is in answer to the request for information about the years the Wilders lived in the Ozarks. Laura was 27 years old when they came to Wright County, Rose was 7 and Almanzo about 10 years older than Laura. All but 27 of Laura's 90 years were lived in the Ozarks and almost all of them on Rocky Ridge Farm.

As the Farm Home Editor of *Missouri Ruralist*, Mrs. Wilder had written many articles, and several are reprinted in this booklet. In one she asks, "What is your personal code of honor? Just what do you consider dishonorable or disgraceful in personal conduct?" Another is on chasing thistledown and gossiping. Both scatter quickly and are hard to catch! The present editor of the *Missouri Ruralist*, Fayette, Mo., is planning to reprint Laura's articles that were in the publication from 1916 to 1924.

In a talk to the members of the Mountain Grove Sorosis Club, the author of the *Little House* books discussed her work. She said, "There is a fascination in writing. The use of words is of itself an interesting study. You will hardly believe the difference the use of one word rather than another will make until you begin to hunt for a word with just the right shade of meaning, just the right color for the picture you are painting with words. Had you thought that words have color?"

(*Laura Ingalls Wilder Family, Home and Friends* is available from the Rocky Ridge Shop at the LIW Museum, Mansfield, Mo. 65704, \$2.50, plus \$1.00 for postage and insurance.)

James Warnock, of Port Republic, Md., is vice-president and a director of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum. He is also chairman of the Acquisitions Committee. Alene Warnock, his wife, has written a booklet called *Laura Ingalls Wilder The Westville Florida Years*. She found a consistent



Whenever Dorothy Johnson comes to Shenandoah, she tries to spend some time with Ruby Treese. This dear friend spent many years as the companion of Leanna and M.H. Driftmier and made it possible for them to stay in their own home as long as they lived.

gap in the period 1890-1892 when it was said Laura, Almanzo and little daughter, Rose, went to the piney woods of Westville, Fla., for their health.

In *The First Four Years*, Laura tells of Peter Ingalls living with her, Almanzo and Rose for about two years on their claim just outside DeSmet, Dakota Territory. Peter was her cousin who went to Westville, Fla., married and raised his family there. Laura and Almanzo spent about a year there working with Peter. Mrs. Warnock writes of their finding "Miss Emma" (Ingalls) Higgins, daughter of Peter Ingalls, and their visit with her. Readers will enjoy the Warnocks' delving into land records, as well as fascinating pictures and interviews with Westville people. In conclusion, Alene Warnock writes that the climate did not bring about the improvement in health which the Wilders sought. An interesting booklet, the sale of which income goes to the House and Museum. (Rocky Ridge Shop, same address as above, \$1.50 plus 75¢ postage and insurance for *Laura Ingalls Wilder The Westville Florida Years* by Alene Warnock.)

It was in the fall of 1876 that Charles Ingalls and his family moved to Burr Oak, Iowa, to manage a hotel. Laura was nine years old when they arrived at the village. She, Mary, and Ma waited tables, cooked and cleaned in the hotel. The officers and directors of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Park and Museum at Burr Oak are again offering their "Little Hotel" Cookbook, compiled and submitted by friends of the LIW Museum. Especially valuable are the old-time favorites. Delicious-sounding recipes in all the sections make me want to head for the kitchen and try many. (Cookbook available from Laura Ingalls Wilder Park and Museum,

Box 43, Burr Oak, Iowa 52131, \$4.00, plus 75¢ for postage.)

The Women Who Made The West (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., \$10.95) is a tribute to some unsung American heroines—women whose strength and courage helped carve out the American West. Adventurous ladies such as Sacajawea and Calamity Jane have been dealt with in numerous books, but this book covers eighteen carefully selected women, little known outside their own localities, whose achievements either helped liberate women from their traditional place in the social scheme or elevated their status in general. You'll read about women miners, stagecoach drivers, hotel owners, practical nurses and doctors, missionaries and crusaders for women's rights.

Although I had heard of the exiting adventure of Kate Shelley, it was fascinating to read again about the "Heroine of Honey Creek" by Ruth Van Ackern and her daughter Lyle Bruere, who both serve on the Western Writers of America book-rating panel. It was a rain-lashed evening in 1881 when the storm swept along the Chicago-North Western railroad tracks and over Honey Creek, between Boone and Moingona, Iowa. Michael Shelley, section laborer, and his family, including daughter Kate, knew the signals of numbered engine whistles, and members of the track and train crews. When a helper engine on a safety check crashed through the creek bridge, Kate Shelley crawled across a long narrow railroad bridge, ran to the depot where she gasped out her warning to stop the Chicago express and to rescue the men in trees overhanging the creek. Kate Shelley became a heroine, and, among other honors, a new iron bridge spanning the river was named for her. The Western Writers of America have chosen well to have the story of brave Kate Shelley included in *The Women Who Made The West*.

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AFOOT IN THE "BOB"

by
Bob Birkby

It would take us several days to get used to the ringing of the small bells hanging from our backpacks, but the noise would be better than being eaten by grizzlies. "Those bears would rather avoid people," my brother, Jeff, told me at his apartment in Helena, Montana, as we sorted provisions for an 8-day hike, "but they're dangerous if they are startled. The bells will warn them we are coming."

That was fine with me, as long as the grizzlies understood too, and didn't think the ringing was of a dinner bell calling them to lunch. We were only trying to be polite, as one must in someone's home, especially when the host is 7 feet tall and weighs 600 pounds.

The Bob Marshall Wilderness, home of the grizzly bear, is a vast expanse of mountains and valleys, river and lakes in northwestern Montana. Named in honor of the forester who early this century was instrumental in protecting much of the nation's pristine country, the wilderness is today as rugged and magnificent as when its trails were marked with the prints of moccasins rather than hiking boots. Eagles soar above the forests. Mountain goats defy gravity on the thousand-foot cliffs of the Continental Divide, and flowers, as fragile as they are brilliant, carpet alpine meadows.

We drove out of the city, and in a few hours the concrete of the highway turned to gravel, and that to dirt trail. We left the car and set out with heavy packs to be swallowed up by that timeless land that is the American wilderness, for there are no roads leading into the Bob Marshall, just as there have never been. One travels by horseback, by river raft, on foot, or not at all.

Ten wooded miles passed under our feet, then 15, and the accumulated weariness of months working at desks began to evaporate. Twenty miles fell away, 25, 30. We sat on the Continental Divide and Jeff taught me the names of plants. We watched the distances, and listened in the cool nights to the scufflings of deer outside the tent.

Storm clouds swept across the peaks and broke over our heads, but we hiked anyway, 35 miles, 40. Fog swirled all around as we leaned against the winds in the high passes, and we hiked now on trail, now cross-country with only a map and compass for guidance, 50 miles, 55, walking from first light until nearly dark.

The skies cleared the morning we neared the Flathead River, 30 yards of swift, chilly water lacking the distinct advantage of a bridge where we needed to cross it. We lashed our equipment higher up on our backs, found stout poles to brace ourselves against the current, and waded into the stream—ankle deep, knee deep, up to our thighs and still rising—the cold sapping the strength from our legs and turning our feet numb. We retreated back to the shore, warmed ourselves and tried again, but again the river was too strong, turning us back as we feared the rush of the stream would topple us over.

And yet the river had to be crossed. We splashed into it once more, fighting the cold and the current, searching the river bottom for secure footing, the water lapping at the bottoms of our packs, and then it was behind us.

We lay on the shore exhausted and looked back at the river, though we were thinking no longer about the stream, but about what was in it, for the Montana mountains are trout country, trout and huckleberries. That's one reason the grizzlies like it. That's the reason we had brought fishing rods and why we spent a



Jeff Birkby poses with a Forest Service telephone during a recent 80-mile hike in Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness. Such phones are located deep in the forest for the purpose of reporting forest fires. (Bob stated that they were not useable at all for the purpose the two hungry backpackers would have enjoyed most—ordering a carry-in pizza.)

day flogging the water with flies and lures.

But trout are clever, and though we caught a few small ones for a supper-time taste and filled ourselves with ripe berries, it wasn't quite the fish feast we had anticipated.

No matter. The mountains around us and the forests stole off with any disappointments. We washed ourselves carefully to remove any fish smells that might make the grizzlies mistake us for foot-bound trout and hiked on—60 miles, 65—stopping at dusk along a quiet stretch of the river to make camp and have a supper of noodles and canned tuna. I watched from the river bank as the sun dropped flaming behind the western peaks, and then just to say I had at least tried, I cast a trout fly onto the quiet surface of a pool in the river.

Wham! A trout flashed silver, hit the lure in midair, and nearly jerked me into the water. I wrestled it onto the bank, my biggest catch in a decade of chasing trout, and cast again.

Wham! A second trout nearly wrenched my arms from their sockets, spitting itself loose as it came ashore, and I dove on it to pin it to the ground for the full count.

Jeff, who had been dancing about whooping his lungs out, took the rod and made a cast. Wham! A trout nearly twice the size of my biggest took the lure; it seemed big enough to devour the line, the rod, and Jeff's forearm. Jeff flung the beast onto the bank and leaped upon its back to hold it down. The huge trout flapped around for some minutes, strong enough, it seemed, to knock over many trees and boulders. Jeff hung on like a bronc rider to the very end.

We built up the fire, and under a flawless night of Montana stars, cooked thick fillets of trout over a smoky fire, ate until we could eat no more, then lay back and burped loud, wilderness burps. Life cannot get much finer.

But time, like the provisions in our packs, was running out. We hiked the last 20 miles back over the Continental Divide, down through meadows so lush with blue flowers one could mistake them for small lakes, and finally down to the gravel roads leading to the highways, the highways into the city.

It was over, the latest adventure, and we no longer had to carry a week's food with us or worry that the closest help was days away. We could take hot showers and sleep in soft beds, and the demands of the desk once more became our main concerns.

Yet, an adventure is never really over. The bear bells hang silently on the wall, but the wilderness is still there, ready whenever we have a chance to return. The fellowship of a week shared by brothers remains. And the memories of the sights and sounds, of the smell of wood smoke and the taste of midnight trout, never fade.

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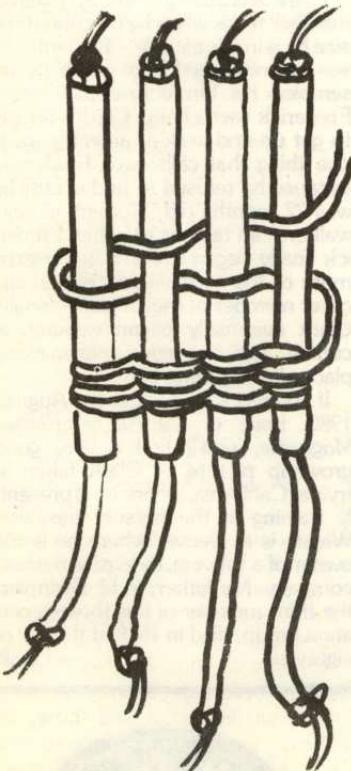
by
Brenda Carl Rahn

"Straw" weaving is a simple and safe activity to keep hands of all ages busy. The only tools needed are some plastic drinking straws and four-ply yarn.

To do "straw" weaving, simply thread a length of yarn through a straw, knotting the ends at the top and bottom. The straw may be left whole or cut as short as four inches. The number of straws used will determine the width of the completed article. While my diagram shows four straws, more may be used but it is a good idea to try and use an easy number to work with—too many could become cumbersome to handle. As to length—the yarn which has been threaded through each straw should be several inches longer than the finished piece will be.

Once you have decided how long to make your piece and how many straws to use, the weaving is the easy part. Start by wrapping the yarn a few times around an end straw to secure it. This end will be "woven" up into the piece later on with a needlepoint or darning needle. Proceed with an over-under sequence, enclosing the straws with the yarn. The plastic straws give a firm base for the yarn, so the work is even—you should have no problem of pulling some rows too tight or others too loose.

Continue in the over-under manner.



This shows the four drinking straws threaded with yarn. Wrapping the yarn around the straws creates the weaving.

As the straws fill up with the yarn, simply push the weaving down onto the hanging yarn. Do not push the weaving all the way off the straws, as you still need a firm base to keep your weaving even.

Yarn can be used directly from a skein to do the wrapping, so you will probably not need to join threads for most projects. If you do need to add yarn, simply overlap (do not knot) the ends by several inches and work the two ends as one piece. As an alternative, leave several inches dangling and "sneak" them in next to the lengthwise yarn with a needle. With this method, you can weave in horizontal stripes if you wish. For vertical stripes, work two colors at the same time, alternating rows.

To end your piece, simply push the weaving all the way off the straws and knot both ends close to the weaving. Trim as desired. Take the loose ends that are left dangling and, with a darning needle, "sneak" them in alongside the lengthwise yarns. In this way, they will be covered and held firmly by the crosswise yarn.

If a thick fringe is desired for the edge, use more than one piece of yarn in each straw as you thread them through. If you don't want any fringe, use a needle and "sneak" the yarn ends at one edge in with the lengthwise yarn next to the one you have threaded, continue for all the rest. At the end, crossover the yarn next to the last one, but don't worry, it won't be noticeable.

Some of the many items that can be made with this type of weaving are:

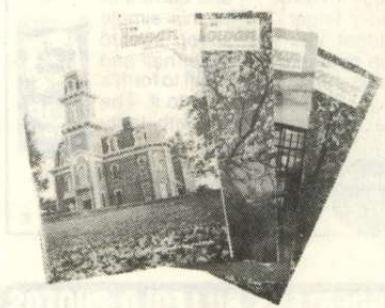
1. Belts—made with one long, narrow strip.
2. Place mats or coasters—make several long strips and "weave" the strips together. A few whipstitches at the edges of the mats will hold the different strips together and prevent the mats from coming apart. Coasters can be made the same way with short strips or one wider one.

3. Guitar straps, napkin rings, even pillow tops—made by using various widths and lengths of the strips.

Imagination is the only limit in what can be done with "straw" weaving.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

October never seems long enough to tie up all the gardening tasks that need to be done before winter sets in: tools cleaned and stored, roses and other tender ornamentals mounded with soil and prepared for the cold weather ahead, dead foliage cleaned off perennials and mulch provided where needed. Now is the time to plant spring-blooming bulbs such as tulips, daffodils, hyacinths and lesser bulbs.

A reader wants to know what happened to her tulip bulbs. "Last spring the leaves on my tulips developed spots and eventually the whole leaf turned yellow. The buds on many failed to open. What was wrong? If I fertilize the bed this fall, will they recover and give a show of bloom next spring?"

Probably not. Your tulips are infected with *botrytis* blight. Dig the bulbs and replant in a new location where tulips have not been planted before. Sort carefully and discard any with lesions or that are unhealthy in appearance. Next spring, use a sprinkling can and soak the bed with a solution of zineb or ferbam; pick off all spotted leaves as they appear.

Another reader wants to know why her fall-planted bulbs disappear by spring. "I dug up the soil where the bulbs were planted and found no trace of them. We have a lot of gophers around the yard but surely they wouldn't eat tulip bulbs and certainly not those near the house. Have you any idea of what could have happened to them?"

Probably gophers or mice. Both are destructive to bulb plantings. You can try planting the bulbs in mesh baskets made from hardware cloth (buy it in hardware stores) or you might try one of the commercial rodent repellents available. Moles are carnivorous and do not eat bulbs but mice can follow the runs moles make in the ground, and find the bulbs and devour them.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

us, and we have had such visits quite often during the past summer. It also makes us so happy to learn how well things are going in the church where we gave 25 years of our lives. The minister who was my associate at South Congregational Church for 11 years has now succeeded me as the senior minister of the church, and in that position he is doing well. God will surely bless his ministry in every way. Knowing that is a great spiritual comfort for me.

Sincerely,
Frederick

No matter how far or distant, you can reach your goal if you strive for it one step at a time.



*From Our
Family Album*

As far as we've been able to discover, this particular photograph of three generations has never been in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. A similar grouping, but a different pose, was used on the cover of the June, 1955, issue. It was entitled, "Three Generations of Driftmiers". That title will do very nicely for this picture, too. It shows my father, M. H. Driftmier, with his next-to-youngest son, Stephen Wayne Driftmier, and Wayne's youngest child and only son, Clark Field Driftmier.

Clark was a delightful baby. I well remember times when he was about the size he is in this picture—12 months or so—we remarked how much he resembled his Uncle Frederick when Frederick was a baby. Clark's refusal to get up and walk at an early age is one thing that calls back Frederick, because he refused to budge until he was 22 months old. Mothers of slow walkers can take heart; when Frederick finally began walking, he covered more of the earth's surface than any other member of the Driftmier family. Clark eventually began walking, of course, and has gone many, many places in his young life.

If you will look back in the August, 1980, issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, you'll find a very good grownup picture of Clark taken in Irvine, California, where he is presently training in the nursery business. Wayne is in Denver where he is the owner of a thriving, extensive nursery company. My father, M.H. Driftmier, the third member of this three-generation group, died in 1968 at the age of eighty-six.

—Lucile



HINTS FROM THE MAIL

To prepare fried apples: Core as many apples as you desire and slice into rings. Melt a small amount of butter or margarine in skillet and add apple rings. Sprinkle brown sugar over apples. Cook slowly. Turn rings over and sprinkle with additional brown sugar. Continue cooking slowly until tender.

—A Kitchen-Klatter Friend

When I drink hot chocolate, I always make up a cup with instant powdered chocolate mix and then add about 3/4 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring, and this really "does it up brown". My favorite plain milkshake is one made with burnt sugar flavoring. With milk, a little vanilla ice cream and the burnt sugar flavoring all whipped up in the blender, I have a real good-tasting drink.

—A Reader

To store onions or bulbs which need to be brought inside for the winter, use old panty hose and hang to keep dry.

—Mrs. O.W., Gentry, Mo.

To make cabbage easier to digest, cook with the cover off for about 7 to 10 minutes. That is enough to make it tender and still save the vitamins. A small bowl with vinegar in it placed near the cooking cabbage helps absorb the odor.

—M.B., Golden, Colo.

Now that cooler weather is here, I'll pass along a quick breakfast hint. We take shredded wheat biscuits and lightly butter them and toast them in the oven. Watch carefully; they burn easily. Heat milk and pour over the hot biscuits. Makes a nice change from cooked cereals, and yet is hot.

—J.H., Topeka, Ks.

To keep the toe area of hose from wearing out, rub a coat of paraffin over the section which gets the most wear. Just a thin coat really works. No more toes poking through.

—A California reader

Rub chalk on soiled shirt collars to absorb dirt and oil before putting in the washer. Helps the detergent do a better job.

—Iowa listener

If you have overwatered your terrarium plants, roll up paper toweling into a tight roll and place so that one end is just touching the dirt. The paper will absorb the extra moisture. Repeat if necessary. This can be used on any container which does not have holes and can be easily overwatered.

—Kansas reader

I Want To Share My Secret With Women Who Want To Look Younger Again!



Not too long ago I was shocked to see the start of a problem around my eyes, throat and mouth—an indication of advancing years. If I let it continue I knew that my complexion

would be a dead giveaway to my "real" age.

I had always pampered my skin—special creams, lotions, even so called "Wrinkle Cremes"—yet the evidence was there in my mirror—nothing helped.

Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't managed a mink farm where we lived. One day I was serving coffee to three of the men who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband for years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were! I thought about that all day. In my opinion, it had to be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands, so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, it must be the answer to the warning facial signs that alarm every woman!

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first, he laughed at me, but then agreed. He consulted a chemist, and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base, it was a costly process, but what it produced was priceless to me.

What A Pleasant Surprise!

After I used the mink oil, my complexion looked fresher, smoother. There was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and younger looking. I could hardly believe my mirror. My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance. Mink Oil gave me a more youthful look by smoothing, softening and moisturizing my skin.

So I decided to let other women share my secret. You see, my Mink Oil Essential Creme contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only pure mink oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of

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And mind you, there's nothing complicated about the application. (Who has time for elaborate beauty rituals?) Just apply Mink Oil Essential Creme at bedtime and leave it on while you sleep. That's when it works its wonders, helping to penetrate below the surface of your skin, replenishing natural oils, restoring moisture balance, leaving a beautifully lovely skin you probably never dreamed possible.

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Emily Oliver

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I LOVE OLD FURNITURE

by
Margaret Stout

It has been my lot in life to live with, and to learn to love, old furniture. I have learned to be very successful at doing so.

Starting a home in Depression years entailed the use of old pieces of furniture acquired through household sales or castoff pieces from the homes of well-intentioned friends and relatives. We gathered up those pieces needed, those pieces liked and oftentimes some pieces really needed, but not really liked. Because of necessity, we used them.

We washed, scraped, sanded and cleaned. We used sal soda preparations and mixtures of lye and very little store-bought paint and varnish remover. We broke our fingernails, roughened our hands and had tearful eyes before we ended up with an old chest or chair or table with clean wood.

Knobs had to be replaced, joints

re-glued, metal handles boiled in vinegar water to brighten and clean. We used sealers, wax and varnish with work and hope that all would turn out well.

Somewhere during the process, we came to love the old dish cupboard that belonged to Great-Grandmother. We treasure the little scrap of paper still glued to its backside which tells how Great-Grandfather bought it brand-new many years ago as an anniversary gift for Great-Grandmother. We learned how it had come by train to a nearby town and been loaded into a horse-drawn wagon and hauled many miles to a country home where a silver-haired woman was delighted to receive the dish cupboard she had desired, but willingly done without for most of her lifetime.

At a country sale we bought, for a half dollar, an old topless dining room buffet, and found, to our joy, that the top to an even older family buffet would set on top and matched perfectly. More sanding, scraping and waxing eventually completed what is now considered a treasure admired by family and friends.

Time has gone by. New pieces of furniture, including lovely matched sets, have been purchased for our use. TV sets, stereo equipment, and many useful appliances we felt we needed are now ours.

This past winter, with the addition of a wood-burning heating stove, I was confronted with the fearful thought of the possibility our house might catch on fire. I had to consider what was the most valuable, the most needful, the most dear, if our home was in the process of burning and possessions had to be removed from the house.

I thought of irreplaceable photographs, a few important papers and our wearing apparel, things we would truly need.

When my mind shifted to home furnishings, my heart took control over practicality and I suddenly knew my first concern would be for those dear old pieces we had labored to restore. The modern furniture, the appliances and all the shiny new things, these we could purchase again. It would be costly, but possible. Great-Grandmother's china cupboard, the lovely old dishes, the old buffet with its ancient top, an old rocker, a walnut table, these were our furniture treasures. They cannot be replaced. They are not valuable antiques, but they signify to me a good life in the home that endured in the past, endures in the present and I trust will continue to endure in the future.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

painting job to be done is the exterior trim. We had the house restuccoed this summer. The house looks nice but the trim looks terrible. It is a good example of one job creating another.

This morning I am going to do a job that is a pleasure to me . . . planting spring bulbs. Gardening is my favorite "work" of all. I'm trying several new tulips and minor bulbs this year. Now I can hardly wait for spring. Until then, have a pleasant fall and winter . . .

Sincerely,
Juliana

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

porch one evening recently, when a big motor home pulled into the drive and it was our good friends, George and Colleen Beukema from Kanawha, Iowa. They had driven down to see the Living History Farms near Des Moines, then on to Lucas County to camp in the Stephens State Forest area so they could come over and spend the evening with us. We see George every year during deer season, and usually he and Colleen come at least once during the summer.

Another person who gets a lot of good out of a motor home is the young man who farms our ground, Dean Krutsinger, Jr. Dean and his wife have four children and during the summer there are so many nice places near here to put their home—Lake Rathbun, Lake Red Rock, Red Haw State Park and Stephens State Forest. This year they parked in the campgrounds at the Iowa State Fair and Dean says they had a nice vacation and he could still come home to do chores. Needless to say, the children loved it.

We have seen a lot of wild turkeys this summer. There are seven big gobblers with long beards that stay together and come out of the timber to catch grasshoppers and pick up corn. They come in pretty close to the buildings now and seem to be getting real tame. I'll bet this winter when there is snow on the ground we'll see them often in the barn lot.

The wood ducks are much more plentiful this year than they have been in years past. They, too, come out of the timber and into the yard. When we sit on the front porch in the evenings, we will see several take off and fly over to the pond or the bayou. Something else we see just about every evening are the big blue herons. A lot of these seem to be nesting near the bayou. Once in awhile, a deer or two will meander down the road. I love it here.

I must bring this to a close, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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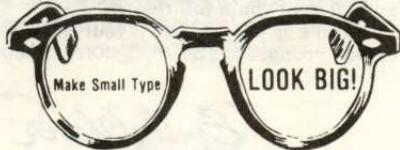
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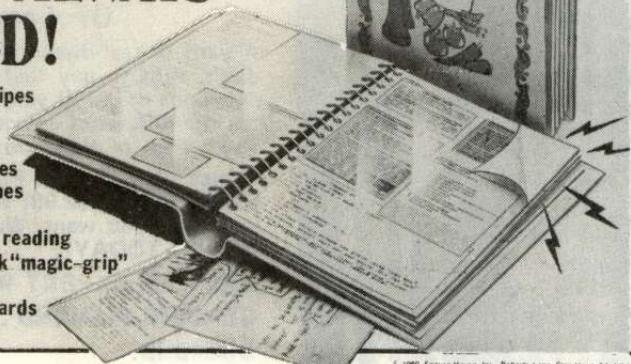
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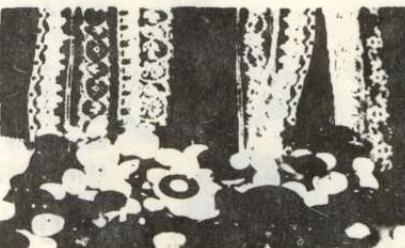
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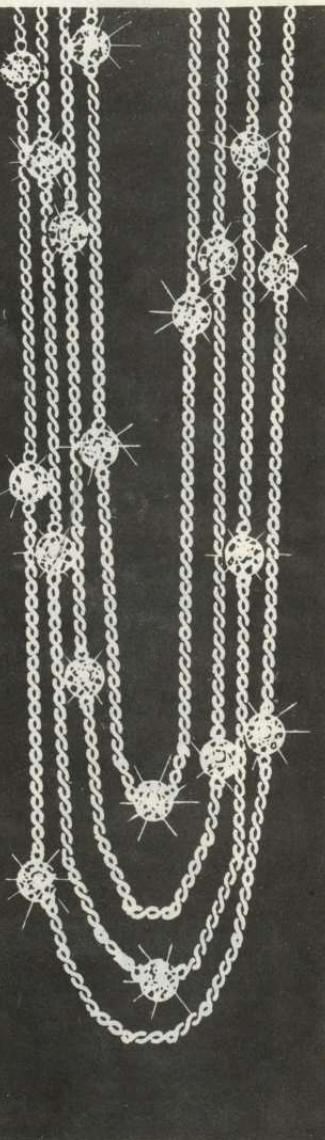
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