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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Only a few issues of this magazine have gone out for several years minus a letter from me (Juliana used the space in October), but it seems to me that a couple of decades have flashed by since I last wrote to you. I think that most of us share this feeling if we spend some time away from home base and a pretty much unbroken routine. Once back, it's hard to realize that we were really gone!

Betty Jane and I left Shenandoah around noon on a stifling August day, the same day that Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine pulled away from here for their home in New Mexico. I knew that scheduling both departures for the same approximate time would lead to considerable ripping around and mass confusion, but I wanted it that way—no chance for me to feel lonely and melancholy if I was also on the road. So the Lowey family headed west and Betty Jane and I headed east.

We crossed Iowa on old Highway 2. I hadn't been over it for so many years that it seemed like new territory. Fort Madison was our destination for the night and it's a good thing we got off the road when we did because motel rooms were at a premium. Betty Jane knew that Fort Madison was my birthplace and she hoped that I could find the street and house, but I told her that after seeing it only once more than 50 years ago, I couldn't possibly locate the place; the entire city was an unknown quantity to me.

The following day we decided simply to head north and east, just amble along and drive through all of the small towns that are missed when riding on an interstate highway. After a stretch in Illinois, we went back over to Iowa, and with this pattern of switching back and forth, we managed to see an astounding number of interesting places. Given more time, we would have spent several hours in Dubuque, Davenport and the other sizable towns on the Mississippi River, but all we could do at that moment was promise ourselves that we'd get back there again with enough time to do them justice.

Perhaps I should explain that if it seems curious that I know so little about all of eastern Iowa, it is because we have headed to the Southwest 99 out of 100 times if there was any traveling to be done. This pattern has been true for many, many years. But all of eastern Iowa interests me very much and I want to go back and see more of it in detail.

The second night we spent at Lancaster, Wisconsin (on Highway 61). I want to mention a particular motel, something that I don't believe I've ever done before. For people who live in a wheelchair (and I'm one of them), it is of urgent importance to stop in a motel where you can manage—no steps, wide doorways, safety bars in the bathroom, etc. The most elegant place in the world is meaningless for the handicapped if it doesn't provide the things I've specified.

Well, Lancaster is a small town but there at the *Best Western* I found the single most satisfactory motel for my needs that I've ever encountered in my travels. When we left the next morning, I expressed my appreciation to the woman in charge, and she said that they always assigned that room at the very last second in case someone turned up in a wheelchair and needed it badly. You just don't expect such accommodations and consideration in these times.

When we left Lancaster the next morning, we were headed for a beautiful place on the St. Croix River where we spent some time last summer, but we allowed time for one real stop and that was at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, where the Villa Louis is located. This is a great mansion set on magnificent grounds that represent highly successful fur trading back in the early days. The entire place is open to the public and it is well worth a trip to see.

Leaving Prairie du Chien, we drove on. Early dusk found us turning into the drive that would take us to the house on the bluff where we had had such a happy time last summer. Once again the owners were in Montana, but the key had been mailed to us, the ramp for my wheelchair had been put in place, and we settled in for a wonderfully relaxed time. Everything about that home conspires to make me feel as if I'm in another time zone because it simply doesn't seem like any place in the Midwest with which I'm familiar.

From this point on we were with Betty Jane's family a good share of the time; they drove up to our vacation place (45 miles from St. Paul) or we drove down to their home. This pattern continued until one day when we got all of our stuff together and "moved" down to Betty Jane's mother's home in St. Paul. After a few days there (State Fair time and scalding weather greeted us!), we drove up to Lake Ottetail and settled in at the cottage where we spent such a relaxed



This is a recent picture of Betty Jane Tilsen's only two grandchildren and their mother. Looking more like a third sister than the mother, Betty Jane's daughter, Heather Tilsen Baum, is to the right as you look at the photograph. At the left is Jennifer Baum, a fourteen-year-old high school freshman. Standing in front is Jessica Baum, ten years old and a student in the fifth grade. The Baum family lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

spell last summer.

This year it seemed very different because Labor Day had come and gone and the entire lake area was placid and peaceful. There is a tremendous difference between the resort season and the rest of the year—as much difference as day and night. I'm glad I've had a chance to be there with the "summer people" and without the "summer people" or I'd never understand how the same area could feel so utterly different.

We had been at Lake Ottetail for about a week when Betty Jane began to feel very poorly (to use a good, old-fashioned word). It was the wrong place to be if you didn't know a doctor or what kind of a hospital was available, so we left in haste and covered the 175 miles back to St. Paul without any delay whatsoever. Our one big break was getting through miles of the city before the heavy four o'clock traffic began.

The upshot of all this was that Betty Jane had fine medical care without any delay. After several days of every test known to man, it was determined that she had a bleeding stomach ulcer. While this was not exactly a *happy* diagnosis, everything considered, it was much better than we thought we might hear. However, Betty Jane was very weak and in no way able to start the drive back to Shenandoah. In this emergency, I called sister Dorothy and she flew up to the Twin Cities Airport (an enormous air terminal) to drive me home. I haven't seen her letter for this issue so I don't know if Dorothy mentioned this unexpected trip or not, so I'll just say that we had a safe trip to the Johnson farm

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We are experiencing gorgeous autumn weather as I write—real Indian summer. Our first frost on the lowlands was on September 26, with a couple of hard frosts since, so the timber is definitely showing color.

The last of our hay has been baled and hauled in. The corn has been picked and the cribs are full. Frank and our renter didn't think the crops were quite as good as last year, but they were happy and said if they could count on the corn always being this good they would never have any complaints. The beans should be ready to combine by next week. This is the first year in memory that our corn has been picked before the beans were combined. We used to think we were doing great if the corn was all picked by Thanksgiving. Now if it isn't cribbed before the first of November, it seems terrible. We broke our own record this year by having the corn picking all done the first week of October.

I have been so busy since I last wrote to you, I have almost met myself coming and going. When Lucile is away from home, I always try to get to Shenandoah to help with the Kitchen-Klatter radio programs more often so I made one extra trip there. This meant less time to get things done at home that needed doing. I have had new wallpaper for the bathroom for a long time. Wallpapering is a job I have never learned to do, so sister Bernie and friend Louise Querrey said they would do it. An afternoon finally arrived when they were both free. That very morning Lucile called and asked if I could fly to St. Paul, Minnesota, to drive her home. When Bernie and Louise arrived to paper, imagine their surprise to hear I was leaving the next morning for St. Paul. Bernie pasted while Louise put the paper on the wall, and they did a beautiful job.

My good friend, Dorothea Polser, picked me up the next morning, and along with another friend, Angie Conrad, and her sister-in-law from Florida, we went to Des Moines early enough to eat lunch as Angie's guests. (This had already been planned before the call came from Lucile.) Angie's grandson from Texas arrived by plane just twenty minutes after my plane took off. When we planned our luncheon party and day of shopping, little did we know so many things were going to happen, and that everything would mesh together so beautifully.

In all our haste, it wasn't made clear where in the Minneapolis Airport some-

one would be to pick me up. It was my first time at that terminal, so all I could do was search for a familiar face. In the meantime, Betty Jane's cousin, whom I had never met, was also hunting me. He had me paged four times, but I didn't hear it until the last time.

After all this confusion, we stayed all night with Betty Jane and her mother, and started home the next day. We drove as far as Lucas, arriving at our house at 3:30 P.M. The original plan had been to drive straight to Shenandoah, and I had told everyone I didn't know when I would be home, probably not for a couple of days at the earliest. Frank couldn't believe his eyes when we drove in.

We still had to work out the problem of how I would get home from Shenandoah once I got Lucile there. A few years ago this would have been no problem at all because I could take a taxi to Red Oak, get on a train going east, and get off in Chariton. That day is gone—I can't even go to Chariton on a bus.

To make a very confusing, long story short, we stayed all night at home and drove to Shenandoah the next afternoon. Bernie very graciously said that she and her friend, Belvah, would enjoy a trip to Shenandoah and would come after me the following day. Ruby Treese then rode back to the farm with us to spend a week of her vacation. This was the date we had set many weeks before for her trip to Lucas, so in spite of all the turmoil, once again everything meshed together.

I had several plans of things to do while Ruby was here, but some of them didn't work out. Ruby is acquainted with our neighbors, Louise and Roy Querrey, so we had them come for dinner one day. My friend, Angie, had us stop at her house and have cake and tea with her one afternoon.

The day I took Ruby to our lovely Senior Citizens building for dinner happened to be the first anniversary of the move into the new quarters. They served a total of 268 dinners! We enjoyed a dinner at the Derby Restaurant with several of my friends, and Bernie came out for supper one night. Frank sent some calves and cows to the Humeston sale barn that week, and since Ruby had spent many years on farms, I thought she might enjoy seeing the changes that have been made in sale barns since she had been to one. She thoroughly enjoyed going.

I returned Ruby to Shenandoah, and then went on to Auburn, Nebraska, to be the guest speaker at the Nemaha County Farm Bureau Women's annual salad luncheon. I was amazed when Mrs. Donald Grotian, who had asked me to come, told me the program and the salad luncheon were open to the public. All the salads were made and furnished by the Farm Bureau women. Two hundred



Andy Brase has become an accomplished drummer and plays with the Chadron High School marching band. Andy is shown at the right.

members and guests were served from two long tables laden with beautiful and tasty salads. I wanted so much to have a tiny taste of everything, but it was humanly impossible.

Preceding my talk, we enjoyed a clever skit in the form of a fashion show which showed how farm wives must be prepared and well-dressed for every activity: repairing machinery, driving trucks, working in the fields, quick trips to town for parts, etc. It was fun, as always, to meet and visit with our many friends.

This year, once again, I attended the KMA Cookie Festival. My good friend, Billie Oakley, asked me if I would come down and demonstrate how to make peanut pixies. It had been twelve years since Frank and I made and sold the pixies. Would you believe, after the hundreds of thousands of pixies we made (Frank put the faces on all of them), we couldn't remember what their faces looked like? A friend, who had a dozen of the pixies, came to our rescue by loaning us hers. When I quit making pixies, I thought I would never make another one, but it was fun to make them again after all these years. The biggest problem was trying to find nice peanuts. All the peanuts on the market now seem to be salted in the shell instead of the jumbo unroasted ones I used to use.

Kristin and her family are busy with school and sports. Andy is a junior this year and has been playing in a lot more of the football games. When Andy started high school he had a big decision to

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The Fruits of the Harvest

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Props Needed: 1. A bucket or large bowl filled with soil. 2. A basket filled with choice fruits and vegetables, ears of corn and a sheaf of grain. 3. Three or four jars of home-canned fruits and vegetables.

Call to Worship: God's canvas is spread across our countryside. On it He has painted the lovely scenes of the harvest time—rows of corn shocks and stubble fields in tan and brown tones, bins and cribs bulging to overflowing with the harvested grains, autumn leaves in gold and red, yellow and brown, making patchwork quilts upon the grass. In the basement, rows of canned fruits and vegetables spread the colors of summer across the shelves. The fruits of the harvest are God's answers to the prayer of the centuries, *Give us this day our daily bread*. Let us lift our hearts in thanksgiving.

Hymn: "Come, Ye Thankful People Come", 1st verse.

Prayer: Dear Lord and Father of mankind, we give You thanks for the horn of plenty filled with the fruits of the harvest which will sustain us in the coming year. We thank You, too, for Your gifts of the Spirit—joy, love, wisdom and peace. Grant, O Lord, that we use these gifts not only to the nourishment of our bodies, but also in service to You. Amen.

Scriptures: Psalms 92: 1-2, 65: 9-11a

Leader: In the beginning God created the earth and called it good. He created men and women in his own image and into their keeping gave the care of the earth, that they might be sustained by it. Through the centuries, God has increased the wisdom of people that they might better care for the land and increase its fertility. God in His goodness has caused the rain to come and the sun to shine so that the earth might produce abundantly. In these ways God has shown—and people have recognized—every person's dependence on God. Our greatest pleasure and highest privilege is to work in partnership with God for the good of all people. We are here, this day, through God's mercies and because of

His blessings. How can we show our gratitude and our love to God, our Creator? In Deuteronomy 26:2 we find these words, *You shall take some of the first of all the fruit of the ground, which you harvest from the land that the Lord your God gives you, and you shall put it in a basket, and you shall go to the place which the Lord your God will choose, to make his name to dwell there*. So today we have come, as did men of old, to dedicate the first fruits of the harvest unto God.

Solo: First verse of "We Plow the Fields".

Presentation of the Soil: (Farm man dressed in work clothes brings soil to center near altar.) This soil is a symbol of the earth from which this harvest was gathered. It is a symbol of the land which we tend and which God waters and on which he causes the sun to shine. Without God's gift of the fertility of the soil, there would be no increase from the seed and all our labor of tilling and planting would be in vain. There is an eternal partnership of God, men, women, children and the land. We present this soil as a symbol of that partnership with God in the love and care of the land. (Places soil on altar.)

Solo: First verse of "As Men of Old Their First Fruits Brought", or similar one.

Presentation of the First Fruits: (Farm woman dressed in work clothes brings basket of fruits to altar.) These fruits of the harvest are the symbols of the gifts God bestows after we fulfill our part of the partnership in tilling the soil and planting the seed. The rosy glow of the apple, the gold of the corn, the fluffy whiteness of the cotton ball, the plump richness of the soybean, all are evidence of God's fingerprint on the land. How reassuring is this visible evidence of God's providence and love for us. In humble gratitude and thanksgiving, we present the fruits of the harvest as a symbol of God's goodness. May the harvests of our fields and gardens be used for the good of

all mankind. (Places basket on altar.)

Hymn: "O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea", verses 1, 2 and 3.

Presentation of the Canned Foods: (Carries jars in his or her arms.) These jars of home-canned foods are a symbol of God's blessings of the home including food, warmth, shelter, and closeness of God. It is a symbol of our covenant with God, to do our part in conserving and saving all that we can of the abundance which He has provided as we work in partnership with Him. It symbolizes the daily love, care and guidance God has given to families. Let these "jewels from the garden" stand as a symbol of the true spirit of gratitude: a feeling in the heart, an expression of words and a giving in return. It is in this spirit that I present these jars of food. (Places jars on altar.)

Hymn: "Sometimes Alleluia"—a contemporary hymn by Chuck Girard would be a beautiful number to do with guitar accompaniment.

Prayer of Dedication: (All stand.) Almighty God and Creator, we come to You this day in gratitude and thanksgiving to dedicate these fruits of our harvest, to remind us of the abundance of love You have showered upon us. They remind us that You have given us the soil, the seed which shelters life, the sunshine, the rain, and the scientific knowledge to tend our crops and to preserve them for future use. We thank You for the privilege of sharing our great abundance with those who are not so fortunate. As we dedicate these gifts, grant that we may be ever aware of our dependence on You and Your love for us. Amen

Act of Dedication: (By all.) We, who have tilled the soil and harvested the fields and gardens and gathered the fruits, offer our thanks for these privileges. May we ever be good stewards of the land. Let the green of the good earth ever remind us of Your love and care. Amen.

Hymn: "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow".



SONG FROM A GRATEFUL HEART

For all Thy wondrous gifts to me
I now give thanks, O Lord, to Thee.
For purpling sky, so blue and bright;
For sleeping meadows in the moonlight,
For crescent moon and warming sun,
'Tis Thou who gave them, every one.
For cardinals in the apple tree
Singing songs of praise to Thee,
For waters rippling on the pond,
For many things of which I'm fond,
In every voice of beast or bird
Praises, Lord, to Thee are heard.

—Selected

THANKSGIVING GAMES

Turkey Hunt: Before the party starts, hide small turkeys, purchased or made of brown paper or cardboard, over the room. Tell the guests that they are all going turkey hunting for these hidden turkeys. There will be a mad scramble to find them. About five minutes later, blow the whistle and give a prize to the one finding the largest number.

Indian Drum Race: The players line up in two files facing each other, one side being the Indians and the other the Pilgrims. One person, who is blindfolded, beats a drum. A dishpan may be substituted, although a drum is better. One of the players is given a tin can with rocks in it so that it will rattle. As long as the drummer keeps beating, the rattle passes back and forth from one line to the other. The line caught with the rattle when the drum stops is the loser, so the other side wins five points. When the drum starts again, the rattle moves on. Continue the game not longer than five or ten minutes.

Feeding the Turkey: Choose one couple from each team, and have the boy and girl sit facing each other. The girl is given a paper bag with twelve peanuts in it. At a signal from the leader she is to open the bag, shell the peanuts, and feed them to her partner. The others look on and cheer for the couples from their teams. Couple finishing first wins prize.

Thanksgiving Menu: The players should be asked to suggest a Thanksgiving menu, each item of which will begin with a letter in the word, "Thanksgiving". The following is a suggestion: T — turkey, H — hominy, A — apple-sauce, N — noodles, K — kraut, S — sugar, G — grits, I — ice cream, V — vinegar, I — iced tea, N — nuts, G — grapes. A prize may be given for the quickest to make a list, another for the most balanced menu.

Gobble, Gobble, Gobble: One player is the Turkey and the other is the Farmer's Wife. The latter is blindfolded. Both take their places in the middle of a circle formed by the other players. The object is for the Farmer's Wife to catch the Turkey. From time to time, the Turkey must say, "Gobble, Gobble, Gobble," so that the Farmer's Wife may have some idea of its location. The Turkey may dodge all around in the ring which represents the fence, but may not go outside it. If the Turkey is caught, it becomes the Farmer's Wife; the first Farmer's Wife chooses a new Turkey and then goes back into the circle of players.

Geographical Thanksgiving: After the players are seated in a circle, someone begins the game by saying: "I am going to spend Thanksgiving in Chicago (or any other city that he may choose)." The next player makes a simi-



Julian Brase was all dressed up and ready for church when his mother, Kristin Johnson Brase, snapped this picture. No one explained why he was holding his hands in this particular manner, maybe Julian doesn't even know, but it is an interesting stance.

lar statement naming, however, a city which begins with the letter with which the other ended. He might say: "I am going to spend Thanksgiving in Oswego." Thus the game goes on around the circle. Anyone not responding quickly and correctly drops out. Those remaining long are winners.

Thanksgiving Spelling Game: Players or groups of players unscramble these jumbled words. The one with the most correct in a given time wins. 1. rey-kut (turkey), 2. thylopum (Plymouth), 3. lapircis (Priscilla), 4. sircarbeen (cranberries), 5. wamelofry (Mayflower), 6. hivistganngk (Thanksgiving), 7. mipkpu (pumpkin), 8. gismripl (Pilgrims), 9. din-nisa (Indians), 10. estfa (feast).

Putting the Head Back on the Turkey: Draw a large picture of a headless turkey on cloth, cardboard or wood. Draw the head on a separate piece or make the head of a piece of paper. This headless picture is placed at the other end of the room, hanging or standing vertically as a blackboard would be. Each player, one at a time, is blindfolded and given the bird's head with a couple of pins, and is then led to the headless bird and instructed to pin on the head. After each player does this, the spot where he or she pinned the head is marked with the player's name; and after all have had a turn, the one closest to the proper place is given an award. In case of a tie, the accuracy of the position of the head shall determine the winner.

—Mae Drago

SIMPLE GIFTS FOR YOUNGSTERS TO MAKE

Curtain Pull Picture Locket: Purchase curtain pulls at furniture or variety stores. Each child can use his or her own picture, or a picture of a flower, centered and glued to felt backing. Then glue the circle of felt to the curtain pull. These pulls come on a long cord which becomes the necklace for the locket.

Football Lapel Pins: For each pin, take two large pecans in the shell. Paint a row of tiny "x's" on each shell to look like the stitching on a football. On one football write the name of the favorite football team, using the team colors. On the other write the recipient's initials. Tie a ribbon bow in the team colors and glue the footballs to the two ribbon ends. Use a small safety pin in the ribbon knot for the fastener. A lapel pin, with just one football attached, can be used for a man.

Jewelry Box: Each box begins with one of the small soft margarine boxes. Spray with gold, silver or other color spray paint. Decorate the lid by gluing on pearl and gold beads, or use tiny colored beads to form little flowers. An old brooch might have the clasp removed, then be glued to the center of the top, then decorated with a circle of tiny pearl beads, or a wreath of bead flowers around the brooch. Narrow lace or braid trim, or narrow velvet ribbon, can be glued to the rim of lid, or around bottom of the box.

For the Gardener: Cut row markers from heavy plastic bottles. Some of these might be labeled with the more common vegetables such as lettuce, peas, carrots, etc. Cut a small picture of a vegetable from a seed catalog and glue to each marker. Flower names and pictures may be used in the same way.

Christmas Miniatures: Cut pretty scenes from old Christmas cards—some square, rectangular, round, or in other shapes, according to pictures. Place flat, picture side up, on table on old newspapers. Make frames by very carefully gluing toothpicks around the edge (cross at corners to make them more decorative). Colored toothpicks—blue ones on a picture with a blue sky, gold on others, etc.—are attractive. After the first row of the frame is dry, glue on another row (like building a miniature rail fence around the picture). These may be made in groupings to hang, or they can be used as lovely tree ornaments, or used as favors at Christmas dinners.

Miniature Plaques: Have someone saw a small tree branch into 1/4-inch diagonal slices. These can then be decorated in a variety of ways. A design may be painted on or a cluster of tiny artificial flowers may be glued on. Large seeds can be fashioned into flowers or used to make a miniature scene. Attach a tiny wire or cord or a purchased hook on each plaque.

—Mabel Nair Brown

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

The summer has gone, and so have all the "summer people". Once again our harbors and bays are free of the boats which in the summertime are as numerous as the proverbial "fleas on a cat". On a typical summer weekend a boat passes our house every thirty seconds! What a difference in late fall—now it is one boat an hour. By Thanksgiving Day, all of the boats will be put up for the winter except those of the professional fishermen.

Listen to this adventure which occurred early this fall: Visiting in our neighborhood were two retired school teachers who never had been out in a sailboat. I offered to give them a sail, and on a beautiful autumn day, we set out down the bay. Both ladies were thrilled with every aspect of sailing, and they were particularly delighted when I dropped the anchor just off the shore of the lovely little village of Stonington, Connecticut, and served a delicious picnic lunch which Betty had prepared for us. We had no more than started eating when I heard a lady calling to us from the shore. Using an electric-powered megaphone, she called: "Sir! Do not anchor your boat there at that spot! You are in great danger. Hidden rocks will sink your boat if it is caught in one of the sudden violent currents which sweep by!"

I did not take her too seriously for my anchor was well secured and strong enough to hold the boat in case of any unexpected rip tides, but I thanked her for the information and decided to move the boat to put at ease the minds of my two guests. Then I discovered that the boat would not move! The anchor rope had gotten caught underneath the center of the boat in such a manner that there was no way to release it! Laughing to make light of the situation, I decided to start up the motor and to race the boat back and forth to try and pull the rope loose. With the roar of the motor almost breaking our eardrums, I charged the boat forward and backward, shot to the left and to the right. The rope did not break loose!

No amount of laughing on my part was doing much to ease the minds of the two good ladies on board. It was quite obvious that the boat was caught. The tide was dropping, moving the boat closer and closer to the rocks.

What to do next? Just then, down the coast came the most beautiful sight—an American Coast Guard patrol boat! Talk about luck! While calling to the



Frederick and Betty Driftmier enjoy the pleasure of being able, at last, to go to church together each Sunday.

Coast Guard crewmen, explaining my plight and asking for their help, I happened to look down into the water to see that the anchor rope had broken free. All of my churning around with the motor had finally paid off and our troubles were over. I explained that the problem had been solved and thanked the Coast Guard men for their willingness to help. Off we sailed to a safer picnic spot.

Sometimes I wonder about my sailing as I'm always getting into some kind of predicament. Betty likes to say: "Life with Frederick is never dull, just stick with him for a day and something exciting is bound to happen." She is right! I do have so much excitement and so much fun, but when the day is over, I scratch my head in puzzlement and wonder what will happen next.

It was a pleasure to have a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bruno Boettcher of Spencer, Nebraska, and Ethel Tompkins and Freda Durbin of Imogene, Iowa. They met me when they came to view the Mystic Seaport Museum. On the same day that they were at the museum, several other Midwesterners recognized me from Kitchen-Klatter. Here at the house we were pleased to entertain Gertrude Larson and her daughter, Ann Peterson, from Kansas. Gertrude and Ann, along with their husbands, had come to a wedding in Providence, and while they were in this part of New England, they drove down to see us. I wish that more of our Kitchen-Klatter friends would do that. We really would love to see you!

David and Sophie hated to fly home to Fort Nelson, British Columbia, after their good visit with us. They had such a good time boating and swimming. They had been back on the job only a few days when they called to tell us that they were having a heavy September snowstorm. On that very day we were having a heat wave here in Connecticut. As I started to tell them about our weather, Sophie said:

"Please don't! You are making us weep! We would love some of that heat." Their home is only a few miles from the southern border of the Yukon Territory which is way, way up north.

On the same day that we talked with David and Sophia, we also talked with Mary Leanna out in Omaha, Nebraska. Once again, she spoke of her happiness in getting to see David and Sophie while they were here with us. Mary Lea's visit was all too brief, but now that she had made her first Nebraska to Connecticut trek, we hope she will come back East more often.

Betty and I look forward to Sunday. What pleasure we are having in our going to church together. We have been married for 34 years, and in all of those years we seldom have had the opportunity to sit together in church. Of course, we always have been in church at the same time, but I have been up in the chancel and behind the pulpit, and she has been out in the congregation. We are so grateful for the privilege of sitting together in church that we often hold hands! As we bow our heads in prayer, I usually think of that day when I proposed and she accepted my offer of marriage. Right after she accepted my proposal, the two of us went to the nearest church, knelt in prayer, and thanked God for bringing us together. The two of us, kneeling there in that empty church, asked God to bless our life together. How richly God has answered that prayer! Someday we want to go back to Washington, D.C., and search out that church. If it is still standing, and if we find the doors open, we shall go in and kneel together once again.

As this letter is being written, I am not sure just what Betty and I are going to do on this coming Thanksgiving Day. You will remember that last year we went up to Maine to be with Mary Leanna and her family. This year that family is out in Omaha. We plan to fly out there for Christmas, and so do not intend to go for Thanksgiving. In the back of my head, I have the idea that the two of us may fly to Bermuda for the week of Thanksgiving. We spent the first year of our married life in Bermuda, and have fond memories of the good times we had there. In the 34 years since, we have been back to Bermuda only once. Not every month of the year in Bermuda has good weather, but November is one of its loveliest seasons—not too hot and not too cool. If we do go there, it will be only the second Thanksgiving since our marriage that we have not been with family, and that other time just happened to be in Bermuda. I haven't mentioned this matter to Betty, the first she will learn of it is when she reads this letter in *Kitchen-Klatter*. She just might have some better plans for Thanksgiving!

Sincerely,
Frederick



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

As I typed the word "friends" with almost no consideration as to the correct spelling, my mind was crowded with thoughts of my class of fifth graders who are presently struggling with the correct "ie"-"ei" rules and regulations. The toughest word last week was receive. Which word in our language do you find the most tricky to remember? There are some words which I almost have to write on my hand in red ball point pen and look at daily to spell correctly. A teacher gains an enormous respect for the genuinely hard work to which these little folk are subjected; tasks which are for grown-ups, lessons from the past which we do automatically.

One of the evenings soon after the opening of school, the parents are invited in for a general meeting to learn in detail the ground rules of the school. Then they are invited to go to their child's classroom and learn what will be expected for and of their child during the year.

I have the second largest class since I have been teaching fifth grade—fifteen students—and unlike the first year of fifteen, this time I am much more confident and relaxed. This I would have told my new parents, along with an interesting discovery which I have made during the last four years, had I not been a little embarrassed. But I can tell you in writing what I was hesitant to tell those parents. Sometime along the third or fourth week of school, an unexplainable bonding occurs between a teacher and members of the class. It happens every year. I find within each year's class a genuine bond of affection which is mutually inclusive.

At the close of each school year in June after nine months with a class, I always reflect upon how much I will miss the children and wonder if there will ever be another class quite so good. Each student has such a uniqueness within the group. Then, each September, as I look at a collection of new little faces, the names don't stick, and none of them has yet begun to display his or her personality, and everything is awkward. They struggle to adapt and I grope to get a handle on what each one can and cannot do. Then, suddenly, one week, we're one, working together like well-oiled gears.

My students are now breaking their little backs to write their spelling tests in the neatest manner possible because they want to please me. They are not working as much for the grade, as for recognition that they are doing well and



This photograph of Donald Driftmier was taken just as he entered the Academy school building where both he and Mary Beth are instructors.

pleasing me. And suddenly, it's love all over again for me. Certainly there are occasionally personality conflicts, but never between the children and me. It is always the parents who do not understand that we really like each other, and, if left alone, at the end of our nine-month journey together, their children will come out of fifth grade having learned to work hard and proud of their accomplishments.

The greatest kindness parents can do for their children is to let that child know that they are backing the teacher—always! If they do not happen to agree, they should, of course, discuss it with the teacher but *always* privately. There isn't a fifth grader alive who is not smart enough to play parents against teacher if he gets any inkling that it can work to his advantage. The parent who bleeds visibly for the child who claims to be overworked, is postponing for another year that time when the child has to start doing his best when the best means the hard work of stretching his mind. I don't know of a teacher who is sadistic enough to be mean to a child. What may be construed as "mean" is probably love for the child which is strong enough to say "no" to what the child is determined will be his way. A teacher has to love these kids enough to do what the parents do every day—say "no" whenever necessary.

I have no new students at the Academy this year. By that I mean my students have come up through the ranks. Each one has come from one of two classes directly before me and their preparation during their fourth year has been unequalled. They are moving along so rapidly that I will be hard-pressed to keep books read ahead of them. They are reading Kipling's *Jungle Books* on their own, which means no class discussion. We discuss reading class assignments each day in five-page sections so there will be thorough comprehension, but Kipling is considered as classic and

these are read as fast as possible to help develop a keen love for reading. More than half of the class is reading a chapter per week which means they have to be voluntarily reading twelve pages a night. Usually, a class will not finish Kipling until Thanksgiving, but such will not be the case this year. And do you know what really keeps them moving? Competition! Especially the boys are determined that no other guy will get ahead of him. Peer pressure can work for the positive as well as the negative. All that is needed is a little "leaven in the loaf" of the class itself to produce the best possible results.

Speaking of young boys reminds me that I have another chapter in the continuing saga of the rearing of young boy cats! Last month I reported to you that we had a new pet whom we named Tom Kitten. As growing young males can be, he grew into an increasing pest as his abilities and strength developed.

Tom Kitten loved us so much we could hardly stand him. He would leap up on us, managing usually to hit near a shoulder. He felt very cute and we thought he was, too, when we had on old clothes. There were, however, occasions when his little claws would come into contact with a garment which didn't adapt to such attacks, and he would slide down the front or back of this garment, usually snagging as he went.

Katharine happened to be here several times when Tom Kitten was being his most naughty and she remarked that what he needed was a playmate. Our old cat, Simba, certainly had no time for the likes of him. One night, when all of us were busy, Katharine drove into the driveway and very quietly slipped into the house. When I first saw her, she was holding what I thought was Tom Kitten but when I tried to kiss her cheek the cat made every attempt to bolt from her arms in terror. I looked hard at him and although he looked like Tom Kitten I could tell from the look of fear in his eyes that it was not Tom. Sure enough, Katharine had contacted the lady in Madison from whom Tom had been obtained and learned that the last kitty from Tom's littermates had just been sold. A gentleman had taken him a week before.

Incredibly, the new owner had just returned the cat. He said the cat was paranoid. It hid from him. It went all over the house and crawled into places he could not reach and he was convinced the cat was crazy. Poor little thing was thin from nothing but an occasional meal its mother would allow him to nurse, combined with hiding from its new owner. So the man had returned this poor little runt who was undoubtedly convinced that he was never going to be loved. The former owner was sorry to hear about our further losses and she was more than delighted to have an

(Continued on page 20)



Autumn at Greystone

by
Harold R. Smith

Climatic rumors are often carried with the changing winds. If a period of Indian summer lingers for a few weeks, we are lulled into thinking it will remain as constant and welcome as a cherished friend, but the sharpness of the wind shifts and the air becomes chilled as if flowing over a piece of ice.

The old house known as Greystone stands proudly on its hill as it has for many decades and we often think it has seen many changes in the little village nestled below as they have observed this yearly drama together. We would also like to think the house shows no partiality in its choice of seasons for it has weathered them all. The large windows, with original wavy glass and bubble distortions, peer to the far hills where sumac glows with the brilliance of rubies; topaz lights the ripened weeds and trees wear mantles of red and gold which only the Master Creator could devise.

My mother, Frances, says, "So much work to do in the fall," and I agree as we watch clouds skimming the roof.

The lawn is mowed just one more time then the mower is stored along with the lawn furniture. The privet hedge sheds leaves and these are raked, and roses must be pruned and mulched. The many-paned storm door is hung and a brisk washing renders the glass almost invisible. The front porch is bare of its usual furniture and looks suddenly empty for the porch is an extension of our house on warm days. As I lug the birdbath to the storage shed and heave it into a corner, I decide there is no more room for anything else for the shed is bursting its seams with the overflow of another season that will now rest.

Late evening often brings fog which flows gently over the hills into our valley. And when morning comes, I peer out the upstairs window into a shadowy world where nothing looks familiar. In time, the sun appears in a golden haze and the fog lifts to gently reveal trees and shrubs laden with fog moisture. The world around us bears the distinctive smells of autumn.

As I lug tomato vines from the clutches of the earth, Checquers (the cat) improvises an impromptu game of ball as

he quickly rolls the cherry tomatoes away. We often hang the vines with green tomatoes in the old shed or basement and if we find any that have ripened we feel an extra dividend of summer has been given us.

Our bird friends must be taken into consideration so we squirrel away birdseed in the old shed, then clean and replenish the feeders. The local grocer is generous with chunks of creamy suet and these are wrapped in wire mesh and tacked to nearby trees. In time, flashes of woodpecker wings brighten the landscape as the birds approach the suet and tear away large chunks. In contrast, the black-capped chickadees arrive in their formal attire and we note their manners are impeccable except for one who insists that he must eat upside down!

Long nights call for hot, buttered popcorn, crisp apples or the tangy taste of cider. The inevitable books pile up on the marble-topped table and we select new ones and are soon lost in the pages.

And when the cat called Checquers becomes restless, I accompany him on a walk about the lawn to the basement door. The full moon climbs lazily through the bare maple branches and appears to be captured by the outstretched hands of the tree as if to slow the magic of this night. The sights and sounds of autumn provide a time to cherish which is so fragmentary and passes quickly. My nightly prayer for world peace is uttered into the starry silence that lights the heavens with an eternal glow.

CORRALLING TIME

by
Katherine Epperson

On the third Sunday in November, 1883, an event occurred which influences the life of every single person in the United States today. Yet it is an anniversary that is little noted and one of which most people are not even aware. On that Sunday, ninety-seven years ago, the railroad companies of Canada and the United States began operating on a system of standard time. According to a previous agreement, the continent was divided into parallel zones, each of which took the sun time of its approximate central meridian. These central meridians differ from Greenwich longitude by exact multiples of fifteen degrees, this being the distance traveled by the sun in one hour.

Before the coming of the railroad, with its ability to whisk travelers rapidly from place to place, the isolated communities operated very well on their own local sun time. After the Civil War ended, the railroads quickly formed a network of steel rails that touched every city and hamlet and imposed an outside time-keeping system upon those

communities. But each railroad had its own time, with the result that several railroads meeting in a town might all use different time systems! A traveler might arrive at a terminus on time by his own watch, only to find that his connecting train had already gone. Or he might have to wait an hour when his timepiece indicated that he should be leaving immediately. The farmer bringing his produce, the postal carrier with his wagon, and the driver of a horse-drawn omnibus, all attempted to conform to the railroad. There was at one time more than a hundred standards in the country, and confusion reigned.

Sir Stanford Fleming, a Scotch Canadian engineer, had been advocating a uniform time system for about ten years. With the cooperation of Charles F. Dowd in the United States, he was able to effect such an agreement between the railroads of the two countries. After the railroads agreed to operate on the system, other enterprises followed suit. Even though the change soon demonstrated its simplicity and convenience, it was not made without opposition, especially in rural areas. Dis-senters declared it to be an interference with "God's time", especially if they happened to be living on the edge of a time zone where there would be considerable discrepancy between standard time and the time shown on a sundial. It was not until 1918 that Congress got around to passing a law establishing the four Standard Time Zones we use today—thus making legal the convenience that the nation had already been enjoying for twenty-five years.

In 1884, an International Conference was held in Washington, D.C. At this meeting the world was arbitrarily divided into twenty-four time zones with the zero-meridian of longitude to pass through Greenwich, England. The Date Line at the 180th meridian was to be located in the Pacific Ocean where few people would be inconvenienced by having Sunday on one side of their house and Monday on the other. (Only at one instant each day does the entire world have the same day: when it is noon in London and midnight at the International Date Line.) After the 1884 agreement, one by one the major countries fell into line, with France, in 1910, being the last. Thus chaos in time-reckoning gave way to order throughout the world.

SUNRISE-SUNSET

A sunset glow is most divine—
It blends a rosy hue, and
Splashes it across the sky, to
Warm us, when day is through.
But, sunrise too, is filled with charm—
It rises fast and bold, a
Touch of Heav'n to begin the day,
To illuminate with gold.

—Marjorie A. Lundell

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you, not from my home in Canada, but from my father's office in Pawcatuck, Connecticut. It is good to be home here with the folks! Besides visiting with my mother and father and with my grandparents, Sophie and I have had the fun of sailing on my father's new sailboat. To my mind, there is nothing like a day on a sailboat in the sunshine and the salt breezes for exercise and relaxation!

While it is always good to visit home, Sophie and I have a special reason to be glad about getting here. We spent the first five weeks of the summer traveling throughout Europe from Athens to Paris. We traveled by train and by ferry and saw many interesting, beautiful sights and had many adventures. We had a wonderful time, but we also learned that the saying, "There is no place like home" is true!

During the last few days, Sophie and I have spent time looking over the photographs we took and reading the diary that we kept in a more or less faithful manner. I would like to share some of our diary with you.

ATHENS, GREECE (First day) We are happy with our hotel on Omonia Square. Thanks to Arthur Fromer's book, *Europe on \$15.00 a Day*, we have found a comfortable room in this very interesting part of Athens. We seem to be the only North American tourists in this hotel. It is interesting to mix with the Europeans, Turks and Arabs in the breakfast room. More North Americans should take Arthur Fromer's advice! One can still see Europe without spending a fortune by sticking to Mr. Fromer's ideas. The Omonia Hotel is a good, clean place, and the people at the front desk have spent a lot of time giving us advice on how best to see the city.

ATHENS (Second day): We wake up early to walk through the Plaka, the oldest part of the city situated directly beneath the Acropolis. Early in the morning is the best time to explore this area of narrow, winding streets—the oldest constantly inhabited town in Europe. Athens is hot in the summer, but at six in the morning one can take the time to appreciate the whitewashed buildings in relative comfort. Street vendors sell groceries to the people who live in the old, comfortable houses. A lady takes the time to feed pigeons. Even in this urban setting, we find that any available extra land space is used for growing food or flowers; grapes hang from trellises over the courtyards.

Our effort to reach the Parthenon,

that magnificent building built over three thousand years ago and studied by architects from all over the world, is rewarded by a real sense of awe. To explore these buildings is to learn just what man at his finest can accomplish.

At the same time, however, Sophie and I are made aware of the damage man can do; air pollution is bad in Athens. This is true even though most Athenians drive mopeds or use public transportation. With the hills on one side and sea on the other, bad air is held over the city, and years of acid rain have damaged the beautiful buildings on the Acropolis. The four most famous statues there, the caryatids, were recently placed inside so they can be protected from the polluted environment. Until recently, the sea was always in plain view from the hill. Today, a thick blanket of smog obscures our view. We are left with the definite opinion that something must be done to clean up the air here and everywhere.

MYKONOS—one of the Cyclades Islands on the Aegean Sea: The main



Sophie Driftmier makes a new friend on Mykonos Island.

town on the island is whitewashed and remains bright and clean through much hard work by the people who live here. Most of the streets are narrow, and the donkey is the only means of transportation that will fit. In the early morning, we find the streets full of donkeys from the farms bearing fresh produce for sale. Many of the houses have chapels built alongside; Mykonos is an island of many churches. It is also an island of white beaches, blue sea, and very good seafood. There are at least a half dozen windmills with canvas sails kept in good working condition. From our window, we can see our neighbor's "dove cot", a large and fancy birdhouse built to keep pet birds—usually canaries and doves.

CORFU—a Greek island between Greece and Italy: Three cheers for our Eurail Pass train ticket! We will have to tell our friends at home about riding first class on trains here, and getting passage on the ferry that goes to Corfu and then

on to Italy on the same ticket. (We spent several nights very comfortably camped out in our train compartment, thus saving hotel bills. We stayed in a hotel outside of Venice and got free train transportation in and out of the city. In short, the purchase of a Eurail Pass before arriving in Europe is a good idea.)

Corfu gets a good share of rain, and so it is green and full of vegetation—unlike the other parts of Greece that we saw. The Venetians, several hundred years ago, had the good sense to plant olive trees all over the island. Land here is productive; under the olive trees there are grape vines, chickens and turkeys. The land is not wasted! We find friendly people everywhere. Yesterday, when we were driving our rented car around the island, we became lost and stopped to ask directions from an old lady who insisted on picking a rose for us from her garden. We will never forget the kindness on that lady's face!

What good food there is in Greece! We especially like the way that corn is sold in the street. Men cook it over charcoal so that the kernels get puffed up almost like popcorn. In this way it is easy to eat. Here in Greece, like everywhere else, one has to be a good consumer. We met a lady from Iowa who told us that she bought an ear of corn with a worm in it. At first the corn-seller would not give her another piece of corn. She then told him that she was from Iowa and knew her corn! That argument worked, and she got a worm-free cob to replace her original purchase.

(We then went to Venice and on to Vienna. I have space to share only the best part about our stay in Austria and Hungary where we were entertained by Sophie's Uncle Andy.)

BUDAPEST (First night): After a long time worrying about entering a communist country, we feel quite happy tonight. There are many guards at the border—some with rifles—but they didn't bother us. We have a beautiful room in a new housing project. The price for both of us is \$12.50 in U.S. money. This includes the use of the kitchen, and so we buy groceries for prices that seem very low. One good-sized carton of raspberry yogurt, for example, is only 15¢.

Our drive through Hungary with Uncle Andy made us realize how much potential wealth Hungary has. There are many mines and factories. In the city, many stores are open and the people seem to be dressed well. We are told that Hungary is the most prosperous country in Eastern Europe.

BUDAPEST (Next day): Today we begin to find out about the hardships endured by Hungarians. One woman who rents out rooms in her home complains that she makes very little by her enter-

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IN MY GARDEN

by
Fern Christian Miller

I have loved flowers ever since I can remember. I remember planting zinnias and four-o'clocks when a very small child working with my mother. Worries, griefs and frustrations are soon solved and peace descends when I spend some time working, or just observing, my garden. In my fifty years of growing plants, I have lived in twenty homes and I have planted gardens at each one. Although I have many interests, flower growing is the one I most enjoy in season.

Twenty years ago, when we were farmers, our six children and I grew a big vegetable garden, and a mixed flower border one hundred feet by fifteen feet wide. In this we grew peonies, day lilies, iris, chrysanthemums, annuals in variety, and many other lovely things arranged and combined to make a border of harmony where something was blooming all season. We enjoyed this very much as we had to stay at home anyway to save money, see to the chickens and livestock, and have meals ready for my hard-working husband. We were never at a loss for something to do, or lonely.

Flower growing can be most rewarding for one who loves the outdoors. This interest has led me to study garden books, magazines, and newspaper columns on gardening. It has caused me to collect a small garden library of my own, and given me the enthusiasm to do another hobby which I hope to tell you about soon!

Today, my retired husband and I live in a modest much-worked-over white house on a hundred foot by sixty foot lot in our friendly old home town. In our lifetime, we have planted many different trees, shrubs, and flowers, but when we moved back here to retire a year ago, it was too dry, and we didn't have the time or strength to move many of them with us. You might say we have started all over again. The six children and seventeen grandchildren live in homes of their own now.

This past summer, we planted a most productive vegetable garden in our back yard where grass had grown for many years. At this writing, we still have turnips, Chinese mustard, chard, winter onions, carrots and lettuce to gather. The last pear has been picked from the old tree in the back corner of the lot. The red geraniums by the hot southeast side of the house have been repotted in fresh soil for bloom inside this winter in our sun room (where I am typing at this moment). Our front porch and three of our outside doors are on this southeast side of the house. I look out the window and can see a big clump of soft yellow mums and one clump of soft yellow mari-



Mary Lea Palo enjoys working in the garden whenever she can.

golds which are still lovely. Three Regal hybrid lilies were added this late fall, and a row of fine newer iris by the fence at the side. Five clumps of peonies were already here, and a number of shrubs and enough trees.

The place had been neglected for quite some time so we have spent many hours cutting out sprouts, cleaning, and keeping weeds and grass under control. We have made some changes and, no doubt, will make more next summer.

Now we are tired and glad to welcome a hard freeze any day. But, I will make many plans during the winter and study the nursery catalogs and seed lists. I love all the seasons but winter is a perfect time for dreaming and planning and catching up on all my other interests and hobbies.

NOVEMBER FAVORS

Owl Favor: For each owl, you will need half of an English walnut shell. Cut ears, wings, feet and nose from brown felt and glue to the shell body. Glue on large circles of black felt for outer eye and then glue a moveable plastic eye (from variety store or craft shops) to the felt eye. Glue each owl to a tiny twig perch, or make the perch from a length of brown chenille and thus you can bend the chenille to perch the owl on the rim of a water glass or on the edge of a nut cup.

Indian Favor: For each Indian head, cut two cup sections from an egg carton. Glue the two cups together to form the head. Paint the top half of the head black (hair) and the bottom half a coppery tan (face). Draw on the features with a marking pen. Make two braids of black yarn and fasten a braid on either side of the head. Cover the top end of the braid with a narrow paper headband on which you have marked Indian designs with crayons. Glue a tiny feather to the front of the hair, tucking the bottom end under the headband. The Indian head may be glued to a name card base, or set in a nut cup, or glued to a base which is a slice of an ear of yellow corn.

—Virginia Thomas



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

November seems like a good month to review the past summer's gardening and to choose the king and queen and their attendants from all the beds and borders.

Did any of you grow the Sun Hybrid zinnias? One can't heap too much praise on "Red Sun" or "Gold Sun" for that matter. These award-winning zinnias produced huge, double, non-fading, dahlia-type blooms that were all of five inches in diameter. The blooms appeared early and lasted longer than any other of that size and substance in the garden. Two more zinnias deserve places in the zinnia court of honor. They are Burpee's "Rose Starlet" and "Peter Pan Flame". The first is a rich salmon-rose semi-dwarf plant that bore numerous fully double, three to three-and-a-half-inch flowers. "Peter Pan Flame", a 1980 All-America Award winner, had vibrant fiery-red blooms that caused visitors at our garden to make a beeline to the border where the plants were making a splash of color. Keep these three in mind if you want to grow some top-notch zinnias next spring.

"Little Janie" marigold endeared itself to all who saw the dwarf plants covered with innumerable glowing, golden-orange-crested blooms that appeared very early in the season and lasted until killed by frost—I mean they kept on blooming from early summer on even in blistering heat. Other dwarf marigolds that ought to be knighted are "Queen Sophia", "Pretty Joy", and the "Boy O' Boy" series.

The three All-America roses, "Love", "Honor" and "Cherish", deserved all the praise heaped on them, too, and were splendid additions to our rose garden. Last week we hauled soil from the vegetable garden and made cones of soil around all the roses. If these new ones survive a Minnesota winter, they will indeed be winners.

The best dwarf salvia in our garden proved to be "Red Husser". The plants were strong-growing and extremely weather resistant.

Rudbeckia "Marmalade" reigned as queen of the borders this past season (the third time running) by popular vote. The gorgeous duplicates of black-eyed Susans provided rich, golden-yellow blooms with velvety brown centers in great abundance. No disease or insect pest bothered the eighteen-inch plants. Keep "Marmalade" in mind for your borders next spring. It comes easy from seed, transplants readily and provides unsurpassed beauty in any location from early summer through fall.

MY VISIT WITH CRAIG

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is a special event when a parent's grown-up son invites his mother or father for a visit, so when Craig tendered me such an invitation, I immediately turned my mind to working out the details for a few days in Iowa City.

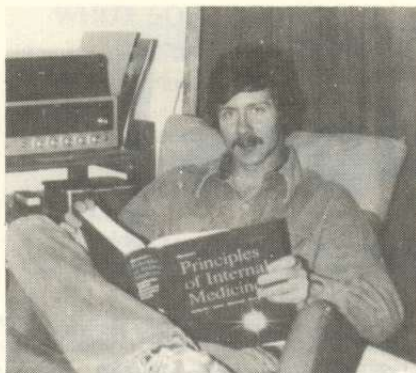
Craig had moved into his first apartment and was anxious for me to see the way he had fixed it up. In fact, he had come home several weeks earlier to gather up whatever we could spare to add to the comfort and convenience of his new home. I have been keeping items through the years "just in case" they might be needed eventually by one of our three sons. It vindicated my pack rat tendencies when Craig joyfully greeted a variety of useable items we unearthed from shelves in the basement. He took curtains, pans, dishes and bolsters along with canned and frozen food and sacks full of potatoes, onions, tomatoes and green peppers fresh from the garden. Now he wanted me to come and share in some of his good fortune.

And so it was that on a beautiful fall day I boarded the bus for Iowa City. It had been a long, long time since I had gone any distance on a bus, and I thoroughly enjoyed the trip. Iowa is beautiful any time of year, but in the fall it is especially attractive. I took along some snack food, a bit of reading material and just enjoyed the relaxation such a journey can provide.

Craig met the bus and, as he tried to straighten out my confused directions, drove me to his nearby apartment. We walked up the outside stairway and into his second-floor home. I was delighted with what I saw. The kitchen is far larger than I had expected with space for a table and chairs, his aquarium which houses two large turtles, and a bookcase, besides the kitchen equipment and cupboards. When the door was open we could sit at the table and look out over the neighbor's attractive back yard with bright mums and asters in full bloom. Somehow it did not seem like an apartment in the heart of a busy city.

Craig's living room is a nice size. The Hollywood bed held the cover and bolsters which he had brought from home, making the bed look more like a sofa. Craig created a large desk with a door, which he bought new and stained and varnished, then set on two double-drawer file cabinets. The stereo, a large comfortable chair, green plants and posters of favorite paintings, complete the furnishings.

Part of my fun during my few days in Iowa City came in going to secondhand stores and finding odds and ends needed to complete the furnishings—a rug for the back door, a drain rack and board,



Craig Birkby, the youngest son of Robert and Evelyn Birkby, is a third-year medical student at the University of Iowa.

fabric to cover the bed pillows and back and arms of the large chair, a wooden crate to replace the cardboard box for holding plants, a few kitchen utensils and, eventually, a new toaster. (Craig had been complaining about having "raw toast" for his breakfast. Now he is happy because he has "cooked toast"!)

Several exciting events happened during my stay. Craig took me to Hancher Auditorium for a musical performance. It was a delightful evening despite threatening clouds and a lightning-thunder storm. It was the first time I had ever been in the magnificent performing arts theater at the University of Iowa. The management is experimenting with before-performance dinners which represent the country or mood of the program to be featured, and also after-the-production refreshments with a variety of teas, coffee and pastries. The balcony area for serving is delightful with small tables, candles for light, and the rich sweep of the beautifully decorated foyer on one side and on the other great windows which reveal the view across the green lawns down to the Iowa river front. The night of our visit the windows also revealed the storm which was moving our direction.

Two other places where interesting food was served became part of my visit with Craig. He and some of his friends took me to the Sheep's Head. It is a cafe created from an old, old house. A variety of tables are arranged in the small rooms on both floors of the house. Church pews and old dining room chairs provide the furniture for sitting. Hanging plants and stained glass are part of the decor. We chose a variety of teas and desserts including lemon squares, carrot cake and date and nut bread with cream cheese. I much enjoyed being with Craig's friends with all their enthusiasm and energy in such an interesting setting. (Incidentally, one of Craig's fellow medical students who shared this evening with us is Curt Hanson from Stanton, Iowa. Curt and our son, Jeff, were both students at Nebraska Wesleyan during their undergraduate days. Now Craig and Curt are

studying and working together. Curt's mother is a long-time Kitchen-Klatter friend.)

The second place of special interest where we ate was at a new Mandarin restaurant known as Yen Ching. A friend of Craig's from Cedar Rapids came to share the evening and we found both the oriental decor and the menu exceptional. We had a wide variety of foods from sweet-sour pork to garlic-flavored chicken with dessert a glazed banana which was very unusual. I'm going to experiment and see if I can duplicate that type of fruit dessert.

On the Saturday of my visit, Craig was free to spend the day with me. He fixed a sack lunch for us and we drove across the river to the great medical center and hospital complex where Craig is receiving such an excellent education. After we walked around the main buildings, we went to the attractive courtyard between the older and newer sections of the hospital. Here we sat at one of the tables provided with a sheltering umbrella, ate Craig's lunch and visited about his most recent experiences.

Craig has been working in the various hospital disciplines in two-week segments throughout most of the summer, known by the third-year medical students as "rotations". Since the first floor on which he worked in June was neurology, that was the first place we visited after our lunch. "It is not," Craig reported, "a place where we hear a great deal of good news."

We walked through the various wings where Craig had worked in rotations which included orthopedics, dermatology, urology, ear-nose-throat, and anesthesiology. When these two-week sessions were completed, he moved into six-week rotations with the first obstetrics and gynecology. This was the "good news" part of his summer. As Craig pointed out the various sections of the obstetrics' ward to me, I could tell from his attitude that his enthusiasm for this area of medicine is great.

The ride on the bus back west through the Iowa countryside was as delightful as the one I had taken a few days earlier in reverse. When we stopped in Des Moines, I looked south from the bus depot and saw the great Iowa Methodist Medical Center. (Craig is there right now. The first of October, he completed his obstetrics rotation and went to Des Moines for six weeks in the Blank Memorial Children's Wing. Craig's love of children is helping this experience develop into one of the most interesting of the year.)

Robert had an ASCS meeting in Des Moines the first week in October so he had a chance to visit with his son for a few hours. Work did not permit my going, but I tried not to be too saddened, after all, I had taken my turn earlier.



Recipes

EGGNOG-CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 3- or 3 1/4-oz. pkg. regular vanilla pudding mix (dry)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 16-oz. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans
- 1 envelope dessert topping mix, prepared according to package directions
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg

In a saucepan, combine pudding mix, lemon gelatin and 2 cups boiling water. Heat and stir until mixture boils. Stir in lemon flavoring. Chill until partially set.

Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in the 1 cup boiling water. Heat and stir until gelatin is completely dissolved. Beat in cranberry sauce. Fold in celery and pecans. Chill until partially set.

Prepare the dessert topping mix. Add nutmeg to topping. Fold dessert topping mixture into pudding mixture.

Pour half of cranberry mixture into 8-inch square pan. Carefully spoon pudding mixture over cranberry layer. Top with remaining cranberry mixture. Refrigerate overnight.

Although the salad does not call for eggnog, this combination of ingredients has the flavor of eggnog. —Betty Jane

PEACH DESSERT

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup unsifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted and cooled slightly
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 29-oz. can peaches, juice and all

In mixer bowl, combine all ingredients except peaches. Beat until well blended. Dice the peaches and add peaches and juice to batter. Stir well. (Batter will be thin.) Pour into deep, greased 7- by 11-inch baking pan. Bake in oven preheated to 325 degrees for one hour or until done. Serve with whipped topping, whipped cream, etc.

—Betty Jane

DOROTHY'S GREEN BEANS

- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup bean liquid
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 1-lb. can (or 2 cups) cooked cut green beans
- 1/2 cup commercial sour cream
- Chopped pimiento and fresh chopped parsley, for garnish

Lightly brown the onion in butter. Stir in the flour, bean liquid, salt, sugar and vinegar. Stir constantly until thickened. Stir in the well-drained beans. Blend in sour cream, pimiento and parsley. Heat thoroughly and serve. Frozen beans, cooked and drained, could be used.

WILD RICE STUFFING

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped ham
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. sage
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup evaporated milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups wild rice, cooked by quick-soak method (directions at end of recipe)
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 3/4 cup oysters
- 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs

Cook onion in hot fat until golden brown. Add ham and cook five minutes. Add remaining ingredients and toss lightly. This is enough stuffing for two wild ducks.

Quick-Soak Method: Follow the "quick-soak method" to prepare wild rice for cooking.

Wash required amount of wild rice in cold water. Stir rice into three times the amount of boiling water (1 cup rice requires 3 cups water). Parboil for five minutes only. Remove from heat. Let soak in the same water, covered, for one hour. Drain, wash.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender—about 30 minutes. Drain the rice if necessary and put it in a mixing bowl.

This method is preferred to the more traditional overnight soaking. The "quick-soak" method permits you to soak the rice in the afternoon and serve it piping hot at dinner time. —Lucile

ORANGE-PECAN SWEET POTATOES

- 3 1-lb. cans whole sweet potatoes
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
- 2 orange juice cans water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Drain sweet potatoes. Layer potatoes in shallow baking pan, cutting larger potatoes in two. Combine orange juice, water, flavoring, sugar and salt in saucepan. Mix cornstarch with a little water and add to saucepan. Bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Continue cooking and stirring for two to three minutes until mixture becomes slightly thickened. Add butter or margarine and pour over sweet potatoes. Sprinkle pecans over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. —Dorothy

FRENCH APPLE DESSERT

- 2 cups sliced apples (or enough to cover the bottom of an 8-inch round baking pan)
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 small eggs
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Spread sliced apples in the greased 8-inch baking pan. Combine the 2/3 cup sugar, nutmeg and 1 Tbls. flour. Scatter over top of apples in pan. Sprinkle the lemon juice over top. Dot with the 2 Tbls. butter. Combine the 1 1/4 cups sifted flour, 1/2 cup sugar, baking powder and salt. Sift again. In another bowl, beat the eggs. Add the melted butter, milk and flavorings. Stir into the flour mixture and blend well. Spoon over the apples in pan. Bake at 425 degrees for about 30 minutes. As soon as removing from oven, invert and turn out on ovenproof platter. Prepare the following meringue:

- 3 egg whites
- 1 Tbls. water
- Pinch of salt
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat egg whites as for meringue. Beat in the rest of the ingredients. Pile over dessert. Bake at 300 degrees for 20 minutes. —Juliana

FRUITED POT ROAST

- 12 dried apricots
- 12 prunes
- 1 6-lb. beef roast
- Salt and pepper
- 1 1/2 cups sliced onion
- 3 whole cloves
- 1 cup apple cider
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cover the apricots and prunes with water and set aside to soak for several hours.

Brown the meat in Dutch oven. Season with salt and pepper. Add onion and cloves. Combine the cider, brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger and flavoring. Pour about half of the liquid combination over the meat. Cover and simmer on top of stove for 2 to 3 hours. Add remaining liquid and continue cooking slowly until tender. Drain the fruits the last half hour of cooking. Arrange fruits around meat in Dutch oven and cook until done.

A little flour-water paste could be added to the drippings to make a thicker sauce, if desired. —Robin

OATMEAL CAKE WITH BROILED TOPPING

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine flour, soda, cinnamon and salt. Set aside. Pour the boiling water over the rolled oats and let set 20 minutes.

In mixing bowl, beat shortening, sugars, eggs and flavorings. Stir in oats-water and flour mixture. Spread in greased and floured 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes, or until cake tests done. Remove pan from oven and spread with the following topping:

- 3/4 cup flaked coconut
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup melted margarine
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Spread over top of baked cake and place under broiler for about five minutes. Watch closely. —Dorothy

WHITE SOFT COOKIES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup margarine, softened
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 8 tsp. baking powder
- 4 to 5 cups unsifted flour
- Cream sugar and margarine. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in sour cream and flavorings. Add the baking powder and flour. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake for 12 to 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool and frost with the following icing:

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter
- Combine all ingredients and frost cooled cookies. A little more orange juice may need to be added to make spreading consistency. —Verlene

HONEY-PINEAPPLE QUICK BREAD

- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 cup honey
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup whole bran
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts

In a bowl, blend salad oil, honey and egg. Combine dry ingredients. Stir into first mixture, mixing until just moistened. Add juice, flavorings and nuts. Do not overbeat; this is similar to a muffin mixture. Spoon into one large or two small greased loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour or until a tester comes out clean. —Juliana

TURKEY TETRAZZINI

- 3 cups water
- 3 beef or chicken bouillon cubes
- 2 carrots, thinly sliced
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 parsley sprigs, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup shredded Parmesan cheese
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- 3 cups (or more) cooked, diced turkey
- 3/4 lb. mushrooms, sliced
- 8 ozs. noodles, cooked in salted water and drained

Put water, bouillon cubes, carrots, onion, parsley, thyme and salt in large

covered pot. Bring to boiling and cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Melt 3 Tbls. of the butter or margarine in frying pan. Add the flour and cook until not quite brown. Pour in enough of the liquid cooking in pot to thin down a little. Pour all back into pot and cook until thickened. Add half the cheese, half-and-half and turkey. Remove from heat.

Melt remaining butter or margarine in skillet and saute mushrooms. In shallow baking pan, layer the cooked noodles, sauce, mushrooms and remaining cheese. Bake at 400 degrees, uncovered, until heated through. —Juliana

HAM-MUSHROOM SCALLOPED POTATOES

- 4 cups sliced raw potatoes
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 soup can milk or enough to cover the potatoes
- 1 cup cubed ham
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Dash of pepper

Place potatoes in bottom of casserole dish. Combine soup, milk, ham, onion, butter or margarine, flavoring and pepper. Pour the mixture over the potatoes. Bake at 375 degrees for about one hour or until potatoes are done. —Verlene

POPPY SEED COFFEECAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups oil
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3/4 of a 2-oz. pkg. poppy seed
- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 cup broken nutmeats

In the large mixer bowl, combine the sugar, oil, eggs and flavorings. Cream thoroughly until light and cream colored. Sift together the flour, soda and poppy seed. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Fold in the nuts with the last of the flour mixture. Beat for three minutes at medium speed. Pour batter in greased and floured 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 70 minutes. Cool. (May be baked in two large loaf pan for a shorter length of time.) Prepare the following topping:

Topping

Make a thin glaze using about 1/2 cup powdered sugar, a little water and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Drizzle over top of cooled cake.

We thank our longtime friend, Mabel Nair Brown, for sharing this recipe with us. —Lucile

RASPBERRY-LEMON PIE

- 1 baked pie shell, cooled
- 2 large eggs, separated
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup reconstituted lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup red raspberry preserves (strawberry and other berry preserves could be substituted)
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 cup sugar

In medium bowl, beat egg yolks. Stir in sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice and flavoring. Turn into pie shell. Spread the preserves over top. Do not spread preserves clear to the edge. Beat egg whites with the cream of tartar. Gradually add sugar; beat until stiff but not dry. Spread meringue over pie, sealing edges. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes. Cool. —Dorothy

EASY APRICOT CRISP

- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 29-oz. can apricot halves, undrained
- 1 box (2-layer size) butter brickle cake mix
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter

Stir flavoring into apricot halves and juice. Place apricots and juice in bottom of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle dry cake mix over apricots. Scatter the nuts on top. Dot with the butter or margarine. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. Serve warm or cold with ice cream or whipped cream.

CHICKEN IN LEMON SAUCE

- 3 whole chicken breasts, split (about 2 1/4 lbs.)
- Salt, pepper, flour
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 clove garlic, minced or pressed
- 1 1/2 Tbls. coarsely chopped green onion
- 1 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup white grape juice
- 1 1/2 tsp. flour
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. crushed tarragon leaves
- 1/2 cup sour cream

Remove bone and skin from chicken breasts. Cut each into two pieces. Pound between waxed paper until 1/4 inch thick. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour; shake off excess. Heat oil and butter or margarine and butter flavoring in large skillet over medium-high heat. Brown three pieces of chicken at a time so as not to crowd, about three minutes on each side. Remove from skillet and keep warm. Add garlic, onion, lemon juice and grape juice to drippings in pan. Stir up brown bits in bottom. Heat until mixture boils. Remove from heat.

Stir flour, sugar and crushed tarragon leaves into sour cream. Add to grape juice mixture. Stir and bring to gentle boil. It will thicken slightly. Pour over chicken. Serve hot.

This is very easy to make. Takes about 20 minutes once all the ingredients are assembled. Serves six. —Betty Jane

JULIANA'S DIP

- 2 lbs. Velveeta cheese
 - 1 medium onion, finely chopped
 - 1 can (small) taco sauce
 - Garlic powder, salt, pepper
- Melt cheese and add remaining ingredients. Serve with an assortment of crackers and chips.

HAM-CHEESE QUICHE

- 1 10-inch pastry-lined pie pan
 - 1 1/2 cups cooked, diced ham
 - 1 lb. coarsely grated Swiss cheese
 - 4 eggs
 - 1/2 cup flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper
 - 1/2 tsp. thyme
 - 1/2 tsp. cumin
 - 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
 - 1/2 tsp. onion powder
 - 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 - 1 cup half-and-half
 - 1 cup whipped cream
- Layer ham and cheese in pastry-lined pan. Put remaining ingredients in blender and blend at high speed until smooth. Pour over ham-cheese layer in pan. Bake for about one hour and ten minutes at 350 degrees. —Juliana

DOROTHY'S BUNDT CAKE

- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. ground mace
- 2 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup raisins
- Lemon syrup (recipe below)
- Powdered sugar frosting
- Reserve 2 Tbls. of the evaporated milk for frosting.

Cream shortening, sugar, flavorings and mace until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift dry ingredients together. (Use a little of the flour to coat raisins.) Add to creamed mixture alternately with evaporated milk. Stir in raisins. Pour into greased and floured 9-cup tube pan and bake at 325 degrees for about 55 minutes. Cool ten minutes. Remove cake from pan and turn cake top side up. Using a long skewer or cake tester, punch holes in top of cake. Spoon the following hot syrup over cake:

- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar

Combine juice and powdered sugar in small saucepan. Boil for one minute. Spoon hot syrup over cake and frost with powdered sugar icing. (Make frosting using the 2 Tbls. reserved evaporated milk and powdered sugar.)



And for the marvelous **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** which do so much to make food preparation simple and tasty, we are thankful, too.

If you do not have all seventeen (which includes the Clear Vanilla) add one or two varieties to your shopping list each week until you have a complete set. Use this check list to see which ones you need.

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Almond | <input type="checkbox"/> Butter | <input type="checkbox"/> Mint |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banana | <input type="checkbox"/> Cherry | <input type="checkbox"/> Orange |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black Walnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Coconut | <input type="checkbox"/> Pineapple |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blueberry | <input type="checkbox"/> Lemon | <input type="checkbox"/> Raspberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Burnt Sugar | <input type="checkbox"/> Maple | <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clear Vanilla | <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Vanilla | |

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EASY HOLIDAY DINNER

A number of years ago, I realized that most of my time on days we had a holiday dinner were spent preparing and serving the food.

When I could sit down and visit, the guests were getting ready to leave! The following easy-to-prepare dinner was the result of experimenting. First shared with you in December, 1972, *Kitchen-Klatter*, we are updating and reprinting it by popular demand.

MENU

Roast Turkey with Dressing
Mashed Potatoes and Gravy
Sweet Potato Casserole
Brown-and-Serve Rolls
Creamed Corn
Cranberry Gelatin Salad
Date Pudding
Coffee, Tea, Milk
Jelly, Pickles, Butter

1. At least two weeks before the holiday, purchase the turkey, stuff with dressing which is extra moist. Bake to glorious, juicy perfection. Take a large, flat baking pan and spoon the chilled dressing into the pan. Slice the meat from the turkey and place on top of dressing. Spoon a generous amount of gravy or broth over the top. Cover pan with foil and place in freezer. Spoon remaining gravy into container and store in freezer.

Individual portions of turkey, dressing and gravy may be packaged in squares of foil and frozen for ease in heating and serving, or if you want to buy a large turkey and use it for a number of meals.

2. Stew turkey bones and use broth for turkey and noodles, along with scraps of meat not frozen, or use the broth for more gravy, if needed.

3. Next, make up your favorite roll recipe. (I like the Hay Hand Rolls on page 34 of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Cookbook because it makes so many—and they are delicious!) After the first rising is completed, shape into rolls as desired. Let rise until three-fourths as high as usual. Do not let dough in bulk because they will continue to rise some in the slow oven. Bake at 270 degrees for 40 minutes. This sets the dough but does not completely bake it. Remove from oven. Cool. Wrap in plastic. Refrigerate for several days, or store, wrapped well, in the freezer for several weeks. When time to bake, thaw and bake at 425 degrees for about 8 minutes, or until golden brown.

4. Make up a sweet potato casserole the day before the holiday meal and refrigerate until time to pop in the oven. Also, make up a big bowl of fluffy mashed potatoes at the same time, combined with generous amounts of rich milk and *Kitchen-Klatter* butter flavoring. Spoon into a covered casserole and refrigerate overnight.

5. A cranberry gelatin salad is easy to



Betty Driftmier (on the left) is faced with the delightful dilemma of knowing which food to choose from this delicious buffet. With the holidays coming so close, such interesting meals will become more frequent.

prepare several days early and the date pudding can be made anytime and frozen.

6. On the day of the dinner, take the items from the freezer to thaw slightly before baking.

Turn oven to 375 degrees and put in the pan of turkey, the sweet potatoes and the pan of mashed potatoes (covered). Thirty to 40 minutes is all it takes to have everything heated through and bubbly. Remove these items to a warm place, turn the oven heat to 425 and brown the twice-baked rolls.

Enjoy a bountiful meal without the usual last-minute fuss and with a minimum of confusion.

—Evelyn

MY SHOPPING LIST

A few days ago I found a piece in the paper by an unknown author. It reminded me of another time.

The weather had been hot. A drought had dried up the pastures, water in the spring was low, the crops were short from lack of rain and we had had to sell some of our herd. We did not have enough hay to take all the cattle into winter, and not enough money to buy extra feed at the excessive high prices.

"What do you want for your birthday?" my husband asked.

I thought of the struggle we were having and how discouraged we both were, yet I had to laugh. "What I want I don't think you can buy," I answered. "It's peace of mind."

The short newspaper item brought that day back to me, because the writer said she was going on a shopping trip. Among the things she was going to purchase were peace, tolerance, a sense of humor and some humility.

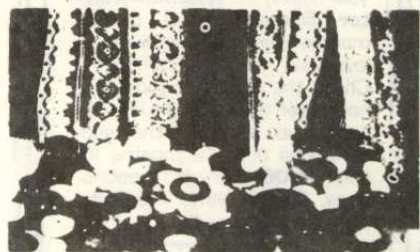
I decided to go on a similar shopping trip, so I made a list. I want to buy a large supply of courage because mine is

getting very low. I want to see if I can find some extra kindness because I am having to skimp on that. I want to get a good supply of generosity, and some extra thoughtfulness. It is amazing how low I can get on these two things, especially if I am also short on courage and hope. I don't know whether I can find any hope or not; the troubles of the world have used up much of what I had. I could still use peace of mind if I can find it. I always try to keep it on hand, but it doesn't seem to last too long.

Some of these items might be hard to find because so many people are needing them—especially quantities of courage. But even a small amount can help make life better for each of us, our families and our friends.

I am going shopping tomorrow. If you need any of these items, why don't you come with me?

—Donna Ashworth Thompson



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Sophie Driftmier inspects the food in an open-air market in Vienna during the trip she and David took to Europe this past summer.

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

prise; the government makes most of the profit. Another person complains that after he ordered a telephone, it took the government three years to get it installed! We go to visit people who live in apartment blocks which have had no outside maintenance since the war. People keep their apartments beautiful on the inside, but can do nothing about the condition of the buildings which belong to the government. For us the prices are low; everyone here, though, complains about the recent inflation and the rise in the cost of food. Luxury items are sold cheaply to tourists for foreign currency. Hungarians are not allowed to own more than \$180 in U.S. currency. The country, we are told, has a big black market and in the shops with limited inventories there is much bribery.

Thoughts on Leaving Budapest:

Budapest is a romantic city set on hills by the Danube River. We enjoy talking to the people while seeing the beautiful parks, the many statues, the busy bookstores and the concerts. Freedom is limited here however. The jokes that people tell are mostly at the expense of the Russians, even though fully uniformed Russian soldiers are often within earshot. A writer tells us that he has never had his books censored because he has never written the full truth. Talking to him makes us appreciate the freedoms we have at home.

Last night we were at a typically good restaurant sharing good conversation with Sophie's family's friends. The food flavoured with hot paprika was so good! The gypsy violin music mixed well with our friendship and laughter. Visiting a country and getting to know its people makes one consider how terrible a war with that country would be. I wish that more Hungarians could visit North

America. Most Hungarians, however, are allowed to visit the West only once every three years, and they are allowed to take only the equivalent of \$180 out of the country on their travels. Few make it to our country. (End of Diary)

I hope that our travel diary either reminds you of a trip you once made, or helps you plan a trip of your own in the future. Until the next time, I remain,

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

EVERY DAY

May prayers be said before each meal,
And love be warm in every heart.
O, Lord, we thank Thee for our food,
And all we have this day.

—Annette Lingelbach

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

It was the autumn of 1621 in the Plymouth Colony. The Pilgrim Fathers, having gathered in their meager harvests, decided to set aside a time for the giving of thanks. Governor Bradford sent out four men to shoot game, and they came back heavily laden with wild game, particularly wild turkey. Many friendly Indians were invited to the feast, and they brought in a great deal of deer meat and other game as their contribution. A whole week was taken up with feasting and recreational activities, including archery, target practice and Indian sports. From this time on, Thanksgiving as a custom spread to the other colonies and was finally observed as a national holiday by proclamation of President Lincoln, who designated the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day, and called upon the people of the nation to offer thanks for blessings received.

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



In all Driftmiers there is a very strong domestic streak that seems to be passed from one generation to the next. I know my own father, Don, has always raved about his mother's cooking and home-making talents. Kitchen-Klatter fans must be nearly as familiar with Leanna Field Driftmier's culinary reputation as I am.

Having been denied the privilege to roam freely in a kitchen since I left for school in September, I've warned Mother to fire up the cookstove and sharpen the knives in anticipation of my Thanksgiving cooking spree.

Do you enjoy a little kitchen creativity around the holidays as much as my family does? If so, your file of recipes begged and borrowed from friends and relatives is probably as thick as ours is, and your shelves as crowded with a variety of cookbooks. Cookbooks make a wonderful gift for the new homemaker—no kitchen is complete without a basic all-purpose cookbook.

James Beard's *Theory and Practice of Good Cooking* has an interesting approach. Although the book does contain more than 300 recipes, the emphasis is on the fundamentals of cooking—the hows, the whys, and the techniques. Each chapter deals with a cooking essential and builds on the fundamentals. First, he explains good cooking needs and important cooking tools. He then devotes an entire chapter to every cooking method—boiling, roasting, broiling, and sauteing.

Although *Theory and Practice of Good Cooking* includes fewer recipes than many cookbooks, these recipes are the basics of how to properly prepare and present a dish. The recipes are simple and usually call for simple herbs and spices, not heavy sauces. It is no wonder that James Beard is America's favorite teaching chef. His common sense approach in creating a real dining experience is refreshingly simple—and delicious!

A valuable supplementary cookbook, also by James Beard, is *How to Eat Better for Less Money*. "Waste not, want not" is the maxim to describe this cookbook. It fills the need for a realistic, down-to-earth approach to the subject of eating well without straining the food budget. This book is for those who want to plan more interesting menus on a modest, fairly fixed budget.

In a brief introduction to each chapter, *How to Eat Better for Less Money* explains what to look for in a cut of meat, how to shop prudently, look for seasonal

values, and how to entertain well and inexpensively. The wonderfully imaginative recipes for soups and salads, entrees and desserts, combined with James Beard's famous touch for basic methods of cookery, make this an invaluable piece of kitchen equipment.

Do your children love to cook, too? For any child who has grown up loving the world of Beatrix Potter, *Peter Rabbit's Natural Foods Cookbook* is the perfect gift. Arnold Dobrin describes the deep and lasting impressions of Beatrix Potter's animal fantasies. In this cookbook, he tries to capture the delicious scents of the English fields and orchards with the simple goodness of dishes prepared with grain, fruit and vegetables.

Beatrix Potter's famous sketches and colored pictures, taken from her many books, add charm to this fine volume. The recipes for children's breakfasts, sandwiches, salads, soups and desserts, range from extremely simple to slightly complicated, and each step is described in such detail that confusion is impossible.

Parents will find one of the most impressive aspects of *Peter Rabbit's Natural Foods Cookbook* is its concern with safety and supervision in the kitchen, and the importance of total concentration when using sharp or otherwise potentially dangerous utensils.

For older children, *Around America, a Cookbook for Young People*, is a delightful guide. In this unusual cookbook, Mildred Knopf discusses the backgrounds of recipes which are considered the best in regional American cookery. The author has chosen recipes which typify different American regions: New England, the Deep South, the Great Southwest, and the Pioneer Country. Anyone who has traveled around America will appreciate the care Mrs. Knopf has taken, and will be excited to let children in the family taste some American cultural heritage.

Of course, I couldn't close a letter on cookbooks without mentioning our *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*. (Available from Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. \$6.00 per copy.) This unique collection contains hundreds of recipes of every sort. Many of the original recipes came from some of the finest cooks in the Midwest. Over many years—since 1946, to be exact—the Driftmier family and friends tested, tasted and shared these particular dishes. Then it took more years to choose the best to include in the cookbook. (Recipes prior to 1946 were not used because since that time more modern techniques and ingredients have become available.) Finally, the best of the best were printed and the

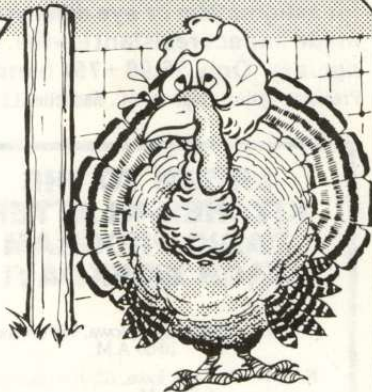
(Continued on page 20)

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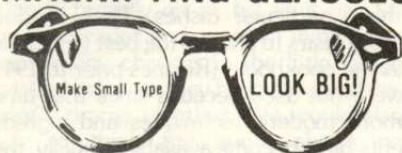
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Needle Notes

by

Brenda Carl Rahn

Dear friends, one of my favorite holidays is not far away. I'm almost ready, as I've been making my favorite animal ornaments for months! Since I'm always looking for something new, I have started designing my own tree ornaments.

Each year I like to give my neighbors one of the animals I have made, with the year embroidered on the back. I like to call it my tree gift and it gives me warmth and pleasure to share something that I enjoy with my friends. I would like to give you friends a tree gift this year—an elephant I designed for this Christmas.

To make four elephants, you will need two pieces of 8"x12" felt (I used a darling mint color for mine!), some felt scraps in a second color, white craft glue, fiberfill for stuffing, thread, scissors, pipe cleaners and gold cord or embroidery floss to make the hanger loops.

First, trace the outline of the elephant and either glue it to lightweight cardboard or transfer it, using carbon paper. Cut out the cardboard pattern. Trace this pattern onto one layer of felt, using either tailor's chalk or a pencil. Four elephants should fit nicely on one piece of felt. DO NOT CUT this out—the traced lines are sewing lines. Place the marked felt on top of the second piece; pin the center of each elephant to prevent slipping. With a sewing machine, stitch along solid lines, leaving opening at top for stuffing. Cut out the elephants 1/4 inch from stitching line.

Before stuffing, place a short piece of pipe cleaner or wire in the trunk. Bend the pipe cleaner as you insert it so it follows the curve of the trunk. If you have trouble, make the slit for the ear with either embroidery scissors or a seam

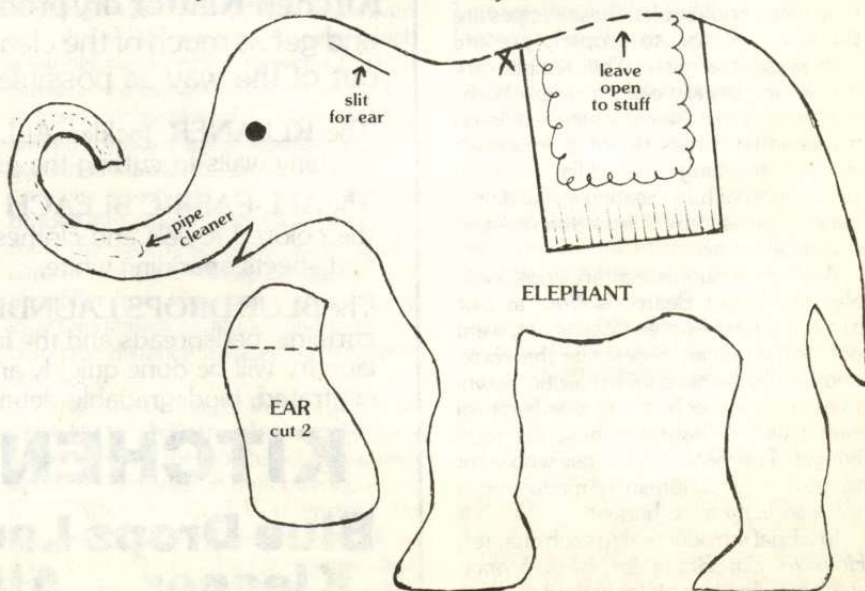
ripper and slip the pipe cleaner in from that angle. Do not make the slit too big! Using a crochet hook to get in the tight places, push in filling enough to puff out the body and fill the legs. Do not overstuff.

Stitch opening closed. If you have not already made slits for ears, make one on each side of the head. Ease ear into slit, pinching the ear slightly to make it fit. The dashed lines show approximately how much should go into the head. Lift the ear up and place a few drops of glue along the slit, press the ear back down and hold until it sticks. Do not glue the entire ear down, just where it enters the head. This way it won't stick straight out, but just flop naturally. Repeat this for the other side.

Using a hole punch or scissors, make two small dots of another color felt. Glue these in place for the eyes. Then, again using a different color from the body, cut a blanket 1½"x4". Fringe the two narrow ends. Make decorative stitching on blanket if desired. (I used a silver thread now available for sewing machines.) Glue the blanket over the sides and back of elephant; this will cover the area you stitched closed. For added interest, bend the trunk to hold a chenille candy cane, mini Christmas tree, Santa's bag or anything you wish.

To make the hanger loop, use embroidery floss, insert needle an inch away from the X on the diagram, draw up through X until the end of the thread disappears, and make a catch stitch. Then form a 2½" loop. Knot thread around base of loop, take another catch stitch, reinsert needle and come out again an inch away from hanger. Cut thread so loose end disappears inside animal.

I hope you will enjoy making these cute elephant decorations as much as I do. They are sure to be a hit on your tree; even my big, brawny husband thinks they're cute!



My original elephant decoration is 5½"x3¾", but pattern may be enlarged easily.

WHO HAS A BUTTON?

by
Thelma Sprout

Today, young ladies and not-so-young ones, are collecting buttons for the fun of it, but in the early 1900's young ladies collected them for a different reason. It seems they called the collection a *Charm*, *Love* or *Memory* string. This string of buttons had to number exactly 999. If it didn't, it meant that the girl would be a spinster! Every girl was very particular to have just the right amount.

The word button is from the French word, *bouton*, meaning a knob or something stuck out. They are measured by the diameter. The unit is a "line", and ten "lines" is the equivalent of one-fourth inch.

In the long, long ago, buttons were used to show the difference between nobility and the peasant. As late as the reign of Henry VIII of England, a law was passed saying that peasants could wear buttons made of only horn or bone. Those made of precious stones were for royalty.

Early buttons were often made by goldsmiths and silversmiths, who sometimes used paintings or sculpture for their patterns. Buttons are found made of wood, cotton, linen, leather and pewter, as well as those made of precious stones, mussel shells, horn, etc.

Button collecting is not new, for the sea captains of old brought home buttons from their journeys to be displayed in curio cabinets.

People may collect antique buttons—those made before 1918—or modern ones—those made since 1918. They are not hard to find, for there are still button boxes around to be purchased at antique shops and flea markets. There are also button dealers who will often send buttons to a collector, who then takes what he wants, returns the unwanted ones, along with payment for those he keeps.

Some collectors recommend that collections be arranged either by subject matter (such as plants, flowers, people, animals) or by finishes (such as textured, shiny, gold-decorated or trimmed). There are also political, commemorative, military and advertising buttons. Buttons also show the progress of mankind in literature, sports, scenery, fables, romance, etc.

There is a story told about the great composer, George Handel. Evidently he was a hotheaded young man. One day he became angry with a fellow musician and challenged him to a duel. His opponent thrust his sword into Handel, but, according to the story, it struck a button on his coat and the sword was broken off, thus saving the musician's life.

There is also an interesting story about an American spy, Lydia Darragh. She and her husband would collect

information; the husband would write it out in his own special brand of shorthand and Lydia would put the note into a button, cover the button with cloth, and sew it on the coat of her younger son. The boy would then walk to Washington's headquarters, give the secret message to his brother, who would then read it to General Washington.

There are several button societies in America; it is good to join one so as to learn more about button collecting and to swap or buy other buttons. There is also a National Button Society, which publishes a national publication called *The National Button Bulletin*.

The book, *Button Parade*, by Dorothy Foster Brown, is considered by many to be one of the best books on button collecting. There are also other books to be had, such as *The Collectors' Encyclopedia of Buttons*, *Cause and Maples' Button Classics* and *Button Heritage*, *Collecting Tomorrow's Antiques Today* by Norman Flayderman and Edna Lagerwell, and *Button Guide Book No. 1*

(Continued on page 20)



Introducing Stephen Louis DiCicco is his mother, Emily Driftmier DiCicco, and his grandmother, Abigail Driftmier (Mrs. S.W. Driftmier). This is our first picture of Stephen. It was snapped in Arlington, Virginia, when he was just one week old. Abigail flew to Arlington from her home in Denver, Colorado, to greet her first grandchild.

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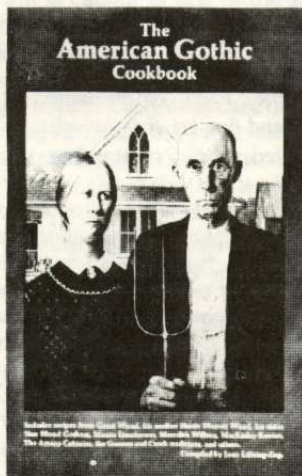
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From Our Family Album

When I unearthed this picture from the box of old photographs, it brought back many happy memories. Along about 1925, the two large radio stations in Shenandoah began sponsoring fall Jubilees and Old Settler Days. First one station would hold a Jubilee and then, in a week or so, the other one sponsored such a get-together. Different kinds of contests, shows, exhibits, entertainments and free food were featured.

This photograph of Mother and Margery was taken at the fall Jubilee in 1936 when Margery was fifteen years old. A great deal of interest was shown in the Kitchen-Klatter contests that year. Prize-winning loaves of bread were baked by a lady from Farragut, Iowa. The oldest kitchen utensil was a copper angel food cake pan over 250 years old. The oldest cookbook on display was one which originated in Virginia and was over 200 years old. The pumpkins in Mother's lap were raised by a Kitchen-Klatter friend from Lewis, Iowa.

Jubilee days are still being held in Shenandoah, but the early experiences when all we children were home and sharing the excitement with Mother, were extra special celebrations.

—Lucile

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

opportunity to find a good home for this cat.

Our Tom Kitten was ecstatic to see something which would run when he chased it rather than turning and hissing in unfriendliness like Simba. After less than a week, this new kitty had adapted to us. Tom Kitten had found someone who appreciated his energy and could return in kind anything he put out. I cannot help but wonder if they instinctively realize they are *really* brothers. Surely they would have a familiar scent. So, this story ends with a smile. Even Don was glad to welcome the new resident.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

ADRIENNE'S AUTHORS — Concl.

Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook became a classic volume, sure to please both new and experienced cooks of every age.

(NOTE: With the exception of the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*, Kitchen-Klatter does not have the purchasing addresses for the other books.)

WHO HAS A BUTTON? — Concl.

by P.S. Crummett.

One of the most fascinating features of this hobby is the almost endless designs plus the variety of materials used. It probably won't be long until button collecting will be rated with other types of collecting, such as furniture and dishes. They will go up in price, so it is wise to start now.

HUNTING SEASON

by
Zora Laney Duffner

All nature is quiet and peaceful as I walk back to our hill. The trees are colorful in their autumn hues of reds and golds. The cedars, with their deep green boughs covered with tiny blue berries, provide a spot of contrast near the maple and walnut leaves here and there. The waters, clear and blue, go rambling on down the creek and over the falls, leaving a musical sound to reach my ears.

Most of the birds have gone to their winter homes, except the few who stay here all year, and they are quiet in the thicket. Only the redbirds are to be seen flying in and out. A squirrel makes a quick run down a tree, sits awhile, his sharp little eyes spying on me, then picks up a hickory nut and runs back up to his nest.

As I walk along the fence row, members of a covey of quail are chirping away in the tall grass. They are aware that I am near, yet they don't seem to mind. We have watched them grow up this summer and call them "ours". Beyond the fence is thick timber with much brush and sometimes the deer can be seen eating or walking into view, shy and alert. It doesn't matter to the animals and birds that I am near; I visit them often and they know I am their friend.

All nature seems to be in balance on this autumn day, as though a vast contentment rules the world. It is a quiet moment, perfect to the mind, filled with the marvelous display of God's craftsmanship.

Unfortunately, soon the hunters will be going out for their sport. I wonder if they ever stop for a few moments as they walk through the leaves of scarlet and gold to look up through the brilliant boughs into the bright blue sky to feel the wonder of God's beauty.

I wish someone would please tell me, for I cannot understand, how could anyone kill the perky quail or timid deer?

RIDDLES

1. What state serves as a source of metal? (Ore.)
2. What state is the cleanest? (Wash.)
3. What state is to cut weeds? (Mo.)
4. What state never forgets itself? (Me.)
5. What state is a doctor? (Md.)
6. What state always seems to be sick? (Ill.)
7. What state is an even number? (Tenn.)

—Norma Tisher



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HINTS FROM THE MAIL

If you cannot find the wristlets to replace worn-out cuffs on jackets and sweaters, buy a pair of men's socks in a color to match the garment. Cut the sock off just above the heel and invert to bring the raw edge up to the top of the sock making a double layer. Sew both edges to the sleeve opening (tuck raw edges inside while being stitched to keep from raveling and to look neat). I did this with my husband's jacket and the wristlets were wonderful. I was so proud with the way my husband's jacket turned out.

—Mrs. J.P., Independence, Mo.

Use the press-on interfacing for mending lightweight sheets, blouses and garments made with light fabric.

I save the plastic meat trays and wash them extra good in hot, soapy water, then dry. They make nice holders for freezing cookies, cupcakes, muffins, hamburger patties, etc., (covered with plastic wrap or aluminum foil, of course).

To remove odors from plastic containers, crumple up some old newspapers and put inside, then put on the cover and let stand for several days.

Spread mayonnaise between two layers of sandwich meat, or cheese (or one of each) to keep the bread from getting soggy in lunch box sandwiches.

—J.C., Collinsville, Ill.

Have you ever frozen rice? I cook a large kettle of rice, rinse and drain with cold water, measure into 1-cup measurements and freeze in plastic boxes. So many desserts, salads and soups call for just 1 cup cooked rice. To use: remove

from box and place rice in strainer. Run warm tap water over it and it crumbles instantly and is ready to use.

—L.C., Murray, Nebr.

To keep cottage cheese fresh, put the lid of the container on tight and then store upside down in the refrigerator. It shuts out all the air.

—A Listener from Missouri

When kids ride in the car, follow this fun game to keep fingers from getting slammed in a door. After the kids climb in, say, "Hands up" and check each one before shutting the door.

—Kansas

Ten miniature marshmallows are needed to make 1 large marshmallow. One cup of small marshmallows equals 10 large ones. I marked this in the front of my cookbook so I could easily substitute one for the other if I don't have what the recipe calls for. I did find out that the small marshmallows have more of the dusting powder or filler on them than the large ones. It can make a melted combination pastier when the small ones are used.

—T.A., Jefferson, Mo.

A friend taught me to try on my fall clothes when I get them out of storage and then add all the accessories I usually wear with them. If they look sloppy, I have to decide if I can make them over, or if they need to be discarded. I make a list of what is good and a list of what I need to add to update the garments. This has saved me grabbing something at the last minute and finding out it doesn't fit or look in style.

—E.M., Illinois

I lengthened some pants for my 3rd grade son by adding coordinated fabric to the bottom and sewing on pockets of the same fabric. I used the same fabric to patch the elbows of one of his shirts and he thinks his "new" outfit is "neat".

—A.L., Lincoln, Ne.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
make. He loves to march with the band and also likes to play football, so he had to decide which was more important—marching with the band during half time or playing ball. Football won but he can still march in all the parades and attend all the contests in which the band participates.

Aaron now plays cornet in the Middle School band and will have the same decision to make when he gets to high school. Since Julian just entered kindergarten this year, it will be a few years before he has to worry about this.

Have a nice Thanksgiving at your house. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

where we spent the night, and then came on to Shenandoah the next day.

It was good to get home, of course, but I couldn't really feel comfortable until Betty Jane was well enough to come back, too. The friends who owned the place on the St. Croix had returned from Montana, so they drove her to Shenandoah and spent several days with us. I've now seen them enough so they seem like old and steadfast friends, and it was a real pleasure to have them here as our guests.

I had hoped very much to have a picture of Lily Florence Walstad in this issue, but things didn't work out so we could get one. Juliana reported that Alison, Mike and little Lily spent the night with them in Albuquerque en route to Denver to see Alison's parents (Wayne and Abigail Driftmier), and that Lily is an adorable baby. I hope to see both Lily and her new cousin, Stephen DiCicco, before they're enrolled in kindergarten!

It goes without saying that I could have written many pages about events that happened on our trip away from Shenandoah, but I've tried to hit the high spots so you'd know where Betty Jane and I have been. Some people got the notion that I was the one who had landed in a hospital someplace when my letter didn't appear in the October issue, so now you can see that I was simply on a little trip (mileage speaking). Since I didn't have my typewriter with me, and since I cannot decipher even my own handwriting, there was no point in trying to get a letter off to you.

Anyway, I'm back home again and eager, as always, to hear from you good friends.

Devotedly yours,

Lucile

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Hallie E. Blackman, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. The owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company, Shenandoah, Iowa

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Margery Driftmier Strom, Shenandoah, Iowa

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3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If none, so state.) None

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 69,760

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1980.

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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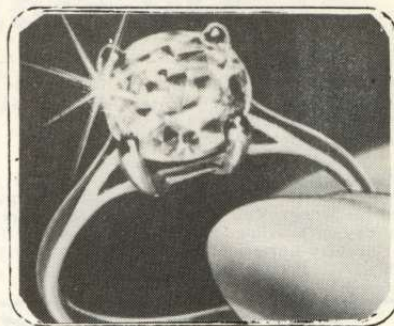
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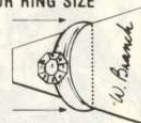


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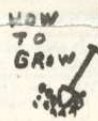


WHITE CHRISTMAS CACTUS - (Schlumbergera truncatus "Alba") - Satiny, snow-white blossoms and shiny holly green leaves make this Christmas Cactus the perfect holiday centerpiece. The blossoms appear early in December and continue through January. We offered this for the first time last year and it was an extremely popular item.

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