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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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## Kitchen-Klatter

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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:

I've been stalling around waiting to write this letter because I wanted to look out the window and see some snow, a sight that would transport me into the genuine holiday season. However, I cannot stall one more hour, so what I'm looking at (and listening to) is relentless rain, the kind that shows no sign of letting up in any way whatsoever. I should have had better judgment than to wait around for anything as totally uncertain as the weather, and I guess I've learned my lesson.

Betty Jane Tilsen is out in the kitchen making up some cookie dough that can be used with various cutters for traditional holiday treats. We have a few friends who can no longer manage this because of physical reasons so we'll take some to them, and we also have several children we wish to remember. You can buy all kinds of special holiday goodies in this day and age, but I don't think that anything can take the place of something made at home. We seven Driftmier brothers and sisters grew up this way, and such experiences stick right to the bone!

My niece, Mary Lea Driftmier Palo, seems to be following straight through with some of these old family traditions. On December 20, she is having her annual cookie-decorating festival. On Christmas Day, she is having a family dinner with the guests of honor her parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier. We are hoping for exactly the right flying conditions between Boston and Omaha so they can arrive safely and on time. They haven't seen their only grandchildren, Isabel and Christopher, since last February, and there is no better time to be reunited than during the Yuletide season.

All of us are hopeful that immediately after Christmas Day they can come down here to Shenandoah for an overnight stay. If this works out, you friends who know Frederick and Betty by way of radio will have a chance to hear them

visit right from this old home base.

When Frederick lived in these parts (and that's long, long ago!), he was always much in demand to serve as the community Santa Claus. To say that he was inspired is to indulge in vast understatement. Frightened little tots who were upset by the unusual commotion felt instantly at ease when he picked them up and began talking very softly and reassuringly. Older children, who were beginning to have grave doubts about such a thing as Santa Claus, always came down from the platform with puzzled expressions on their faces; the older kids who'd given them the facts about Santa Claus must be all wrong, because with their own eyes and their own ears they had actually seen him and talked to him! THERE REALLY WAS A SANTA CLAUS!

All of this flashed through my mind when Betty Driftmier talked to me from their home in Connecticut and said that little Christopher had pleaded when they last saw him: "Grandpa, don't read stories to me out of the book but tell me about it in your own words." I understood exactly what Christopher meant, so it's no wonder I suddenly remembered Frederick's virtuoso performance as Santa Claus.

This year we confined our Christmas decorations to a wreath near the front door, a few familiar objects that are always used, and a table-size tree. Without any children at hand, these items will be enough for the two of us. With only grownups dropping by, simple decorations, plus homemade holiday food, will see us through very nicely.

Right now I wish to thank all of you friends who took time to write and tell me how much it meant to you to be able to use my story, "The Welcome", for your Christmas programs when you served on committees for entertainment at Senior Citizens Centers, Nursing Homes, and other comparable places. Those letters truly warmed my heart. Little did I dream when I wrote that story back in the late 1930s, that it would someday serve such a heartwarming purpose.

I can remember as if it were yesterday how I rolled my typing paper into a little portable Royal typewriter (now a museum piece) and wrote this story about Mother's return on Christmas Eve from the Kansas City hospital where she had spent four months following a terrible car accident. It was a miracle that she could come home at all in an ambulance because her spinal cord had been severed and her very life hung in the balance.

Every detail of that homecoming was emblazoned upon my heart and mind, and I reached into the depths of my memory to write about it. In the space of one afternoon I wrote the article, then re-typed it so there would be no errors of any kind, and then at 5:00 in the after-



The Lowey family cannot have pets because of allergy complications, so Katharine is in seventh heaven when her friend, Brenda Vigil, occasionally brings over her pony. Juliana took this picture on their front patio after the girls had taken turns riding.

noon took the manuscript to the post office and mailed it to the *Woman's Home Companion*. They accepted it almost instantly. When my article appeared in print, not one word, not one comma had been changed. It was the first thing I had ever written and I burst into tears of joy when the good news reached me from New York.

Almost without exception, when we look back at things we've written, we can see words and thoughts that we'd change if we had the chance, but that particular account of Mother's homecoming remains today something that I could never change in any way. So now . . . getting on to fifty years ago . . . I'm grateful and touched that the story continues to serve a purpose for you friends who have written to me about it.

This Christmas, Juliana and Jed have their house beautifully decorated as usual; they have what could only be called "Open House" right up to January 2nd. However, they will have Christmas Eve and Christmas Day in El Paso, Texas—the first time they've ever been there on those dates. Their very old and very dear friends, Chris and Steve Crouse, plus their two boys, spent the Thanksgiving holiday in Albuquerque, so now the Loweyes are going down to El Paso to wind up the last big event of the year. Then they'll return to help Nina and Bill Adkins with their traditional New Year's Day open house.

This is an occasion when throngs of people (yes, literally throngs!) pour in to celebrate the end of the old year and the beginning of the new year with mountains of Italian food. If I told you the exact amount of ravioli that was made as a group project just after Thanksgiving to

(Continued on page 22)





## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM



Marge and Oliver Strom

Dear Friends:

I hope the weather has been as nice where you live as it has been here. We have had just the one snow I wrote about last month, and after it melted we got the beans out and all the fall fieldwork done.

My sister, Margery, and her husband, Oliver, the "snowbirds" in our family, have gone to Texas for the winter this year. They spent the last three years in Arizona and decided they wanted a change of scenery this year. Before leaving, they came to spend a weekend with us. They told me approximately what time they would be here so I planned our dinner accordingly. We waited and waited and finally decided to go ahead and eat—something had to have happened to detain them. We just sat down at the table when they pulled into the yard.

Sure enough, their car had a flat tire en route. When a nice couple from Nebraska stopped to see if they could help, Oliver rode into the next town with them to get someone to come help. Oliver's car doesn't have the kind of conventional spare tire like mine, so Oliver wasn't sure how to put it on. Finally, the tire was changed and they were on their way. After hearing this story, I have another good excuse to hang onto my old car as long as possible. When my car has a flat tire, I know how to change it myself.

We didn't do anything special while Marge and Oliver were here. We did go to Chariton to see our lovely Senior Citizen Center. The director, Margaret Lewis, wanted them to come the next day for dinner, but Oliver thought they should start home in the morning; maybe next time they come we can share a meal.

The weather forecast was for snow in this area, so Marge and Oliver thought they should start early and get as far south as possible the first day. Apparently, they were just ahead of the big snowstorm which went through the Oklahoma and Texas panhandles. Marge reported driving through drizzle and cold most of the way.

After the holidays, Oliver's sister, Nina Lester, plans to join them for an extended visit. They also hope Martin and Eugenie can spend a week with them sometime after Christmas. It sounds as if they will have an enjoyable winter.

Frank's sister, Ruth McDermott of Kansas City, spent a recent weekend visiting us and Bernie. (Since Bernie lives alone, Ruth always stays with her, but they come here to eat.) Last summer she

told me that she and her husband, Frank, were going to get me a camera telephoto lens for my birthday. Since they didn't want to mail it, she brought it with her when she came. Now I have to learn how to use it; hopefully I'll be able to get good pictures of the wild turkeys, deer, birds, and other animals around the countryside. Frank is really the one who should be taking pictures because he is outside most of the time and sees things that would make interesting pictures.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, is recovering well from recent cataract surgery. He says he can see better now than he has for years, and sounds so cheerful when we talk to him on the phone. The new techniques for this type of surgery are wonderfully improved compared to what they were years ago.

Even though I have lived on the farm for thirty-four years, I still come up with a first-time experience once in awhile. The veterinarian was out the other day to look at an ailing cow. Before he left, he handed me a bottle of medicine and a hypodermic syringe and said I was to give her two shots with a syringe full each day for three days. I said, "Why me?" The vet said, "Because Frank wants to hold the cow so you won't get hurt." I did it, and the cow didn't even flinch.

Frank said to me one day, "Did you ever see a deer lick on a block of salt?" I said I hadn't, and he said, "I don't think you ever will. I've never seen them put their tongues to a block of salt. It is possible they do and I've never seen them, but I doubt if they do." He said that over in the pasture he had seen several holes in the ground. When he went to investigate, he found deer hoof marks all around the area where salt blocks had previously been put out for the cattle. The blocks had been moved a long time ago, but the holes had been made recently.

Frank was out checking the cows the other day and noticed one of the calves had a piece of barbed wire wrapped around his body just behind his front legs. It looked as if it had been deliberately looped around him and then fastened so it would stay. It wasn't so tight but what he could still gain a little weight before it would cut into his hide, but it had to be taken off quickly with wire cutters before he was injured. I

helped Frank get him into a shed where he could be corralled, then we asked our neighbor, Roy Querrey, to come over to help hold him. We don't know how the calf got into the wire, but are guessing he was trying to get through a fence and this loop of wire must have been hanging over a post. He must have pushed part way in and then, when he didn't get through, he backed out and took the wire with him.

Frank says there are a lot of cardinals around but they are still staying out in the pastures and in the timber. When the snows come, these bright birds will move in around the buildings in the barn lot. I have seen as many as twenty-five or thirty at one time, and what a gorgeous sight that is.

It is always difficult for me to think of something unusual to give my dear sister, Lucile, for her birthday and Christmas. This year I did think of something to do for her that no one else in the family could do—a gift she could enjoy all winter—give her wood for her fireplace. At first I thought I would take a pickup load down, but it is so far from Lucas to Shenandoah and the pickup is too old to be completely dependable on a long trip (also I don't like to drive it). Therefore, now every time I go to Shenandoah, I fill the car trunk with logs the right length for her fireplace.

I finally found time to do a little sewing, so I made myself a couple pairs of slacks. One pair coordinated well with a jacket I already have, but I still want to make a jacket or vest to go with the other pair. When I told Kristin about my projects, she said as long as I was back in the groove with the sewing machine she could use a pair or two of slacks in her school colors of red and black. Whenever they have sports events, the teachers are supposed to wear the school colors all day. Kristin wears hers so often they are worn out, so I guess slacks for her will be my next project.

It has been two months since everyone in Kristin's family has been well at the same time. Now Julian has been exposed to the chicken pox, so he will probably be sick during the holidays. Kristin recently kept two little boys, sons of a good friend, for a week while their parents were on a trip. They were so good and helpful it was a joy to have them. It did keep her hopping though—before school every day, the boys had to be taken across town to take care of their rabbits, but it was all fun.

The sky is beginning to cloud up, the temperature is dropping, and the wind is straight out of the northeast, so it looks as if we have seen the last of our lovely warm weather. Perhaps we'll get some snow before tomorrow.

Happy New Year from the Johnsons.

Sincerely,  
*Dorothy*





## Especially for You, Madame President

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

With the new year just getting underway, there are certain to be many women who will be stepping into the limelight as president of an organization for the first time. If the mere thought threatens to paralyze your tongue and put butterflies in your tummy, go over these suggestions, and heed them well, then relax. You will be all set to lead your group in an efficient, confident manner.

1. Be enthusiastic about your job. Learn all you can about it and the programs and projects that have been planned for this year, then resolve this is going to be the best possible year for your group. Use charm and enthusiasm to inspire others so the organization's wheels will soon be humming. If you begin with a "no one else would take the job so I'm stuck with it" attitude, you are practically admitting failure before you start!

2. In addition to presiding at meetings, you will be doing a good deal of your work on that gas-saving, timesaving, convenient instrument, the telephone. Be sure your telephone voice sounds pleasant and always personally interested in the voice on the other end of the line. Learn to be graciously brief and then make it a firm, yet friendly goodbye.

3. Give special thought to your grooming. This is not the place to outshine everyone else in your most eye-catching costume. Rather, strive for simple elegance. Be sure your hair is at its shining, well-groomed best, arranged in a flattering style. This isn't the time to spring a new far-out hairdo which is sure to make you uncomfortable and self-conscious. Don't wear distracting frills, furbelows and clanking jewelry when you are presiding. Wear something simple in a flattering color. Before leaving home, check for a hanging slip and a neat waist and neckline. Once you've checked in a full-length mirror and know that you are well-groomed, try to forget your appearance. Just keep your mind on being enthusiastic and doing your task in an efficient manner.

4. Set an example for promptness at every meeting; be a clock watcher. Plan to arrive at least fifteen minutes early, possibly more, so you will have plenty of time to collect your thoughts, check your notes, discuss any last-minute items with committee chairpersons and arrange the

room if necessary. Begin your meetings promptly—those who are habitually late will hopefully realize the starting time will not be delayed waiting for them. End the meeting promptly unless something especially important creates a delay. Members will soon realize that if meetings are carried on efficiently, more time is available for visiting afterwards—no need to visit during the meeting!

5. Be quick to give credit where credit is due, from stating the names of those making and seconding a motion, to complimenting those who have done some particularly good job. Always be aware that you do not do the club's work alone. Others, too, are working and have jobs to do so let your appreciation show at every opportunity.

6. Keep a copy of the bylaws of your club handy so that you can turn to them often. If you have a parliamentarian, do not hesitate to call upon her for clarification of anything you do not understand. Have a Robert's *Rules of Order* book always at hand, just in case it is needed.

7. Keep the communication lines open between yourself and the committee heads. Even if some of their ideas conflict with yours, they are important, so learn to be a good listener and strive for a common meeting ground. Often it is on this point alone that the difference can hinge between conflict and cooperation resulting in a happy term of office, or a grueling experience.

8. Last, but not least, develop a good sense of humor and hang onto it no matter what comes. It will not only see you through many tight spots, but used skillfully can smooth the troubled waters which threaten to disrupt a meeting.

Have a busy, happy year, Madame President—it's all yours. Make it a wonderful year!

### HAPPY NEW YEAR

1981!

Looks strange. Sounds strange. That's because it's new. It will be with us for 365 days.

We hope, as we look ahead, that 1981 will be happy days filled with the good things and joys that make up the elements of happiness.

### WHAT TO DO IN JANUARY

January can be a month of special interest in any organization. If we are lucky, activities slow down a little, often work requirements lessen. In the northern states, the gardens and farms are resting and even the weather cooperates so families can stay near home.

It is a great time to plan projects and gatherings for clubs and church groups which can be useful and interesting. Many such groups use the winter months for sewing projects such as quilting, learning new needlework techniques and making needed items for local nursing homes and hospitals.

One church organization makes lap robes and bibs for use in the health-care facilities. They make the lap robes just like small pieced quilts, line with a light-weight cotton batting, back with plain fabric and stitch binding on the edges. These are quickly tied with pieces of yarn knotted through a number of places on the lap robe. Terry cloth is used to make the bibs. Squares are also made into soft washcloths. The women bring their portable sewing machines and some food for lunch and enjoy the day working together in the church basement.

Some social centers and mission groups have other needs and will be glad to give your organization a list upon request.

Another worthwhile project could be developed around a "Goodwill Party" idea. Ask each member to bring a sack or box of items which will be given to the Social Service center nearest to you. A fun game to use at such a gathering would be to ask each person to pick out one article of clothing from her box and have the person sitting next to her put it on. The sillier the better. Or, one person could be chosen as a model and each person at the party would then pick out an item and "dress up" the model from these selections.

Many organizations start out the year with a fund-raising project built around simple soup or chili suppers. Decorations can be fun for such a winter activity—snowmen centerpieces, thread hanging from the ceiling upon which are strung cotton balls, skating scenes and frosted tree branches.

At either a fund-raising supper or at a covered-dish fellowship meal, a birthday theme can be fun to develop. Twelve tables are set, one designated for each month. For each table, use a small tree branch set firmly into a sand-filled flower pot or container. Tie decorations to each tree which correspond to the month for the table: January tree hung with tiny toy watches, February with paper hearts, March with shamrocks, etc. Guests are asked to sit at the table of the month of their birthday.

—Mae Dragoo





## FOODS INTO FASHIONS

by  
Vern Berry

Strawberry Festivals—Pig Roasts—Shrimp Boils—Rose Parades—celebrations of all kinds feature the specialties of home towns. One such affair far outshines them all, in my mind, in originality, creativity, and downright beauty!

Since 1933, the little town of Mission, Texas, has been celebrating the last week in January with a Citrus Festival for it is the home of the ruby red grapefruit, other citrus fruits, and unmatched garden produce of many kinds which grow in the fertile Rio Grande Valley. The Festival finds the town humming with activities of all kinds: craft shows, produce shows, art and needlework displays and a very unusual parade with floats decorated with slices of the colorful fruit. A king and queen are crowned at a lavish formal ball. The spectacular and unusual Product Costume Show lifts this celebration into a class of its own. All garments worn in this fashion show must be completely covered with valley-grown products.

Costumes were first made by pinning leaves from the citrus trees and available flowers to fabric foundations. The colors were beautiful, but it was difficult to fit the models, and the resulting weight made it impossible to walk gracefully. By the 1940s, small pieces of cellophane-wrapped fruits, vegetables or flowers were fitted into patterns or designs and glued to the fabric. The creative ladies also began to use seeds and dehydrated foods. The invention of the food blender to grate and pulverize the blossoms, vegetables, fruits and even woods, opened up a new medium to this art.

As soon as one show ends, a theme is chosen for the next year. Participants decide on the character they wish to represent. Copying a picture from a book or museum, a basic garment is made from a fabric that will drape softly. Then the designer spends a whole year gathering blooms at the peak of their perfection, or picking tender little leaves of a desired shade of green, or saving such scraps as the rinds of grapefruit and oranges, and storing everything in the family freezer.

As January nears, the ingredients are slowly dried in the oven, then pulverized in the blender. Large amounts are needed; it takes a gallon of flower blossoms to make one cup of the useable "dust". No artificial dyes are used. Pulverized corn or grapefruit peel is made for a yellow color. Pomegranates, marigolds, bougainvilleas, red peppers, rose and geranium petals, onion skins, etc., turn out the various colored dusts. The basic garment is placed on an ironing board and marked with the design or pattern to be applied. Using a wide



You would never guess that the costumes of these two lovely girls are covered with products grown in the Rio Grande Valley of southern Texas. The one on the right is white with multicolored flowers and butterflies. The one on the left is red with white daisies and green leaves.

brush, rubber cement is painted directly onto the fabric. Then the colored dust is sprinkled on the pattern. Trimmings, representing beads, buttons or lace, are fashioned from the seeds of cantaloupe, squash, or pumpkin. Sometimes sea oats or strips of sugar cane is used. It takes imagination and ingenuity to create plaids, border effects, or other trims from any number of unlikely valley products.

The cost of these creations is minimal, but many, many hours of labor are involved. Sometimes one person creates a fashion, or groups or organizations unite and work on a project. The final assembling has to be done just before show time as some of the thawed vegetables don't keep well and an unsightly mold can form. If made too early and tucked away until show time, a mouse might find quite a feast.

The costume-show performance begins with the presentation of the queen, accompanied by four little train bearers. Tiny little girls, chosen as princesses, also make their appearance. Then one by one, the models of all ages, both male and female, slowly approach the stage on a long ramp-like runway. The narrator describes each costume, telling what products were used, the cost, and the number of hours required to perfect each creation.

One year a little boy pushed an oriental rickshaw cart. His peasant-type coat and pants were made with the help of both his grandfathers who had cut down a tree and ground it into sawdust to achieve a tan color. The cart was also covered with the sawdust. The wheel spokes were grapefruit tree limbs and the rims of the wheels were made of

burned tangerine rind.

Why do so many people participate? Surely not for the prizes which are about twenty-five dollars. It is civic pride and a deep love and dedication to their valley. The city of Mission is located in the southernmost tip of Texas only eight miles from the Mexican border. Tropical in nature, it is in a bilingual section of the state with many Mexican-American citizens who participate in the fiesta. More people every year are discovering the goodness of the valley's fruits and vegetables and enjoying the creativity of the people who turn products into unbelievable fashions.



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Once again it is time to announce the All-America Rose Selections of the year. For 1981, there are three: a hybrid tea, a floribunda and a grandiflora. "Bing Crosby" is a bright, cheerful hybrid tea rose named for a man who gave consistently fine performances in the field of music and acting. The brilliant persimmon-orange blooms have a slight fluorescent glow and a mild fragrance. The plant reaches a height of five feet, yet is well-branched and has a compact growth habit.

With larger blooms than ordinarily found on the floribunda, "Marina" has clusters of coral-orange flowers borne in great profusion. The plant shows high resistance to disease and grows to a medium height with as many as fourteen to eighteen stems bearing the fragrant blooms. It is a vigorous, not very thorny, well-clothed bush with dark-green glossy foliage. This rose is already known to many as an outstanding greenhouse variety, and now will highlight the home garden.

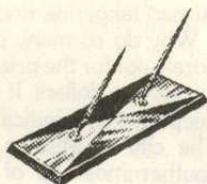
"White Lightnin'" is a bushy grandiflora rose with pure-white ruffled flowers that are sometimes edged with a light blush pink. While the plants do not attain the height usually associated with grandifloras, the healthy bushes are clothed with an abundance of glossy foliage. This is the first grandiflora ever to have won an All-America Award in the forty-one-year history of All-America Rose Selections.

You will find these roses featured in nearly all mail-order nursery firms that offer roses. Get your order in early and plant as soon as the soil can be worked in the spring.

Everybody has a bad day some time, so don't be offended by a friend's occasional complaint.



## DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

We hope the year of 1980 has been kind to you all. It has most certainly been a busy year for us.

With the beginning of each new school year, things start to roll at a hectic pace around our house. Not only do the girls have endless activities in which to participate, but Tom spends countless hours in meetings of one kind or another.

I have so often heard other mothers in our neighborhood complain about never being able to get everyone to sit down and eat a meal together and I've always thought "I'll never let that happen to my family." Wrong! This fall found us eating in shifts almost every evening.

During the first two months of this school year, Lisa was kept extremely busy with flag squad. The group started practice at 7:00 A.M. Monday thru Friday in preparation for their Friday night half time performance at the football game. It also seemed that practically every Saturday night during September and October was also taken up with band activities. When the first of November rolled around, and Lisa finally had a Saturday evening free to do something with friends, she could hardly believe it.

While Lisa was up and out very early every morning, Natalie was at school every evening until six or so. She started volleyball tryouts before school started in August. After long hours of practice and several eliminations of players, she finally made one of the two teams. Natalie has always enjoyed sports, so this was right up her alley. They had a very successful season with only a few losses. She did find that, with all the practices and a couple of games a week, she did need a lot more sleep.

In my last letter, I mentioned that our local Lions Club had hosted the State Convention and the Lioness Club was in charge of the decorations. Our Lioness Club is a fairly new organization, having been chartered only a couple of years ago. Since it is a young organization, we are always looking for new fund-raising ideas. One of our projects this fall was very well received by the community. We ordered several hundred pumpkins right before Halloween. The week before sales were to begin, we spent many hours painting faces on some of our jack-o'-lanterns. Probably twice as many could have been sold as were ordered, but it's always nice to sell out.

School-wise, we are hoping for a mild winter so construction on both our high schools can continue. As I have



Natalie Nenneman is now 14 years old and Lisa is 17. They are the daughters of Tom and Donna Nenneman and the granddaughters of Mae and Howard Driftmier.

explained before, we have two high schools in our district. One houses the freshmen and sophomores and the other one houses the juniors and seniors. This fall construction was started on new buildings on both campuses. Next fall, each campus will house freshmen thru seniors, however there will still be a building for freshmen and sophomores and a separate one for juniors and seniors at both locations. Now, anyone who has built a new home knows that you never get moved in on the date planned and just what a hassle it all can be. We are hoping for the best since both girls will attend the north campus, which is only a few blocks from our house.

For some time we had been considering buying another car, but had always put it off, figuring we could manage just a little longer. There had been so many times this fall when both girls had to be in different places at the same time and had we had that extra car Lisa could have driven and saved me a lot of chauffeuring. We finally purchased a small front-wheel drive car. This is, without question, Tom's car. He needed some-

### ALL ABOUT RED!

1. A children's fable. (Little Red Riding Hood)
2. Popular song of the 30's. (Red Sails in the Sunset)
3. Old Glory. (Red, White and Blue)
4. Children's story about a fowl. (Little Red Hen)
5. A gravy made with ham. (Red-eye gravy)
6. An organization to help people. (Red Cross)
7. One of our feathered friends. (Red-bird)
8. Trees on the Pacific coast. (Red-woods)
9. A kind of candy. (Red hots)
10. A British soldier during the American Revolution. (Red Coat)
11. A spring-blooming tree. (Redbud)
12. An American Indian. (Red Man)
13. The government is tied up with it. (Red tape)

—Evelyn Lyon

thing that gets good mileage as he does a lot of traveling from school to school.

One thing that I've failed to mention was why we finally took the plunge and bought the car. After a football game one Friday evening, Lisa and two friends were headed toward a restaurant for something to eat when a young man in a pickup made a left-hand turn in front of them. I'm sure you can guess the rest. The accident was not Lisa's fault; fortunately, none of the girls were hurt. Nonetheless, the car was in pretty bad shape so we were more or less forced into a new car.

Lisa had often chuckled at Mom and Dad when we always told her to be careful when she left the house whether she happened to be driving or riding with someone else. Now she understands a little better what we mean.

Natalie is still baby-sitting at least three or four nights a week. She is the only one in the family who doesn't ever seem to be short of money. However, we had to cut back her work hours during volleyball season because she wasn't getting enough sleep.

Lisa found a job in a shop at the Westroads (a large Omaha shopping center) during the Christmas holidays. She was happy to have something for a short time, but it didn't take her long to realize that it would be pretty hard to juggle a full class-study load and a job.

As you may recall, we had one very early snow in the Midwest this fall. This snow caught almost everyone without snow tires on—the Nenneman family included. It happened on my day to pick up Natalie and her friends after school, so Tom had to change tires for me at noon. I had been out that morning as the road started to get slick and it was very evident that by dismissal time my regular tires were going to get me absolutely nowhere. Well, you guessed it—once we hurried to put on the snow tires, we then had a lot of sixty-degree and above weather. Never fails!

I have mentioned in the past how we enjoy feeding the birds in the winter time and this winter has been no exception. However, the juncos that frequent our bird feeder arrived the same day as that early snowfall. I was working in the kitchen and happened to glance out and about a half dozen of the birds were on the ground in the same spot the bird feeder had been last year. Juncos always feed off the ground, but they kept looking up like they were trying to figure out why there wasn't anything to eat.

Well, time is hurrying along and time to get at those ever-present household chores. Summer, winter, fall or spring, it seems like there is always plenty to do to keep a person busy. I hope that you find the season rewarding and have a wonderful year.

Sincerely,  
Donna



## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

This letter is being written a short time before Betty and I leave for Omaha to spend Christmas with our Midwestern family. How we have looked forward to this trip! It has been one entire year since we have played with our grandchildren.

Three-year-old Christopher calls me, "The grampa who tells stories without reading them?" After thirty-five years of storytelling to Sunday school children, I should be qualified for vocally expressing my wild imagination. Even before having a chance to take off my coat, Isabel and Christopher will be dancing around saying: "Tell us a story! Tell us a story! Please tell us a story about the bears who live in your woods." When Betty asked me how long we would stay in the Middle West on this trip, I replied: "Well, how long can I tell stories eighteen hours a day? Not very long."

Usually my letters to you are written while I am standing at my typewriter. (I always type standing up.) This letter, however, is being written as I am seated at my desk on the second floor of the Stillman Building at the Mystic Seaport Museum. It is a cold, blustery day and there will not be the crowds of visitors we have on most days. Because the museum has become one of the most popular tourist attractions in all of New England, it is closed only on Christmas Day and on New Year's Day. So many of the visitors come from far distant places, it would be almost "criminal" for the museum to be closed more than two days a year. On Sunday, hundreds of visitors stop in our little chapel for prayer and meditation. I have a feeling that those who do that are thanking God that America has a place like this museum.

As I've mentioned before, my job as a volunteer interpreter for the Mystic Seaport is to tell people about whales and whaling, scrimshaw, and model boats. There are about 300 paid staff members here, and about 200 volunteers. We all work together to give our visitors a trip back in time, making history come alive throughout all of the seventeen exhibit-filled acres. This is an enormous place, very much like the restoration area of old Williamsburg, Virginia. The difference lies in the fact that this museum is a small seaport village right on the waterfront where one can tour historic houses and maritime trade buildings. Tied up at the wharfs along the waterfront are tall ships—the *Charles W. Morgan*, the world's only surviving wooden whaleship; the square-rigged ship *Joseph Conrad*; the fishing

schooner *L.A. Dunton*; and many other fascinating ships and boats. Visitors can go aboard several of these vessels and explore them from stem to stern. As a matter of fact, when I take my mid-morning break today, I am going into the galley of the *Dunton* and make myself a cup of hot coffee.

In addition to the village buildings, with their costumed interpreters, the museum has several formal exhibit buildings. In these buildings are exhibited some of America's finest collections of ship models, figureheads, scrimshaw, paintings, and other valuable museum artifacts.

If you should make a trip to the East, plan to spend at least one full day here and, if possible, two days. It is a great place for having fun while learning about nineteenth-century New England. Children and adults alike enjoy talking to the craftsmen they see building and repairing ships, setting the sails on the tall ships, demonstrating with a breeches buoy the rescue of passengers and crew of a stricken ship, cooking meals over a fireplace in an eighteenth-century house, and performing dozens of other interesting tasks.

While writing this to you, I have had to leave my desk several times to speak to groups of persons interested in the scrimshaw exhibit on this floor. (I wrote at length about scrimshaw in the July 1980 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*.) Scrimshaw is the name given to etchings, carvings, and various contrivances of the early Yankee whalers when whaling was one of America's most important nineteenth-century industries. The visitors can hardly believe their eyes when they are shown the beautifully scrimshawed teeth of the sperm whale and the exquisitely scrimshawed tusks of the walrus.

Like most of the visitors who come to this place, the people here this morning asked dozens of questions about whales. They always want to learn about the size of the whales. Actually, there are several

different kinds of whales, and they are of varying sizes, but the blue whale (the largest of them all) is more than twice as long as the average American house (110 feet). The visitors often gasp with surprise when they learn that a blue whale at birth weighs about 10,000 pounds and is twenty-three feet long. The baby is usually delivered by a whale midwife and is nursed by its mother for six months, gaining weight at the rate of 200 pounds a day. An adult blue whale weighs about 280,000 pounds. That weight is the equivalent of the weight of thirteen of the world's largest elephants put together.

How much longer we can go on feeding swans and ducks at the present rate I am not sure—it's an expensive hobby! A few days ago, we had a delightful surprise when ten large Canada geese flew in to visit us. We have geese flying over our house every day, but this was the first time any ever stopped in for a visit and to have a meal. Feeding both geese and swans presents a problem. The swans, Bonnie and Clyde, hate geese, and they do their best to frighten them away. The geese are very clever. One of their number is appointed "Chief Swan Frustrater", and his job is to keep Bonnie and Clyde chasing him while the other geese eat the grain provided by the Driftmiers.

Having the geese here for supper frustrated me. While running to get my cameras, I tripped and fell against the wall, giving myself a frightful bruise. Then, I took a dozen photos only to learn that there was no film in the camera! I took some photos on a second camera only to learn that its lens was incorrectly connected. What a time! But what fun it was to have the Canada geese stop by. Yes, *Canada geese* is correct, not *Canadian*.

Betty and I hope that you have a Happy New Year. You can make our New Year happier by coming to see us in 1981.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



The Palo family members were looking forward to a wonderful holiday season with Frederick and Betty when this photograph was taken. Vincent is holding Christopher and Mary Lea is sitting on the sofa with Isabel.





## WINTER AT GREYSTONE

by  
Harold R. Smith

Winter arrives at a specified date and time according to mankind's calendar, but the first flakes of snow that flutter downward like soft feathers fall according to the eternal rhythms of nature's laws.

"Just a flurry," says my neighbor, as he bends toward the brisk northerly wind, but I notice snowflakes cling thickly to his woolen coat.

There is a wondrous beauty in the first snowfall. The air is fresh and cold, the body quickens in pace to the changing seasons. Twigs become outlined in fanciful, strange shapes, fence posts wear caps drifted to pearly peaks, and ugliness vanishes under a coating of purest white. Everything we thought familiar now becomes extraordinary as the nearby woods look like pen-and-ink sketches and the fading sun drifts into shaded grey clouds across the horizon. Occasionally, apricot and lemon shades dissolve into a fiery red splash of sunset and we are left breathless as the ruby tones fade into darkness.

The term *winterize* has now become accepted by masses of people, and the term seems self-explanatory and apt. Mr. Webster himself might not approve such deviations of speech, but the word is included in the latest editions of his dictionary. We find the furnace, the house and the car must be winterized if we are to forestall serious problems when the cold winds of winter pay us a call.

Our ancestors cut wood whenever farm work was slack, and in time great rows of wood were stacked to properly season. The heating stoves were cleaned months before and a coat of black polish put on to give them a fresh, clean appearance. In the days of pre-plastic, we would often see a kitchen door with the lower half covered with oilcloth to prevent chilly drafts. Recently, we saw a house in our little village whose foundation was concealed by bales of hay. While visiting the owners, I was told they had seen this method used in northern Iowa and they

had simply copied the idea to prevent drafts coming in through the old rock foundation. New Englanders often use evergreens banked around their old houses but I suppose Midwesterners use hay due to its availability.

With the rising costs of today's fuels, we see stoves reappearing in houses, fireplaces glowing with gentle warmth and endless yards of plastic tacked to window frames to temper the chilling winds of winter. Cost-conscious Americans will continue to find ingenious ways to preserve precious fuels. I was thinking along these lines recently when I spied our neighbor's cat, Princess, curled on the chimney soaking up the spiraling heat. Twice we have seen birds toasting their frigid toes upon our chimney cover before flying off to unknown destinations.

Winter is a time for baking bread at our old house and if anything compares to the odor of freshly baked bread, I've not heard about it. To complete our evening meal we like a meat stew simmered all day on the back burner. By late evening, just as the stars prick the velvet blackness, the stew is served with crusty pieces of bread and a tossed salad drenched with Italian dressing.

I often compare this old house to a ship. When heavy snows drift over the lawn and become level with the retaining walls that surround the front terrace, I imagine the house is anchored securely until foul weather blows over. And, like an old ship, Greystone creaks with the burdens of many decades. When guests visited us one winter evening, an ice storm came which made driving impossible so they stayed the night. The next morning one guest remarked, "I've never heard so many creaks and groans in a house." I was astonished to hear this remark for we are apparently used to the peculiar sounds. The great attic constructed of old orange lumber expands and contracts and expresses protests by "talking" much of the winter. The staircase seems to creak more in cold weather (I feel this is a legitimate complaint since untold numbers of people have trodden up and down the steps).

Frances says I often have a dream-like stare when I voice the desire that I wish old houses could talk. Since she contends this is not possible, I must be content with strange noises at night as violent gusts of winds catch on dormers and skip over the roof.

Various Indian tribes described January's moon as the WOLF MOON when wolves strayed far from their dens in search of food. Even today, a solitary wolf or a small pack is often seen dashing across the snowscape to hide in shadows as their lonesome wail is carried across the frozen wastes.

Our faithful cat, Checquers, dozes near the typewriter these wintry nights and when he yawns an umpteenth time, I

slip on a heavy coat to escort him outside where he quickly enters the old basement. He prefers to be carried for he detests the snowy, cold brisk walk.

As I glance at the magic of this star-strewn night, my prayer is for world peace as I feel it during this quiet moment of beauty in a winter night at Greystone.

## I CAN WAIT

by Dorothy LaBelle

We spend half our lives in anticipation. From the time we are small we look forward to Christmas, a summer vacation, a promised picnic, or a visit to Grandma's. This habit doesn't change with the years. Instead, it often seems to become more pronounced. In our impatience, we frequently overlook one of God's greatest gifts—today.

Children have time to squander. Life, for them, is an endless succession of experiences, experimentations, and unfathomable mysteries. Just around the corner lies new adventure. They are fascinated by everything. But, although they anticipate future pleasures, they instinctively know that this moment, this day, is the most important one in their lives.

As adults, we too often lose this childhood sense of daily adventure. Our eyes are sightless to nature's miracles; our ears are deaf to nature's sounds. We feel winter's cold blasts and long for spring. We are barely aware of nature's awakening in the budding trees and the first tender shoots of grass, before we are thinking of hot summer days and summer sports. As the hazy heat locks us in a stifling, oppressive band, we shut the windows, pull the drapes, we turn on air conditioners and sip iced drinks while dreaming of the cool fresh air and riotously colorful foliage of autumn.

We anticipate the winter holidays, the cozy fireplace, the long winter nights with good books and good companions. But we are too busy to keep tuned to the subtle nuances of God's miraculous world. Our senses grow dulled as we forget that each season has something to offer, that each day is a gift to be enjoyed. Now is the most important time in our lives.

After a refreshing shower, I can watch a robin stand with his feet braced to pull a stubborn worm from the ground. I can smell the freshness of a newly washed world. I can hear the symphony of katydids on a hot summer night. I can see Jack Frost sketch his artistic masterpieces on my windowpanes. I can count the stars in the Big Dipper and marvel at the brightness of the first full moon. I am awed by the magnitude of God's universe.

I know that tomorrow will bring its gifts with all their promises and joys. Meanwhile, God has given me today, and I can wait.



## CHOICES

by  
LaVonne Kramer

The room was crowded; the tables were surrounded by women seated elbow to elbow. Projects and materials filled the work surfaces. There was the smell of oil paints and turpentine in the air. The class was studying tole painting; the lesson was apples.

I leaned back in my chair and studied my classmates. The lady on my left bent over her work, her nose nearly touching her paint. She flicked the lock of hair over her eye with the back of her hand, leaving a streak of leaf-green colored paint on her auburn waves. At the end of the table was one poor soul who epitomized total disorganization—her materials took more than her share of the work space, brushes dropped to the floor, turpentine spilled. Her sleeve brushed across her almost-finished project. Across the room sat the efficient student (every class on any subject has at least one). Her paint case was orderly and clean, her movements were precise and studied. There were no smudges of paint on her face or trimly cut smock. Her project was long-finished with perfectly formed apples with shadings of yellow and white and the leaves veined with an almost professional touch.

I looked down at my plaque with a sigh. Something in the wood prevented the background stain from penetrating evenly and streaking had resulted. The apple that served as the focal point was decidedly rounder on one side than the other. The leaves looked as if they had suffered severe drought. Also, in my hurry to finish the picture, I had ignored the cardinal rule—first, paint the leaves and secondary apples in the background. There was even a muddy-looking border where the wet paint of apples and leaves had mingled.

I sighed again. There were choices available. I could wipe the whole surface clean with a rag and turpentine and then begin again. I could let it dry and then repaint the entire picture. My third option was to let it dry, hang it up and be prepared to explain lamely, "It was my first project in tole painting", and try to do a better job on the next one.

Then my musing gave way to philosophical thought. In the larger actions of life we also have choices to make. During this time on the calendar, when it is customary to ponder the year just past, perhaps the same philosophy becomes pertinent.

There is little inclination to review one's successful accomplishments with anything other than thanksgiving and hope for opportunity to accomplish more. But what proves to be mistakes in judgment or action in life prompts more than a little bit of reflective thinking. How



Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco gives her son, Stephen, a motherly kiss. This picture was taken when Stephen was eight weeks old.

should we handle those errors?

Initially, mistakes can be as simple as a spectacular-looking angel food cake coming out of the oven, then falling into a leathery mass, to something as far-reaching as a bad business decision leading to financial disaster or unyielding parenting resulting in a rebellious child.

But whatever the error that is made in life, there are choices as to their handling once they have happened. Ideally, we can wipe the picture clean with the cloth of sincere regret for the wrong. If it involves offending another, then asking forgiveness of the Master Painter surely cleans the surface and makes a perfect background for a renewal of effort.

Dealing with mistakes does not always lend itself to working on a perfect background, however. Then the time comes to "let it dry" and start over again. Working over a previously painted picture means never really covering it up but doing the best one can knowing the shading will not be so clear and ridges may show through. So, too, maybe the mistakes cannot be erased but because of lessons learned they can serve as a basis for a new and successful attempt, the result not perfect but worthwhile.

Finally, there comes a time when the proper action to take is to hang up the imperfection for all to see. When the error cannot be wiped clean or serve as a basis for a better effort, then, with courage, we can say, "It is not a good result but I did my best and, God willing, I hope to have another opportunity to try again."

In the case of tole painting, my lopsided apples and drought-stricken leaves could, in future lessons, give way to picture-perfect blushing pears or tantalizing grapes. So, too, a mistake, trivial or serious, may give way to a future resoundingly successful endeavor.

What was my decision on that day as I considered what to do with my feeble effort? My imperfect plaque now hangs, appropriately enough, on the wall over a wastebasket. It certainly is not enduring



Alison (Driftmier) Walstad and little Lily made their first trip together to Albuquerque, New Mexico, when Alison's husband, Mike, traveled to that city to attend a medical technicians' meeting. Lily was a lively source of entertainment during the visit with her Lowey cousins. James and Katharine were especially delighted when they managed to get Lily to laugh out loud—a skill she had just acquired.

art, yet not so bad it need be discarded. I see it a dozen times a day. With the passage of time, the lopsidedness of the fruit doesn't glare quite so mockingly at me. Fortunately, my later sessions with the paintbrush were more successful.

Reviewing 1980 with its accomplishments and failures, it can be said there is great satisfaction in doing something well. On the other hand, some of the mistakes have lost their accusing glare after time passes, and 1981 will surely bring greater opportunities for more successful living.

## WHEN IS NEW YEAR'S DAY?

New Year's Day here in America is January 1st, but did you know the traditional Chinese celebration of the new year starts February 8th and lasts to February 13th. In the area of the world where the Greek Orthodox faith predominates, it is observed on January 13th. New Year's in April? Yes, in Thailand it is commemorated with great ceremonial activity at that time. The Mohammedan New Year is celebrated on September 4th in the Arab countries and the ancient country of Ethiopia also observes it in September, but on the 10th.

New Year's Day has been celebrated around the world for hundreds of years and always it is a time of great rejoicing.

—Mabel Nair Brown







Paul Driftmier

## PAUL IS HEARD FROM THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

For this month's letter, I'll relate the news in order of priority.

To start out, I've secured a job at a meat-packing plant and within the first two months I've already acquired the badge worn by almost any meat cutter of more than ten years—a short finger. I was assigned to help operate a "skinning" machine which is designed to remove a layer of fat and skin from a cut of meat, a piece of equipment which is also very efficient at removing appendages from hands. In absolutely no time at all, it had cut off the last knuckle of my left little finger and it had done it so cleanly that I didn't even realize that it was gone. I continued working for a couple of seconds before I realized what had happened. When I did see a bone poking out of my glove, and the pain began, I headed for the nurse's office on a dead run with a whole bevy of supervisors trailing behind me.

In the meantime, my co-worker was sifting through the meat scraps to find what I had lost. Although he found the end of my finger, still in the end of my glove, the surgeon said that I would be better off without his reattaching it. If it were sewn back on, he said, the finger would be stiff and wouldn't bend. In addition, the chance of infection would be much greater. On the other hand, if he just removed what was left of the end bone and patched up what was remaining, I would have full use of the finger and its two uninjured joints.

This accident occurred about two months ago and the finger is now healing nicely. In fact, the only activity which I find impaired is my guitar playing, and even this will surely eventually be accommodated. Aside from the initial shock, I

never really experienced any great pain. By the time I arrived at the hospital, the finger was just beginning to throb and the doctor quickly took care of that with a nerve block. When that finally wore off, a sufficient supply of painkillers kept me free of discomfort until the worst pain was gone. At work, now, I wear a splint and lots of cotton and gauze to protect the finger and when I'm not wearing that, I keep it curled under. However, on those rare occasions when I do bang it on something, it usually requires several men to peel me off the ceiling; it does make its presence known occasionally.

I returned to work two weeks after the accident on the condition that I would receive a job which required using only my right hand. This turned out to be a lab technician's position which involved quality control. I certainly was pleased to be using my brain instead of my back. I worked in the lab for about a month but learned that the salaried lab people didn't make nearly as much in wages as the workers on the hourly packing line. If I wanted to stay in the lab permanently, it would mean taking a pay cut. This I didn't intend to do, so I conferred with the plant supervisor about other available positions. Now I find myself using my back and my brain working on the loading dock. My primary responsibility is making sure each shipment of meat which leaves the plant is in the proper quantity and is the correct product. This involves checking and recording thousands of code numbers and weights each day. I'm pleased that they have entrusted me with this responsibility. When I'm not engaged with pen and paper, I help out with the manual labor involved in the loading. I've struck a happy medium and can say that my career is rolling along smoothly.

On to other things in my life. I've just made the largest purchase of my life not more than a month ago. With all of my new-found wealth, I had an opportunity to own something I've always wanted but never dreamed I would ever have—a Corvette. I had long known that I would soon be needing a car to replace my ten-year-old Firebird and I figured that to get anything worthwhile, I would need a bank loan. Not being someone to do things half-cocked, I went the whole nine yards.

With the help of my father's excellent credit, and his faith in me to accept responsibility, I secured a loan and sprang for a beautiful 1977 Corvette. I searched the classifieds for months and had my Uncle Bill in Indiana take up the hunt in his home town of Anderson. As it would happen, Madison County, in which Anderson lies, is the home of the nation's largest Corvette Club; i.e. more Corvettes per capita than anywhere else. This, coupled with the sorry state of that area's economy, meant lower prices as

per supply and demand. No sooner had I asked Uncle Bill to look than he found an outrageous bargain. The car was immaculate inside and out, and at a price that was a steal. We put down a deposit and I started making all of the arrangements with my bank.

As fate would have it, the owner of the car backed out, so the search was started all over again. This went on for two months but neither of us could locate anything compared with that first car. Just when I was about to give up on the idea altogether, I got a call from the owner in Indiana stating that she had decided to sell after all; the price was the same but now it had new tires. Needless to say, I snatched that suggestion up in a hurry.

The car is silver with a gray leather interior, and, believe it or not, I can squeeze my six-and-a-half-foot frame into it with relative ease. I'm up to my ears in debt for the next three years, but I'm loving every minute of it. Now I've got an investment which I can sell anytime for a healthy profit and get a lot of good use out of in the meantime.

So, until I write again, rest assured that I'm enjoying myself on the road and at work and my mother will keep you informed of my home life, which consists mostly of sleeping and eating and so is the most enjoyable of all.

I hope your Christmas was as happy as mine, but then not everyone has a dream car tucked away in his garage to hourly polish and preen.

Sincerely,

*Paul*

## PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY

I thank You, Lord, for what I have today.  
I thank You, Lord, for my happy yesterday.

And I thank You, Lord, for my tomorrow, whatever they may be,  
For I know that You are kind and loving,  
And will always care for me. Amen.

—Annette Lingelbach

## PARTY TIME

Yesterday I gave a party,  
Planning it for only a few,  
But others soon began to "crash"  
Until it grew and GREW and GREW!

Many guests were attired in brown,  
One in blue and two scarlet-hued.  
Such beautiful, dainty creatures,  
But their manners, alas, were crude.

They quarreled, snatched and gobbled,  
Without exception they were rude!  
Why cannot birds be more polite  
When I serve their favorite food?

—Kay Grayman Parker



## WHERE ARE THE HEROES?

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Imagine, if you will, over 1,200 persons gathered around tables in a huge auditorium. Look at the flags of Iowa and the United States, the draped background, and the flower-centered table on the podium where important personages are seated: the governor of the state, the Honorable Robert D. Ray and his wife, Billie, master of ceremonies, "Frosty" Mitchell, president of the Mitchell Broadcasting Company of Grinnell, William Burger, chairman and Paul Comer, director, both of the Iowa Development Commission.

Listen to the music of the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command Orchestra brought in from Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, Nebraska, just for this momentous occasion. And then, be introduced to the guests of honor. No, not Governor Ray, not the master of ceremonies, not the head of any commission, but the people of the communities of Iowa represented by those who are present—the doers, the movers and the workers in hundreds of small villages, medium-sized towns and cities across the state—they are the honored people, they are the heroes of the hour.

The event I am describing is the Tenth Iowa Community Betterment Recognition Day held recently in Veteran's Memorial Auditorium in Des Moines. It began at 9:00 A.M. and continued all day with workshops, displays, booths, project books and a chance to visit with people whose ideas and experiences were challenging and helpful.

Along with a van load of people from my home town of Sidney, I rode the 160 miles to Des Moines. After we had our name tag-meal tickets, we divided up to attend the various workshop sessions. It was difficult to decide where to go, for each group included excellent ideas.

My first stop was "The Grant Scene". Since many government monies are no longer available, the recommendation given was to contact offices which can give suggestions: Iowa has a Grants-In-Aid office in connection with the Iowa Conservation Commission, The Art's Counsel, Historical Preservation Division, University Extension Offices, just to name a few. The discussion concluded with the suggestion that everyone needed to research local organizations, businesses and individuals who might donate a money gift or remember the community or special projects in their wills.

My second workshop experience was "Youth in Community Development". Several panel members described the projects which had been developed in their communities with the enthusiastic participation of the youth. For example: a young man from Prairie City told how his group had developed a Meals on

Wheels program, summer recreational activities, a story hour for small children, a candy-stripers program for nursing homes in the area, student counsel activities in the school and a Welcome Wagon for newly arrived young people in the community. A youth from Mason City told how a group of his peers had gathered at school on Monday mornings at 7:30 to discuss the needs of the community and organize a plan of action.

Probably the best attended workshop was my next stop: "Dollars and Cents in Fund Raising". One speaker, from the small rural community of Ashton, told how they began raising money for a community building—a \$100,000 undertaking. First, they went door to door asking for donations and explaining the need and describing the planned building. Newsletters, radio and newspaper publicity kept the project in front of the people. Auctions, town-and-country celebrations, a pig roast, street dances, ball games, all were used to raise the money needed. Donations of labor and materials were given as well as cash.

Low Moor, another small community, held chicken suppers to help add to their funds. The town was divided into two parts, for one dinner the north section prepared the food, for the next meal the south section did the work. Car washes and newspaper drives were held, memorabilia were sold and two books were published—one on the history of the area and the other a historical cookbook. T-shirts were ordered with the shape of the state of Iowa with a star locating Low Moor and the words, "Low Moor—Best Little Town in Iowa" printed on the front. These have been so popular the committee is continually reordering.

One of the women from Shenandoah, Mary Jane Cole, assisted in the leading of the workshop, "Beefing Up Your Local Organization". Mary Jane told of the ef-

forts made by a group of Shenandoah high school students who developed Operation PRIDE. In a day when so much negative thinking is directed at youth, these young people began working on a plan to landscape and plant an inner courtyard in the high school building. They raised money and contributions of plants and developed a lovely botanical garden. Plans continue, Mary Jane said, for the erection of a glass dome over the courtyard which will provide a solar energy source to assist in winter growth of plants and lower the cost of heating the connecting rooms.

During the evening, over 1,200 Iowans gathered for a delicious dinner. Governor Ray gave an excellent short pep talk and complimented everyone for the contributions given in our local areas. More than \$100 million dollars worth of projects have been stimulated by the work of the Community Betterment program which, he opined, is a large amount of individual involvement!

Then came time for presentation of awards and money to those communities which had been judged in various categories. Six places were given for each population division. Shenandoah received a first special award and \$500 for energy conservation and youth involvement for the botanical project. Sidney received a second-place award and \$400 for their work on recreational facility improvement, a new fire station and restoration of an old historic church building.

And what about heroes? Some of the greatest heroes in the world today are those men and women, boys and girls, who quietly, uncomplainingly, courageously, keep on working to see that their communities are improved and, in the process, to see that their own corner of Iowa and the world becomes a better place in which to live.

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The high point of Iowa Community Betterment Recognition Day was the presentation of awards by Governor Robert D. Ray to deserving communities. Among those representing the city of Sidney were, left to right, Dana Handy, Brenda Benson, Emily Storey, Governor Ray and Evelyn Birkby.



# RECIPES!

## DELICIOUS LIMAS AND HAM

- 1 1/2 cups dry lima beans
- 1 tsp. salt
- 5 cups water
- 2 cups cubed cooked ham
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup molasses

Place beans, salt and water in pan. Bring to boiling and boil for one minute. Reduce heat and simmer for one hour. Drain, reserving 1/2 cup liquid. Layer beans, ham and onion in ungreased casserole. Combine remaining ingredients, including the reserved 1/2 cup bean liquid. Pour over layered ingredients in casserole. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about one hour. —Dorothy

## HOMEMADE PAN COATING

- 1 1/4 cups shortening
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1/4 cup flour

Combine the three ingredients and whip until creamy. Refrigerate in airtight container. Coat any cooking or baking pan with a small amount. Works like the aerosol spray non-stick coating.

—Betty Jane

## ROAST PORK WITH CORNBREAD STUFFING

- 4- to 5-lb. pork loin rib roast, cut between ribs almost to backbone
- Salt and pepper
- 4 cups cornbread crumbs
- 1 cup biscuit or dry bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. sage
- Salt, as desired
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 2 Tbls. oil or roast drippings
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 1/2 cups beef stock

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Lightly salt and pepper the pork roast and place in shallow baking pan. Bake for one hour.

Meanwhile, mix crumbs, seasonings and parsley. Heat oil or drippings, add onion and celery and cook until tender. Add to crumb mixture along with beef stock. Mix lightly. Remove roast from oven and drain fat. Pull chops apart and fill in between with stuffing. Place remaining stuffing in bottom of pan and place roast on top of stuffing. Return to oven for 1 1/2 to 2 hours longer. Let stand 20 to 30 minutes before serving.

—Betty Jane

## CREAMY CRUNCHY APPLE PIE

- 1 unbaked pastry shell
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 1-lb., 5-oz. can apple pie filling

Combine sour cream, sugar, egg, flavoring, flour and salt. Beat until smooth. Stir in pie filling and mix thoroughly. Pour filling into unbaked pastry shell. Bake at 450 degrees for 15 minutes; reduce to 325 degrees and continue baking 30 minutes. Prepare the following:

### Cinnamon Crunch Topping

- 1/3 cup flour
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup margarine

While pie is baking, combine flour, sugar and cinnamon; cut in margarine until mixture is crumbly. After pie has baked 30 minutes at 325 degrees, remove from oven. Sprinkle the topping over pie. Continue baking for 20 minutes longer until topping is lightly browned. Serve warm or cold.

—Donna Nenneman

## BAKED ITALIAN CHICKEN

- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard (I used Dijon.)
- Dash of Tabasco sauce
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian Salad dressing
- 3 lbs. chicken pieces

Melt margarine in saucepan; saute the garlic and onion. Add the Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, salt, sugar, mustard, Tabasco sauce and dressing; blend well. Dip the chicken pieces in the sauce, coating well, and place, skin side up, in baking dish. Bake in 350-degree oven for about an hour or until done. Baste occasionally while baking with any remaining sauce.

NOTE: Sauce may be poured over chicken pieces, then covered and placed in refrigerator to marinate for several hours before baking, if desired.

—Juliana

## SAUSAGE & EGG CASSEROLE

- 8 slices fresh bread, cubed
- 1 to 1 1/2 lbs. ground pork sausage, browned and drained
- 2 cups grated Cheddar or American cheese
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 3/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 1/2 cups milk
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk

Place cubed bread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Layer browned sausage over bread cubes. Sprinkle the cheese and mushrooms over top. Combine the beaten eggs, dry mustard and 2 1/2 cups milk. Pour over the ingredients in pan. Cover and refrigerate at least three hours or overnight. When ready to bake, combine the mushroom soup and remaining 1/2 cup milk and pour over all. Bake in oven preheated to 300 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

—Dorothy

## JAN'S DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. dried beef, chopped
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 3 tsp. diced onion
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 cup uncooked macaroni
- 1 cup milk
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced

Combine all the ingredients and mix well. Bake in greased casserole for one hour at 350 degrees.

—Verlene

## NO-NAME CAKE

- 1 small pkg. yellow cake mix (like Jiffy)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant lemon pudding mix
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 15 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1 9-oz. carton frozen whipped topping
- Chopped nuts, toasted coconut or graham cracker crumbs, for topping

Prepare the cake mix according to package directions, adding the vanilla flavoring. Bake in a 9- by 13-inch greased and floured pan at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Remove from oven and cool.

Blend the pudding mix with the milk and add the remaining flavorings. Blend in the softened cream cheese and mix well. Spread over cooled cake. Layer the drained pineapple over the cream cheese layer. Cover with the whipped topping. Sprinkle with nuts, toasted coconut or graham cracker crumbs. Let stand in refrigerator for several hours before serving. A light dessert.

—Verlene



**COUNTRY CABBAGE & BEANS**

- 3 slices bacon
- 1 15-oz. can cut green beans
- 3 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/4 cup water
- Salt and pepper
- 4 cups coarsely shredded cabbage

In a large skillet, cook bacon until crisp. Remove bacon and add green beans, onion and water to the skillet. Season with salt and pepper and simmer 5 to 7 minutes. Add cabbage, cover and bring to boiling. Simmer 5 to 7 minutes longer. Crumble bacon over top. Serves four. —Verlene

**SPINACH SOUFFLE**

- 2 pkgs. frozen chopped spinach (or 2 lbs. fresh)
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. black pepper
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Cook spinach; drain well. Combine the sour cream, egg yolks, salt, pepper and flavoring; beat well. Stir into the well-drained spinach. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Fold into the spinach mixture. Turn into a greased souffle pan or a casserole. Bake for 25 minutes at 375 degrees. Sprinkle cheese over top and return to oven for about 5 minutes. Serves six. —Betty Jane

**COMPANY MEAT LOAF**

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup fine fresh bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dry thyme leaves
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground chuck
- 1/3 lb. fresh ground pork

In large bowl, combine all ingredients except meats. Allow to stand for five minutes. Add the meats and mix well. Line a 5- by 9-inch loaf pan with foil, allowing about 6 inches of foil to extend around pan. Pack meat in pan and cover with the extra allowance of foil. Place in freezer for about one hour.

Turn meat out into a shallow pan. Place in 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare the following glaze:

- 1/2 cup tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard

Combine glaze ingredients and stir until well blended.

After meat has baked for 30 minutes, remove from oven and brush glaze on top and sides of loaf. Return to oven for about 45 minutes. Brush with additional glaze several times while baking.

—Betty Jane

**HONEY-MAPLE BREAD**

- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/4 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 1/4 cups white flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/3 cup currants
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten

In a saucepan, combine the milk, honey, flavoring and butter. Heat slowly over low heat. Do not allow to boil. Set aside to cool. Sift the dry ingredients together. Stir in the currants. Add the cooled milk mixture and blend well. Add the eggs and beat well. Grease and flour two small loaf pans or one large one. Bake in oven preheated to 325 degrees for about one hour for the small pans—longer for larger pan. Test for doneness. Cool in pan for 15 minutes. Turn out and finish cooling on rack. —Juliana

**ORANGE TAKE-ALONG CAKE**

- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
  - 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats
  - 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
  - 1 cup granulated sugar
  - 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 1/4 cup undiluted frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
  - 1 3/4 cups unsifted flour
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 1 tsp. soda
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
  - 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- Pour boiling water over oats. Set aside.

Cream butter or margarine with sugars. Beat in eggs one at a time. Stir in flavorings and orange juice. Sift the dry ingredients together. Blend dry ingredients into the creamed mixture alternately with the oats. Fold in nuts. Put into a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes, or until cake tests done. Cool. Spread with the following topping:

- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. undiluted frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
- 1 cup flaked coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts

Combine the brown sugar, butter or margarine and juice in a small pan. Bring to boiling and cook for one minute. Stir in coconut and nuts. Spread over top of cooled cake. Place under broiler for about one minute, or until golden brown.

A delicious cake which stays very moist. —Dorothy

**EXTRA SPECIAL CHOCOLATE SQUARES****1st Layer**

- 4 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter

In a large mixing bowl, combine the graham cracker crumbs and sugar. Pour the melted butter over top and blend well. Reserve 2 cups of the mixture for topping. Butter the bottom and sides of a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Press the remaining crumb mixture in the bottom and up sides of pan. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes. Remove from oven and let cool completely.

**2nd Layer**

- 6 squares semisweet chocolate, melted
- 1 1/2 cups milk, scalded
- 2 tsp. dry instant coffee
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold milk
- 6 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Combine the melted chocolate, scalded milk and instant coffee in a heavy saucepan. Sprinkle the gelatin over the cold milk; stir to soften and add to hot chocolate mixture. In separate bowl, beat the egg yolks, then mix in the flavorings and sugar; beat vigorously. Gradually stir this egg mixture into the chocolate mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream. Spread in cooled crust and refrigerate until almost firm.

**3rd Layer**

- 2 cups reserved crumb mixture
- 1 cup finely ground nuts
- 1 cup whipped cream

Combine the crumb mixture and ground nuts. Fold in the whipped cream. Spread over chocolate layer. Refrigerate until firm.

May be served with whipped topping and maraschino cherries used as garnish. A very rich and delicious dessert to serve for company or club refreshments. —Lucile

**SPEEDY PIE CRUST**

- 2 cups flour
- 2/3 cup vegetable oil
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup ice water

Place flour in bowl and make well. Add remaining ingredients and stir together. Roll out between two pieces of plastic wrap. Makes one 2-crust, 9-inch pie.

—Betty Jane



# ORIENTAL RECIPES

## CRAIG'S CHINESE BEEF

- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 8 ozs. beef, cut in strips
- 3 cups oil
- 3 slices ginger root
- 1 clove garlic, halved
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 ozs. edible pod peas
- 2 green onions, sliced

Combine first six ingredients. Slice beef into strips. This can be tenderloin, flank steak, roast, etc. Stir beef into first mixture and marinate at least 1/2 hour. Heat oil. Lift meat from marinade and deep-fat fry. Drain on paper towel. Strain oil into bowl, leaving 2 Tbls. in pan. When hot, stir in ginger root, garlic and salt. Saute, stirring, until "fragrant" and browned. Remove and discard ginger root and garlic. Stir in beef, snow peas and green onion. Toss until vegetables are heated through, but still crisp. Serve hot.

(NOTE: If the edible pod peas or the snow peas are not available, 2 green peppers or 1/4 lb. broccoli can be substituted.) —Evelyn

## SHRIMP BALLS

- 1 lb. shrimp, finely minced
- 6 water chestnuts, finely minced
- 1 green onion (white part only), finely minced
- 1 1/8-inch thick slice fresh ginger root, finely minced
- 1/4 cup canned mushrooms, finely minced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. cornstarch

Combine all the above ingredients and mix well. Using a heaping teaspoonful of the mixture, shape into balls. Deep-fat fry balls in peanut oil at 375 degrees until golden brown. Drain well. Serve hot with soy sauce or sweet-sour sauce.

—Juliana

## PORK-FILLED DUMPLINGS

### Dumplings

- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup boiling water
- Cornstarch

Measure flour into small mixing bowl. Make a well and pour boiling water into this depression. With a great big fork blend the water and flour together. This is hot and holds the heat longer than expected. When cool enough to handle, turn out on board which is sprinkled with cornstarch. Knead on board at least ten minutes, adding more cornstarch if needed to keep from sticking. Dough will become smooth and velvety. Cover with a cloth and let stand ten minutes. Prepare the following filling:

### Filling

- 3/4 lb. ground pork
- 1/4 lb. Chinese cabbage, shredded
- 6 green onion, white part only, minced fine
- 1 tsp. finely minced ginger root
- 1 1/2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sesame oil (or salad oil)

Combine in a bowl, Mix well with hands.

To Put Together: Divide dough in half. Roll each half into a long, round log (using cornstarch again on the board) about eighteen inches long and one inch in diameter. Cut into one-inch sections, making a total of 36 when dough is all used. Roll each little section until very thin (can roll two at a time for speed). Put one teaspoon of filling onto top of each dough circle. Bring up edges and crimp. Drop twelve dumplings at a time into rapidly boiling water. They sink to the bottom, then rise to the top in two or three minutes. Add one cup cold water when the dumplings have surfaced. When water begins boiling again, lift the dumplings out with a slotted spoon and place on a paper towel so they do not touch—they stick to each other otherwise.

When the dumplings are well drained,

shallow-fry in 1/4 to 1/2 cup peanut oil which has been heated until very hot in a skillet or a wok. Brown not more than six at a time. When brown on both sides, lift out of cooking pan and drain on paper towel. Serve with sweet-sour sauce or soy sauce.

—Juliana

## PORK FILLING FOR CHINESE EGG ROLLS

- 1/2 lb. ground pork, browned and drained
- 2 Tbls. cooking oil
- 3 green onions, thinly sliced
- 10 water chestnuts, diced
- 1 8-oz. can bamboo shoots, sliced
- 1 large stalk celery, thinly sliced
- 6 fresh mushrooms, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. sesame oil
- 2 Tbls. peanut or corn oil
- Pinch of ground ginger (or small portion of fresh ginger)

Purchased frozen egg roll skins

Heat a large skillet or wok until hot. Add the 2 Tbls. cooking oil and heat until sizzling hot. Add the onion, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and celery; stir-fry for two minutes. Add mushrooms and garlic and stir-fry for one minute. Add pork and stir until blended; remove from heat.

In a small bowl, combine salt, sugar, soy sauce, cornstarch, oils and ginger. Add to the skillet or wok and return to heat. Stir-fry until heated and thickened. Remove from heat.

Use filling to fill egg roll skins. Cook egg rolls in skillet which contains about 1/2 inch of hot oil. Cook rolls on all sides until brown. Drain on paper towels. Do not stack rolls. Serve hot.

—Juliana

## BEEF AND BEAN SPROUTS

- 1 lb. lean beef, partially frozen
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Fresh or powdered ginger to taste
- 2 cups bean sprouts
- 4 scallion or green onions, sliced diagonally
- 1/4 cup sweet mixed pickle, diced
- 2 Tbls. pineapple juice
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup beef broth
- Cooked rice

Slice meat very thin, diagonally across grain; dry with paper towel. Place oil in pan and add garlic and ginger. Stir-fry until just browned, about one minute. Add bean sprouts, scallions or green onions, pickle; stir. Combine the pineapple juice, soy sauce, cornstarch and broth; add to pan. Cook and stir for one minute. Serve with boiled rice.

—Betty Jane

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Many oriental foods were served at an Ethnic Fair held in Omaha, Nebr., last spring. This friendly Japanese gentleman kindly agreed to pose for his photograph as he handed Evelyn a plate of shrimp and rice, which was her choice for the main part of her meal.

### JAPANESE FRUIT CAKE

- 1 orange
- 1 lemon
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup raisins, ground
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Remove thin outer rind (the zest) of orange and lemon by either grating or peeling with a potato peeler and then grinding fine.

Juice the orange and lemon, remove seeds from juice and combine the two juices and the 1/4 cup sugar. Set aside.

Cream shortening, 1 cup sugar and butter flavoring. Beat in egg. Add soda to buttermilk and add alternately with the flour to the creamed mixture. Mix in the ground raisins, lemon and orange flavoring and the grated or finely ground orange and lemon zest. Bake in a well-greased loaf pan at 350 degrees for about 55 minutes or until done. Turn out on cooling rack. When cool, cut into slices and serve with fruit juice mixture.

(Some who have eaten this fruit cake like it better plain without the mixed juices, but the original, which was brought home by an Iowa high school girl after she was an exchange student to Japan, simply has the thin juice poured over the cooled slices of cake. Ice cream could be scooped onto the top of the juice-laden cake as well.) —Evelyn

### BACON-WRAPPED WATER CHESTNUTS

- 1 can water chestnuts
- Bacon slices
- 1/3 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup sugar

Wrap each water chestnut in a half slice of raw bacon. Fasten with toothpick. Bake for one hour at 300 degrees. Drain fat. Combine the catsup and sugar and heat until sugar is dissolved. Pour over the water chestnuts. Return to oven and bake one more hour. Baste occasionally with the sauce. —Robin

### SWEET-SOUR SAUCE

- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 3/4 cup water, tomato juice, or pineapple juice
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup sugar
- Salt to taste

Combine vinegar, juice or water and cornstarch. When well blended and smooth, stir in sugar and a little salt. Cook, stirring, until mixture is clear.

The sauce can be served hot or cold with a variety of dishes. Some Chinese like to add 2 green peppers, sliced, and continue cooking until they are bright green. Then they stir in 2 or 3 fresh chopped tomatoes and just barely heat through. This extends the sauce and gives added color and texture. Very good to use for a fondue sauce, with cooked chicken, egg rolls, etc.

—Evelyn

### JAPANESE LASAGNA

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 lb. mushrooms, thinly sliced (or 1 can stems and pieces, drained)
- 3 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3 cups spaghetti sauce
- 1/2 cup wheat germ
- 1 cup mashed tofu\*
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese
- 1/4 cup parsley (fresh or dehydrated)
- 1 8-oz. pkg. lasagna noodles, cooked and drained according to package directions

Melt butter in large skillet or wok. Add mushrooms, garlic, salt and pepper. Saute, stirring occasionally, until ingredients are tender. Stir in spaghetti sauce and wheat germ. Heat thoroughly. Combine tofu \*(cottage cheese, well-drained, can be substituted for tofu, which is a bean curd product) and Parmesan cheese in a small bowl. In another small bowl, combine mozzarella cheese and parsley. When cool enough to handle, put a third of the cooked lasagna noodles in the bottom of a 9- by 12-inch baking pan. Spread half of the tofu mixture on top of the noodles. Pour a third of the mushroom sauce over the

tofu and top this with a third of the mozzarella. Repeat layering. Make the final layer one of lasagna noodles with a light coating of the sauce and a bit of the mozzarella mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until hot and bubbly. Let stand 15 minutes before cutting. Can garnish with a little fresh parsley.

This is a large recipe. It can be made a day or two ahead of baking time, covered with foil and refrigerated until time to bake. It can also be frozen unbaked, or baked and heated later. Allow added baking time for the casserole if mixture has been chilled or frozen. Tofu is used very commonly in Japan. It is available in many local stores and oriental specialty shops. If a substitute is needed, well-drained cottage cheese will do well. This basic recipe can also be made with browned ground beef as a substitute for the tofu, but then it is not so oriental in taste. —Evelyn



Add to main dishes, salads, soups, gelatins, milk shakes, toppings, vegetables, desserts, etc.; whatever you cook will be improved with the addition of one or more of these great long-lasting flavorings.

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
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| <b>Burnt Sugar</b>  | <b>Blueberry</b> |
| <b>Black Walnut</b> | <b>Raspberry</b> |
| <b>Strawberry</b>   | <b>Banana</b>    |
| <b>Lemon</b>        | <b>Mint</b>      |
| <b>Maple</b>        | <b>Almond</b>    |
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## PLEASE PASS THE BEANS

by  
Charlotte Seamann

When I was growing up during the depression years, I thought we ate beans so often because we liked them. It wasn't until years later that I realized the real reason was that they were something we could grow, harvest and cook at very little cost. Mom says she can hardly stand beans to this day because she had to cook and eat so many of them then, but I still count them among my favorite dishes.

There's a right and a wrong way to cook navy beans:

Pick over the beans, removing any spoiled ones and an occasional rock. Then wash them, put them in a kettle, fill it with water and simmer all day, adding more water as needed. Mom used to set her pot on the back of the wood stove; I use a slow cooker. The results are the same.

When the beans are partly done, stir in a little baking soda. The broth will fizz up and turn a tinge of green but that's all right—that's what they're supposed to do. I asked Mom why she always added soda and she said it was supposed to cut down on the gas effect.

After the mixture quits fizzing, put in a ham bone, ham scraps or chunks of bacon. Since we are cattle ranchers, I use scraps from the bacon "ends and pieces" box that are too thick to fry. If there is enough meat to eat, fine. If not, the flavor at least gives the illusion of



Kristin Brase had this picture taken for her dad, Frank Johnson, because they are the two great coffee drinkers in the family. Kristin is a busy teacher in Chadron, Nebraska, so she doesn't often have time to enjoy a quiet chat over a cup of coffee. The friend, shown to the right of the picture, is a neighbor, Carol Malone.

eating meat.

At our house on bean day, supper time finally comes and we sit down to enjoy what we've been smelling all day. Beans have to be eaten properly. We spread butter on a slice of homemade bread, or two if our plates will hold them. We spoon on the juice until the bread is saturated, then pile the beans on top. If desired, finely chopped onion can be put on for a final touch. Ummm, a gourmet delight!

My husband's mom always baked beans but at our house, baked beans were only for company or picnics. Even then we boiled them, took out enough to bake, and ate the rest the "right" way. After twenty years I still can't fix baked beans to suit my husband, Ed.

I have made one concession in the way I fix beans to make them a little more acceptable to Ed. When one of our six babies was born, a neighbor brought a big batch of ham and beans to which she'd added boiled potatoes. So now I do that also, which makes my meat-and-taters man a little happier. However, it still doesn't seem to me like those spuds really belong with beans.

After a meal or two of reheated beans, I make bean soup of the leftovers by adding a little milk and a lot of "rivils". "Rivils" are made with eggs and flour like noodles but are dropped in the soup in little hunks like dumplings. Since we always had our own eggs as I was growing up, this is another of our depression-days specials.

Our budget isn't nearly as tight as my folks was in the days of my childhood, or as our own was in the early days of our marriage. I've eaten and enjoyed many foods through the years. But much as I love steak, pizza, shrimp and other good dishes, for plain old mouth-watering, everyday eating, a batch of good old navy beans still can't be beat.

## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Snow will not stick to your shovel if you pour some melted paraffin wax on it. Works like a charm.

—Mrs. R.P., Ashland, Ne.

\*\*\*\*\*

Whenever I make barbecue, patties or meat loaf with ground beef, I add some uncooked rolled oats. It makes them go farther and cheaper. One day when I was out of oats, I grated some potatoes and mixed them into the ground beef. Tasted good and made the meat money stretch.

—Mrs. D.S., Eagle Grove, Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

Pimiento can spoil quickly once a can or jar is opened. I freeze the unused portion, put in a plastic bag to store, and use only what I want at a time.

—M.G., Walnut, Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

We have been keeping all the little-used rooms in our house closed off during the heating season. I found that heavy towels rolled up and placed along the cracks kept the cold air from coming into the other rooms—or our expensive heat from escaping.

—T.J., Jefferson City, Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

I found some old fake fur coats at the secondhand store for very little money. I made them into funny fur animals for my children last year. This year I am using the scraps with socks to make hand puppets. When the kids are older, I want to find another bargain and make throw pillows for their beds.

—Mrs. H.D., Omaha, Ne.

\*\*\*\*\*

To thread a sewing machine needle easier, lay something white under the foot. It really helps a lot.

\*\*\*\*\*

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In recent years, dolls and teddy bears have become extremely popular collectors' items. This interesting display was shown at the Dodge House historical mansion in Council Bluffs, Iowa, during an exhibit which featured private collections of dolls and doll houses.

—Photo courtesy of The General's Ladies

## Collect Something

by Ruth Townsend

Collect something! How many times have you heard that admonition? The admonisher usually goes on to say that your collection will be a joy to you now, it will give you an interest to pursue all your life, and besides, what you collect may become valuable in time. Collect, yes do collect something, but not necessarily for what it will do for you—collect because of what it will do for your friends and relatives.

If you collect something, forthwith you reduce the problem of what to give as a gift by 100%. For birthdays, Christmas or "just because", it is no longer a question every time of what to give. It becomes instead "Is this particular item in your collection?"

Of course you need to keep your collection to something not too expensive or hard to find. Mounted elephant ears or pure gold candelabras will hardly fill the bill. Try salt and pepper shakers, stuffed animals, silk flowers, stationery, thimbles—anything that can be found easily and with a wide range of price tags. Then tell everyone what you are collecting. They will be glad to know and they will enjoy adding to your collection.

Your friends' lives will often take on an added dimension as they try to find things for your collection. I have a friend who collects postcards. Her collection has made my life far more interesting. Since she told me about her card collection, I am always alert to see what I can find for her. Last summer, I was visiting friends in Missouri. They asked me if I wanted to see the home of General Pershing of World War I fame. I was tired and just about said no, but then I thought about getting a postcard for my friend

(one of her categories is famous people) and I decided to say yes. The house turned out to be an interesting, though little-known, historical monument. I would have missed it entirely except for my friend's collection. And yes, I did remember to buy her a card.

A collection can also make it easy to supply subject matter when a conversation starter is needed. A couple of years ago, my husband wanted to visit a friend of his in Arkansas. I had never met the friend's wife and I wondered how we'd fill the time we'd have together while the men reminisced. When I walked into her living room, my worries were at an end. She had a beautiful collection of bells which gave us plenty to talk about right away; from the bells our conversation branched out to other subjects. When I wanted to send a hostess gift, it was no problem—another bell for her collection would, I knew, ring the bell with her.

So, do collect something. By doing so you can have enjoyment for yourself and can make life more interesting for anyone with whom you come in contact.

(In case you're wondering if I practice what I preach, I do. I collect paperweights.)

### GOD'S MINUTE

I have only just one minute,  
Only sixty seconds in it,  
Forced upon me—can't refuse it—

Didn't see it—didn't choose it,  
But it's up to me to use it.

I must suffer if I lose it,  
Give account if I abuse it.

Just a tiny little minute

But eternity is in it. —Unknown



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| <b>KVSH</b> | Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.   |
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## Needle Notes

by  
Brenda Carl Rahn

January, when snow is still on the ground and we haven't gotten all of the tinsel out of the carpet, seems a strange time to be talking about spring fashions. But designers have already completed their collections and stores are beginning to display the clothes we will be wearing in just a few short months. This is a good time for the seamstresses and needleworkers to get busy. Pastels are back with a new twist, this time the emphasis is on flannel used for soft pleated skirts topped with lightweight sweaters or plaid jackets. Even slacks will be of pale-colored flannel. The emphasis this spring will be on a soft but classic look.

Since flannel is an inexpensive fabric and extremely easy to work with, why not make a separate or two now. The

colors usually found hiding among the infant and pajama prints will work with this season's skirts, tops and jackets. Try a tucked green skirt with a green and white pullover for a darling combination.

Please remember, it is essential that you prewash flannel material, especially those with a large percentage of cotton. Most fabrics are treated against shrinkage, but it is better to be safe than sorry.

A few odds and ends: those of you who are sewing with the stretch terries will find that it is a good idea to remove all rings from your fingers while you are working with it. Terries snag very easily and those snags just don't pull out. Be sure to wash the garment inside out to avoid snags and pilling (this is also true of velours). If you do get a snag in your terry dress or top, use a fine crochet hook or purchased "knit-fixer" to gently bring the snag to the inside. Loops in terry cloth are one continuous thread, separate from the base fabric, so you don't want to straighten out a whole line by pulling too hard.

A handy interfacing on the market is a stretch knit fusible interfacing. It was designed for use with stretch knits, terries and velours to help avoid that unnatural stiffness you get when using regular interfacing.

Not only does it do the job it was de-

signed for extremely well, but it does many others as well. It can be used as a super fast way to line skirts or slacks. Buy equal yardage of interfacing, cut it out as you would the pattern. Before fusing, trim one-fourth inch all around the interfacing so that you will have a graded seam when finished, then fuse and sew as usual. The interfacing has enough stretch so that it gives with the material when sitting, walking or bending. I like this idea for those scratchy wools for it certainly cuts the lining time in half. One word of caution—test a piece of the interfacing on a scrap of fabric to see if you like the look and hang of the fused fabric before doing the pattern pieces.

Keep this type of interfacing in mind if using a loosely woven fabric and want a little more give in the waistband. This will let the fabric stretch a little as it would naturally, but not enough to lose its shape.

Needleworkers will enjoy the fact that sweaters with embroidered designs are once again popular. Many lovely transfers are now available from most pattern companies. It is an inexpensive way to perk up an old sweater or make an expensive-looking evening sweater from a simple, thrifty one. By far the best embroidery method for knits of all types is to transfer the pattern to nonwoven interfacing, baste the interfacing to the sweater and then embroider through both layers of fabric. This gives a firm base for the embroidery and a very professional look. When the embroidery is completed, simply trim the excess interfacing around the edges of the embroidery. For a super dressy look, try some of the metallic threads along with lush crewel yarns.

Here is my own fabric dictionary with brief descriptions and care hints:

**Acetate-Synthetic Fiber:** made from cellulose acetate. Some are colorfast to sunlight, air pollution, and perspiration, some aren't. Since fabric made of this fiber resembles silk, it is often used as a luxury fabric or is mixed with others to give extra sheen or lower the cost. Nail polish remover and some perfumes will destroy acetate. Dry-clean or hand wash, do not wring.

**Alpaca:** the wool hair from a type of llama. This fabric is extremely soft, silky and lightweight. It slightly resembles mohair. Most fabric also contains some plain wool. Very, very expensive. Dry clean.

**Batiste:** a fine, lightweight, sheer fabric which may be made of almost any fiber—cotton, linen, rayon, wool, etc. Cotton and synthetic batiste are probably the lightest and sheerest, wool batiste the heaviest. Check fiber content on the bolt and wash or dry-clean according to directions.

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

January, for me, is a month of finishing projects, looking ahead to goals for the new year, and taking time to read the collection of books piled by the favorite comfortable chair.

One such book is *Out in the Dark and Daylight* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$8.95). This is a collection of 140 new poems by Aileen Fisher. She was awarded the 1978 National Council of Teachers of English Award for Poetry for Young Children. Her poetry in this book perfectly captures every season of the year, and is enhanced with fine illustrations by Gail Owens. Miss Fisher draws on the natural surroundings of the fields and foothills near Boulder, Colorado, for her writing. She feels that poetry is "a rhythmic piece of writing that leaves the reader feeling that life is a little richer than before, a little more full of wonder, beauty, or just plain delight."

Here is an example from the book, called "Sparkly Snow" —

Last night the sky was reckless,  
a reckless millionaire:  
it threw down chips of diamonds  
and strewed them everywhere.  
And on this bright cold morning  
when we go stomping out  
footprints full of diamonds  
follow us about.

Here in the Midwest we can certainly relate to those rhyming words. Young people will enjoy this collection of poems celebrating small things that make up every day.

A facsimile edition of *Farm Equipment & Hand Tools* (Stephen Greene Press, P.O. Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$7.95) by George Martin is "a thoughtful look backward," says Grant Heilman, distinguished agricultural photojournalist. Originally published in 1887, the book explains and pictures how to make racks and troughs, how to make a cart, and provides directions for leverage for heavy loads, and building a smokehouse. Wonder if Grandpa and Grandma Jacobsen had such directions for theirs? I can still taste the delicious smoked hams that came from the smokehouse. *Farm Equipment & Hand Tools* offers yesterday's devices for today's homesteader and also gives a look at the ingenuity of craftsmen of years ago.

In the foreword of the book Grant Heilman writes, "While Martin's ingenious farmer was dependent on his horses, and horses had their problems, he was totally independent of the whims of oil producers of the Middle East. I've no thought that the shift from horses to diesel hasn't been worth it. But we may



Betty Driftmier has such a busy life in "retirement" that she doesn't have too much time for sitting down with a book in her own room. The large picture above her is a print of Mary Fischer Chapin and her first son, Elliott. Another print of this picture hangs in our Shenandoah Public Library as a memorial gift to Judge Frederick Fischer and Russell Verness.

be forced to rethink some of our 'progress'."

The American Broadcasting Company calls him "The Biggest Voice in America." He's Paul Harvey, and millions of listeners, viewers, and readers await his unraveling of the mysteries of events and the lives of people past and present. In *More of Paul Harvey's The Rest of the Story* (Wm. Morrow & Co., 105 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. \$8.95) Paul Aurandt, his son, brings us fascinating stories about people you thought you knew. There's the boy who sought to possess the animals of the forest while allowing them to run free—by drawing

them. That was Walt Disney, who lived as a young boy on a farm near Marceline, Missouri. One story tells of a boy whose fondest hopes once rested in a patch of worthless real estate. He grew up to be master of the Greatest Show on Earth, P.T. Barnum. This book explores the byways of history with revelations that are surprising.

*How to Keep Warm in Winter* (Thomas Y. Crowell, Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y., \$3.95, paperback) by Dave Ross is a juvenile book, but one that will tickle adults, too. Some ideas for keeping warm: Put Tabasco sauce in your cornflakes. Dress like a bear and go hibernate. Get a job with the government and bring home red tape to burn. Deep freeze yourself for the winter and arrange to be thawed out in the spring.

There! Don't you feel warmer already? And you had a good laugh, too, didn't you?

My pile of books by the chair is getting smaller, and I'm off to the library to collect some more. Happy reading!

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## COVER STORY

One morning last winter, Betty Jane and I looked out the kitchen window and saw, much to our surprise, a SNOW WOMAN being constructed across the street in the yard of our neighbor, Mrs. Mary Beth Vaughn. At the left, in the picture, is Elizabeth (Betsy) Vaughn, a graduate of Creighton University in Omaha, Nebraska, with her BSN degree and a job in the Visiting Nurse Association in Omaha. Winter snows this year will find her working in the Boston Women's Lying-In Hospital connected with Harvard's Medical School.

In the center is Susan Beach Vaughn of Tarpon Springs, Florida. She is now a school librarian at Brooksville, Florida. (Susan and Juliana were classmates all through their years in the Shenandoah schools.) She had her first librarian's job in Mason City, Iowa, and then went to Florida where she has worked on the Pensacola newspaper and done some free-lance writing.

At the right is Fleetwood Mullinax, a native of South Carolina, who is now a social studies teacher at Middle School in Brooksville, Florida. If this was her first trip north, I'm glad it fell during one of our few genuine snowstorms of last winter. At any rate, all three girls had a great time building their original creation of a SNOW WOMAN. —Lucile



## From Our Family Album

Anyone who dropped in at our old Driftmier family home in Shenandoah on a Sunday afternoon or early evening, stood a good chance of seeing these four people. From left to right are Uncle Fred Fischer, Aunt Martha Field Eaton, Mother (Leanna Field Driftmier), and Dad, M.H. Driftmier. After Aunt Helen Fischer's death in 1953, Uncle Fred almost always came over to our house on Sunday. Aunt Martha spent many, many weekends with the folks during the years that she made her home in nearby Clarinda with Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh. All of them are gone now, but those Sunday get-togethers are vivid in our memories.

—Lucile

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—S.R., Mustang, Ok.

## GAMES

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3. Turkey (gobble)
4. Kitten (meow)
5. Coyote (howl)
6. Lion (roar)
7. Donkey (bray)
8. Owl (hoot)
9. Cow (moo)
10. Birds (warble)
11. Cat (purr)
12. Frog (croak)

—Norma Tisher

### "OLD" CAN BE

Each answer starts with "old".

1. U.S. Flag (Old Glory)
2. Ship (Old Ironsides)
3. Nursery rhyme character (Old King Cole)
4. First part of Christian Bible (Old Testament)
5. Out of date (Old-fashioned)
6. Europe (Old World)
7. A traditional bit of lore (Old wives' tale)
8. Spinster (Old maid)
9. Popular song of an earlier day (Oldie)
10. Grayish red color (Old rose)

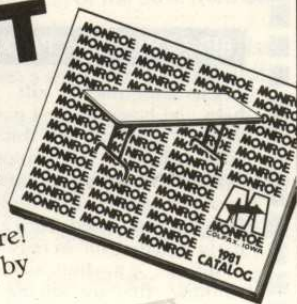
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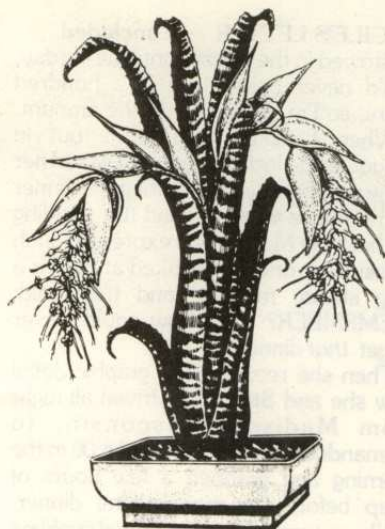
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**LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded**

be stowed in the freezer until the big day, you'd never believe me in a hundred years, so I'm going to skip the amount.

When I talked with Chris out in Albuquerque last November, I asked her if she remembered the Christmas dinner at my house when we had the suckling pig because Mother had expressed such a desire for one. She looked at me for a long steady moment and then said: "REMEMBER? Well, how could I ever forget *that* dinner?"

Then she recounted in graphic detail how she and Steve had driven all night from Madison, Wisconsin, to Shenandoah, hit town around 8:00 in the morning and grabbed a few hours of sleep before the monumental dinner. While we were eating the famed suckling pig, snow began falling outside. Immediately after the meal, the Crouses struggled into their car and headed back to Madison. Steve was doing some of his residency in neurology at the University Medical Center and was due to report to



Juliana snapped this picture of James on a late November day when every planting outside had gone to bed for the winter.

surgery at 7:00 A.M. At exactly 6:50 A.M., he walked through the door.

"When I think of the miles of ice and snow and horrible road conditions, I just shudder," Chris said. And then, after a pause, "Well, of course we were young then and could tackle anything."

That just about sums up what it means for me to move from one year to another. My one prayer, as we go from the year behind to the year ahead, is to do what is possible within my very limited powers to make the steep hills ahead not quite as steep, and the rough roads not quite as rough, for those of you who are my friends.

A blessed 1981 to you . . .

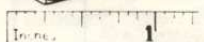
*Lucile*

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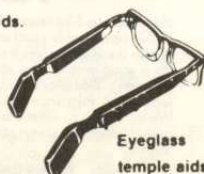
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**PEPTOBIBLIOMANIA? WHAT IS IT?**

by  
Lena Braun

Several years ago I read about a diagnosed ailment called *peptobibliomania* that is prevalent among homemakers. After reading the symptoms I knew, without a doubt, that I was a victim. And I've been afflicted ever since.

Unfortunately, no vaccination is available and no cure has been discovered to curtail this problem. Surely, anyone suffering from an ailment of such a lengthy word as *peptobibliomania* has cause to be concerned; it is a serious matter. It can be described as a common ailment of all women, especially homemakers.

What is *peptobibliomania*? Well, it isn't even found in the dictionary but is a concocted word that comes from the words "peptin" meaning "to cook", "biblion" meaning "book", plus "mania". Thus, *pepto-biblio-mania* applies to anyone who collects recipes and cookbooks.

Are you afflicted? I am! And according to my own diagnoses, I am in the advanced stages. I have twelve cookbooks on my cupboard shelf, a folder of clipped recipes in my file cabinet, a recipe box full of copied recipes from friends, and countless outdated magazines that I am saving to clip out the recipes—when I have time.

Occasionally, I try a home remedy for my ailment. On cold, winter days or in rainy, summer weather, I sort through my recipes, determined to clean up the whole mess. I solemnly vow never to save another recipe until I have tried all I have stashed away. I toss out a few yellowed with age, smooth out the crumpled ones and arrange some into classified categories. I write out menus using several new recipes for each meal and follow up with the necessary grocery lists, feeling proud of my good intentions. But soon I get tired of the increased grocery bill, the added work and the mounting calories, so I put the untried recipes away. Before long I start collecting more—you know the kind that sound so good that I just have to try them some day when I have time.

In spite of my many attempts for a cure, I have failed. So I have learned to live with this ailment of *peptobibliomania*. In fact, if I could control it just a little better I might even say I'm glad I have it for I surely wouldn't want to be a homemaker without the enjoyment of trying new recipes. But I do wish I would do a little less clipping and a little more cooking.

What am I having for lunch today? Well, I'll just fix hamburgers. I've been so busy cutting out and filing recipes I don't have time to cook up anything fancy.



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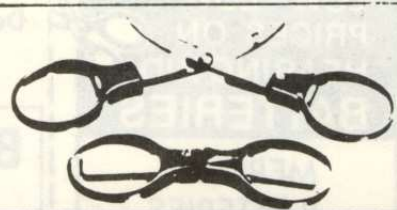


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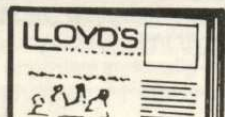
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