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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by Barton's Studio



## 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:

Last month I had the sensation of being badly dislocated when the deadline for my letter arrived and I had to send word to the office that I couldn't sit down at my desk long enough to write it, something which hasn't happened to me for a long, long time.

We've heard all of our lives about misery loving company, so I can only say that everyone who is afflicted with osteoporosis (and this is the granddaddy of arthritis) has also had a bad time this summer. The heat and terrific humidity that we needed so desperately for good crops here in the Midwest proved to be the worst possible weather for anyone with severe arthritis. I've kept this constantly in mind, and it's been a very positive thought to remember.

Thus far, the finest treat of this summer has been the chance to have my grandchildren, Katharine and James, with me for two eventful weeks. They were planning to make the trip from Albuquerque to Shenandoah with their mother at the wheel of the car. These plans had been simmering on the back burner since last February when Juliana and her dear friend, Robin Read Justiz, were put in charge of the entertainment involved with the reunion of their Shenandoah high school class of 1961.

The arrangements were firm and skillfully engineered. They would drive as far as Hugoton, Kansas, and stop there for the night with a longtime friend, Suzy Henshaw, who is also a graduate of 1961. The following morning, they'd get packed into the car and head out for the twelve-hour drive to Shenandoah, no stopping and fooling around for anything en route. This all seemed very reasonable, nothing to worry about at all.

Well, around the first of May Juliana's car began to kick up in disturbing fits that involved the clutch. This meant a siege in the garage and a brand-new clutch. Almost immediately the car began to develop more clutch trouble, but the

driving being done around Albuquerque didn't justify too much anxiety, so Juliana just kept going with the hope that the problem would straighten out.

However, as the date to depart for Shenandoah drew closer, she knew that she could never start out with a car in such fretful condition. Once again it went into the garage for yet another clutch. Imagine Juliana's rage when she picked up that car only two days before they were scheduled to depart and it was still in precarious condition.

At that point, she called the travel agency she's done business with through the years and pleaded with them to find seats on a plane that would get them to Omaha. This took several hours, but eventually they turned up with three seats that would give them only a four-and-one-half-hour layover at the Dallas-Fort Worth terminal. Robin could get one seat that left Albuquerque two hours later BUT would put her there in time to pick up the next plane to Omaha. Suzy had to change her plans (and my! how Juliana hated to make that call), and started out alone that same night for the drive to Shenandoah.

In all of the years that Juliana has been going back and forth from New Mexico to Iowa, she'd never had such a time covering the distance. And since the class reunion had to be held at exactly the long-planned dates, there was no question of postponing the trip until later in the summer. Robin's parents met the crew at Eppley Airfield in Omaha, and by 8:00 o'clock that evening, Betty Jane and I put on a festive meal to mark their homecoming.

High school reunions are BUSY EVENTS! There have been quite a number of them in our area this summer, but I don't believe that any other class crammed so many different activities into one short weekend. Juliana was in town only about five short days and I believe I had a grand total of two hours with her for heart-to-heart visiting. Oh well . . . we can catch up when I spend Christmas with them in Albuquerque.

One last thing about that 1961 class reunion . . . some of the old crowd came to see me and this was a genuine joy. It took me right back to the days long ago when they used to be ripping in and out of our house constantly. I was astonished at how many details they remembered—I found myself feeling twenty years younger as I visited with them!

After Juliana and Robin had flown back to New Mexico, we had a very happy time with Katharine and James PLUS Jessica Baum. Jessica is Betty Jane's granddaughter and is exactly three weeks younger than Katharine, so the two of them had much in common and enjoyed going to the swimming pool, taking Hawkeye for his four daily walks,



Headed for Iowa! Katharine and James Lowey were all packed and ready to start to the Albuquerque Airport when their mother, Juliana Verness Lowey, snapped this picture.

and just generally bumming around town.

For several days they also had the pleasure of doing these things with Paulette Chullino of Council Bluffs who came to visit her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Seger. (You saw a picture of Paulette's grandmother, Reatha, with her grandchildren in an issue of this magazine during the past year.) One evening, Paulette had permission to spend the night and, believe me, that truly took me back to the old slumber party days when Juliana always had someone "sleeping over" five nights out of seven. Oh, they had a wonderful time!

We followed through pretty much on the same schedule that Katharine and James have at home. They prepared their own breakfast and also their own lunch. We had our big meal in the evening and the two were very good about setting the table, clearing if off and stacking the dishes in the dishwasher. The one big difference is that they were free from rigid pressures and watching the clock constantly, an absolute necessity when they are back home and into the school year and must catch the bus and go here and there right on the dot.

About the time you read this, they will be caught up in that routine. Albuquerque schools open in August and then both children will board the bus and head for Taft Middle School. (It's hard for me to believe that the days of walking down that old dirt road to Mission Elementary School are over forever.) James will be in the eighth grade this year and Katharine will be in the sixth grade. They'd give anything to ride their bikes to school (I be-

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This is actually the third day in a row we haven't had a rain shower. This entire month has been rainy since it started out with a bang, bringing us the worst flood in the history of Lucas County—on the Fourth of July!

I had gone to Shenandoah the afternoon of the third to attend my fiftieth class reunion so I missed out on all the excitement at home. When I got up for breakfast on the Fourth, Betty Jane told me she had heard on an early news broadcast about the terrible rain they had had in Lucas. I called home immediately. Kristin was so excited she could hardly talk. She said she knew it had rained all night but had no idea it had rained so much until she woke up at 6:00 a.m., looked outside and saw the water.

Kristin had moved her car out of the yard the day before so Aaron could mow the grass, and she thought she had her car on high ground until she looked out the window and saw the water halfway up the wheels. She called Frank and it took them fifteen minutes to get dressed and get the tractor and log chain out of the shed. In that length of time, the water had already raised enough to run through onto the floorboards. They had to wade in deep water to get the chain hooked onto the car. Frank managed to get the car pulled up into the yard again before any water got into the engine, but it was a close call for Kristin's new car.

This proved to be one Fourth of July Aaron and Julian will never forget. They had planned to go to Chariton to the big celebration and ride on all the carnival rides, instead they had to stay home and watch the water come higher and higher into the yard. They had put up stakes in the yard at the edge of the water and were kept busy moving them closer and closer to the house until the flood reached its peak about thirty feet from the front door. We felt badly that Kristin was unable to get to Chariton to attend her own class reunion the night of the Fourth, but she took the disappointment in stride and said maybe she would have better luck in five years when her class will celebrate its twenty-fifth reunion.

Frank and Kristin both said there was nothing I could do at home and to stay in Shenandoah and attend all the parties and have a good time—they would let me know when I could get home.

It was so good to see friends I hadn't seen for years. Our class has had five reunions and I am fortunate to live close enough to have been able to attend all of them. Some close friends haven't been that lucky, so it had been from five to



During a recent visit to Norfolk, Nebraska, these three Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasters were welcomed by Bob Thomas, General Manager of WJAG/KEXL. Dorothy Driftmier Johnson is seated on the right, next to her is Verlene Looker, then Hallie Blackman, with Mr. Thomas on the left.

fifteen years since I had seen all of them.

The festivities began on Friday. Several of us went out to eat and then went to one of the homes where some of the later arrivals joined us for visiting. On Saturday afternoon, an open house was held where everyone met to register, read letters from those who couldn't come, and visit with friends from other classes who dropped in. A group of the local members had made cookies and had a tea table fixed up with coffee and iced tea to go with the cookies.

A bus tour of Shenandoah had been arranged for all those who wanted to take it. The bus was full and those from out of town found great changes in their home town since they had last seen it.

The dinner that evening was attended by thirty-six members out of our original class of ninety-two, and thirty guests, two of whom were former teachers. Short speeches were given by several members and the two teachers. Prizes were presented to the one who had come the farthest to attend and to the one with the most great-grandchildren. A memorial time was held for those members who had died since our last reunion—thirty-five members are now deceased. Most of us got together the next morning for a no-host breakfast before many left for their homes.

Kristin called on Sunday evening to say that the water was off the road, but it was in bad shape and they didn't want me to come until Monday morning. I was up early and on my way by 6:30.

The crops were sick-looking. We won't salvage much corn, but have been happily surprised at how well the beans came through, considering they were under several feet of water. The showers have helped wash the mud off the plants that are left. They have been cultivated and now, except for some bare spots, are looking good.

Kristin and the boys arrived back in

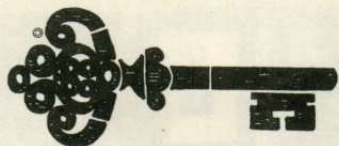
Chadron safely and immediately began packing and getting ready to move. They are now settled in their new home in Torrington, Wyoming. Kristin had to report to her new job on August 10th and the boys started to school on the 20th. (It seems to me that schools start earlier and earlier every year. I don't know what happened to the "day after Labor Day" starting we all remember from our school days.)

There have been two big Iowa events in our vicinity this past week, and both of them have had rainy weather to contend with. One was the National Hot Air Balloon Championships held annually in Indianola. A few balloons went up the first morning, then the rain began and no more could take to the air for four days. This really cut down on the huge crowds they were prepared for. When the sun did come out, there was too much wind so it has really been a disappointing week for them.

The other event was the *Register's* Ninth Annual Great Bicycle Ride Across Iowa (RAGBRAI for short) sponsored by the Des Moines *Register* newspaper. This year it began on a Saturday in Missouri Valley, Iowa, and ended the following Saturday in Keokuk, a ride of 490 miles. This is the first time the route has passed through our part of southern Iowa with Wednesday night in Leon, and then on through Humeston, just twelve miles south of Lucas. Dorothea Polser and I decided it would be fun to go to Humeston to see those 6,000 riders. The town was a rest stop with food, hot and cold drinks, and restroom facilities, so we took the opportunity to visit with several people. Without exception they all said the ride had been very good except for Monday when it rained all day long and was awfully cold. Several riders had dropped out at this point.

This ride has been publicized so much  
(Continued on page 22)





## Take This Key . . .

*An Installation Service*

*by Mabel Nair Brown*

**Staging:** Make a very large key ring using a big plastic ring (such as a hula hoop ring). Wrap it in crepe paper in the club colors. Cut various-shaped keys from heavy poster board and spray them with silver paint or wrap in aluminum foil. Attach a large notebook ring to each key and then attach the key to the ring. Also, label each key for one of the officers as: "President", "Secretary", etc. The completed key ring is displayed on an easel, or hung on a folding screen or on a wall. To make the ring stand out, make a backdrop in a contrasting color. On this backdrop in the center of the key ring, print the name of your club in large letters. Space the keys around the ring and pin in place until such time as the leader removes the keys during the service.

The leader stands at one side of the large key ring. As each officer's name is called, she steps forward to stand before the leader (installing officer) and takes her key when offered, then goes to stand at other side of the ring. Each in turn takes her place beside the officer preceding her.

**Leader:** New beginnings are very significant occasions and beginnings for our organization have multiplied possibilities. This is a new year for each officer and also for each member to help achieve a successful year. Those of you chosen as officers are set apart for special service as leaders for our (name of club). As I call your name, will you please come forward?

**President** (name): As our president, you will lead our club this year in our endeavors. We will look to you for guidance, enthusiasm, and leadership. *Take this key* and let it unlock the door to service and opportunity which you may in turn open for all of us.

**Vice-President** (name): Yours is a large, rewarding task as you plan the programs for the coming year. Since you will preside at our meetings in the absence of the president, you, too, must assume your responsibilities to offer leadership and enthusiasm. *Take this key* and let it remind you of the duties that are yours to inspire and lead us in the months ahead.

**Secretary** (name): Yours is a most exacting task as you take the minutes of our meetings, keep attendance records and take care of the correspondence for our club. *Take this key* and keep it to remind you of the importance of your task. Do your part to see that the records are filed for future reference and as a valuable part of the club's history in years to come.

**Treasurer** (name): You are the one

who will hold the purse strings of our club in this coming year. Through your accurate bookkeeping, faithful reporting, collecting of our dues and dispensing of our money, we can look to you to help us keep current and to nudge us if we need to replenish the treasury. *Take this key* as a reminder that in you is placed the economical well-being of our club.

**Historian** (name): As club historian, we have given you the task of preparing permanent records of our activities so that future generations may know what part we played in the life of this community. *Take this key* to remind yourself that in you we have placed our trust to preserve (name of club) for posterity.

**Parliamentarian** (name): Yours is the special task of shedding light when we get bogged down in our understandings, to keep us within the bounds of our by-laws and to transact our business in an orderly manner according to the proper rules. *Take this key* to remind yourself that we depend upon you to keep us enlightened and legal.

**Leader** (turns to face the new officers): Do you, our chosen officers for (year), thoughtfully and sincerely accept your responsibilities and agree to perform them to the best of your abilities?

**Officers:** We will endeavor to fulfill the purpose of our club in our lives and in our leadership.

**Leader** (turns to face the rest of the members): Do you, fellow members of (name of club), promise that you will willingly and enthusiastically support these leaders, knowing that together we can do those things which are in our plans for this new year? If so, answer, "I so promise."

**All:** I so promise.

**Leader:** Let me charge everyone to make this a year to realize

Another hope, another chance, another road to take,

Another star to follow, another start to make.

New beginnings, new adventures, new heights to attain,

Golden opportunities to work and build again.

## Thank God for Work

*(For Labor Day)*

*by*

*Mabel Nair Brown*

**Setting:** Make an arrangement of various kinds of tools, caps, (farm caps, hard hats, nurses' caps) anything to represent the many different kinds of occupations including the tools of a home-

maker. A flag could also be part of the display.

**Opening:** Leader leads in giving The Pledge of Allegiance which is followed by the song "America the Beautiful" sung by all.

**Leader:** September is the month of Labor Day, so we offer a salute to the workers. Labor Day is a day set apart as a time for recognition of the contribution labor has made in our lives, in this community and to our country.

Many of us have known the years when emphasis was placed on certain careers in science and the professions. Thankfully, we have now come to realize that all work is important. Not everyone is suited for college; not every person has the same talents and interests. Many vocations in industrial jobs and in various trades offer as much satisfaction and fulfillment and earning potential as do those in scientific and professional fields. Industrial and trade schools have filled a great need in offering the unskilled workers a chance to better job opportunities and increase skills.

**Discussion:** Have a blackboard handy and let the audience name every kind of job they know as leader lists them on the board. Discuss how important these various jobs are in our own well-being and also to the well-being of our community and nation.

**Leader:** As we salute the laborer this year, let us realize that each worker is important, each fits into his or her particular niche in making the wheels of the world turn. So, workers all, we salute you.

Thank God for work, for urgent, honest tasks;

For work that takes the best we have to give.

That we be faithful is all He asks—

It's all He asks, so we may truly live.

We would not loiter in the glowing fields  
While others reap the harvest, morn to night;

We would be workers, strong, of boundless hope;

We would be loyal builders in His sight.

No task shall be unseemly that is done well

And satisfies, and helps fulfill our dreams;  
In field or factory, in store or lab,

In quiet places or where traffic teems.

O God of all the laborers, renew  
In us true joy in honest toil. May we not shirk

Or look down upon the humblest task.

The World awaits each hand. Thank God for work. —Unknown

**Closing Song:** (by all) "America".





## BIG CHIEF

by  
Leta Fulmer

Shortly before I retired, I had four young grandsons in the early stages of learning. Eight small hands reached out eagerly for the familiar tablet that was made where Grandma worked. Really, it didn't seem too long back that their parents had rushed in after school with a "Hey Mom, I'm out of Big Chief!" No more identification was needed. That Big Chief pencil tablet was as much a part of going to school as pencils and crayons. Suddenly my curiosity kindled — just how long had Big Chief been going to school?

Asking around Mead Products, where I worked making the tablets, brought only vague replies. Big Chief had more seniority than anyone. No one could remember a time when that dignified profile was not easily found on any counter that catered to the schoolchild. By word of mouth, dreary research and persistent inquiries aimed at the patent offices, I finally came up with the tablet's "roots".

William Albrecht founded the Western Tablet Company in 1906 in St. Joseph, Missouri. Business boomed. New and larger quarters were soon indicated, so the enlarged business was moved into its present location. For many years it was known as Westab. It operates today under the name of Mead — St. Joseph Division — a sprawling group of buildings undergoing constant growth and change.

Though the names, locations and products have changed through the passing years, the original Big Chief tablet, patented in 1908, remains the same. Humoring me in my obsession to dig out the old chief's background, the personnel office kindly allowed me to monopolize the yellowed scrapbooks, searching for information.

The array of tablet covers from 1906 to the present time is mind boggling. Big Chief was one of the first. But the scrapbook holds the patriotic covers made during the first World War with rippling flags and doughboys in old-fashioned uniforms. There were covers printed with the old-time movie stars—Rudolph Valentino, Billie Dove, the Our Gang Kids and Shirley Temple. There were political figures and presidents. Through the years, other covers depicted Indians—stalwart young braves, lithe copper-skinned maidens with shining braids. Time passed and each current fad of the moment faded. Only Big Chief remained constant and unchanged. A fanciful figure, patterned after no living person, he is truly original. Through the span of a lifetime, he's continued to go to school. He would certainly approve of the recent legislation that insists that senior citizens do not have to accept



The two fishermen shown here are Julian and Aaron Brase. When they spent their vacation at the farm of their grandparents, Dorothy and Frank Johnson, they enjoyed many happy hours down at the old bayou with fishing poles in their hands.

early retirement; he's already whizzed several years past that age.

In a time of space-age wonders, the old monarch continues to reign unaltered. On every side he is surrounded by sophisticated offerings: notebooks spiraled together with twisting wires, magical plastic that seals with the press of a fingertip, zippers with interlocking teeth. Big Chief's only real competitor is a tablet originally printed as a gag at a sales conference, but the seemingly kooky idea brought forth more shouts of approval than derision. The SON OF BIG CHIEF was born. He's a young brave with the mod, curling mustache and tiny beard prevalent with some of the current generation. The youth of today identified with him immediately. So it is Big Chief and Son of Big Chief who continue to go back to school together each fall.

Few things are shared by generation after generation; happily, the familiar old red pencil tablet is one of them. Big Chief is a senior citizen with a glowing past and a continuing future.



## OF PENS AND PENCILS

by  
Virginia Thomas

Once again the school bells ring out across the land and pens and pencils are in great demand. The history of these familiar items is most interesting.

In Mesopotamia, cuneiforms were used to communicate ideas in a retainable form. These were wedge-shaped marks made on clay tablets with a piece of sharp bone or a metal stylus. Such writing was slow and even slower to read.

Sometime in the 7th century, an unknown person discovered that a goose's wing feather made a fine writing pen. The quill pen was to be the popular writing

instrument for over one thousand years.

The steel pen made its appearance in the early 1800's and what an improvement that was over the scratchy quill pen. These were first made in England by Samuel Harrison, a locksmith by trade. He made them in the form of a small steel barrel into which a replaceable steel nib could be fitted.

Peregrine Williamson manufactured the first metal pens in America in Baltimore in 1810. By 1858, they were being mass produced in several plants along the eastern coast.

Many of us remember the ball point pen as being promoted with great publicity after World War II, but back in 1888, John Loud of Weymouth, Massachusetts, was given a patent on a ball point pen. It took over fifty years for the idea to resurface.

Lead pencils were in existence by 23 A.D. When Cortez arrived in Mexico in 1520, he found the Aztecs using lead pencils. But the pencils as we think of them date back to 1812 when William Monroe of Concord, Massachusetts, came up with the idea of enclosing the graphite in a wood casing. Soon the idea took hold and the wood-lead pencil became America's favorite writing instrument. What a joy that pencil must have been to school children who from that time on, left the pen and ink for the penmanship classes.

## A SPECIAL NOTE

Starting September 7,  
1981, the

### Kitchen-Klatter Radio Program

on Radio Station KHAS in  
Hastings, Nebraska, 1230  
on your dial will be heard from  
1:30 to 2:00 p.m. Monday  
thru Friday only.



## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The "originator" who is "keyboarding" this message is the same reliable gal who has been writing to you for all these years, except that since this time last month I have learned that I am "keyboarding", not typing. In addition, I have learned a new vocabulary and my mind is positively oozing information to apply to on-line or off-line word processors. The world of stenographers has changed tremendously in the twenty-five years since I left my job as a private secretary in Anderson, Indiana, to assume the privileges of raising a family.

When I wrote to you last month, I was in the beginning weeks of a Word Processing course to update my skills. In the past four weeks, I have learned to "keyboard" a memory typewriter which resembles a normal typewriter with many additional keys on the left and right sides of the keyboard. By locking down one particular key marked "Record", every stroke made by the operator is recorded onto magnetic tape hidden somewhere inside of the typewriter. When a particular message is completed, the command to the typewriter to "Store" will electrically transfer what was put onto the tape onto a permanently stored tape also enclosed in the interior of this machine.

You may wonder why on earth any company would need to do this, and the answer lies in the magnitude of form letters which are now proceeding from businesses into your household.

The major problem connected with learning to operate this machine is that it remembers *everything* typed into it. There is no point attempting an erasure because the magnetic tapes are locked securely inside. One must learn to recall the exact place on the tape where the error was made and then attempt to make adjustments. As I began to tackle this first memory machine, I found myself talking to it, first in exasperated little mutterings and then in louder tones in an effort to make it return what had to be corrected.

A lady next to me on a similar machine eventually turned to me and said politely, "I hope you're not going to spend all of our four hours talking to yourself." I was a tad startled that she would interrupt my communication with my machine, and then I looked around to discover that everyone was working very efficiently, but silently. Soon, I reserved the machine for additional practice and, after many marathon sessions in private when I could speak to the machine in tones and terms it would comprehend, I succeeded in learning its secrets.

I have since been exposed to the operation of a Composer. This is another tricky little machine which, when correctly operated, will line up the right-hand margin of a typed document just as it would be found on the page of a book (or along the right edge of a column of *Kitchen-Klatter*). Those perfectly straight right margins do not happen to end as they do, but are the result of considerable skill and concentrated work. I have new-found respect for the people like Mary Lou Mika at Kitchen-Klatter, who type the final copy from the manuscripts they receive.

From the Composer, I graduated to the Mag Card I, a machine which accepts a piece of paper in the traditional manner, records what the person is typing into its brain and also records it onto magnetic cards, *forever*. After the card was recorded it looked blank but, upon command of the correct key on the typewriter, it would replay the entire



Mary Beth Driftmier has this quiet corner set aside where she types her *Kitchen-Klatter* letters.

document onto a fresh piece of paper at the unbelievable rate of 660 words per minute. No longer is the speed of a typist the primary concern; accuracy is much more to be desired. There are, in fact, machines on the market which will replay form letters at the rate of 1200 words per minutes. (Fortunately, we are allowed to learn on slower varieties.)

This week I began work on a Cathode-Ray-Tube Magnetic-Card Memory Word Writer. When I turned on the power, it greeted me with a message on the green screen asking please would I type my identification number. This had been previously typed into the machine by the teacher, but until I had complied with its order the machine would do nothing for me. I could almost shut my eyes and imagine myself on the starship *Unbelievable* because this machine and I could communicate with each other.

Finally, when I made the mistakes which were inevitable, the machine printed out a very polite message that it could not accept the last typed section. "There has been an error," it said.

"Please begin again," it commanded. I was positively intimidated. Fortunately, it did not speak out loud, simply zipped terse characters across the screen, but what was humiliating was that every unsuccessful attempt was loudly announced with a bell. Now that is intimidating.

When I was finally worn to a raveling and had decided to head for home, I typed my identification number into the machine and gently pressed the "Page End and Stop" keys. The machine printed out: "Goodbye, have a nice recess." It wrote those very words before the power loss faded the screen from green to slate grey. That about undid me.

You may be wondering how I will have the time to continue this education of my mind and teach and educate other little minds, and the answer is that I have decided to turn in my pink pearl eraser and my red grading pencil.

What began as a joyous sharing experience when all of the little Driftmiers and the parent Driftmiers were in school together has, since the children's graduation, become less fulfilling. Despite the fact that each entire school year passed swiftly, they were individual weeks filled with increasing fatigue from the never-ending grading that accompanies proper teaching. Donald very succinctly advised that when the joy of teaching is gone, it is time to quit. And so I have. It was a difficult decision to make. We have been associated with the school since 1963 when Katharine was in third grade, so I put off making my final decision until after school was dismissed in June. At least I was spared the pain of bidding goodbye to many, many dear children and teachers.

With college costs rising, I felt my timing was less than ideal, hence my determination to update my secretarial skills and find an eight-to-five job as quickly as possible. It was during the scanning of the classified ads that I discovered the repeated calls for Word Processors—which brings me full circle with my story except for one big point.

The miracle part of my mid-summer's tale came when Donald returned from his summer work as a consulting engineer to announce suddenly that he had been offered full-time employment as an engineer with the firm. The final line to this story is that we are in a position now where I can stay home and cultivate the art of housekeeping and the cooking skills which I have nearly lost. I have accumulated sufficient housework to keep me busy until Christmas. It is as though someone had granted me a new lease on life. Donald is pleased for us both, too, because he will be working again in his primary field of engineering.

I have long believed the philosophy that success can be gained through a

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## WHEN GRANDPA MADE MOLASSES

by  
Joy Evans

It's time! When autumn, with its goldenrod, scarlet sumac, yellow pumpkins, various colored apples and shapely gourds, arrives in the Ozarks, it's time. It's sorghum molasses-making time.

This is a very old art, practiced many years before brown or white sugar was available or too expensive for most farm families. Molasses is a valuable energy food—a pound has an energy-producing value of 1290 calories. It was used in place of sugar in many instances—baking cakes or cookies, forming Christmas popcorn balls and, especially, for making taffy candy. The molasses-making art is rapidly becoming extinct.

My grandfather was a natural born 'lasses maker. It was a pleasure to him to work with the sweet bubbling liquid. Grandfather, a frugal person, gathered large, flat, sand rocks from his own farm for the furnace structure. He cut choice trees to make boards or shingles to cover the molasses shed. He split the boards by hand, stacked them so the air could circulate and left them to dry.

In early spring, he made a trip into town with his wagon and team to buy supplies. The day was spent going from store to store collecting needed materials including large metal sheets, cement, nails, pine lumber, syrup pails, large cans, wooden kegs, a huge tin measuring cup, mammoth strainer, cheesecloth and other items. Returning home, everything was neatly stored in its place.

On rainy days when fieldwork was impossible, he worked long hours making his molasses pan just right. Then the furnace structure was built as soon after the spring freezing weather as possible so the mortar cementing the stones together would not freeze. The setting was generally close to a spring to provide a strong water supply. If another location had to be used, the water was hauled in barrels to the mill.

A shed made of handmade boards was erected over the mill. The mill had two coil-like rollers running inwardly and set up on a high frame. Under this was a vat or barrel ready to catch the juice from the cut and stripped sugar cane when it was fed by handfuls into the rollers.

Anticipation mounted daily. Finally, the big day dawned, Grandfather alerted all occupants of the household by calling, "No use wasting precious time. Let's start."

Old Dobbin stood patiently hitched to his yoke. A voice called, "Get up, Dobbin," and the mill rollers started to operate. The green liquid flowed quickly into the vat or barrel. Pail after pail of sweet-smelling juice was placed in the



During her visit to Norfolk, Nebraska, Hallie Blackman enjoyed visiting with Wayne Larson, Operations Director for station WJAG. Mr. Larson explained all the intricate equipment he uses to put the Kitchen-Klatter radio program on the air. (Hallie is Executive Vice-President and General Manager of The Driftmier Company.)

new pan. The fire roared and puffed out a woodsy smell. The juice was stirred constantly—up the middle and around each side and corner. As the juice boiled and bubbled, the fragrant aroma filled the air. Grandfather never left the pan after the hard-boil stage was reached until the runoff was done.

When the first pan section was ready, it was skimmed and dipped into the second pan. This skimming and dipping went on until the last pan had boiled. During this process, a cheerful popping sound indicated that the syrup was almost done. A round plug was released from the last pan and a beautiful, clear, golden-brown syrup came gushing out to be caught in metal pails. Molasses-covered lick sticks were handed out (umm) to appease the watering taste buds.

Needless to say, the mill site was usually a bustling and friendly place. However, there were some exceptions. One afternoon, a dear friend of Grandmother's came and brought along most of her thirteen children. They were from the far north and were very curious about this Ozark project of open-air molasses-making. Always mindful of preventing accidents, Grandfather had a certain place where he dumped the boiling hot skimmings from the molasses. Everyone, to Grandfather's knowledge, had been commanded to be aware of THAT spot.

The runoff from a large cooking had just cooled somewhat. Everyone was given a stick with a generous helping of sorghum wound around one end. Licking, tasting and commenting were going on when suddenly an ear-splitting scream came from the visiting lady. She

leaped wildly into the air, fell to the ground, grabbed off her shoes and threw them as far as she could. Then, realizing where she was, she got up quickly, tried to pull herself back in order and appear nonchalant as she said with slightly dented dignity, "I-uh just stepped into the hot skimmings' hole."

The molasses-making went on for week after week until everyone had their sugar cane worked up for the winter. Each day the work went on from dawn until very late at night or even the early morning hours. Kerosene lanterns, hung under the shed roof, supplied light for the night work. A watchful eye had to be kept out at all times for insects that might come to light and land in the hot syrup.

Grandfather usually made about thirty gallons of molasses on a busy day. The highest price he charged was fifty cents a gallon. In hard times, it sold for as little as twenty-five cents a gallon.

One morning, crisp and cool, Grandmother took off half-a-day from her post at the mill to bake homemade light bread. She normally baked a small amount of bread, but that day she baked ten large loaves. Company came and stayed for a meal that day. Grandfather brought a gallon of his fine syrup to the house. When the meal was finished, not a crumb of the bread was left. Then, as now, new sorghum, fresh butter and homemade light bread make a delicious combination.

When the closing day came and cleanup was over, the molasses kegs were taken home and stored in the old smokehouse. It was truly an outdoor freezer, and the wooden kegs of syrup

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## KATHARINE DRIFTMIER WRITES TO US THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

What a nice surprise it is to find a morning left free in the middle of the week. It's a rare occasion and I feel really indulgent to be sitting here at home at 10:00 o'clock on a Tuesday morning. Most of my time is spent busy with work at the lab these days, so this is a perfect opportunity to write to you. Since I've moved to Washington, I've fallen behind in my correspondence and owe many friends letters. I feel as if I'm getting many contacts made here in one clean sweep, so hello to all.

My work at the lab consumes most of my attention of late, so I really should share some of the excitement with you. I am a researcher for Bethesda Research Laboratories, a biotechnology company outside metropolitan Washington, D.C. I do love my work. Biology and biochemistry have always been more like a hobby to me than an assignment—interesting and fun. Now I realize I have found much more than a "job" here; I have found a career.

The days are long and action-packed. Stationed as a research and development scientist, I have been given the responsibility of my own project, dealing with consultants, contracting outside services, inventing production schemes and schedules and implementing them. The facilities of this brand-new company are extensive and beautiful. The people I work with are primarily fresh out of the academic world, young and energized and full of ideas and expectations. The environment here is more fast-paced than I'd found in academic science, but that's to be anticipated in a business which meets the public's needs. Scientists around the world are waiting for the products and services we market. The people I work with have the same spirit that drives me—in scientific advancement, love of research and recognition of the value of the work being done.

But enough of philosophy, I want to tell you *what* I do. The reason I'm home this morning is because as soon as this letter is finished, I have to run downtown to the Washington D.C. National Airport to meet my 400 newborn chicks as they are unloaded from a transcontinental flight from their incubator in Florida. As I type, they are right now probably pecking through the shells of their eggs and this afternoon they will be flying direct to me so that I can begin my experiment with them before they are twenty-four hours



Katharine Driftmier is a biochemist at the Bethesda Research Laboratory near Washington, D.C. Shown with her in this photograph taken by the company are two co-workers whom Katharine identifies as Lothar and Kieth.

old. I work with an avian virus that can only be grown in chicks. So my team and I will work into the night injecting each one with a small amount of virus.

I've learned all about egg incubation since we also care for our own eggs in a beautiful incubator that I bought in Iowa. After receiving instructions from another Iowan, a hatchery operator, I've learned how to tell males from females just by looking at the newborn chicks' wing feathers.

We've built big brooders for the chicks so they can live comfortably during their two weeks with me in the lab. (I really feel more like a chicken farmer than a researcher.) What is really exciting is the realization that now I know how to raise chickens, start to finish. Should the need ever arise that I might want to raise my own chickens for food, I could do it! It's all part of learning to be prepared.

What I do with the chick's blood after they are fatally diseased is more elaborate and I won't go into that now, but the biochemistry that goes into the production of the enzyme I make has proven very successful. Soon the fruits of all my many hours of labor, the holidays missed, plus working nights and weekends, will see a new product being put on the market. And I hope to see a vacation so, maybe, I can go home to Wisconsin to visit my family.

Who would think that one might learn farming by moving to Washington, D.C.? Along with chick brooding, I also had a great garden this summer. It yielded enough beans, peas, peppers, tomatoes, zucchini, celery, onions, cabbage and salad greens to keep my household well fed. With four of us in my house and only

one little freezer compartment, there really wasn't enough room to freeze and store any of the vegetables, but my roommate, Janet, was raised on a farm in Utah and she always came through with a homespun solution.

We canned many quarts of tomatoes this summer, mostly to exercise our homemaking abilities. The rest of the vegetables we cooked in a variety of entertaining ways. Since our house is a city house, right off the main street in Bethesda, Maryland, I was a bit puzzled by the prospect of a garden. The back yard is rather small, but full of sunshine and privately fenced to keep out neighbor dogs. With so much time spent inside at the lab, I really wanted a garden of some sort. So we created a site for it.

Down the side of the yard runs an old-fashioned strip driveway. The garage is small and back at the end of the lot so it is used only for storage. With no cars using the drive, I stripped off the grass between the two long lanes of cement, then tilled the rich dirt for hundreds of feet. The planted rows of vegetables were too close by professional standards, but they looked beautiful as the plants grew tall and yielded their fruits. The space was well used. Even the neighbors loved to come by to admire the lovely sights of my city yard.

I hope your summer was as happy and productive as mine was. As autumn approaches and the workdays shorten, I hope you can join me in smiling over a bountiful harvest and time wisely used.

Until next time . . .

Katharine



## HYACINTH, THE FRAGRANT LADY OF FLOWERS

by  
Evelyn Witter

Since the hyacinth is nature's prize beauty in form and fragrance, it makes the perfect gift as well as giving enjoyment to the gardener.

The unmistakable fragrance, vivid colors and stately stature of the hyacinth have endeared it to flower fanciers for generations. The hyacinth is a bulb of great antiquity. Although it was brought from Asia only some 400 years ago, its rise to fame has been phenomenal.

You can prepare hyacinth bulbs now for those unusual gifts you will be needing for Christmas giving. Start these gifts in September at the same time you plant your outdoor bulbs for next spring's blooms.

And while you are beginning your Christmas gift hyacinths, start some hyacinths for your own winter's decorations. When company comes, the blooms create colorful floral settings without any demands on the busy hostess's time.

Because the hyacinth performs so well on its own, it is sometimes forgotten when arrangements of cut flowers are made for the home. Actually, the hyacinth is a very good mixer, and its sturdy stem makes for particularly easy arrangement work, even for an amateur.

Prepare this beauty in glass or pottery containers for gift giving. The glass culture of hyacinths has all the charm of a novelty. After you have purchased the bulbs, place one, two, or three in any container you think is appropriate. Fill the container with water in which a few bits of charcoal have been placed. The base of each bulb should just touch the water. As long as the water remains clear, it need not be changed. The bulbs are to be kept away from light until roots two or three inches long are formed. Then they may be brought into the light.

Much the same technique is used if you choose to pot the hyacinth bulbs. If grown in pots, place one bulb in a five-inch pot with about an inch of the bulb remaining above the soil. The soil should be rich with a very liberal sprinkling of sand. After potting, place out-of-doors covered with soil or ashes to a depth of about six inches for a period of five or six weeks. This will check top growth but not root action. At the end of this period, bulbs may be brought into a heated room and given free exposure to light and plenty of water.

When buying bulbs for indoor-forced blooming, purchase exhibition or top-size hyacinths. Here are several recommended by the Netherlands Flower-bulb Institute: Edelweiss — creamy white, large fleshy bells; L'Innocence — pure



When we describe Juliana's and Jed's house in Albuquerque, New Mexico, as being planted in every direction, you can see by this picture that we are not exaggerating. This shows only a portion of the particular area at the front of their home.

white, large truss, loosely set bells; Orange Boven (Salmonetta) — apricot salmon, compact truss; Bismarck — porcelain blue; Delft Blue — clear shining porcelain blue, large spike; Ostara — finest, darkest blue with almost black stem; Anne Marie (Ann Mary) — bright pink changing to salmon pink; Pink Pearl — fine clear pink, broad spike, large close-set bells; Jan (John) Bos — rich, bright crimson red; La Victoire — bright carmine red, well-filled, strong spike.

Hyacinths are members of the lily family. The dense spikes of the delicate bell-like florets are suited for outdoor planting in any garden, large or small, and every planting situation. They can be used to create symmetrical designs that fit into formal gardens and they are equally at home when planted in small groups of five or six. They are ideal to cluster in front of evergreens around the house, or beside a doorstep, in the foreground of the perennial border, along a path or in small groups among rocks with other early-blooming bulbs. Larger, gently curving drifts are delightful in front of a stone wall, picket fence or hedge, at the base of a shrub border or along an entrance path or driveway.

Hyacinths are easy to grow. Plant them in September in well-drained soil, six inches deep and six inches apart. A layer of mulch will protect hyacinths from frost during the winter. Bedding sizes are best for outdoor use.

This year, be sure to include hyacinth bulbs in your fall planting schedule and get those special varieties for Christmas giving into glass or pottery containers. Remember the easy-to-force bulbs for potted arrangements throughout the winter. Also, this fragrant lady of flowers promises a beautiful out-of-doors next spring.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by Eva M. Schroeder

During the first moist, cool days of September, try to transplant the perennial and biennial seedlings that you started earlier from seed. This will give them time to become established before severe weather comes.

The planting and transplanting of evergreen and deciduous shrubs and trees can start this month as well as the dividing and setting out of early-blooming perennials. These include phlox, lilies-of-the-valley, peonies, bleeding hearts and Oriental poppies. Mark the places where you put in new plants or you may not remember where they are planted and thus hoe them out in the spring. This happened to me innumerable times, especially with late sleepers like balloon flowers which oftentimes do not appear until early June.

In some areas, the summer harvest for 1981 is practically over. When frost threatens, it is time to bring in the last of the garden produce with a few exceptions. All members of the cabbage family will take frost and often are better for it, so leave your late-planted Brussels sprouts, broccoli and kohlrabi to mature. Parsnips can remain in the ground all winter and carrots and beets until the soil freezes.

Now is a good time to evaluate and consider the lessons of the past summer. Were you satisfied with the varieties of tomatoes, peppers, peas and other vegetables that you planted with such great expectations last spring? If not, make a note in your garden journal so that you won't plant the same poor choices next spring. It pays to keep a season-by-season account of your successes and failures.

If you liked the Sugar Snap peas but hated to make a trellis for them to climb on, next spring you can plant short-growing varieties with the same delicious qualities of Sugar Snap. We grew three different varieties of edible-podded peas in our test garden this season and found them to be excellent in every way. (I will tell you more about them in a late winter column.) The vines grew only eighteen to twenty-four inches high with no trellis needed; the pea pods were tender, yet crunchy and of good flavor.

### Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

on the label of your  
magazine. Renew in  
advance. Only one  
notice will be  
sent.



## FREDERICK'S

## LETTER



Dear Friends:

A telephone call one day last summer came from the Mystic Seaport Museum telling me that Mrs. Helen Kavanaugh of Portsmouth, Virginia, had left a package for me. Helen is a Kitchen-Klatter friend who, knowing that I like anything made with sourdough, brought me a package of sourdough pancake mix. She had expected to see me at the museum, but when she learned I was not working that day, she left the gift anyway. I made sourdough pancakes for breakfast, and how good they were—I could eat those every morning. My one regret was that any Kitchen-Klatter friends would be at the museum and I would not get to meet them. If you are ever in this area of New England, be sure and call us on the phone so we can tell you how to find our house.

Today I did something that I never had done before in my life—weeded my garden in the rain. A nice summer rain started late last night and has continued right through the day. The garden soil is in perfect condition for weeding, and even though I was soaked to the skin, the weeding was enjoyable. Thinning the parsnips and beets was painful to do. After trying so hard to get the seeds to grow, I disliked having to pull out some of the plants before they have had a chance to produce. Some of my neighbors who are expert gardeners keep telling me that I do not do enough thinning. One neighbor said: "Driftmier, to be a good gardener, you have to be ruthless! I know it hurts to throw away good seedlings, but you have to if you want good produce. What you throw away can be used to make compost for next year."

When we bought our house back in 1979, we planned to change the stair carpet immediately because the color was not to our liking. When we learned how much new carpets costs, we procrastinated until this month. The new carpet was supposed to be beige in color, but when it was laid, it looked more white than beige. We both like it, but now worry about keeping it clean. Betty made me agree to take off my gardening shoes in the basement.

Betty and I have kept our membership at the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, where I am the Minister Emeritus. Locally, we attend the Baptist church most of the time. Occasionally, we go to a nearby church of our own denomination, but since Betty was a Baptist before she married me, and since the Baptist church is quite near our home, we prefer attending it.



Frederick Driftmier very much enjoys the time he spends as a volunteer guide at the Mystic Seaport Museum at Mystic, Connecticut.

Three times this past summer, I conducted the worship in that church when its pastor was on vacation. I enjoyed being back in the pulpit, but what I liked the most was speaking to the children, something I *love* to do.

In the local Baptist church, there are several large families who have their family pews well forward, and since Betty and I always like to sit near the front of the church, we have a splendid opportunity to observe numbers of handsome children. We are particularly impressed with one family of seven youngsters, six of whom are foster children. They are beautiful, well-mannered and neatly dressed. As I watch the mother and father who care for those foster children, I never cease to be amazed at their kindly, gracious manner. As I say a prayer for them each Sunday, I'm aware of what a blessing these parents are for those children, and how much they must need God's help.

Of all the good things we can do in this life, there surely is nothing that can be more pleasing to God than the providing of a home for homeless children. Little children need love the way a growing plant needs sunshine and rain, and when we give children the love they need, we come as close to being God's angels as we shall ever be.

While I am writing this to you, I am having to move around so Emma King can clean my study. Emma is with us as cook and housekeeper whenever Betty's parents are here. A minute ago, I asked her how she prepares the fish which my father-in-law has for breakfast each morning. Emma's directions for fish: First, she sautees onions and lets them simmer in their own juice while she brings a kettle of water to a fast boil. When the water is boiling, she drops in the cut-up fish, then adds the onions with their juice, and immediately turns off the heat. In the few minutes it takes for the water to cool, the fish is cooked. This prevents its being overcooked, and too

many people do overcook fish.

All summer the fresh fruits and vegetables have been splendid and Emma knows just how to prepare them so that their freshness is never spoiled. Deep-dish peach pie served with a bit of vanilla ice cream on top is one of my favorite desserts, and Emma sees to it that I get all I want. Oh, but Emma's pies are good.

One of our neighbors is famous for his homemade raspberry jam, made fresh each day during the raspberry season. Another of our neighbors loves to make currant jelly, and both of those neighbors like to keep us supplied with their products. My favorite breakfast for the past several weeks has been hot waffles with currant jelly or with raspberry jam.

Every time our neighbors bring us vegetables, fruits, jams and jellies, we give them Kitchen-Klatter salad dressings or flavorings in return for their generosity. Out here in this part of New England the Kitchen-Klatter products are not available in the grocery shops, and so the neighbors are delighted when Betty and I share our factory shipments with them. Sometimes we give our neighbors various kinds of twine and line manufactured in Betty's family's factory. For the past week, I have been giving our neighbors flowers out of my gardens.

If you ever come to call on us, I hope you are here when it is time to feed the swans and the ducks. It is not uncommon for there to be several cars stopped along the road as people watch the feeding of "my river family". I call them in off the water with a loud whistle, and wherever the ducks or swans are when that whistle is blown, they soon take a quick departure and head for the Driftmiers. The fun part comes when the swans move up onto the shore to take bread from my hand. Not many of the swans are willing to take food held in one's hand, and these swans do it with much threat and bluster.

The trick in feeding wild swans is to never let them get behind you. One of the wildest swans I feed just loves to attack me from the rear, and if I were not quick enough to meet the challenge, I might very well get a bad bruise or even a broken bone. Why they want to hurt me when I feed them twice a day, every day, year after year, is something I'll never understand.

I always walk to the water carrying a bucket of grain in one hand, and a loaf of bread in the other. Usually Clyde (the male swan) walks up to the road to meet me and if I don't give him a piece of bread immediately, he tries to take the whole loaf away from me. The regular procedure is to give him a piece before I feed the ducks and before going on down to the water to feed Clyde's family. When I am feeding the entire family of swans, I feed each one by turn—first Clyde, then

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## LIFE IS ADJUSTMENT

by Evelyn Birkby

All three of our sons took piano lessons from a dear teacher whose name was Elizabeth Taylor. (Miss Taylor always told people that she had the name first.) Besides teaching music, Miss Taylor had a tremendous philosophy of life which she passed along to her students. One of her favorite statements was, "Life is adjustment."

This phrase came to mind recently when I received a number of letters from parents who were saddened by the fact that their children had grown up and left home. In the process of teaching the little ones how to become mature and, eventually, leave the nest, many mothers and fathers find they have not at all prepared themselves for the adjustment they need to make at being left.

One mother put it very bluntly: "Please tell me how to stop grieving. My children are all doing well, most are involved in what they want to do and, at least, they all have jobs. They are adjusting to being away from home; I'm not doing so well."

Now, I'm no "Dear Abby" or "Ann Landers", but sometimes shared experiences can help. Not just my experiences, but those of friends. Since this is the month when many children leave home for the first time to start school, or to begin college, or to go out for a job, I'll tackle the subject as best I can.

Apron strings have two ends—the ones which fasten firmly to offspring and the ones which hold parents tight. When children are tiny they need those strings held firm for their safety, discipline and guidance. But as kids grow older, the strings need to be loosened gradually so they can breath and mature and become individuals in their own right. Parents, in the process of helping their children let loose, should gradually loosen *their* end of the strings as well. Life is lived in segments, and the portion of life when one is a parent is truly only one segment of the whole.

Thinking back to the time when we were trying to loosen those apron strings, I remember when each of our sons reached the age of ten, Robert insisted that he go to a two-week YMCA camp almost 150 miles from home. By that time each of the boys had already had many experiences away from home alone visiting relatives and friends. But now, each in turn packed his little suitcase and, looking mighty small and vulnerable, went off on the bus for what was to be the longest two weeks of my life.

Robert laughed at my long face as we waved goodbye. "He'll get along fine," he encouraged. "Besides, this is a time for us to begin to get weaned away from the idea that he needs us constantly. We have to develop some space for ourselves just as we are giving him space to develop."

Each summer from then on, the boys

attended camps which suited their age and needs. They experienced different climates, life styles, met people from various races and foreign countries, hiked, made music, viewed nature and learned about their religious heritage. All these summer trips helped them mature. The time they spent away from home helped us to grow up little by little as well. As parents, we were learning that life was forcing us to adjust.

All too quickly the boys—one at a time—left for college. Even though we knew that life is made up of goodbyes as well as hellos, we had not realized how suddenly the time would come for us to send them away from home.

It is easy to gird oneself for the expected; the unexpected hits harder. I said goodbye to Bob and Jeff. Then, one March day during Craig's last year in high school, he came home carrying his senior class picture. This was it. Time had run out. This youngest of our children was soon to leave the nest.

So, I sat down and cried.

As each of our children left home, I would wish him well, give him a kiss, a smile and a wave, and go back into the house and cry. Just for a few minutes. Nothing intense or lengthy. Robert kidded me at first—"Our boys are alright. You want them to go to college. You want them to take jobs. Wouldn't it be awful if they stayed home forever?"

"I know all that and I agree," I'd say. "But my heart hurts each time one says goodbye, and I need the tears to get the ache out." Then Robert would go out in the garden or down to his basement carpentry bench and work out his hurt at having his precious children leaving. (Sometimes, we have learned in recent years, it is good for men to cry, too, to ease *their* aches.)

So parting is grief. My minister-father used to say when we left a community that being sorry we were leaving *was* good. It meant we had enjoyed a fine experience and had made close friends. So, feeling sorry that our children leave home means we enjoy having them around.

A good friend told me recently that grieving too much when her children started to college came from the fact that she felt guilty—she was fearful she had not spent enough time with them, or given them the right kind of discipline or told them enough about life.

Part of her grief, also, was in the fact that she was no longer needed as a parent. Suddenly, her grownup children wanted her as a friend, not as a disciplinarian or an advice-giver. She wasn't ready at all, she told me, to move into a new segment of her life where she was no longer an authoritative mother.

As we talked, we remembered a statement we both had heard: the only way to hold onto your offspring is to love them deeply *with an open hand*. Let them go. Let them grow away from you, let them develop their own lives, let them become adults who are independent, and then they can return home as friends.

Changes of action and attitude are often forced upon us, my friend and I decided. But we can use the extra time, the new roles we have in creative ways.

My friend decided to go back to college and enroll in some courses she had always wanted to take. In the process she made some fascinating new friends. Her husband took up woodworking as a hobby and then began teaching his new craft to young people in an inner-city night school. When they get back home to share their different experiences they now find the time they spend together

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Evelyn has had more time and new opportunities for public appearances since her sons have grown and gone away from home. She participated as a panel member at a meeting of the Nebraska Council on Public Relations for Agriculture held in Omaha, Nebr. Shown with Evelyn are Dr. Arnold Schaefer (center), Director of the Swanson Center for Nutrition in Omaha, who was the main speaker of the evening, and M. Wayne Hendrickson (right), a cattleman from Kearney, Nebr., who served with Evelyn on the discussion panel.



# Recipes for September



## CHEESE-STUFFED MEAT LOAF

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground chuck
- 3 slices fresh bread, cubed
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 cup (4-oz. pkg.) shredded Cheddar cheese

3 slices fresh bread, finely crumbled  
Catsup  
Combine the ground chuck, 3 slices cubed bread, milk, salt and pepper. Combine the onion, green pepper, celery and lemon juice. Saute until onion is transparent. Cool and add egg, stirring well. Add the cheese and fine bread crumbs.

Pack half the meat mixture in a loaf pan. Mound the cheese filling over meat to within 1/2 inch of edges. Spread the remaining meat mixture over top of filling; seal edges. Pour catsup over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. Let set a few minutes before serving. —Robin

## QUICK CHERRY COOKY BARS

- 1 20-oz. pkg. sugar cooky mix
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Measure out two-thirds of the sugar cooky mix into a bowl. Cut in the 3 Tbls. margarine. Add egg. Combine the water and almond and cherry flavorings. Mix into the dough. Spread the dough in a jelly roll pan in a thin layer. Spread the pie filling, to which the butter flavoring has been added, over the cooky layer.

In a bowl, combine the remaining cooky mix, 1 Tbls. margarine and the cinnamon. Sprinkle over the cherry filling. Bake at 375 degrees for about 30 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

Other fruit pie fillings and their accompanying Kitchen-Klatter flavorings could be used. —Juliana

## AVOCADO RING

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/4 cups cold water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 ripe avocados, mashed
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

3 cups muskmelon or cantaloupe balls  
Dissolve the gelatin and salt in the two cups boiling water. Add the cold water, lemon juice and flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Blend the mashed avocados, mayonnaise and dressing. Stir into the chilled gelatin. Pour into a one-quart ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold on large plate and fill center with the melon balls.

—Dorothy

## PECAN-APPLE BREAD

- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream the margarine, sugar and butter flavoring. Beat in eggs, milk and remaining flavorings. Add the flour, baking powder and soda. Mix well. Fold in the chopped apples and pecans. Bake at 350 degrees in a greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan for one hour and 15 minutes. Cool and slice to serve. —Verlene

## ZUCCHINI HOTCAKES

- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups grated, unpeeled zucchini
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- Salt and pepper to taste

Melt the margarine and butter flavoring in a skillet. Press the zucchini between a paper towel to remove as much liquid as possible. Combine with the remaining ingredients. Spoon the batter into the hot butter mixture in the skillet. Flatten with spatula and cook over medium heat until browned on both sides. Serve.

NOTE: Can be topped with grated cheese, tomato sauce, sour cream or yogurt. —Verlene

## TRIPLE BROWNIES

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine together over low heat (or in oven) and cool. Beat eggs, add sugar and mix well. Stir in chocolate mixture. Beat in remaining ingredients. (Please note: no soda or baking powder in this recipe.) Spread batter in greased 8- by 10-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes. Do not over-bake.

### Middle Layer

1 bar German sweet chocolate (or semisweet chocolate morsels)  
Melt chocolate and spread over warm bars for middle layer. (Amount of this can vary—thick or thin as you like.)

### Frosting

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine sugar, butter or margarine, half-and-half and cream of tartar in heavy saucepan. Stir just enough to dissolve as mixture begins to cook over medium heat. Continue cooking without stirring until mixture forms a soft ball (236 on candy thermometer). Cool until lukewarm. Add flavorings and beat until creamy and of spreading consistency. Frost over top of brownies for third layer. Cut while still slightly warm so frosting will not crack.

This is truly an unusual brownie with a fine flavor and the surprising addition of the middle thin chocolate center. For another unusual variation, color the frosting green and add 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring. —Evelyn

## COUNTRY CHICKEN

- 2 to 3 lbs. frying chicken pieces
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- Sesame seed

Combine the salad dressing and lemon juice. Pour over the chicken, cover and allow to marinate several hours or overnight. Turn chicken pieces occasionally. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Brush with remaining marinade and sprinkle with sesame seed. Return to oven for about 15 minutes longer. —Robin



**APPLE DESSERT**

2 cups white sugar  
1 cup shortening  
2 eggs  
3 cups flour  
2 tsp. soda  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
6 cups chopped apples  
3/4 cup pecans  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream the sugar, shortening and eggs. Sift together the flour, soda, salt, cinnamon. Add to the creamed mixture. Fold in the apples, pecans and flavoring. (Note: the dough will be very stiff.) Spread in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. Top with the following:

Combine 2 cups half-and-half, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 Tbls. cornstarch and 2 Tbls. butter. Boil until thick. Add 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Spread on slightly cooled dessert. —Verlene

**CHEESY HASH BROWNS**

2 lbs. frozen hash brown potatoes, slightly thawed and broken apart  
1 can cream of chicken soup  
1 pint sour cream  
1 small onion, chopped  
1/2 lb. Cheddar cheese, grated  
Salt and pepper to taste  
1 cup cornflake crumbs  
2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted

Combine the soup and sour cream and fold into the potatoes along with the onion, cheese and salt and pepper. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven and sprinkle the cornflake crumbs over top. Drizzle with the melted butter or margarine. Return to oven for about 15 minutes. Serves 12 to 15. —Betty Jane

**PACIFIC SALMON LOAF**

1 16-oz. can salmon, drained and flaked  
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
1/4 cup chopped celery  
1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
1 egg, beaten

Combine the above ingredients and shape into loaf. Place in greased loaf pan and bake uncovered at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes. Let set for about 10 minutes before cutting and serving with the following cucumber-dill sauce:

1/4 cup mayonnaise  
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing  
1/2 cup dairy sour cream  
1/2 cup finely chopped peeled seeded cucumber  
2 Tbls. chopped green onion or shallot  
1/2 tsp. dill weed

Combine and chill. Serve over the salmon loaf slices. —Betty Jane

**DOROTHY'S SCALLOPED TURNIPS**

Peel and dice enough turnips to fill a 2-quart casserole. Place turnips in a kettle to which you have added enough cold water to cover and 1/4 tsp. soda. Bring to boiling and cook for a few minutes to par-boil. Drain and rinse. Combine about 1/3 cup flour, 1/3 cup sugar and 1 cup cream and beat until smooth. Place turnips in casserole and pour the cream mixture over them until just covered. (More cream or milk can be stirred in if amount is not sufficient to cover.) Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour. Stir every 15 minutes or so while baking.

**SWEET DRESSING**

1/2 cup marshmallow creme  
1 to 1 1/2 Tbls. orange juice  
2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing  
Pinch of salt

Beat the above ingredients together. Serve over fresh fruit salad.

—Betty Jane

**PUMPKIN-CHEESE PIE**

1 baked pie crust  
1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin  
1 1/2 cups milk  
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened  
1 can pumpkin pie filling  
2 eggs, separated  
1 pkg. butterscotch pudding mix

Soften gelatin in 1/2 cup of the milk. Combine cream cheese, pie filling and egg yolks in mixing bowl until smooth. Combine remaining 1 cup milk and pudding mix in saucepan. Add pumpkin mixture and gelatin. Cook over medium heat until mixture thickens and is bubbly. Chill in refrigerator until slightly thickened, but not set. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into chilled filling. Spoon filling into baked pastry shell. Chill several hours or overnight.

—Donna Nenneman

**CHOW MEIN CHICKEN SALAD**

3 cups cut-up cooked chicken, chilled  
1 cup chopped watermelon pickles  
2 Tbls. chopped onion  
2 large stalks celery, chopped  
1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing  
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing  
1 tsp. salt  
1/2 tsp. curry powder  
Dash of pepper  
1 cup chow mein noodles  
6 lettuce cups

Additional chow mein noodles for garnish

Combine chicken, pickles, onion, celery, dressings and seasonings. Stir in the cup of chow mein noodles. Spoon salad into lettuce cups and garnish with additional chow mein noodles.

—Betty Jane

**BEAN-MUSHROOM SALAD**

1 10-oz. can lima beans  
6 ozs. fresh mushrooms, sliced  
1 tsp. finely chopped onion  
1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg  
Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Drain beans and rinse. Toss with the mushrooms, onion and nutmeg. Pour dressing over top. Chill for several hours.

**CANNED APPLE PIE FILLING**

4 1/2 cups sugar  
1 cup cornstarch  
2 tsp. ground cinnamon  
1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg  
1 tsp. salt  
10 cups water (or unsweetened apple juice or cider)  
3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
3 Tbls. lemon juice  
2 to 3 drops yellow food coloring  
5 1/2 to 6 lbs. tart apples, peeled, cored and sliced

In large saucepan, blend sugar, cornstarch, cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Stir in water (or apple juice or cider) and cook over medium heat until thick and smooth. Add flavoring, lemon juice and food coloring. Pack apples in hot sterilized jars, leaving one inch head space at top of jar. Fill with hot syrup. Slide a spatula around inside of jars to eliminate air bubbles. Process in hot-water bath for 15 minutes for pint jars, 20 minutes for quarts.

—Betty Jane

**MOLDED COTTAGE CHEESE & APPLE SALAD****1st Layer**

1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 cup small-curd creamed cottage cheese, sieved  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup milk  
1/3 cup mayonnaise  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Soften gelatin in the cold water. Place in top of double boiler over hot water to dissolve. Combine with the remaining ingredients. Turn into 5-cup ring mold which has been chilled. Refrigerate until firm—about 2 hours. Meanwhile, prepare second layer as follows:

1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
1 1/2 cups hot water  
1/3 cup lemon juice  
2/3 cup sugar  
1 1/2 cups diced unpeeled apples

Soften gelatin in the cold water. Add the hot water, lemon juice and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Chill until about as thick as unbeaten egg whites. Fold in the apples. Pour over the firm first layer. Chill for several hours. Unmold and serve.

—Lucile



**SWEET-SOUR SAUCE**

- 2 14-oz. cans pineapple chunks
- 1 1/4 cups regular-strength chicken broth
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- 1 cup thinly sliced green onions
- 3 green peppers, seeded and cut into 1-inch squares

Drain pineapple liquid into a saucepan. Add all the ingredients except for the pineapple chunks, onions and green peppers. Cook over moderate heat, stirring, until thick. (This mixture can now be refrigerated until time to continue making up the dish. It can be kept chilled for a day or two.) When ready to use, reheat sauce slowly and then add onions and green peppers. Cook one minute. Remove from heat and add pineapple chunks. Excellent served over cooked meats, pork chops, oriental dishes, etc. —Dorothy

**DUTCH PIGS IN BLANKETS****Blanket Dough**

- 5 cups flour
- 1 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 cups margarine or lard
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Combine dry ingredients in a bowl. Cut in margarine or lard. Combine eggs and milk and blend into first mixture with a fork. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead two or three times. Divide into three portions. Roll each portion into an 18"x21" rectangle. Cut into 18 rectangular pieces. Each one is now ready for its "pig".

**"Pig" Filling**

- 5 lbs. lean pork sausage
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup cracker or rusk crumbs
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 3/4 tsp. pepper

Put all ingredients into a mixing bowl. Mix well. Divide into three portions. Shape each portion into 18 "piggies" about 2 1/2 inches long. Place a roll of meat on each "blanket" of dough. Fold ends up over meat, then the sides and pinch together. Glaze tops with slightly beaten egg. Place on cooky sheets and bake at

325 degrees for 45 minutes.

These can also be frozen, then stored in plastic bags until time to bake—baking time for frozen rolls is 1 hour. Makes 54 "piggies", so it is an excellent make-ahead recipe. They keep well for several weeks.

The friend who sent this recipe said that her hospital auxiliary makes up great quantities of these for a bazaar dinner which features the Dutch Pigs in Blankets, soup and pie. —Evelyn

**COFFEE-BANANA CREAM PIE**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup strong brewed coffee, cooled
- 2 egg yolks, lightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 ripe bananas, sliced
- Baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled
- Whipped cream or topping

Combine the sugar, flour and salt in top of double boiler. Combine the milk and coffee and add slowly to sugar mixture. Cook and stir over boiling water until thick. Then cook ten minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Stir a small portion of the hot mixture into the lightly beaten egg yolks. Pour egg mixture into cooked mixture and stir vigorously. Cook one minute more. Add the butter and flavoring and cool. Alternate layers of filling and banana slices in pie shell. Serve topped with the whipped cream or topping and additional banana slices. —Robin

**SWEET-SOUR BEEF & CABBAGE**

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 of medium onion, finely chopped
- 1/2 of green pepper, finely chopped
- 2 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 head cabbage (about 2 lbs.)

Combine the beef, bread crumbs, egg, onion, green pepper, parsley, garlic and salt. Shape into balls about the size of golf balls. Heat oil in a Dutch oven. Brown the balls, turning to brown on all sides. Drain any excess fat. Cut cabbage head into wedges. Arrange on top of meat balls in Dutch oven. Prepare the following sauce:

- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1/4 cup cider vinegar
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Combine the sauce ingredients until well blended. Pour over the cabbage and meat balls in Dutch oven. Cover and simmer for 15 to 20 minutes, or until all is tender. —Betty Jane



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## Ways With Wallpaper

by  
Erma Reynolds

Today, a vast majority of homes in the United States have walls decorated with wallpaper. But, wallpaper has not always been so common. Whitewashed walls were the rule in most American homes until the mid-18th century.

As the country prospered, well-to-do homeowners began to paper the walls of their houses, not just for decoration, but for the protection the paper afforded against damp house walls. The paper was imported from England and France, with special orders placed with shipmasters, who brought in limited quantities.

As the output of the paper increased, stationers and booksellers took over the sales, peddling it from door to door under the name of "painted paper". It was referred to in 1730 by one dealer as "stamp paper in rolls for to paper rooms".

Most of these early wallpapers were anything but gay but were brownish-gray in color, and so thick and tough they could easily be peeled off the walls of one room and relocated on the walls of another room.

The first wallpaper to be manufactured in this country was fabricated in 1739 by Plunket Fleeson in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by a slow, tedious process. Patterns were cut or carved out of wooden blocks, then stamped by hand on pieces of paper. A paintbrush was used to apply color. These small sheets, referred to as *domino paper*, had a margin all around which had to be laboriously cut off before the paper could be placed on a wall. These small pieces of wallpaper continued to be manufactured in this fashion until about 1790, when John B. Howell established a more efficient wallpaper factory.

It was in the late 18th century that scenic papers were created in Europe. And, again, it was the wealthy Americans who were the first to use this type of paper. During this period, the customary procedure of wallpapering was to paste the paper on strips of canvas which, in turn, were tacked or pasted to plastered walls. With this method, a homeowner could remove the costly paper and take it with him if he was moving to a different home.

In the middle 1800's, cylinders were

substituted for the wooden blocks in printing wallpaper. Machinery was invented that could print continuous repeat designs thus doing away with the previous laborious handwork of craftsmen. Now, with this improved system, more and more folks could afford to have colorful paper decorating the walls of their homes.

**Wallpaper Care:** Here are some tips to help you deal with papered walls:

Should a *grease spot* mar the paper, there's a choice of remedies: Put a blotter over the spot and press with a moderately hot iron. Or, take a clean powder puff and dust the spot with white talcum powder. Leave powder on for an hour or so, then brush away the residue. If the spot still shows, repeat the procedure until grease disappears. Dry borax powder can also be rubbed over the spot.

For a *soiled spot*, use an art gum eraser to gently rub away the smudge. Or, using soft pieces of bread, rub the spot with even vertical strokes.

*Crayon marks* can usually be removed if gently rubbed with very fine steel wool.

*Brown water marks* can sometimes be concealed by coloring over the discoloration with colored chalk of a color to match the paper. Rub the chalk in with a finger to blend.

Color over small *scratches* with wax crayon of matching color.

Should a piece of *sticky tape* adhere itself to wallpaper, press a warm iron against the tape and it can be removed without taking the paper with it.

After a room has been papered, save a supply of the leftover paper for *future patch jobs*. Tack pieces of this paper on the wall in the attic or storage room. This allows the pieces to age and fade like the paper on the newly papered room.

If you forget to prepare for this aging process, and a patching job becomes necessary, put leftover paper in a sunny window for a few days thus allowing it to fade until it matches the paper on the wall.

When preparing paper for patching, roughly tear in the desired shape, making the patch a little larger than the area to be corrected. An irregular torn edge is not nearly as noticeable as when cut in a

straight line with scissors.

After a room has been newly papered, write the date of the job, number of rolls used and the price of paper and labor, on the back of a framed picture, or mirror hung in the room. Then, when repapering, all the necessary data is on hand for reference.

**Uses for Leftover Wallpaper:** There are practical, interesting ways in which leftover paper can be used:

Make *place mats* by cutting the edges of the paper with pinking shears. If the washable variety of paper is used, the mats will last a while because they can be sponged off. Washable wallpaper can also be used for outdoor tablecloths. Anchor the paper against breezes by turning the edges under the table and fastening with thumbtacks.

Got a *lampshade* in the kitchen, den, or bedroom that needs renewing? Cover it with wallpaper.

Use to *line drawers* and *shelves*.

When there's a *gift to wrap*, colorfully patterned wallpaper can do the job.

Little artists in the family can use lots of *drawing paper*. Supply them with rolls or sheets of leftover wallpaper. The blank side of the paper is perfect for their artistic efforts.

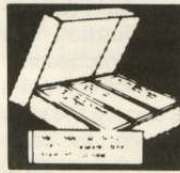
Pretty wallpaper can be used to make attractive *desk sets*. Cover several boxes of various shapes and sizes. These can be used to hold such items as pencils, paper clips, rubber bands, envelopes, etc.

## COVER PICTURE

The antique ice cream table and chairs on my terrace have been used as the setting for a number of our cover pictures. When Juliana Verness Lowey and her children, James and Katharine, were here during a brief summer visit, the three headed right for this area of the yard when they knew the photographer was coming.

During the time they were here, we had such ferocious heat and humidity it was impossible to enjoy any meals out-of-doors. However, I asked Juliana to put this particular cloth on the table so you friends could get a glimpse of her embroidery work. The cloth was a gift to me when I had my 70th birthday. —Lucile

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## FALL FUND RAISERS

**Soup Buffet:** The sign read: "Soup Buffet — served from 11:30 a.m. until 3 p.m." Since it was Sunday, we decided to eat at noon. As we entered, the individual prices were posted on the bulletin board in the parish basement:

Chicken Noodle Soup or Chili . \$1.50  
Whole Sandwich, chicken or ham . .

\$1.00

Half a sandwich . . . . . 50¢

Pizza serving . . . . . 75¢

Bar or brownie . . . . . 25¢

Milk, tea or coffee . . . . . 25¢

As we went through the line, we registered for a door prize. As we filled our food tray with our choices, two finance volunteers at the end of the line were busy. One was adding the prices upon an adding machine and the other one was ready to accept our money.

We then proceeded to our places at the tables. We could have all the coffee we wanted. Celery, crackers and carrot sticks were on the tables.

It was a fun time socializing with everyone. There were also carnival-type games and bingo. Time was well spent on a Sunday afternoon. The proceeds went to the Home and School Association at our Sacred Heart Parochial School.

—Norma Tisher

**Brunswick Stew Dinner:** This idea for raising money came to us from Alexandria, Virginia.

"Every fall our church has a Brunswick stew dinner. The cooking is really the men's domain. The stew takes at least 105 chickens, 35 gallons of tomatoes, 4 bushels of potatoes, 60 pounds of onions, 21 gallons of corn and 21 gallons of butter beans.

"On the Friday before the bazaar on Saturday, the ladies chop the onions, peel, chop and parboil the potatoes, stew the chickens for the meat and broth and thaw the frozen tomatoes. This food is then placed in plastic containers.

"At midnight, four men start fires outdoors under six big iron kettles. The ingredients for the stew are emptied into the kettles. By 6 a.m., there are about a dozen men taking turns stirring the stew with paddles. Women go to cook breakfast for the men, but they need to eat in shifts because the stew must be stirred constantly.

"By 10:00 a.m., the stew is ready. Each

year orders are taken for about 60 gallons of the stew at \$1.25 a quart. The remainder is sold at the noon meal. Each lunch costs \$2.00 for all a person can eat—stew, crackers, rolls, coleslaw, homemade pickles, homemade pies and cakes, coffee and tea.

"When we started our bazaar and Brunswick stew luncheon some nine years ago, we charged \$1.50 for the lunch for all a person could eat and we were afraid people would think it was too much and not come. We were wrong. The affair has grown each year."

—Pearl Johnson

**Fashion Show and Tasting Tea:** Are you in doubt how you will fill the till? Are you curious how you will raise a few funds without having a rummage or food sale? How about a "Fashion Show and Tasting Tea"? We held ours at our regular meeting and charged admission for regular members, guests and the public.

About twenty members took part in our fashion show. The clothing was from a local place of business. Fashions included dresses, pantsuits, coats and lounge wear. All the members took part in bringing food for the tasting tea. Each food was cut into finger-size servings; its recipe was displayed beside its plate. Small paper plates and plastic forks were on the serving table. The refreshment committee set up the tables and furnished the coffee and tea. Those attending could taste their choices and copy down recipes of favorites.

It was an excellent way for the Ways and Means Committee to add to the treasury and a good opportunity to add frills and polish to a regular meeting. This type of luncheon and fashion show could be held at any time of the year.

—Mrs. Norma Tisher

**Candy Shoppe:** At most bazaars, the homemade candy booth is the first to sell out. Candy makes a wonderful gift at any time. For a fund-raising event, why not try a special candy shop where customers can use their purchases for gift giving?

Plan to have many boxes of special candies already made up as gifts—varying the boxes in size and price range. Also, have on hand a variety of candies and a supply of gift boxes so that gift boxes can be packed to order, if the customer prefers. A kitchen scale is useful for weighing and pricing, or sell by the piece. Have a supply of lace paper doilies and pretty papers so that the boxes of gift candies look attractive. Money spent on the individual paper candy cups will be money well spent in making the packaged candies appealing to the eye. You will also need plenty of plastic wrap to put over the top of the boxed candy. Set up a gift-wrapping center at a separate booth so that the candy customers may take their packages there to be gift wrapped for a small fee. In your ad-

vertising, be sure to emphasize the various kinds of special candies to be sold. Stress the point of buying for gifts, the special packaging, etc.

—Mabel Nair Brown

**Community Autograph Book:** During various special days or celebrations in the community, at guest days for a club as well as at regular meetings of the many organizations in the community, appoint committee members to take pages from a large autograph book and get signatures of people attending, charging 10¢ per name. At public events, the members may take turns sitting at a bridge table to gather signatures and dimes on main street, at the fairgrounds, wherever people are gathered.

The pages can be decorated with appropriate pictures and emblems—the emblem or motto of the organization—pictures of the parade, festival and celebrations present. Thus, when the book is completed at the end of several months, it can be a fine historical record to present to the local library or historical society.

Be sure to get a picture of various organization members for the book. One such book was taken to a town council meeting where autographs were solicited and a picture of the council taken to include in the book. You could do the same with other civic groups plus the various businesses in town.

—Virginia Thomas

**Nickels for the Till:** Prior to the meeting, notify all members to bring a bagful of nickels. You might make little drawstring bags of colorful print fabric and pass them out at your regular meeting a month prior to the meeting where they will be used. Let everyone on your committee help plan a list of a dozen things for which the members may be taxed to 25¢. The items to be taxed can be silly, unusual and sensible. The list might include:

5¢ if not wearing high-button shoes

5¢ if wearing glasses

10¢ if wearing lipstick

15¢ if wearing a lace-trimmed slip

Appoint one member of the committee to bring a large moneybag and be prepared to collect the taxes as the lists are read. Members of the committee pay the taxes the same as the other members.

—M.N.B.

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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

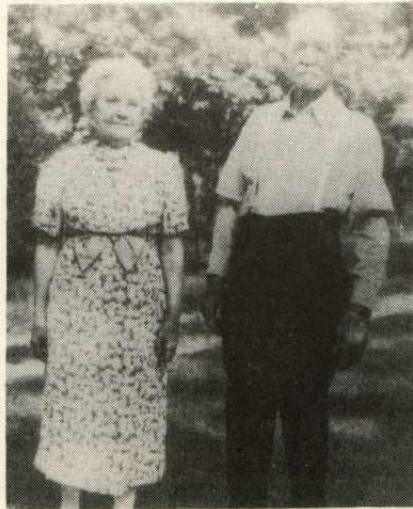
Did you get a chance to visit some of the sites of the Laura Ingalls Wilder *Little House* books this summer? Perhaps you journeyed to the pageant at De Smet, South Dakota. A collection of photos taken at Laura and Almanzo Wilder's Rocky Ridge Farm at Mansfield, Missouri, is newly compiled and edited by W. D. LeCount and Irene Lichty LeCount. Contained in the album are interior and exterior views of the Wilder home, as well as favorite farm animals and agricultural scenes. The Laura Ingalls Wilder Library at Mansfield is shown. There are displays found in the museum at Rocky Ridge, and pictures taken at Wilder Day in Mansfield, September, 1980. Gravestones of the Wilders and daughter Rose, in the Mansfield cemetery, are pictured. Scenic photos of the area, with the flavor of the Ozarks, would be especially beautiful in color. The photo album is available from Rocky Ridge Shop, Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum, Mansfield, Missouri 65704. (Album, \$4.00, postage and handling, \$1.25 by money or bank order. Send personalized checks only if necessary.)

Incidentally, the original *Little House* manuscripts there were microfilmed at the University of Missouri and are available to researchers, authors, and others.

If you are looking for an enjoyable book that will bring back pleasant memories to many, and at the same time show appreciation for the simple values of Christian family life, *A Nostalgic Almanac* by Edna Hong is that book. The setting is rural Wisconsin in the 1920s. The author shares her reminiscences of daily life on a family farm with a delightful journey through the seasons. But let her speak for herself.

"September was another season. The birds knew it and began gathering in flocks, much like retired folk today gathering at charter terminals for flights to southlands. Ma knew it and toiled harder and longer to get the ripe tomatoes canned before frost blackened the vines. Pa knew it and kept a weather eye on the thermometer hanging on the porch, hoping his corn would have yet another week or two to mature before the mercury sank below 32 degrees. We kids knew it because school had begun once again.

"By September freedom had lost its flavor for us, and we galloped back to our prisons, the one-room rural schools, with unconcealed delight. Indeed, we who professed to hate school had played school upstairs in the granary almost every rainy day all summer long! Barefoot, carrying lunch pails with sandwiches made of homemade bread spread with apple butter, a cookie, and a tomato with a little paper salt, we



Laura Ingalls Wilder, author of the *Little House* books, with her husband, Almanzo Wilder, at their Rocky Ridge farm, circa 1935.

collected our schoolmates along the dusty road and arrived from all corners of District No. 4, Town of Holway, Taylor County, (Wisconsin) well before 9:00 A.M."

Return with her to the days when the wood-burning kitchen cookstove won the enduring affection of the family, especially in winter months, and playtime for the girls often meant paper doll families from old Sears-Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs. Ma's houseplants on the windowsills in the home showed bright green leaves in the spring, and she tended those flowers for the color they brought into her life. Also, in the spring Pa was seized with white-wash madness as the barn and chicken house were cleaned, and Ma, with a frenzy of spring cleaning for the house. As summer moved into August, garden produce was canned and when time arrived for threshing oats, farm wives served luscious meals to the men. Usually, the menu contained fried chicken and apple pie. Of the hard labor in farming, Edna Hong wrote, "Every sunny day in October Pa wrote beautiful straight lines of dark furrows with his keen plowshare. He himself was a poem, he and Prince and Maude moving horizontally to the western horizon . . ."

It is good at times to be nostalgic, if we do not forget the promise of the present and the future. Her book does not make a golden age of the 20s, but perhaps the hardships, generated in her "the fortitude to face the present. Hardship, after all, is a kind of learning. If so, well and good. This leaves my memory free to dance on the fragrant meadow of the past instead of banging its head against the tombstone of the past."

My copy of *A Nostalgic Almanac* by Edna Hong came from my favorite bookstore. If interested in purchasing the book by mail, write Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. 5th St., Box 1209, Minne-

apolis, Minnesota 55440, \$6.95, plus 85¢ postage.

A deeply appreciated birthday gift from my brother, Laurie, and his wife, Candy, is one of the *Ideals* books. *Flowers of Friendship* is unique not only for the thought-provoking poetry and prose on friendship, but also for the color illustrations by Maryrose Wampler, a nationally recognized and respected nature artist. Her motto is to plant flowers in their natural settings, and in her paintings she tries "to show the whole personality of flowers by using the things we normally don't notice—such as dry leaves, mosses, twigs." The prints of Maryrose Wampler are presented courtesy of Nature House, Inc., an organization whose aims combine both art and nature, headquarters at Griggsville, Illinois, in Purple Martin Junction, an extensive education complex.

Imagine my surprise and delight to open to the page with the painting of the trailing arbutus to find the poem "Mystic Borderland" by Helen Field Fischer, the "Flower Lady" and Leanna Driftmier's sister. That is one of the poems I copied in my poetry book from Mom's *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine years ago.

Here quoted are some great words from Henry Ward Beecher on friendship: "Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them."

Check your bookstore or gift store for a copy of *Flowers of Friendship*, price \$3.95, or write to *Ideals* Publishing Corp., 11315 Watertown Plank Rd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53226, for information about securing it by mail.



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## PLAN A FAMILY COUNCIL

by  
Virginia Thomas

Today we hear many parents bemoan the fact that once school begins the entire family gets on a merry-go-round and can't get off. Often the children and young people complain just as vigorously about having too much to do.

Once children enroll in school and the schedules are arranged, plan a family council. Make it an important event for everyone concerned—father, mother and school-age children. Explain that this council has been called so that all might be better prepared for, and enjoy more, the school year ahead.

First, have each person make out his own schedule. Include any extracurricular and leisure-time activities planned for fall and winter. Make out a general schedule of events in which the entire family participates: church, civic and community affairs. Be certain every member of the family has time to include his plans. Discuss just how these activities can be meshed together.

Such questions may surface as: "When will John need to take the car for an evening school activity?" "When will Jane need transportation after school?" "What nights will Mary be free to begin dinner preparation on the days Mother is working?" "How should the household chores be divided?" "What time can we set aside for the family to be together?"

On a large calendar, list the important dates including tournaments, ball games, contests, club meetings, special church events, doctor and dentist appointments, etc. As you list and discuss this scheduling, everyone should begin to see the patterns which emerge. The importance of advance planning, making arrangements for household responsibilities and when the car will be available and who gets it, will certainly be obvious. It is conceivable that some extracurricular and recreational activities might have to be dropped by one or more members of the family in order to accommodate a more important project or give a fair share of participation to another member. Conflicts in scheduling need to be worked out in the best interest of everyone.

If the family council meeting is kept cheerful, friendly and helpful, with a chance for each person to speak and be heard, a workable, tentative schedule can surely be planned. There may be some last-minute changes, but at least everyone will have a better understanding of the situation, look at conflicts from the other person's point of view and understand that cooperation works best.

Be certain to have snack food at hand during your council. It helps if crunchy potato chips, carrot sticks, cookies and favorite pop or cocoa are at hand to



Julian Brase doesn't have cats at his own home, and as a result, he found endless entertainment with the fifteen or so cats who scurry around at the farm of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson.

help make a more relaxed setting. Remember to set up a date for another council meeting in a few weeks to a month to check on how the plan is working.

No time for the family? Well, **MAKE** time. You never have another chance once the children are grown and gone. A family council just might be the most important meeting you ever scheduled.

### CHAIRWOMAN

I am a leader, and a thinker,  
And an organizer.  
But first of all, and always,  
I am a woman.

So call me not chairperson,  
But always a chairwoman.  
For I'm proud to be a woman  
Old-fashioned though it be.

—Annette Lingelbach

### MY HOME TOWN

There's no place in the world like my  
home town—

No place that I'd rather be,  
Then this little town where I grew up  
And raised my small family.  
It's not a very big dot on the map,  
And a stranger might pass on  
through,  
But a lifetime of mem'ries dear to my  
heart

Continues to come into view.  
So I guess I'll spend the rest of my days  
In this same little spot on God's  
earth,

Enjoying whatever He sends my way,  
And hoping my life's been of worth.

—Louise Simms

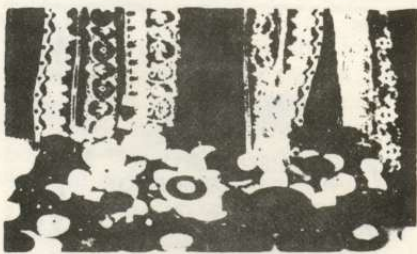
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## Needle Notes

by  
Brenda Carl Rahn

In these costly times, it is important to make the clothes we buy and sew last longer. There are many techniques to preserve clothing even before we begin wearing them.

The *back seat* and *crotch* seams should be double-stitched on all pants, men's, women's and children's. These seams take a tremendous amount of stress and it is well worth the effort to reinforce them when you sew slacks and to do the same for the ones you buy.

A good spot to check in purchased slacks is the *zipper*, for often the stitching is weak or the zipper flimsy. Either don't buy them, or fix them prior to wearing before small flaws become large problems.

*Knees* are famous for wearing out on children's pants but it is easy to add months of wear to them. You can wait until the knees are worn before putting a patch on the outside or you can use preventive measures. A patch can be put on either the inside or the outside; on the outside a decorative material can be effectively satin-stitched by hand or machine. One mother I know simply keeps replacing the patches as soon as they wear through so the actual pants never wear out. You can get even more wear and fashion by using prequilted fabrics and artificial suedes for the patches, a great way to use up scraps too large to throw away.

For those who don't like outside patches, simply use iron-on patches on the inside of each knee. If patches made of denim are too stiff, you can fuse on a softer fabric with Stitch Witchery or similar product. Double-knit pants can be reinforced with stretch-knit iron-on interfacing (this is sold under many brand names). I mentioned this product when talking about lining pants; here we apply it in selected areas. This interfacing is soft enough it won't show on the outside and will stretch with the pants. Besides applying stretch-knit patches to the knees, I apply them to the *inside thighs* on my husband's slacks. This is a spot that tends to wear thin on many people's clothing, and a little interfacing can help extend the life of an otherwise good pair of pants.

Shirts can be patched at the *elbows*, long sleeves made into short by cutting them even with the chest and finishing with a narrow hem. You can also make shirts sleeveless by removing the armhole stitching and sewing bias tape along the old seam line, then turn this under and topstitch around the armhole to stitch down the tape and give a nice finish to an otherwise plain armhole. This is quite a routine procedure at my house

since my carpenter-husband always seems to rip his sleeves on a nail the day after I stitched up the last hole he tore in it.

If your husband likes to carry around pens and pencils in his shirt *pocket*, consider making pocket protectors. You can make these so they don't show just by cutting them to the appropriate size. I buy clear, soft plastic, the kind sold by the yard for making sofa covers and tablecloth protectors, and using a size eighteen needle (called *leatherpoint* by some companies). Simply zigzag along the sides of a folded piece, then place the piece in the pocket and trim off any excess. These pocket liners are inexpensive and really save you from trying to get out ink or pencil marks.

From my fabric dictionary . . .

**Broadcloth:** This originally meant any fabric made on a loom of a specific width. Now it refers to a fine, tightly woven fabric with a faint rib. Once made of mercerized cotton, it is now made of almost any fiber. Ask for the care labels available free at your fabric counter. Many stores neglect to give out the labels that come with the fabric unless you ask for them.

**Brocade:** Brocades are heavy, luxurious fabrics made on a jacquard loom. Patterns often include flowers and leaves and can incorporate metallic threads. Some knits that imitate the look of true brocades are often given this name. Any material with metallic threads should be dry cleaned, as should true satin brocades.

## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Store fresh parsley and celery leaves in a covered glass jar in the refrigerator. If you grow your own and have a lot, freeze in plastic bags. —D.S., Maryville, Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

When you are cooking any of the cabbage family (cauliflower, broccoli, kohlrabi, etc.) put a few celery leaves or a piece of celery in the pan to keep the odor from permeating the air in the house. It really works.

—Mrs. H.J., Mediapolis, Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

I sure find a lot of uses for old toothbrushes. I keep one under each sink in the house to use around the faucets. I use one to clean the letters on the typewriter. Any small spot which needs scrubbing can be cleaned better with a small toothbrush.

—Mrs. T.T., Minden, Nebr.

\*\*\*\*\*

I like the hint to save water in which eggs are boiled, cool it and use to water plants. It is supposed to have minerals in it that are good for the plants.

—Mrs. J.J., Pittsburg, Ks.



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## From Our Family Album

There is no date on this photograph of the Frederick Fischer family, but my guess is that it was taken at a studio sometime in 1915.

We Driftmier children were always very close to the "Fischer girls"—words that were constantly used when we referred to them. They shared countless experiences with us through the years when we were growing up and in our minds is an endless collection of memories to this very day.

Louise Fischer (Alexander) is sitting on the lap of her father, our Uncle Fred Fischer who was an attorney in Shenandoah for many years. Mary Fischer (Chapin) is standing at the left of the picture beside her mother, our Aunt Helen Field Fischer. Gretchen Fischer (Harshbarger) is standing just behind her father.

Today, Gretchen Harshbarger lives in Iowa City and is the mother of two sons. Mary Chapin lives in Vancouver, British Columbia, and is the mother of two sons. Louise Alexander lives in Claremont, California, and is the mother of one son and one daughter.

—Lucile

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
each of the children, and then Bonnie (the mother).

Bonnie will not eat if the children are where they can watch. She must be fed off to one side because of her strong instinct to give everything to her children. If she has a piece of food in her mouth and one of the young swans starts toward her, she will drop the food at once. But Clyde is something else again. He gets very angry when I make him wait his turn. He will never take food away from his children, but he has no hesitancy about eating in front of them and about eating before they are fed.

This morning, Clyde was so threatening that I had to hit him to keep him from stricking me. Then he began to sulk and refused to eat his breakfast. Really! I never hit a swan or any other animal hard enough to hurt, but just hard enough to make them know that I will not tolerate their threats. In the case of Clyde, the blow was made with a loaf of soft bread, but that was enough to scare him.

It looks as if the fall season will be beautiful here in New England; Betty and

I are hoping that this will be the year when you will drive out to see the foliage. If the autumn colors are as beautiful as they were last fall, this area will be as beautiful as it has ever been.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

**LIFE IS ADJUSTMENT — Concluded**  
more interesting and a source of mutual strength.

One point came through loud and clear —parents must develop a sense of importance and a means of being independent and able to survive as individuals before the children leave home and make them feel no longer needed. If they don't, then loneliness, fear, grief and stagnation can take over.

Goodbyes must be coped with. Grieving for what was is part of the healing process, but reaching out to others, finding new experiences, making new friends, recovering equilibrium and becoming a growing, learning individual who can survive, is the way to adjust.



## RESTORING WATER-SOAKED BOOKS

by  
Ruth Townsend

Yesterday I came across a book of Eugene Field's poetry. It was an old family favorite so I hadn't thrown it away even though it was in bad shape. Its cover was warped and its pages wrinkled. As soon as I saw it, I remembered the time my sister and I took it outside to read and neither of us remembered to bring it in. That night it rained and the book became soaked. We both felt as bad as Abraham Lincoln did that time he put his borrowed book in the chink of the log cabin wall and woke up to find it wet through.

I wish I had known back then what to do about a water-soaked book. Now I do because my daughter, who is a home economist, has told me.

First, you check the pages of the book to see if they are too wet for you to set the book up on end. If they are, sprinkle the individual sheets with cornstarch or talcum powder. After several hours, some of the moisture will be absorbed so that you should be able to set the book upright.

As soon as you can, set the book on end and separate the pages as much as possible. A fan can be used to speed the drying process, but don't put it too close. When the pages have dried a little, close the book and press it under a couple of bricks or something heavy. This helps keep the pages from wrinkling. After pressing for a time, set the book up again and continue drying. Alternate between drying and pressing until the pages are completely dry. This should prevent mildew and still keep the pages fairly smooth.

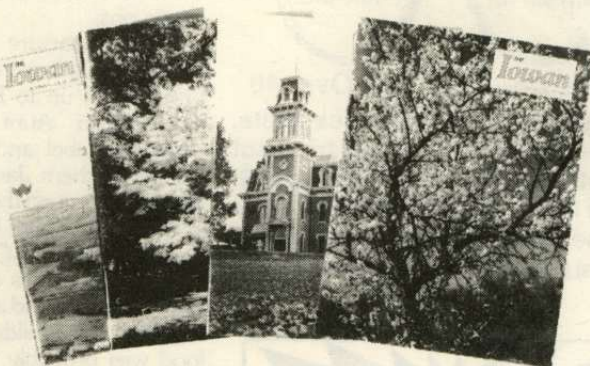
When the book is thoroughly dry, close it and use weights or clamps to hold it straight so it will retain its shape. Wet papers can be restored in the same way as books. Alternate between drying and pressing. When papers are almost dry, they can be pressed with an iron set at very low heat.

Papers and books that have been soaked for a period of time, as can happen with a flood, may disintegrate no matter how carefully you try to dry them. Therefore, as a precautionary measure, you should have all valuable family papers photocopied and stored in a dry safe or file. That way irreplaceable information will be preserved even if the original book or paper is destroyed.

Take good care of your books and papers and you won't need to know how to get them back in shape. But if the occasion arises, now you, too, will know what to do.



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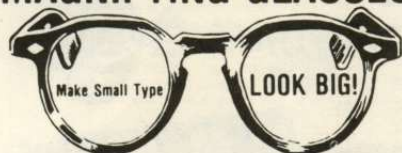
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An opportunity is never completely lost. Somebody else will take advantage of it.

**LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded**  
lieve it's about four-and-one-half miles from their home), but there is heavy industrial traffic the entire distance and children cannot ride bikes under such conditions.

Their departure from Shenandoah was in a true burst of glory! Betty Jane drove them up to Bellevue, Nebraska, where their Aunt Mary Lea Palo, Vincent, Isabel and Christopher were waiting for them. James had simply been wild to go through the Air Force Museum at Offutt Air Force Base (in these parts we just call it SAC—for Strategic Air Command), so his dream came true at last. Then they had a fine seafood dinner together. (The children's passion for seafood was probably handed down from their Cape Cod Lowey family.) The next morning Mary Lea took them to catch their plane headed for Dallas-Fort Worth and then Albuquerque. Home at last.

I've been very much right here all summer, but within the hour I'm going up to the farm with Dorothy and have a completely different change of scenery. Betty Jane is spending August in Minnesota, so next month I'll tell you about her daughter Hannah's wedding and bring you up to date on what the members of our far-flung family have done in the summer of 1981.

Always faithfully . . .

Lucile

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**  
around the country that people have come from almost every state to make the ride. Dorothea visited with a man from Washington, D.C., who had come alone to make the trip. Dorothea told him she would think it would be more fun

if you had a friend to ride with and he said he figured with 6,000 riders he would make a few friends along the way. A man and his wife from Waterloo have made almost all the rides and would hate to miss one. A young man from Chicago had a two-week vacation, so he took one week to make a long ride with a group in Oklahoma, and took his other week for the RAGBRAI.

We visited with a real nice young fellow from Louisiana who was writing an article for a Baton Rouge newspaper. He said he rode to Iowa in a Volkswagen van with ten other people and seven bikes. The twenty-four hours he sat in a crouched position proved to be the worst part of his trip—the bicycle ride was a snap after that experience.

We saw participants of all ages from nine to eighty years. In fact, there were two babies on the trip riding in little two-wheeled carts attached behind their fathers' bikes. I talked with the parents of little sixteen-month-old Matthew Tobias of Newton, Iowa, who was making his first trip. He seemed to be loving every minute of it. He was just adorable and was having a good time getting his exercise at the rest stop. When it was time to leave, he happily put on a tiny helmet, and was strapped safely back in his trailer.

I could go on and on with this experience, but I have used up my allotted space for this month, so until next time . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

**MOLASSES-MAKING — Concluded**  
kept in excellent condition all winter. However, some of it did get so cold and thick it took much coaxing to get it to come through the plug hole and into the pitcher.

Even though molasses-making is time-consuming and hard work, it is extremely rewarding, especially when it is eaten on cold winter days. Equally enjoyable are the memories of good times shared in those olden days when Grandpa made molasses.

## SCHOOL SAFETY

If you drive children to school, the following tips can help:

- Have children sit well back in the seat to insure safety in event of sudden stops.
- Have car doors closed tightly and locked; prevent children from playing with door handles.
- Have a designated location where the youngster is dropped off and picked up each day.
- Have respect for all traffic laws and school regulations; their observance contributes to the safety of all youngsters.

Make school days safe days.

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