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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

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OCTOBER, 1981

NUMBER 10

OUR FARM

Our farm, to us, is not just land
Where bare unpainted build-
ings stand;
To us, our farm is nothing
less
Than all created loveliness.

Our farm is not where we must
soil
Our hands in endless dreary
toil
But where through seed and
sod,
We've learned to walk and talk
with God.

Our farm, to us, is not a
place
Out-modeled by a modern
race
For here we think we must see
less
Of evil, greed and selfishness.

Our farm's not lonely . . . for all
day
Good friends come for fun and
play
And here when age comes free
from fear,
We'll live again, long, joyous
years.

Our farm's a haven . . . where
dwells rest,
Security and happiness,
Whate'er befalls the world out-
side,
Here faith and hope and love
abide.

And so our farm is not just land
Where bare unpainted build-
ings stand,
To us, our farm is nothing less
Than all God's hoarded loveli-
ness.

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 night, when I heard the late weather forecasts with their assurances that we were in for a spell of intermittent showers, possibly severe thunderstorms, etc., I thought to myself: Well, that's going to work out just fine because if it's raining I won't want to get out for a little ride but can settle down to the typewriter for a visit with you friends.

When I last wrote to you, I said that I was leaving town for a vacation with Dorothy and Frank at their farm, and that is exactly what happened. It had been my intention to stay a week, or possibly ten days, because I didn't think I could be gone from home much longer than that, but once I was there I relaxed so completely and had such a wonderful time that my visit stretched out to be almost three weeks. Every hour of it was refreshing.

Through the years I've met many of Dorothy's good friends, but this was the first time I'd been at the farm long enough to see them on a number of occasions. It gave me the sensation of actually becoming a resident of Lucas County!

One of the first visits I enjoyed was an afternoon coffee at the home of Mrs. Angie Conrad. I had the opportunity to talk to some women whom I'd met before, plus others whom I was meeting for the first time. They all had such wide and varied interests that it was a pleasure to listen to their conversations, and I felt that we'd only started on our afternoon when Angie appeared with refreshments of delicious ice cream and chocolate cake.

One other note needs to be added about this happy occasion. It all took place on a Thursday afternoon, and the very next day Angie was expecting to start a family reunion (this included a pair of identical twins, three years old) with her three daughters and their families. She planned on having thirty-one relatives to sit down for Sunday dinner! I marveled that she had entertained twelve women so graciously just before



—Photo by Blaine Barton
Katharine and James are not genuinely enthusiastic about Hawkeye, our big Doberman, but, during their visit here, they put up with him in good grace while this picture was snapped in our living room. Juliana appears to have the situation under control.
—Lucile

the reunion was to start on the following day.

Dorothy knows that my favorite recreation is to prowls around a new countryside and look at everything most intently, so we took almost a daily tour of areas that were brand-new to my eyes—or places I hadn't seen for many years. South central Iowa is a very different countryside from what we see in southwestern Iowa and every inch we covered was enjoyed. When we got back to the farm after an afternoon of wandering, I told Dorothy that I'd seen more on those leisurely rambles than I could see from any plane or any interstate highway even if I spent a full year darting around.

Incidentally, if you live anywhere near Humeston, Iowa, I'd like to suggest that if an October picnic is something you've planned on doing, try and make it to the beautiful public park that stretches along a lovely lake. Never have I seen a park so immaculately clean! There were about fourteen of us who went there for a picnic of perfectly wonderful food, and I don't know how many times we looked around and commented that there wasn't the tiniest shred of litter in sight. You must remember, too, that this was at the climax of summer activities.

Dorothea Polser is a friend of many years standing (she is the one who gives

us what we call our "security blankets"—flaky pie shells ready for the oven) and her home was a wonderful place for all of us to meet when we started our expeditions because it is right at the intersection of Highways 34 and 65—no way you can miss it. She knows every twist and turn of that countryside and was a wonderful guide for such tours as our trip through Stephens Forest. It adds a great deal to any excursion if you are with someone who knows the history of every house that has some story about it to rivet your attention.

Well, it was wonderful to have so many interesting drives and to visit with many different people, but the farm itself was the perfect place to get back into the natural world. In the evenings Dorothy, Frank and I sat on the long, screened-in porch that looks down over the meadow and listened to all of the night sounds that I had forgotten. We hear peepers in town, of course, and we see a few fireflies now and then, but we don't hear bullfrogs and we don't see dazzling curtains of fireflies. It seemed like another world.

This report of my happy vacation sounds as if all of the routine of farm work had come to a total stop while I was there. Farm work never comes to a halt. In addition to all of the daily chores that

(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

On the cover of this issue is a beautiful poem titled, "Our Farm", author unknown, and I want to tell you a special story about it.

When Frank's sister, Edna Johnson Halls, and her husband, Raymond, lived on a farm near Clio, Iowa, some friend of Edna's beautifully hand-printed this poem, added some art work, and framed it in a fourteen- by twenty-seven-inch frame. As long as they lived on the farm, this hung on the wall in their kitchen. When they had to sell the farm and move to Arizona (and then to New Mexico) because of Edna's health, she wanted us to have it to hang on our wall. Everyone who visits our home comments about our poem. We only wish we knew the author and also who framed it for Edna.

Speaking of Raymond, we have had another visit from him. He had just returned to his home the first part of June following a visit here over Memorial Day, so we were surprised when he came back for the annual Lucas school reunion the first weekend in August, but we are always happy to see him. He was still here when Lucile made her trip to visit us, and since it had been several years since they had seen each other, they were both happy about the coincidence.

Lucile spent almost three weeks with us and we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of her visit. This is the longest period of time she has ever spent in our home. A few times she has come for long weekends, but never for an extended stay. She plans to tell you about some of our activities in her letter, so I will only hit some of the other high points.

One of the happiest surprises occurred when some old friends showed up unexpectedly. We had invited our good neighbors, Roy and Louise Querrey, to come for supper. A big ham was in the oven and I was finishing making the potato salad when there was a knock on the door. When I answered it, there stood Clarence and Sylvia Meyer from Aplington.

In way of explanation: when we moved to Hollywood, California, before Pearl Harbor, we all lived in the same apartment house. There were four apartments—the owners lived in one, Frank and I lived in one, Lucile and Russell lived in one, and Clarence Meyer lived with some cousins in the other one. Clarence and Frank worked the same shift in the same airplane factory. We all became very good friends and during our free hours, we spent a lot of time together.

Just the night before the Myers arrived at our door, when Lucile, Frank and I

were sitting on the front porch talking about the old days in California, Lucile mentioned that it had been at least thirty to thirty-five years since she had seen Clarence. She had never seen his wife, Sylvia, or their son, Brian. I said we ought to call them and see if they could come down but didn't get around to it. So, when they arrived a few hours later, you can see why it really was a surprise.

The Meyers had been in Omaha for the weekend, had stopped in Shenandoah to see if I was there, and to see Lucile. They were told that we were all at the farm in Lucas so they came this way on their return home. Their son, Brian, was visiting friends in Minneapolis so he wasn't along.

What a wonderful afternoon we had talking about the old days. Pictures came out, stories were told and remembered. Even though we had some other friends coming for supper, we wanted the Meyers to meet the Querreys so convinced them they must stay and eat.

Lucile has been in many shopping centers, but she had never been in a big shopping mall. My friends, Dorothea Polser and Angie Conrad, and I decided we should see that this little matter was corrected and take her up to the large Southridge Mall in Des Moines (the one which is nearest to Lucas). When our plans were definite, Lucile called some friends of hers in Des Moines (Mr. and Mrs. Ron Fogg) and had them meet us in the mall for an early dinner at one of the restaurants. It developed into a really nice day.

On Lucile's next trip here, I want to take her to see the beautiful Botanical Center in Des Moines, but I knew if too much activity was crowded into our day at the mall it might be too tiring.

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg had heard a lot about the Derby Restaurant but had never been able to make it down there to

eat, so the day we were in Des Moines, we made plans for the same group to meet at Dorothea's and all go to Derby together. Lucile had been there once, but just for pie and coffee and not for the buffet dinner. The food was delicious and the surroundings unique and we unanimously decided to go again sometime. On our way back to Lucas, we took a long drive through the Stephens State Forest area. All in all, it was a delightful day with good friends.

I have such wonderful friends who share their garden produce with me. Frank and I counted thirteen different vegetables we have enjoyed because of their thoughtfulness.

According to everyone's garden stories, there must be a large number of raccoons roaming the countryside this year. One of my friends was laughing the other day because they had bought and set out two box traps to try to catch the raccoons before they completely cleaned them out of sweet corn. They planned to catch the coons and take them far away from the garden and turn them loose. All they caught (and turned loose) were four skunks, one possum, one cat, and one blue jay.

A raccoon visits our shed every night. Frank has a cow that wasn't doing too well. He puts her in the shed every day to feed her special food away from the other animals, then turns her back out again. This raccoon comes every night and cleans up what the cow leaves.

Our new fall calves have begun arriving. So far we have four little, red, white-faced heifers. We both love baby calves and are always happy when the new ones are around to watch.

Now that we have water back in the duck pond in front of the house, the great blue herons are back. One day I looked out and saw an enormous great white
(Continued on page 22)



Here are Andy, Julian and Aaron Brase, the three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Art Brase and the grandsons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson. For new readers, we should explain that Mrs. Brase is Kristin Johnson Brase, the only daughter of Frank and Dorothy Johnson of Lucas, Iowa. The Brase family lives in Torrington, Wyoming.

OCTOBER FUN

by
Mabel Nair Brown



INVITATION: Cut out the silhouette of a black cat from black construction paper. Use white ink to write this invitation: "Are you wanting an evening out/With mystery and a chance to howl?/Then come to my house October 30th/When witches will haunt and cats will prowl./Wear a Halloween costume and be here at eight/And be prepared to learn your fate." (signed)

DECORATIONS: Fasten a broom to the front door with a huge bow of orange crepe paper. Place large pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns on either side of the door and, if possible, several lined up along the front walk.

A skeleton figure can be one of the first decorations the guests see upon entering. Make the skeleton by using boxes of various sizes to create the body of the skeleton—small one for the head, largest box for the chest section, a bit smaller for the stomach, two long slim boxes for the upper and lower arm, a long slim box for the thigh and for the lower leg. Cover each box with white paper then tie the boxes together loosely with heavy twine so they are wobbly and seem hinged. Use a heavy black marker to mark in hollow eyes and ghostly teeth on the face section. Outline the rib cage on the chest box and draw in the outline of the stomach on that box. Outline bones on arms and legs. Cut out large white cardboard feet and hands and glue them in place. For a more ghostly skeleton, use fluorescent paint instead of the black marker, and hang in an unlighted area. Suspend the skeleton on a heavy black cord from the ceiling, a light fixture or a doorway.

Cut cats and bats from the black construction paper and suspend them on black thread in profusion about the room. A concealed fan can set the bats and cats "flying" about and also make the skeleton appear in motion.

For wall or curtain decoration, cut out very large cat faces from black paper. Cut out slanted eyes and large mouth. Glue orange paper under the cutout eyes and mouth and glue on toothpick whiskers.

FAVORS: An apple witch makes a clever favor. You will need a large apple and a small foam ball for each witch, also black crepe paper, black felt and tooth-

picks. Mark facial features on the foam ball, then glue on a witch's hat made from the crepe paper. A scraggly fringe of the paper glued to the head under the hat creates hair. Fasten to top of apple with toothpick. Cut sleeve lengths from the black felt and glue to toothpick arms, which are then inserted into the apple. Add white paper or felt hands. Cut out black felt boot-type shoes and glue to toothpick legs and insert at the bottom of the apple. A bit of straw, some broom straws, or a fringe of yellow yarn may be glued to a pipe cleaner or drinking straw to make the witch's broom. This is glued in the witch's hand.

For a mint witch favor, cut small witches from black construction paper. Glue each witch to one end of a five-inch length of pipe cleaner. Cut eight-inch squares of orange cellophane. Place a chocolate mint patty in the center of a square of cellophane. Stick the end of the pipe cleaner (with witch on opposite end) into the center of the patty, bring the cellophane up around the patty and tie to the pipe cleaner with a black ribbon or yarn bow.

ENTERTAINMENT: *Shoot Your Fortune:* Place an assortment of red, yellow and green apples in a tub of water. Provide each player with a toy bow and arrow. Guests attempt to shoot an arrow into an apple. An arrow into a red apple means good health; plenty of money is in store for those who hit a yellow one, and good luck will come to those who hit the mark on a green one.

Dark Touch: Have the players sit in a ring and then turn out the lights. Pass a number of objects from person to person in the darkness, allowing guests to feel the items. After all objects have been passed, conceal them and then turn on lights. Give each player a paper and pencil and see who can name the most complete list of articles passed. Suggested objects to identify: a piece of coal, violin string, piece of macaroni, rice, etc.

Black Cat Hunt: Beforehand have hidden about the room many paper cat cutouts. On one cat, glue orange paper eyes. To play the game, the players join hands in a circle and as music starts they march around in a circle. When the music stops suddenly, the players may search about the room for the paper cats

until the music starts again. Start and stop the music many times and then let the guests count the cats they have found to see who has the most to win a prize. Award a special prize to the person who found the cat with orange eyes.

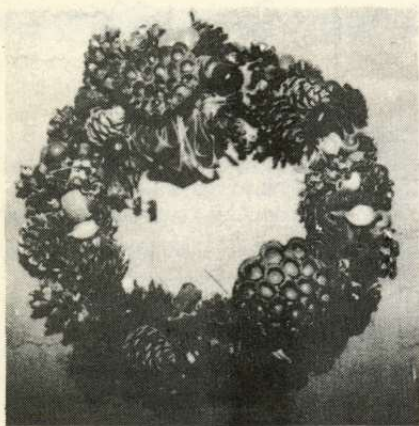
A HIKE PARTY

The crisp feel of fall gives us the urge to take a walk and enjoy nature—to take a hike. It is a wonderful type of party for an enjoyable and informal event. Various ways to organize hikes follow:

Toss-Up Hike: Let all start from a central location. Divide the group into several units of convenient size. Let all start from the "home" location according to the toss of a coin—heads turn right to start out, tails turn left. At each corner, each unit tosses a coin to see what the next direction to take shall be. The first group to arrive back at home base is winner. If none reach "home" after the specified time limit, the group which is nearest wins. Instruct all units to return to home base by a certain time.

Chain Hike: Start off with partners. Walk along street or path with each couple reasonably close to the couple ahead. At the end of a few minutes, the leader blows a whistle and the partner on the right steps back to walk with the person behind. The person on the right of last pair, goes to front of the line for partner. This hike is a good get-acquainted game. There might be planned stops on the hike for a game or some singing, with the last stop being the spot where everything is set up with a campfire for a wiener roast and a campfire sing.

Hobo Hike: Guests are instructed to wear old clothes or hobo costumes and to bring a bandana and a stick. When all are gathered, hold an election of officers: Dog Chaser, Grub Beggar and Door Rapper. Prior to the party, the hostess has prepared packages of buns, wieners, pickles, cookies and a beverage and left them at various homes in the neighborhood. Other homes along the way were visited and instructed to refuse any help to the hobos, to slam doors in their faces and even threaten to set the dog on them. Then the hobos start on their hunt for grub, with the Door Rapper going to the door to ask for food, the Grub Beggar doing the asking. If a dog is involved, the Dog Chaser takes care of it. As the food items are collected at the proper houses, they are divided up so each hobo puts his share in his bandana on the end of a stick. When all the food is gathered, everyone goes to a selected place for a wiener roast. If this is a vacant lot, or similar hobo hangout, it makes for more fun. (It is suggested that this be done in a neighborhood where the people are well-known and friendly. Contacting participants ahead of time will prevent any unpleasant incidents.)



DECORATIVE FALL WREATHS

When leaves begin to fall, other treasures fall with them. Picking up nuts, seed pods, pine cones, and designing them into an attractive wreath makes yard clutter less and makes a decoration to clatter about.

For a project, a circle cut out of a piece of plywood is needed. A fourteen-inch circle with the inner circle cut about three inches in diameter makes a good size for the project. It can be made larger or smaller, but three inches of board should be left to hold the decorations on any size.

Cover the doughnut-shaped board with various size and varieties of pine cones that have been collected, holding them in place with carpenter's glue or other glues that specify they will hold the cones. When the cones are placed so as to completely hide the board, glue on mixed nuts, acorns, buckeyes, seed pods or any other dried decorations that are available. Some bittersweet or buckbrush flowers add color to the project.

When everything is glued on, spray the entire display with plastic. Add a bow or a bell and fasten a hanger on the back. This makes a very attractive wall hanging or a door decoration. —Joan Hosman

HOMEMADE SOAP

by
Margaret Stout

Does anyone occasionally have an urge to make homemade soap? A number of years ago, a dear friend remarked that she had a large amount of beef tallow and she did not know what to do with it. I jokingly advised her to make lye soap. The friend lived in a nearby university town where her husband was a physics instructor, and she had no use for homemade lye soap, nor did she want to indulge in the process of making it.

Sometime later in the summer, this friend arrived at my home with a brown paper grocery bag filled with a large amount of pure beef tallow. Without so

much as a joking look, she told me I could make the homemade soap and then added that when I rendered the tallow, her husband would like a small amount of it to use to grease his leather work boots.

Now, we were all farm-reared. Homemade soap and tallow-treated leather were a part of our past. All this conversation was supposedly a bit of joking.

I put the tallow in the freezer. The heat of summer passed and cool fall days arrived. One fall morning I decided I might as well render the tallow or dispose of it. I put it in a large kettle over slow heat and eventually produced a nice amount of pure tallow. A bit for the greasing of the leather boots was measured out, and now what should I do with the remainder of the tallow?

In former years of farm life, I had attended a home-making class of sorts, and I had acquired a lye soap recipe. Strangely enough, among treasured recipes in my recipe box, I found my recipe for the making of lye soap.

The process was simple. I took my rendered tallow outside the house on a beautiful fall morning and with lye, water and a bit of stirring, I soon had a mass of soap, soft but beginning to congeal. As I stirred the mixture with a long wooden paddle, I was wondering if it might not be of benefit to add a bit of perfume. I added half of a small bottle of good cologne, then a bottle of glycerin and a limited amount of Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner. At the proper time, I poured the mixture into a rectangular enameled pan. When it was firm, I sliced it into bars.

After several days, I wrapped each bar in clear plastic wrap, stored it in covered pasteboard boxes and wondered if I would ever use that soap. It seemed very strong—little of the scent from the expensive cologne was evident.

Time passed; the soap aged. Eventually, a neighbor called to inquire if I still had homemade soap, declaring it to be very effective for eliminating grass chiggers—she had acquired some from trips to the blackberry patch. Another neighbor called to tell me she put her homemade soap in a food processor, ground it into soap powder and liked to use a bit in her laundry with her detergent.

My farmer husband, at times, prefers the soap to the usual purchased hand soaps, declaring it to be more effective on grease and oil.

My son and my two grandchildren think it is remarkable example of the product of the "olden days". I guess that is truly so, but I only know my homemade lye soap has been a popular item that has led to neighborly discussions and jokes. Now I am beginning to believe I need another grocery bag full of beef tallow.

EDITORIAL COMMENT: Many years ago, Leanna Driftmier gave her recipe for homemade soap. It is interesting to see how it compares to the way Margaret Stout made hers. Incidentally, this recipe is as fine now as it was in those bygone days when every householder made soap for the family.

LEANNA'S HOMEMADE SOAP

11 cups strained melted fat
5 cups cold rainwater
1 can lye
4 tsp. oil of sassafras
1/2 cup liquid ammonia
1/2 cup borax
1/3 cup sugar

Use any kind of melted fat. Strain through cloth into enamel pan, or stone jar, two- or three-gallon size. Pour the rainwater into another similar container. Add lye to water, stir; then add the ammonia, stir; then add the borax, stir; then the sugar, stir. With a wooden stick, stir until mixture has cooled down a little above warm point. When cool, pour the lye mixture into the grease, stirring constantly, while pouring very slowly. Add the oil of sassafras and continue to stir until the mixture becomes thick and creamy—about fifteen minutes. Pour into mold and set in cool place for thirty-six hours or until hard. Cut into squares. It is best to let the soap set a week before using.

DOUGHNUTS IN RHYME (Mama's rhyme of fifty years ago!)

One cup sugar, one cup of milk
Two eggs beaten fine as silk.
Salt and nutmeg, lemon'll do—
Of baking powder teaspoons two.
Lightly stir the flour in;
Roll on board, not too thin;
Cut in diamonds, twists or rings,
Drop with care, the doughy things,
Into fat that briskly swells
Evenly the spongy cells.
Watch with care the time for turning,
Fry them brown, just short of burning.
Roll in sugar; serve when cool.
Good to eat if you follow this rule!

—Evelyn Witter

A HELPFUL HINT

I found myself no longer using a dish drainer after installing a dishwasher. I have found the no-longer-needed drainer indispensable in another way.

I use it on my desk to file folders and papers upright and easy to reach. It could be wonderful in a baby's room to keep bath supplies, or in a sewing room to file patterns. Spray paint it in a color to suit the room and give it a new life in another way.

There is a certain pride in finding a new use for something instead of discarding it entirely. —Vern Berry

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Calgary, in Gallic, means "clear, running water". I have just walked with Sophie to the hospital where she is working as an evening nurse, and I am now sitting on the bank of the Elbow River on a park bench. In front of me, one by one, a succession of inner tubes and rubber rafts drift by, carried by the slow current of the river.

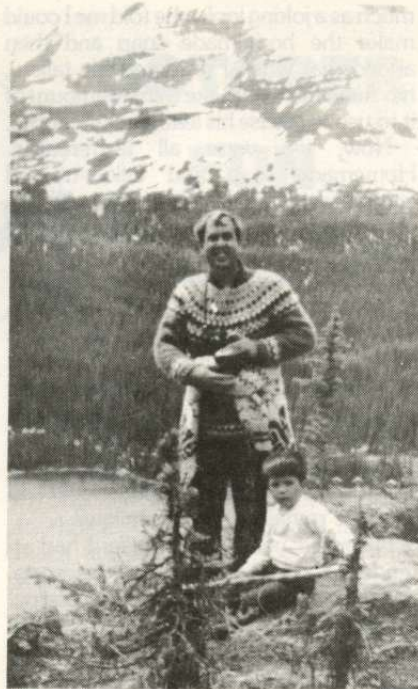
The people who are lying back on their small crafts and enjoying the late afternoon of this late summer's day are drifting through what has really become a boom town. The Calgary skyline, when seen from different angles, looks like the skyline of downtown Manhattan. But the Calgarians on the river and those of us who stop to watch them have found a way to get away from it all for a few minutes right here in the middle of the city.

My favorite way to enjoy warm weather is to go sailing on my "brand new", secondhand, Alcott Sunfish sailboat. I grew up sailing my father's Sunfish so wanted very much to have a sailboat when we lived in Fort Nelson, but there was no place to sail there. And so, the first purchase I made when we moved to Calgary last Christmas was a sailboat. Finally owning my own sailboat started a whole succession of good, positive and lucky events in our lives here: we were both able to find jobs in early January, we have made friends and enjoyed city living, we found a nice apartment not far from Sophie's parents' home.

Last June, when it seemed that things really couldn't be better, things *did* get better. I had been teaching English as a second language to elementary students and had enjoyed the experience. However, the word came through the last week of school that I would teach secondary students in the fall. I am happy with this new assignment.

There are, it is safe to say, almost no other students who are more dedicated than older immigrant children who are learning English. This summer, while I was working in the office of the school where I am teaching now, some thirteen-year-old students from my last year's class came to visit me and begged me to give them more English classes over the summer. How can a teacher turn away from such enthusiasm? They gladly helped tend to some chores around the school in return for free lessons. Teaching such eager students has its rewards, believe me!

The very best event that has happened since we moved to Calgary was the visit



Vincent Palo and young Christopher enjoyed the mountains near Calgary, Canada, this past summer.

paid to us by my sister, Mary Lea Palo, her husband, Vincent, and their two children, Isabel and Christopher. It was a two-week-long family reunion in which we all get to know each other better and had a wonderful time. (On this page you will find a photograph taken on a trip with the Palos into the mountains near Calgary.)

A recent article in *Psychology Today* stated that brothers and sisters mean more to each other and grow closer as they grow older. Haven't many of you found that to be true? Both Mary Lea and I find that it is definitely that way.

And so, it has been a good summer and promises to be a rewarding fall. I hope that this autumn will be a good "harvest" time for all of you.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

COVER STORY

This verse, appropriately framed, has been hanging for a long time on a dining room wall in the home of Dorothy and Frank Johnson near Lucas, Iowa. It expresses the way they really feel about their farm.

Dorothy once intended to read this as part of a program she was presenting, but found herself too emotionally involved to complete it. Anyone with similar attachments to a farm that has been tilled by the same family over a long, long period of time can certainly understand her feelings.

P. Nair

WALL-TO-WALL

I have a beautiful carpet
Of russet and yellow and brown,
So deep I sink to my ankles.
Then why should it cause me to frown?

Come, take a look through my window.
See why it's my greatest of peeves?
It is a beautiful carpet . . .
A wall-to-wall carpet of leaves!

—Kay Grayman Parker

ALL ABOUT APPLES

1. A World War II song. ("Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree")
2. A person precious in another's sight. (Apple of one's eye)
3. Fermented cider. (Applejack)
4. Part of an old adage. (An apple a day . . .)
5. A dance of the thirties. (Big Apple)
6. Slang expression for one seeking a favor. (Apple polisher)
7. A special spread for bread. (Apple butter)
8. As American as _____. (Apple pie)
9. A slang expression for nonsense. (Applesauce)
10. Arkansas's state flower. (Apple blossom)

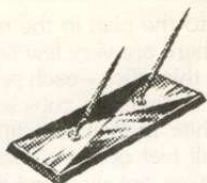
—Evelyn Lyon

INDOOR FUN FOR CHILDREN

1. Turn a handful of cranberries and toothpicks into tiny toy tables and chairs.
2. Make a small "sandbox" by filling a wooden or cardboard box with cornmeal. The children can play with it as they would sand, using miniature toys, spoons, etc.
3. Make a softball by rolling up a pair of men's or boys' heavy socks—safe for children and the furniture.
4. Have a "bake sale" with cutout pictures of food from magazines. Use raisins for money. Each child sells his picture food for one or two raisins as long as the raisins last.
5. Spread out plenty of newspapers. Give each child an assortment of pasta and some watercolors and colored string. Paint the pasta for beads and, when dry, string them for necklaces, belts and bracelets.
6. Using the pictures of rabbits, elephants, dogs and other animals and poultry from old coloring books as patterns, cut out patterns in pairs from oilcloth or heavy plastic. Punch holes around the outside edges of the cutouts (holding a pair together to make the holes). A cotton layer is placed between the pair and the edges sewn together through the holes using bright yarn and a large darning needle to make a soft toy.

—Mabel Nair Brown

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

Summer passed so quickly we wonder where the time went. Early summer schedules revolved around the close of school and the many varied activities of our daughters, Lisa and Natalie. Add to this a vacation in Colorado which filled the late summer days for our family. Combine these two summer periods with the beginning of school and the girls' upcoming birthdays and you can see we have had the makings of a busy, but enjoyable, period of time.

The end of school found the girls trying out for various school activities. Since they were going to be involved in the new programs at the recently built Millard North High School, they felt they should try their luck at auditioning for several of the extracurricular groups which go into making school enjoyable. Natalie tried out for cheerleading and went through very extensive auditioning and judging. Lisa tried out for the drill team and she, too, had to undergo very rigid scrutiny.

A period of time passed before the girls were notified of the judges' decisions. In fact, Tom was working in the yard when Natalie flew out the door and threw her arms around him. He knew immediately that she had just heard the outcome of her tests and had been one of the lucky ones chosen.

Calm, cool Lisa also received word of her success but you'd never been able to tell it from her reaction. Of course, she is a seasoned veteran since she served on the Flag Squad last year.

This good fortune just about put the cap on an exciting year for Lisa which included an important invitation to and attendance at the Junior-Senior Prom. I never cease to wonder at the experiences available to young people today. We have been very fortunate that our girls have had the opportunity to participate and enjoy so many activities.

Life in the Nenneman household shifted into high gear in June when Natalie had a former classmate, Karen Wood, who now lives in Atlanta, Georgia, come up to spend ten days. Trips to the shopping centers, jaunts to the swimming pools, get-together parties with other classmates and weekly trips to Peony Park for Sprite Nite (a teen dance sponsored by a local radio station) made the time move by very rapidly. Before we knew it, Karen was on her way back to Atlanta—having left an invitation for Natalie to come down next summer.

While this was going on, Lisa was busying herself working at a department



Lisa and Natalie Nenneman enjoyed kayaking on Keystone Lake in Colorado.

store at a local shopping center, sunning for a beautiful tan, swimming for fitness and dancing at Sprite Nite for pure enjoyment.

Lisa received a bit of news this summer that has made her extremely happy. A very good friend of hers, who moved at the beginning of her freshman year, is moving back to our area just in time for them to start their senior year together. Lisa and Lynn have been good friends since first grade, so you can imagine how pleased they are to get to finish their high school days together.

By the time Tom finished his school year, he was ready for his annual journey north to fish in Minnesota. A large group (13) went together, so one of the fishermen took a mobile home. Can't you just picture a boat trailing along behind a mobile home? It proved to be a great time for all of them.

The whole family, plus my parents, Mae and Howard Driftmier, circled ten days on the calendar and mapped out a vacation to everyone's favorite area—Colorado. But first, Tom had to drive to Lincoln to pick up Natalie from a four-day cheerleaders' camp. She made a lot of friends and learned a great deal, but it made getting away for a vacation hard to schedule. She came home on Thursday evening and we were off for Denver early the next morning.

The first night out the six of us stayed in Denver at Wayne and Abigail Driftmier's. They have a delightful and comfortable home and, indeed, are fine hosts whenever family members travel westward. Leaving Denver, we drove to Dillion where a condominium was rented. It was very comfortable and, from there, we could "fan out" and visit such locations as Keystone, Copper Mountain, Central City, Georgetown, Vail and Breckenridge. Activities varied all the way from the girls' shooting down the mountain at the Breckenridge Alpine slide to their rather humorous attempts to generate movement in a kayak on Keystone Lake.

Upon leaving Dillon, we drove to Snowmass at Aspen going through his-

toric Leadville and negotiating the steep and narrow Independence Pass. The road was single-lane in many spots and Tom had to keep his eyes on the road. While at Snowmass, Tom took the girls on some short hikes up the mountains and they spent one whole day white-water rafting on the Colorado River. That was an experience that they'll never forget.

Upon arriving back in Denver, we again enjoyed the hospitality of the Denver Driftmiers.

Now we are all back in our homes. The girls are attending the same school for the first time in five years. I thought this would be the end of my having to car pool, but I was wrong! Lisa has to be at school approximately an hour early and usually Natalie's activities keep her after school, so the car is on the road just as much as it was last year—which brings me to what I must do right now. It is time to pick up Natalie so she can get ready for a football game.

So until next time . . .

Donna

A FRIENDLY BREAK

When it's time to stop and rest,
While doing household chores,
I do not care for coffee breaks,
Or even tea and muffins.

Instead, the kind of break I like
Is a chat with friend or neighbor.
So never hesitate at my front door,
For I love a friendly break.

—Annette Lingelbach

WHERE DID THEY GO?

The years go by, the days are spent,
Sometimes we wonder where they went.
Flowers still bloom and songbirds sing,
A life well lived with joy will ring.
So take each day and live it well
And then your countenance will tell,
You lived your life in sweet content
And never wondered where it went.

—Tillie J. Blevins

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

There is much to tell you. As I explained last month, I enrolled in the Word-Processing course at WCTI and did duly complete it. Before Don's new job had come along, I noted a job description for a Word Processor Operator. I thought this would be interesting in addition to being conveniently close to home, so I applied for the job.

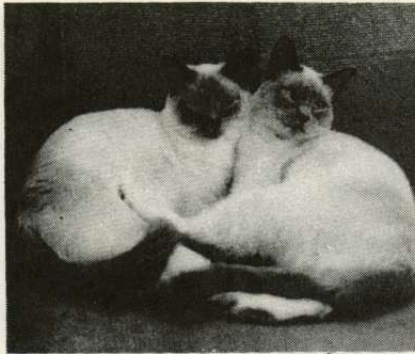
Despite the fact that speed is not the primary requirement to be a Word Processor due to the superhuman speeds at which the machines process the words fed into them, there was a required speed test which I had to take. This was held one Friday afternoon with enough forewarning so my nerves could take over and tend to make me "blow-up" on the examination. Sure enough—I was not able to control my subconscious, and I made three typing errors on the first line of the time test!

I could not believe what was happening to my usually obedient fingers. I read the copy as I always do, but the connection from the eyes through the fingers was shortcircuited by the knowledge that a clock was running and there was an invisible something hovering over my shoulder just watching for me to commit another error.

We were all allowed to take a second crack at the timed tests, the conclusion being I suppose, that a majority of the girls were experiencing nervous-finger problems. Well, the second page of typing was no better for me. It was then that I remembered why I had seldom, if ever, given timed tests to my students in the classroom. There are altogether too many people who react badly under pressure. I was thoroughly annoyed with myself and the people giving the test for requiring this when speed was not important in Word Processing.

Two days later, to counter the bad feeling which I was carrying around, I walked into a Kelly Services, Inc. office in Brookfield and registered as a temporary office clerk. I had heard that there were some elementary tests connected with this registration and I knew, if I hoped to do well, I would not dare give myself time to anticipate it. (Isn't it funny how we kid ourselves?) There were many tests to take, not the least of which was a timed typing test, but by now I had determined not to take a full-time job, so mentally I was relaxed enough to whiz through the typing test, at least, with the greatest of ease.

The machine math calculation test was another unqualified comedy of errors. I have averaged grades for twelve years on a simple calculator which has



The Wisconsin Driftmiers' feline pets who are named Duke and Rover.

numbers running from one through nine from the bottom left row going left to right in progression with three numbers on each row. However, the calculator at the Kelly Services office had the numbers beginning with one in the upper left, running from left to right, but with four numbers in each row. As a result, I had to shift my eyes from the printed columns to the calculator each time a new set of numbers appeared. You can guess my speed!

Fortunately, there was a non-machine math test which was not much harder than the math tests I had been giving my fifth-graders for many years. The spelling test was equally at the fifth-grade level. They patted me on the head when I tried to explain the trouble with the machine calculator but I still felt foolish. However, they assured me that when they had a call for temporary help near where we live, they would call and I would have the option of accepting or not. I came home and announced to the family at supper that I was a different person now. No longer was I a grey-at-the-temple, fiftyish-age woman but a Kelly Girl!

The availability of working just as much as I wanted and the interest of having different places to work sounded promising; however, I was not prepared for the quickness of the opportunity. Within twenty-four hours, my employer called and said they had need for a "copy typist" for two weeks beginning the following Monday—only four days away. I was not really very anxious to jump into work so soon but decided one is seldom ready to accept the future when it is dropped into one's lap.

My job was at General Electric in a brand-new beautiful brown-glass office building built on stilts only seven or eight miles east of our Delafield house. After I learned that the job of "copy typing" means typing from already-written work as opposed to dictaphone or shorthand transcribing, I was ready to say "yes".

The size of this General Electric plant is simply staggering. From the parking lot to my desk is nearly a mile. Because this physical building is so new, it is laid out in the most modern style, which means the circulation of air and lighting are all built

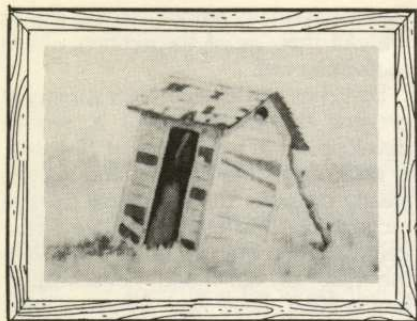
into the plan in the most efficient way. There are very few floor-to-ceiling walls in this office—each section is composed of a series of cubicles made up of off-white metal cabinets about two-and-a-half feet deep and about five feet high. These are wrapped around each desk and when it is swept by circulating air with music floating on it, the effect is an atmosphere of beauty and quiet. If people are smoking, it is not discernible. The hum of conversations are inaudible unless it is within one's own cubicle. The entire office, if viewed by a bird, would look like a giant mouse maze—that is exactly how I felt the first three days when I tried to find my way to my desk and back to my car in the evening. Fortunately, the regular secretary took me to lunch with her in their beautiful cafeteria but I felt as though I should hold her hand like a little kid, lest I get lost.

Along with the novelty of working somewhere new each job assignment, I now will remember that there are a few companion moments of stark terror that come with a new position in a totally foreign place. For example, I endeavored not to allow the considerate man I work for to learn how inadequate I felt for the job as it unfolded. There was lots more to the job than copy typing. The third day I was there my employer asked me to make reservations for him to and from San Francisco. He had to be back in Milwaukee before three o'clock on the returning day. He asked if I knew how to use the airline schedule book which they receive each month, fully updated, and I very candidly told him that I did not. In a very gracious, but cursory manner, he showed me how but before I could ask the next question, he was gone. I thought, "Oh, if you only knew that in our family Don Driftmier makes the airline reservations when they are needed." I fumbled my way through the book and completed the assignment. Apparently it was done with his approval because he never gave any indication that the plans were anything but satisfactory.

All of the work done in this plant has to do with machines which do work with medicine. I noted pictures on the walls of CT scanners which take x-rays of cross sections of different parts of a body. Anyone who has had occasion to be hospitalized in the past year will have come in contact with some equipment manufactured by this division of General Electric. The department where I have been working is in charge of safety and regulatory aspects of the machine's manufacture, both internationally and nationally.

Probably the most unusual part of the company is the factory itself. It is air-conditioned, has piped-in music, and the workbenches, shelving, lighting fixtures and assembly lines are done in either a

(Continued on page 20)



"Doubtful Support" is the title of this painting by Mrs. Kimmel.

PRIVY PRINTS

by
Evelyn S. Tuller

Remember one of the favorite tricks of those old-fashioned Halloweens? Many accounts of tales of those good old days include a favorite story of mischief-makers turning over outdoor toilets. (One of the most memorable in our home town was the public outhouse being tipped with a slightly inebriated occupant inside. The air had a blue hue as he came out calling down curses on the pranksters as they fled out of sight.)

In those days, the buildings were called by a variety of names—outhouses, privies, outdoor johns, comfort stations. The more modest of female persuasion spoke in whispers of "going to Mrs. Jones' house". Now those outbuildings are more often grouped under the term "Vanishing Americans".

Things have changed since Grandma's day. The old Halloween mischief has taken a more modern turn. No wonder. If the youngsters today wanted to tip over an old-fashioned toilet, they'd more likely have to jerk it off Grandma's bathroom wall, for that is where the old-fashioned privy may often be found—in watercolor prints. Mrs. Laurine Kimmel of Nebraska City, Nebraska, is the artist responsible for the relocated scenes.

As an eighty-year-old senior citizen, Mrs. Kimmel remembers those Halloween tricks and toppled outhouses. It could have been one of those old-fashioned Halloweens moving through her memory, as the Kimmels traveled an Iowa highway, which started her on a new career.

"It all began," Mrs. Kimmel tells the story, "when I looked out at that perfectly beautiful land with all those lovely new homes dotting the landscape." Since Mrs. Kimmel's formal training in art was in landscape and American architecture, her attention focused on both as the Iowa scenery unraveled before her eyes. Gradually a new detail penetrated her consciousness. There were few outhouses. They had been abandoned; many had been bulldozed off the land to make room for these new homes. The

outhouses were toppled over like so many victims of Halloween pranksters. But these would not be set up to remain a part of the American scene.

Mrs. Kimmel was stirred to action. "Those buildings were an important part of the American past. On a whim, I sketched the next one I saw. Then it became a quest to watch for and record them as preservation of the past of this particular form of American architecture. So, as we continued our travels, I sketched every one I saw, just for myself."

When the trip was completed, Mrs. Kimmel turned her sketches into watercolors. Despite her original intention, when she was short of exhibits for an autumn showing, she mounted six of the paintings on one board and added them to her country-theme art. She was not sure how the display would be accepted, but hoped it would at least draw attention to her corner of the room.

"I wasn't sure what the reaction would be," Mrs. Kimmel grinned slyly. "After all, outhouses aren't exactly in the class with precious jewels. But I stayed in the background, listening for criticism. Instead, people would look, then look again, then they'd giggle."

The one comment Mrs. Kimmel heard most often (especially from the senior citizens) was, "I remember." It is that shared memory which has kept Mrs. Kimmel busy with her new career. In the past ten years, she has turned out hundreds of watercolor paintings of outhouses and finds it difficult to keep up with requests for more. Her collection now includes more than sixty different models. Some are of buildings she has seen, others have been done from memory, from description, even from snapshots of old wrecks she has mentally restored into condition for her paintings.

"Until the WPA era, outhouses had a style of their own," the artist explained. "After that, the difference was mainly in the number of holes, and whether the buildings were painted or left as is. Lilacs and hollyhocks were the most popular choice of flower disguise, and approaches of dirt paths, bricks or steppingstones led the way."

The artist is often commissioned to paint a privy with special meaning to the buyer. "You learn a lot about people when you're asked to paint their favorite outhouse, almost like they're sharing a status symbol. Some have lace curtains, or wallpaper, or a special opening of child-size proportions and stairstep height."

She has filled overseas orders, with requests coming from Sweden and Tahiti. An order for a series of fourteen was done for a Minnesota customer. One painting, now hanging in a Kansas City home, was done mostly by correspondence and taken from snapshots with the

door open at just the right angle and the hollyhocks of a particular shade.

Of particular satisfaction is a painting which has served a gratifying purpose in a Lincoln rest home. "The ladies would get confused, unable to find the restroom door. The staff had painted foot-steps in the hall without success. One of the outhouse paintings was placed on the restroom door. Now the ladies go up, look at the sign, and smile—no problem."

Mrs. Kimmel enjoys this extraordinary opportunity to preserve what she considers an important part of our heritage. "There are two generations, now, who don't even know what the Depression means. How can people really enjoy modern conveniences if they don't know what has been denied in the past?"

A well-known Iowa lady who shared such awareness was Mamie Eisenhower. When an early home of the beloved First Lady was dedicated several months ago, a Boone resident told how Mrs. Eisenhower liked to visit her grandparents there after her own family had moved away. "She even spoke with warmth of going to the outhouse behind her grandfather's home."

Halloween or no Halloween, there are few privies left for tipping, but they'll not all be toppled out of the past as long as Laurine Kimmel keeps busy with her paintbrush.

A "CORN" GAME

1. Breakfast cereal (cornflakes)
2. Fattened on grain (cornfed)
3. An English breed of domestic fowl (Cornish)
4. Nebraska (Cornhusker state)
5. A meal used for bread or muffins (cornmeal)
6. A thickening agent (cornstarch)
7. A horn of plenty (cornucopia)
8. Used in cake icings (light corn syrup)
9. A certified variety (hybrid seed corn)
10. A tasty summer vegetable (corn on the cob)
11. A favorite snack (popcorn)
12. Colored kernels on the ear (Indian corn)
13. Served with cabbage (corned beef)

—Norma Tisher

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:

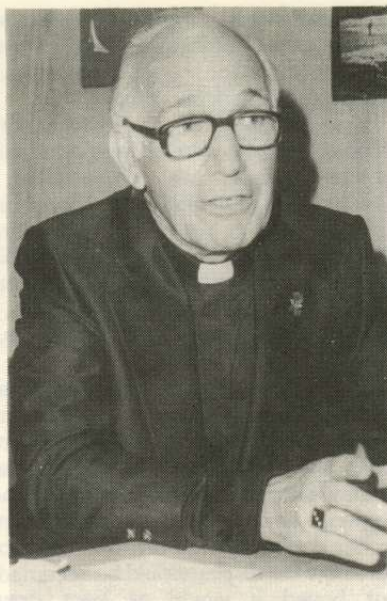
Now that I am retired, I seldom do any preaching. After all, I retired because I was weary of the hours I spent week after week, year after year, preparing sermons meant to be inspiring and helpful. In final sum, all sermons say the same thing, "Love God. Love Jesus Christ. Love your neighbor." In all of the years of my ministry, I probably averaged preaching at least three sermons each week, in my own church and as a guest preacher in other churches, and how many ways are there to say the same gospel message? I have kept copies of almost all of my sermons, and it is amazing to see the variety of ways I have given the same gospel message!

I actually do some preaching, perhaps three or four times a year. This past Sunday, I was the supply preacher for the Baptist church that we attend on most Sundays. It was a very hot day, not the kind of a day for a heavy theological treatise, so my sermon was very short and simple. I read a portion of Paul's second letter to the church in Corinth and then suggested three helpful steps for increasing one's faith.

When, in some hour of discouragement or spiritual depression, we wish to strengthen our faith, we should try to remember the right things. Too often, whenever we're blue and depressed, we remember the wrong things—mistakes made, sins committed, sorrows suffered—when we would be so much better off remembering how wonderfully God brought us through our troubled times. We remember our sins, and forget to remember the temptations resisted. We remember some of our bad habits and forget to remember all of our good habits, and all of the kind and decent deeds we have done.

The second step I suggested for strengthening faith is the necessity to anticipate the right things. On a dark day it is so easy for us to think that nothing good will come of it. We feel lonely and left out of things because we anticipate slights and hurts, when what we should be doing is expecting people to be friendly and gracious. Faith simply cannot grow on negative thinking. To build faith, people need to anticipate ways in which they can help to give faith to others. We need to think of each day—be it cloudy or bright—as one more opportunity to strengthen the faith of another.

Finally, I spoke of the way our faith grows when we are grateful for the right



Frederick still preaches an occasional sermon.

things. It isn't enough just to be grateful for one's church. We must be grateful for the freedom of worship which makes it possible to attend church. It isn't enough to be thankful for bread. We need to be thankful for the miracle of the soil which makes all life possible. It isn't enough to be grateful for success, for achievement, for accomplishment. We must remember to be grateful for all the people who make our successes possible. If, in some hour of bitter discouragement, we can remember to be grateful for the hundreds of ways the kindnesses and efforts of other people bless our lives, then we shall feel a resurgence of faith.

After speaking briefly on each of these three steps for strengthening faith, I closed the sermon with a little poem which I keep posted on the wall above my desk. I don't know who wrote it, but whoever did, had a keen religious sensitivity.

Thank you, God for little things that often come our way,

The things we take for granted, but don't mention when we pray,

The unexpected courtesy, the thoughtful, kindly deed.

A hand reached out to help us in the time of sudden need—

Oh make us more aware, dear God, of little daily graces

That come to us with "sweet surprise" from never-dreamed-of places.

You probably heard Betty and me telling about some of the medical emergency we have had to face during the past two months. Since some of you do not have the opportunity to hear us on the radio, I shall mention these matters here. As you know, Betty's mother and father live with us during the summer months, and this summer, Mrs. Crandall had to have her left ear amputated. She had two different operations on the ear before the

final decision to amputate. We are so grateful that, as of this writing, she is recovering well.

Betty has had to have major surgery to prevent the possibility of a serious development in her abdomen. She, too, is now out of the hospital and making steady progress through these days of recuperation. My father-in-law and I have kept well, and the two of us, along with the help of our good housekeeper, Emma King, have kept things running smoothly as our ladies have had to take it easy.

One of the nice things about our retirement location is the fact that we are near other members of Betty's family. There are frequent days when relatives drop in to call, and at least once a week several members of the family get together for a dinner party either at our house, at the home of some other family member, or in a nearby restaurant. Betty's parents love to have their grandchildren and great-grandchildren come to call, and during the past summer there were days when the house was bubbling with happy talk and laughter.

Betty's brother's widow, Pamela Crandall, and her son, Stephen Crandall, now manage the family business, and almost every month they make business trips to Europe or Asia. When they return from these trips, we always have a family party here at the house to hear about their overseas adventures. Although their homes are just a short distance across the river from where we live, they have to drive several miles to get here, up the river and down again. It would be so much simpler if they could just hop into a little speedboat and come zipping across the water.

Today for lunch, we are going to have some delicious baked bluefish which I finally caught myself. I have tried several times to catch a bluefish, but I never before seemed to be at the right place at the right turn of the tide. All of our neighbors have caught them, and what stories we hear about their fishing adventures.

Perhaps you remember reading my letter written to you from Florida a few years ago telling about the way thousands of bluefish attacked the swimmers along the Florida beach. The bluefish is a demon of a fighter, a fish that could properly be compared to an animated chopping machine. It cuts to pieces and otherwise destroys as many other fishes as possible in the shortest space of time. I have seen them from my boat as they moved along like a hungry pack of wolves, slashing everything before them. The bluefish trail through the water is marked by fragments of their victims, and by the stain of blood in the sea. If the victim of the attacking bluefish is too large to be swallowed entirely, the bluefish will bite off the hind portion and let

(Continued on page 16)

AN ALASKAN MORNING

by
Craig Birkby

The knock at the door rudely aroused me from my sleep. "Craig," said the nurse behind the door, "there's a patient we need you to see." As I glanced out the window, I noticed the sun was well above the horizon, yet the time was only 4:45 a.m. This was my final week at the Public Health Service Hospital located at Kakanak, Alaska, and the long daylight hours were familiar to me.

Walking down the steps, I thought about how I would soon be leaving the western Alaskan coastal region and returning to Iowa to continue my fourth and final year of medical school. It seemed only a short time ago that I had flown out of Anchorage, crossing the magnificent Alaskan Range. The volcanic peaks, snow- and glacial-covered slopes and steep valleys make this extensive mountain range one of the most rugged regions in the country. Countless areas still remain that have never known the pressure of a human footstep.

I was filled with great excitement and anticipation as the plane flew over the hospital where I would spend the next six weeks. Located on a high bank overlooking the rich waters of Nushagak Bay, the hospital lay surrounded by gently rolling hills with beautiful mountains in the background. The twenty-nine-bed hospital serves a population of 6,500, most of which are natives, either Eskimos or Aleuts. The hospital is staffed by three full-time physicians.

The patient I was called to see was a young boy who was having difficulty breathing. The history of his illness, the nature of his breathing difficulty, and the expiratory wheezes I heard upon listening with my stethoscope quickly confirmed the diagnosis of an acute asthma attack. A shot of epinephrine and ten minutes later, the boy was breathing without difficulty and the wheezing had resolved. I visited with the boy and his father about asthma and the medications he was taking, and they were soon on their way home.

Soon a new shift of workers would be arriving at the hospital and the day's activities started. I decided to take advantage of the beautiful early morning and go for a short walk. Leaving through the front door, I was struck by the difference in how I felt compared to my first trip through that archway. Surrounded by a new culture and environment, I was unsure how I would fit in. Apprehensive as I was, the warm welcome by the hospital staff quickly relieved my anxiety and soon I felt as a full member of the medical team.

The typical day would start with morning rounds on the hospitalized patients. The nursing notes were reviewed, new lab results examined, and each pa-



Craig Birkby proudly displays the king salmon that he caught during his recent trip to western Alaska.

tient would be seen. Ideas concerning the diagnosis, treatment and progress were discussed among the medical staff in order to provide the patients with the best care. Progress notes and changes in orders were then recorded on the charts.

A very unique aspect of the morning's work consisted of the radio traffic. The hospital provides medical services to twenty-nine villages over quite an expansive area. To help take care of the health needs in these isolated areas, trained members of the villages known as health aids obtain histories and do screening exams on the ill. It was with these health aids that we would hold daily radio communications. The information concerning the patient would be radioed in, where we would decide if the person needed to come to the hospital for a more complete evaluation, or if the condition could be adequately treated at the village. The health aids have at their disposal some basic medications which they can give on the doctor's orders. This system thus saves numerous expensive and time-consuming trips to the hospital.

YOUR MEASUREMENT

You're short or tall; you're thin or wide.
These are measures—you outside.
But what's your measure deep inside?
There's the value—you decide.

The afternoons were spent in the busy outpatient clinic. Here a wide variety of people and illnesses, from the very young to the very old, the healthy to the extremely ill, would be seen. Eskimos, Aleuts and Caucasians, as well as Japanese and Philipinos who were in the area for the fishing, would all come to the clinic for their medical care. This would often create some interesting, but difficult, language barriers.

The work was not always as predictable as the radio traffic hour, for emergency visits occurred at any time of the day or night. Most common were the traumatic injuries. With the fishing season at its height, the commercial fishermen and cannery employees were working long, hard hours. Oftentimes through fatigue and carelessness, fingers would be caught in the machinery and severely cut, or a fall might occur with the result being broken bones.

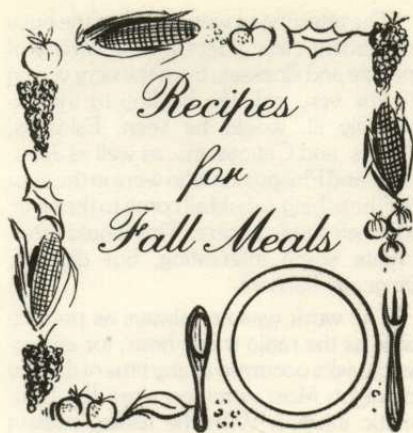
By this time, I had reached the beach. The bay was calm in the early-morning hour but already there was an abundance of activity around. Small fishing boats were chugging towards the prime fishing areas. Overhead, single-engine planes were passing on their way to back country. Carrying a load of people, supplies and mail, the planes provide a vital role to those in the remote areas. Behind me, a gull noisily squeaked, as if to remind me that man must live as a partner with nature for the benefit of both if this tranquility is to continue.

The rhythmic sound of the surf turned my thoughts away from the work of the hospital, to the fine friends I had made and the wonderful times I had with these friends. The king salmon fishing trip with three of the hospital nurses was one such experience.

Loaded with immense quantities of food including moose chili, we boated up the Nushagak River to one of the best fishing spots in the area. Camped on an island in the river, the days were filled with a cyclic rhythm of fishing, eating and napping. At times we would visit for hours, talking of times past and future plans. Other times would be peacefully quiet, each of us in our own thoughts. But these times were often short-lived, for the cry "I've got a fish!", and the boiling turmoil of a fighting king salmon would break the spell and start the adrenalin flowing.

With thoughts of the salmon that got away, I made my way back to the hospital and was greeted by the smell of fresh cinnamon rolls and frying bacon. I think that Jack, the head cook, took pride in seeing medical students gain weight during their stay, and I was no exception to his string of successes.

It had been a most pleasant morning stroll. Although my feet would soon be doing their walking in Iowa, I knew that my mind would frequently wander back to Kakanak and my summer in Alaska.



SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell
- 5 large tart apples, peeled and sliced
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sour cream

Arrange apples in pie shell. Sprinkle lemon juice over apples. Combine the sugar, flour, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cut in butter or margarine and mix until crumbly. Scatter over top of apples. Spread the sour cream over top. A little nutmeg or cinnamon could be sprinkled on top. Bake for 25 minutes at 400 degrees; reduce heat to 350 and bake 20 to 25 minutes longer, or until apples are tender.

—Dorothy

TWO-CHEESE CHICKEN

- 2 to 2½ lbs. meaty frying chicken pieces
- 1/4 cup plus 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes, undrained and cut up
- 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1/3 cup Heinz 57 sauce
- 1/3 cup Parmesan cheese
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 lb. sliced mozzarella cheese
- Cooked noodles

Combine the flour, salt and pepper. Use to coat chicken pieces. Brown the meat in the melted shortening. Remove chicken to a 7- by 12-inch baking pan. Combine any remaining coating flour with the tomatoes, salad dressing, sauce, Parmesan cheese and oregano. Pour over chicken. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Remove cover and top with the mozzarella cheese slices. Return to oven, uncovered, for 25 to 30 minutes longer or until chicken is tender. Skim any excess fat off top. Serve sauce over cooked noodles.

—Betty Jane

PEAR SIDE DISH

- Canned pear halves
- Chutney

Place pear halves in flat baking dish. Pour in about 1/4 inch of pear juice drained from the pears. Fill centers of pears with a spoonful of chutney. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Delicious served with pork.

—Robin

LOUISE'S SWEET & SOUR CARROTS

- 2 slices bacon
- 1 medium green pepper, cut in squares
- 1 medium clove garlic, minced (or garlic salt)
- 1 can (10¾ oz.) tomato soup
- 2 Tbls. water
- 4 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 3 cups diagonally sliced, cooked carrots
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley

In skillet, cook bacon until crisp; remove from pan and crumble. Cook green pepper with garlic in drippings until tender. Stir in bacon and remaining ingredients. Heat; stir occasionally. Makes about 3½ cups.

PUMPKIN CAKE WITH CARAMEL FROSTING

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening or butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup canned pumpkin
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Cream the sugar and shortening or butter. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add pumpkin and beat well. Combine the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to which the flavoring has been added. Fold in nuts. Turn into a greased tube pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Cool thoroughly and remove cake from pan. Frost with the following:

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/3 cup whipping cream
- 2 cups unsifted powdered sugar

Melt butter in heavy pan. Stir in the brown sugar, flavoring and cream. Bring to full boil, stirring constantly. Cook for one minute. Remove from stove and allow to cool. Add the powdered sugar and beat until smooth. Frost cake. Frosting may be used on other cakes or cookies.

—Lucile

A LITTLE-BIT-DIFFERENT APPLE SALAD

- 3 red apples, diced
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 3/4 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 13-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained
- 3 sliced bananas
- 1 cup prepared whipped topping
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

Combine fruits, celery and marshmallows in a bowl. Blend whipped topping, flavorings, powdered sugar and salad dressing together. Gently fold dressing mixture into first ingredients. Serve in pretty bowl or as individual salads on lettuce leaf cups.

—Evelyn

BETTY JANE'S SHORT RIBS

- 3 to 4 lbs. beef short ribs
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 Tbls. molasses
- 2 Tbls. cider vinegar
- 1 tsp. liquid smoke
- 1 Tbls. instant minced onions

Sprinkle ribs with salt and pepper. Brush with the salad dressing. Place in heavy pan or a Dutch oven.

In a small pan, combine remaining ingredients. Bring to boiling, then simmer for 5 minutes. Pour over the ribs and bake in 275-degree oven for 3 to 4 hours. Spoon off excess fat before serving.

These could be prepared ahead and allowed to marinate in refrigerator for several hours or overnight.

PORK CHOPS AND RICE

- 4 center-cut pork chops, 3/4 inch thick
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 5 chicken bouillon cubes (or 5 tsp. chicken-flavored granules)
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 10½-oz. can tomato puree
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
- 5 green onions, minced
- 2 tsp. liquid smoke
- 1 cup uncooked regular rice

Trim excess fat from chops and discard. Salt and pepper chops and place in single layer in an 8- by 12-inch baking dish. Dissolve bouillon cubes or granules in the boiling water. Add the tomato puree, mushrooms, onions and liquid smoke to water mixture and combine well. Pour over chops. Sprinkle rice evenly over chops, making sure all rice is moistened with the liquid. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for about 1½ hours or until done.

—Robin

WHOLE WHEAT HONEY BREAD

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1 1/4 cups lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 3 Tbls. shortening, softened
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 4 cups whole wheat flour
- 4 cups sifted white flour

Combine the yeast and lukewarm water; allow to set for a few minutes. Add yeast mixture to the milk which has been cooled to lukewarm. Stir in the shortening, honey and salt. Add the wheat flour. Knead, working in the white flour, about 10 minutes until dough is elastic. Cover and let rise until double. Punch down and shape into two loaves. Place loaves in two greased pans and let rise again. Bake at 375 degrees for one hour.

—Juliana

NORFOLK NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 12 ozs. wide noodles
- 1 cup fresh parsley, chopped
- 1 pint large-curd cottage cheese
- 1 pint commercial sour cream
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- 1 bunch green onions, chopped (include some of the tops)
- 1/2 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 tsp. paprika

Cook and drain noodles according to package directions. While noodles are hot, mix in the parsley, cottage cheese, sour cream, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce and green onions. Place in greased shallow baking dish. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. When ready to bake, top with the Cheddar cheese and sprinkle with paprika. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes.

—Robin

CHOCOLATE-HONEY BROWNIES

- 2 ozs. unsweetened chocolate
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3/4 cup flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup raisins

Put chocolate and butter or margarine in small pan and place over low heat until melted and blended. Cool. In bowl, beat eggs until thick and fluffy. Gradually beat in honey. Add flavoring and chocolate mixture. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add to batter. Lastly, fold in raisins. Bake in greased 8-inch square pan at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

Variation: 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts and 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring could be used instead of the raisins and burnt sugar flavoring.

SALMON MOLD

- 1 1-lb. can salmon, drained and flaked
- 1 15-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 unpeeled apple, diced
- 1/4 cup chopped black olives
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup drained pineapple juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. dry dill weed

Remove any bones from salmon. Combine the salmon, drained pineapple, celery, apple and olives. Set aside.

Soften the gelatin with the 1 Tbls. cold water. Add the boiling water, flavoring, drained pineapple juice and lemon juice. Stir in the mayonnaise and dill weed. Combine the two mixtures. Spoon into lightly greased fish mold. Refrigerate at least 4 hours. Unmold.

—Juliana

PERCOLATOR PUNCH

- 4 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 cup apricot nectar
- 2 cups apple cider
- 1 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 6 whole cloves
- 3 cinnamon sticks

Put juices in 8- to 10-cup percolator. Place the brown sugar, cloves and cinnamon sticks in the basket. Plug in and let perk. Serve hot.

—Betty Jane

CAROL'S CRUMB COFFEECAKE

- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup nutmeg
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift flour, measure and resift with sugar and spices. Cut in margarine and butter flavoring until like cornmeal. Remove 1 cup of the mixture and set aside. Stir the raisins and nuts into the remaining mixture. Combine the egg, buttermilk, baking powder, soda and vanilla flavoring. Add to mixture and blend until just combined. Spread 1/2 cup of the reserved crumb mixture into a greased 8-inch square pan. Spread the batter over crumb layer. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top. Bake at 375 degrees for about 40 minutes. Cool in pan.

—Betty Jane

5-MINUTE FRUIT SALAD

- 1 #2 can fruit cocktail, drained
- 1 16-oz. can pineapple chunks, drained
- 1 large can Mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 cup drained fruit juices
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant lemon pudding mix (dry)
- 2 bananas, sliced

Drain fruits, measuring out the 1 cup juice. Set the measured juice aside.

Combine the fruit cocktail, pineapple and oranges with the lemon juice. Chill well. Mix the dry pudding mix with the cup of drained juice. Just before serving, add the pudding mixture and bananas. Stir well and serve.

—Hallie

FLORIDA SIX-WEEK MUFFINS

- 1 15-oz. box raisin-bran cereal
- 3 cups sugar
- 5 cups flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 5 tsp. soda
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup melted shortening (margarine or homogenized shortening)
- 1 quart buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In a large mixing bowl, combine the cereal, sugar, flour, salt and soda. Add beaten eggs, melted shortening, buttermilk and flavoring. Store in a covered bowl or container in the refrigerator. Let stand several hours before using first time to absorb the bran flavor. This is a big recipe and will keep in the refrigerator for six weeks.

Bake as many muffins as needed at a time in a greased muffin tin at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

—Lucile

CAULIFLOWER-PEA CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. frozen cauliflower, unthawed
- 1 lb. frozen peas, unthawed
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 to 3 cups diced Velveeta cheese
- 1/3 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup shredded carrots
- 1/4 cup diced, stuffed green olives
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 2 cups milk

Place the cauliflower and peas into a well-buttered 9-by-12-inch casserole. Stir the half-and-half and flour together until well blended. Add the pepper, salt, margarine, flavoring and cheese and heat until well blended and smooth. Remove from heat. Add the celery, carrots, olives, onion and milk; stir until well blended. Pour the cheese sauce over vegetables in casserole and bake in a 325-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours.

—Hallie

APPLESAUCE-CURRENT QUICK BREAD

- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 cup applesauce
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Combine the egg, applesauce, melted butter or margarine, flavoring and sugars. Blend well. Add the flour, baking powder, salt, soda and spices. Beat until smooth. Fold in the currants and nuts. Place in well-greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour.

—Juliana

VEGETABLE SOUFFLE

- 2 Tbs. butter
- 2 Tbs. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups canned or frozen corn, drained
- 1 1/2 cups coarsely grated carrots
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 Tbs. finely chopped green pepper
- 3 Tbs. finely chopped onion
- Salt and pepper to taste

Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Combine with the remaining ingredients. Spoon into greased baking dish and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. A delicious combination of vegetables.

—Dorothy

HOT TUNA SALAD

- 1 9-oz. can tuna, well drained
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 Tbs. chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 small jar pimiento, drained and diced
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 Tbs. lemon juice
- 1 cup chopped almonds (optional)
- 2 cups crushed crisp rice cereal

Combine all ingredients except rice cereal. Bake, uncovered, at 375 degrees for 45 minutes. Sprinkle crushed cereal over top and serve.

—Dorothy

SWEET LEMON YOGURT CAKE

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 eggs, separated
- 2 tsp. grated lemon peel
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup, plus 2 Tbs. plain yogurt

Beat butter or margarine with 1 1/2 cups of the sugar until creamy. Add egg yolks, lemon peel and flavoring and beat until thick and pale yellow. Sift flour; measure and resift with soda and salt. Into creamed mixture, alternately add flour with yogurt. Beat egg whites to soft peaks, gradually adding the remaining 1/2 cup sugar while beating. While continuing to beat, fold batter into egg whites. Spread in greased 10-inch tube pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Cool in pan for 15 minutes, then turn out.

—Robin

SIMPLE CORN SOUFFLE

- 2 cups whole kernel corn
- 1 cup light cream (or half-and-half)
- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 Tbs. melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients. (Beat flour into milk until smooth before adding to other ingredients.) Pour into buttered casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour or until a knife inserted near the center comes out clean. When in season, fresh corn cut from the cob is excellent in this. Frozen corn, thawed and drained or whole kernel canned corn, drained, can all be used.

—Evelyn

GLAZED PINEAPPLE-CARROT CAKE

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 can (about 8 ozs.) crushed pineapple, well drained
- 2 cups finely shredded carrots
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup flaked coconut

Sift flour, measure and sift with sugar, soda, cinnamon and salt. Beat eggs together with oil, buttermilk and flavorings. Add to dry ingredients all at once and mix until smooth. Add the pineapple, carrots, nuts and coconut.

Pour into a lightly greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until done. Remove from oven and lightly prick all over with a fork. Slowly pour the following glaze over cake:

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/3 cup buttermilk
- 1/3 cup margarine
- 2 tsp. light corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all glaze ingredients except for the flavorings in a saucepan. Bring to boiling over medium heat; boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in flavorings. Pour the hot syrup over the warm cake.

—Betty Jane

THE FALL MOOD EMPHASIZES SLENDER

Kitchen-Klatter's SUPER SEVENTEEN FLAVORINGS are the perfect solution for supplying flavor to low-calorie foods. To make diet meals enjoyable, just add the delicious **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** of your choice to milkshakes, gelatin salads, vegetables and fruit toppings.

Seventeen slenderizing solutions to weight problems are given in the check list below. How many of these fine helpers do you have? How many do you still need to get? Get into the slender FALL MOOD by having all seventeen.

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

☐ Vanilla (clear) ☐ Vanilla (dark)

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$3.25 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in both dark and clear in the 3-oz. bottles. Dark vanilla is also available in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle at \$2.00.

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BEAT INFLATION IN THE KITCHEN

by
Louise Simms

The first rule in operating a restaurant business successfully is "Don't waste food". It is equally important that this be the first rule in fighting inflation in the home kitchen, for wasted food is money spent for something for which you get nothing in return.

The biggest contributing factor to wasted food is leftovers that no one will eat. The key word here is *planning*.

Study the eating habits of those for whom you cook. This will give you a clue to what items you are putting on the table that will probably be left over. Is it chicken wings or backs, heels of bread, an extra potato, or a half-cup of cooked peas or other vegetable?

The clever cook may choose not to put the bony pieces of chicken on the table with the remainder of the chicken when it is served the first time. Almost without exception, buying whole chickens at the market and cutting them up yourself is cheaper in cost per pound than buying them already cut. It isn't difficult to cut up a whole chicken if you have a sharp knife with a pointed tip.

When I was first married, I well remember the first whole chicken I attempted to prepare. I was determined to cut the chicken into pieces for frying. When I finished, I had literally pulled and torn that chicken apart! However, it wasn't long before I learned there was a better way.

There are numerous ways to use the bony pieces of chicken after they are cooked and the meat picked from the bones: chicken salad to serve with crackers for a cool lunch, chicken salad sandwiches, chicken and noodles, creamed chicken on toast or biscuits, escalloped chicken, chicken croquettes served with or without a hot white sauce or chicken gravy, chicken-rice or chicken-noodle soup made with the broth from boiling the bony pieces of chicken.

If you haven't enough chicken to make any of these dishes, freeze either the raw wings, necks, backs, or giblets until you have enough to cook them all. Or, if you are short of freezer space, cook and pick meat from bones and freeze it only.

Do you ever buy the shank or butt end of a ham and bake it? If so, there will probably be a small amount of meat left near the bone after the family has had one or two meals from it. This meat is delicious when cut from the bone and made into ham salad. Or, if you buy the shank instead of the butt end (which is cheaper), toss both leftover meat and bone into a kettle of dried northern or dried lima beans which have been soaked in water overnight. Boil until beans are done, remove ham bone, and when cool enough to handle, cut every



We have told you that Lily Walstad is an unusually friendly baby, and this picture serves as ample proof. Her parents, Alison and Mike Walstad, took her to the photographer at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, so they would have a record of her first birthday.
—Lucile

tiny piece of ham off the bone and mix with beans. Your family will beg for leftovers.

Do your family members usually turn up their noses at the heel, or end slice, of bread? Don't serve the heel along with the other slices of bread. Instead, try toasting them when the loaf is first opened and the bread is fresh. Serve for breakfast with butter and jam. Chances are good that if the crust side is turned down on the plate, the heels will be eaten before anyone notices the difference.

Are you one of those cooks who always cooks one potato for each person plus "one for the pot"? And do you often find that the one for the pot is left over? Don't fret, refrigerate it and use it later.

There are many ways to use boiled or baked potatoes: cold baked potatoes are delicious when peeled, sliced or diced, and fried in bacon drippings (if short of potatoes, mix in a couple of scrambled eggs), diced cold potatoes are delicious when creamed with a white sauce, add cheese to the sauce and make potatoes au gratin, a few leftover vegetables such as peas or carrots can be added to the cream sauce, too. (Look at some of the vegetable combinations in the freezer at your supermarket and get more ideas for different combinations.)

Do you often have a little piece of pie dough left when you have finished making a pie? Keep a supply of small individual-sized foil pie pans on hand. Roll and shape leftover dough into the small pan.

If you haven't any filling left, slip the shell into a small self-sealing plastic bag and freeze. Some day when you are making pudding, you can have a soft pie for lunch. Often the filling for a regular-

size pie can be stretched to make enough for the small one too.

If the piece of dough is not quite enough to fill the small pan, make a turnover out of it. Roll into whatever size circle it will make, moisten edges with water, place heaping tablespoon of fruit filling on lower half of circle, fold top half of circle over filling, press two edges of crust together with tines of fork, cut a slit in top for steam to escape. Brush top with milk and bake this on a small pan alongside the larger pie.

With a "dash" of thinking, a "pinch" of courage and a "smidgen" of imagination, you too can become a creative cook who fights inflation in the kitchen. Happy cooking.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

When I go away from home I water my plants by using a wick made of cotton clothesline. I stick one end into the soil around the plant and the other into a fruit jar filled with water.

—A.U., Keokuk, Iowa

Hanging pictures can be a pain. I cut a piece of paper the size and shape of the picture I want to hang, then pin it to the wall. I can make a mark with a pencil right through the paper for the location of the nail or hanger. A piece of masking tape over the place where the nail will go keeps the plaster from cracking.

If the pictures are hung with a wire, a piece of tape wrapped around the wire on each side of the center will keep the picture from slipping to one or the other side of the nail. A small roll of masking tape on the two bottom corners of a picture will hold it level, also.

—Mrs. A.H., Shenandoah, Iowa

My stainless steel sink was a real headache until a neighbor told me to rub mineral or salad oil on it to keep it shiny and remove water spots.

—Mrs. J.J., Pittsburg, Ks.

This is the first year I ever grew ornamental gourds. I washed them off with an antiseptic solution and let them dry, then waxed with a couple coats of paste floor wax. They look great.

—P.P., St. Louis, Mo.

Last year we had a football party. I scooped out the inside of a pumpkin after I had sliced off the top. I lined the pumpkin shell with aluminum foil. Then I put some bright colored leaves inside and filled the shell with fresh fruit. A big pumpkin could also hold a mixing bowl to make it into a punch container.

—A listener from Badger, S.D.



INDIAN Summer

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KGLC	Miami, Okla., 910 on your dial—9:30 a.m.
KARE	Atchison, Kans., 1470 on your dial—2:00 p.m.



—Photo courtesy of Shenandoah Evening Sentinel
Evelyn Birkby receives the pen and pencil set presented to her by Hallie Blackman.

A SURPRISE

The Driftmier Company honored Evelyn Birkby for her more than twenty-five years of service with a surprise luncheon held at the Tall Corn Restaurant dining room in Shenandoah, Iowa.

Evelyn began writing for the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine in July of 1955. Her first radio broadcast on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program was in February of 1956. Since February of 1977, Evelyn has been on the editorial staff of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine.

Since the girls in the office occasionally get together at one of the restaurants during the noon hour to eat lunch, it seemed to be a routine invitation to Evelyn when she was asked if she would like to join the group on the following day. Fate assisted the furtive planners, for Evelyn had an errand downtown and arranged to meet the girls at the restaurant. This gave everyone a chance to get out of the Kitchen-Klatter plant a bit early and did not give away the secret.

When Evelyn walked into the restaurant dining room, everyone from the office and plant was present—from accounting, the mailroom, printing and manufacturing. Betty Jane attended and brought a letter from Lucile, who did not feel well enough to attend.

The group called, "Surprise and Happy Anniversary" and the secret was out.

Little cupcakes had been decorated with silver 25's, white roses in crystal bowls decorated the tables and then the luncheon was served. Hallie Blackman, executive vice-president of the Driftmier

Company, presented Evelyn with an engraved pen and pencil set and a lovely yellow silk rose corsage in recognition of her many years of service. Then all those present congratulated Evelyn and thanked her for her help and friendship.

"Were you really surprised?" several of them asked.

"Oh my goodness YES," Evelyn answered. "You have given me a beautiful surprise party, a wonderful gift and a memory I will treasure always."

Then everyone went back to work.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
the rest just float away. The smaller fish, like the menhaden, are so frightened of the blue that they will throw themselves up onto the beaches to escape the bluefish fury.

I clean the fish on a stone well top in our back yard. The moment I walk into the yard with a knife in one hand and a bluefish in the other, the sea gulls come swooping in. There will not be a sea gull in sight as I step out of the door, but within moments they are flying back and forth over my head calling for me to throw them a bit of fish. And of course I do! I simply cannot resist the opportunity to make friends with any wild creature.

Remember that our latchkey is always out for you. Betty and I both cherish your friendship, and even if we do not get to see each other, we are grateful for the ties we have with you through *Kitchen-Klatter*.

Sincerely,

Frederick



Halloween

by
Velma E.
Zimmerman

Halloween, like many holidays, is a means of uniting people in fun and fellowship. But how can we celebrate properly unless we know why the time should be celebrated? Knowing some facts makes any holiday more enjoyable.

Halloween began as a religious holiday founded on the beliefs of pagan, superstitious folk. Halloween—or Holy Eve—was so called because it was October 31, the evening before the feast of All Saints' Day. After the pagans adopted Christianity, they still observed some of their own customs. Many of the symbols and superstitions have come down to us from those early times.

The two chief characteristics of ancient Halloweens were the lighting of bonfires and the belief that the night ghosts and witches were likely to roam about. Basically, it was a harmless, fun-loving occasion, just as it is today.

Belief in witchcraft is very old. Stories of it are in the Bible. The ancient Egyptians, the Romans, and even the American Indians, practiced it. The Christian church, by the fifteenth century, adopted a policy of severely punishing witches.

A witch was thought to be one with the power from the devil to inflict injury on people or things—she could even transform men into animals or work miracles. A witch was supposed to be able to ride through the air and change herself into an animal to escape detection. The idea of her riding with a cat on a broomstick came from Germany. Other creatures of magical forms were trolls, fairies, goblins, and dragons, all subject to a witch's powers. Dressed as a witch, one feels safe in walking out on Halloween night.

The black cat is a symbol of Halloween lore. Strange as it may seem, a cat was considered sacred, as it was believed to have once been a human who was changed into a cat as punishment for evil deeds. Many people dislike to have a black cat cross in front of them even today.

The custom of bobbing for apples and roasting nuts came from the Romans honoring Pomona, their goddess of fruits and gardens. Honoring her for a bountiful harvest, the Romans feasted and celebrated with games and contests.

The Druids of ancient France, Ireland and Britain lighted fires in honor of the Sun God as a thanksgiving for harvested crops. Later, the lighting of bonfires was to frighten off evil spirits and to help the good spirits find their former homes. Today, bonfires are used as settings for picnics, camping trips, organizational outings and sometimes for religious cere-



An October float in a homecoming parade. This was entered by the Sidney Band Mothers, and shows what a little imagination can do with a witch, some cornstalks and a wagon!

monies.

The jack-o'-lantern is of Irish tradition. Tradition has it that the jack-o'-lantern originally was made of a large turnip carved with a grotesque face and lighted with a candle. The name jack-o'-lantern was given from a story of Jack, a stingy man who was barred from Heaven and forbidden to enter Hell, as he was condemned to walk homeless with his lantern until the end of the earth. In time, the pumpkin became used as a favorite jack-o'-lantern.

The trick-or-treat custom of going about wearing masks and costumes and asking for treats is a survival of the 17th century. Then the Irish peasants went out to collect food that they might honor All Hallows' Eve with a great feast.

Children can learn about the history of the celebration plus acceptable ways to observe Halloween by being taught at home and in school. The safest observance will be at home with a well-planned party for an evening of entertainment. If children are allowed to go trick or treating, set a time limit on places to visit and time to be out. Impress the importance of not eating their treats until they are examined in a well-lighted room at home. Many parents accompany their children around the neighborhood since children can do mischievous things in a group that as individuals they would never think of doing.

Let's hope everyone will have a happy and safe Halloween.

The Mystery of Columbus



Many stories and legends have grown up about Columbus so it has become hard to sift truth from fiction. Historians have found certain papers from time to time which have helped clear up some of

the story. Unfortunately, no one has come up with absolute certainty as to just how much of the New World Christopher Columbus did see at the end of that hazardous journey in 1492.

Since all of his life Columbus thought he had opened up a new way to Asia and the Far East, he named the land the West Indies. The great explorer called the island upon which he landed on October 12, 1492, San Salvador which means Holy Savior. No island in the West Indies is now called by this name so historians think he landed on another island, perhaps the one now called Watling.

On his first trip to the New World, he stopped at the Canary Islands. The crew took swine aboard which were to become the ancestors of pigs in America. Columbus also is given the credit for bringing watermelon, cantaloupe, oranges and lemons from the Canary Islands to the new land he discovered.

In 1494, on his second voyage, Columbus brought sugar cane to the New World and taught the natives of the West Indies how to grow it. It is reported that when Columbus' son, Diego, came to the West Indies in 1522, he found sugar cane was then the main product in the area.

On his third voyage to the New World, Columbus discovered the mouth of the Orinoco River in South America. Truly he was a man of great adventure.

It was not until Christopher made his fourth voyage to the New World that he actually set foot on the North American continent. It is especially interesting to learn that he called the natives he found along the eastern coast of Central America Indians—and we still call them American Indians—because he thought he had discovered India. The whole Oriental world as we know it today was called India at that time.

There are legends that Columbus died destitute and in prison, but facts say otherwise. The discovery of his will and other evidence indicates that when he died he was very wealthy. He died at Valladolid, Spain, a very disappointed man because the Spanish Court had ignored his existence in his later years even though his explorations had brought fame and fortune to his country. His family became a very wealthy and noted one because of his discoveries.

In his will, Columbus asked to be buried in Santa Domingo, but he was first buried at Valladolid. Later his body was moved to Seville, Spain. Finally, in 1540, his remains were taken to Santa Domingo as he had requested, but when the British invaded that territory in 1655, the Spaniards erased every trace of Columbus' tomb. His remains were supposed to have been removed in 1795 and taken to Havana, and finally, after the Spanish-American War, to Seville. But whether they are the actual remains of the renowned explorer is still not known.

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



Until I read Herb Cohen's *You Can Negotiate Anything*, I thought negotiating was reserved for lawyers and important businessmen who smoke cigars and glare at each other as they battle out the terms in their latest contracts. Actually, all of us are negotiating every day, at home, at the office, at the retail store. Negotiating is an unavoidable part of life, and how you handle these encounters "can determine not only whether you will prosper, but whether you can enjoy a full, pleasurable, satisfying life".

Traditionally, hard work, talent and dedication are rewarded, but today's winners are people who not only are competent, but also have the negotiating skills to get what they want.

What is negotiation? Herb Cohen describes it as a field of knowledge and endeavor that focuses on gaining the favor of people from whom we want things, like prestige, freedom, money, justice, status, love, security, and recognition. It is the use of information and power to affect behavior.

In *You Can Negotiate Anything*, Herb Cohen takes a practical approach at teaching us to get our own way no matter which of these things we want. With dozens of real-life examples, he shows how to apply the persuasion principles used by presidents and labor union chiefs to lower the price on a new refrigerator or get the salesman to throw in a tie gratis with the suit you are buying.

He declares that almost everything is negotiable and that it is our perception of the situation that curbs our bargaining position. The power of precedent is a very important influence. Who would



Adrienne Driftmier (left) and her sister, Katharine.

consider negotiating at Sears? They call it the one-price store because they don't negotiate! But Mr. Cohen encourages us not to let our "experiences represent universal truths. As a negotiator, take some risks, break free from the precedent of your past experiences, challenge your assumptions, raise your aspiration level, and increase your expectations."

With a fantastic mix of humor and common sense, Cohen illustrates every point with a clever anecdote sure to fix the lesson firmly in your mind. Here is a wonderful example:

"Never leave the other side without alternatives. Never state, 'It's this or nothing!' Rather, structure the situation to allow them to make the choice with one option obviously much more desirable to them—at least compared to the other . . . In August of 1977, Croatsians skyjacked a TWA aircraft scheduled to go from New York's LaGuardia Airport to Chicago's O'Hare. In a stall for time, the plane was flown a serpentine route via Montreal, Newfoundland, Shannon, London, and ultimately to Charles de Gaulle Airport outside Paris, where French authorities shot out its tires.

"The plane sat on the runway for three days. Finally the French police, meeting my criteria, gave the terrorists a limited menu ultimatum, which I'll paraphrase as follows: 'Look, you guys can do whatever you want. However, American police have arrived, and if you give up and go back to the States with them now, you'll get two to four years in prison, tops. That means you'll probably be out in about ten months.'

"Waiting a moment so that would sink in, the French continued, 'But if we have to capture you, the penalty is execution, according to the law of France. Now, what would you like to do?'"

"Believe it or not, the skyjackers decided to surrender and take their chances with the American judicial system."

In every story there is an important lesson: never leave the other side without an alternative, ask questions and get the other party to invest time and energy that will ultimately accrue to your advantage. Admit that you don't have all the answers and that you need help, back up your final position with some form of documentation, and never use hard ultimatums like "Take it or leave it!"

Not only are you negotiating every day, but you in turn are being negotiated with. After reading *You Can Negotiate Anything*, you will no longer be the unsuspecting victim in dealing with the people in your world. Herb Cohen alerts you to the win-lose negotiating approach, where the competitive negotiator attempts to achieve his objective at your expense. Their characteristics are familiar. They make a ridiculous initial offer, they have no authority to make any concessions, they get frustrated and red-faced, and they leave all the compromising to you.

Cohen teaches how to combat such techniques, how to deal with angry outbursts or tears, how to recognize guilt tactics and other emotional ploys. A tactic that can be seen through is no tactic, is totally ineffective, and leaves you holding all the cards.

One of the qualities I liked the most about Herb Cohen is that he emphasizes the importance of a positive mental attitude to successful negotiating. We have the power to act, the power of mastery over our lives. He says, "Within reason, you can get whatever you want if you're aware of your options, if you test your assumptions, if you take shrewdly calculated risks based on solid information, and if you believe you have the power." He quotes Henry Ford I, "If you think you can or you can't, you're always right." Believe firmly that you have the power, and you'll convey that self-confident perception to others.

Far too many people are willing to sit back and accept the way things are, misinterpreting their lack of information with an inability to instigate change. *You Can Negotiate Anything* is a great guide to change those situations that presently remain unchallenged, using some of the same methods President Carter used to make Begin agree with Sadat.

Whether you are negotiating for a raise, a home, or just trying to get the paperboy to leave the paper behind the door, this book is an invaluable guide toward negotiating with success.

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THE ART OF EMBROIDERY

by
Norma Tisher

Legends and traditions of embroidering pillowcases, tea towels and tablecloths for hope chests have fallen victim to our industrial age.

Embroidery was highly regarded as an occupation and an art form in pre-industrial societies with an abundance of hand labor and relatively few demands on time and money. The earliest traces of actual embroidery are small gold plaques in the shape of animals and rosettes, evidently intended to be sewn to cloth. These have been found in the eastern Mediterranean area and in southern Russia on sites dating from the third to the second millennium B.C.

Fine bone needles found on sites of the Upper Paleolithic period were perhaps intended for sewing garments of skins, but they could have been used for embroidery. A tunic embroidered with animals and plants found in the tomb of Tutankhamen is still the oldest existing embroidery in stitched threads found in Egyptian tombs of about the fourteenth century B.C. Luxurious gold embroideries of the Roman Empire are known to us only through ancient texts.

Silk robes, banners, cloths, and hangings sumptuously embroidered in silk are part of the artistic heritage of both China and Japan while in India, Persia, and Turkey, very delicate work was done on a loosely woven cotton.

Embroidery has played an important role in many countries in ceremonial display, in the vestments of priests, and the furnishings of temples and churches, in the robes of royalty and officials and in the military uniforms and banners.

In many societies, traditional ornamental patterns have been passed on from generation to generation, as in peasant work and in samplers. From the sixteenth century on, embroidery designs for amateurs were printed, either directly on the embroidery material or, more often, in pattern books, or on sheets of paper for subsequent transfer to material. Embroidery for domestic purpose—on clothing and furnishings and for hangings—was highly developed in Europe from the sixteenth to mid-nineteenth century.

The word "embroider" derives from the same root as the word "border". It differs also from various forms of needlework, such as lace, knitting, and crochet, in which needles and thread are used. Embroidery is the addition of patterns or other ornamental effects to a fabric by the use of needle and thread. It has been used for decorative edges and borders. The samplers in the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries were decorated with a pleasant arrangement of only a few stitches. They were primarily the pro-

ductions of young girls learning to sew.

Embroidery threads can be used for various stitches in many different ways, giving interesting effects. *Running, back, and stem* stitches are linear. *Chain and darning*, and other stitches are primarily filling stitches. So also is the technique known as *couched work*, in which threads, often of metal, are laid side by side on the cloth and sewn to it with other threads. *Tent* and *cross-stitch*, on the other hand, are used mainly over counted threads and on open-meshed canvas. *Lazy daisy, feather, and button-hole* stitches were all used long ago. All the above stitches, and many others, are used for work in which the needle moves freely in any direction in strokes like those of the painter's brush.

A hoop for stretching the fabric and four-inch embroidery scissors are necessary for dainty needlework.

Popularity arose about four or five years ago when hand-embroidered designs were sewn on light and medium shirts for clothes for youth. When dress codes were removed in public schools, the all-cotton, blue chambray, long-sleeved work shirts came back into existence with denim overalls. Both garments were often embroidered generously.

Half-aprons with decorative cross-stitch in contrasting colors on small checked gingham materials were popular for dietary employees to wear with white uniforms. Some designs required a lot of patience and artistic taste.

You can still purchase quilt, bib, crib sheet, pillowcase, plus many other kits

for handwork. Crewel and latch-hook kits for creative fun are available in craft shops as well as embroidery kits. Or, buy the fabric and design your own creations.

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*From Our Family Album*

This four-generation picture is one that we have particularly enjoyed through the years. Mother (Leanna Field Driftmier) always had a genuine sparkle in her eyes when she had an opportunity to see her great-grandchildren.

Next to Mother is Dorothy Driftmier Johnson and then is Dorothy's only daughter, Kristin Johnson Brase, holding the first of her three sons, little Andy. Andy is about eight months old in this shot, and we could tell even at that age that he would be a tall young man someday. Our observations were not in error since he is over six feet tall at the age of seventeen—and still putting on additional inches. —Lucile

COLLECTIBLES — TO SELL

Often, when we think of collectibles, we think of collecting them for ourselves. That can be fun but there is another side to the coin—the selling rather than the keeping of collectible items you have found.

Anytime you clean your attic, keep an eye out for anything that might be termed a *collectible*. You never know what may turn up. Of course, if you or any member of the family want that little rocking chair or that gold picture frame, set them aside. But often there are some items no one in the family wants and you might as well try to sell them.

If you don't have much idea as to value, go to a friend who is an antique collector or to a reputable dealer and find out.

After you know the value, decide how to sell your treasures. If you have quite a few, you might want to hold an auction. This is usually practical only if you have furniture, dishes, pictures, clothing, etc., a variety and quantity of things. If you have just a small number of items, a garage sale can be the answer. That way you can sell anything, not just collectibles. If you have only two or three items to sell, you may want to just let the word circulate around and probably a collector or two will beat a path to your

door.

What are considered good collectibles? Sotheby Parke Bernet, the world's largest auction house, recently listed these things as presently having strong sales potential: Victorian furniture and silver; 19th century Japanese works of art; memorabilia from 19th century world's fairs; 19th and 20th century clothing and costumes; photographs; English country furniture; Mexican paintings.

Collectibles are interesting to display, fine for investments and nice for trading, but too many can become a burden. When that happens, it's time to sell.

—Ruth Townsend

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

cheerful bright yellow or vivid purple. I've absolutely never seen anything like it.

After next week, I shall be ready for a breather. As I write this, it is near the time to deliver Adrienne back to Evanston for her last year of college. After that, before any snow has a chance to make an appearance, I am going to drive to Maryland and visit Katharine. This coming season holds promise for many interesting possibilities.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Lilies have been called the aristocrats of the garden and the royalty of summer-blooming flowers. This statement may be questioned by those who prefer roses, peonies or some other perennial, but the new hybrid lilies have become dependable plants and are especially handsome in borders. You can choose varieties that are tall, or short, with stately trumpets, with wide open or recurving blooms in white, red, scarlet, orange, sunny yellow, pink, apricot and gold.

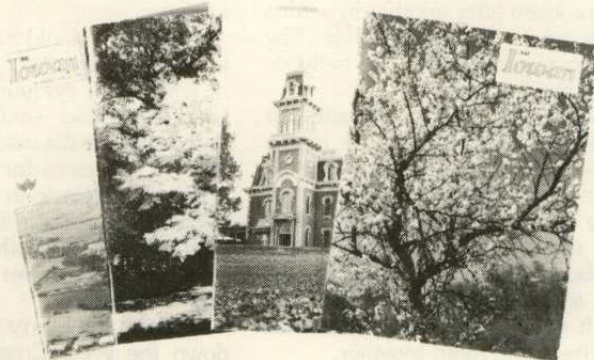
All lilies grow from scaly bulbs and each spring a stalk arises carrying flowers at its tip. In autumn that stalk dies and the bulb remains in the ground permanently, sending forth renewed beauty each year. A one-time investment thus pays dividends over a long period of time. The "interest" varies according to how you choose your lily varieties and how you plant and care for them. The soil must be porous and rapid draining, yet moisture retentive. Planting time is in October and November—bulbs are usually not available until then. They should be planted immediately as the bulbs are never completely dormant and ideally are sold with roots attached and plumply alive.

Dig the planting site deep and incorporate some sharp sand, moistened peat moss or compost in with the soil. Bulbs will not rot if water does not drain easily through the soil. Plant large bulbs at least six inches deep, small ones a little less. The reason most lilies prefer deep planting has to do with their double root system. Attached to each bulb's base are permanent anchoring roots. In the spring the shoot that comes up produces additional and important supplementary feeding roots along the underground portion of the stem. One exception to the deep-planting rule for lilies is the Madonna lily. Its bulb should be only an inch below the soil because it has roots only at its base.

Some of the lovely new hybrids that you may wish to plant are GOLDEN SPLENDOR, four-five feet tall with immense clusters of golden yellow blooms; MING YELLOW, bright yellow with spotted throat; SUNRAY, broad, yellow spotted petals; CITRONELLA, gold and lemon yellow with striking black dots; and CHINOOK, an unusual salmon-yellow. Don't overlook ENCHANTMENT, CONNECTICUT YANKEE, GREEN MAGIC, SENTINEL, PINK PERFECTION and THUNDERBOLT. Look through the fall bulb catalogs and select those that best fill your planting needs.



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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

can never be neglected, there was much extra work to do in getting hay baled, constant cleanup jobs tackled as a result of July's serious flood, and one unexpected problem after another in getting livestock up to top-notch levels. The running around sandwiched in between all of the regular work.

On the very day that Dorothy and I left to return to Shenandoah, we had a completely unexpected and delightful visit with Clark Driftmier, a member of what we call the Denver Driftmiers. He brought us right up to the minute with news about his parents, Abigail and Wayne, and his two sisters, Emily and Alison. It made us feel as if we had all been in the same room together.

Clark had finished his phase of nursery know-how in California and was en route to a nursery in Kankakee, Illinois, where his prime study is to be how large trees are handled and prepared for shipment. After this course is completed, he expects to return to Denver and work in the nursery business which his father has established.

While I was having my vacation in Lucas County, Betty Jane was caught up in the myriad details of her daughter's wedding to Garry Sproule. Hannah met Garry in Tucson, Arizona, when she attended college there. Five members of his family made the long trip up to St. Paul from Tucson, and members of Hannah's family, plus many, many longtime friends brought the total crowd to about 125 people.

The ceremony was held at Sibley House, a very beautiful and historic site that the DAR has restored and maintained. Formerly it was open for daily luncheons and this accounted for the terrific kitchen facilities that Nicholas

Tilsen of San Francisco (Betty Jane's son who is a professional chef and caterer) took over for a superlative breakfast. This followed the marriage ceremony that was conducted by a Unitarian minister.

All afternoon, old friends came to join in the festivities. After the happiest kind of a reunion, everyone gathered for a beautiful dinner—extra-special dishes and a spectacular wedding cake. There was an orchestra for dancing and not until nine o'clock in the evening did people begin to leave for the airport or to start long drives to other cities. All in all, it was a wedding never to be forgotten by anyone present.

Hannah and Garry are now on a trip down the West Coast, but eventually they'll head back to their jobs in St. Paul and the apartment that is waiting for them. I'll have a chance to see them when they swing by here en route to Minnesota.

So—this hits the high points of the recent summer's activities. I had hoped to include the news of Mary Lea's and Vincent's new baby, but it is laggardly and we have to meet a deadline—something that the baby is spared!

May it be a beautiful October for you and yours. Your letters are still the high point of every day.

Always faithfully,

Lucile

If you have a clear conscience and good health, if you have some good friends and a happy home, if your heart has kept its youth and your soul its honesty, then you are one of life's fortunate millionaires.



This snapshot taken at Frank and Dorothy Johnson's farm near Lucas, Iowa, is a typical scene across the Iowa countryside during fall.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
egret, the first one I'd ever seen here. Lucile and Frank came quickly and they did get to see him before he flew away. Something else Lucile doesn't have in her garden that she did get to see here were the wild turkeys. In fact, she spotted one big flock of turkeys first and wanted to know what they were.

Kristin and her family are all settled into the routine of school. The two younger boys, Aaron and Julian, like school in Torrington. Aaron is going to be in a school play. Kristin likes her new job. Andy, who is a senior this year, is staying with family friends in Chadron so he can finish where he started high school. He is on the varsity football and wrestling teams, also in the jazz band, all of which contributed to his decision not to go to Torrington. He has been home every weekend so far. Chadron isn't so far away but what the family will be able to attend some of the activities in which Andy is participating.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

WITHOUT THESE THINGS

I should not like the day to end
Without some kind words with a friend,
Without a smile, without a song—
Without these things life would seem wrong.

I would not like the day to close
Without a prayer before repose,
Without a thought for those in pain—
Without these things life would be vain.

I would not like the day to fall
Unless I answered someone's call,
Unless I banished someone's fear,
Unless I'd done my best to cheer.

I shall not pass again this way;
What I must do, I'll do today!

—Sunshine Magazine

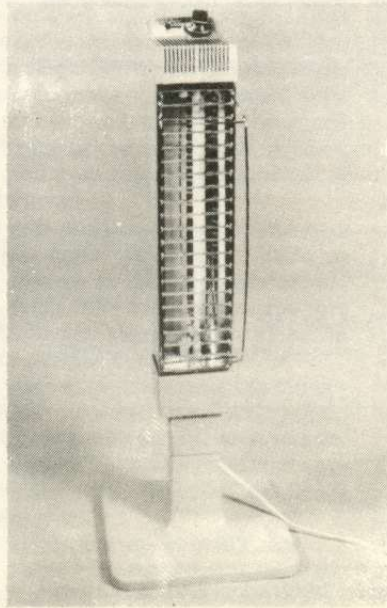
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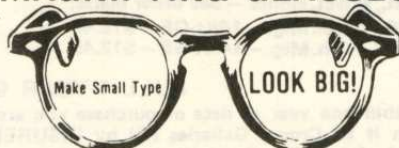
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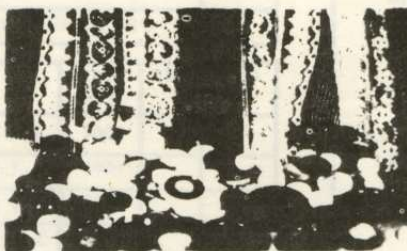
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