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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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—Sentinel Photo

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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, after I finished reading and turned off the lamp, I thought about this letter that I am writing to you and came to the conclusion that virtually all of our plans for Thanksgiving should be pre-faced with a big IF. The same thing is true of Christmas. I guess that the old phrase about the best of plans going totally astray really sums up our feelings when it's time to get out the November and December issues of this magazine.

At least today I don't need to hope fervently that the newest member of our family is safely on deck, and this is far more important than anything else. On the next page, you will find a letter from Mary Lea Palo about the arrival of Cassandra Carol, and I'd like to add a little bit about this event.

Both Mary Lea and her husband, Vincent Palo, were overjoyed when they learned that Vincent's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Palo of Waterbury, Connecticut, planned to take their two weeks of vacation and fly to Omaha so they could be there to look after Isabel and Christopher when the baby was born—plus the opportunity to see their new grandchild.

Well, days passed and no baby. Finally, with only thirty-six hours left before the Connecticut Palos had to board their plane, the phone rang and it was Vinnie telling us that Cassandra, 8 lbs., 1 and 3/4ths ounces, was safely here—mother and daughter doing fine. I don't know when I have been so relieved to get a call!

We've set three different dates to drive up to Offutt Air Force Base, toting with us quite a bit of frozen food that would come in handy for the Palos, but on all three occasions we've had miserable rainy weather that didn't invite a trip of any kind.

Next month we'll try to have a picture of my new great-niece and a report on how things are going at Bellevue.

Aside from this trip to Bellevue, Betty



Robin Read Justiz and her Airedale dog, Casey, are pictured here in front of the massive fireplace in the Justiz living room. It is an unusual fireplace constructed to throw out the maximum of heat so Robin and her husband don't need to turn the furnace on very often. Those of you who are able to hear our Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasts are very familiar with the voices of Robin and Juliana Verness Lowey on Tuesdays and Thursdays of every week. The two girls grew up together in Shenandoah and now both live in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Jane and I hope to get up to see Dorothy and Frank again at the farm, and to take a drive when the autumn coloring is at its peak. Since I last wrote to you, Betty Jane and I have made a short visit to Lucas and we had a chance to take a wonderful Sunday drive.

Albia, Iowa, was our first stop and I want to say to you in a most emphatic tone of voice that this town is simply unique. If it were located in any foreign country, people would go far out of their way to see it, and they'd be talking about it for a long time to come.

The thing that makes Albia completely unusual is the fact that their business district has been wonderfully restored down to the last tiny detail. Not one single item has been missed. Also, the business establishments that have been built in comparatively recent times have adhered to styles of architecture that carry on the original details. Any town interested in restoring its business section would find it well worth their while to go to Albia and look at the results of their efforts.

Dorothy was at the wheel that day and from Albia we went over to the Red Rock area and circled most of the lake. After this we drove to Pella, a town I've heard about all of my life but had never seen before. To say that this town is "different" is to understate the situation; any

native of Holland who chanced to drop into Pella would get the impression that somehow he had returned to home base.

We covered most of that town and never once saw the tiniest piece of litter. Tulip-time is their big event of the year, but even in early autumn we saw many unusually beautiful gardens. (Margery's first year of teaching was done at Pella and as we passed their public schools we wondered which was the one where she had taught.)

The other two towns we rambled around were Dallas-Melcher. Many years ago I had gone there with Dorothy and was astounded to see that only the railroad tracks separated these two towns. Each one had its own school system, fire departments, etc. This must have been an unusual situation in Iowa, and I never forgot it.

Today, the railroad tracks still separate the communities, but all of the elementary school children attend school in Dallas, and all of the high school age young people attend school in Melcher. (It may be the other way around, but the point is that at last they've gotten together, so to speak.) In any event, the railroad depot that created the original setup still stands, and freight trains still move along the rails.

(Continued on page 22)



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

Several months ago, I was sitting on the examining table at Ehrling Bergquist Hospital waiting for my first prenatal checkup with Capt. Marcia Schlotman, one of the nurse-midwives. When she came into the room she said, "I want to read you a strange letter I just got from my aunt." The letter asked if Capt. Schlotman had met me and went on to say, "She doesn't know me but I know her whole life history." The aunt was a *Kitchen-Klatter* reader, as you may have guessed.

Growing up far away from the Middle West as I did, I never had the experience of being recognized as a member of the Driftmier family (unless I was visiting in Shenandoah) until I moved to Omaha. You can imagine that it is a trifle disconcerting to find out that you are well-known while sitting on an examining table or discussing loans over the telephone with someone from the credit union. But without exception, the *Kitchen-Klatter* readers I have met are such fine and interesting people that every encounter is a pleasure.

I have had letters or phone calls from a number of readers, but I thought I would tell you about just two of them. The name Ruth Bingaman may be more familiar to many of you than my own, because she is considered the "queen of ragtime" in these parts. She lives in Omaha (though she and her husband also have a farm in Iowa) and wrote to me after reading my letter about music last winter. Ruth took the time to make me a detailed chart on chord development and also wrote a long letter about music theory, which are areas of interest I had mentioned in my letter.

I looked forward to meeting Ruth and one day I read an article about her in the *Omaha World-Herald*. It mentioned that she would be performing at a country music concert at the Glenwood, Iowa, Amphitheatre. So, after spending a pleasant day visiting the relatives in Shenandoah, my family and I stopped in Glenwood on the way home. We tremendously enjoyed Ruth's performance. She just dives into those wonderful ragtime rhythms, and it is such fun music to hear. I went backstage afterwards to introduce myself. I hope to hear and see more of Ruth Bingaman.

As a footnote here, let me say that the new Glenwood Amphitheatre is most impressive. It is located just outside of town in a pleasant park and provides a setting for many and varied community activities. It is a superb civic achievement, and if you are passing that way, do take a look.

Some time ago, Debbie Duggan wrote



The Duggans, Timothy, Colin, Katharine and Debbie, have become very good friends of the Palo family.

to me from Ellsworth Air Force Base in South Dakota. She is a native Omahan who grew up with *Kitchen-Klatter*. Married to Major Timothy Duggan, Debbie was planning to move back to Offutt with her family and hoped to meet me when she arrived. We did meet last spring and soon found we had many things in common, the result of which is a growing friendship.

Debbie has started a new job this fall; she is catering the Sunday brunch at the Norton Theatre in Omaha. In addition, Debbie volunteers her time to a weight-reduction group and is the welcoming chairman for the Officers' Wives' Club representing the division to which our husbands are both assigned. She is also the mother of Katharine, age five, and Colin, who is two.

Speaking of motherhood, here is the news for which you have been waiting: Vin and I are the proud parents of Cassandra Carol, born September 24. We are so happy! Cassie is a beautiful and easy-going baby, just the right addition to our active family.

You wouldn't believe me if I said Isabel and Chris were completely thrilled with her, but on the whole they are taking her arrival very well. They are usually pretty thoughtful of Cassie's comfort. I was amused to hear Chris once ask his father not to ring the doorbell (Vin's arms were full of groceries) "because the baby's sleeping". This after Chris's unquenchable energy had caused him to sing and stomp around the house all day. Cassandra sleeps peacefully through all our noise.

I would be interested to hear whether those of you with three children have found the third to be very accepting of the turmoil of family life. Is it just the nature of the child, or is it partly that the parents are more relaxed?

As a parent, I'm feeling a little rusty myself. It's been a long four years since there was an infant in this household, and

I've forgotten so much. But the way Cassie stares solemnly up at me makes me feel that she will whip me into shape in no time. And, of course, she already has her daddy wrapped around her tiny little finger.

Cassie is really a wonderful baby and the whole experience of having her has been very rewarding. Friends, relatives, neighbors and Air Force associates have been so supportive, and have done so much for us, that we have been quite overwhelmed. Cassie was born at the base hospital and everyone there treated us very well. In fact, Cassie was delivered by the same Capt. Schlotman I mentioned at the start of my letter. I was pleased that she was available for the delivery, another new friend made through the *Kitchen-Klatter* connection.

So let me continue to hear from you; you friends are a great group of people.

Sincerely,

Mary Lea Palo

WHEN IS THANKSGIVING?

By asking the Indians to lunch, the Pilgrims launched a perennial practice we pursue to this day—Thanksgiving. Starting with that first feast in 1621, Americans observed the holiday pretty much on their own for many years.

In 1863, President Lincoln made it all official with his proclamation of a national day of thanks on November 28.

In 1939, President Franklin Roosevelt wishing to aid business by lengthening the number of shopping days between Thanksgiving and Christmas moved the holiday up from the fourth to the third Thursday of November. Congress reversed his decision two years later.

On December 26, 1941, President Roosevelt approved a joint Congressional resolution designating the fourth Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day. We've been consuming turkey and cranberries ever since.



THANKS FOR OUR HERITAGE OF FAITH

A Candlelighting Program

Setting: On a small table arrange a Bible, a large candle and the model of a sailing ship. The Leader may present the entire narration, or designate someone to read Winthrop's message, and someone to light the candle.

Leader: Three hundred and sixty years ago, in a clearing in the vast New England woods, seated around a long, plank table, our Pilgrim fathers and their friendly Indian guests partook of the first Thanksgiving feast held in America.

The grateful pioneers to the New World took time to sing hymns and pray before the feast began and again at the close of each day's festivities. The celebration lasted for several days, the prayers and hymn singing continued with the feasting as the people poured out their thanks to God for the gifts of life and love. "Old Hundred" was no doubt one of the hymns used to express their praise and thanks. Let us sing this centuries-old hymn now, keeping in our thoughts all that we, too, have to be thankful for in our own lives, and also thinking of what this hymn has meant to our forebears from generation to generation.

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

Leader: Thanksgiving is a time to remember our blessings, especially the blessings of our heritage of faith. It was faith that held that Pilgrim band together to begin the long, uncertain trip across the vast ocean to a new world. It was faith that sustained them on their journey amid the turbulent seas when sickness and death besieged them. It was faith that upheld them through that first terrible year, when fear and doubt, difficulties and death seemed to meet them on every hand. Faith and prayer carried the survivors through that first winter, still determined to make a new life for themselves and their remaining children in the new world.

John Winthrop delivered a message to his fellow travelers while they were still at sea. Listen to this excerpt from that statement of the faith and the vision he shared with his Pilgrim band.

John Winthrop's Sermon: We are a company professing ourselves fellow members of Christ . . . we ought to account ourselves knit together by this bond of love, and live in the exercise of it,

if we would have the comfort of our being in Christ . . . for this end we must be knit together in this work as one man.

We must entertain each other in brotherly affection. We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities for the supply of others' necessities. We must uphold a familiar commerce together in all meekness, gentleness, patience and liberality.

We must delight in each other, make others' conditions our own, rejoice together, labor and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work . . . so shall we keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

The Lord will be our God and delight to dwell among us as His own people, and will command a blessing upon us in all our ways, so that we shall see much more of His wisdom, power, goodness and truth than formerly we have been acquainted with . . .

Beloved, there is now set before us life and good, death and evil . . .

Therefore let us choose life, that we may live by obeying His voice and cleaving to Him, for He is our life and our prosperity.

Leader: We are humbly grateful and truly thankful for the faith of our Pilgrim Fathers. It is a part of the valuable heritage handed down to us, a heritage carefully cherished down through the years—tremendous faith plus courage, truth, love and honor.

Today, as we light a candle symbolizing the faith of our forefathers, let us cherish that faith, guard it, hold it high. We thank God for our land and all it means to us and ask His guidance for each one in the years to come. (Light candle.)

Hymn: "Faith of Our Fathers".

—Mabel Nair Brown

THANKSGIVING MEDITATION

Worship Center: Pictures and/or objects from nature.

Call to Worship: Read Psalms 100.

Hymn: "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing".

Responsive Reading: Psalms 148:1-13. (Developed as a responsive reading with leader and group alternating verses.)

Leader: Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights!

Group: Praise him, all his angels, praise him, all his hosts!

Leader: Praise him, sun and moon, praise him, all you shining stars!

Group: Praise him, you highest heavens, and you waters above the heavens!

Leader: Let them praise the name of the Lord! For he commanded and they were created.

Group: And he established them for ever and ever; he fixed their bounds which cannot be passed.

Leader: Praise the Lord from the earth, you sea monsters and all deeps,

Group: fire and hail, snow and frost, stormy wind fulfilling his command!

Leader: Mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars!

Group: Beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying birds!

Leader: Kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all rulers of the earth!

Group: Young men and maidens together, old men and children!

Everyone: Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is exalted; his glory is above earth and heaven.

Meditation: God created a beautiful, orderly, and abundant world for us to enjoy and nurture: Earth with its mountains, valleys, water, coal, oil, metals, gems, volcanos and nutrients for growing plants. Vegetation from tiny flowers to giant redwoods for beauty, building materials, food, shade and to help purify the air. Sun, moon and stars for light, warmth, beauty, direction, navigation, and energy. Clouds, rain, snow, wind, waves, tides and rainbows for moisture, cleaning, cooling, force, and beauty. Animals, birds, and fish for food, clothing, transportation, power, beauty, and enjoyment. Insects and worms to loosen the soil. Different seasons and different climates. Human beings with bodies that can take nourishment, grow, hurt, heal, think, feel, create, work, and love.

Not only did God create all of these things, He made them all work together to create a balance in nature. The same God has given us dominion over the works of His hands. What a challenge, opportunity, and responsibility!

God also hears our prayers, guides, cares for, forgives and accepts us. What more could we ask?

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth".

Meditation: When I was a child, my father practiced conservation of land, trees, and wildlife. He believed that he should pass the farm to the next generation in as good or better shape than he received it from his parents and grandparents.

It is also true that we should pass the world on the same way. Not just as a gift, but also with the knowledge and sense of responsibility to care for and appreciate this gift from God.

Just as Jesus gave thanks before he fed the 5000, we should give thanks many times a day, generation after generation, for the wonders of his world and ask His guidance in our stewardship of these gifts.

Sentence Prayer: Ask each person in the group to thank God for something
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—Photo by Joe Taylor

Although the guns have been silent for more than 120 years, the sacrifices of the Civil War are recalled in many battlefields and cemeteries. This cannon is now a silent reminder of the many lives sacrificed.

SACRIFICES TO REMEMBER

by
Joe Taylor

At home and abroad, American soldiers have bravely defended our nation and our freedoms throughout the history of the United States. The names of some of those battles and wars—*Ticonderoga*, *Gettysburg*, *Amiens*, *Guadalcanal*—will be forever remembered in history books and forever studied by scholars.

Yet, while history easily recalls the sacrifices made at the major battles, it sometimes forgets the sacrifices and lives lost at a skirmish, in a rice paddy, or in a field at home or far away. Perhaps history forgets because the battle was too small. Perhaps the course of history was not changed. Yet, the bullet fired was just as deadly and the sacrifice just as great.

This Veteran's Day, every soldier who gave that "last full measure of devotion" should be remembered—whether that devotion was shown in a Civil War battle in Virginia or in a fight in Vietnam.

Missouri is a state which saw much action during the Civil War and today efforts are being made to preserve some of that history. Few have heard of the *Battles of Athens*, *Wilson's Creek*, or *Lexington*, yet they are real episodes in history where men sacrificed their lives on blood-stained fields of the Midwest.

The State of Iowa was actually fired upon during the *Battle of Athens* on August 5, 1861. Fought in the northeastern corner of Missouri, Confederate cannon fire crossed the Des Moines

River, reaching the Hawkeye State. One of those balls actually passed directly through Uncle Joe Benning's house, earning it the nickname "Cannonball House". Although many families have owned the house since the War, the hole was never covered over and can still be seen today.

Although the battle involved only 500 Union soldiers under Col. David Moore and 2,000 Confederates under Col. Martin Green, the dedication and determination of these were just as great as soldiers fighting under Robert E. Lee and U.S. Grant.

The battle was significant for two reasons. First, it was the northernmost battle fought west of the Mississippi. Second, the Union's successful repel of the secessionist attack secured northeast Missouri for the Union. The 354-acre site, where fifty men were killed or wounded, is today being developed as a state park.

Five days after the Battle of Athens, Union forces suffered a major defeat at *Wilson's Creek*, southeast of Springfield, Missouri. Gen. Nathaniel Lyon led about 5,400 Union soldiers in an attempt to drive Confederate forces from Missouri, while Maj. Gen. Sterling Price commanded over 12,000 men for the Confederates.

The two armies met and for five hours a small knoll saw vicious hand-to-hand fighting. It became forever known as *Bloody Hill*. Lyon was killed in the fighting, the first general on either side to lose his life in battle.

With ammunition exhausted, Northerners retreated to Rolla, Missouri. Losses were heavy on both sides—more than 2,500 men were killed. The site of the August 10, 1861, battle is now a National Battlefield maintained by the National Park Service.

Buoyed by the victory at *Wilson's Creek*, Price moved north to join other pro-secession forces. At *Lexington*, Col. James A. Mulligan and 3,500 Federal troops manned a fortified outpost. By September 18, Price was able to surround the Federals and begin an attempt to overtake the outpost.

Fierce fighting took place around the Anderson House, located to the west of the main Federal fortifications. Anderson House was used as a field hospital and the floors of an upstairs room used for surgery still have blood stains. Although hospitals were usually not attacked, during the confusion of battle the house was attacked repeatedly. It was, in fact, captured and recaptured by both sides, exchanging hands three times.

On the third day, the Confederates used wetted hemp bales to push up the river bluff and creep toward the Federals inch by inch. Union troops could do little as bullets simply embedded themselves

into the hemp fiber. Nor would the fibers burn as they had been soaked in the Missouri River. The *Battle of the Hemp Bales* ended when Mulligan surrendered—completely surrounded and out of food and water.

Anderson House still stands today and bears the marks of shells fired during the battle. The house is open for tours and is part of the Battle of Lexington State Historic Site.

Walking through the battlefield and viewing the gently-eroded trenches where soldiers once fought for their very lives, makes the sounds of battle seem hauntingly real. And those other sounds of long ago seem close too—the scratch of a pen as a soldier writes home, a song played on a harmonica, the crackling of a campfire. Perhaps most touching are the graves of five unknown Union soldiers. While their names are lost to history, their devotion and sacrifice to a cause they believed in is not.

The sounds and sacrifices of all our veterans should never be forgotten.



MONEY-MAKING IDEAS

Post the Bail Stunt: When our school music department wanted to raise funds for new robes and band uniforms, they planned to present an entertaining musical comedy. The day of the performance, they kidnapped the lead singer and put him in jail. The members of the Music Boosters Club then canvassed the community to solicit contributions to raise \$500 "bail" money before show time. Imagine their delight and surprise when they raised over \$900!

Bandana Bee: With the country look so popular, why not hold a bandana bazaar? Use the bandana in the items made, in advertising and in decorating.

Here are just some of the items to feature in such an event—all made of bandanas or bandana print: picnic tablecloths and napkins, bibs and toddler aprons, pajama bags, patio cushions, bun warmer baskets, curler bags, sport blouses, children's shorts, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer dolls, trimmed glass apothecary jars, and a spice string for the kitchen.

For the spice string, cut circles of blue and red bandana print using pinking shears. Tie each circle around a small ball of cotton with a piece of red or blue yarn. Make the string by braiding several strands of yarn to make a braid about one inch wide and eighteen to twenty inches long. Fasten the fabric "puffs" to the braided string, alternating with sticks of cinnamon. (Also alternate the red and blue prints.) I like to tuck some whole cloves into each ball of cotton before wrapping it in the print. Add a yarn or fabric bow at the top of the string.

—Virginia Thomas



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

At this writing, our beautiful fall weather is still with us but the temperature is about thirty degrees cooler today than it was yesterday at this time. With a brisk wind blowing, it seems even cooler. We have had one light frost which didn't seem to hurt any of the plants, so the timber still isn't very colorful. Some of the trees have turned yellow and we hope they don't lose their leaves before the oaks turn red, otherwise the hills of timber around this area won't be as spectacular as they have been in other years.

I was out helping Frank a few minutes ago and waited to open the gate for him to drive through with the pickup. Sitting on the seat beside him, as usual, was our old dog Bowser. This is the sweet Brittany Spaniel that wandered to our house about three years ago. He had (and still has) a very bad cough so when no one claimed him we took him to the veterinarian for an examination. He found the dog had a very bad heart which had caused congestion which, in turn, caused the cough. Bowser was given shots and Frank still faithfully medicates him morning and night, but he doesn't get any better.

We have lots of cats and kittens and Bowser doesn't pay any attention to them, in fact, when they all moved into his doghouse last winter he didn't kick them out. The funny thing is that Bowser knows the minute a strange cat comes into the yard and he runs it out in a hurry. There has been an abundant supply of skunks this year, and when Bowser barks at night and Frank goes out to investigate, the smell in the air tells us there is at least one nearby. We just hope Bowser is smart enough not to try to chase it out of the yard.

Everyone around here has been complaining about the weeds this year. They have been more plentiful than usual due to so much moisture. Weeds are always bad on bottom ground. Frank usually knows the names for all of them, but this year he has found a few that are unfamiliar which were probably washed in by the floods. He has been going out with the brush cutter trying to get rid of as many as he can. Every time Frank comes in he brings a lovely bouquet of bright yellow Spanish Needles and Wild Artichokes, or some other wildflower. The other day, he brought in a bunch of dark purple blossoms with yellow centers that were absolutely beautiful. He didn't know what it was and said he had seen only the one plant.

Our Birthday Club had a delightful picnic recently as guests of the O.D.O.



Bowser, Frank and Dorothy Johnson's old dog, looks as if he is doing a good job of guarding the woodpile. He enjoys riding in the pickup with Frank whenever he drives around the farm.

Club of Milo. This is the third year they have asked our group to join them for this get-together, and those who could attend thoroughly enjoyed it. We each took a covered dish and our own table service, and met at noon in the large shelter house in Red Haw State Park. The food was delicious and it was a fun time together. When Lucile was visiting me, she enjoyed the picnic our club had at the Humeston park so much that several of the girls commented on how they wished she could have been with us at Red Haw, too.

Recently, I made a trip to the small neighboring town of Millerton to give a talk at the United Methodist Church. Bernadine Sloan had written to me and asked me to speak at their Garden Club guest day. They had invited several groups from surrounding towns. The program was opened by having each woman tell about her first childhood memory; a lot of funny stories were told.

I have several early memories but I told about the time when I was about three-and-a-half and a terrible sore came on my forehead. Mother and Dad became alarmed and called the doctor to the house. He took one look and said I had just vaccinated myself for smallpox. Apparently, I had a little scratch on my head and when I slept with Lucile while her vaccination was "taking", her bandage had slipped off and I had gotten my scratch next to her arm. The result was a perfect vaccination for me—I still have the scar to prove it.

Frank's Aunt Delia Johnson had her eighty-fifth birthday the other day, so Bernie, Belvah and I went to Des Moines to see her. Delia makes her home now with her sister, Helen Wagner, who is eighty-seven. They are both pretty well

and are company for each other. Helen's son and wife live right next door so they keep an eye on them. Bernie took a birthday cake and some other things, and I took Delia's favorite pie—pumpkin, and some fresh baked cookies.

Frank's sister, Ruth McDermott of Kansas City, spent a few days recently visiting us and Bernie. Her husband had a business trip through Iowa so he dropped her off for a visit with us and picked her up on his way home. It was fun to all be together for a few days.

My friend, Angie Conrad, called to say she still had a few tomatoes for me if I could come and get them. When I went over, she told me about her neighbor's butterfly tree. For many, many years, several hundred Monarch butterflies have stopped to rest in this one tree in her yard on their way south for the winter. They usually stay two or three days. I asked Angie to have Mrs. Primm call me if they were still there the next morning when the sun would be right to take a picture. Mrs. Primm called me, but it was to tell me the butterflies had taken off—quite a sight when they were all in the air at one time. She is going to call me next year when they arrive.

Two years ago, when Kristin was home and sorting through some of her things that were still stored here, she came across four large cross-stitched linen napkins. She remembered that one time when she was very young and was visiting her Granny Driftmier, Granny's handwork at that time was a large linen tablecloth. Kristin wanted some sewing to do while she and Granny visited, so Granny told her she could have the napkins because she didn't intend to embroider them. Each napkin had an all-over design and Kristin embroidered them in shades of blue. She left them at Granny's so every time she went to visit she had something to do while they visited.

There are so many happy memories connected with those napkins, Kristin decided to make them into something she could keep and use. We thought they would make a beautiful tablecloth for a small table if we could come up with a good idea on how to put them together. We took them to my friend, Dorothea, because she is so good at this type of handwork. We three went together to a fabric shop and found some material in a linen-like fabric in a shade of blue that matched some of the embroidery. Dorothea put the squares together with the strips of blue between them, added a border of blue, and the finished tablecloth looked lovely. Kristin was so pleased.

After Kristin moved to Torrington, Wyoming, she couldn't find any curtains in the shade she wanted for one bedroom and the bathroom so once

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PAUL IS HEARD FROM THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

Today I was bound and determined to go fishing with a friend. Instead I sit at the kitchen table, watching through a window as a dismal autumn drizzle picks dead leaves from the trees and drops them on the lawn to freeze and be doubly hard to rake up on the next nice fishing day. Were the sun shining and a cool breeze blowing, I could wax poetic and say that the breath of fall was caressing the trees and painting the lawn with splashes of nature's bright colors. And I'd be writing it in a boat with a fishing pole resting on my leg. But such is not the case. The drizzle continues to drizzle. It's one of those days for writing letters to friends, or sitting before the fireplace watching a football game.

I've just gotten off the phone. I was visiting with my ex-roommate in Florida. Poor boy. He's missing our sudden change from summer to winter and must put up with the monotony of a tropical climate with its near-constant temperatures and, at Daytona Beach, the endless crashing of the waves. I was trying to convince him to take a trip to Wisconsin, and I made quite a sales pitch. Tom would love Wisconsin in the fall. For even though I complain about the drizzle and the mountains of leaves to be picked up, there is really nothing to match the pageantry of fall in this state. The variety of trees to be found, each with its own dazzling hue, makes a spectacular scene. The few short weeks of color are more than enough reward for enduring the cold, drizzly days.

One month ago today I was driving back from Florida, where I had taken a one-week vacation from work. This was the first paid vacation I had ever had, and it was a nice feeling to be earning money while playing Frisbee on the beach. I don't want to get into a detailed travelogue, but I will give you the highlights of the trip.

I arranged to take my one day of allotted personal leave on the day before my vacation was to begin, so I was able to go after work on a Thursday. After sleeping a few hours, I left about midnight so as to be able to cover as many miles as possible while the traffic was light. Partly to economize and partly because I was anxious to get to Florida, I drove straight through in twenty-three hours. It was my first trip through Kentucky and Tennessee in daylight, and the scenery was breathtaking.

I spent most of the week in Florida visiting with old friends and relaxing, keeping expenses to a minimum and enjoying the simple pleasures. On the way back to Wisconsin, I stopped for the night at my Grandmother Schneider's home in Indiana and enjoyed a short visit.



Paul shows intense concentration as he works on his car—a task which is both enjoyable and frustrating.

I arrived back home rested and ready for work.

Speaking of work, I'm quickly approaching a milestone decision concerning my future. I'll share my thoughts on the subject. As many of you know from my previous letters, immediately after high school I attended Marquette University for two years. At the time I was still undecided about a career. Rather than waste money on credits that might not be of any value later, I made the decision to drop out (no need to banter terms). I felt that some time in the school of hard knocks would give me more direction in career choice and would make my future college years more productive. I dropped out knowing I would eventually return to school, but not until I was ready.

After a variety of jobs that ranged from Monorail Pilot at Walt Disney World to a laborer in an iron foundry to my present job as a dock worker in a meat-packing plant, I am ready to return to school. The money I have been making has been nice—nice enough to make the prospect of becoming a poor student again not entirely pleasant. But in the last four years, I have graphically seen the value of a college degree demonstrated. So it will be with strong conviction that I will return to my studies to earn that diploma.

Several big decisions now loom before me. My lifelong ambition has been to be a professional artist (but not the starving variety!). Will my choice be my earlier inclination to medical illustration, or some other field of commercial art? The choice of school, reputable and nearby, will be important. The high payments on my Corvette were a form of savings, and when I sell it, I will have a good start toward tuition payments.

There is good news on my recently shortened finger. For those unfamiliar with the story, the end of my little finger was cut off in an industrial accident. That was over a year ago now; for the first ten months I had quite a bit more pain with it than I had expected. On the advice of a

friend, I went to an orthopedic surgeon to get his opinion. I'm glad I did because he discovered that I had a large nerve lying directly on the tip of the bone and unprotected except for a thin layer of skin. That explained the electric shock-type pain that I got whenever I touched the end of my finger to anything, which is hard to avoid as a laborer. I was scheduled into the hospital for a simple operation to remove additional bone and the troublesome nerve. Within a couple of days, the finger felt better than it had in nearly a year. After a few days off for recuperation, I was able to return to work, and I now have almost full use of that hand again.

Have I ever mentioned my girlfriend, Kate? She is the sister of my Marquette roommate, Dan O'Connell. Several months ago he introduced us when I was visiting in their home. Since then we have been seeing a lot of each other. We have many things in common, yet we're different enough to keep our friendship interesting. I'll make no promises to any of you matchmaker types, including my mother, but Kate is a pretty unique woman.

I'll have to wrap up this letter now. It's been a pleasure sharing this afternoon with you all. Tomorrow I will be fishing—or raking soggy leaves.

Sincerely,

Paul

LET'S ALL COUNT . . .

Count your blessings instead of your crosses.

Count your gains instead of your losses.

Count your joys instead of your woes.

Count your friends instead of your foes.

Count your smiles instead of your tears.

Count your courage instead of your fears.

Count your full years instead of your lean.

Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.

Count your health instead of your wealth.

Count on God as well as yourself.

—Unknown

Announcing-

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAM

can now be heard on

KFAL Fulton, Missouri
900 on your dial

10:30 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.
each weekday.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

On a beautiful day with just the first hints of fall, we had a telephone call from Stella Derksen of Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania. She introduced herself as a long-time Kitchen-Klatter friend who was staying at a motel about forty miles from us while she was returning from a trip to Boston. We invited her to come over for lunch, and we had a fine visit about the pioneer days of radio.

Stella grew up in Mountain Lake, Minnesota, and she used to listen to our family radio station back in the days when every program was live with never any recorded music. Before we had lunch, I got out some old pictures of the broadcasting staff, and Stella recognized several of her favorites. Now that she has lived here in the East for many years, she has kept in touch with us through the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

Speaking of Kitchen-Klatter reminds me to tell you about an interesting letter I recently received from Mr. Bematt Schneider of Leawood, Kansas, near Kansas City. Mr. Schneider was brought up in England and France, and while living along the shores of the English Channel, he developed a lifelong love of the sea. Coming to this country many years ago, he settled in the Middle West. As he put it: "Having spent my formative years within the sounds and smells of salt water, and then spending most of my earning years far inland, I took to collecting the literature of the sea as my main hobby."

He went on to list some of the chief works in his library, and as I read that list, I fairly drooled. Little by little, I am building up a library of very similar material pertaining primarily to the sea, sailing, and whaling. That a man in Kansas could be collecting the kind of books that Mr. Schneider collects does not surprise me, though. It is a known fact that a very high percentage of the officers and men in our United States Navy are Midwesterners.

Would you believe that I still have my sailing boat in the water? Most of my friends have already put their boats into dry storage, but as of the writing of this letter, I am still sailing on some of those bright, crisp, blue-sky days that we have in the very late fall before the first of the winter storms arrive. You ought to see the way I have to bundle up these cool days. Fortunately, my outside jacket doubles as a life jacket. It is a handsome piece of sports apparel, and no one ever guesses that it would keep me afloat if I

ever had to abandon ship.

The major cause of deaths in boating accidents is *hypothermia*, the loss of body heat. Often the cause of death is listed as drowning, but, actually, the chances are that the deaths are more often caused by the victims having to be in cold water too long. After a person loses consciousness from hypothermia, then he drowns. It is amazing how little time it takes to suffer hypothermia. At this time of the year, we sailors have to be doubly cautious. When the water is between forty and fifty degrees, one cannot remain in the water more than thirty or forty minutes without passing out. Even if one did not drown, a person could not survive in water that cold for more than two or three hours; rescue would have to come fast.

When Betty and I visited the High Eastern Arctic, a few hundred miles from the North Pole, the government briefing warned us about the cold water. We



This picture of Betty Driftmier and Stella Derksen was taken on the porch of the Driftmier home the day this long-time Kitchen-Klatter friend came to visit.

were told that if we did have to go into that arctic water, we could not hope to survive for more than two to five minutes. It is no wonder we were terrified when we were caught in a frightful gale while traveling with some Eskimos in a canoe. We credit those Eskimos and their boating skills with saving our lives.

You may remember that Betty was in a boating disaster off the coast of Nova Scotia about twenty-five years ago. She was one of seventy persons who were rescued from a sinking yacht that was taking its passengers out through the Tusket Islands to watch the International Tuna Fishing Tournament. When a strong wind and raging tide slammed the yacht up against some sharp rocks, the broken sides of the ship cut off access to the life jacket lockers. Only a handful of passengers ever were able to put on life jackets. They were eventually rescued by a lighthouse tender. Betty still shivers when she recalls her narrow escape from death.

The last of my beautiful garden flowers have finally succumbed to the rigors of the season. The flowers gave much pleasure from late May right up until now. Next year, my garden plans will be even more extensive if I finally take the big step and buy a small greenhouse for our backyard. It is strange what conflicting opinions surface about greenhouses; some of my neighbors are delighted with their greenhouses, and others are very disappointed.

A greenhouse would be one more thing to tie me to this property. Already, Betty and I are finding it hard to get away from our retirement responsibilities to do any traveling abroad. We have accepted obligations at the museum and the hospital, and someone needs to feed the ducks and swans. A greenhouse full of flowers would also need someone to watch it all the time, particularly in the winter months.

Today, I fed one hundred ducks both morning and evening, and that is twice the number I was feeding at this time last year. By this time next month, I shall probably be feeding nearly two hundred ducks twice a day. By January, if all goes at the present rate, I shall be feeding nearly three hundred of the quacky creatures. But I love them. Yes, it does cost quite a bit, but I am sure that the Midwestern farmers will not object to my buying more grain than I bought last year.

If you were reading my *Kitchen-Klatter* letters ten years ago, you may remember that I frequently quoted a gracious lady by the name of Miss Emily Adams. Betty and I practically adopted her to be a "foster grandparent". Every Sunday night I would call on her at the nursing home where she lived the last several years of her life. I kept a notebook of her witty sayings, and every now and then I get out the notebook and read aloud from it at our breakfast table. Here are a few of my favorites:

"If you cannot sleep, don't count sheep! Talk with the shepherd." "If you do not have a problem, is it because God doesn't trust you with one?" "We all need a spiritual itinerary." "Good manners is the art of making people with whom we converse feel at ease." "Blessed are they who understand my trembling hand." "I am an old lady, and when the Lord calls me, I am not going to tell Him to wait while I fix my hair!"

On the night before she died, Miss Adams quoted this verse from memory:

"I know not the way I am going,
But well do I know my Guide.

With childlike trust I give my hand

To the Mighty Friend by my side.

And the only thing that I say to Him

Is 'Take it and hold it fast.

Suffer me not to lose my way,

And bring me home at last."

Sincerely,

Frederick

WHEN WILL SHE GET HERE?

by
Monica Brandies

For various reasons, over a thousand people ask, "When will she get here?" about Betty Maurer every day but Sunday. The eighty-three miles she drives daily take her four to eight hours, depending on the weather. She can change a tire or wire a muffler back on in a jiffy. She stops 266 times and delivers bills and bad grade notices from school, but that is forgiven her since she also brings letters from loved ones, paychecks, and papers.

Betty Maurer has been a rural letter carrier since 1972, and she likes her job in spite of the Iowa winters and dusty gravel roads.

She delivers everything from boxes of worms to trees large enough to branch out the car windows. Worms come nicely wrapped, but bees arrive buzzing away in screened cages. She took it in stride when one bee package was out the side. She figured he had hung there all the way from Georgia and would cling a little longer. But when one bee package came open, she put it in a grocery bag for the ride in her car.

Usually a call brings patrons to the post office to get their chicks and ducks. After several days en route, a final morning in a hot or breezy car could be fatal to the little creatures. Large packages, too, may be left in town until called for, depending on how much room is left in the car.

Like all rural carriers, she has an alternate vehicle available in case of a breakdown. A call to husband Howard or to one of their grown children will get her back on the road quickly. (Betty is the mother of eight children, grandmother of nine. She seldom misses an activity at either grade or high school and is currently helping daughter Lori plan her wedding.) An equipment maintenance allowance covers only part of the cost and none of the frustration, but Betty is a veteran and an expert at taking things in stride.

Last spring, Mrs. Maurer was named Outstanding Rural Carrier for her Southeast Iowa District. To most on her route it was no surprise; few of her people take mail delivery for granted. Betty is more than a mail lady for whenever a new baby comes along or she knows about a birthday, the mail includes Betty's notes of congratulations.

Most of the children on the near side of the road take their turn running out to greet her daily until winter, kindergarten, or advance age interrupt their infatuation. (She worries about them coming too close to the car too soon.)

Betty must be ever alert for the order of the mail. "Mustn't forget to add that little box next stop." Traffic is not heavy,



Sorting for rural mail carrier, Betty Maurer, begins early in the morning. A typical day, according to a recent mail count, includes 1,516 pieces of first-class mail, 453 newspapers and flats and 14 packages.

but can be varied by much farm machinery and occasional herds of cattle. In addition, she is often on the lookout for stray pets or 4-H projects.

Patron appreciation often takes the form of a cup of hot cocoa in the winter or lemonade in the summer, a box of strawberries from the garden, or a loaf of bread from the oven left in the mailbox. Calls to the post office if she is very late reflect more concern about the mail lady than for the mail.

Still, there are always a few who complain, "Why, she doesn't even leave the post office until 9:30 some mornings!" Of course she doesn't. She arrives there at 7:00 A.M. (6:30 on Saturdays) to greet stacks of papers and bags full of mail, all of which must be sorted. Her fingers fly as the empty slots fill to bulging. If you watched for a morning, you'd know she has no time to read even the location on a post card. Too much goes through her hands too fast for curiosity. It is enough to make out the "who to" without worrying about who from or why.

After the sorting, Betty racks the mail and bundles it according to the route. Nine to eleven bundles, about thirty-five pounds each, are average. Does your mail lady stop extra long at your box, perhaps bend over the back seat until her feet are in the air? She is bringing up a new bundle, very carefully. If a stack is handled improperly, it can burst from the straps in a dozen directions and will have to be sorted again.

The center seat driving became second nature to Betty once she learned to use her left foot for the brake and gas pedal. "It is easier to judge the distance to the mailbox when you sit closer," she says as she pulls within inches with fender-shuddering skill. Some boxes sit right on the edge of a ditch and would

scare an amateur even without ice or snow.

Her route begins and ends in town including one stop at an apartment complex where she walks inside each building, unlocks the boxes, and distributes mail to twenty-four families in one stop. She welcomes the chance to stretch her legs instead of her arms.

The rounds, which are usually finished by 2 P.M. in the summer, sometimes take until dark in the winter. In spite of drifts that were taller than the car for most of last winter, Betty went out on all but two days. And then it was only because very little mail had come into the post office and the postmaster said, "No way—you couldn't begin to get to the boxes."

To compensate for some of the discomforts and difficulties, the scenery extends for miles in this tableland area of some of the state's best cropland. With the changing moods of all that sky, the planting and harvesting, flower gardens, barking dogs, and friendly faces, it is never a boring drive. Betty Maurer sits in the center of her car, in the center of the life of the community, and gives out her mountain of mail with a friendliness and a sense of service that almost makes you feel the 18¢ stamp is a bargain.

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN?

by
Evelyn Birkby

Over Jeff's desk in his office at the State of Montana Department of Natural Resources and Conservation, is a sign which reads, "Do You Know This Man?" Underneath is printed the various spelling of Jeff's last name which have come on letters and memos. These include: *Burkee, Birkboy, Birkley, Kerkely, Birkee, Bickley, Birkely* and (my favorite) *Berpey*.

Our family has never understood why our last name is so difficult to spell, but the errors have made for many chuckles and the pleasure Jeff has of continuing to add to his posted list.

It was interesting to see everything in Jeff's office when Robert and I drove out at the end of summer to spend our vacation time with him. We abandoned the garden, loaned Attu to our farm friends, the Millers, and then drove straight through from Sidney to Montana.

Our first stop was with cousins in Big Timber, then on to Helena to reach Jeff's house in time to have supper on the table when he arrived from his office. That first evening was spent in nonstop talk and an interesting walk around Jeff's neighborhood where many of Helena's historic homes are located.

The next day was Saturday and Jeff took us up to the Gates of the Mountains for a boat tour on the Missouri River. This is in a mountain wilderness area made famous by the explorers, Lewis and Clark. High point of the day was eating our picnic lunch on a rocky vista overlooking steep cliffs with the river far below.

The second day of our vacation, Jeff planned a five-hour canoe trip down the Missouri, along with four of his friends. We put our canoes into the river at Toston. With my two strong men doing the paddling, I had the luxury of sitting comfortably in the middle of our canoe and floating gently down a beautiful area of the famous river. Trout leaped from the water or swam enticingly right below the surface. Among the wild birds we saw were pelicans, blue herons and gulls.

Lunch was shared on a quiet, wooded island, then we continued downstream (headed north, amazingly) until we reached the getting-out point.

Jeff had to spend the next two days in his office, so Robert and I spent the time looking around this state capitol city of Montana. A tour train and double-decker British bus provided transportation around the city with excellent guides to explain places of special interest.

Long, happy hours were enjoyed in the museum of the Montana Historical Society with its gallery of C. M. Russell's western art. Robert wanted to visit the Masonic Museum and we were amazed to find on display the blood-stained Masonic

apron of Meriweather Lewis, taken from his jacket pocket after he was shot. We roamed around Last Chance Gulch, walked through Reeder's Alley with its early log cabins (now converted into art gift and antique shops) and appreciated the impressive St. Helena's Cathedral.

Jeff had planned his work so we could travel with him into southwestern Montana where he went to check on sources of hot water. We stopped first at the small town of Boulder, then drove to Butte where Jeff had an appointment with a geologist at Montana College. Just west of the college campus is the World Museum of Mining and Hellroarin' Gulch, a perfect place for Robert and me to visit while Jeff was busy. We particularly enjoyed the amazingly accurate rebuilding, restoring and authentic furnishings of an early mining town.

The first hot spring which Jeff wanted to reach was in a rural area near the Jefferson River. A strong sulphur smell reached us long before we came to the spring itself. After Jeff had obtained his geothermal data, we walked to the banks of the river, ate our lunch and had a brief noon-hour try at catching a trout. No luck.

For four days we were amazed by the variety in the landscape and the number of hot water sources in southwestern Montana. One ranch had abandoned hot pools and rattlesnakes, another was located in a lush mountain valley with deep grass, a rushing river and a still active, though a bit worn, cafe and public pool. One lake held warm water just right to nurture tropical fish families. We drove high up a mountain road above Pony to see an ingenious log mansion built by a young man for his family and utilizing for heat and hot water supply the geothermal spring on his land. Near Ennis, Jeff talked to an elderly gentleman who wants to share his hot spring with the community to heat public buildings. These are only a few of the marvelous ways in which this re-

newable energy is being developed.

By the time we returned to Helena, only one day was left. Robert and Jeff went into the mountains and picked a horrendous amount of chokecherries while I stayed in town, did the laundry, visited an antique shop and found some fresh trout at the grocery store for supper. The evening was spent making chokecherry jelly and syrup, real mountain treasures.

Robert and I had two interesting stops on the way home: an afternoon in Fort Benton, with an overnight stay at my most favorite hotel in the whole world—the 99-year-old Grand Union. (I had stayed there in 1978 while the men of my family canoed down the Missouri River Breaks.) Secondly, we stopped at the Henderson Ranch at Geraldine, Montana for a steak dinner and fine visit with Bob and Ilene Henderson. (Part of the land Mr. Henderson farms is a piece which Robert's grandfather homesteaded long ago, so Robert always stops by to see it when we are in the neighborhood.)

Begrudgingly, we said goodbye to the Hendersons, the wheat fields and the mountains. We turned the car east and south and headed back towards Iowa. We arrived home in time to pick up Attu from the Millers, bemoan the weeds in the garden and mow the yard before we both had to return to work.

Often, when my mind returns to the time spent with Jeff, I think of our final morning in Helena when we stopped by his office for a reluctant goodbye. On the wall over his desk are all kinds of charts and pictures pertaining to his work plus the question, "Do You Know This Man?" Next to the question is fastened a small card which answers the question perfectly. Printed on its face is the statement:

Jeff L. Birkby
Geothermal Energy Specialist
State of Montana, Energy Division
Department of Natural Resources and
Conservation



Jeff Birkby in front of his desk in his office in the department of natural resources for the state of Montana.

MARY BETH REPORTS



Several of Mary Beth's students at the Academy at Brookfield, Wisconsin, posed with their teacher on her last day at the school. The children presented her with a gift of a Haviland-Limoges china plate with an engraved plaque bearing their names.

Dear Friends:

In June, when our professional lives took such a radical turn, I began to wonder what in the world I would find interesting to write about. To assist my memory, I pulled out a fat school notebook and each evening jot down the day's highlights. This has proved to be a source of considerable amusement for me and is proving to be a boon to picking out tales to relate to you. In addition, I am better able to remember the trivial, personal tidbits when I correspond with the girls or my mother.

The first temporary job, which I described to you last month, was with General Electric and stretched into a three-week assignment. By the end of the second week, I felt so much at home on the job that it was really fun. Following that, I helped Adrienne get her clothes mended and washed and saw her on her way to Northwestern University. Paul was more than happy to drive her back to school for he has a "friend who is a girl" living just twenty miles north of Evanston and it gave him a chance for a visit with her.

I am discovering that staying home is simply delightful. I was afraid at first that I would be lost without the daily contact with people, but there are so many chores crying for attention within the four walls of this house that I am more than contented.

As soon as Adrienne had removed from her room the important things necessary for a successful year at college, I moved in with a LARGE trash basket to begin my undercover work. Adrienne is a well-organized person, but her possessions pile up and her busy summer work schedule did not permit her time to do a very thorough throw-away job. The fact that I have been working full-time for twelve years was also quite apparent as I dug into what she left behind.

The first day I spent clearing the floor and horizontal surfaces of everything, save clocks and lamps. The second day I attacked the room with cleaning equipment, especially the vacuum attachments. I pulled the heavy desk drawers out and cleaned inside them and waxed everything carefully. I even up-ended the desk, which is a big old awkward thing, in an attempt to get rid of home-seeking spiders. Imagine my surprise to discover there a collection of rock-like wads of chewing gum. There were several layers and colors indicating a variety of taste preferences. I had to turn off the vacuum to pry loose these traces of one (or perhaps both) of the girl's naughtiness.

Chewing gum was an absolute no-no in our household all of the years the children were growing up, and any of it that did come into the house was sugarless. Certainly, sugarless gum could have been disposed of openly, but this stuff was in an obscure corner not intended for Mamma's eyes. That was almost the only light side to that day's work.

As a reward to myself for my diligent efforts, I completely rearranged the furniture. Do you do that? I love to reposition furniture—it takes much of the drudgery out of a thorough room cleaning. If I move the furniture in all of the dirty rooms in this house, I shall not have to worry about the soft look of my arms, nor will I have to enroll myself in an exercise class. All of the passive resistance machines in the exercise industry couldn't hold a candle to the resistance provided by a vacuum with strong suction on a houseful of dirty, dusty carpeting.

In retrospect, I wonder how in the world I managed, when the the children were little, to keep decent meals on the table, food in the larder, clean clothes on their backs, work full time and keep a half-way civilized house. The truth is that it now appears I really didn't.

Now, having worked both outside and at home, I am suddenly more appreciative of the woman who *must* run a house and family by herself and work. It is obvious that a woman employed out of the home has the same fatigue as a man when she comes home at the end of a day. She would appreciate a person to have supper ready for her, keep her laundry fresh and ironed, and the house picked up and clean. Don was very willing to help get supper when we pulled into the house after a long day of teaching, but I also see now how nice it is for him to come home and have the meal on the table.

One of the major changes I have had to

make in my scheduling of housework is the use of hot water. In this day of instant, turn-on-the-tap hot water, it came as a considerable jolt to me to discover its use was the cause of our astronomical electric bill. I did not realize that our electric bills were increasing to such dramatic proportions until we received our monthly bills based upon a summer rate. Apparently, energy is more in demand and with demand comes either new plants or more expensive electricity. Wisconsin has opted not to build many new power plants but, as a deterrent to excessive use, increased the summer cost for kilowatt hours consumed.

We never once turned on our air conditioner and therefore were unprepared for our first summer bill of over ninety dollars. We discussed the flyer included in our bill from the power company about Time-of-Day billing, but we didn't take action. The following month, our bill was nearly a hundred and twenty dollars. We were stunned. We looked up last year's bills to compare the figures of kilowatt hours consumed and they were not dramatically different. We knew we had to conserve!

I remembered the days when I was little when my father would walk down the basement stairs to light the gas heater under our water tank. Every time there was going to be the need for several hot baths or Monday's laundry day requirements, he could be seen performing his task at the gas heater. He was a frugal soul who did not consider it a necessity to have constant hot water. Now we have come full circle from frugality, through opulent wasteful use of energy, to required frugality again.

What we have today is an override switch which turns off all power into that circuit to the water heater during the peak usage hours. I do the primary loads of laundry on Saturday, reserving any emergency washing for after seven o'clock in the evening during the week. I also do not touch the electric dryer during the high-cost, daytime hours but, once again, rather like a worker on a night shift, I do my toiling after dark. I imagine that I shall soon be hanging up the washing to dry in the basement like my mother did before me.

Recently, we had a spell of unusually cool weather and I was brought up short to realize how cold the house was. I was dressing to go out and my normally creamy rouge would not stick to my fingers but lay in its little amber box like a little red rock. It took me a few minutes to realize that *that* time of year was upon us again. I don't have to look for dew on the grass or frost upon the pumpkin, but, alas, when Mary Beth's creamy make-up grows stiff, winter has arrived!

Sincerely,
Mary Beth



Recipes for November

ORANGE-APRICOT RING SALAD

2 1-lb. cans apricot halves
Dash of salt
2 3-oz. pkgs. orange gelatin
1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 cup lemon-lime soda pop
Drain apricots and measure out 1 1/2 cups liquid. Puree the apricots in blender or sieve (should have about 2 cups of puree). Combine the 1 1/2 cups apricot syrup, salt and gelatin. Heat to boiling while stirring to dissolve gelatin. Remove from heat and add apricots, orange juice, flavoring and soda pop. Pour into 6-cup ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves about twelve. —Dorothy

SOUR CREAM PUMPKIN PIE

1 9-inch baked pie shell
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
3 eggs, separated
1/3 cup granulated sugar
1 1/4 cups canned pumpkin
1/2 cup dairy sour cream
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. cloves
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 tsp. ginger
1/4 cup granulated sugar
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 cup powdered sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 cup chopped pecans
Soften gelatin in the cold water and set aside.

Beat egg yolks and the 1/3 cup sugar until thick and lemon colored. Add the pumpkin, sour cream, salt and spices. Place over medium heat, stirring constantly, until it comes to a boil. Reduce heat and cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add softened gelatin. Cool.

Beat egg whites until frothy. Add the 1/4 cup sugar gradually and beat until stiff peaks form. Fold into cooled pumpkin mixture. Whip the cream and add the powdered sugar and flavoring. Spoon half the pumpkin mixture into pie shell. Spread with half the whipped cream mixture; repeat layers. Sprinkle nuts over top. Chill several hours before serving. —Robin

BAKED BEAN CASSEROLE

1 medium onion, chopped
Cooking oil
1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1 18-oz. jar B & M baked beans
1 1-lb. can red kidney beans
1 cup catsup
2 Tbls. vinegar
1/4 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. dry mustard
Brown onion in a small amount of oil. Add ground beef and brown it until all red color is gone. Drain excess fat. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spoon into casserole and bake for about one hour at 350 degrees. —Juliana

MARINATED CARROT STICKS

1/2 lb. carrots, scraped and cut into 2-inch lengths
1 small clove garlic, minced
Salt and freshly ground black pepper
1/4 tsp. oregano
1 Tbls. red wine vinegar
Olive oil to cover
Cook carrots in boiling, salted water for 10 to 12 minutes. Drain and cool enough to handle. Cut lengths into narrow strips. Place in bowl with tight-fitting lid. Combine the garlic, salt, black pepper, oregano and vinegar. Sprinkle over carrot strips, trying to get some on each piece. Pour in enough olive oil to cover carrots. Put on lid and refrigerate for several hours. —Robin

GLAZED ACORN SQUASH

Select medium squash. Cut in half and remove seeds and fiber. Place squash cut-side up in pan with about 1/4 inch of water. Season with salt and pepper; cover with foil. Bake at 400 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until just tender. Coat each half with one of the various glazes listed. NOTE: Glaze amounts are for each squash half. After adding glaze, return to oven. Bake uncovered 10 to 15 minutes longer.

Basic Glaze: Combine 1/2 Tbls. margarine or butter and 1 Tbls. firmly packed brown sugar, honey or maple syrup.

Bacon Glaze: Combine 1 Tbls. margarine or butter, 1 Tbls. firmly packed brown sugar or maple-flavored syrup. Spread on squash. Cut one slice of uncooked bacon into three pieces and place on top. Bake 10 to 12 minutes or until bacon is cooked.

Orange Glaze: Add 1/2 Tbls. grated orange peel to Basic Glaze or use 1 Tbls. margarine or butter and 1 Tbls. orange marmalade.

Apple Glaze: Combine half of peeled and sliced apple or 1/4 cup applesauce, 1/2 Tbls. raisins, 2 Tbls. firmly packed brown sugar, 1 Tbls. margarine or butter and dash of cinnamon. Bake about 15 minutes or until apple is tender.

A variety of the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings can be used in each. —Verlene

HOT TURKEY SALAD

3 cups seasoned or unseasoned croutons
6 cups diced turkey
4 1/2 cups grated sharp cheese
6 cups diced celery
1 cup slivered almonds
3 Tbls. grated onion
6 Tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. pepper
2 1/2 cups mayonnaise
1 cup coarsely crushed potato chips
Mix all the ingredients except potato chips. Place in 11- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle the crushed potato chips on top and bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. —Verlene

TRI-COLOR BRAID BREAD

2 pkgs. dry yeast
2 1/3 cups warm water
2 Tbls. honey
1 Tbls. salt
1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
5 cups (approximately) all-purpose flour
4 Tbls. dark molasses or dark corn syrup
2 Tbls. wheat germ
1 1/3 cups whole wheat flour
2 Tbls. cocoa
1 1/2 tsp. caraway seed
1 1/3 cups rye flour
1 egg yolk, beaten with 1 Tbls. water
In large electric mixer bowl, dissolve the yeast and warm water. Stir in honey, salt, butter or margarine, and 2 1/3 cups of the all-purpose flour. Beat to blend; then at medium speed, beat for 4 minutes, scraping sides of bowl often. Add 1 more cup of the all-purpose flour and beat at high speed for 4 minutes. Divide the dough into thirds. Place each portion in a bowl.

To one bowl, add 2 Tbls. of the molasses or syrup, the wheat germ and whole wheat flour. Place dough on breadboard and knead until smooth. Additional all-purpose flour may be added if necessary.

To the second bowl, add the remaining 2 Tbls. molasses or syrup, the cocoa, caraway seed and rye flour. Knead, adding more all-purpose flour if necessary.

To the last bowl, add the remaining all-purpose flour. Again knead, adding more flour if needed.

Place each ball of dough in separate greased container; turn to grease on all sides and let rise until double. After dough has risen, punch down and divide each segment into two portions. (Makes two braids.) Roll each segment into a 15-inch rope. Braid, using one rope of each color in each braid. Place braids on greased cooky sheets. Cover with damp cloth and let rise. Brush with egg yolk mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. —Juliana

ORANGE-GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

- 6 sweet potatoes (3 lbs.)
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup nuts

Cook peeled sweet potatoes in boiling, salted water to cover until just barely tender. Drain. Slice or cut into pieces as desired. Combine remaining ingredients (with exception of nuts) and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Let simmer about 5 minutes or until mixture begins to thicken. Put sweet potatoes into mixture and continue cooking for 10 to 12 minutes, being certain syrup is spooned over potatoes occasionally to glaze. (This can also be baked in the oven in a casserole for about 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees.) When ready to serve, sprinkle top with nuts. —Evelyn

AUNT SADIE'S PRUNE CAKE

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 eggs, separated
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 1/4 cups finely chopped moist-pack pitted prunes
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Whipped topping or sweetened whipped cream

Cream margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Add egg yolks and beat very well. Sift flour; then measure. Resift with baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Use a little of the flour mixture to coat the prunes and nuts. Add remaining flour mixture to the creamed ingredients alternately with the buttermilk, mixing well after each addition. Add the prunes, nuts, lemon juice and lemon flavoring. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold into the batter. Bake at 375 degrees in three greased and floured 9-inch round cake pans or a 9- by 13-inch pan. Baking time for round pans is about 30 minutes and about 40 minutes for larger pan. Test for doneness with toothpick. Cut round cake in wedges (oblong cake in squares) and serve with whipped topping or whipped cream. Good warm or cold.

OVEN CHICKEN

- 4 lbs. chicken pieces, skinned
 - 1 large onion, chopped
 - 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 - 2 Tbls. catsup
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1/2 tsp. dill weed
- In large skillet or Dutch oven, brown the chicken pieces and onion in a little oil. Discard any excess grease. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Cover and place in 350-degree oven for about 2 hours. Serve with cooked noodles or rice. —Juliana

CURRIED SHRIMP-BROCCOLI

- 1 can cream of celery soup
 - 1 to 2 tsp. curry powder
 - 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 - 1/2 cup chopped onion
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 2 lbs. fresh shrimp, shelled and de-veined
 - 1 pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked according to package directions
 - 8 ozs. fine egg noodles, cooked according to package directions
 - Salt to taste
 - 1 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- Combine soup, curry powder, Worcestershire sauce, onion. Stir in milk and place in 3-quart casserole. Cover and microwave at full power for five minutes. Stir after half the cooking time has passed. Add the shrimp and broccoli and again microwave at full power for five minutes. Stir halfway through cooking period. Stir in noodles, salt and cheese. Serve. —Juliana

SWEET-TART LEMON SQUARES

- 1 15-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1/3 cup margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In small bowl, stir together the milk, juice, lemon rind and flavoring. When smooth, set aside. Mix crumbs, sugar, margarine and butter flavoring together. Place about two-thirds of mixture in an 8-inch square dish. Press firmly into bottom of pan. Spread milk mixture evenly over first layer. Sprinkle remaining crumb mixture over top. Microwave on high for 8 to 10 minutes. (After half of baking time, turn pan a quarter if your microwave calls for moving the baking dish.)

Can be baked in conventional oven at 350 degrees for about 25 to 30 minutes or until done. Cut into small squares to serve. —Robin

LUCILE'S SCRUMPTIOUS CRANBERRY-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 11-oz. can Mandarin oranges
 - 1 cup liquid (see below)
 - 2 cups fresh cranberries
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 envelope plain gelatin
 - 1/4 cup orange juice
 - 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 - 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple, undrained
 - 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- Drain Mandarin oranges and reserve juice. Add enough water to the drained juice to make the 1 cup liquid. Place liquid, cranberries and sugar in saucepan. Place over heat and cook, stirring frequently until cranberries have popped. Remove from heat. Soften plain gelatin in 1/4 cup orange juice. Dissolve cherry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water and add flavorings. Stir gelatins into cranberry mixture. Chill until syrupy, then add Mandarin oranges and crushed pineapple. Whip cream and fold into salad. Place in 7- by 11-inch glass pan. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaf. —Lucile

EASY APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 1/2 cups unsweetened applesauce, heated
- 2 cups raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves

Stir the shortening and sugar together and mix into the hot applesauce. Beat well. Stir in the raisins, nuts and flavorings. Combine the remaining ingredients and add. Mix well. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan and bake about 45 minutes at 375 degrees. Serve with whipped topping, whipped cream or vanilla ice cream.

This is a very versatile recipe which can be baked in a variety of ways. 1. Bake in a 10- by 15-inch pan for a delicious bar. 2. Bake in muffin pan for cupcakes. 3. Add candied fruit and more nuts for an economical fruitcake. 4. Can be baked in layers, then frosted with boiled icing. (Baking times for different sizes of pans may have to be adjusted.)

NOTE: This recipe does not call for any eggs. —Hallie



A WONDERFUL IDEA

Through the years we have had many requests for a special gift package of our flavorings. We decided it was a wonderful idea, so we've put together a **SPECIAL HOLIDAY PACK** of all the **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**.

This uniquely decorated holiday box holds all of the **17 SUPER KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**, PLUS an extra bonus bottle of vanilla, making 18 bottles in all. It will make an ideal gift for anyone you wish to please this holiday season—or, get a pack as a treat for yourself.

There are only a limited number of these special gift sets, so hurry down to your grocer and ask for **THE KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORING HOLIDAY PACK**. (Available **ONLY** from your local grocery store during the holidays.)

GIFT PACK

1 each of our 17 GREAT FLAVORS
(Plus 1 extra bottle dark vanilla)

INCLUDES: Vanilla (dark), Vanilla (clear), Pineapple, Burnt Sugar, Black Walnut, Strawberry, Lemon, Maple, Coconut, Cherry, Blueberry, Raspberry, Banana, Mint, Almond, Butter, Orange.



THE MARK OF QUALITY

RAW RADISH DIP

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 clove garlic, mashed
- 1 cup finely chopped radishes

In a small bowl, blend the cheese, lemon juice, dill weed, salt and garlic. Add chopped radishes. Cover and chill for several hours.

I served this recently with an assortment of crackers and chips. —Robin

ANGEL LEMON BARS

- 1 pkg. angel food cake mix (dry)
- 1 can lemon pie filling
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Combine the above ingredients and mix by hand. Place in greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Ice with a powdered sugar frosting, if desired.

NOTE: There is no liquid in this recipe.

—Betty Jane

NUTMEG SQUASH PUDDING

- 2 eggs
- 1 12-oz. pkg. frozen mashed squash, thawed (or equivalent of fresh, cooked and mashed)
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- Dash of cinnamon
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts

Beat the eggs slightly. Add all ingredients in order given except the nuts. Pour into greased 1-quart casserole. Place casserole in a shallow pan containing 1 inch of hot water. Bake in 350-degree oven for 50 to 60 minutes. Scatter nuts over top.

—Betty Jane

MARINATED RAW MUSHROOMS

- 1 lb. uniform-size fresh mushrooms
- 3/4 cup olive oil
- 3 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- 2 tsp. minced fresh parsley (or dry)
- 1/2 tsp. minced fresh tarragon (or dry)

Slice mushrooms lengthwise through stems. Combine marinade ingredients and blend well. Add mushrooms, cover and let set in refrigerator for several hours. Best served at room temperature.

—Robin

MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD

- 1 1/2 Tbls. bouillon granules (or cubes)
- 6 ozs. water
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 1 bottle (7-oz.) lemon-lime soda pop
- 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- 3/4 cup cooked peas
- 6 to 8 stalks cooked asparagus, cut into bite-size pieces

- 1 cup cooked green beans, cut

Dissolve the bouillon in the 6 ozs. water. Add the plain gelatin. Heat tomato juice to boiling and add to gelatin mixture. Stir to dissolve. Add the soda pop, Worcestershire sauce and celery seed. Chill until syrupy. Add remaining ingredients. Spoon into lightly greased 1½-quart mold. Chill until firm. When set, unmold and serve with the following dressing:

- 3/4 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

2 Tbls. finely chopped stuffed olives
Combine dressing ingredients and serve with salad.

NOTE: Either fresh, cooked, frozen, cooked or canned vegetables could be used. Other vegetables could be substituted, depending what is at hand.

—Juliana



THE TURKEY

(Long May It Gobble)

by Norma Tisher

Autumn is here with leaves turning brilliant colors and the squirrels putting an ample supply of nuts away for winter. Add the sounds of a turkey gobble to make a sure sign of fall—and Thanksgiving.

The turkey is an American long-necked bird of the pheasant family. The wild turkey's natural habitat is the timber. The hens lay their eggs in a simple nest on the ground and a clutch of eleven or twelve eggs is average. Only one brood of young poults is raised each year. In some areas, wild turkeys are still hunted. Of all the game birds, the wild turkey is the most difficult to get.

When the Spanish conquerors arrived in Mexico early in the sixteenth century, they found that the people had already domesticated turkeys. These birds were being sold in the Mexican markets.

The well-known domestic turkey (largest member of the fowl order) is a descendant of the Mexican race of wild turkeys, *Meleagris Gallopavo*. They have essentially a naked head and neck, adorned by variously colored fleshy swellings, such as the comb and wattle and the rounded projections on the head and neck. Plumage is mainly black with iridescent metallic tones of green, bronze and blue. Traditionally, the November turkey is portrayed by the tom with his displayed, raised, widely spread tail. Turkeys' food consist of plant material, especially seeds, but they also eat insects and bugs.

Many strains of varying sizes, colors, and characteristics have been developed. An important aspect of poultry enterprise in the United States is turkey raising. Some turkey farms in Minnesota, Iowa and California, which are the principal turkey-producing states, raise thousands of birds. The research farms of the United States government developed large strains with broad breasts, thus increasing the quantity of white meat, and reduced leg bones. Some toms attain a weight of forty pounds.

Commercial flocks were raised as far back as the 1920's, but their number was small and prices were high. Several varieties were developed in the large fowl, mainly Bronze, White Holland, Narragansett and Bourbon Red. In the 1940's, a small white turkey was developed, called the Beltsville White, to serve the table needs of the average family. In recent years, smaller turkeys are in demand to fit the need of smaller families. By the 1960's, over ninety million birds were being raised annually, providing 6.8 pounds of ready-to-cook turkey for each person in this country.

In the early 1940's on November 11, an early, blinding snowstorm accompanied by extreme, frigid temperatures swept over eastern Nebraska and Iowa and thousands of turkeys froze to death. That was the most disastrous year on record for turkey farmers.

Turkey meat is rich in protein and B vitamins. It is usually fattier than chicken, but less fat than duck. Most turkeys are prepared for marketing when they are from twenty-six to thirty weeks old. Not surprisingly, the greatest number of turkeys are marketed during Thanksgiving and other holiday seasons.

Turkeys have taken on a new dimension. The "parts missing" turkey in the frozen meat counter is an economical buy and provides excellent eating all through the year.

ONE TRADITION GONE

by

Vera M. Brooks

Traditions are important in my family and the holiday festivities follow much the same routine each year.

There is an old saying, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." I'm not sure about the dog, but I do know I'm one grandma who just learned a new trick and is happy with the results.

Now, when family members who gather for the holiday dinners reach thirty on the guest list, it takes a heap of food, plus the work in the preparations. The turkey becomes bigger and the ham is baked whole, but the huge kettles of potatoes present a problem.

All the food must be toted to a nearby hall to accommodate the crowd. Peeling the two huge kettles of potatoes, draining the water from the heavy, hot containers, then mashing the vegetable, became the most dreaded chore of the day. For Easter dinner, baked potatoes can be on the menu, but for Thanksgiving and Christmas the kids expected their mashed spuds.

One day a granddaughter suggested dehydrated potatoes. I was simply aghast at the idea. Imagine me, a grandma of pure Irish ancestry, using powdered potatoes!

Later, a daughter and I dined at a nice eating place. The dinner was great: steak, mashed potatoes—the whole bit. She calmly brought up the potato topic once more, telling me that I was eating the questionable product. I considered the fact that these kids do brag on meals served when they eat out, so instant mashed potatoes couldn't be all bad.

Last year, the day before Thanksgiving, I made that final rush to the grocery store. I paused for a time in front of a dried potato display, reading the ad carefully, then picked up a couple of boxes and slipped them into the cart.

On Thanksgiving Day, the family



Andy Brase is taking his final year of high school in Chadron, Nebraska. He spends as many weekends and holidays as possible with his parents, Kristin and Art Brase, and his two brothers, in their new home in Torrington, Wyoming.

members were all gathered awaiting dinner. The turkey was just the right golden brown, the remainder of the food equally ready. Two kettles of the prescribed water, milk and butter mixture were bubbling on the stove. Then, suddenly, the kitchen was declared off limits except to the cooks.

Feeling like a sneaky thief in the dark, I carefully measured, then added the liquid to the potato product. At first the mixture resembled wallpaper paste. Then, as I continued to stir and whip the mess, it honestly turned into fluffy mashed potatoes. Those potatoes, along with the rest of the food, were piled high in big bowls and set on the long table.

I stood aside and watched my tall grandsons' expressions carefully as they piled potatoes high on their plates and lavished gravy over all. Would they take one taste and leave them on their plates? Or, worse yet, would they inquire as to what Grandma had done to her potatoes? No, they began taking second servings. When the meal was finished, there remained a bit of turkey on the bones but the huge potato kettles were empty.

Ignoring my yet slightly guilty feeling, the same plan was used last Christmas. I'm hoping that my secret will not be revealed but, in a large family, my chances are slim.

Yes, I must confess, those young gals have convinced me of the convenience of this new trick.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

A photo in the Des Moines Sunday Register seemed so hauntingly beautiful, I had to save it. The photographer, Frank Folwell, noticed a shepherdess tending her sheep on a hillside in Yugoslavia. Even with rain and snow, his day was brightened with the picture and the wave of the shepherdess.

Soon after, a book called *A Child's Look at the Twenty-Third Psalm* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York 11530, \$7.95) by W. Phillip Keller, made me recall the picture. Even though this book is for children, it is most interesting for others.

The book of Psalms is a treasury of some of the most inspiring poetry in literature. A large number of the 150 psalms which make up the book are credited to the pen of the "sweet singer of Israel", David. Of all David's psalms, the Twenty-Third is the best known.

Author Phillip Keller first describes the shepherd's relationship to his flock and then draws the spiritual parallels between that and God's relationship to man. In discussing the psalms verse by verse, he takes the young reader through a year in the life of the sheep within a herd. He shows how the sheep and the lambs are dependent upon their shepherd in every season. Intermingling spiritual insights with the fascinating lore of the sheep, Keller demonstrates how Jesus is truly the Good Shepherd.

Regarding the shepherd's mercy to this flock, the author writes, "The sheep in his kind care see something of his mercy and tenderness every day. The way he examines each one to be sure it is well and strong. The way he talks to them in low, gentle tones. The way he keeps them away from poisonous plants. The way he always picks them up and carries the weak lambs or sick sheep that stumble on the trail. In a hundred little acts of tenderness he shows his mercy and love for his flock." Mr. Keller knows about the care of these animals because, as a young man, he was a shepherd.

Besides this beautifully written and illustrated book, W. Phillip Keller has written a number of other books that entwine the themes of nature and the Scriptures.

For today's space-age children, there is a simple and accurate introduction to our solar system in a book titled *The Planets in Our Solar System* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$8.95) by Franklyn Branley. Dr. Branley's lively text, together with up-to-date, close-up photographs and colorful illustrations by Don Madden, gives



Julian Brase has settled happily into his new school at Torrington, Wyoming. Reading is one of his joys and his mother, Kristin Johnson Brase, sees that he is well supplied with good books.

information about the very hot planets near the sun, the very cold planets farthest away, the desolate moon, asteroids, meteorites and comets.

Young readers (ages 5-8) will learn why the Earth, in the middle of the Solar System, is the perfect home for living things. There are do-it-yourself instructions for making models (one that shows the planets' sizes and the other, their relative distances from the sun). This, another in the Let's-Read-and-Find-Out science books which present basic science information, is written with an understanding of how children think, is brief enough for young children to cope with, and is long enough to challenge them.

Nancy Winslow Parker, a descendant of Presidents Zachary Taylor and William Henry Harrison, is author-artist of many books for children. Her latest, for ages 8-10, teaches pictorial history of presidential transportation. Called *The President's Car* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$8.95), Ms. Parker describes such vehicles as Washington's magnificent Penn Coach and James Madison's carriage. Abraham Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln rode in a Brett-style barouche, a silk-lined carriage with an open body, suitable for driving in fine weather. This carriage was used on their ride to Ford's Theater on the night the President was fatally shot.

President Eisenhower had a bubble-top installed over the passenger section of a 1950 Lincoln, which allowed people to see him and gave protection from bad weather. There were disappearing steps on either side of the rear fender for Secret Service men. President Reagan's limousine is referred to by the Secret Service as 200X.

The President's Car has light-hearted illustrations showing each presidential

conveyance. The text provides interesting facts and teaches history almost without the reader realizing it. Suitable for young readers, oldsters can learn from it, too!

The books mentioned will give you an idea how to celebrate Book Week for Children, November 16 through 22. The slogan is "Any Time, Any Place, Any Book." Think about that.

When our son, Jon, was a little boy, his favorite toys were trucks—big trucks, little trucks and in-between trucks—and he delighted in playing with them. Of course, there was always the appropriate noise of the trucks' engines going full force. How he would have delighted in this clever book for young readers called *Trucks* (Thomas Y. Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$8.95) by Gail Gibbons. Now an attorney, Jon's gift book requests are usually those having to do with the courts!

Trucks shows a variety of trucks that work around us every day, with some reading but mostly pictures. Did you ever think about all the types of trucks? Trucks bring food, deliver oil, haul logs, pick up mail, dig holes, shovel snow, fight fires, lift giant girders, and even carry other trucks, always, of course, with the appropriate driver. Author Gail Gibbons and her family live in a house in Corinth, Vermont, which they are building themselves. They have used various kinds of trucks on their wooded land. This is a book guaranteed to keep a young lad happy.

Speaking of our son, Jon recently had a fine week's vacation in New York City. He had much to tell us upon his return, including this: "We saw the New York City Public Library at 5th and 42nd Streets. You know, it has the carved lion statues out in front." That got me interested in gleaning more information about one of the great libraries of the world. Humorous critics often use the pun "reading between the lions (lines)" about the Edward Potter carvings. The exterior of the building is Vermont marble. Around two inner courts is an immense reading room with one-half acre of floor space. One of Jon's purchases in the Big Apple was—you guessed it—a book!

FAMILY BLESSING

I tried to write a poem
About our gathering here
With our beloved cousins
And all their families dear.
Oh, how we greet each other,
Tell stories of the past,
Catch up on all the family news—
Time passes mighty fast!
We know not what the future holds,
Let us enjoy each day.
Give thanks for our blessings
As we travel life's highway.

—Carrie Wiggins



Decorations for November

by
Virginia Thomas

Indians played a most important part in the first Thanksgiving in America, so try your hand at some of these ideas adapted from our first Americans:

Indian tepees made from brown construction paper and decorated with Indian designs using crayons can be made in a small size to set down over nut cups. For a table centerpiece, make a larger tepee using small twigs for the poles and burlap for the tepee. Decorate the tepee with Indian designs.

Indian pottery to use as table or room decorations may be made by painting empty bottles or small jars in a soft rust shade of water base paint. When dry, paint on Indian motifs in typical colors (bright blue, red, black, turquoise and white). Bowls can be fashioned out of the bottom half of plastic jugs. Cover the outside of the bowl with a thick layer of flour and water paste, keeping it rough in texture. Allow to dry completely, then paint it and add decorative Indian designs. Use these bowls to hold fall flower arrangements or fruits. For "pottery" bowl favors, mold miniature bowls from modeling clay. Allow to dry. Paint on a design as desired. These may be used as nut cups.

A *totem pole* makes a very attractive centerpiece. A cardboard tube—such as that on which paper towels are wrapped—makes a nice-sized pole. Find a picture of a totem pole (encyclopedias usually have good illustrations), some scraps of colored paper, colored felt-tipped markers and crayons and see what designs you can create. Perhaps you would prefer to cut a length from a broom handle or a tree branch and carve designs upon it and then paint it. Nail it to a board base so that it will stand firmly on the table. Pile small gourds, squash, and Indian corn around the base, or place a burlap tepee beside the totem pole.

More ideas for November decorations: *Soda straw owl favors* are clever for November parties. Cut brown construction paper in the shape of an owl, glue a small white circle of felt to a larger circle of black felt for each eye or purchase the moving plastic eyes. Glue on an orange felt beak. Cut two slits in the body of the owl so that it will slip over a

soda straw.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer dolls make lovely, conversation-type decorations for a Harvest Home supper. Use dish-washing detergent bottles for the bodies and foam balls for the heads. Form arms of heavy wire (coat hangers work fine) by twisting it around the neck of the bottle below the head. Fashion overalls and cap for Mr. Farmer from denim. Make him a blue shirt and tie a kerchief of bandana print around his neck. Cut a V-shape piece from the bottom of the bottle for Mr. Farmer's legs. Mrs. Farmer can have her dress made shirtwaist-style from checked gingham with a matching sun-bonnet and white apron. A toy lantern will add an interesting touch—or arrange the dolls beside a large outdoor lantern for a most attractive arrangement.

A *coal scuttle* can be filled with a collection of corn, squash, pumpkins, gourds, milkweed pods, dried wheat stems and dried grasses. Arrange in an artistic manner and place the scuttle near the door in the entrance hall, in a corner of the living room or near the dining room table.

AN INVITATION

Come sit at my table,
Have dinner with me,
Share the gifts of my garden,
The fruit of my tree.

A bountiful harvest
Is given to me,
Come sit at my table
And share it with me.

—Margaret Wessel

COVER STORY

Those of you who have followed the Birkby family through the years know that we have camped since the year one. When the boys were tiny, we took them into the wilderness areas of Colorado and to the campgrounds around Lake Superior. When they grew older, they went on their own, or with Robert's Boy Scout Troop, to stay overnight in the rugged bluffs west of our home in Sidney, Iowa.

Now those same three sons have grown up and taken off on high adventure trips alone or collectively, and continue to enjoy the out-of-doors as much as when they were little. On occasion, they even invite one or both of their parents to go along.

The last time the family was all together, we set up Bob's tent in the shelter of some evergreens, invited our Alaskan husky, Attu, to join us and pretended it was the good old days. In the cover picture Jeff, our middle son, is directly behind Attu; Bob, the oldest of the three, is standing with the load of wood in his arms; Robert, garbed in his heavy down jacket, comes next; Craig, the youngest, is at the right getting his axe ready to reduce a log to kindling. I am doing what I often do on camping trips, stirring the stew in the kettle.

—Evelyn



HARVEST TIME —

Gather Savings by the Bushel!

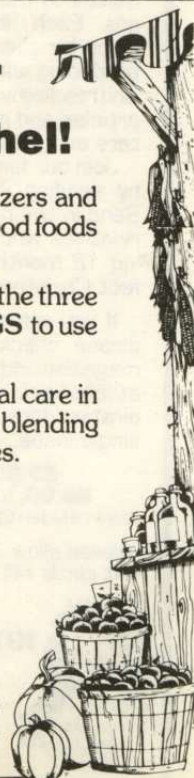
From the markets, from the gardens, from the freezers and the food cellars, harvest time gives us a multitude of good foods for eating now and through the winter months.

Save on your grocery budget by laying in a supply of the three famous **KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS** to use on vegetables, fruits, meats and in sandwich fillings.

No other dressings are like ours—we've taken special care in picking only the finest, freshest ingredients and then blending them into our secret recipes for the three great tastes.

KITCHEN-KLATTER Country Style, French or Italian SALAD DRESSINGS.

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$2.00 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian dressing. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Good news is here for all the fuller-figured women! For years I have accused pattern manufacturers of ignoring the need for stylish clothing above a size 16. Now it appears that the various manufacturers are beginning to see the need also.

If you are a full-figured woman, or sew for one, by all means look for styles that flatter your particular figure. We may not be perfect size 9's, but there is no reason we can't have fashionable clothes too.

A bouquet to Vogue for their new line of suits in sizes 14½ to 22½. The jackets range from coat length to one cropped short to flatter the waistline. Pattern 8059 is a favorite choice of mine for women who may be larger but are evenly proportioned. It has a classic jacket, a front-pleated skirt and a chic front-wrap blouse. Make the skirt and blouse of the same material and you achieve the look

of a dress, yet still have the versatility of coordinating the jacket and skirt with other tops.

A lovely selection for women who do not want to bring attention to their waistlines is 8098 in sizes 8 to 22. The dress is a classic straight-lined style with an attached ruffle to take attention away from the hip area. The jacket is three-quarter length with a stylish rounded hem. Vogue suggests a sweater-type fabric such as boucle for the jacket. The dress is best in a soft print since the styling is so simple.

McCall's and Butterick have also improved their selection for the fuller woman. McCall's has a wonderful soft tunic and slack pattern that is available in some larger sizes. The tunic has soft gathers at the shoulders, a center pleat and a stand-up collar. The sleeves are French seamed so they can be rolled up as desired. The pattern has three lengths for the tunic, any of which can be belted, plus two for the pants. The tunic is beautiful in both soft knits and crisp cotton blends. The pattern number is 6564. The tunic is quite full and you may be able to use a smaller pattern if you do not intend to make the slacks.

Another good basic pattern is McCall's 7173, a set of six blouses with the major variation in the collar treatment. The collars include: round, stand-up, and various ties. In this one pattern you can have an entire blouse wardrobe. They are all long-sleeved, but in a future article I am going to discuss how to turn a plain sleeve into a caped one, a style much more flattering to many women than that of sleeveless or ordinary short sleeves, so your long-sleeve pattern can be adapted to use for summer.

Butterick has a fast and easy pattern that uses the multiple-size system. Do you have a top which is an 18 but hips a size 20? No problem—just follow the different lines for the size you want in the area you wish. Personally, I feel the multisized patterns are wonderful; few of us are a perfect size and having a built-in aid to adjust the pattern is a great time-saver. This particular pattern (6615) has a loosely fitted jacket, a shawl collar blouse, straight side slit skirt, and slacks. Both the skirt and the pants have an elasticized waist and side seam pockets.

Simplicity has a dress pattern I find to be very flattering to women who tend to be hippy or have a full stomach—number 9477. However, I do not like the sleeve treatment; it is not in keeping with the flowing line of the rest of the garment. When making the floor-length version of this dress, I changed the short sleeves into cape sleeves for a dressier look and to cover up somewhat heavy upper arms. The skirt is flared and has a high, shaped waistline and the bodice has a slightly plunging neckline. It has a well-fitted bodice plus a soft, loose flow of the

skirt to help draw attention away from any waist or hipline flaws in one's figure.

If you feel the pattern companies are not paying enough attention to the needs of fuller-figured women, write and tell them so. If enough of us write, there won't be just a few good patterns in the back of a display book, but many more throughout the entire catalog.

CROCHET RECYCLING

Every crocheter has leftover pieces of crochet cotton, yarn and empty cardboard spools. Don't discard them; they can be recycled. Start by making a unique picture by string painting—using leftover pieces of heavy-weight white cotton thread. Here's how:

Take a piece of black construction paper, measuring about 8½"x11", and fold it in half the long way. Then open it again. Lay it flat on a smooth surface. Dip a piece of crochet thread, measuring 18 to 30 inches long, into white poster paint (leave a clean tail to hold onto). Drop the thread on half of the paper, letting it lay just as it falls. Don't move it once it touches the paper. Let the tail of the thread hang off the paper at the bottom. Now refold the paper so it covers the thread. Place a thick magazine or book over paper. Press down firmly. As you press, pull the thread out slowly. Open up the paper and see the result. You will find you have created an interesting abstract design, many times pretty enough to frame.

Save the pasteboard drums on which crochet cotton is wound. Come Christmastime, paint the drums with gold paint. Punch holes on the sides and insert tinsel or ribbon for a handle. Cover with fabric or paint. Glue tinsel, ribbon or other trim around top edge. The finished results are pretty Christmas boxes. These can be filled with candy and hung on the tree or used for table favors.

Here are some other ideas: Crocheted chair back covers have become out of fashion, which is a shame, too, because they have such pretty designs. If you have any, they can be put back into use by sewing onto a colorful pillow. The color of the pillow showing through the meshes of the crochet pattern makes a lovely effect.

If you have crocheted a tablecloth, chances are you have a few medallions left over. Make sachets of colorful silk or satin material and then attach a medallion to each side of the sachet.

Don't discard a beat-up crochet hook. A small-sized one works fine in pulling out basting threads.

A crochet needle that has become rusted and rough can be renovated. Rub it with steel wool and wipe thoroughly. Then polish lightly with paste wax. Result, a smooth needle ready to be put back into service. —Erma Reynolds

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51601

DOROTHY'S LETTER — *Concluded*
again, Dorothea came to her rescue and whipped up some curtains that were just perfect. She is a wonderful friend!

Kristin and her family are all well and busy. With two boys playing football on two different teams, it keeps her hopping trying to get to all the games, but she has not missed very many.

Lucile and Betty Jane recently spent a weekend with us which we greatly enjoyed. We were glad it was still warm enough to sit on the front porch. This is all I will say about their visit because I think Lucile is going to tell about what we did in her letter.

I have to go to town for a few groceries, so this will be all for this month.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

WE THANK YOU, LORD

For loved ones gathered here today,
For friendships brightening life's way,
For memories of years gone by,
For beauty of the earth and sky,
For laughter, song and words of cheer,
For hope of peace within the year,
For health to share the common good,
And for the gift of brotherhood.

—Kay Grayman Parker

WHY ME, LORD?

Why me, Lord, why am I so richly
blessed?
The "least of these" who call thee
Father,
And dare to claim the grace on humble
souls bestowed;
Hath shared a destiny of the faithful.

Why me, Lord, why am I so richly
blessed?
Whose forebearers hath guided me in
traditions of integrity . . .
Nor spared the discipline when I've erred;
Whose peers have shaped a fortress
for maturing years,
And assumed a stance of lasting dignity.

Why me, Lord, why am I so richly
blessed?
As one whose paths have led through
open doors of opportunity;
Faith hath fashioned a heritage reserved
for those who seek Thy face
And motivated deeds of virtuous in-
tent.

Why me, Lord, why am I so richly
blessed?
The listing far exceeds my power to
comprehend;
But in my wanderings, I think I've found
the answer to my quest . . .
It is because of love that covers all of
my unworthiness
And satisfies uniqueness of my mind.
—Thelma M. Griffith

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From Our Family Album

This delightful photograph of Mother, Leanna Driftmier, was taken in 1949 as she prepared the Thanksgiving turkey for the traditional family dinner at her house. It was also a tradition to have as helpers any of the grandchildren who were near at hand.

On this particular occasion, Mother's two helpers were two-year-old Martin Strom (son of Oliver and Margery Driftmier Strom) and Emily Driftmier (daughter of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier) who had reached her first birthday on November the 4th of 1949.

The years have gone by rapidly and now the little boy shaking the salt into the dressing is the Rev. Martin Strom, pastor of the Bethlehem United Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minnesota. The little girl helping so cheerfully is now Mrs. Rich DiCicco of Arlington, Virginia, and the mother of her very own helper, one-year-old Stephen. —Lucile

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

Candle wax on metal candleholders is a real problem—how to get it off without scratching the metal? If the candleholders are small, put them into a freezer. When the wax is frozen it usually peels right off. Or, put under hot, running water. This method melts off the wax. I don't know how to clean the big candleholders like you see at weddings. Do churches have a good solution to the problem?

—S.W., Jericho Springs, Mo.

I clean off my old candles with a cotton ball dipped in rubbing alcohol. Candles won't drip so much if they are put into the freezer for awhile before using.

—Mrs. J. W., Sioux City, Ia.

If I roast my turkey with stuffing inside, I always add a half-hour roasting time to the pound time given for the turkey. After I take the turkey out of the oven, I

let it set for about 30 minutes before I cut it—makes the carving much easier.

—E.R., Omaha, Ne.

Dark aluminum pans can be brightened by adding a little lemon juice or cream of tartar to water and letting it boil. I always add a little of one or the other in the bottom of my double boiler when I use it with water to keep the pan from darkening. —A.D., Hiawatha, Ks.

One pound of brown sugar equals two cups—a timesaver when you don't have to measure.

—Mrs. R.M., Valentine, Nebr.

I found out my stews and soups have a much better flavor if I brown the soup bones first. I can do this on top of the stove or in the oven. The color of the stew is better looking, also.

—Mrs. R.M., Valentine, Nebr.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by Eva M. Schroeder

Chilly November days seem to bring an end to outdoor gardening. However, if the ground isn't frozen too hard in your area, do make every effort to plant all late-arriving bulbs, especially tulips and lilies. Plant them deep and cover with a mulch. Usually such late-planted bulbs will make some root growth before the ground freezes hard.

Last spring a lady brought in a sackful of tulip bulbs. "Are these any good?" she asked. "I didn't get them planted last fall before frost so they stayed in the basement over winter." The bulbs were still quite plump but had made withered growth (at least the sprouts were withered). She was advised to soak them in tepid water overnight and to plant them the following day on the premise that they might live and eventually produce flowers another spring.

Mrs. H.G. writes that in late September she took cuttings from many of her choice geraniums and begonias that were growing outdoors. "I wanted to save as many as I could for next spring's planting and I didn't have room for the old plants. I've had the worst luck—all the geranium cuttings turned black at the base and did not grow. Only a small percentage of the begonia cuttings rooted. I tried growing them in both water and soil. How do you start cuttings successfully?"

We take innumerable cuttings each September and start them in the following manner: From your house or outdoor plants, take four- to five-inch shoots that have made firm but not hard stem growth. Fill a pot with moist vermiculite, "Jiffy-Mix" or other sterile rooting medium. Dip the cut ends in "Rootone" or similar growth-stimulating hormone powder. Make holes with a stick or pencil, insert cuttings and press the medium firmly around each cutting. Invert a large, clear plastic bag over each pot and anchor it with a rubber band or string at the rim. Set the pots in good light but out of direct sun. Check after a week or so for moisture—keep the medium just barely moist. The cuttings should root within three to four weeks and then can be potted up in soil.

The geraniums Mrs. H.G. wrote about developed a rot and all such plants should be discarded.

Old flower pots that have become encrusted with fertilizer salts can be renewed by soaking them in a vinegar solution for a few days. The vinegar softens the crud and you can easily scour it off with a pad. Always use fresh, clean pots when potting up rooted cuttings.

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THANKSGIVING MEDITATION —

Concluded

for which he or she is especially thankful.

Leader: Reads Psalms 150.

Hymn: "How Great Thou Art".

Benediction: From I Thessalonians 5: 16-18: Rejoice always, pray constantly, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you. Amen.

—Dorothy Sandall

GRATITUDE

Be thankful every day for bread,
And every night for a restful bed,
For words of kindness heard and spoken,
For promises fulfilled, unbroken;
For faith in goodness, truth, and right;
For freedom every day and night;
For friends congenial, cheerful, true.
And work each day that you can do,
For clothes and shelter, clean and warm.
And God's protection in life's storm,
For life and health and those who care,
For peace and quiet, love and prayer.

—Sunshine Magazine

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THE PUMPKIN

All of us have heard of the pumpkins in connection with the first settlers in America and that the Indians introduced them to the colonists. But the pumpkin goes back far beyond the founding fathers and the Indians here in the United States. Pumpkins were grown in Mexico over 9,000 years ago. They were a part of the daily fare for the many Indian tribes in America long before the colonists came.

It is said that the pumpkins literally kept the settlers at Jamestown and at Plymouth from starvation in their first years in America. The Pilgrims thought the steady pumpkin diet got very monotonous, but the friendly Indians taught them how to vary them by baking them, frying them and boiling them. They also got variety by cutting the pumpkins into chunks and stewing with dried beans, peas and corn.

The pumpkin pie did not come along until later—after that first Thanksgiving. Before flour was plentiful for crusts, the housewife cut the top from the pumpkin, scooped out the seeds and put honey, milk and spices in the cavity. Then it was baked over hot ashes. They would set the pumpkin on a platter on the table and the family would dip out the filling with spoons.

—Mabel Nair Brown

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

In November we are looking forward to a visit with Frederick and Betty. They plan to stop in Kankakee, Illinois, to see Clark Driftmier, stay two days and nights with Dorothy and Frank at the farm, then on to Shenandoah to see the Driftmier relatives here. I believe this is the first time they have ever driven to Iowa, so they won't be trying to see the country from the windows of a plane. Needless to say, they'll be seeing their new granddaughter, Cassandra Palo, for the very first time.

Juliana's plans for Thanksgiving are also prefaced with a big IF. IF everyone is well and IF the weather is good, they plan to drive down to El Paso to have Thanksgiving with their old and dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Steve Crouse, and their sons, Keith and Kenneth. In all probability some of Chris' family will be there too, but since the Crouse table extends to serve eighteen, everyone will be able to have a seat.

When I think of a crowd at the table, I recall Thanksgiving Day of 1918. The armistice that finished World War I had been observed only a short time earlier, and this great event called for a big family dinner. At that time we lived in Clarinda, twenty miles east of Shenandoah. Mother had invited both the Fischer and Field relatives to drive over and celebrate with us. At that time Highway 2 was not paved or hard-surfaced in any way, so this meant that it was a narrow two-lane road which went uphill and downhill like a roller coaster.

The house where we lived at that time had a sizable screened-in porch. Since the autumn had been mild and comfortable, Mother planned that all of the kids would eat on the porch; this would give the grown-ups plenty of space at the dining room table.

With every single detail carefully planned in advance, you can imagine how Mother and Dad felt to awaken on Thanksgiving morning with a heavy, wet snow covering everything. It looked as if all plans would have to be cancelled.

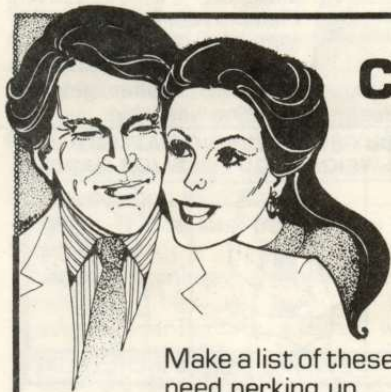
Well, the phone rang twice. Yes, the Fischers were coming. Yes, the Fields were coming. So now, what do we do with the kids? This proved to be no trouble at all because we simply went right ahead with the screened-in porch setup. I still recall what a perfectly wonderful time we children had when left to our own devices with no grown-ups around to say a word. Now, that was a real Thanksgiving dinner!

Before you get into all of the knitting and sewing that goes into Christmas gifts, to say nothing of all the cooking and baking, please snatch some time to write us a letter. We'd like to hear how things are going at your house.

Faithfully always,

Lucile

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa. Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa. Managing Editor, Hallie E. Blackman, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

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