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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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## Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

New Year's resolution number one—I must get organized! As I sat down to write this letter, I realized that I needed to have my guidebook to Mexico to use as a spelling reference. Well, that was half an hour ago. It took me that long to locate the aforementioned book. The book was conveniently located behind a stack of magazines I have been saving because of articles that should be clipped. I hate to admit that one of the magazines is dated 1980. I'm sure you can see the problem!

Fortunately, I can say that we were very well-organized for our trip to the Yucatan in Mexico. Eleven of us decided two years ago to make the trip. Last summer, we sat down with maps and guidebooks and anything else that was handy, such as newspaper articles, about the Yucatan. We agonized a whole day over distances before we realized that the maps were printed in kilometers—not miles. From the start, we were aware that there wasn't a tour available that would include all the things we wanted to do. The decision was made to rent two minibuses. One member of the group is a talented mechanic who owns a minibus so we felt secure that he could care for any mechanical difficulties.

About three weeks before we were to leave, the airlines changed our schedule. Instead of flying to Dallas and then to Merida, we flew first to Denver. I was delighted because it gave us a chance to see little Stephen DiCicco for a few minutes. Aunt Abigail Driftmier brought Stephen to the airport to say goodbye to his parents, Emily and Rich, who were joining us on the trip. Stephen really is as darling as his pictures indicate. I do hope we shall get to know him better in the near future.

From Denver, we flew to Houston, Texas, where we were joined by the Crouses, our friends from El Paso. The first stop in Mexico was the resort area of

Cozumel. Sitting on the runway of the airport was *Air Force One*—the President's plane. Our first pictures taken in Mexico were of that plane.

The next stop was our destination, Merida. The airport there had many other diplomatic aircraft on the runways. We just happened to be arriving during the conferences held at Cancun. I was afraid that the conference would greatly add to congestion at the tourist spots but just the opposite was true. In fact, the merchants were complaining that business was down because of all the areas closed to the public.

We spent the night in Merida. The evening's entertainment included a trip to one of the city parks where a fiesta of sorts was being held. It seems that every Thursday night this park has a concert. There were folk dancers and poetry reading, too.

Bright and early the next morning, we set out for Chichen-Itza—the famous archaeological site. We were fascinated by all the temples and buildings. We climbed the huge temple named El Castillo and walked to the sacred well or *cenote* where many young ladies were sacrificed.

Twenty-seven miles down the road from Chichen-Itza was Valladolid which was our stop for the night. We stayed at a charming old hotel which was right on the main plaza of the town. After our evening meal, we walked out to the plaza and discovered a fiesta in progress. There were bands, bake sales and a cannon that was fired off every half hour—all night long.

It was obvious at this point that getting food for eleven people in a sit-down restaurant was a lengthy process so, the next morning, we drove to the local market and stocked up on rolls and fruit. The coffee drinkers (myself included) had to settle for a soda pop rather than a cup of coffee. (The next time, I'll carry a thermos and instant coffee.)

This day's drive took us to a spot in the road called X-Can where we turned south on a road which was marked dirt on all of our maps. We were very happy to see that the road was in the process of being paved and wasn't as treacherous as we had anticipated. Coba ruins are on this road so we stopped to see them. (The main temple here is the one pictured in many of the recent travel advertisements for the country of Mexico.) The ruins are in the middle of a vast jungle and it is eerie to stand on top of the temple and see nothing but green as far as the eye can see. This much vegetation really is startling to someone from the desert country of New Mexico. There is a lovely hotel at Coba where we were able to get cold drinks. After climbing around on temples in the jungle, we all felt dehydrated.

Onward to the sea coast!



A small temple at the Ruins of Labna showing the "roof comb" structure typical of Mayan ruins.

We came out of the jungle at the Mayan ruin of Tulum. I have seen pictures of this place for years and really thought the beauty of the spot had to be exaggerated. I was wrong. It is even more beautiful than the pictures indicate. We could have spent much more time here.

One of the best meals of the trip was in an open-air restaurant right on the beach. Two men ran the place and they offered us fish or eggs. They had a huge stove and two enormous cast-iron skillets. We all got fish—fresh fish the men had caught that morning. They set to work frying the fish and the finished product was wonderful. No two fish were the same variety and we couldn't identify what we were eating. Whatever they were, they were definitely local and delicious.

Another thing we had learned by this time was that by 5 P.M. it was dark. Not dusk—pitch black. Reluctantly, we left Tulum to get on to our stop for the night in the town of Felipe Carrillo Puerto. We had no sooner gotten to our motel than the electricity went off. This was not an unexpected occurrence, indicated by the fact that each room came equipped with candles. We had no sooner gotten to bed when the sound of very loud music was heard. Sure enough, again it was a fiesta night and the music *did* go on all night. No one got much sleep which was unfortunate as one of our longest driving stretches was to be the next day from Felipe Carrillo Puerto to Uxmal.

We arrived at Uxmal with enough time to do some sightseeing in the afternoon. Some of us managed to stay up that night long enough to see the "sound and light" show at the ruin. This show has gotten mixed reviews. My own opinion is that the "light" part is terrific. The "sound" part could be changed a bit to give the viewer more information about Mayan history. The best picture taking and sightseeing happened the next morning when the ruin opened at 6 A.M. We were

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This past weekend, Lucas County missed the big snowstorm and blizzard conditions that hit the western and northern parts of Iowa. Shenandoah was just on the edge of it and got a little snow. We didn't get any here at our farm but we did get quite a bit of rain.

Since I last wrote to you, Lucile has spent another couple of weeks with us. Betty Jane, her companion, had to go to St. Paul to be with her daughter when she had surgery, so we told Lucile she had better come and stay with us rather than go through the hassle of trying to find someone to stay with her in her home. The two drove through such heavy rain and fog all the way from Shenandoah that they decided to stop and spend the night in nearby Osceola. Then, in the morning, Betty Jane took the bus out of Osceola and my friend, Dorothea Polser, went with me to Osceola so she could drive my car home while I drove Lucile's car.

While Lucile was still here, Frederick and Betty came for a weekend. This was only the second time they have been to our home because when Mother and Dad were living, Frederick and Betty made their home the headquarters when they came back to Iowa to visit relatives. There were so many members of the family in and around Shenandoah for them to see, it was always simpler for me to go there. After Dad died, Frederick and Betty brought Mother and came to spend the day with us once. This recent visit was the longest time we have had them in our own home and we enjoyed every minute of their stay. With Lucile here at the same time, it made the visit seem like a family reunion.

When Lucile and I were planning the meals, I said there were two things I wanted to be sure to have on hand—stuffed dates and Mother's date bars, both made with black walnuts. These were two foods I can remember Mother always wanted to have on hand when Frederick came home because they were favorites of his. Lucile made them this time because it was something she could do from her wheelchair at the kitchen table while I was doing other things.

Frederick is a marvelous photographer, and always has so many interesting pictures to show of the places they have traveled. He brought his projector and slides along, so one evening we saw pictures of his home and yard and his many swans and ducks. Frederick told Frank how many ducks he feeds every day, and Frank said if room was avail-



**Dorothy mentioned that they had very little corn to pick on their farm because of the bad flood experienced last July. The corn they did have had to be picked early in the morning while the ground was frozen before the sun thawed the moisture to create muddy fields.**

able in the car to take some shelled corn back to Connecticut, he could certainly fix up some. Frederick managed to get a couple of sackfuls in the trunk.

About a week after all this company left, Frank's sister, Ruth McDermott, came to spend a few days with Bernie and us. One evening while they were here, we invited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pettinger to come for the evening. Robert grew up on a farm in this neighborhood and all of them went to the Plimpton rural school. It is interesting to listen to them reminisce about those days. They got started talking about the box suppers they used to have, and the big Thanksgiving dinners at the schoolhouse. These events have all vanished with the one-room schools. I have never been to a box supper since they didn't have them in the town schools where I attended. Hearing them talk, it sounded as if they had so much fun in school, I got the feeling I had missed a lot.

Norma Pim, a good friend of mine, is the curator of the Lucas County Museum. I asked her recently if the school children were still spending a day going to school in the one-room Puckerbrush school now located on the museum grounds. She said they were. In this state, the children study Iowa history in the fourth grade, so in the middle of May, these children and their teachers are invited to spend one school day having classes in the old building. Since there are six fourth-grade rooms in the county, a schedule is set up for one room at a time to attend. Some of the teachers have their pupils dress in old-fashioned clothes. They bring sack lunches, play old-time games at recess and, if it is a chilly day, they have a fire in the pot-bellied stove. Having studied Iowa history all year, this experience gives them a better understanding of a country school.

On the weekend in October when the museum is open for the last time during the fall season, a Cider Day is held. There is an apple orchard behind the museum, and a local man harvests the apples and makes cider with an old cider press. Visitors are invited for cookies and a sample of the fresh cider. Demonstrations of various crafts such as grinding cornmeal, milling flour, china painting, soap making, and how to make shake shingles, etc. are also given.

On Sunday night, to officially close the season, the museum holds an old-fashioned hymn sing-along in the Otterbein Country Church located on the grounds. Margaret Bowen plays the antique pump organ, Don Fuller leads the singing, and there is usually other instrumental music.

During the first week in December, the Chariton Womans' Club sponsored the chartered buses to Pella, Iowa, to attend the Pella Garden Club's nineteenth annual Christmas open house tour and tea. Five Pella homes were decorated for the holidays and open to the public.

It was a dark, overcast day when the buses pulled out of Chariton at 9:00 A.M., and before we got to Pella, it had started to snow. This added to our Christmas spirit, but made it hard for the bus drivers to herd those big buses around on the slick streets, which, in the residential areas, were more narrow. They did a wonderful job. There must have been 2,000 women go through those houses that day and I wondered how the owners would manage to keep from having the beautiful carpets ruined. After nineteen years of experience, they knew how. The visitors entered through garages and walked on throw rugs so shoes were pretty dry and clean by the time the houses were entered. The rest of the rooms had the traffic paths covered with yard-wide muslin taped to the floor.

One of the Garden Club members told us that after the homes are decided upon, a committee of six is appointed for each house and they start in September picking out a theme and making all the decorations. For instance, all of the Christmas tree ornaments are handmade, and no two trees are alike.

Our group visited three homes before we ate a delicious dinner at the Dutch Buffet, toured the other two homes, attended a tea at the Scholte Church, then started home. I enjoyed the stay so much, I certainly hope it can be on my agenda every year. In years to come, perhaps I can write more details about the decorations which were fantastic.

I trust you have all your New Year's resolutions made, and that the year 1982 will be a good one for all of you and your families.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy





## Parade of the Months

### A Birthday Party

by Mabel Nair Brown

A birthday party or tea is a lovely way to enjoy an afternoon or evening of fellowship for a church or club group. It can also be used as a fund-raiser for your organization.

Each guest is seated at her birthday month table which carries out that month's appropriate colors and is centered by a large decorated birthday cake. Baskets of snack crackers and chips, or trays of dainty tea sandwiches are also on the table. Each guest should have a small dessert or salad plate, fork, spoon and cup at her place. When all are seated, coffee and tea are passed. Thus guests may sip coffee and partake of the snacks as soon as all are seated and the welcome has been given. The birthday cakes are not served until the end of the program.

A mistress of ceremonies presides over the program and makes the necessary introductions and announcements. A pianist will be needed to provide the musical background. A solo or duet will work out well for some skits and add variety. A stage may be arranged at one end of the room, and, if there is room some of the models might parade around the tables. The following suggestions are made for each month which you may adapt to suit your own group.

**Opening Music:** "If I'd a Known You Were Comin', I'd a Baked a Cake".

**January:** (Music—"Winter Wonderland".) Model wears ski clothes and carries skis, or wears heavy outdoor work clothes.

**February:** (Music—"Let Me Call You Sweetheart".) Model wears pretty party dress or prom dress and carries a large valentine.

**March:** (Music—"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" or other Irish tune.) A pretty Irish colleen walks on stage dressed in a green costume highlighted by green shamrock leaves and a green shamrock hat. For fun, as she reaches center stage the March wind (electric fan offstage) can blow off her hat and she runs offstage grabbing at hat and her skirts.

**April:** (Music—"Easter Parade".) For this several lovely models parade across

stage in their Easter finery or, if you prefer comedy, form a spring house-cleaning brigade and have models wear cleaning clothes and carry mops, pails, scrub brushes, etc.

**May:** (Music—"That Wonderful Mother of Mine".) Pantomime a mother or grandmother with children at her knee. If preferred, use the music of "Pomp and Circumstance" as model wears a graduation cap and gown and carries a rolled diploma tied with a ribbon.

**June:** (Music—the traditional wedding march.) The model is dressed as a bride—her attendants can be included, if desired. They pose as singers sing "I Love You Truly".

**July:** (Music—"You're a Grand Old Flag".) A Scout troop comes on stage to do a snappy flag drill, or adults dressed as children carry flags and portray the old-fashioned Fourth of July parade.

**August:** (Music—"In the Good Old Summertime".) Model depicts the summer vacation theme with beach or sports attire, carrying a beach towel, luggage and suntan lotion.

**September:** (Music—the local school song.) Model comes on stage dressed in football gear, complete with helmet and football.

**October:** (Music—"Autumn Leaves".) Using a fan, skitter paper leaves across stage to be followed by models in Halloween costumes.

**November:** (Music—any Thanksgiving song.) Models wear Pilgrim costumes, or modern mother comes in with grocery sack of instant foods.

**December:** (Music—"Jingle Bells".) Models can depict any bright Christmas scene, or model could wear pretty hostess gown and enter carrying brightly wrapped Christmas packages.

Following this program, everyone joins in singing "Happy Birthday to Us", then the hostess at each table cuts and serves the birthday cake.

Note: If you want to end the party on a humorous note have someone dressed as Father Time move across stage as someone sings "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby".

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## CALENDAR TALES

by  
Norma Tisher

How many of you remember this lim-erick?

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June and November.

All the rest have thirty-one  
Except February, which has twenty-eight.

Leap year has twenty-nine.

The term *calendar* is derived from the Latin word, *kalendae*, which was designated as the first day of the month in Roman times. People's daily lives are tied in closely with the cycle of night and day as well as the moving of the months across the period of a year.

Interestingly, during the early Egyptian civilization, a year was thought to contain 360 days, but scholars came to realize that it actually averaged about 365 days. It was on this understanding that the 4th century *Julian calendar* was based. Then, in 1582, during the reign of Pope Gregory XIII, the *Gregorian calendar* was introduced providing for 365 days for three years and a leap year of 366 every fourth year. This is the calendar still in use today.

A *lunar calendar* is based on a year composed of synodic months—the complete cycles of phases of the moon from one full moon to the next. The Babylonians used a lunar calendar.

A *solar calendar* is based on the solar or seasonal year—about 365½ days—or the time taken by the earth to go once around the sun.

A *church calendar* is an orderly arrangement dividing certain periods to express the traditions and celebrations of religious faith. The most primitive church calendars were derived from the Hebrew calendar—a seven-day week ending on the Sabbath. A 19th century Muslim calendar even had prayer times listed.

*Perpetual calendars* provide a means of finding the day of the week for any date in a wide range of years.

A *business calendar* is one item which is new every year. Many companies give customers the traditional calendar at Christmas time in various sizes and shapes. Banks often give a pocket-type calendar for use with bills and receipts.

Business people and homemakers, alike, use *personal memo calendars* to jot down appointments, notes, birthdays, long-distance phone calls, etc. Many homemakers appreciate the colorful, reusable cloth, wall-type hanging which shows the months at one glance. Later it can be used as a tea towel.

A calendar often provides additional information: dates of holidays and historical birthdays and anniversaries, astronomical dates such as the phases of

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## CHEERY CHICKADEE

(A Read-Aloud Story)

by  
Evelyn Witter

Cheery Chickadee, the most cheerful bird on Windy Hill Farm, stretched her five-and-a-half-inch body, spread her gray tail and wings, and tried again to give out a sweet "chick-a-dee-dee-dee." But she knew it was no use. She was too hungry.

Snow was falling through the leafless trees. It covered the shed roofs and the barn roofs and all the places where the tiny bird could usually find food.

Cheery Chickadee shook her little black head sadly. Then she raised it high again for she had a happy thought, "I'll visit some of my good friends and maybe they'll know where to find food in spite of all this snow."

First, she flew to Black Bear's cave. She flew 'round and 'round the cave to try to waken Black Bear. But he snuggled deeper into the pile of leaves on which he slept and did not hear her say, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee. Please talk to me!"

So, Cheery Chickadee flew to the timber where she hoped she'd see some other friends who might know where food could be found. One friend who lived in the timber was Stripey Chipmunk. Another timber friend was fat, furry Woodsy Woodchuck. She sat on a bare icy twig and called to her friends, "Dee-dee-dee, come talk to me!"

Not a creature answered. North Wind gave another "B-L-O-W" and almost shivered Cheery Chickadee off the twig. When she got her balance, she remembered that Stripey had told her long ago that he was going to sleep for the winter in his dark little burrow, deep in the earth. And she remembered that Woodsy Woodchuck had told her how he had a grass-lined nest far, far underground where he stayed for the whole winter.

"Oh-dee!" sighed Cheery Chickadee. "It's no use. There is not one friend awake enough to help me find food."

Then she thought and thought about her other friends. Let's see, there was Jumping Mouse. But Cheery Chickadee knew she was rolled up in a tiny ball with her long tail curled around and around her, fast asleep in a hollow of dried grass in the cornfield.

There was Sharp Nose Raccoon, with his big bushy tail and black patches under his eyes. Cheery had heard a long time ago how he slept during the winter in his den.

There was no use trying to talk to Betty Bat. Cheery Chickadee saw her only yesterday sleeping upside down in the ceiling of the woodshed.

Cheery Chickadee knew for sure Fidgety Frog was asleep deep, deep in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond.



Frederick Driftmier, feeding ducks on a cold winter day. He calls them with a whistle that can be seen in his mouth.

May Muskrat was in her underwater burrow for the winter because she had said "goodbye" to Cheery Chickadee at the time of the first frost.

There was just nobody awake. Nobody at all that Cheery Chickadee could turn to for help to find food and water.

"I have to give up," Cheery Chickadee sighed to North Wind and fluttered to her little box in the elm tree near the garden. Never before had she been so hungry and thirsty. She felt so weak she could hardly call more than one "dee" at a time. Whatever was she going to do?

Then, as she drew close to her home, she saw two bright little baskets hanging from the elm tree that had not been there when she had left this morning. Cheery Chickadee fluttered her wings faster and lit on the branch near the baskets.

She saw that the baskets were two orange halves. The insides were scooped out and there were holes punched into the oranges on either side to draw string through. The strings were fastened to the branches. Inside one of the orange baskets were bread crumbs. In the other basket there was fresh water.

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee," called Cheery Chickadee happily. She was saying, "As long as there are wide-awake people who know birds need food, especially during the winter, I'll live. No bird could have better or more helpful friends."



## IDEAS FOR ENTERTAINING A SHUT-IN CHILD

by  
Virginia Thomas

**Thimble Puppets:** Purchase several very inexpensive plastic thimbles. Decorate the thimbles as the heads of various animals, people, storybook characters or clowns. Use yarn or cord for hair, scraps of fur and cotton for animals' coats. Felt-tip markers, tiny moving plastic eyes, toothpick whiskers, etc., help to create characters to act out a story.

**Finger Puppets:** Clip the cardboard rolls (from paper towels, toilet tissue, etc.) into lengths that slip easily over a child's fingers. Draw or crayon on the faces and add tiny paper hats.

**Happiness Box:** A way to provide entertainment and bright spots for the child who must remain in bed over a period of time is to make a Happiness Box. Purchase or make several small inexpensive gift packages with such items as pencils, marking pens, crayons, coloring book, small box of tissue, small puzzles, stationery, scratch pads, clippings of jokes or cartoons, stamped goods to embroider, weaving kit, buttons or beads to string, etc. (The age of the child will determine the items to enclose.) Wrap each separately and number it as first day, second day, etc., or put a day and a time such as Monday at 4 P.M., Wednesday at 10:30 A.M. Put these smaller gift packages inside a larger box which you also gift wrap and then label: "(Name)'s Happiness Box".

**Egg Carton Caterpillars:** This is a fun toy that works well on a bed. Cut an egg carton lengthwise to get two creatures. The child can crayon the worm or Mom can squirt on some bright spray paint. Poke in a couple of short lengths of pipe cleaner for Mr. Worm's antennae and mark or glue on two eyes and he is ready to wiggle across the covers.

**Thumbkins:** If the child is able to sit up, cover a table with old newspapers and then provide the child with a stamp pad and paper. With a little guidance, the child will soon see that one can press his thumb to the pad then to the paper to form the body of an animal. He can then use a felt-tip marker to sketch in legs, feet, eyes, ears and tail for all sorts of wee creatures. A small fingerprint joining a thumbprint on top becomes a sitting rabbit or cat; a few strokes of the pen make ears and tail.

**Alarm Clock Friend:** Set the alarm for the hour when it is time to open a package from the "Happiness Box", time for a glass of juice, time when Mother will come and play a game, time for Sister to read a story, time to watch a favorite TV program or even the time for medicine to be taken. It does help make the time go faster during illness.



## MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

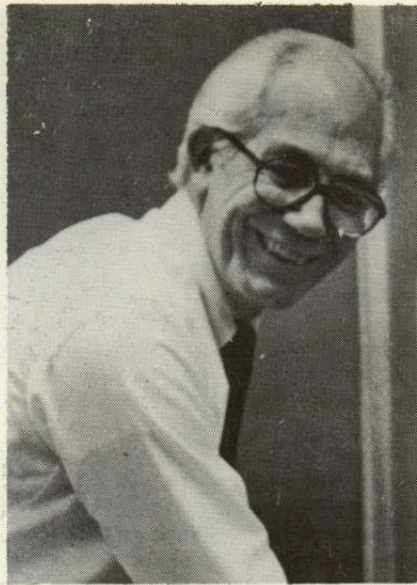
I have a few uncommitted hours before I shall take to the road and I'll share those hours with you.

Yesterday I hustled over to Pewaukee where the county technical institute is located and enrolled myself in the second term of the Word-Processing Course. They did not previously have an IBM Displaywriter available to work on, and I felt it imperative to know how to operate the basics of the machine before it arrived from the manufacturer in Dallas, Texas, with two more "programs" tucked into its computer chip internals.

The correct term for these programs is "soft ware" which is nothing more than a 45 RPM-size plastic record which is enclosed in a fairly heavy paper wrapper. It is absolutely forbidden to remove these records from their cases because they are considerably more sensitive than the standard music record which they resemble. Upon these soft ware disks are recorded the brains for solving all manner of mathematical problems which would stagger the abilities of most business offices.

I have completed the basic operating instructions for this machine due to the gracious offer of the CETA instructors who were holding their classes at the county institute. I was too wrapped up in my personal interests to pay much heed to the nature of the students in the same classroom, until one day when I noted that the one dozen members of the class were being given copies of the Gregg 20,000 word dictionary with quick-reference hyphenation marks which were exact duplicates of the book I had bought for myself for five dollars. Since I was paying all my expenses, I pondered the reason why supplies were given out in this class until I noted an article in the newspaper which cleared up the entire mystery.

The CETA initials stand for the federally funded Comprehensive Employment Training Act. In the area where I live, 46 students were located who would register and attend this class. These students are recruited from the unemployment offices in the general Waukesha County area. The purpose of the class is to train these students and place them in jobs so they may eventually be removed from welfare assistance and this will be to the long-range benefit of the taxpayer. There were two women close to my age who were present in the class and the remainder of them were girls between the ages of 18 to 23. I hope the class will help these young women develop into responsible, ambitious, em-



**Don Driftmier keeps his cheerful disposition along with all the activities swirling around his Wisconsin home.**

ployable people.

Speaking of ambitious people, did I remember to tell you that we made contact with Clark Driftmier? He has been doing a period of apprenticeship near Kankakee, Illinois. Don talked to Clark's father, Wayne Driftmier, to get his exact address and as good fortune would have it, Clark was free to come up to our Wisconsin area for the holiday.

Clark drove from St. Anne, Illinois, after working in the fields all day in raw rain-driven winds, to arrive at our house after a trip of 3½ hours. From the moment this tall, ruddy-cheeked man strode into our living room until he left two days later, we hardly stopped talking. He and his cousins, Paul and Adrienne, had never met and his Uncle Don and I had not seen him since he was a wee lad living in Shenandoah. He has surely seen a grand amount of the world and has had many interesting occupations since he graduated from college.

For Thanksgiving dinner, we had also invited the newest member of Don's company who has recently arrived here from Mexico City. He and his wife, who is from Colombia, both speak perfect English. They had many interesting comments to make with Clark since he played with a symphony in the same part of the world. The young man, whose name is Bernhard, is originally from Germany where he worked for a parent company called Holstein and Kappert. From Germany he was transferred to Mexico City and now he is associated with the Milwaukee plant. He has been an invaluable help to Don with his ability to interpret German and English so fluently. This was their first American Thanksgiving celebration.

I was doubly grateful to have Clark

around after the company had left because there were absolutely tons of dishes to clean up. Someone, I am sure it must have been his mother, Abigail, had taught him how to feel at home in a kitchen. He was an enormous help and required very few directions. We finished off the celebration of the day's cleanup work with hot mulled cider and pumpkin pie shared at the kitchen table.

I could not help but ponder the good fortune it was that, although I have not seen David Driftmier for years, his pictures assure me that he is very similar in looks to Paul and Clark. They are all handsome young men, well over six feet tall, and appear to guarantee that the Driftmier name will be passed on proudly. There are only the three of them from the big family that originated in Shenandoah who can carry on the name. (That is three more than there were to carry on my father's name of Schneider. He and his brother had one male name carrier between them and he died with no children. So, as far as I know, the Schneider name has stopped.)

Clark and Adrienne voiced the desire to have a family reunion soon. I think it is an excellent idea and I intend to pursue it. Families scatter so rapidly that I don't believe they would accidentally gather unless it would be for a funeral and then it always seems as though the person who would have enjoyed it the most is absent.

I'll have to tell you about our Christmas holidays next month.

Until then,

*Mary Beth*

### WHERE HAPPINESS WAITS

Nobody knows where happiness waits.  
Across what meadows, within what gates.

Sometimes for an hour it walks by one's side,  
Then veers like the wind or turns like the tide.

When I was a child it was everywhere;  
It danced in the sunlight, it sang in the air,  
It pulsed through the notes of my mother's song

And the arms of my father, straight and strong.

Nobody knows where happiness dwells,  
Or how to spark it by charms or spells.  
It can fly like a lark; it can bud like a rose,  
But the secret of happiness nobody knows.

This much is true; it will not depart  
From the way of a tender and loving heart.

It can veer like the wind, it can turn like the tide,

But in souls that have faith, it will still abide.  
—Author unknown





## ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

I sincerely hope that this new year finds each of you healthy, happy and smiling even if inundated by blizzards and utility bills.

It's ironic to see how desperately our little New Mexican town hopes and prays for snow each winter. Being a tourist-based economy, everyone's lives are tied closely to the ski area and the flocks of winter vacationers that arrive from Texas to enjoy Ruidoso Downs this time of year. Unfortunately, it is quite common for Mother Nature to be a contrary and fickle provider, bringing us a balmy Indian summer which often extends until December. Last year, the ski area did not open until after Christmas which was a devastating financial blow to shopkeepers and hotel owners.

This last fall was a warm one with temperatures reaching record-breaking seventies in November. Every bumper sticker and billboard in town read "Think Snow". Yet the sun arose brightly every day in absolute defiance of mere mortal men and their wishes. Inevitably, though, winter does eventually descend on our sleepy little village, and the huge snowflakes anoint the pine-covered mountains to make a picturesque winter wonderland which lasts until early spring.

The last several months have been so busy for us, however, that we've had little time to think about skiing. My, what a whirlwind of action the end of 1981 brought; it was a time of reuniting of families and of undertaking a major new project. But let's talk about families first. After all, there would be little meaning to the rest of life's activities without a family to share them with.

As many of you know, my family is spread to the four winds at this point in time. Mom and Dad (Wayne and Abigail Driftmier) are in Denver, sister Emily in Washington, D.C., brother Clark in Illinois, and Mike, Lily and myself in New Mexico. Needless to say, with travel costs what they are, reunions are infrequent. So, when a trip in October brought Emily, Rich and baby Stephen as far west as Colorado, I just had to find a way to Denver also. After all, Emily's Stephen was born just one week prior to the birth of our little Lily, and a year and a half has passed without an occasion to be together. I just had to unite Lily with her first and only cousin.

Mike could not arrange his schedule to leave, and the thought of driving such a



Lily Florence, daughter of Alison and Mike Walstad, and Stephen Louis, son of Emily and Rich DiCicco.

distance by myself with a toddler left me with cold shivers. So I took the plane, which even then involved a drive of 150 miles to get to the airport. But all the travel passed without a mishap, and before long we were reunited—two sisters, two babies, and two grandparents (who were surely in ecstasy with all of us together at home).

The highlight of our visit was Halloween night when we dressed the two kiddies in costumes and took them out trick or treating to the homes of our parents' friends. All of these delightful people had watched us grow up in the neighborhood and were quite tickled when we arrived on their doorsteps to show off a new generation. I'm sure they had memories reaching back over twenty years to the times when Emily and I were small children arriving at their houses for tricks or treats.

November was a month for more family visits. Mike's parents own a small vacation cottage here and are frequent visitors, especially since the arrival of Lily. They were unable to be here for Thanksgiving dinner, so spent the week prior with us. Mike's father, Jack, is quite a handyman and they spent hours working on chores together.

Late November brought a memorable Thanksgiving dinner. My parents drove from Colorado to join us and several of our local friends for a unique Thanksgiving feast. The menu was strictly wild game caught and prepared by Mike and his buddies. The fare consisted of quail baked in cherry sauce, Rocky Mountain trout stuffed with crab (they didn't catch the crab!), venison sauerbraten, with the highlight of the meal, a twenty-pound wild turkey which was bagged within a few miles of our house. Wild turkeys are a common game bird in our locality. I wonder how many tables across the country were set with a genuine wild turkey?

The wives prepared the trimmings; vegetable pies frozen from the summer

garden harvests and exquisite pickles and relishes from accomplished canners. My contribution, as usual, was dessert. I made enough pies, cookies, and goodies to satisfy the crowd of thirty who gathered to eat.

The whole affair was anything but dull for not long after dinner six of the men left to go deer hunting together. Our home adjoins the national forest, so they departed for their expedition right from our back yard. And what a sight they were, all mounted on horses with gear and equipment for a week's camping. I don't know how they kept from falling off those horses—all of them stuffed with Thanksgiving dinner and so filled with excitement they scarcely knew what they were doing. The rest of us gathered in the yard to watch the hilarity of their departure. A few wished they could have joined the expedition, while the majority I think, were pleased to relax and watch football the rest of the afternoon.

The ending to the Thanksgiving story at our home is the fact that it was served picnic-style. Picnic-style? Yes. For you see, the major new project that I mentioned earlier in my letter is the construction of a new house for our family. Or I should say, an extensive remodeling job which has virtually left us with a new home. Originally scheduled to be completed by Thanksgiving, it wasn't. Our holiday dinner was to be a housewarming party for our family and friends who were involved in its construction. However, when it became apparent the building was quite a distance from completion, we decided to have dinner there anyway, not only for the fun of it all, but because there just wasn't another place suitable for a group of thirty.

All the food was prepared at nearby houses and brought to our home where we gathered together and shared the warmth of this joyous occasion. For lack of a finished kitchen, the china stayed packed in boxes and we enjoyed our

(Continued on page 20)



## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Time and space did not permit my telling you last month about our trip to Omaha. In years past, practically all of our trips to the Middle West have been air trips. We would fly out and then rent a car. We drove this time because we had several things to take with us, things that could not possibly have been carried on a plane. Along with everything else, we took all of our projection equipment to use to show slides depicting our life in Connecticut.

We planned this trip so that we would arrive at daughter Mary Lea's in time for Thanksgiving, and that meant running the risk of driving through the eastern mountains in bad November weather. As it happened, we actually had the most perfect weather we ever encountered on any trip—not too hot nor cold, bright and sunny with crisp, clean air and deep-blue skies—incredibly beautiful. Then, just one hour after arriving at the Palo residence near the Offutt Air Base, came the first hard storm of winter. How lucky we were!

We have several reasons for being glad that we made this trip by car, one of the most important being a superb lesson in geography. Betty and I had forgotten the magnificent scenery in the Appalachian Mountains of New York and Pennsylvania. Every turn of the wide, smooth thoroughway gave us some breathtakingly beautiful view of vast forests or of deep valleys cut by wide rivers or rushing mountain streams. The best way to learn the geography of a nation is to see it mile by mile.

As enjoyable as the mountain scenery was, we admired even more the rural, agricultural scenery of northern Ohio. Having grown up in southwestern Iowa, I thought that I knew what beautiful farms looked like, but what we saw in Ohio made me do some re-evaluation. In all of our travels around the world, we never have seen farms the equal of those that one sees bordering Interstate 80 in Ohio. The farmhouses and outbuildings were large and beautifully maintained. All that we saw in rural Ohio spoke of the pride those Ohio farmers have in their property.

The farm land in northern Ohio is very fertile, very flat, and without a rock or a stone of any kind. Living as we do in Stonington, Connecticut, where every fence is a stone fence, and where the soil is thin and starved, Betty and I found ourselves repeatedly exclaiming about the



On the wall in Dorothy's and Frank's living room there are various Indian artifacts framed most attractively by their friend, Peggy Dyer. Dorothy is pointing out some of them to Betty Driftmier and explaining where they were found when Frank was ploughing their land.

absence of stones on so much of the land in the Middle West. At least once every five miles or so, one or the other of us would say, "Look! No stones anywhere!"

Another very pleasant discovery was the ease with which we found good food at reasonable prices, and good hotel and motel accommodations. Had we been traveling at the height of the tourist season in July or August, things might have been different, but in November, all travel concerns had vanished. And another thing we noticed was the overt friendliness of the Midwesterners. Many times I have said in these *Kitchen-Klatter* letters that people are equally friendly all over the world. However, this most recent trip has reminded me that Midwesterners are less restrained about showing their friendliness, quicker to smile, quicker to speak, and slower to break off a conversation.

Once we were west of the Mississippi River, we began to meet radio friends. People would come up to us in a restaurant and ask: "Haven't we seen your pictures in *Kitchen-Klatter*?" Or they would say, "Excuse us, but we have a feeling that we have heard your voices on the radio. Have we?"

One of the highlights of our western trip was the visit we had in Lucas, Iowa, with my sister, Dorothy, and her husband, Frank, and also with my sister, Lucile. It was a small family reunion—the first time the five of us have ever been together in Lucas. Betty and I have visited Frank and Dorothy before, but not when Lucile was there. In one pleasant way that two-day visit was a disaster—a disaster for my waistline! Dorothy and Lucile prepared all of my favorite foods and served them in quantity. Oh how we did feast! Just one glance at Dorothy's kitchen would have made one believe that it was Thanksgiving and Christmas

all at once.

As a parting gift, Frank put two fifty-pound bags of corn in the trunk of our car. "This is not for you," he said. "This corn is for your wild ducks and swans. Tell them I send my love!"

Our eight-day visit with Mary Lea and her family was sheer delight. Little Cassandra, our newest grandchild, stole our hearts the moment we first held her. I know that all grandchildren are beautiful to their grandparents, but "Cassie" really is something special—a perfect baby. She adds a great deal to the lives of brother Christopher and sister Isabel, as well.

What a busy, busy life our Omaha family lives. Vincent not only carries out his duties as an officer in the Air Force, he also takes graduate studies at a local university. Mary Lea not only takes care of her three children, she also teaches school part time. The two older children have to be taken to all kinds of places for extra-curricular activities, and the baby demands the kind of attention that babies always have to have.

One night, after a very busy, hectic, happy day at the Palos, I said to Betty, "I find it strange that I cannot recall very much about the kind of life we lived when our children were the age of the Palo children. Did we ever live at such a fast pace?"

Betty laughed and said, "Yes we did. However, there was one difference. We had more help than the Palos have. In our church there were always elderly women we could employ to take care of the children when we had to be at some church or civic activity. Every year it becomes more and more difficult to find that kind of help."

I never close my eyes at night without saying a prayer for all of the children in the world. We adults have not made things easy for the world's children. I hope God will forgive us, but even more, I hope God will guide you and me and all other adults to some path of peace and decency that will provide for our children and grandchildren a better hope for the future than we have provided for them thus far. Surely there is something more that you and I can do than we are doing right now. God help us.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

**Take  
Special Note of the  
RENEWAL DATE  
on the label of your  
magazine. Renew in  
advance. Only one  
notice will be  
sent.**



## LONG UNDERWEAR

Sitting here in my frigid house, listening to the news on the TV, I heard the words: "Turn down the thermostat — keep a cool house." I shuddered.

I had a cold and my nose was raw from the repeated wipings, and my chest was aching from constant hacking. Turn down the thermostat indeed! I'd be patriotic. I'd save. I would go right out and buy myself some long underwear—why not? Many eons ago I wore such a garment. I called them torture chambers then and I still have vivid recollections of the unsightly things. I never thought I'd ever live to see the day when I would wear them again.

In my mind, long underwear and long, brown, ugly, ribbed stockings unite to bring chills up my spine even today. Every morning getting ready to go to school used to be a chore as I maneuvered those stockings carefully up over that bulky-legged underwear.

At the beginning of the winter, the underwear wasn't too bad. My mother always bought two pair, always two sizes too large because of my expected growth in stature and the constant washing in hot, harsh, soapy water and then boiled in lye water which could shrink them.

They were *such* attractive garments. They had buttons going completely down the front. There was a trapdoor that let down in the back. This flap was kept in place at the beginning of the season by three sturdy buttons. Due to the many washings, boilings and wearings, those buttons became the biggest headache. They popped off at the most inopportune times. Often there would be just one button left, precariously holding up that enigmatic trapdoor. By spring I was lucky if that seat flap had buttons left at all.

To complete the gorgeous ensemble, about waist high on the underwear were pinned some tabs to which I fastened supporters. These thin elastic strips with garters at the ends were fastened to the tops of my ugly brown stockings—just in the front. The back of the stockings stayed in place or sagged at will.

At the beginning of the winter season, the garters met the tops of the stockings just perfectly—no pull, no stretch. Then unfortunately, with any spurts of growth and the shrinking from washings, the garters became higher and the stockings lower. By springtime, the little tabs which held the pins that held the garters were up somewhere nearer the vicinity of my armpits while the tops of my stockings dangled at my knees.

Thank heavens, in the spring the weather grew warmer so I could roll those stockings down to my ankles. I pulled the legs of the underwear up high where they were attempting to get away, thereby, producing a lovely wad of

material above my knees and an unsightly lump of stocking at my ankles. But oh, how I enjoyed the heavenly freedom.

So now I'm back to wearing long underwear to keep warm. The new styles are neater, fit better, do not shrink and are not accompanied by ugly brown stockings. Anyone who remembers the old-time type of undergarments can, along with me, really appreciate the long underwear available today.

✻ ✻ ✻

## WARMING WAYS

by  
Sue Morris

After two winters of a lowered thermostat, the decision to install a wood-burning stove was quite natural. An auction produced a good sturdy one, and after the male part of the household applied a coat of stove polish, it was installed, tall and dignified in our kitchen. The smell of the burning wood and the comforting heat let us soon know that we had made the right decision.

Our roomy kitchen instantly took on the appearance and feel of the old country kitchens of an earlier era when the kitchen was the heart of the home through the winter months. The radiating heat from the stove seemed to invite us to "come sit a spell and rest awhile".

Hurrying in from the unheated bedroom after the morning tasks of bed-making, I usually find my husband has beaten me by seconds, arriving from his basement workshop to stand by the

stove blissfully warming his backside. A long winter evening can find me drawing the oak rocker nearer the stove, making sure the antique egg basket which holds catalogs and magazines is near at hand. With a small table upon which to rest a steaming cup of tea and a pad and pencil (just in the event an idea might surface and need to be jotted down), a very pleasant evening is insured.

Some of our friends cannot understand how we speak so glowingly about the merits of our stove and seem to be so oblivious to some of the unpleasant aspects, such as the daily chore of cleaning and disposing of the ashes from the stove, the extra sweepings (because it is impossible to get wood from the outside wood box to the inside without leaving a trail of chips, twigs and dried leaves behind), more dust to tinge the crisp white kitchen curtains with grey before the winter is over, and an occasional splinter picked up in the hand from carrying logs. However, most friends sit by our crackling fire, toast their feet and tell us of their plans to install a stove in their homes.

Today, with the temperature near zero, icy pellets hurl at the window and angry winds howl. I am grateful for the coziness of my kitchen as I stand at the counter, mixing corn bread to go with the navy beans that have simmered all day in an iron pot on the wood stove. They fill the air with a hearty aroma. I hear my husband stomping his feet on the backdoor mat, then he opens the door. His face lights with a smile as the warmth and good smells of the kitchen greet him. This little corner of our world is a good place to be on a cold winter day.



The timber near Dorothy and Frank Johnson's farm home provides a beautiful setting for picture-taking.





Frederick Driftmier and Lucile Verness. This was taken on the first evening that Frederick and Betty spent in Lucas, Iowa, and had supper at the farm with Dorothy and Frank.

## A NOTE FROM LUCILE

This note is the only way I can even begin to acknowledge the blizzard of letters and phone calls from many of you good and faithful friends who have lost touch with our daily Kitchen-Klatter radio visits.

If you know us at all, you also know that we are deeply committed to a staunch and steady dependable way of life. We don't jump into anything on a sudden whim and impulse. Here today and gone tomorrow seems to be the way things operate in many areas nowadays. Well, we're just not geared to this flitting around; our policy has been to stay with the stations which have carried our broadcasts.

I feel a great urgency to make this crystal clear—at our end of the process we are in no way responsible for the changes. Left to our own devices we'd still be right with you in the same place as certain as the rising sun—but we *haven't* been left to our own devices.

I could write pages about this whole problem but it would serve no constructive purpose. What I have said tells you the story. At our end we are doing everything that it is humanly possible to do to carry on our radio visits that began more than 50 years ago.

*Lucile*

## THINK OF YOUR WORDS

A careless word may kindle strife;  
A cruel word may wreck a life.  
A bitter word may hate instill;  
A brutal word may smite and kill.

A gracious word may smooth the way;  
A joyous word may light the day.  
A timely word my lessen stress;  
A loving word may heal and bless.

—Sunshine

## HINTS FOR PLASTIC BAGS

by  
Hannah Louise Simms

Plastic storage bags are not just to keep in the kitchen anymore. They are convenient for use in just about every room in your home as well as for traveling. Here are a number of uses for plastic storage bags. No doubt you can find other uses for them, depending on your life style.

**IN THE SEWING ROOM:** Use them to store scraps of material, trims such as lace edgings, rickrack, etc., packages of needles, buttons, snaps, hooks and eyes, bias tape, seam binding, etc. Save a large styrofoam tray from a package of meat, wash and dry, and arrange spools of thread on it. Then slip tray into plastic bag.

If you are doing crochet or other needlework, keep thread and all materials together in a larger plastic bag. They are also convenient to store leftover scraps of crochet thread, embroidery floss, and yarn. You can see what you have from top to bottom of bag without opening it. For the same reason, large bags are good to store gift wrap, ribbon, bows and spools of ribbon.

**IN THE PLAYROOM** (or family room): Keep each paper doll and her clothing in a separate see-through bag. Use for puzzle pieces which come wrapped in clear plastic rather than boxed. Use for games, sewing cards, crayons, and modeling clay when the original boxes become torn. Use to store small items which might otherwise get lost in the bottom of the toy chest.

**IN THE BEDROOM:** Use plastic bags to store hose, panty hose, knee-high socks, and footlets separately. There will be no snagged hosiery. Because the bags are transparent, you can tell at a glance just how many clean pairs you have left. Store little girls' hair ribbons in bags to keep them from becoming tangled. Use plastic bags to store small cosmetic items such as lipstick, eyebrow pencil, tweezers, nail file, nail polish, cotton balls, etc.

**WHEN TRAVELING:** Plastic bags are especially convenient to store cosmetics, hosiery (one for clean, one for soiled), medicines, camera supplies, small sewing items for emergencies and writing supplies. (Don't forget to include your address book.) Use a bag that presses shut or use a tight-twisting wire to carry a wet washcloth when traveling.

**IN THE KITCHEN:** Plastic bags were developed to use in the refrigerator and freezer. One size is perfect to store a whole pie in the freezer ready for the oven. (What a lifesaver when friends drop in unexpectedly.) Also, freeze the pie in an aluminum foil pan just in case you want something in a hurry for your club's bake sale.

These bags are also ideal for freezing prepared fresh fruits or vegetables, and for leftover rolls, biscuits, donuts, cake, etc.

Next time you are tempted to toss out two or three biscuits because they aren't enough for another meal—don't—freeze them instead. Keep a running inventory of what you have in your freezer. Soon you may have enough biscuits for another meal. Freezing and warming the biscuits in loosely folded foil will actually enhance both the flavor and texture of the biscuits.

Do you sometimes have a wedge of melon which you want to store in the refrigerator without the other foods picking up the melon odor? Slide the wedge into a large plastic bag and seal tightly. If it is a big piece of melon, cut into small enough wedges to fit into several bags—the cut edges will not dry out.

Bags, firmly sealed, also safely lock in the odor of onions—especially handy for green onions which often are a problem to store because of their long stems.

**IN OTHER PLACES:** To take deviled eggs or cold cuts to a picnic, recycle a styrofoam meat tray by attractively arranging the food on it. Slip into a bag and seal.

These bags are nice to keep your picnic silverware in, both when clean and after being used—keeps them from being scattered all over the picnic basket.

A sandwich-size plastic bag will not only keep sandwiches from drying out, but will also make it possible to slip prepared sandwiches in the freezer the night before needed. If taken out of freezer the next morning and placed in a lunch pail, they will be thawed but cold and fresh by noon.

Don't forget to recycle those plastic bags, they can be wiped clean, dried, and used over and over again.



## THE NEW YEAR

He comes, an infant,  
He leaves, an old man.  
And what have you done,  
While he's been here?

A little of this,  
A lot of that,  
And not half enough,  
Of what you should.

But do not shed tears,  
You're improving each day.  
So welcome the little one,  
While saying goodbye

To the old man, who's left you  
A wealth of sweet memories,  
And all the joys that each year  
Can bring to the heart.

—Annette Lingelbach.



## AN END AND A BEGINNING

by  
Evelyn Birkby

The end of one year and the beginning of another is always bittersweet. Remembering the joys of 1981 makes me reluctant to leave it behind; thoughts of the problems which had to be solved bring a sense of relief that most of them will not need to be relived again in 1982.

This past year included our 35th wedding anniversary, an accomplishment of which we are proud. Especially so since the week of the celebration itself we attempted the impossible—for the first time in our lives we wallpapered together. Neither Robert nor I had ever done more than glue on a small repair patch of paper, so we were really daring to pool our inexperience and decorate the family room.

Robert dutifully steamed off the old paper and sized the walls while I cleaned and wiped and tried to be helpful. All was in readiness on November 3rd, the actual date of our anniversary. Robert suggested we eat out, an idea which would normally have brought me joy but one which I rejected. Getting the wallpaper on was more important. Besides, I had two nice T-bone steaks and the other ingredients for a good meal at home.

What the setting lacked in glamour (every try fancying up a meal served on a card table in the center of a denuded room?) it made up for in potential. As soon as the dishes were cleared away, we nobly began.

I will not say it went particularly well. It was not easy. The work continued for several nights. But we persevered and, eventually, had the walls covered with pretty, golden, wheat-patterned paper. We did not have any arguments. This was a job which we recognized required two people.

Robert still expressed the feeling that we should do something special. A few days later, a truck drove up our front lane and unloaded a great quantity of fine gravel. Nothing could have pleased me more!

"Ooooh!" I oohed. "Is this my anniversary gift?"

"No," Robert answered, "only part of it. I'm going to take you to Omaha on Sunday to hear and see the English Coldstream Guards Band and the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards with their Pipes and Drums and Highland Dancers.

So off we went on a lovely late-Sunday afternoon. We went in time to visit a friend in the hospital and then, because the hour was getting late, ate in the hospital cafeteria. The food was excellent and the atmosphere pleasant. Perhaps it was not the place most people would choose for an anniversary dinner, but this was not a traditional celebration. It served our purposes well.



This picture was given to Evelyn by the anniversary committee with the following notation: "To Evelyn Birkby, daughter of our first pastor, Talmo United Methodist Church, new in 1965 after an electrical storm burned our first church building." Chairman, Doris Dewey Smith.

The evening's entertainment was exciting. Every time the bagpipes skirled, my Scottish ancestry gave me a nudge. The bands played and marched with great precision, the highlanders danced the great traditional steps and the pipers blew interesting music right up to the marvelous concluding selection, "Amazing Grace". I was ready to pack my bags and head for Scotland. It was a great experience.

Wallpaper, a hospital cafeteria, gravel, an English band and a Scottish bagpipe group make up an unusual mix for a 35th wedding anniversary, but it proved to be an unforgettable and fun part of 1981.

Another fascinating experience which came my way in late fall was a trip back into the past. Robert and I traveled to the small community of Talmo, Kans., to share in the anniversary celebration of the United Methodist Church.

When the church in Talmo was organized, following a revival meeting, the first minister to be assigned was Carl Milford Corrie. It was his first pastorate since his graduation from Garret Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill. It was also the first home to which he brought his new bride.

When the honeymoon couple reached Talmo via train from Illinois, they moved into the small, four-room parsonage which rapidly became the social center of the community. Years went by and the two returned to Illinois to serve churches there and then moved, eventually, to Iowa. During those years they also parented two daughters, my sister, Ruth, and myself.

The work of the Methodist church in Talmo continues. As is true in many small towns, Talmo has grown smaller. The church survived but a bolt of lightning struck the building in 1964 and the resulting fire destroyed the house of

worship so lovingly built during that first year in the life of the congregation. A new edifice, built on the same site, was dedicated in 1965.

The anniversary activities provided a time of sharing of the troubled, the difficult, the emotional, the good and the joyous experiences of the many good people which have been touched by the existence of the church. It was a time of looking forward to what opportunities the future may bring. And it was a time for me to learn more about my own parents and what they meant to the members of this small Kansas community and their brand-new church.

It would have been nice to linger longer in that atmosphere of friendship and memories, but we finally said goodbye and turned our car toward Sidney and our Iowa home.

The more recent past has been a busy time filled with much music. The holidays really began at Thanksgiving for our United Methodist Chancel Choir sang at the community union services. Then, the following Sunday, we went with our minister, Dr. Wayne Clark, to the local health-care facility to provide the music for an afternoon worship service. I can honestly say we have never sung better—sharing our holiday with the residents and staff inspired us to do our best.

As I write this, our choir is preparing a Christmas cantata which is particularly beautiful. The accompaniment is most unusual. It is a professional tape purchased along with the vocal music. It has harps, chimes, drums, cymbals, an entire orchestra, everything a small church needs for background music which could not be easily supplied by local musicians.

When we first began practicing, we  
(Continued on page 22)





### **SLOW COOKER BEANS WITH MEAT**

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 lb. bacon, cut into 1- to 1½-inch pieces
- 2 1-lb. cans pork and beans (undrained)
- 1 1-lb. can kidney beans, undrained
- 1 1-lb. can large butter beans, drained
- 1 medium onion, diced
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- ½ tsp. liquid smoke
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- ¼ cup catsup
- 3 Tbls. molasses

Brown beef, drain excess fat and place in slow-cooking pot. Fry bacon, drain fat and place in slow-cooking pot along with the rest of the ingredients. Stir to mix. Turn on high and cook for about 3 hours.

—Dorothy

### **BLUEBERRY-CHEESE DESSERT SQUARES**

- 1 ¾ cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- ½ cup margarine
- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup shredded mild Cheddar cheese
- 1 10-oz. jar blueberry jam
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Resift flour with baking powder, salt and brown sugar. Cut in margarine, butter and almond flavorings and cheese until crumbly. Set aside ¾ cup of the mixture. Pat remaining crumb mixture into 8-inch square pan. Mix the blueberry flavoring into the jam and spread over crumb layer. Sprinkle the remaining ¾ cup crumb mixture over top. Bake in moderate oven for about 25 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

Other jams and flavorings could be used.

—Betty Jane

### **MEAL-IN-ONE**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 Tbls. salad oil or bacon drippings
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 1 1-lb. can kidney beans
- ¾ cup uncooked rice
- ¼ cup chopped ripe olives
- ¾ cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Brown meat in oil until crumbly. Add garlic, salt, onion, green pepper and chili powder. Saute for 5 minutes. Add tomatoes, beans and rice. Place in greased 2-quart casserole dish. Bake uncovered for about 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Sprinkle olives and cheese on top and bake an additional 15 minutes. One tablespoon of green chilies can be added if you like a spicy casserole.

This can be assembled ahead and refrigerated for several hours. If chilled, a few more minutes of baking time may have to be added.

—Betty Jane

### **CHOCOLATE-PEPPERMINT CAKE**

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- ½ tsp. salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- 1 ¼ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 1-oz. squares semisweet chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- ½ cup sour cream
- ¾ cup milk

Sift the flour, soda and salt together; set aside. Cream together the shortening and sugar; add eggs and beat well. In small pan, melt the chocolate; stir in the flavorings. Add the melted chocolate mixture to the creamed mixture. Combine the sour cream and milk and add to the mixture alternately with the flour mixture. Beat for 2 to 3 minutes at medium speed. Pour batter into two greased and floured 9-inch cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Cool and remove from pans. Frost with the following:

- ¼ cup crushed hard peppermint candy
  - ⅓ cup half-and-half
  - ¼ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
  - 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
  - ⅓ cup margarine or butter
- Put candy and half-and-half in small pan. Place on low heat and stir until candy melts. Add flavoring. Put powdered sugar in bowl and pour in candy mixture slowly while stirring. Add the margarine or butter and beat until smooth. Frost between layers, sides and top of cake.

—Juliana

### **CHILI-EGG PUFF**

- 10 eggs
- ½ cup unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 pint creamed small-curd cottage cheese
- 1 lb. Jack cheese, shredded
- ½ cup melted butter
- 2 4-oz. cans diced green chilies

In bowl, with electric mixer, beat eggs until light and lemon-colored. Sift flour with baking powder and add to eggs along with salt, cheeses and melted butter. Blend well and then add chilies. Pour into well-buttered 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes or until top is brown and center is firm. Cut into squares and serve. Serves 10 to 12.

—Robin

### **TURKEY TURNOVERS**

(A make-ahead recipe)

- Pastry for 2-crust pie
  - 3 cups chopped cooked turkey
  - 2 Tbls. minced parsley
  - ½ cup chopped onion, lightly sauteed
  - 6 Tbls. sour cream
  - 1 ½ tsp. salt
  - ¼ tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- Roll out the pastry to ⅛ inch thick. Cut into 3-inch circles. (I used a glass.) Combine the remaining ingredients. Place about a tablespoonful of mixture on each circle or dough. Fold over and seal edges. Place on a sheet and freeze. Remove from sheet when frozen and place in bag, sealing tightly.

When ready to use, bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees for about 12 minutes. Chicken could be used also.

—Robin

### **HOMEMADE NAVY BEAN SOUP**

- 2 cups dry navy beans, soaked overnight
- 3 quarts water
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- ½ tsp. celery salt
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- ¼ tsp. dry mustard
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- ¼ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Fresh chopped parsley (optional)

Drain beans. Add the water, onion, celery salt, pepper and dry mustard. Bring to boiling, cover and reduce heat to simmer. Simmer for several hours until beans are very tender. (More water may have to be added during cooking time.) When beans are cooked, press through a coarse sieve, making a puree. In a pan, melt the butter. Add the flour and flavoring, blending until smooth. Add to bean puree. Bring to boiling and cook about 10 minutes. Sprinkle fresh chopped parsley over top and serve. Serves 4 to 6.

—Juliana



**NECTARINE SOUR CREAM PIE**

Pastry for a 2-crust pie  
 3/4 to 1 cup sugar  
 2 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1/2 tsp. ground cardamon  
 Dash of salt  
 1/2 cup sour cream  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond  
 flavoring  
 5½ to 6 cups sliced unpeeled nectaries

Line 9-inch pie pan with pastry. Pre-heat oven to 400 degrees. In bowl, combine the sugar, cornstarch, cardamon, salt, sour cream and flavoring. Fold in the nectarines. Spoon into pie shell and top with crust. Bake about 50 minutes. Delicious served warm with ice cream.

—Dorothy

**VEGETABLE-CHEESE BAKE**

1 1-lb. can cream-style corn  
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked according to package directions, and drained  
 1 egg, beaten  
 1/2 cup coarse cracker crumbs  
 1 Tbls. instant onion  
 2 Tbls. butter  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. pepper  
 1/2 cup cubed cheese  
 1 cup crushed garlic-onion flavored croutons  
 1 to 2 Tbls. melted butter

Combine all but the last two ingredients. Place the mixture in a greased baking pan. Sprinkle the crushed croutons over the vegetables and drizzle with the melted butter. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

**3-CHEESE CHICKEN CASSEROLE**

2 cups cooked narrow noodles  
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper  
 1/2 cup chopped onion  
 3 Tbls. melted margarine  
 1 can cream of chicken soup  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms  
 1 12-oz. carton creamed cottage cheese, undrained  
 3 cups chopped cooked chicken  
 10 ozs. shredded Cheddar cheese  
 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook noodles according to package directions, drain and set aside. Saute the green pepper and onion in the margarine. Remove from heat and stir in the chicken soup, milk and mushrooms. In a greased 9- by 13-inch pan, place half of the noodles. Cover with half of the soup mixture, then half of the cottage cheese, half of the cooked chicken, half of the Cheddar cheese. Repeat the layers until all is used. Top with Parmesan cheese and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Verlene

**CLOUD BISCUITS**

2 cups stirred or sifted flour  
 1 Tbls. sugar  
 4 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1 beaten egg  
 2/3 cup milk  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift or stir dry ingredients together in a bowl. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Combine liquid ingredients, beat with a fork. Add to dry ingredients all at once. Turn out on floured breadboard and knead gently about 20 strokes. Roll or pat dough 3/4 inch thick. Cut with a floured 2-inch cooky cutter. Place on ungreased baking sheet about an inch apart. Chill 1 to 3 hours. Bake at 425 to 450 degrees until golden brown, about 10 to 14 minutes. Serve piping hot. Biscuits will be light and fluffy.

A marvelous biscuit to make a few hours before serving, since they are supposed to chill. Perfect for Sunday to make before dinner and have ready to go into the oven when the family returns from church.

This recipe came from the White Oak Church Pioneer Heritage Cookbook.

—Evelyn

**POLYNESIAN MEAT BALLS WITH SAUCE**

(A make-ahead recipe)

Wonton wrappers  
 1 lb. ground round  
 20 small shrimp, chopped fine  
 1 medium onion, chopped fine  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. pepper  
 1 egg yolk  
 1 tsp. mild vinegar  
 1 small can water chestnuts, finely sliced

Combine the above ingredients (except Wonton wrappers) and mix well. Using less than a teaspoonful, shape mixture into small balls. Place a ball in center of a Wonton wrapper and fold wrapper around meat ball securely. Freeze. When ready to use, deep-fat fry frozen. Serve with the following sauce:

4 Tbls. vinegar  
 5 Tbls. white sugar  
 1 tsp. salt  
 2 1/2 Tbls. hot water  
 4 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
 4 Tbls. catsup  
 2 tsp. cornstarch  
 1 tsp. oil  
 1/2 tsp. MSG

Combine and heat stirring constantly until thick. NOTE: Wonton wrappers can be purchased in Oriental specialty food shops or in the Oriental foods section of large supermarkets.

An excellent party food which can be prepared ahead.

—Robin

**STUFFED MUSHROOMS**

12 large fresh mushrooms  
 2 1/2 Tbls. butter  
 1 Tbls. chopped shallot or onion  
 2 Tbls. chopped cooked ham  
 Salt  
 1 cup warm medium white sauce  
 3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese  
 Butter

Slice off ends of mushroom stems and chop fine. Melt butter in pan and saute shallot or onion until transparent. Add ham and cook one minute. Add chopped mushroom stems and cook, stirring for three minutes. Drain any excess fat. Combine with the salt, warm white sauce and Parmesan cheese. Stuff mushrooms with filling. Dot with butter. Place on greased cooky sheet and bake at 500 degrees for 15 minutes. Watch closely. Serve warm.

—Robin

**OXTAIL SOUP**

2 1/2 lbs. oxtails, cut up  
 1 cup chopped onion  
 3 cloves garlic, minced  
 2 stalks celery, chopped  
 1 tsp. salt  
 7 cups water  
 1/2 cup pearl barley  
 1/2 cup lentils  
 Salt and pepper  
 Fresh minced parsley

Place the oxtails, onion, garlic, celery, salt and water in a large kettle. Bring to boiling, cover and continue boiling at medium heat for about 1 1/2 hours. Skim off. Allow to cool and remove fat. Reheat and add the barley and cook rapidly for 45 minutes. Add the lentils and continue cooking for another 45 minutes. Add more salt, if desired, and the pepper. Just before serving, top with fresh minced parsley, if desired.

—Juliana

**GOURMET CHICKEN ROLLS**

1 tube crescent rolls  
 1 small can boned chicken  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
 2 ozs. water chestnuts, chopped  
 1 Tbls. lemon juice  
 Pinch sage or poultry seasoning  
 Salt and pepper to taste  
 1/4 tsp. chicken bouillon granules (optional)

Roll out dough very thin. (Can make your own yeast dough if desired.) Combine remaining ingredients. Spoon a portion of this chicken mixture onto each section of thin dough. Pull dough up around filling. Place on baking sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. For an extra touch for company, roll each packet in melted butter and then in fine bread crumbs before baking. These can be made a day or two ahead of time, then, just before baking, roll in the melted butter and crumbs and bake as directed. For hors d'oeuvres, make them very small and dainty.

—Evelyn



### PEANUT BUTTER CHIP BROWNIES

1 1/3 cups sifted flour  
1/8 tsp. soda  
1/2 cup shortening  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
3/4 cup chocolate-flavored syrup  
1 cup peanut butter chips  
Resift flour with soda and set aside.  
Cream the shortening and sugar until

light and fluffy. Add the eggs and flavorings alternately with the syrup, beating well after each addition. Stir in chips. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. While brownies are baking, prepare the following glaze:

1/3 cup sugar  
1/4 cup half-and-half or evaporated milk  
2 Tbls. butter  
1 cup peanut butter chips  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 of 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate (optional)

Combine the sugar, half-and-half or milk and butter. Place over medium heat and stir constantly until it comes to boiling. Remove from heat and add chips and flavoring. Stir until blended. Spread over the brownies as soon as they come out of the oven. Melt the chocolate and drizzle over top. Cool, cut and serve.

—Dorothy

### DOROTHY'S PORK ROAST

Pork shoulder roast  
1/2 tsp. curry powder  
Rub roast with the curry powder.  
Place in covered pan and bake in slow oven (325 degrees) for 2½ to 3 hours. Drain off excess fat and prepare the following:

1 can cream of mushroom soup  
1 cup uncooked rice  
1/2 tsp. curry powder  
1 can Chinese mixed vegetables, drained  
1/2 to 3/4 cup water  
Salt and pepper

Combine the above ingredients and spoon around the roast. Cover and return to oven for about 1 more hour or until rice and meat are done.

### PEACHY BANANA BREAD

2 cups unsifted flour  
1 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 tsp. soda  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 cup chopped dried peaches  
1/2 cup chopped raisins  
1 cup mashed ripe banana  
1/2 cup milk  
1 egg  
1/4 cup melted butter or margarine  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

In a bowl, stir together dry ingredients, peaches and raisins until thoroughly mixed. In separate bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Add to dry ingredients. Stir to blend well. Pour into a 4½- by 8½-inch greased loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes at 350 degrees or until loaf pulls away from sides of pan. Recipe can be doubled. Freezes well.

—Juliana

### DRESSED-UP MACARONI & CHEESE

1 8-oz. pkg. macaroni  
6 strips bacon, cut into 1/2-inch pieces  
1/2 cup chopped onion  
1 10-oz. can condensed cream of mushroom soup  
1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces  
2/3 cup milk  
1 1/2 cups shredded Colby or Longhorn cheese  
1 1/2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese  
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, thawed enough to separate  
1 small jar pimiento, drained and diced  
Cook macaroni according to package directions. (Do not add salt.) Cook bacon a few minutes and then add onion and continue cooking until bacon is crisp and onion is transparent. Stir in soup, mushrooms and milk. Combine the remaining ingredients with the soup mixture and macaroni. Spoon into large casserole and bake at 375 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

### COFFEE CAKE

3 cups flour  
3 tsp. baking powder  
1/2 cup margarine  
1/2 cup hydrogenated shortening  
1 cup sugar  
4 eggs, separated  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup strong brewed coffee, room temperature  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1 Tbls. cinnamon  
1 1/4 Tbls. cocoa  
1/2 cup sugar  
Sift the flour and baking powder together six times. Set aside.

Cream the margarine, shortening and 1 cup sugar. Add the egg yolks one at a time, beating well after each addition. Combine the milk, coffee and flavorings. Add the flour mixture to the creamed mixture alternately with the combined liquids. Beat the egg whites with the salt until very stiff. Fold into the batter.

Grease and flour a bundt pan. Using about one-third of the batter, make a layer in bottom of bundt pan. Combine the cinnamon, cocoa and the 1/2 cup sugar. Sprinkle half of this cinnamon mixture over first layer of batter. Continue with another layer of a third of the batter, remaining cinnamon mixture and ending with the last layer of batter on top. Bake for one hour in oven preheated to 375 degrees. Cool in pan for 15 minutes, then remove from pan. Serve warm with butter.

—Juliana

### Cold weather perks up appetites — KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS satisfy them.

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Seventeen yummy ways to perk up winter appetites:



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## LATEST NEWS FROM ADRIENNE

Dear Friends:

The last time I wrote to you I was a freshman, excited to start college at Northwestern University. Now, four years and many experiences later, I am almost finished with my senior year. It is hard to believe that in a few months I will be leaving Evanston and starting something entirely new.

I wish that I could spend the little time I have left living so close to Chicago by taking the train into the city to visit the museums and the art institute, or just to window-shop on Michigan Avenue, but time for fun is scarcer now than ever before. I have joined the ranks of anxious seniors around the country who are trying to find themselves a job to begin after they graduate.

Northwestern has a famous career-placement center which hosts almost three hundred business recruiters from around the country. They come and spend a day meeting students who will graduate in June. Unfortunately, in the limited time available, each one can only talk to fifteen students. The competition to be placed on their schedules is fierce. Once a month, seniors and graduate students start to line up at five in the morning to be sure that their names will be included on the small list who will be granted interviews. If you can imagine sixty shivering bodies, up before dawn just to sign up with a recruiter, then you can share in this job-hunt mania.

Although I am majoring in Industrial Engineering, I have started interviewing with companies looking for either sales representatives, management trainees, or industrial engineers. Each type of recruiter has his own special technique to find out if you are the particular candidate for which he is looking to fill a position. Some are very straightforward and simply review your resume, asking about your previous job experiences and answering any questions about their operation. Others are much more difficult. This type of interviewer hopes to discover how you think and act under pressure. He asks such questions as: "How do you motivate yourself?" "Tell me about a problem and how you handled it." "What are some of your greatest disappointments?" This last question in particular gave me trouble because we were brought up to see something positive in every experience and not feel disappointment.

To get ready for interviews, I read two wonderful books which prepare applicants for the type of questions most frequently asked. One is called *How to Get a Better Job Faster* by Richard Payne, and the other is *The Neglected Art of Being Interviewed* by H. Anthony Medley. But no book, no matter how



Adrienne Driftmier enjoys winter and snow, even if it means having to scoop the sidewalk.

complete, can second-guess the surprising and creative approaches an interviewer may take.

In theory, an interview should be simple. What could possibly be easier than talking about the subject you know best—yourself? But when an intimidating man in a dark suit sits hanging on your every word, it suddenly becomes very difficult. I am luckier than many because women engineers who are willing to stand on the plant floor next to a roaring blast furnace are hard to find!

After the first set of screening interviews are held here, the company may invite applicants to a second interview, and the lucky candidates are flown to the sight of the potential job to see the firm and meet the people with whom they may be working. This winter and spring promise to be very busy, juggling classes and traveling.

Most of my friends are singling out the companies they will consider by climate. After four years of living in the Chicago area, they want to escape to the sunny, warm South. I am taking just the opposite approach. I will always want to live in a region with four, beautiful seasons and snowy, blustery winters.

I am an avid cross-country skier, and my greatest complaint this year is that we have not had enough snow. Not since the blizzard that hit the Midwest in 1979, have we had enough ground cover to keep our skis from sticking to the grass and scratching on the gravel. During my junior and senior years of high school, I trained for a 36-mile cross-country marathon held just south of Superior, Wisconsin. Every morning, I would faithfully strap on my skis and put in several miles before school in hopes of building up the endurance to handle the 36 miles. But training for that kind of distance takes more than a few snowy months, it takes an entire year of lifting weights, running

and skiing. Perhaps next year, with the textbooks closed and more free time on my hands, I will be able to get in shape and compete.

Last January was the first time I can remember being thankful that the weather was more mild than usual. I broke my foot in an aggressive game of floor hockey and was sentenced to six weeks of cold toes and crutches. Hobbling as quickly as possible from one class to the next on the crowded sidewalks around the campus, I was happy every day that the snow and ice bypassed Chicago.

Over Thanksgiving, Clark Driftmier told us about his father's experience with broken feet. Cross-country skiing around the circular course set up for his first lesson, Uncle Wayne lost his balance, fell forward across the binding, and suffered the only injury I have ever heard about acquired on a flat track. Despite his broken foot, with true Driftmier determination, he limped through the rest of the lesson.

I definitely need that kind of spirit as I continue searching for a job. I hope that the next time I write to you I will have an exciting, challenging future to tell you about.

Until then,  
Adrienne Driftmier

## YOU CAN'T

You can't make the weak become strong by starving the strong.

You can't make the small become great by criticizing the great.

You can't make the poor become rich by destroying the wealthy.

You can't make the evil become good by eliminating the saintly.

You can't make the stupid become smart by ignoring the wise.

You can't disregard the brains and muscle and fortitude and character that make people what they are. Every person has the choice and the chance to become better.

## COVER PICTURE

We welcome 1982 with a new year and a new baby. Here is the most recent addition to our family—little Cassandra Carol Palo. Her mother, Mary Lea Driftmier Palo, told you in the November issue about her arrival, and we were eager to share her first picture with you friends.

Christopher, aged four, and Isabel, now seven, are very interested in everything that their new sister does. They have taken the necessary disruptions in their usual routine right in stride.

The Palo family has lived in Bellevue, Nebraska, since 1980 when Vincent was transferred to the Offutt Air Force Base.

—Lucile





## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

A precious little book that caught my eye is *The Long Way to a New Land* (Harper & Row Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$7.25) by Joan Sandin. This is another *I Can Read* history book for ages 4-8, but the story is appropriate for all ages.

It was in 1868—the hunger years—that 50,000 Swedes emigrated to America. Rich farmland, job opportunities, and social mobility brought them here. *Amerikafeber* (America fever) spread fast through earlier emigrants. Like thousands of others, Swedes were willing to leave everything for the land of opportunity. Joan Sandin has taken this idea and woven a tender story about Carl Erik and his family in Sweden. Carl Erik's pappa knew they needed rain for the crops; none came. Mamma mixed moss

and bark with flour to bake their bread; it made their stomachs ache.

A letter arrived from Uncle Axel in America telling of their new life and asking Carl Erik and family to come. Cousin Anna Stina wrote, "We eat wheat bread with butter every day. I can speak English better than Mamma and Pappa!" Pappa decided they would go. After selling their small farm, he made a trunk with a lock and filled it with supplies.

By cart and horse, they journeyed to Gothenburg, Sweden, then to England by boat. *The City of Baltimore* was the ship that brought them to America. After storms and fevers, they arrived at New York, where they were examined by doctors. A letter from Uncle Axel said they would be met at the railway station, and there was work for the winter. As Carl Erik tasted the fresh wheat bread and sweet butter of his new land, he whispered, "Now we are arrived."

Joan Sandin, a resident of Stockholm, Sweden, for the last eight and a half years, has recreated with skill the hardships and experiences many Europeans faced when they left their homelands.

My father, Carl W. Carlson, often told us of leaving Karlshamn, Sweden, and traveling by the ship, *Oskar II*. His arrival at Ellis Island with crowds of others must have made him feel forlorn. Can you imagine the emotions our son must have felt when he toured Ellis Island recently? Ellis Island—where so many of our ancestors first stepped foot on American land. Dad was put on the train to Dakota City, Iowa, where he was met by his brothers and the Axel Anderson family and then began a new life. Many of you readers have your own heartwarming family memories such as this.

*What Really Matters* (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont

05301, \$12.95) by E. Jane Oyer and Herbert J. Oyer is a compilation of twelve perspectives on living. In a series of personal interviews with the Oyers, people who have achieved, who are old, who are still active, share their experiences and wisdom in the light of certain common human concerns. What better way to comment on this book than to let these interesting people speak:

What do you have to say about love and hate? Norman Vincent Peale: "Well, of course, the other word for Christianity is love. It's a philosophy of love. If you could define Christianity in one word it would be love, because that's the basic element."

On the family... Colonel Harland Sanders: "I think that's the most important thing! That's what America is built on. It was founded on families that were close together, and lived for a purpose."

On religious and moral principles... Sam Levenson: "You get your training fundamentally in the family. I think that is the greatest school there is. I think going to school is a form and a formula that is required of civilized people. But my mother and father taught us affection and taught us love and taught us ritual."

Of those mentioned, Colonel Sanders and Sam Levenson both died in 1980, but it can be said they lived life to the fullest.

It was in March of 1980 that Gladys Taber, author of the *Stillmeadow* journals, died. Her informal essays on life which made up many of her books have charmed readers for years. I'm reading again my collection of her books, and working on an article. When my reviews of her books appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter*, I would send a copy of the magazine to her. By her warm notes to me, I knew she enjoyed *Kitchen-Klatter*, too!



## KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

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The book, *The Long Way to a New Land*, brought this picture to mind. It is treasured in the Swanson family because it shows Armada's father, his brothers and a friend. Taken in 1912 especially to send to their parents in Sweden the young men wore their just-purchased overcoats, with fur collars, celebrating their new lives in America. From left, back row: John Nelson, Julius Carlson; front row: August Carlson, Ernest Carlson, and Carl W. Carlson, Armada's father.



## WINTER COMES TO GREYSTONE

by  
Harold R. Smith

Winter is always marked clearly in red on our calendar and it is a constant source of amusement to me when Frances says, "How can they determine the exact day, hour and minute when winter arrives?" I don't fully understand it either but I do know that all of nature's rhythms and seasons are dictated by Mother Nature herself and the calendar is mankind's invention.

Throughout the years, we have seen winter come very early and remain when the air should have been balmy and fall-like. In other years, the temperature remained warm far longer than expected. I have come to the conclusion that we no longer measure seasons as accurately as we once did. The heaviest snows of yesteryear came early and remained on the ground for many months. Scooping snow became a full-time job to keep paths open to the various dependencies such as the coal shed, the wood pile, and the smokehouse where cured hams, shoulders and slabs of bacon hung suspended from rafters.

The coal shed has been relegated for other uses, now, and the old smokehouse has become a storage shed to hold the surplus of today's lives; we peer through plastic casings at the supermarket to determine the quality of today's hams and bacon.

Recently, a heavy snow came that drifted the lawn. Neighbor children were playing outdoors costumed in red and blue snowsuits. They appeared as a bluebird and a redbird who chose to stay with us during the long winter months. As other children joined them they had a lively time scooping up mittenfuls of snow, throwing it and watching it shimmer to the ground like diamond dust. Plastic sleds appeared and the children soon knifed their way down the snowy hill. (Whatever happened to the wooden and steel sleds?)

One winter path that is always scooped by us is the one to the outside basement door. Greystone once had an inside door to the basement but it was inconveniently located in the center of the kitchen floor so was closed many years ago. Since Checquers, the black-and-white cat, sleeps in the basement, the path to reach him must be scooped. Also, we keep the path which leads to the old storage shed clear for this is where we squirrel away birdseed to replenish the feeders. And, when time permits, the driveway is shoveled which lends exercise and icy draughts of air to my lungs.

We are blessed with thirty evergreen trees that are most beautiful when dressed with a fresh coat of snow. The



Winter has come to Shenandoah, Iowa, also. This snapshot shows a portion of Lucile Verness's home after a heavy snowfall.

branches often droop under the burden of snow and the effect is much like icing on an elaborate cake. We have never had evergreen branches crash down in storms and I like to think we all share the flexibility of their branches in the storms of life; bend with adversities and snap back with the business of living and shake off our problems just as easily as the evergreens shed clouds of snow.

A friend came last winter and said, "I counted 24 redbirds in your back lawn." She was the fortunate one to see them all at one time for we have never done so. They wing in and out of the cedars that hold their daily buffet. The food must be to their liking for they live with us the year around. The flight of a redbird against the backdrop of a snow-encrusted evergreen would lift the spirit of any winter-weary soul.

When the hill in front of Greystone becomes slick with ice and snow packs the streets, I walk about our village doing necessary errands. I can get the car out of the driveway but getting back up the steep hill, slowing down and turning into the drive is almost impossible. When I walk, I can observe much more, such as the resident rabbit who lives in a vacant lot.

Night lowers its curtain early on winter evenings as lights appear in homes. I like to think of them as "supper lights". The kitchen is a busy place as supper is prepared where rosy-cheeked children devour their portions with appetites whetted by the cold air and exercise. Frances often bakes bread during the colder months and the odor lingers more satisfying than expensive perfumes.

Long winter evenings are great for relaxing. Even the house settles down with an occasional squeak. Old houses tend to "talk" much of the winter and it sometimes seems there are multiple conver-

sations going at the same time. Whether the house protests the cold or the multitude of people who have walked on its floors and staircase, I've never been able to determine. It tends to speak softly in the early-morning hours and often I hear the attic speaking to the rafters or floor joists as I turn over and drift back to sleep.

Many people tell me that they detest winter and feel it is best viewed from inside a warm house. Most, however, do agree there is beauty unlike other seasons.

When a winter thaw comes, I note the snowmelt coming from the steep roof. It slides down under packed snow and ice and drips consistently from the roof edge. The air grows warmer and the sun brings heat to the earth. The thaw may last but a few hours or for several days before winter returns again, but the promise of spring is beyond the horizon and someday it will walk softly upon the earth. In the meantime, we enjoy the beauty of this rugged, invigorating season in the Midwest.



### CHIMNEY TALK

I often wonder as I watch  
The smoke from winter chimney tops,  
Curling softly through the air  
To whisper to a neighbor there,  
Or puffing strong and dark and high  
To shout against the winter sky.  
Some chimneys are silent—not a sign of  
warmth or sound—

No smoke around.  
Could this day of ready insulation  
Bring an end to chimney conversation??

—Leona Cormack





## LET THE SHUTTLES FLY

by  
Helen Mitchell

The art of tatting has been known for centuries, but it is impossible to trace its origins. One can only wonder what longing for beauty led the first tatter to come up with this lovely and fascinating method of making lace. Who used the first shuttle? Who, indeed, invented it? And who created the basic stitch from which all the simple and complicated patterns evolved?

It appears that this delicate art became popular in the 1700s before the advent of textile machinery. The centers of its production were in Appenzell and St. Gallen, Switzerland, and in Plauen, Germany.

When I think of these centers, I am apt to imagine hoards of women sitting around in some large room with shuttles flying while yards of tatted lace flow through their fingers. I also wonder how much pay they received for their hours of shuttling and to what merchants and in what locations this handmade delicacy eventually arrived.

While many types of fancywork seem to be continuing in popularity—crocheting, knitting, quilting, embroidery, needlepoint—tatting seems to be a neglected orphan. I find few pattern books that feature it, and the last shuttle I managed to unearth was found in a Salvation Army Thrift Store. Thread, too, has become increasingly hard to find. The small spools of tatting thread which are necessary for fine work have disappeared from our local stores, and the only crochet cotton available comes in one size—30. The selection of colors

varies every time I go on my frequent thread hunts.

A family friend taught me to tat when I was sixteen. I still have the first doily I made, which demonstrates the durability of something that looks almost as fragile as a cobweb. A pregnant mouse once found her way into the drawer where I kept it. She gnawed up the tissue paper of its wrapping and cut through a thread or two to make the nest in which she deposited six tiny pink babies. We disposed of the mouse, babies and all, and I mended the cut areas. As of now, this doily lies in state on the buffet where it makes a nice base for a bowl of flowers.

No doubt there are many unsung tatters around the country. If tatting boasted a more elegant name, would these talented ladies lift their hands and be counted? In our many travels around the country, I have met only one other tatter, a lady on the El Capitan train bound for Chicago, with whom I exchanged the fascinating aspects of the art. She even created her own patterns. I did hear of another lacemaker who plied her shuttle on a Los Angeles bus. The lady had been seeing a psychiatrist and he suggested that she learn to do something she regarded as impossible. She did so regard tatting and she did so learn!

I can tat but I'm not a good teacher. A few weeks ago I made an attempt. The would-be tatter, the daughter-in-law of our son, has always been amazed by my skill. We had a lot of fun but she, alas, failed to conquer the essential first step. This little stumbling block arose when I attempted to explain the absolute necessity of holding the shuttle thread, which is grasped in the right hand, taut, while you slide the half-stitch you have managed to make along this rigid length to its destination.

If you can whip this and have a pattern book with diagrams, instructions, and also have a grim determination which spurs you on to hours of practice, you can learn to tat.

It is a little soon to tell, but a spark of life appears to be stirring in the tatting field. Just this month a notice in our church bulletin advised: "We have several women who want to learn to TAT. If you can tat and would come to assist in this, we would appreciate it."

So, if you have a shuttle stored away, hunt it up. If you haven't, start searching. Shuttles used to be made of ivory, tortoise shell, or celluloid. Any recently manufactured would probably be plastic. Let the secret tatters make themselves known and the would-be tatters take up the challenge. Let the shuttles fly and do not allow this lovely art to perish from the earth.

## COVERED DISH CARRIER

Material needed: Circle of terry cloth about 22 inches in diameter, approximately 4 yards of 1-inch bias tape, 8 plastic curtain rings, about 5/8-inch size.

Bind edge of terry cloth circle with bias tape. At four equidistant points on circle's edge, sew on 2 curtain rings. Fold bias tape and machine stitch to make 2 strips about 30 inches long. Run both strips of tape through all 4 pairs of rings and machine stitch the ends of both strips. Do NOT sew the 2 strips together.

These strips of tape are the handles and are to be used like drawstrings, bringing the cloth up around the dish or table setting to be carried inside.

—Inez Baker



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## Which Member Are You?

(Club Skit)

by  
Virginia Thomas

This skit may be as simple or as elaborate as you wish. It can be done by just one person narrating throughout, or different characters may be given by different speakers. For more laughs, the speakers might wear outlandish costumes geared to one of the characters they represent; or in some instances, appropriate items might be carried such as a bird cage by the canary, skates worn by the skater, etc. Each character should exaggerate his traits and idiosyncrasies to drive the point home.

**Narrator:** Five and twenty members (more or less)

Sitting there in rows;  
Time to call the roll now,  
Please listen how it goes.  
You'll note the roll is called,  
Not by the member's name,  
But by her little traits and tricks,  
And how she plays the game.  
So listen closely, members dear,  
Think on characters mentioned, do;  
Then try to answer truthfully,  
Could one of them be you?

**Canary:** Trills, flutters and shrills at every opportunity; gushes and flatters over every suggestion, and like old soldiers "just fades away" when there's work to be done. Her "oohs" and "ahs" soon turn into "bye, bye birdie".

**Barber:** Has no respect for other people's ideas, time or work, but is constantly cutting short, interrupting and trimming everything down to size. Shears off enthusiasm faster than the icing disappears off a child's cupcake.

**Whirligig:** Always in a hurry and tries to rush everyone else, wants everyone to drop everything to listen to HER story, HER ideas, HER WAY of doing things. Her rule is "Rush everything else out of the way and pay attention to ME."

**Evangelist:** Carried away by emotions. Never stops to analyze, listen to reason, or to plan. She just grabs onto an idea or a project and then guns her motor like crazy—everyone else better stand aside and let her go.

**Stork:** Only one leg to stand on and

that one is wobbly. Never quite knows all the facts or the whole story, but jumps in on one leg anyway. Lotsa talk but no knowledge.

**Ms. Rabbit:** Hops from one thing to another; never stays on one job to see it finished. Believes the far garden always has the most carrots. Obviously, she does not know the meaning of responsibility.

**Bingo Bat:** Sure her ideas are going to win the prize while everyone else is wondering where she keeps the mill that turns out all of her zany schemes. Every time she springs a crazy suggestion, someone remarks, "There ought to be a law . . ."

**Corkscrew:** Twists every word, every phrase, every suggestion around and around to make them sound the way she wants.

**Lady Valet:** Arrives late and settles down to do the accessory routine: removes coat, reties scarf, puts eyeglasses on, takes eyeglasses off, fingers beads, checks out her purse, drops book on floor, picks up book and, finally, gives her attention to the meeting.

**Yo-Yo:** Operates only with cliques, spending her time going from one group to another; forever on the bounce but

never getting anywhere.

**Statue:** She sits—just sits. Her attitude shows her disapproval and her boredom. No enthusiasm, no ideas, no offer to work. She just sits.

**Censor:** "Pick a little, pick a little" is her theme song. She picks at the way the meeting is handled, at the ideas, the way a project is carried out, at who is a member and who isn't, etc.

**Prima Donna:** Considers the top spot on every totem pole should be hers. In any undertaking, she automatically assumes all solo parts will be hers.

**Prompter:** Is always Johnny-on-the-spot to tell the president of the club and all chairpersons exactly how the job should be done as long as she can do it by word of mouth and not be her own effort.

**Pekingese:** Is an artist at showing her disapproval by a twist of the shoulder, a sneer on the lip, or a turn of the head. Excels in putting people down.

**Skater:** Arrives at the last minute, sliding in out of breath. Keeps those depending on her always in a stew.

**Narrator:** Thus ends our special roll call,

A bit exaggerated it is true.

We sincerely hope of the roster named,  
Not a single one is YOU!

### ONE REQUEST

Dear Master, for this coming year  
Just one request I bring;  
I do not pray for happiness,  
Or any earthly thing.

I do not ask to understand  
The way Thou leadest me,  
But this I ask, "Teach me to do  
The thing that pleaseth Thee."

I want to know Thy guiding voice,  
To walk with Thee each day,  
Dear Master, make me swift to hear  
And ready to obey.

And thus, the year I now begin,  
A happy year will be  
If I am seeking just to do  
The thing that pleaseth Thee.

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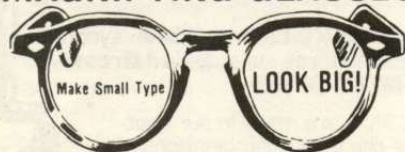
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## From Our Family Album

On a Sunday afternoon back in 1941, these were the members of the Driftmier family who happened to be in town on a wintry day. Standing are Donald (now of Delafield, Wisconsin) and Wayne (now of Denver, Colorado). In the foreground from left to right are Lucile (Mrs. Russell Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa), Mother, Dorothy (Mrs. Frank Johnson, Lucas, Iowa) and Dad.

### AFTER-CHRISTMAS POEM

Put away the Christ Child,  
Lay His mother by.  
Wrap in tissue paper  
The Star that shone on high.  
Take down the wooden stable,  
The manger, too, but leave  
Something of His love to last  
Until next Christmas Eve!

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Today I'll guard the threshold of my mind,  
Brook no intrusion there;  
Allow no rancor or ill will  
Unworthy of my time.  
I'll think of only purest things,  
Of valor and acclaim;  
Temper trial with mercy,  
And gather pleasures gain.  
I'll dwell upon all noble traits  
Of justice and of truth;  
I'll call to mind the gracious ways  
Of those who've lent me mirth.  
I'll fill the hours with pleasantries,  
Declare all deeds of love;  
I'll pray for others than myself;  
Sincerity of purpose prove.

And when at last I've found that peace  
That passeth understanding,  
I'll then have come to realize,  
I'm only what I think about down deep  
within my heart. —Thelma M. Griffith

### ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

feast on paper plates. Needless to say, it was a unique and memorable occasion, made extra special by the sharing of family and friends.

I'm dying to tell you about our new home, but that story will have to wait until next time.

Sincerely,  
Alison Walstad

### CALENDAR TALES — Concluded

the moon, length of days, times of sunrises, times of sunsets and times of eclipses.

It is very difficult to revise a calendar system. Even a worthwhile suggestion meets strong opposition. Lots of old-timers really believe and live by the moon signs, especially the planting schedules, weather forecasts, fishing dates, incubation and weaning tables.

What is the first information you look for on a new calendar? When is Easter this year? What day is Christmas? Your birthday?

What did people ever do before printed, easy-to-acquire calendars came into existence? —Norma Tisher

The most difficult assignment is doing what you don't understand.

But the doing helps make you understand.



## HONEST BREAD

by  
Martha D. Forward

More pretentious mystery has been draped around the simple and honorable task of breadmaking than around nearly any other form of cookery. In truth, with self-confidence and patience, there can never be a bad batch of home-made bread.

All of the ingredients in bread, except yeast, can be substituted for, and even yeast can be grown if there's time. I've several times forgotten to add the salt and it worked all right to sprinkle a little on each slice of bread just before we ate it, though I wouldn't recommend it. Eggs are optional, depending on how many, if any, you have or want. Sweetening can be white sugar, brown sugar, any combination of syrups, or honey. Flour can be of any or all colors. Shortening is strictly up to you. The breads will be different in each experiment but still good, and quite possible, great.

My friend Mary, who is both saint and angel, came into church recently quivering gently, her mouth in a straight line, her eyes dark with fury. Someone spoke to her, and she turned away without answering. It was a shocking sight! Gradually through the service, Mary's anger subsided and she became herself again. After church I asked quietly, "What was wrong with Mary? Did anybody find out?"

"Yes!" came the answer. "Her husband came wandering out of the kitchen this morning and complained to her, 'There's nothing to eat for breakfast but dumb, old, homemade bread!'"

Reason enough for wrath. Homemade bread is a glorious creation, a blessing throughout its existence. It brings joy and smug feelings of virtue to the cook who creates it, as he or she adds ingredients for the better nutrition of the family, subtracts some for greater economy, and changes others for greater interest.

While in the process of rising and baking, bread stirs the senses of everyone who comes near. And once baked, it contributes its unique goodness to everything of which it is a part until the last crumb is gone.

Milk toast for breakfast, made with homemade bread, is not a vapid puddle, but turns into firm, juicy nuggets of golden brown, lightly crusted with just a sparkle of sugar, golden specks of butter, and the hot milk like wonderful broth at the bottom of the bowl. It is food which is gloriously sustaining for the morning's work or play.

Lunch time sandwiches are really sturdy food when the bread is sound and wholesome, firm to the bite and as important as the filling.

After school, the children can make their own version of The Very Best Tod-

dlers Cookie, invented by me when I had toddlers. While the little one sorts through all the cookie cutters to select "just one", you slice a rather thick piece of bread, butter it smoothly, and sprinkle it lightly with some kind of sugar and a few of those colorful cake toppings that used to be called Hundreds and Thousands, but in many places now are just Sprinkles. The child's selection of the perfect cookie cutter for today will probably give you ample time to put away the rest of the bread, the sugar, and the sprinkles. When it is finally chosen, the child carefully places the cutter in the center of the bread and, with a little pressure, a magnificent cookie results. The trimmings, which some children will eat first and others will save till later, are equally good to eat. The whole operation is self-expression with remarkably little trouble—and nothing to wash but the butter knife and one cookie cutter.

I've found my bread keeps best in a plastic bag in the refrigerator, sliced as desired with a slender slicing knife. If you cool the loaves on their sides on a cake rack, you have neat indented lines to follow for straight slices, if that matters to you or your toaster. Of course—it freezes, beautifully.

When the phone rings, you can put your sticky hand in a plastic bag to answer it; the dough can wait quite nicely for twenty minutes, which is long enough for nearly any phone call.

The cooler the place you have the bread dough, the longer it will take to rise, and the better the flavor will be. The one factor that really slows it down badly is a draft, so enclose it in a box or cupboard, or unheated oven, or closet, or shut the windows.

When the bread comes from the oven, turn the loaves on their sides on cake racks and cover them all with a clean, dry dishcloth for about twenty minutes. It really is best not to cut the loaves until they're cool as the texture is not stable until then, but who can resist sampling fresh, hot homemade bread. Cool, wrap and store. The next time you make bread, try something a bit different.




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**AN END AND BEGINNING — Concl.** almost panicked—it seemed that difficult—but our director, Carol Golden (who is also our church organist), has a way of making us do things we didn't realize we could accomplish. So we practiced and practiced and got better and better and are ready now to share it with our congregation and guests.

If anyone is interested in considering this contata for a choir, it is called *Christmas Festival* compiled by John F. Wilson and published by Hope Publishing Co., Carol Stream, Ill. 60187.

My mind is not moving very far into the future—January 1st, to be exact. On that day our family and assorted friends and relations will be gathering around the television for THE football game of the century. Not only does the University of Iowa football team play in the Rose Bowl but so does the University of Washington team. Can you imagine what will happen at the Birkbys when those two teams meet? Craig is a Hawkeye and Bob is an adopted Husky. We could well have a great rivalry going before the afternoon is over.

My primary concern will be putting together a turkey pie topped with biscuits (I'm going to use the Cloud Biscuit recipe given in this issue because it can be made early in the day). I hope a big brunch will hold the cheering section until the game is over and then we can settle down to our first dinner of the new year.

## JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

the only people there and the rising mists made the lighting effects very dramatic.

Later in the day, we set off for the coastal town of Campeche. On the way, we stopped at the ruins of Kabah, Labna, Xlapax, Sayil and Edzna. These are known as *minor ruins*, but I found them to be impressive and well worth the time spent in viewing them.

Campeche to Villahermosa—the day of the trip we all worried about. It is a long drive along the coast punctuated with four ferryboat rides to get from island to island. The day started smoothly enough. Then we missed the second ferryboat due to lack of enough room for our vehicles. Then, a big truck backed into one of the minibuses—fortunately, it did not cause much damage.

The next problem was the fact that a good-sized hunk of road had been washed out and we had to drive on the beach itself with the waves washing right up onto the tires. Pretty scary! After the last ferry ride, rain started and it poured all the way into Villahermosa. We were all relieved when that day was at an end. I'll mention in passing that Villahermosa is a very large city where hotel accommodations have not kept up with the demand of a large business community so it is essential for travelers to have hotel reservations.

On our trips, we always try to save the best for last. This trip was no exception and we were eager to get to the huge



Part of the group at the Temple of the Masks at the Ruin of Kabah. Left to right: Richard DiCicco, Chris Crouse, Jed Lowey and (kneeling) David McArthur.

Mayan ceremonial center of Palenque. I had expected to find some similarities to the Mayan ruins we had seen in Guatemala. This was not the case—there were more differences than similarities. Books and books have been written about Palenque and now I'll have to read some of them. I like to draw my own conclusions first and then see what other people have to say about what I have seen.

Well, I have more than used my space. I enjoy sharing my experiences with you. I would be delighted if any of you would share your Yucatan experiences with me.

Sincerely,

*Juliana*

## SPICE IS NICE

Try this "spicy" quiz and see if you can find a spice name hidden in each of the following sentences.

1. We put the car away for the winter.
2. "Can I see the ocean from the beach house?" the vacationer asked.
3. Because of his age, the bookkeeper had to retire.
4. When it began to rain, the picnickers had to scurry for cover.
5. "Thy meat is tough," the Quaker complained to the cook.
6. Every auto mechanic loves to putter with vintage cars.
7. There was scum in the fish aquarium.
8. London's Piccadilly has fine shops and houses.
9. The young man had received his schooling in Germany.
10. The speaker was affronted by the rude audience.

ANSWERS: 1. Caraway, 2. Anise, 3. Sage, 4. Curry, 5. Thyme, 6. Cloves, 7. Cumin, 8. Dill, 9. Ginger, 10. Saffron.

—Erma Reynolds



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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

There are five All-America Selection winners for 1982—three new flowers and two vegetables. The flowers are DWARF SMALL WORLD CHERRY hybrid zinnia, compact FANTASTIC LIGHT PINK hybrid zinnia and a tall, double hybrid carnation called SCARLET LUMINETTE. The vegetables are both bush-type squash, scallop PETER PAN hybrid and bush JERSEY GOLDEN ACORN.

SMALL WORLD CHERRY is the first of a new class of dwarf hybrid zinnias that combines a quick show of bloom with loads of landscape color. Viewers are attracted by the magnetic color and pleasing variations in tints and shades that develop as the blooms mature. The dome-shaped blossoms are so numerous that they fill every opening in the foliage. They look trim and symmetrical all summer long even after diseases and weather have taken their toll on other varieties. The compact plants reach twelve-fourteen inches in height and spread to sixteen-eighteen inches across.

Compact FANTASTIC LIGHT PINK hybrid zinnia has astonishing large flowers for such dwarf plants which are slightly larger than the Peter Pan zinnias. The color does not fade and the plants are lovely when grown, one to a pot, in five- or six-inch containers.

SCARLET LUMINETTE hybrid carnation blooms ten days earlier than standard varieties. The base-branching plants grow twenty-two inches tall and the two-and-a-half-inch blooms have a faint spicy fragrance.

Bush scallop PETER PAN hybrid squash matures five days earlier than the standard and its compact plants have no runners. The green-tinted fruits of PETER PAN are meatier and more distinctly scalloped than the old-time patty pan types. For best flavor, harvest the fruits before they reach three inches in diameter. At this stage, the flavor is delicate and they can be served raw as appetizers, as finger food or in salads.

Bush JERSEY QUEEN acorn squash is a new dual-purpose vegetable, rich in vitamin A and can be eaten fresh as a summer squash or stored for winter. You can begin harvesting the immature fruits to eat as summer squash at about fifty days from planting seed. If summer runners form, nip them off. Harvest the mature fruits before severe frost and leave the stems on. Store in a cool dry place to preserve the sweet flavor of this 1982 All-America Selection squash.

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