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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This month we are putting down something that I've thought about doing for a long, long time, and on the opposite page you will see exactly what it is—our family tree.

Like all things that are mulled over for a good long spell, it takes something out of the ordinary to spur a person into action. In this case, it is the fact that we've moved our daily radio visits into areas where we've been able to get back in touch with old friends, but (and it's a very big BUT) we're also getting acquainted with many new friends who wonder what Kitchen-Klatter is all about.

This could be answered with one simple statement: Kitchen-Klatter is the oldest family program in the history of radio. That sounds terse and right to the point, doesn't it? But to make such a statement and let it go at that is to leave the entire subject unexplained.

Even back in the years of World War II, there were so many questions about the history of Kitchen-Klatter that I wrote about its background in monthly installments that appeared in this magazine over a period of several years. In my own mind this covered the entire subject—and that was that.

I was mistaken. We were constantly receiving letters from friends who had lost out on those issues of the magazine and wondered how they could get their hands on them so their copies of the history would be complete. There was no way this could be done, so the only possible answer was to put all the stories together in a book where they could be, at last, all in one place. *The Story Of An American Family* was the name of this book and it contains the last complete picture of our entire family, one taken on June 25th, 1949.

In 1976, this *Story Of An American Family* was brought up-to-date and covered the high points of what had happened to all of us in the big chunk of time since 1949. (Copies of this book are

still available—see the ad on page 18 for details.)

It doesn't seem like a long span of time between 1976 and 1982, but there have been many changes in our Kitchen-Klatter family, just as there have been changes in your family. Howard, Frederick and Margery have all retired, although I use the word with qualifications since they are all very active in a variety of ways. Dorothy, Wayne and I are still in the same houses doing the same work that we've been doing for many, many years. Donald and Mary Beth have both made drastic changes in their occupations.

It is in our children that we can see the tremendous differences in occupations and daily routines. Some of them are working in what must be two of the most important jobs that are needed so desperately today: the Ministry and Teaching. From these two basics, we move into everything from highly experienced medical technicians to realms of super-complex scientific projects that my mind simply cannot begin to encompass. I'm lost before I start when I try to understand what it's all about!

(To illustrate just how far behind the times I am, I'll tell you this. When my daughter, Juliana, was at home for her recent, far-too-brief visit, I showed her an item about a Japanese-manufactured silicon chip that contained 2,345 separate items of fact on a surface the size of any ordinary fingernail. The manufacturer had expected this to be marketed in 1985, and lo!, in 1982 it was perfected and ready to go. What seemed a total mystery to me was completely understandable to Juliana. I knew then that I was hopelessly behind the times.)

I think that there are two, and only two things that made our Kitchen-Klatter family unique. We happened to be at the right spot at the right time to participate in a brand-new invention, radio, located in a small southwestern Iowa town that was totally different from all other Midwestern towns because it had TWO radio stations with virtually uncluttered airwaves.

Only the old-timers (and I am one of them) can remember what radio meant to the people of this country. It was the first touch of the world coming right into their homes and it was a revolution. (This word "revolution" has such an unhappy meaning today that it is hard to use it in its pure meaning.) At any rate, Shenandoah was a veritable mecca for people who went to great effort to manage to get into this town and actually see with their own eyes what radio was all about.

I realize that today's world has jumped rapidly from these pioneer radio stations into another world where a big auction has just been held to sell "slots" in Outer Space for Satellite Communications. Do you find this comforting? I don't.

Good news

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAM

can now be heard on

KGGF Coffeyville, Kans.

690 on your dial.

10:30 to 11:00 A.M.

Monday through Saturday.

TUNE IN TODAY.

So, here we are, still bringing Kitchen-Klatter visits to people who feel that there is something to be said for a totally unpretentious family and their experiences. Your friendship has made a tremendous difference to us. We feel blessed to have been followed by so many of you through all these years of just plain living and, since friendship has never been a one-lane road, we have come to know untold numbers of plain, down-to-earth folks who know exactly what we are talking about. Some people consider it downright foolish to care about friends whom you've never met face-to-face, but we're foolish enough to care. And our children and grandchildren also care.

Your devoted friend for many, many years . . .

Lucile

COMMENT FROM THE MAIL

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Folks:

Every time I think of economizing by not renewing my subscription to the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, I find that I cannot do without it. I'll just have to save money some other way.

You people are like family to me. Your programs were among the first my mother enjoyed when we had our first battery-powered radio back in the late 20's. Mother hardly ever missed one of your programs until she passed away in 1976.

My mother started subscribing to your magazine when it was only a few pages. Except for a few years in the 30's when, I assume, she couldn't afford to, she subscribed. I, too, have taken your magazine for many years.

We have visited many of the places members of your family have written and talked about. It is an interesting bonus for us. Affectionately,

—Mrs. D.W., Artesian, S.D.



DRIFTMIER FAMILY TREE

**Martin H. Driftmier (1881-1968) —
Leanna Field Driftmier (1886-1976)**

HOWARD — Mae Lair (Shenandoah, Iowa)

Donna — Thomas Nenneman (Omaha, Nebr.)

Lisa

Natalie

LUCILE — Russell Verness (died 1963, Shenandoah, Iowa)

Juliana — James E. Lowey (Albuquerque, N. Mex.)

James

Katharine

DOROTHY — Frank Johnson (Lucas, Iowa)

Kristin — Arthur Brase (Torrington, Wyo.)

Andrew

Aaron

Julian

FREDERICK — Elizabeth Crandall (Pawcatuck, Conn.)

Mary Leanna — Vincent Palo (Omaha, Nebr.)

David — Sophie Lang (Calgary, Canada)

Isabel

Christopher

Cassandra

WAYNE — Abigail Morrison (Denver, Colo.)

Emily — Rich DiCicco (Arlington, Va.)

Alison — Michael Walstad (Ruidoso Downs, N.Mex.)

Stephen

Lily

Clark (Denver, Colo.)

MARGERY — Oliver Strom (Shenandoah, Iowa)

Martin — Eugenie Davis (Maple Lake, Minn.)

DONALD — Mary Elizabeth Schneider (Delafield, Wis.)

Katharine (Bethesda, Md.)

Paul (Delafield, Wis.)

Adrienne (Evanston, Ill.)



Girl Scouts' 70th Anniversary

by

Mabel Nair Brown

March, 1982, brings the 70th anniversary of the founding of the Girl Scouts.

Decorations: The girls can make large banners on which they have put their motto, slogan and Promise to use as room displays. If the troop has been involved in a special project recently, make up posters to display pictures and narratives about the projects. Posters may also be used to explain the program of the age group, or groups, involved and to explain the different badges which may be earned.

Two or three girls might be appointed to work as a committee to present a history of the Girl Scouts or a history of the local troop.

SKIT

Setting: On a table in center stage, place a large white birthday cake decorated in green with a large numeral "70" in gold standing on top. Arrange seven green tapers in low holders—three on one side of the cake and four on the other. If possible, make a large replica of the Girl Scout emblem to hang on the wall behind the cake. In front of the candle holders, stand large gold letters to spell S-E-V-E-N-T-Y. A Scout will light the proper candle as she speaks about that letter. In addition to the girls, a leader and a pianist will be needed for the skit.

Leader: "I soon can learn to do it, if you'll let me see it done. I can see your hands in action but your tongue too fast may run, and the lecture you deliver may be very fine and true, but I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do; for I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give, but there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live."

This quote from Edgar A. Guest speaks of some truths about the programs of the Girl Scouts. They don't just read or hear about a good life, they live it, and they see it being lived by their leaders and their parents. Every Scout cherishes and tries to live by the Scout laws and the Scout Promise—the values of which have been the cornerstone of the Girl Scout organization for seventy years. Seven Scouts will light these anniversary candles and tell us what they mean.

S SHOW a cheerful, friendly face and

spirit to my sister Scouts and to all with whom I work or play.

E EVERYTHING I do shall be honest, fair, helpful and considerate as I go about my life each day.

V VALIANTLY respectful of authority is an important part of Scout living.

E EACH and EVERY resource of nature and talent is to be used wisely at every opportunity.

N NEVER to show disrespect for others or for myself through my actions or words is part of being a true Scout.

T TO protect and improve the world around me is to be a main goal in my life.

Y Saying YES in obeying the Scout Laws, in making them my YARDSTICK—this is my aim as is given in my Promise.

(All of the Scouts stand and repeat the Scout Laws in unison.)

Music: "America", sung by all.

Closing:

SALUTE TO SCOUT LEADERS

My leader teaches me so many lovely things—

She weaves for me a web of shining days;
She helps me build my life with courage
and skill

And teaches me the meaning of life's puzzling ways.

I love my Scout leader for what she has given me—

Wonderful memories of so many lovely hours.

From her I learned to know the songs of birds

And to appreciate trees and grass and flowers.

She teaches me faith and love for all humankind—

To be kind and considerate to those I meet each day.

Her hand is ever ready to guide and direct me

To meet life in the Girl Scout way.

—Unknown

AN IRISH BLESSING

May the blessing of light be upon you.
May the sunlight shine upon you and warm your heart. May the blessings of the earth be upon you—the great and round earth . . . May all have a kindly greeting for you as they pass along the road of life.

KITE FLY

Kite Flying Contest: Select a field or park with wide open spaces and no power or telephone lines. Hold the contest on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon. At least a month before the contest, give each person involved a list of the rules and any awards to be presented. This gives the boys and girls a chance to get their kites made at home and to experiment with the length and weight of the balancing tails which make them fly.

Most encyclopedias and both Boy and Girl Scout materials include directions for fashioning kites. Developing it into a family affair, with parents helping, can create a fine partnership for this project.

Rules: A. Kite must be homemade with the covering of paper or cloth. B. Each kite must fly at least 20-30 feet up in the air to be eligible for a prize. C. Each kite must fly at least (designate length of time) minutes to qualify. D. Contest divisions according to age may be given if this is a community project.

Awards: First prize or prizes can be a small pizza, a hamburger and a milkshake. (Some fast-food chains give courtesy coupons for this type of youth project.) A local business might provide ballpoint pens enough so each participant can receive a prize.

Refreshments: Especially if the day is chilly, treat the children with kite-shaped cookies, hot chocolate and fruit punch.

A kite fly is a great way to create some pizzazz for a Scout, 4-H or any youth organization. Some community clubs sponsor a kite fly for all the young people of the town with contests for various age groups. It can make for a special, fun afternoon.

—Norma Tisher

THE "GREENS" GAME

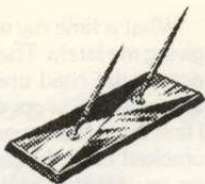
Each answer contains the word "green".

1. Smooth area on a golf course (Putting green)
2. Common vegetable (Green beans)
3. Used in frostings (Green food coloring)
4. In the National Football League (Green Bay Packers)
5. Permission to proceed (Green light)
6. A glassed enclosure (Greenhouse)
7. Inexperienced (Greenhorn)
8. Young bulb used in salads (Green onion)
9. Used in ceramics (Greenware)
10. Expression meaning money (Greenback)
11. Symbol for March 17 (Green shamrock)
12. An American tree (Evergreen)
13. Nationwide S&H (Green stamps)
14. An island (Greenland)
15. Term for jealous (Green-eyed)

—Norma Tisher



DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

At long last another winter is almost behind us. However, with the extremely cold temperatures we have had this season, we really have no way of knowing what March might bring.

It seemed like we had more snow on the ground before January 1st than we've had altogether the last two years. Maybe I just notice the weather more as I get older or, as some people have been saying, maybe our weather is getting a little colder each year. Enough said about the weather; I do hope this letter finds you all in high spirits and good health.

This last winter saw a very hectic household at the Nenneman's. Lisa was on the Millard North High School Drill Team and had to find her way to many early practice sessions through the dark, snowy weather. Most mornings, Lisa found herself up and about at hours when the birds were still in their nests. She was really terrific this year at getting herself out of bed and off at those early hours. I guess at the age of eighteen, young people like that feeling of being independent.

Once the drill routines were perfected, it was on to bigger and better things—the performance at the game. This created a little nervousness before performance time—the fear of being out-of-step, going the wrong way, or just forgetting a portion of the routine. The squad performed at most home basketball games and really looked sharp. You would have to say that it was all worth it, but I know that Lisa was relieved when it was over.

Now it is preparation for graduation. I had forgotten how busy a student's senior year could be.

Natalie, as a sophomore cheerleader, was also very busy during the football and basketball season. The sophomore football games were held after school and their basketball games were on Saturday mornings this year so—guess what—the idea of rest and relaxation on Saturday mornings just didn't work out that way. In addition, the sophomore girls on the cheerleading squad were responsible for selling refreshments at the varsity games. If it sounds like we met ourselves coming and going that is not too far from being the truth.

The sophomore cheerleaders were fortunate enough to have won their district competition while at camp and went on to compete in regional finals early this winter. This involved squads from four states. Upon arriving at these finals, they found that all the other squads



Lisa Nenneman's senior class picture.

competing were varsity squads. Their hours of hard work preparing for this competition paid off as they ranked second and came home on cloud nine.

Tom and I enjoyed watching a variety of birds at our backyard feeder this winter. We were introduced to several new species over the course of the cold, snowy months. The yellow-shafted flicker and black-capped chickadee made their first appearances at our feeder this season. When you combine these new "guests" with the ever-present juncos, sparrows, cardinals, blue jays, finches, starlings and crows—yes, I said crows—you can see that we had a full house. Bird feed did not last long.

Tom is finding this to be another busy year. He has grown accustomed to his new office area at North High and now the other central office administrators are moving their offices to this building, also. The main office has been at Central Junior High for many years but the growth in student population at that building created a need for more classroom space. Once the superintendent's office has moved out, the area will be remodeled into classrooms. It seems there is no way to slow down "progress", as there are always new needs to be met.

We have had a very busy winter in trying to help Lisa plan next year. I never dreamed the day for college would arrive so quickly. She has spent considerable time narrowing down her choices and it looks like the University of Nebraska at Lincoln will be her first preference. (Now those of you with seniors know that tomorrow there may be a completely new set of plans.)

Lisa is particularly interested in getting into the area of television production and broadcasting. Her interest was heightened when she took a course in television production at the Westside Public Schools, a neighboring school district. She really liked the program and

seems encouraged to go on to Lincoln to pursue the subject in greater detail. Tom keeps telling her that the opportunities in telecommunications are unlimited and to see what she can do in that field.

Do you realize that spring and the summer are just around the corner? I can see it now—washing windows, planting grass seed and a garden, mowing the lawn, fertilizing the soil and then watering it so the grass will grow and we can mow it again. But how we love to do it!

A person has a chance to rekindle the internal fires during the winter, to rest and recharge the batteries and, then, launch a full-blown assault on the great out-of-doors. The girls love the sun and spring and summer mean so much to them. I do enjoy the four seasons, but I can truthfully say I will be glad to see this winter behind us.

I hope your spring is delightful and that you find every day a great one.

Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman

COVER PICTURE

This picture of the Reverend and Mrs. Martin Strom was taken last summer when the church which Martin has served since 1975, the Bethlehem United Church of Christ, celebrated its Centennial.

Martin is the son of Margery and Oliver Strom. Long-time friends of our family have followed his activities from the time he was born here in Shenandoah, Iowa, until the present.

The actual date of the founding of this fine church in Maple Lake, Minnesota, was December 26, 1881. The long-planned celebration was set for last summer when it was easier for people associated with the church to come from far and near than to take a chance on the weather during a Minnesota winter. (The committee had no way of knowing this winter would be so bitterly hard, but it is a blessing they had the foresight to have the major part of their celebration last summer.)

On the actual anniversary date of December 26, 1981, four different services were held in the church. Margery and Oliver Strom were able to be present for all of them. Part of the joy of that week for the Stroms was the fact that they also spent their very first Christmas in Maple Lake.

In early March, Martin and Eugenie, plus a group of members from their church, will join a larger group in the Twin Cities for a journey to Israel. This will be Martin's second trip, but Eugenie has never been in Israel before so it will be a brand-new experience for this busy minister's wife (her daily schedule is as busy as Martin's). We hope it will be a wonderfully rewarding and safe trip for all of those on the tour. —Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

What a busy day this has been. This morning, I began a new volunteer job working in a snack bar at the local hospital. When Betty and I first offered our services to the volunteer staff at the hospital, we were asked what we wanted to do, and we replied: "Whatever it is that you have the most trouble getting other volunteers to do." That offer led to my being asked to wait tables at the hospital snack bar, to Betty's being asked to take a library book cart to the patients' rooms, and to both of us being asked to work one night a week as hospital baby sitters.

We accepted all three challenges. I quickly learned to make ice cream sodas, hot chocolate, and coffee in a large restaurant-type coffeemaker. What fun it is to see the looks of surprise on the faces of friends when they come in.

The job that really keeps us on our toes is the baby-sitting we do on Tuesday evenings. Small children are not permitted to go beyond the hospital lounge and reception area. Since some of the parents cannot leave their children at home, they bring them along to the hospital where a volunteer staff does its best to take care of them. What a challenge for the helpers. Both of us are down on our hands and knees playing with building blocks, reading books of nursery rhymes and dressing and undressing dolls. It was a wonder we ever managed to get through that first day.

Had you been here in my study last night, you would have enjoyed being a part of a Cub Scout meeting. Ten of the most handsome, best-dressed, brightest, most fun-loving nine-year-old boys I ever have seen were here in this very study room listening to me talk to them about wild ducks and swans. The boys drank hot chocolate and ate popcorn balls. What a great time we had. Betty and I got as much pleasure out of the occasion as the boys did.

Let me tell you how we happened to have those Cub Scouts come here to our house. About nine o'clock yesterday morning, a lady came to the door and asked, "Are you the man that feeds all those wild ducks?" When I assured her that I was, she continued, "Out in the car I have a wounded duck. I found it lying in the middle of the road unable to walk or fly. What shall I do with it?"

"You may not like to hear what I am going to tell you," I replied. "The only person that could help a wounded duck is a veterinarian, and no matter what he



On the ground level of Frederick's home in Connecticut, he has arranged a small work area where all kinds of tools can be stowed away. He is handy at repair work all over the house.

does, the chances are that the duck will never be able to take care of itself in the wild again. It could be that the greatest kindness you can do would be to let nature take its course. If the duck is to die, then let it die. God made all creatures, and some of those creatures are out there in the cold starving to death. They depend on catching wounded ducks for their food. A fox, a mink, an otter, an owl or a hawk will be kept alive by a good meal of duck. We save one animal only to the detriment of other animals."

It was finally agreed that I would call in some of the wild ducks from the waterfront, and take out the wounded duck and place it on the ground with the other ducks. How amazed the lady was when I blew two sharp blasts on my referee whistle and immediately had more than 100 wild ducks sitting on the ground at my feet! Her amazement turned to utter bewilderment when the box containing the wounded duck was opened and the duck leaped into the air, flew straight up toward the sky, and then disappeared from sight off toward the ocean.

"But that duck cannot fly," she said. "It was almost dead there in the middle of the road. Look at it now—perhaps it was just stunned." So, the story had a happy ending.

As the lady was putting her empty box back into her car, she turned to me and said, "Oh, how I do wish my Cub Scout Den could come over and talk with you someday about ducks and swans."

That led to my asking her to bring the Scouts here to my study last night. When it was time for them to go home, I practically had to push them out of the door. It was such fun to have them here that I have invited them to visit me again next month.

What a time my wild ducks have been giving me lately. They are fed twice a day across the road under some pine trees where the snow cover is quite thin. When I first leave the house with a big bucket of cracked corn, I blow three sharp blasts on my whistle, and by the time I have walked to the other side of the road, between 200 and 250 ducks have arrived on the scene. After they make sure that it is I and not some person hungry for a dinner of roast duck, they drop down through the trees to land at my feet. Some of them insist on sitting on my feet while they eat. The trouble starts when they have finished eating the corn, and I start to walk back to the house. The rascals follow me. There I am, walking slowly across the road and up the steep driveway with 200 or more ducks waddling along behind me and beside me. What a show!

When the weather permits, I am going to have a very interesting young lady visit with me on one of our Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasts. Her name is Cherie Kingsley, and she has become nationally famous for her wonderful collection of teddy bears. I have to say: "When the weather permits . . .", because Cherie lives in East Hartford, Conn., where she has an excellent position with The Travelers Insurance Co.

Cherie has a collection of more than 100 teddy bears, some of which are frequently on exhibit in children's museums and libraries all over this part of New England. A very talented person with many artistic skills, Cherie Kingsley became interested in teddy bears quite by accident. She was passing through a bookstore about a year ago when she happened to see a catalogue on teddy bears. She was intrigued, fascinated, and delighted with what she read, and right then and there she decided to collect the cuddly toys.

From the time she was a little girl, Cherie has shown skill and artistry as a seamstress and knitter, and designing and making her own teddy bears was a natural step. At least one-third of her present collection was created in her own studio. One thing led to another and, to enhance the fun of it, Cherie Kingsley established the Great Eastern Bear Co., known as GEBCo. Of that organization, Cherie is "Acting Chair-bear". What fun!

During the interview with Cherie, I am going to have her tell us about the *Teddy Tribune*, a newspaper distributed to bear enthusiasts across the country. She contributes to that publication, and she frequently speaks about her new hobby to organizations of all kinds. She says that there are teddy bear collectors all over America and in some other countries, who get together for rallies and contests. "In teddy bear contests," she says,

(Continued on page 20)

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

I am beginning to feel a bit spooky about the things I write in *Kitchen-Klatter*. I keep a carbon of each letter so as to remember all the things I tell you about from one month to the next. So, it was according to my standard operating plan that I would look over my last month's letter to you before I began stirring my thoughts into an interesting form for March.

It was, therefore, a stunning shock for me to read of my tempting the conjurers of devilment. Can it be less than 25 days since I bragged about our wonderful sandy soil which has allowed us to perk along with our 20-plus-year-old septic system? We demurred to hook up with the newly available city sewers because "we didn't need it". I honestly believe it was not more than 72 hours after I typed that rash, boastful sentence, than our septic system shut down, and I mean it shut down 100%.

On the day of this routine-stopping catastrophe, there were still six people in the house entirely dependent upon the conveniences offered by this elementary system. However, we were at the mercy of the plumbers who were at this point exceedingly busy with folks suffering from a lack or excess of water due to the pipes which were freezing because of the exceedingly low temperatures.

A plumber was finally reached, and after two house calls our system was finally operational, but as I now look out of my southern-view windows across the beautiful white expanse of wind-smoothed snow, I see the jagged scar chopped in the clean white surface by the man of the house as he maintains a well-cleared path to the cover of the septic tank. We may be operational, but only by the skin of our teeth. If we can inch along with the minimum use of water until this winter of winters is past, we shall be able to break through the frozen ground and hook on to that sewer, superfluous though it be, and then we can get back to normal living.

Because of my new status of housewife and homemaker, I am learning to adjust to many hours at home—more hours than I have ever had to face left to my own devices due to Don's longer hours at his new engineering job. It is with no small degree of self-discipline that I have forced myself to dig through the long list of "chores awaiting" before I earn the reward of several hours of knitting. Things "awaiting" are really stacked-up. Before I was able to dig down to the glass top of the bedroom dresser, I found that the drawers where these dug-through items were normally



Katharine and her mother, Mary Beth Driftmier, feel their visits together are too few and far between. They do have a wonderful time whenever it is possible to be together.

to have been put had to first be cleaned out because they, too, were jammed full. Really, it is a Pandora's box I stumbled into when first I began to set things in their proper places.

Among the fascinating things I found in among the washers, nuts and bolts which had slipped under the yellowed paper liner of Don's drawers, was a letter dated August, 1972, written by a friend from Spokane, Wash. Enclosed in the letter was a worn and yellowing packet of guaranteed evergreen variety of cucumber seeds. Still legible was the information that the seeds had come from the Henry Field Seed Co. in Shenandoah in 1920. These were tested Iowa seeds with the faded green numbers 8682 still legible in case the seeds were returned for refund. The fact that the seeds were found among the treasures saved by their owner in 1920 on the land where he homesteaded under the 1910 Act make it possible to date the packet accurately. This was in Montana about 24 miles south of the Canadian border and 36 miles from the Dakota line. The writer told Don that his father, the homesteader, had kept the seeds closed up securely in coffee, tobacco and baking powder cans in his attic.

None of our children have seen this packet of seeds. It is little things like this that I feel need to be found, marked and put into a safe place for keeping so that the next generation can get a peek at their past.

The Wisconsin cousins continue to meet *Kitchen-Klatter* reader friends in their living areas. At a company dinner, Katharine reported meeting a young woman who was the wife of one of her fellow employees at Bethesda Research Laboratories who had been reading the magazine for many years. The unexpected reader who has turned up in my acquaintance was of such close contact that I can hardly believe the coincidence that brought it about.

Since last July, I have been taking the Word-Processing Course at the county technical institute which is close to our house. I apparently never mentioned my teacher's name as being Jane Tate, which is unusual because I normally include the names of the exceptional people I am meeting out in the world. Well, Jane and I have come to be great friends because of our mutual fondness for these wonderful new typewriters.

All the months I wrote to you about the machines, there was a lady named Dorothy James out in Columbia, Mo., reading my descriptions. She had a strong hunch that her daughter, Jane, and I might be acquainted.

When Dorothy James came to Milwaukee to visit over Christmas, Jane began to unfold the story of a woman who was writing in some magazine about the Word-Processing Course. (Jane had not been in Columbia long enough after her college years to have read *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* nor to have recognized the Driftmier name.) Well, when Dorothy James told her daughter that I was Don's wife, the puzzle suddenly fell into place and Jane realized that the Mary Beth in her class and the person writing about the class were one and the same person.

Jane and I are back together again in class this term with one more congenial tie which makes our friendship unique. We also discovered similarities in the lives of our mothers. Both of our mothers are widows living alone, both are finding it easier to walk with the aid of canes because of arthritis in their knees, both traveled to see us by airplane for Christmas and got home safely. My mother, however, did not arrive home to find that her home had been ransacked by burglars as Jane's mother did.

One reads about crime but until it strikes someone that we know, it really doesn't register with such an impact. I feel genuine distress that someone would commit such a crime against such a nice woman. It makes me want to alert all of the mothers who are readers to be super, super careful when they are living alone.

I shall breathe a sigh of relief when Adrienne has graduated because it is becoming more and more risky for women on college campuses in some areas. Adrienne has carried a protective device in her pocket all of her college career. I was glad she was cautious when she told me that in order to get the choice appointments for job interviews, she decided to begin standing in line at the campus Placement Bureau at 1:45 in the morning. The Placement Bureau was not scheduled to open until the normal eight o'clock classes would have begun. Fortunately, there were large enough numbers of seniors waiting in line to lessen any danger of being on the city street at

(Continued on page 20)

VACATION IN PARADISE

by
Louise Simms

Are you looking for some place to get away from the chill March winds and late winter blahs for a couple of weeks? Don't pass up the possibility of a trip to Hawaii. It might not cost as much as you think. A trip to Hawaii can be a "Vacation in Paradise".

My husband and I left the Moline, Ill., airport for Hawaii as an anniversary gift for us to give each other after fifty years—especially since we could not even afford an overnight honeymoon when we were married in 1930.

It was not the first time we had been to Hawaii, for we had spent two weeks there in February of 1974, which was soon after we had retired from business. The first trip was a shocker for me, since my husband is not an enthusiastic traveler—anywhere!

So, imagine my disbelief when he announced at the end of that first trip: "If we make it to our 50th anniversary, let's come back." I didn't expect to hear any more about it but, happily, I was wrong.

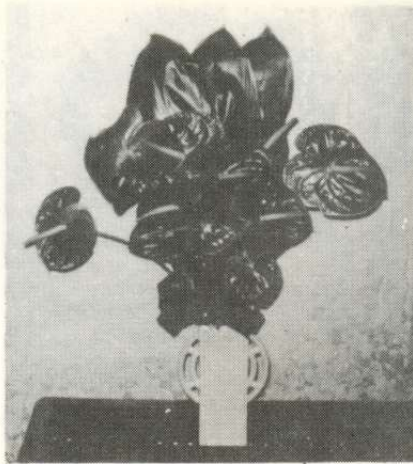
When you think of all the ingredients that go to make up a Hawaiian vacation—beautiful weather with temperatures between 72 and 76 degrees year around, caressed by gentle ocean breezes, living in a luxury hotel where at least one wall is open to the ocean view, exotic arrangements of tropical flowers in hallways and lobbies, all kinds of shops within the hotel complex, and continuous Hawaiian music (even in hotel elevators)—it is easy to understand why you have a feeling of being in paradise.

Tourism is Hawaii's No.1 industry, sugar is second, and pineapple is third. So many peoples' jobs depend on the tourist, they want all visitors to feel welcome and hope you will return.

Special motor coach trips and entertainment within each island are optional. Car rental service is available in every hotel lobby if you prefer to drive yourself. But my husband and I definitely prefer to go with a tour group arranged through a travel agency.

On our first trip, there were more than 70 in our group. The second time there were 27. We preferred the smaller group simply because we became better acquainted with everyone and made several new friends.

We also preferred bus tours to driving a rented car because we had no worries about watching where we were going, and therefore could concentrate on the scenery. Tour bus drivers are equipped with microphones and keep passengers well informed as to points of interest and local history. Many stops are scheduled along the route. Drivers always seemed happy to comply with a request that we



An arrangement of red anthuriums which Louise Simms purchased at Nani Mau Gardens near Hilo on the Island of Hawaii.

be allowed to stop to take pictures.

A large map of the island we were touring was displayed high against the front of the tour bus. While telling about a particular point of interest, the driver would use a long wooden pointer to show the exact location he was talking about. All of the guides were excellent drivers (and entertainers) as well as being well informed about their subject matter.

One fact I learned from a tour guide on our last trip is that beautiful Ala Moana Park in Honolulu was originally a city dump. The park is bordered by the Pacific Ocean and beaches on one side and the huge Ala Moana Shopping Center across Kalakaua Boulevard on the other side. Since incoming planes from the "mainland" (never refer to it as The States or United States while in Hawaii) fly over this area, the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce feared the city dump would make a bad first impression on newcomers, so they built a beautiful public park over the city dump on the ocean front.

Be prepared to see many Japanese people and much Japanese writing in hotels and shops. The Hawaiian language is pure Polynesian, the alphabet contains only twelve letters, and each letter is sounded. Four words you might want to learn are: *aloha* (which means hello, goodbye, and/or love), *mahalo* (which means thank you), and *kane* for boy and *wahine* for girl. But don't worry about the last two names if you are hunting for a restroom; there is usually a silhouette of a boy under *kane* and one of a girl under *wahine*.

Life in the islands is very casual—as is their mode of dress. Their favorite expression of "hang loose" pretty well sums it up. This is also typified by the long, loose-fitting native dress called a *muumuu*. This garment the natives describe as "covering everything and touching nothing".

On our first trip, we went to three is-

lands—Hawaii, Kauai, and then Oahu. On our 50th anniversary trip, we went to Oahu, Kauai, Maui, and then Hawaii.

There are plenty of beautiful tropical flowers and shrubs on the islands, for the volcanic rock soil is fertile. But on the island of Hawaii itself, the coastline is rocky and the beaches we saw are man-made. On the other islands, the abundance of natural sand beaches and greenery is a sharp contrast to the dark surfaces of Hawaii.

There is no way I can possibly tell you about all the interesting things we saw in Hawaii. The best way is to talk to a travel agency (there is no charge). Save a bit of money for an optional ocean cruise, a luau, Honolulu dinner show, and bus tour after you arrive.

ST. PATRICK'S HAPPY FACE DECORATIONS

Make up all kinds of happy faces to use for table decorations or to place around the party room to bring a smile when guests catch sight of them. For the face, use one of the large foam balls—the size will depend upon where you want to use it. To get a flesh-colored face, cover the ball with ½-inch strips of flesh-colored crepe paper, crossing over at top and bottom as you wrap. Using pieces of felt, make big oval eyes and curved black felt eyebrows. A black felt triangle (or two tiny circles) make the nose.

For girl faces, use red felt for the lips—a very curved rosebud mouth for the happy girl faces. For her hair, use tightly curled narrow gift ribbon, gluing it at different spots to hold in place. Cut a rather large pair of feet from heavy cardboard and cover with black felt, glue the happy face ball to these and it will stand upright. Glue green ribbon bows on the toes of the girls' shoes.

For the boy faces, make small, round, flat top hats of green felt and decorate with gold cord or braid. Cut a strip of felt (2 inches or so wide) long enough to go around the head for the sides of the hat. Glue this strip together at the narrow ends. Now set this ring on a piece of paper and draw around it to get the pattern to cut out a top for the hat. Glue it in place and then decorate the hat with bands of the braid and some small ball fringe or sequins. Glue yarn to the head for hair, just enough to show from under the hat at either side of the face. Glue on the facial features, making a very smiling mouth. Make a heavy cardboard ring so that you can set the boy face in it, then cover the ring with white paper. Glue the feet to this ring and add a green bow tie at the front side of the ring.

—Virginia Thomas



DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

Since this is my first time to write to you in the new year, I wish you a very happy 1982. I hope that all is going well with you. We are enjoying this winter because it is bringing many firsts.

Last December we moved into a new home. That is, it is new to us. The house is actually thirty years old and in one of the older parts of Calgary, close to the center of town and in an interesting neighborhood complete with library, park, swimming pool, churches and shopping districts. In fact, we are living in just the part of town where we wanted to live—not at the edge of the city in one of the new suburbs. We are also happy to be only a few blocks from Sophie's parents' place.

Any of you who have ever gone house hunting know how hard it can be to find just the right home. Sophie and I had been looking at houses for years. Since we moved to Calgary, just over a year ago, we looked in earnest. When my sister, Mary Lea, and my brother-in-law, Vincent Palo, visited us with their children last summer, Sophie and I were beginning to think that the idea that one could find the right house, in the right neighborhood and with the right price, was simply a myth. In fact, while my sister and family were here, we almost bought a house that was not quite perfect for us.

"Don't buy it!" Vincent told us. "One day you will walk into a house and you will know right away that it is the house for you."

My sister said, "You will be able to afford it and it will be almost as if you didn't pick the house, but that the house picked you."

The Palo's advice was right. After all of the years that we have spent looking at houses, within an hour after we saw this place, we made an offer on it. The offer was accepted and for the first time Sophie and I became the owners of our own home.

"You can always recognize a new homeowner," my father told me the other day over the phone. "He's the guy standing in line at the cash register in the local hardware store." Any of you who have moved into a new house of your own know exactly what my father means. Sophie and I both took to a new hobby overnight—home repairs. For the first two months fixing up the place became almost an addiction.

On the evening of our wedding anniversary, we got so involved in painting the downstairs bathroom that we didn't eat until 11:30 p.m. after the first coat of paint was on. The next morning, we were



David Driftmier.

up at 6:00 a.m. together, not because we set an alarm, but because we had some sort of interior alarm clocks that told us when the first coat was dry and that it was time to put on a second coat.

Now, two months later, the house is basically the way we like it. Although there are still many things we want to do to improve the house, we are no longer doing it all at once but slowing down and, in our leisure, doing things one at a time. One of the projects for later this year is to add more insulation to the house. The people who lived here before us really packed the airspace below the ceiling with good insulation. Yesterday, we walked around the neighborhood with some friends who pointed out how snow stays on our roof and on the roofs of some neighbors', while heat escaping from other homes melts away all of their snow.

"Just think of all of the energy that goes up through the roofs of those houses," my friend Bob said. "There ought to be a law against it."

While heat is not lost through our roof, it does go through our walls. We are definitely going to put a layer or two of insulation inside those walls. My friend Bob is right. In a world where so many people have so little, it does seem a crime to waste anything.

Bob and his wife, Buffy, are teachers and also own a small tree farm. We are lucky to have friends from whom we can buy prairie-hardy apple and plum trees. They will also help us plant the trees in our front yard and come offer advice to help us keep the trees healthy and growing. My hands will be kept full tending our first garden so the extra help will be needed to keep my thumb green when it comes to raising trees, too.

During our walk yesterday, we saw some old Christmas trees that had been thrown out into the yards of some of my neighbors and not picked up yet. Bob told me that in Europe many people buy

potted Christmas trees. People use them and then put them in their yards and take care of them until the next Christmas when they are used again in the homes. After two or three Christmases, the trees are permanently planted outside. Then it is again time to go out and buy new trees. Bob plans to put some potted Christmas trees on the market next year. He thinks that he will be able to sell them for the same amount or not much more than regular cut Christmas trees. That seems like a good idea to me.

On this page you will see my official school photograph for this year. The poppy in my left lapel indicates that the picture was taken on Remembrance Day (Canada's equivalent to Memorial Day in the United States.)

Those of you who have been Kitchen-Klatter friends over the years have seen pictures of me from time to time and you might notice that in this picture I am not wearing glasses. Several ophthalmologists have told me to wear my glasses at all times. In Calgary, however, I went to a new eye doctor who asked why I wore glasses all of the time and not just for reading, driving and the theater. He had just returned from courses given at Harvard where his old belief (he has been practicing medicine for many years) was verified: the more we aid our eyes with strong prescriptive glasses, the weaker our eyes become. There is no need for perfect 20-20 vision at all times and therefore, for many, it is advisable to rely on glasses less. I have followed his instructions and now, for many hours of the day, I am exercising my eyes and feeling very happy to be free of glasses.

I never did like glasses. Those of you who wear them know what I mean—they are a great problem in rain, in the winter, or when you are engaged in any number of sports. Many people do need them all of the time, so I am not advising anyone to take his or her glasses off. However, it might be interesting to talk to your eye doctor about the idea of lessening your dependence on glasses.

It is time for me to jump in the car and pick up Sophie who will be finishing a shift of nursing at the hospital. I shall have to drop this in the mail on the way.

Sincerely,

David Driftmier

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



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been a winter that will be remembered for years to come. In the part of Iowa where we live, it seems as if we have been living in the ice age.

When I wrote my last letter to you, I mentioned we were having some freezing rain. That was the beginning. Before the first layer had a chance to melt, more was added resulting in several inches of solid ice.

In Iowa, if the school buses can't make their rural routes, the schools have to close. Since so many days of school in a year are required by law, all days missed have to be made up. If warm weather doesn't come soon, at least warm enough to melt the ice, the children will be in school until the middle of summer. I certainly wouldn't want the responsibilities the school bus drivers have with the ice so bad that chains on the wheels don't phase it. Also, if I still had a child in school, I wouldn't have an easy moment if she was riding a bus on these roads.

A couple of weeks ago, before the last two freezing rains, I had to go to town for some groceries and going ten miles an hour, I slid into a ditch and had to have the wrecker come and pull me out. A driver is so helpless when a car starts to slide on ice. Fortunately, the car lit in a big snowdrift and no damage was done.

Doing the chores has been treacherous. Frank is outdoors so much but he hasn't had a single bad fall. The cows and calves walk gingerly and several have fallen on the ice but were able to get back up. Frank noticed yesterday the stock didn't get to the water tank often because of fear of falling, so he spread a lot of hay on the ground and it did seem to help give their hooves better footing.

The snow amounts around our farm haven't been nearly as heavy as they have been elsewhere. What we do have has a heavy coating of ice on top making a hard, slick crust so the wildlife has had a hard time finding anything to eat. In the afternoon, our barn lot is filled with birds of all kinds picking up corn and seeds from the hay. A few years ago, we put up a bird feeder but no birds used it. The feed put in the feeder when it was erected was still in it when it was taken down. They seem to prefer to get their food where Frank feeds the cattle.

Frank has some big hay bales along the road south of our house. When he came home the other day after bringing in a few bales, he said that in one trip to bring in one bale he saw one deer, one rooster pheasant, four wild tom turkeys, a covey of quail, one squirrel and one



Aaron Brase, Dorothy's middle grandson, was thirteen years old this past November.

rabbit, plus tracks in the snow of many other wild animals. He hasn't seen very many fox tracks this year, but has seen a lot of coyote and raccoon tracks.

The coldest rooms in our house are the kitchen and bathroom. We have a tiny gas burner in the bathroom which we burn in real cold weather, and the other day we decided to get one of the new kerosene stoves for the kitchen. I was doubtful about it because, when we first moved to this house, we had a kerosene stove in the bathroom and it not only gave off a terrible odor, but it also smoked a lot. I always felt as if my clothing and hair smelled of kerosene. These new stoves don't give off an odor. We did get one and we just love it.

I have some medication that is supposed to be taken twice a day exactly twelve hours apart. I have taken it for several years and have never had any trouble remembering the one I take in the morning, but I would venture to say I have missed over half of the night ones because I didn't remember until it was too late to take it. For Christmas, Frank got me a quartz digital wristwatch with an alarm. Not only does it show the time, but also the alarm set, date and stop watch. None of us who were here on Christmas Eve when I got it, could figure out how to set it.

After reading the directions which came with the watch over and over, I decided I was going to have to find someone who was a graduate of MIT to figure it out. I carried the watch around in my purse hoping I would run into someone who could help.

While my car was being serviced in an oil station one day, a nice gentleman was also waiting for his car. We were visiting and I told him about the watch. He said if I had it with me he would see if he could set it. He did! Now, promptly at 7:30 p.m., my watch plays a pretty little tune and I haven't missed a single night pill

since.

Our grandsons are growing up much too fast to suit me. It doesn't seem possible that Andy, our oldest, will be graduating from high school this May. I'm planning to attend his graduation if all is well here at home. All three boys have been very happy in school in Torrington, Wyo. Andy is into the wrestling season now. When I talked with our daughter, Kristin, last night, I had to laugh. She said she spent Saturday morning in one town watching son Aaron's basketball game, dashed home and then got ready to go to another town to see Andy wrestle. Since it was a tournament, Art had gone with their son, Andy. He called Kristin to say Andy had made it to the finals and she had better hurry over. She said she sat four hours waiting for his match, and then it lasted one minute. Such is the life of a mother of boys.

Aaron, our seventh grader, is now six feet tall and plays center on the junior high basketball team. When he talked to me on the phone last night, he gave a complete report of the four games his team has played so far—how he made twelve points in one game, made two of his free throws, and almost fouled out of the game. He knows his grandma is a sports enthusiast and knows just what he is talking about. If he doesn't talk to me on the phone, he writes and tells me all about his games.

Youngest grandson, Julian, is into the business of making potholders. Kristin said she remembered when she got a loom to make potholders when she was a little girl and how much fun she had making them, so she got Julian one for Christmas. He has a real "factory" going and has already sent me two.

One of the gifts Julian asked for was a lunch bucket with a thermos. Kristin says his little friend has one and takes his lunch to school so Julian wanted one. So now, at least until the newness wears off, she has to fix a lunch for his bucket every morning. Most days he eats half of the food at noon and the other half on the way home from school.

Our mailbox is three-fourths of a mile from the house; now that my letter is finished, I have to get it to the mailman somehow so I'll put on my ice-grippers and start out. Surely this ice will be gone by the time I write my next letter. Until then

Sincerely,

Dorothy

One man gets nothing but discord out of a piano; another gets harmony. No one claims the piano is at fault. Life is about the same—the discord is there; the harmony is there. Study to play it correctly, and it will give forth beauty; play it falsely, and it will give forth ugliness.

MUSINGS

by Evelyn Birkby

Have you ever noticed how quickly a group of people who are attending a gathering of some kind will disperse?

The first time I became acutely conscious of this part of human behavior was at the conclusion of son Bob's junior year in college. I had driven to Sioux City, Iowa, for the last day of the semester at Morningside College to collect all of Bob's belongings and bring them, and him, home.

It was the morning of graduation day and the campus was bustling with young men, women, parents, friends and siblings. Learned professors were mingling with the citizens who had provided them with students; students were mingling with professors, parents and one another.

The activity level spun off the top of the Richter scale. People were packing, carrying boxes to cars and shouting greetings and farewells along the corridors, through the buildings and across green lawns.

As the day progressed, the number of people increased. The doors of the gymnasium were opened and everyone entered for the graduation ceremony. The final celebration of the college year had arrived. Speeches were made, honorary degrees were dispensed, music was played and then, when the last diploma had been presented, the exodus began. Like lemmings rushing to the sea, like ducks flying off in all directions when a hunter comes into view, like the five-o'clock rush on a city thoroughfare as workers leave their offices, people just disappeared. That campus which had been so active, with such an energetic sense of purpose and fulfillment, suddenly became empty.

For a period of time, it seemed as if Bob and I (and a girl who was lingering to say one more goodbye) were the only living creatures left in that group of buildings set in a beautiful grassy lawn. Only the sign on the edge of the street indicated where we were.

And then, we too were gone, leaving only the late afternoon sun shining on the library windows and the wind blowing through the sycamore trees in front of the fine arts building.

Since that time I have been acutely conscious of this phenomenon. After church on Sunday morning, following the last play at a basketball game, at the close of a committee meeting, an area so alive and filled with animation becomes, as if at a signal, at the conclusion of whatever is going on, silent.

Sometimes I try to linger and savor a mood. A concert held here in Shenandoah by the Civic Music Association is a perfect example.

On one of the coldest and iciest nights

of the winter, young Santiago Rodriguez, Silver Medal winner at the Van Cliburn Piano Competition, was scheduled to perform in the only space available at this time in Shenandoah, the cafetorium of the high school. Robert was busy that evening so our son, Bob, became my escort. Since Bob is a pianist of some accomplishment himself, he made a perfect companion.

It was an evening to be cherished. Mr. Rodriguez is a musician of tremendous ability. He lifted that space in a simple school building up to the level of a great concert hall. With his artistry he transformed it into a glorious place of glamour and wonder and sound. Compositions by Debussy, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt were presented with a glowing intensity and dexterity which would certainly have pleased the composers and definitely charmed the audience.

Then the final note was played, the young musician bowed and disappeared behind the student-decorated screens which surrounded the grand piano. The room suddenly became only a cafetorium with its metal folding chairs, tile on the floor and catsup stains on the stage curtains.

The sound of the notes still seemed to be shimmering along the ceiling and I was reluctant to leave the magic of the evening when someone opened the door, declared a mist was falling and, suddenly, everyone else pushed through the doors, slipped across the parking lot and disappeared into the night.

The young pianist came out the side door garbed in a warm coat and cap with his tuxedo carefully draped over his arm. He, too, ducked into an automobile and was whisked away into the darkness.



Bob Birkby, eldest son of Evelyn and Robert Birkby, enjoys playing the piano in the study of the Birkby home in Sidney, Iowa. Evelyn has surrounded herself with memories of years past with many pictures on the wall, and uses other space for notes, books and flowers. It is a cheerful, happy room and, when Bob is home, a melodic one as well.

As I waited for Bob to bring our car up close to the exit, the room behind me was still and empty. A vacuum. Only with the arrival of the young people for school the next morning would that silent, vacant room be brought back to life.

Places need people. Without people any area is simply an empty space.

A philosopher could undoubtedly find a simile in this experience with life itself. Each of us becomes occupied with activities, with work, with projects, with friends and family. So much needs to be done; busyness surrounds each day. We live in a room of life, filled to overflowing with sight and sound and liveliness.

Christopher LaFarge, in 1939, wrote a novel in verse called *Each to the Other*. I read this book as a young adult and enjoyed it all, but the part I remember is an introspective section where the person speaking wonders about his feelings of living in a house—"dark rooms of body and flesh and bones". He talks about "the queer corridors of veins" and the "windows of thin-curtained eyes".

Life is fleshed out as it is lived in this house we each inhabit. Minds develop and grow and mature. Bodies increase and wax—and wane. And then, suddenly, it is over.

What is left? A watch in a glass globe. A worn Bible. An album of pictures. A journal. A hand-knitted scarf. Memories of words spoken, songs sung, places visited, a face, a hug. And an aching loneliness for a room—or a life—once filled with joy and activity.

But even as I sit and write these words, I know that no experience I've ever had is lost. The moment does not evaporate, the life does not vanish, the music does not disappear into soundlessness, because they still live in my mind.

Driving home from college with Bob that day long ago, we both carried with us the events of the year at college and of graduation as surely as we carried Bob's belongings. Leaving the piano concert was not the end of the evening. As you can tell from my musings today, that ceremony and the music are still very much on my mind. We savored the moments as the gym became a place for a graduating festival, as the cafetorium became a concert hall. All of this we took home with us.

The same with our friends and family who are no longer living. We carry them in our minds, always, along with many wonderful memories. They are not relegated just to a watch, an album, a journal or a scarf.

Regardless of the occasion, whoever the person, eventually the time comes for the conclusion. The notes are played, the diplomas are passed out, the goodbyes are said and the cars pull away. It is the pattern of life.

People, whatever else may be in a particular place, are still the most important ingredient in any experience.

Recipes

LIME-WALNUT SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 13½-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup small-curd cottage cheese
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1/2 cup chopped English walnuts

Dissolve gelatin in the 1 cup of boiling water. Add the flavoring. Chill, stirring occasionally, until syrupy. Add the crushed pineapple, cottage cheese, celery, pimiento and nuts. Put in 9-inch square pan. Chill until set. When salad is firm, prepare the following topping:

- 2 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 tsp. sour cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the topping ingredients and blend well. Spread over top of firm gelatin mixture. Finely chopped nuts could be scattered over top, if desired. Chill.

An excellent make-ahead salad which goes well with any meat. —Dorothy

LEEK AND POTATO SOUP

- 3 large leeks
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 lbs. potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 1/2 quarts chicken broth or water
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Minced parsley

Thinly slice or finely chop the leeks. Melt the butter or margarine in large kettle. Add the butter flavoring and lightly saute the leeks. Add the potatoes and chicken broth or water. Bring to boiling, cover and let simmer for about 40 minutes. Add the half-and-half, salt, pepper and parsley. Heat and serve with croutons.

More half-and-half could be added for a thinner soup. Soup could be whirled in a blender or put through a food processor for a finer textured soup.

—Betty Jane

BETTY'S TUNA CASSEROLE

- 1 large can and 1 small can tuna
- 1 pkg. crinkly egg noodles, cooked and drained according to package directions
- 1 can water chestnuts, sliced
- 3 to 4 stalks celery, finely chopped
- Celery salt, onion salt, pepper, dill weed
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- Buttered rich cracker crumbs
- Grated Cheddar cheese

Place tuna, noodles, chestnuts and celery in greased casserole and toss. Season to your taste. Place the soup over low heat and stir until it is creamy and smooth. Stir into casserole. (If it appears a little dry, add a little half-and-half to make the desired consistency.) Combine the cracker crumbs and cheese. Sprinkle over top of tuna casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 45 minutes.

—Betty Driftmier

OVERNIGHT FRUIT SALAD

- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 large can pineapple chunks, drained
- 12 large marshmallows, quartered
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, whipped
- Sliced bananas, diced apples, halved seedless grapes, chopped Mandarin oranges, (or other fruits of your choice)

Bring pineapple juice to boiling. Meanwhile, combine flour, water, egg yolks and salt in top of double boiler. Mix in a little of the hot pineapple juice and return all to double boiler. Cook slowly for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in the butter and flavoring. Add the pineapple chunks and marshmallows. Stir well, cover and refrigerate overnight.

Just before serving, fold in the rest of the ingredients. Chill and serve.

—Lucile

HERB BISCUITS

- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 4 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 4 Tbls. chopped fresh chives
- 2 Tbls. minced fresh onion
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs

Combine dry ingredients in a bowl. Stir or sift together to blend well. Stir in parsley, chives and onion. (Dry herbs may be substituted—use only half as much if the dried are used.) Cut shortening into first mixture. Combine buttermilk, butter flavoring and eggs; beat lightly. Stir into flour mixture. Mix gently. Knead two or three times, just enough to smooth. Pat to thickness desired and cut. Place on greased cookie sheet and bake at 425 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until nicely browned.

These make a delicious biscuit to use on top of a meat pie. Be certain the meat pie mixture is boiling hot before putting the biscuits on top—this keeps the biscuits from getting soggy. —Evelyn

BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 cup fresh mushrooms, quartered
- 2 lbs. lean beef, cut in small pieces (I used an inexpensive blade cut.)
- 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 2 cups water
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- 1 Tbls. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 1 12-oz. pkg. wide noodles
- 4 quarts boiling water
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 3 cups cottage cheese
- 1/2 lb. Monterey Jack cheese, shredded

In a Dutch oven, cook onion and garlic in 1/4 cup olive oil until tender. Add mushrooms and allow to brown a little. Add the beef, tomato paste, water, parsley, oregano, black pepper, salt and tomato juice. Cover and simmer over low heat for 4 to 6 hours.

Cook noodles in the 4 quarts water, salt and 1 Tbls. olive oil until just tender—about 10 minutes. (Do not overcook noodles.) Drain.

In a greased 4-quart casserole (or two smaller ones), arrange noodles on bottom. Spoon on meat layer, then cottage cheese, topping with the Monterey Jack cheese. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes.

—Juliana

GREEN CABBAGE SLAW

- About 2 cups chopped cabbage
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seed
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- Green food coloring

Combine the chopped vegetables. Mix the remaining ingredients together and combine with the chopped vegetables. Cover and refrigerate for several hours.

—Verlene

CHEESE SCALLOPED CARROTS

- 12 medium-size carrots, sliced
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 cups milk
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 lb. sharp cheese, grated
- 3 cups buttered bread crumbs

Cook carrots in boiling water until barely tender. Drain. Saute onion in the butter or margarine. Stir in the flour, salt and mustard. Add the milk, pepper and celery salt. Cook and stir to make a sauce. Make alternate layers of carrots and cheese in greased 3-quart casserole. Pour the cooked sauce over all. Top with the bread crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes.

—Dorothy

STUFFED ROUND STEAK

(A pressure cooker recipe)

- 2- to 2½-lb. round steak, bone removed
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/4 tsp. onion salt
- 1 6-oz. pkg. seasoned croutons
- 1/4 cup melted margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 3 medium stalks celery, finely chopped
- 2/3 cup beef broth
- 1/2 tsp. mixed herb seasoning
- 1/2 tsp. lemon-pepper seasoning
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 cup beef broth

Sprinkle garlic salt on one side of steak and pound. Sprinkle onion salt on other side and pound. Combine the croutons, margarine, flavoring, onion, celery, 2/3 cup beef broth and seasonings. Spread stuffing mixture over steak, roll and tie with heavy string. Heat oil in pressure pan. Brown steak. Add the 1 cup beef broth and pressure cook for 35 minutes. Remove meat to platter and slice to serve. Any juices left in pan can be poured over the steak roll. —Juliana



Ruby Treese was the faithful companion of Martin and Leanna Driftmier for over 13 years. She is an excellent cook and is pictured here with her own favorite porcupine meatballs. —Sentinel Photo

RUBY'S PORCUPINE MEATBALLS

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 3 Tbls. cooking oil
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 soup can water
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar

Mix ground beef, rice, salt and egg together and form into balls. Flour balls and fry in cooking oil until brown. Reserve drippings and place meatballs in a casserole. Saute onion, pepper and celery in drippings from meatballs for about 5 minutes, or until limp. Drain off excess fat. Add tomato soup, water and brown sugar to hot vegetables. Heat until bubbly. Pour over meatballs in casserole and bake at 350 degrees for 90 minutes or until meatballs are cooked through and rice is tender.

These can be made ahead and frozen. Excellent to make in a larger quantity to freeze for busy-day meals. This recipe serves six.

—Ruby Treese

ORANGE FILLED COOKY

- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 Tbls. frozen orange juice concentrate, undiluted
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the margarine and sugar. Add the egg, flavorings and orange concentrate. Blend well. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add to

creamed mixture. Mix well. Form into two 6-inch rolls. Wrap each roll in waxed paper and chill for several hours or overnight. When ready to bake, slice thin. Shape slices into rounds, if necessary. Bake on greased sheet at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool and fill with the following:

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 Tbls. frozen orange juice concentrate, undiluted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine filling ingredients and beat until smooth. A little more orange juice concentrate may have to be added if it seems too thick. Spread filling on one cookie, then top with another, making a sandwich-type cookie. —Juliana

FANCY MACARONI LOAF

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2/3 quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- Pinch dill weed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup tomato juice
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups partially cooked macaroni
- 1 cup whole tomatoes
- 1 cup catsup

Mix all ingredients together except for the macaroni, whole tomatoes and catsup. In a tube pan, place meat mixture and macaroni in layers. Place whole tomatoes on top in a circle. Microwave on high for 6 minutes. Remove from oven and drizzle with catsup. Microwave on high 5 minutes longer.

May be baked in conventional oven at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Drizzle catsup on last 15 minutes of baking time.

—Hallie

CHICKEN LOAF

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup regular-strength chicken broth
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 2 cups diced cooked chicken (or turkey)
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Lettuce leaves, olives, mayonnaise

Soften gelatin in cold water. Let stand five minutes to soften. Heat broth to boiling. Stir a little of the hot broth into the egg yolks, then pour back into broth, stirring constantly. Add gelatin mixture and return to low heat for a few minutes, stirring constantly. Do not allow to boil. Chill until almost set. Fold in meat, nuts, whipped cream, salt and pepper. Pour into loaf pan and chill until firm. Slice and serve on lettuce. Garnish with olives and a dollop of mayonnaise on top.

EARLY ENGLISH BOILED CUSTARD

- 1/2 to 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/8 to 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk or half-and-half
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine dry ingredients in a saucepan. Gradually blend in milk or half-and-half. Cook over moderate to low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture boils well. Spoon a little of this hot mixture into lightly beaten eggs. Gradually add this warmed egg mixture to custard. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until mixture coats the spoon and thickens slightly (it will thicken more as it cools). Add flavoring. Chill.

This basic custard can be varied with different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. It is a fine base for fresh, frozen or canned (drained) fruits. Makes a good dessert by itself or spooned over cake for a topping.

This particular recipe is said to have been brought to this country by early colonists to New England. —Evelyn

PECAN PIE COOKY

- 1 pkg. yellow cake mix (2-layer size)
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 1/2 cups dark corn syrup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup coarsely chopped pecans

Measure out 2/3 cup of the dry yellow cake mix and set aside. Combine the remaining cake mix with the butter or margarine, butter flavoring and 1 beaten egg. Mix until crumbly. Press into greased 9-by-13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool slightly.

Combine the reserved 2/3 cup cake mix, brown sugar, corn syrup, vanilla flavoring and 3 eggs in mixer bowl. Beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Carefully spread over baked layer. Sprinkle the pecans over top. Bake at 375 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until set. Cool and cut in squares. This cooky freezes well. —Robin

MEXICAN BEEF SANDWICH ROLLS

(A make-ahead recipe)

- 6 rectangular French rolls
- 1/2 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/4 lb. mushrooms, sliced
- 1 2 1/2-oz. can sliced ripe olives, drained
- 1 7-oz. can green chile sauce
- 1/4 tsp. ground cumin
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 4 ozs. shredded Cheddar cheese
- 6 slices bacon, partially cooked
- 4 ozs. shredded Jack cheese

Cut rolls in half lengthwise. Scoop out the insides of rolls. (Save crumbs for dressing or meat loaf.) Lightly toast cut sides of rolls.

Crumble beef in frying pan and cook until red color is gone. Add onion and mushrooms and cook until onion is tender. Add olives, chile sauce and seasonings. Continue cooking until liquid is evaporated.

Put Cheddar cheese on bottom halves of rolls, dividing among the six. Then place a bacon slice on each. Spoon on the meat and end with the Jack cheese on top. Cover with remaining roll halves. Wrap individually in foil and place in refrigerator, or freeze for longer storage.

When ready to use, place in 375-degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Bake longer if frozen. —Robin

ITALIAN POT ROAST

- 1 oz. dry mushrooms
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 Tbls. olive or salad oil
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 2- to 3-lb. chuck or arm roast
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
- 4 cloves garlic, minced or pressed
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 cup pitted ripe olives

Wash the mushrooms and soak in the hot water for at least 30 minutes. (May be soaked as long as overnight.) When ready to use, drain liquid and discard. Cut mushrooms in small strips. If dry mushrooms are not available, 5 large fresh ones or the equivalent of canned may be used; however, the dried are preferred. If fresh or canned mushrooms are used, omit the 1 cup hot water.

Heat the oil in a large Dutch oven. Lightly saute the onion in the hot oil and then remove onion from pan. Sprinkle the salt, pepper and ground ginger over the roast. Brown the meat in the Dutch oven, cover and cook slowly for one hour. Add the mushrooms, onion, garlic, tomato sauce and olives. Cover and cook slowly for at least one hour (or longer).

I like to serve this roast with cooked noodles. —Juliana



SCOOP UP SAVINGS

There is no better or simpler way to SCOOP UP SAVINGS than by using the **17 SUPER KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**. They give you 17 fresh, delicious, inexpensive ways to perk up winter-weary appetites. Use one or more to prepare refreshing gelatin salads, tasty pies, economical sauces, super cakes and top-notch cookies.

Any dish, no matter how simple, will become special with the addition of our flavorings. The main points to remember are: **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** save you money on your food budget while they give you the finest taste treats in town.

Here is a complete list of the 17 super **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**:

Cherry	Strawberry	Coconut	Raspberry
Burnt Sugar	Pineapple	Butter	Orange
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Almond	Lemon	Banana	Vanilla*

*Vanilla comes in both dark and clear.

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

SPECIAL GIFT BOXES: Box #1 — Six 3-oz. bottles of your choice postpaid for **\$6.00**. **Box #2** — Eighteen 3-oz. bottles (includes 1 each of our 17 flavorings, plus 1 extra bottle of dark vanilla). **\$18.00**, postpaid. Send to: Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

THE SOUNDS OF HOME

by
Elizabeth Myhr

In this ultramodern day that is teeming with electrical appliances and gadgets, they—not we—often decide a great deal of our home activity, simply by making a hodgepodge of sounds that we obey.

"Baaaa!" That sound sent me rushing to the basement of my home the other day. It was the urgent summons of the clothes dryer, letting me know where I should be at that specific moment. I wouldn't have thought of ignoring its compelling command.

Then, just as I was retrieving the tumbled pile of shirts from the dryer, the doorbell—upstairs—gave forth with its musical orders. Up the stairs I dashed. There, at the door, was a delivery man with a package. It contained a new alarm clock I had ordered. Electric, of course. It had, supposedly, a lovely, tinkly bell to wake up by.

Back to the basement. By now, the washer announced with a thump that it was ready to give up its present load for another one. Into the dryer went the freshly washed clothes; into the washer went more soiled ones. I closed the lid and listened to these twins. They had an eager, energetic sound as they whizzed and whirled. My laundry servents were doing their jobs well, I told myself. All was under control.

A strange silence met my ears when I returned to the kitchen. In a flash, I realized the refrigerator was not making its regular rattling and rumbling sound and the contented splash of the dishwasher was missing. Good heavens—the electricity is off! The clothes won't wash or dry; the roast won't roast; the cake won't bake, I can't vacuum or type letters or use my sewing machine. For all practical purposes, my entire house-world had come to an abrupt halt.

The absence of all the familiar sounds that let me know my household is running smoothly and efficiently became almost deafening. It was maddening to be halted in the middle of my work. The morning was slipping by; a very non-electric sound told me so—the cuckoo clock. There was little I could do but sit and listen to the ticking of that clock.

Well, I thought, since my servants are enjoying a forced vacation, I will too. With a cup of coffee, I sat down to leaf through a pile of magazines I hadn't had time to read. But after the first few pages, my mind kept reverting to all those home appliances and their usual accompanying vociferations.

What kind of a person am I, I wondered, to dance all day long to the tune of noises? Am I so used to depending on the buzz of the oven timer, for instance, to tell me when a baked dish is done, that I can no longer act without



Hawkeye has been shut in the house 99% of the time this winter, so he moves around to catch any sunshine that comes through the living room windows. The plant is a Schefflera which has stood in this same location for 20 years, thanks to constant pruning.

some sound or other to propel me? Grandmother didn't employ a buzzer to remind her when food was done; she depended on her sense of smell for such information.

In summer, I do my work to the hum of the air conditioner; in winter, to the soprano of the furnace as it harmonizes with the alto of the dehumidifier. When I prepare meals, there is the steam-engine sound of the mixer and the dental-drill sound of the can opener. If something burns, it gives rise to another sound—the smoke alarm. My coffepot groans and grumbles while it perks. The radio and TV are especially loud when the commercials come on to advertise the latest in home appliances. Funny thing, but there is never any mention of the noises they will make.

Suddenly, I am jolted out of my reverie. The refrigerator has lurched into life, again, the washer and dryer have begun to whirl and stir their contents and the dishwasher is splashing once more. The cake that sat heatless in the oven is now a hopeless flop, so it will have to be fed to the greedy, gurgling disposal. Yes, the electricity, and all the sounds it makes possible, is flowing freely through the house once more.

As many appliances as there are in my home, I am still without some. I have no microwave oven, with its definite alert, nor do I have one of those new, gentle-sounding electric flour sifters. One appliance I would like to have—if it is ever invented—is a machine to turn on my ambition when it is lacking. I would certainly use such a helper every day.

With apologies to Shakespeare, I will close by paraphrasing him: "The fault, dear homemaker friends, lies not in our appliances, but in ourselves. We must learn not to turn them all on at once."



LET ME BUT TRY

If I could sing a little sweeter,
Perhaps the world would be
Heartened by the melody—
So let me try.

If I could be a little kinder,
Somebody in despair
Might find I care—
So let me try.

If I had faith a little stronger,
Like trees or greening sod,
I almost could touch God—
So let me try. —Sunshine

I SEE—I HEAR—I LOVE

Yes, I may walk a little slower and old
they may call me
But I look a little longer at each dawn that
breaks for me.

I hear a little better all the sounds a day
can hold.

I love a whole lot stronger all the worldly
births I see unfold.

I see a little clearer what the world holds
out to me.

I feel a whole lot deeper for another's mis-
ery.

I dream a lot more often of the days that
long have past.

I acknowledge precious time that ticks
away so fast.

I hold a great deal tighter to loving
friends' embraces,

And oh, how I cherish laughing children
with life's smudges on their faces.

Yes, I may walk a little slower and old
they may call me

But do you know I see, I hear and I love
much better than that young girl I
used to be? —Unknown



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

You readers who are interested in regional cookbooks will welcome *The Yankee Cook Book* (The Stephen Greene Press, P.O. Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vt. 05301, paperback, \$9.95) by Imogene Wolcott. A record of the delicious recipes that have been the mainstay of Yankee cooking since the Pilgrim days, many in the book were first copied from the yellowed pages of books that have been used by generations of New Englanders. The author has substituted exact measurements for directions as "a trickle of molasses" and other vague amounts. Up-to-date cooking methods have been added to make preparation easier.

Originally published in 1938, *The Yankee Cook Book* has gone through several reprints and updates and has become a classic. Besides recipes, there are entertaining notes sprinkled throughout explaining Yankee traditions relating to food. Descriptions of the clambake, the church supper, the country fair, and gathering maple syrup are all included.

Imogene Wolcott describes the country fair like this: "A country fair is a kaleidoscopic collection of special sights and sounds. Everywhere there is color and action and everywhere you feel the pull of prideful competition."

"The father of all fairs in this country was Elkorah Watson of Pittsfield, Mass., who is said to have brought a pair of prize merino sheep that he wanted to show off to his neighbors. To summon an audience he tethered the sheep in the town square and rang a loud ship's bell. The interest that was shown in his animals gave Mr. Watson the idea of organizing a small fair in his home town in 1810, the first of its kind in this country."

As we know, there are now hundreds of thousands of fairs all over America.

With the recipe for Boston Baked Beans, there is this note: "The Puritan housewife baked her beans all day Saturday, served them fresh for the Saturday night meal (the beginning of Sabbath); warmed them over for Sunday breakfast, and served them warm or cold, depending on the heat-holding qualities of her oven, for Sunday's noonday lunch, providing she did not consider it necessary to fast from breakfast until sundown on Sunday."

Beans are still eaten every Saturday night and Sunday morning by thousands of New Englanders.

Yankee Pot Roast, Martha's Vineyard Green Corn Pudding, Parker House Rolls, Apple Pandowdy, Molly's Pleasant Pudding, Maple Nut Cookies, and Prize



Twenty years ago, March of 1962, Armada Swanson's first "Come Read With Me" column appeared in the pages of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. Several months ago, when she was visiting her mother, a reporter from the *Humboldt Independent* newspaper interviewed Armada and took this fine photo of her reading a book by favorite author, Gladys Taber. We are especially glad to have this picture to share with our readers as we say a heart-felt "thank you" to Armada for her many loyal years of effort for *Kitchen-Klatter*.

New England Apple Pie are just some of the recipes found in the book.

The Yankee Cook Book is so readable, and a good source of true Yankee cooking, which combines tastes from Old England and the New World. Yankee cooking has become national instead of regional so I hope there will be oncoming generations of expert Yankee cooks.

Gift in my Arms (Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. Fifth St., Box 1209, Minneapolis, Minn., 55440, \$3.50 paperback) by Lois Walfrid Johnson contains twenty personal, warm reflections on the joys and trials of a new mother. Practical suggestions and spiritual guidance are offered. Mrs. Johnson offers help to those who are troubled with postpartum blues, who feel inadequate in caring for the newborn, or who discover their child has a handicap.

Mrs. Johnson is a free-lance writer from Crystal, Minn., and the mother of three children. She has written for a variety of Christian magazines and is the author of four other books. Following are thoughts contained in *Gift in my Arms*:

"When we wrap a receiving blanket around our baby, we tuck that child into a cocoon of our love."

"Whether our children are chosen or biological, their need for consistent discipline is the same. Whichever way our children come to us, we will rejoice in their future successes and hurt with them in their failures."

"The opportunity to be wives and mothers is a privilege, a cause for celebration throughout our lives. Yet it is also a responsibility."

Gift in my Arms would make an en-

riching, practical gift to a new mother.

Anyone who does column writing knows how much reader mail is appreciated. An Iowa reader was pleased with a book I mentioned in an earlier issue. She writes, "After you wrote about the *Ideals* book, *Flowers of Friendship*, I purchased several copies. I am truly enjoying all the lovely poetry and those gorgeous color illustrations. It is a beautiful book. I'm anxious to share the extra copies with friends as gifts. Thank you for sharing this. I hope some day to visit Nature House in Griggsville, Ill." She concludes her letter with a quotation from J.A. Langford. "No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and happiest of the children of men."

That is a perfect ending for this month's column.

BRICK BOOKENDS

Bricks make excellent bookends. Break one brick in half. This does not have to be done smoothly as jagged edges make the bookends more attractive. The jagged edges will be the top of the bookends. Decorate the bricks by painting them, or trim with lace, fabric, decals, or anything you can imagine. Cover the bottom of each brick half with felt to prevent the bricks from scratching finished surfaces. Your completed set of brick bookends will be attractive and useful.

—Dianne L. Beetler



SPRING BOUQUET

I gathered pussy willows
And put them in a vase,
Such a beautiful arrangement
Each catkin in its place.

Like bouncy little kittens
In furry, soft array,
I think that pussy willows
Are my favorite bouquet.

—Mabel Nair Brown

DAILY THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Father, we thank Thee for this food
And the many things we're blessed
with that's good,
For all of your bounty throughout the
year,
And for countless things that prove
You are near.
Guide us and keep us in your special
care.
Wherever we go, may we know You
are there.
May this food for our bodies be blessed,
And us to Thy service, we humbly
request. Amen.

—Louise Simms

CURE-ALL FOR KIDS

by

Annabelle Scott Whobrey

Mama did away with winter's doldrums with her home remedies. Most diseases and accidents were handled in her same, efficient manner. Whatever the incident or accident, something grew on our farm to alleviate the problem. Dashing to a doctor was almost unheard of; death was imminent if we took off by horse and buggy!

Mama was a firm believer that when spring sprung everybody needed a mess of "sallet" (cooked mixed greens) to cleanse his system. Thus, on a sunny spring morning, she sallied forth to gather wild greens. She armed herself with a big bucket, a paring knife and watchful eyes for edible weeds. When the pokeweed began to peek up, she knew the time was exactly right and hunted diligently for lamb's-quarters to offset the bitterness of too much poke. Also, she gathered little dandelion leaves, wild lettuce, mouse-ear and shoots of dock.

Mama made sure the bucket was filled and added alfalfa and blackberry leaves sometimes before heading to our house. Her eagle eyes carefully looked over the leaves before washing several times and putting them in the pot with a hunk of hog jowl to boil until tender. With wild onions and corn bread the greens were quite savory.

Mama was tenacious about getting me in shape for summer and another tune-up was an ample supply of sassafras tea. Roots were dug in late winter from the trees that grow abundantly in the Ozark Mountains. After the roots were washed, they were boiled until the pretty pink tea perfumed the whole farmhouse with its aromatic odor. When sugar and cream were added to this delightful brew, its deliciousness was supposed to thin one's blood.

Often, Mama decided I needed more than wild sallet and sassafras tea and she made mullein tea from another wild plant (a member of the figwort family) that grows along Missouri byways. Its leaves are light green with a woolen-like texture and its medicinal value has been known for ages.

During our safaris for sallet ingredients, I was prone to pick up a liberal noxious dose of poison oak. (Dad called it a quick case of the seven-year-itch and I scratched enough to prove his point.) First, Mama tried her tender treatments of sweet cream or a paste of baking soda, but either one was only a temporary relief. Her sure-fire cure was a painful remedy made from pokeweed. She boiled the roots until the juice was thick and, once applied, the resulting burning sensation replaced the itch.

Mama met most accidents with



The weather in Albuquerque has absolutely nothing in common with weather in Iowa. James Lowey came home from school one day this winter and is just "fooling around" with a ball in the bright New Mexican sunshine.

moderation because she was amply equipped to handle the stone bruises, cuts or stubbed toes. She saved old sheets for bandages and made a poultice of turpentine and sugar for most of my accidents. Many times, she soaked a cut in coal oil before wrapping it to keep the dirt out.

Hot weather often brought a plague of boils. Mama went to our smokehouse and cut a slab of fatback and placed it on the boil and brought the infection to a head. If I had chest congestion or croup, she treated it by spreading mustard on a cloth and placing it on my chest. Hot woolen cloths were applied on top to make the medication work.

It seemed every summer, Mama noticed a white ring around my mouth and decided it was high time her kid was wormed. The very mention of my innards being infested started shivers up my spine, but Mama brought out the vermifuge and purged me of parasites.

The most dreaded disease was rabies; vaccination for dogs had not been introduced when I was a child. Hot weather made mad dogs quite common and this was one emergency for which Mama hadn't perfected a cure. It was common talk that a "mad-stone" would absorb the poison if anyone was bitten by a rabid dog, but few were to be found. The "mad-stone" was taken from a white deer; in fact, it must be the breast bone. Few had the access to try it, so usually the victim died. Rabies caused a terrible death and those who cared for the patient had to tie the rabid person securely to keep him from harming their loved ones.

Incidentally, Mama always had a way

to make me chipper enough to tackle household chores; her last resort was a liberal dose of "peach-tree tea". She applied it to my backside and only my old black bloomers offered protection between me and Mama's keen little switch; it quickly served as a cure-all for this kid.

The medical field has advanced in many respects in the some sixty years I've lived, but old-timers had crude methods to cope with their ailments and accidents. I am grateful for Mama's loving concern and home remedies which solved most of my childhood problems.

THE REAL ME

The sink is full of dishes
And the beds are yet unmade—
Forgotten are the wishes
Of my family I'm afraid.
My ironing basket overflows,
My husband has no shirt—
I really should wash out the clothes
And do a little work.
But at my cluttered table
I'm happy as can be—
This messin' and creatin'
Brings out the REAL me!

—Mimi

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HOW TO TALK ABOUT YOUR BABY

by
Evelyn Witter

Baby talk, since it is an important topic, should be handled with the same intelligent approach we use in discussing politics, music, science, and the other subjects that go to make up flowing conversation.

Learning *how* to talk about your baby is a skill. It is sure insurance against the pitfalls so many mothers unwittingly fall into which can make them become a baby bore.

Listed here are seven helps for good baby talk. First of all, avoid talks about nursery intimacies. The repugnant details of how baby spit up half his bottle or messed his diaper does not make interesting conversation. Grandparents or doting aunts and uncles, who are concerned about the minutest details of baby's life, might find these facts interesting. But one should be sure of the audience before launching into a conversation of nursery intimacies.

Not so repugnant, but more boring, is the mother who flaunts her baby's schedule. This mother is encompassed by a life of naps, formulas, and introduction of new foods. The rudiments of child care have become so much a part of her existence she forgets those people who have older children or



Juliana took this picture during the recent visit to Albuquerque of these Driftmier relatives. Alison (Driftmier) Walstad is holding her daughter, Lily Florence. The proud grandfather is Alison's father, Wayne Driftmier.

no children are not interested in the sugar content of the latest formula or the size of holes in nipples. Such people have no use for this information—it is out of their realm of interest.

But a mother does not have to be silent about her daily routine. She just has to be sure of her listeners. For example, a good listener might be another mother

with a similar schedule. This mother would be eager to share her schedule experiences, share common problems and discuss their solutions.

After keeping nursery intimacies for intimates, and schedule problems for other schedule adherents, what does a mother have to talk about in mixed groups? She has the whole field of human interest and news items to draw from. For example, in answer to the question, "And how is your baby?" such answers as these are interesting because they are newsy and full of human interest:

"He's just cut his first tooth!"

"She sits up by herself now."

"He's doubled his weight already!"

All of these answers can be elaborated upon for most friends are interested in such pleasantries. But a word of caution—elaborate upon good news, but don't monopolize the conversation with it.

Sometimes a mother unconsciously puts an unpleasant stigma on her baby by telling too much. I remember a friend of mine who was always telling how her child got into everything when he started to crawl. When she brought him to my house for a visit one day, I was worried and unhappy. She had prejudiced me against the baby before I had a chance to form my own opinion. When he came, I found that he was a normal child with a healthy curiosity. When I satisfied that curiosity by letting him see and touch objects that attracted him, he *did not* get into everything.

I'm afraid, as in the case of my friend, many mothers do their babies and young children injustices by talking disparagingly about them in public. They do not mean to harm their babies. The same mothers, if anyone would make mean remarks about their children, would be the first to rise to their defense. Still, they do not hesitate to hurt their children's reputations themselves by airing idiosyncrasies to outsiders.

On the other hand, bragging about the baby's good points can be just as distasteful to the listener as hearing an account of his weaknesses. Sometimes a mother is so proud of her baby's progress she can't resist the temptation to applaud—and applaud—and applaud. Applause is natural, but too much makes an offensive din on the ear.

"Comparisons are odious" is an adage that applies to talk about babies. By talking in comparisons you either cast a poor reflection on your baby or make the other baby appear unfavorable, creating a strained relationship between yourself and the other mother. Leave comparisons strictly for your own family's private satisfaction if you want to make gratifying comparisons.

The last bit of baby talk technique worthy of consideration is the subject of
(Continued on page 23)

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Lady-in-Waiting Shower

by
Erma Reynolds



Showers for babies-to-be are traditional. But, if you're planning a baby shower, especially for a gal who already has a child or two and has equipment on hand, make it an affair with the gifts designated for the mom-to-be.

INVITATION

It's a shower for a lady-in-waiting. For Mary Smith—she's anticipating. All the gifts for her we're designating. It's on mom, not baby, we're concentrating.

Name—Place—Time.

ENTERTAINMENT

Present the personal gifts in a carrying case that the lady-in-waiting can take to the hospital. The gift opening is the highlight of a shower, so do it first and use only enough games to fill in the time as needed before refreshments are served.

Pin & Swab Hideout: Before the party, place large safety pins and cotton swabs about the party room, each one partially concealed. The hostess makes a note of each location. Give each guest a card and pencil. Alert them about the pins and swabs, and instruct them that all during the shower they are to try to spot these accessories. They are to look, but not touch. When a pin or swab is seen, its location is noted on the player's card. Come refreshment time, the hiding places are revealed. Players check their cards, and the one who discovered the most pins and swabs wins a prize (a box of swabs).

Arrival Date: On the floor, place a large calendar page showing the month of the baby's expected arrival. Circle the possible arrival date with red. Each player in turn stands about three feet from the page and blows three fluffy feathers from the palm of her hand, trying to land one on the important date. First player to make a landing is the winner. Should no player's feather land on the date, the one who came the nearest is the winner. (If feathers cannot be found, develop this as a penny throw.)

Heir-Raising Hints: Players are seated in a circle. One guest starts the game by whispering a sentence to the person at her right, giving an "heir-raising" hint. This sentence continues around the

circle, being whispered FAST from player to player. When it reaches the last person, she announces what she heard. Needless to say, the final version will be a garbled bit of advice.

Naming the Baby: For this game, a watch with a second hand is needed. A player, appointed to be the hostess' helper, is given paper and pencil and keeps time and each person's score. The hostess points at a guest and names a letter of the alphabet. In thirty seconds that player announces as many boy and girl names as she can think of that start with the mentioned letter. The helper marks down the total by the player's

name. The same procedure is carried out using another letter of the alphabet and the next guest. The player who gives the most names is the winner.

Packing Mom's Suitcase: Guests are seated in a circle. One player starts the game by saying, "Mom packed her bag to take to the hospital and put in it a (names an article)." Player at her right repeats the sentence, and adds a second article. This continues around the circle, with each player adding a new item for the suitcase. When a player forgets the sequence, or a previously mentioned article, she folds her arms to indicate she's out of the game. Contest continues until only one player remains, and is the winner.

REFRESHMENTS

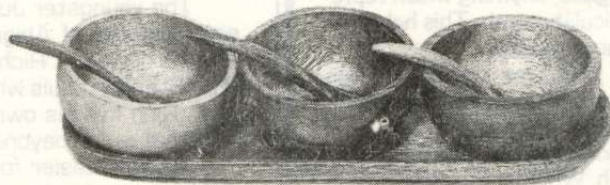
Simple refreshments that follow the game session are dainty sandwiches, pastel-frosted cupcakes and fruit punch.



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Most of you already know how great the **KITCHEN-KLATTER Italian, French and Country Style SALAD DRESSINGS** taste. Now we want to give you the opportunity to get a special salad serving set as a premium.



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IDEAS FOR SHUT-INS

Too often, when friends or relatives are in nursing homes or even shut-ins in their own homes, it is difficult to think of any new, helpful, cheerful gift suggestions. After almost seven years in such a situation, our family is running out of ideas. Space can be limited and only so much clothing is really needed by an inactive person.

Here are a few of the ways we've tried to bring cheer.

1. Make a standing order with a local florist to send a small bouquet or plant for special days, holidays or every month.

2. Order large-print literature (if needed) such as that provided by the *Reader's Digest*, a Bible, etc. (Our local library has a volunteer who brings in large-print books to the residents of the nursing home and then returns two weeks later with a new supply and picks up the ones from her previous visit. It is a marvelous service.)

3. Subscriptions to daily newspapers and favorite magazines.

4. Photo wheel with snapshots of family and friends. Pictures can be changed frequently.

5. Wall hangings for greeting cards. These can simply be fabric strips pinned to the curtains and then birthday, get-well, thinking-of-you, and holiday cards can be pinned to the fabric.

6. Choose some way to celebrate a special day each month of the year—even months that don't have their own—give holiday arrangements, ceramic figures, candles in safe holders, reflective stained glass, anything which represents a particular month. This helps the time pass more rapidly.

7. Guest book for visitors to sign helps an ill or elderly person keep track of those people who come to call.

8. Telephone calls are a great way to keep in touch. Whether the caller lives in the same town or far away, a telephone call means a great deal.

9. Write my letters. I write my mother twice a week. Sometimes it doesn't seem as if I have much to say, then I'll tell her little simple things I'm doing—what I fixed for supper, the housework for the day, the mending, and comment on memories such as food she used to prepare for me when I was home.

10. Gifts of stationery, pens and stamps, are especially thoughtful for people who cannot get out to buy their own. Also, many elderly people live on such a close budget that the cost of stamps and writing materials can be almost prohibitive.

11. Go to visit whenever possible. The best gift a person can give is a gift of self.

—Mrs. Lyle Wing



From Our Family Album

These four little cousins headed for the park on a bright day one early spring.

From left to right are: Kristin Johnson (the only child of Dorothy and Frank Johnson, Lucas, Iowa). She is now the mother of three strapping sons: Andrew, Aaron and Julian, and lives in Torrington, Wyoming, where her husband, Art Brase, is a medical technician.

In the middle is Martin Strom (the only child of Margery and Oliver Strom of Shenandoah, Iowa). Just contrast the Martin of that day with our cover picture this month!

At the far right is Juliana Verness (the only child of Russell and Lucile Verness of Shenandoah, Iowa). She is now Mrs. Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the mother of James and Katharine. Jed is a construction engineer whose work takes him all over the state.

The youngster Juliana is clutching tightly is Emily Driftmier (eldest daughter of Abigail and Wayne Driftmier of Denver, Colorado). Emily is now Mrs. Rich DiCicco of Arlington, Virginia, and the mother of little Stephen Louis whose pictures we have shared with you this past year. Rich has his own firm in a highly complex computer processing field that is far beyond my powers to understand!

It's just easier for me to think about these four as happy small children on a bright, early spring day.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
"there are no losers. Everyone wins something, even if it's only an honorable mention or an outlandish title."

Some of you may want Cherie's address—it is: Cherie Kingsley, 106 Central Ave., Apt. 4-A, East Hartford, Conn. 06108.

Keep happy! Remember that everything you do sets up a chain of circumstances which change everything that follows. Just give it time, and today will become one of those "good old days". When you finish reading this letter, I want you to do what I am going to do when I finish writing it: count some blessings. Unless we learn to count our blessings, we are in big trouble!

Sincerely, Frederick

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.
that time of night.

This year's seniors show a serious intent about getting a chance at any available jobs. With so many companies laying off workers, it is a wonder to me that the firms are coming to the campuses looking for new employees. I surely hope Adrienne will be among the fortunate ones to secure employment.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

Be polite to everyone, not because that one is a lady or a gentleman but rather because you are.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

While you should grow your main crop of potatoes from "eyes" in pieces of tubers, it will prove interesting to grow a few from seed. A great deal of experimental work has been done in China, Peru, and the United States to develop a potato which grows from seed just like tomatoes and other garden crops. A new variety that comes true from seed is aptly named EXPLORER. It is still in the experimental stage and has not been thoroughly tested for home gardens though it shows much promise. The potatoes are a light russet type and will grow where potatoes normally do well.

Start potato seeds indoors about six weeks before outdoor planting time (just as you do tomato seed). When the weather is settled outdoors, set out three plants per hill, spacing the hills eighteen inches apart in the row. Small potatoes may be harvested about ninety days after plants are set out and mature potatoes about thirty days later.

With any other March order to the W. Atlee Burpee Co., Clinton, IA., 52732, you can obtain a packet of fifty seeds for 25¢. After March, seeds will go up to regular price which is \$1.25 for fifty seeds. Several other seed catalogs offer EXPLORER potato seed including that of Henry Field Seed & Nursery, Shenandoah, IA. 51602.

Field's catalog also offers an extraordinary new pear called TURNBULL GIANT PEAR. This pear tree blooms over a long period of time in the spring so if the first blooms are damaged by frost, the later flowers will set fruit. The green fruit tastes like a tart apple and the ripe fruit has a delicious flavor all its own.

The fruits are giant in size, often as big as three pounds and the trees bear so heavily you can harvest two crops in one season. If you pick the green fruit two months before maturity, it will taste like a crisp, tart apple with none of the bitter, gritty taste usually associated with a green pear. There will be plenty of fruit left to grow to maturity even after you've harvested a big crop of mid-season green fruit. In fact, this pear has excellent resistance to fire blight and foliage diseases which means you can count on a good crop of creamy-white, often seedless fruits, every year.

The above description appears on the cover of Field's new catalog and I'm determined to try this pear in our central Minnesota garden where pears are not generally recommended as the winters are too harsh. If the TURNBULL GIANT PEAR grows and produces fruit this far north, you can be assured it will thrive in all areas south of us. If it does, I'll certainly tell you about my success.

"Magic" Indian Oil CATCHES FISH LIKE CRAZY!

I made this remarkable discovery when my son went on his first fishing trip with me. We hired this old Indian guide in a small town in Wisconsin.

When our guide showed Mark how to bait his hook, I noticed that he rubbed something on the bait just before Mark put the line in the lake. Within minutes Mark had himself a beautiful bass. You can imagine how pleased I was and Mark, of course, wanted more.

So the whole thing was repeated—the guide put on the bait, rubbed it again, and up popped another beauty. Meanwhile, I sat there patiently waiting for my first fish.

This went on all morning. Mark caught 30 bass and I got eight.

When I pulled the boat in at noon and paid off our Indian guide, I noticed that a small, unusual seed had apparently fallen from the guide's pocket into the bottom of our boat. The odor from the seed was quite strong and certainly different from anything I had ever smelled before. This was what he had rubbed on Mark's bait!



*It works for me—
wouldn't be without it.*
D. Hulbutt, Duluth

When we returned home the next day, I gave the seed to a chemist friend of mine. He analyzed it and duplicated it into a spray for me.

I could hardly wait for my next fishing trip. What I discovered on that trip was absolutely unbelievable. I have never before caught fish like that. Every time I baited my hook, I sprayed it and up popped another fish.

I tested some more. I put spray on one bait and nothing on another. The sprayed bait got the fish almost immediately. The unsprayed bait got some nibbles, but nothing more.

I gave some of my friends samples of the spray to try and the results were the same—they caught fish like never before.

I named my spray "CATCH FISH LIKE CRAZY" cause that's just what it does and it works with all kinds of fresh or salt water fish. It works equally well on artificial or live bait.

Here's what fishermen say about my spray:

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THE COOKY SKIT

by
Norma Larson

This skit could be given for a program with young people or adults dressed accordingly.

CHARACTERS: Amy and Jill, seven-year-old friends dressed in jeans.

SETTING: Kitchen in Amy's home. A table in center stage with the usual cooking utensils and ingredients mentioned throughout the skit. The two little friends are making their first attempt at cooky making.

Amy: I think this is going to be fun. Won't Mama be surprised when she sees the nice cookies we are making for her?

Jill: I like chocolate chip cookies.

Amy: (*Picks up recipe book or card*) The recipe says, "1/2 cup white sugar and 1/2 cup brown sugar." I have seen Mama measure so I'll put these in the bowl (*does so while she is talking*).

Jill: The next thing is (*reading*) "cream with 1/2 cup shortening." What is shortening Amy?

Amy: I don't know. Maybe we are not supposed to have that much sugar. When Mama makes me a skirt, shortening means taking something off. I'll take some out (*removes some sugar*). Now we will have to put in some cream. It says, "cream with sugar" (*adds generous amount of cream*). This looks good (*mixes with large spoon*). What does it say next?

Jill: (*reading*) "Separate two eggs."

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KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.

(*Looks at Amy.*) That sure is a funny thing to do to bake cookies. How far do we have to put them apart?

Amy: I suppose just as far as we can. I'll put this one over on this side of the room and you put the other one on that side. (*Each girl takes an egg and places it tenderly on outer edges of room.*) Now, they are really separated!

Jill: (*reading*) Next it says, "beat the egg yolks and whip the egg whites." (*Looks up.*) How can we do that when they are clear over there? (*Points towards eggs.*)

Amy: Mama told me to never beat anyone or anything. I don't think she would want me to beat any egg or whip it or anything like that even if they were closer.

Jill: Your mother would not like it if we beat eggs on her floor, anyway. That would be so messy (*makes an unpleasant face*). I think we better not do that part. What do we do next?

Amy: It says, "sift dry ingredients." What does sift mean?

Jill: I don't know. Isn't that what Daddy does with the stick fastened to the steering wheel in the car?

Amy: Ye! (*face lights up*). Sometimes he sifts into reverse. Does that mean we have to use a stick backwards to mix it?

Jill: This is sure a funny way to make cookies. (*As she talks she uses yardstick counterclockwise to stir ingredients in the bowl.*)

Amy: (*Looks at recipe*) How much is a dash, Jill?

Jill: How many dashes of what?

Amy: A dash of vanilla and a pinch of salt. I suppose we just pour a dash of vanilla across the batter instead of a dot. (*Adds vanilla appropriately and generously.*)

Jill: (*Looks into bowl and tips it for the audience to see.*) This batter sure does look funny. This must be a new recipe as Mama's doesn't look like this. My mama does not like me to pinch anything. That hurts. I do not think we should pinch the salt. I should not do what my mama does not want me to do. (*Picks up recipe again.*) What's a tsps.?

Amy: A what?

Jill: A tsps. It says, "2 tsps of baking soda" (*emphatically*). I don't know what a tsps is. I know my mama never makes anything with tsps in it! I guess we will just have to leave it out. This sure looks funny.

Amy: Smells kinda funny too. We had better put in the chocolate chips. Maybe that will help.

Jill: It calls for one bag chocolate chips.

Amy: Are we supposed to open it?

Jill: It doesn't say to open it, so we must put it all in at once. (*Puts unopened chip bag into the bowl and stirs with the yardstick.*) It doesn't look any

better. These are dumb cookies.

Amy: All that is left is 1/2 cup chopped nuts.

Jill: (*in tears*) I just think that this is an awful recipe. We are supposed to beat and whip and pinch and now chop (*sobs audibly*). I don't like your dumb old cooky recipe for your dumb old cookies. You just make 'em yourself. You are a cooky monster. (*Leaves room in hurry, crying, and steps on egg in her retreat.*)

THE END

MAKE A BAG

by
Inez Baker

Material needed:

- 2 quilted place mats, 13x20 inches in size,
- 2 wooden or plastic rings, 9 inches in diameter,
- 2 wooden buttons, 3/4 inch in diameter.

Sew one button on each place mat (on what will be the outside of the bag). Center button a scant 6 inches up from end of mat. On the other end of each mat, make a vertical buttonhole centered near the end.

Place both mats together with all edges even and the buttons on the outside. Machine stitch them together all around the button end, continuing a little more than halfway up each side.

To finish the bag, pull loose or open end of one mat through one of the rings and button in place. Do the same on the other side. Voila! A lovely bag put together easily and quickly for yourself or a much-appreciated gift.

My bag has the same material on both sides of each place mat—ivory with nose-gays of colorful flowers and berries. Some mats have one kind or color of material on one side and a matching or contrasting one on the other. Be certain to buy washable mats for the most useable bags. Great for carrying sewing projects, baby items, shopping needs, etc.



The bag described by Inez Baker.

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BABY TALK — Concluded

seeking advice. All too often one hears something like this: "My baby gets a rash around his neck once in awhile. What do you think might cause it?"

Friends may have good opinions about what causes a rash. They can be eager to offer suggestions or recall similar circumstances that might help the mother decipher the answer to her problem. But lay people, no matter how good their intentions, are not authorities. If there is a perplexing problem about baby's well-being, the proper place to talk about it is in the doctor's office.

If a mother is as conscientious about the way she talks about her baby as she is about the way she cares for him or her, she will always be found interesting, well-adjusted to motherhood, admirable in her relationship with her child, and always acceptable socially.

MARCH

March is a gabby neighbor;
She keeps standing in the door
Telling her windy gossip.
She's getting to be a bore.
I wish she'd hurry up and go
And stop her wagging chin.
(The warm west wind just whispered
April's waiting to come in!)

—Merle Price

PROMISE

In the heart of a bulb
Lies the promise of spring.

In a small speckled egg
Hides a bird that will sing.

In the kernel the seed
Lies, the wealth of the sod.

In the soul of a child
Lives the glory of God. —Inez Baker

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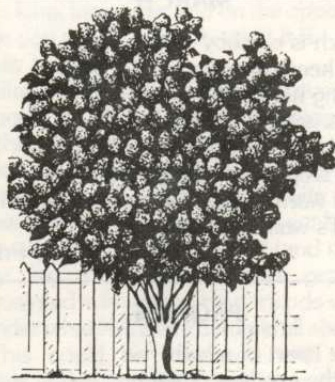
rich colors of creeping phlox—rosy red, blue, pure white, and pearl pink—are a delight in early spring when little else is blooming. And these hardy EVERGREEN plants make lovely ground covers or borders ALL YEAR. Strong field divisions grow to 4", thrive in sun or partial shade. Use the handy coupon below to order colorful creeping phlox (Phlox Sublata) at this low sale price.

12 for \$1.75
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(Hydrangea P.G.)
ONLY 25¢

Orders for \$6 or more can also purchase the color-changing Hydrangea Tree (a reg. \$2.00 value) for only 25¢. Choice 1 1/2-3' plants! Only one 25¢ bonus per customer.



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6 for \$4.50



Now, in this special sale, you are able to purchase the ever-beautiful, ever-popular Colorado Blue Spruce (Picea Pungens Glauca) at one-half our regular catalog price. These select, branched, 5-year-old transplanted trees are not seedlings—they are at least 1 to 2 feet tall. Having been transplanted, the root system is well developed and will help the plant to get off to a fast start. Colorado Blue Spruce will add real value to your property. Buy now while our 1/2 price sale lasts and have the added pleasure of shaping your tree just the way you want while you watch it grow.

ORDER GUARANTEED PLANTS TODAY!

All items guaranteed to be of high quality, and to arrive in good healthy condition or purchase price will be refunded. RETURN SHIPPING LABEL ONLY—you may keep the items. (One year limit). Please add 65¢ to order total to help cover postage and handling.

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WESLEY
Nursery Division
Bloomington,
Illinois 61701

ROSE OF SHARON HEDGE



100 FEET OF
FRIENDLY FENCE

ONLY \$2⁹⁸

(25 shrubs—100 ft.)
(50 shrubs—200 ft. \$5.75)

Delightful blossoms of red, white, or purple each summer in a lifetime fence of natural beauty. Rose of Sharon hedge—a practical, lovely fence for your landscape—will grow naturally to 5-10 ft. for an informal privacy screen or can be trimmed for a neat colorful hedge. You'll get healthy 1-2' shrubs. (Hibiscus Syriacus.)

BONUS!

Regular
\$1.00

RED PEONY

Bush for ONLY 15¢

Orders for \$4. or more can order one of these beautiful Peony bushes for only 15¢. Only one 15¢ bonus per customer.



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RED SUMMER FLOWERS
EVERGREEN WINTER
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Strong versatile Sedum (Sedum Spurium Dragons Blood) will bring gay color to rock gardens, borders, edgings, shady places, and steep banks. The neat 3-4" tall cover will spread quickly to form a dense perennial mat with red star-like flowers all summer. Each plant will easily and quickly fill one square foot. Order now at this low price and receive hardy northern nursery grown plants.

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Dept. 8947-45, Bloomington, Illinois 61701

Please send the following items:

How Many	Cat. No.	Item	Cost
	182	Blue Spruce	
	241	Creeping Phlox	
	242	Creeping Red Sedum	
	632	Red Peony Bonus 15¢	
	741	Rose of Sharon Hedge	
	848	Tree Hydrangea Bonus 25¢	
TOTAL			

Please add 65¢ for postage & handling.
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