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Kristin Brase and Dorothy Johnson

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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:

When I sat down at my desk a few minutes ago, I really wondered if I could shove enough papers around to get this large non-electric typewriter into the right place. What I really need is a series of stacked filing cabinets that run right to the ceiling, and that's exactly what I don't have.

If you are a victim of badly cluttered desk surfaces, then you know what I am talking about. My big difficulty is not being able to discard things, and since it is a lifelong habit, I am doubtful about changing my ways at this point!

In any event, this description of my old desk tells you that I am right here firmly in Shenandoah with the trip to New Mexico behind me. In my last letter written to you from Albuquerque, I told you some of the details about getting out there, so now I'd like to pick up a few odds and ends about our return trip.

Betty and I headed north from Albuquerque with the intention of making it up to Taos, and then turning east with Cimarron our destination for the night. We wanted to avoid going through the heart of Santa Fe and were happy to find a bypass that would let us avoid all of the Santa Fe traffic. This took us to Espanola (a town I once knew almost as well as I know Shenandoah) where we stopped for gas and to get the oil checked.

It was a beautiful day to drive and we both felt fine, so imagine our dismay when the nice young man said that our radiator hose was broken! He shook his head, "This is a 1969 model, isn't it?" he asked. Yes, he was right.

"Well," he continued, "there's a place on the other side of town where they have all kinds of old car parts and I might be able to find a hose there."

Betty and I sat for an hour and we weren't chattering away about anything . . . only concentrating silently that he'd be able to find a 1969 radiator hose. (Iowa seemed very, very far away to us during

that hour!) Believe me, when he came back with the right part in hand, we were profoundly grateful.

This pleasant sensation lasted until we were driving on the narrow, winding road that runs beside the Rio Grande River until it reaches Taos. There was very little traffic that day and we were suddenly surprised when a car behind us began honking repeatedly and then went around us with all four people waving wildly at our back tires.

When the nearest parking area appeared, this car stopped and a man came running down the road toward us, beckoning to us to get off the highway. Now, in this day and age you don't casually pull over for strangers, but something about his urgent pointing and yelling told us that we should pull off to the side of the road.

The man ran up to the car and told us that he'd been following us for several miles and noticed that there was no gas cap on our car's tank and we were losing considerable gasoline. Sure enough—the gas tank had been filled in Espanola and the nice man who found the radiator hose had neglected to put the cap back on the tank.

Betty and I said it restored that wonderful feeling of the old days when you paid attention to someone else's trouble. A perfect stranger had gone out of his way to lend a helping hand.

Well, it took quite a spell in Taos to find a gas cap, but finally we were on the highway east heading through the spectacular canyons that lead through the Rocky Mountains and down into Cimarron. This is a gorgeous drive and I have only two admonitions to make:

1. Pay sharp attention to the road signs and never exceed the stated miles per hour—those signs mean business.

2. Don't drive west through those canyons from Cimarron to Taos when the sun is low in the sky, you'll be blinded if you do. We were driving east and could enjoy every inch of those great mountains, but the drivers approaching us were having trouble. So, if you ever go over that tremendous road, just keep in mind the timing of your trip.

After the night in Cimarron, we got up early, went through the Raton Pass and then turned east at Trinidad to cover the empty plains that roll into Kansas. Fortunately, we hit Garden City when the shift wasn't changing at their enormous Iowa Beef Processors plant, and then found a bypass around Garden City itself that took us toward Larned, Kansas, where we had motel reservations for the night. This day was a long, long haul BUT there was almost no traffic, the weather was fine and we had no car trouble whatsoever.

We left Larned early in the morning with plans set to hit our own beds that night—and we made it. I knew, of course,



Katharine and James Lowey are enjoying every minute of their summer vacation knowing it will not be long until school starts again.

that Kansas, Missouri and Iowa had had torrential rains, but I wasn't prepared in any way for what we saw between Topeka and Atchison and then from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Interstate I-29. It was like looking at one vast lake, and I couldn't begin to imagine what was going to happen to all of that rich, rich bottom land that produces such great crops in normal seasons. It gave both of us a very somber feeling on that part of our drive and right up to the doors of our old house here in Shenandoah.

As I write this to you, Betty is with her family in the Twin Cities, plus a planned stay at the family's summer place on Lake Ottertail. Meanwhile, I'm leaving with Dorothy to spend a week or ten days at one of my very favorite places in this world—the Johnson farm near Lucas. (We have to call before we leave to be sure that none of the bridges or roads have been washed out in the latest downpour.) We'll go up to Des Moines to meet Betty's plane at the end of my Lucas visit, and then it's back home again to pick up our usual routine.

Just about the time you are reading this issue, Hallie Blackman (thousands of you know her) will be returning from a three weeks' trip to Australia. She has been very active for many years in the International Toastmistress Organization, and this year they are having their International Toastmistress Convention in Sydney, Australia. Hallie has good friends in Melbourne, Australia, who have been visitors in Shenandoah on several occasions, so I'm happy that she can go to "The Country Down Under", as they refer to Australia. You'll be able to get some reports on her trip on our daily radio program when she gets back.

Juliana, James and Katharine are spending a week in San Diego with a member of her father's family, John Solstad. John married Russell's only sister, Boletta, at our home in Hollywood
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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Last night I had just rolled my typing paper into the typewriter to start my letter to you when I was rudely interrupted by the worst electrical storm I can ever remember. Our lights were out for four hours, and considering how bad the lightning was all night, I'm surprised they were off only that long. If I had been a line repairman, I wouldn't have been out repairing lines with lightning popping all around. We weren't a bit surprised to get up this morning to see water everywhere.

It was the latter part of June before our fields were dry enough to work, and even then the tractor was stuck several times, so no corn was planted. They did get the beans in and the plants were up enough by late June to be able to row them. If we don't get the early frost that is being predicted, the beans might mature. There haven't been enough dry days in a row for us to get any hay put up yet, so that is another problem this year.

Frank and I have been partially laid up this past month. I fell and broke a rib. It feels as if it is the same one I broke last spring when I fell on the ice, at any rate it is on the same side. Frank didn't break any bones, but he did overwork his knee when he walked all over the timber for two days hunting a cow and calf, making it painful to do his everyday chores. We are both on the mend now and able to navigate without too much grumbling.

Now for something more cheerful—Bernie's cataract surgery was a great success. She chose to have the lens implant rather than to have to wear thick glasses, and she could see the very next day. In order for the implants to be successful, it is **TERRIBLY** important to follow the doctor's instructions implicitly, and when she went back for her first checkup the doctor told her she was doing beautifully. We were all so afraid Bernie would break some of the rules, not deliberately, but unconsciously (such as bending over to pick up something off the floor, or rub her eye, or pick up heavy objects) things you do automatically all the time without thinking. Our sister Ruth came from Kansas City to stay with her for the three most critical weeks, and Bernie said jokingly that between Ruth and me, we harped at her all the time—"Don't do this," "Don't do that," "Sit in your lounge chair and do nothing." Our care paid off.

Bernie had surgery on both eyes at the same time, so she really had a double dose. The eye that has been blind for several years had begun to gradually pull to the left and while she was in the hospital for the cataract removal, the doctor



This unusual rock basket stands in the little park across the street from the Derby Cafe in Derby, Iowa. Each summer members of the Derby Garden Club plant it with attractive, bright-colored flowers.

thought the blind eye should definitely be straightened before it got any worse. Since it was practically unnoticeable, Bernie didn't think the additional surgery was really necessary, but went along with the doctor's recommendation. Now, although the ordeal was terribly painful for many days, she is glad she had it done. For several years, she had severe headaches. Since the surgery, she hasn't had a single one! Now she says she really does feel like a new woman.

When I took Bernie back to Marshalltown for her checkup, we asked Belvah, Dorothea and Louise to go with us. The appointment wasn't until the middle of the afternoon, so we left early enough to be in Marshalltown in time to eat dinner at the well-known Stone's Cafe. This cafe has quite a history which is printed on a folder—a reprint from an article that appeared in the *Marshalltown Times-Republican*. Space doesn't permit me to put down everything on the folder, but I will relate a few things of interest.

Stone's Cafe began in 1887 in a one-story, false-front, frontier-type building across the street from its present location on South Third Avenue, under the viaduct down by the railroad tracks. The crews of the steam trains on all three railroads that came by would send word ahead by railroad telegraph on how many thick roast beef or ham sandwiches, quarters of pie and bottles of coffee should be ready for their arrival. Incidentally, these items each cost 10¢. A pint of coffee with thick cream was 5¢.

Stone's moved across the street to its present location about 1910. It was still largely a railroad man's eating place, but during heavy snows that stalled the passenger trains, whole train loads of people

were fed as well as the crews.

Upstairs is a sizable lobby and fifteen rooms. These were rented at 50¢ a night to engineers and conductors and quite a few cattlemen who were riding to Chicago with their livestock. In the early 1900s, Stone's had a dairy herd of 21 Jersey cows. The dairy furnished the restaurant with rich and fattening milk, thick cream and fine hand-churned butter. Being portly and buxom was a sign of affluence in those days. (The dairy was later sold.)

As motoring increased and rail travel diminished, Stone's slowly changed from a railroad restaurant to the full service, family dining place it has been ever since. It has made many friends over the years and people still find their way to it. The guest books have names from every state and most foreign countries. At the time the article was written, a third-generation member of the Stone family was manager; they are hoping one or more of the fourth generation will be interested in the business and keep it going for another 95 years.

If you have an opportunity to eat at Stone's, be sure to have a piece of their chiffon pie, a specialty of the restaurant. I had a piece that was at least five or six inches high, and delicious.

Once a year, our Birthday Club and the O.D.O. Club from Milo get together for a good time. For several years, it has been a potluck picnic but this year we all went to the Derby Cafe. (We were also joined by four Kitchen-Klatter friends from Magnolia, Iowa, who had written to me and asked me to go with them to Derby for dinner. It just happened they picked the same day to come, so we insisted they go with the rest of us.)

After we had eaten, we walked across the street from the cafe to the lovely little city park to take pictures and visit. This park is kept up by the Derby Garden Club. They have planted trees and flowers to beautify it. A few years ago, a large basket and a bench, both made out of rocks, were purchased and donated to the Garden Club by two families. The two lovely, sturdy rock items were made in the early 1930s by a Mrs. Snyder as therapy after she lost two sons within six months. Every year, the club members plant flowers in the basket and it is a beautiful addition to the park.

The only company we have had so far this summer was an overnight visit from my sister, Margery, and her husband, Oliver Strom, who were on their way to Rockford, Ill., to spend a few weeks with Oliver's sister. Our house is far enough from Shenandoah to make a nice place to stop and break up a long trip. They said they might also stop on their way home. We are looking forward to a visit from Lucile, and Kristin and a couple of the boys will be here for awhile before
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CHEERS TO OUR GOLDEN GIRLS

(Recognition for Senior Members)

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Make an award "medal" for each person to be honored. For each medal, cut a large, round circle from heavy, gold poster board. Using a paper punch, make a hole at the top of the circle so that a ribbon can be threaded through. On the front side, print the name of the organization. On the back, print: "Gold Medal—in appreciation to (name)." If room permits, print the date on also. Tie on a length of ribbon long enough so the medal can be slipped easily over the recipient's head. Have ready a gold-colored flower or corsage to present to each honoree.

Leader: Today it is a great honor to pay tribute to our senior members, those who through the years as members of (name organization) have laid the steppingstones for the rest of us to follow. I think these lines tell us something about these women we honor today. They are women who—
Give a little, live a little,
Often try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little
Happiness to earth.

Pray a little, work a little,
And are a little glad.
Dream a little, just a little
If a heart is sad.

They smile a little, send a little
To another's door;
Give a little, live a little
And love a little more.

Leader: These are the women who have been willing to give of themselves, to work, to love, to go the second mile and so—

To you, whom we would honor here this day,
There are so many things which we would like to say.

But the big words, the right words just don't seem to come—
We can only say a loving "thank you" for all that you have done.

To you, our senior members, whom we treasure as precious pearls,
God bless you, our own Golden Girls.

Presentation of Medals: (Helpers step forward to assist the leader, one to place the medal around the neck of each honoree and one to hand her a flower. The Leader then calls the names of those to be honored, asking them to come forward.)

Leader: These women give to each of us a challenge, a challenge to give of our best, to use our own special gifts for our club and our community and our world. This challenge might be summed up in these words:



Mrs. Bessie Freeman lives in Springfield, Mass. She is a longtime friend of Frederick and Betty Driftmier. When they visited Springfield several months ago, Frederick took this picture of Bessie on her 100th birthday! Bessie was born in Nova Scotia, moved to the U.S. as a bride and now lives with her daughter. She attends church regularly, is a member of two of the women's organizations of the church plus the sewing group and does all the cooking for herself and her daughter. Besides all this, she finds time to read the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* "from cover to cover" every month. Our heartfelt congratulations to Bessie Freeman.

What is it you hold in your hand? "Nothing," you say? Look again. Every hand holds some special gift: a textbook, a broom, a pen, a hoe, a scalpel, an artist's brush, a needle, a microscope, a violin, a computer button, a way with words which give faith and courage and hope. What is that you hold in your hand? Whatever your gift may be, it can open your door to abundant life—you hold in your hand the key. —Paraphrased from an unknown author

A CALICO CARNIVAL

by

Virginia Thomas

For those of you looking for a fun party and for a fund-raiser, here is an idea adapted from one given in 1880.

Invitation: Consider yourself cordially invited to be present at the Correctly Constructed and Considerately Combined Calico Carnival to be held at (place, time, date).

The price of admission of 15¢ will entitle you to the following: Conspicuous Courses served in Confused Compactness: One Conglomerated Compound Circle (cookie), one Cup of Communicative Cordial (coffee) or one Cup of Chinese Cheer (tea) and one cup of Choice Churned Cold Comfort (ice cream).

Rules and Regulations: All ladies are to wear a calico apron and bring at least a

half-pound of carpet rags carefully cut. All gentlemen are to wear a calico tie and bring a thimble.

Fines will be imposed as follows: Any lady who fails to wear a calico apron—25¢. Any lady who fails to bring a half-pound of cut rags—1¢ per ounce missing. Any gentlemen who fails to wear a calico tie—25¢. Any gentlemen who fails to bring a thimble—5¢.

P.S. At the door you will receive a Curious Calico Card that will introduce you to a Charming Companion for the evening who will assist you in sewing Carefully and Compactly your Collected Contribution of Carpet rags. Expect Comical Carols and Collected Calico Conversation. Cash and Coins collected. Come in good voice with a pocketful of Change.

Entertainment: Check each guest at the door for the proper attire and requested items. Have a kitchen scale on hand to weigh the carpet strips. Collect the fines from any people who did not follow directions. (Amounts of fines can be varied as you wish.) Have some aprons, carpet rags, thimbles and appropriate ties for those who forgot them. These could be "rented" for the evening.

Prepare calico-trimmed cards. Cut each one in two using zigzag and jagged lines. Put one half in a box for the men, the other half in a box for the ladies. As the guests enter, each takes half a card from the proper box. They find their partners by matching up the halves of the cards. These could also be used as name tags if desired.

Have several games using the carpet rags: 1. Give each couple a needle and thread. The man, using the thimble he brought, must see how many carpet rags he can stitch together in a given length of time with his partner helping in any way possible EXCEPT the actual sewing. 2. Have the lady of each pair hold three strips of carpet rags while the gentleman braids them. Give prizes for the neatest, the quickest and the longest braids. Take fines from those who fail to make an acceptable braid. 3. Have each couple roll their strips of cloth into a neat ball. Prizes could be given for the neatest ball, the largest, the quickest "rollers". 4. Chose one of the firmest cloth balls, fasten the end with a safety pin. Have guests sit in a circle and pass ball from hand to hand with one person in the center as "It" trying to touch a guest while he or she still is touching the cloth ball. A person becomes "It" when he (or she) is caught.

Forfeits can be paid for a variety of silly reasons. Anyone who drops his thimble, needle or cloth ball can be required to pay 5¢, for example.

Hand out some outlandishly romantic old-fashioned poems to be read aloud. Have a sing with old favorites such as,

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An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

At Kitchen-Klatter, we usually do not mention a happening before the fact in case something comes up to prevent the event from taking place. So, I may be tempting fate, but I am so excited about our vacation plans that I want to tell you about them.

By the time you read this, we will have been back East for two weeks staying in a cottage near the beach at Misquamicut, R.I. This is a great location within a few minutes of my parents' (Frederick and Betty Driftmier) home and near enough to other friends and relatives that we look forward to lots of warm reunions. We haven't been home as a family for 2½ years. You can imagine how we've been dreaming of steamed clams, ocean waves, and familiar faces and places. In early August, we'll be in Connecticut with Vin's folks and will go with them to a cousin's wedding in Pennsylvania on our way back to Omaha.

We have already had some good times right here in Bellevue this summer. Vin spent so much time all year on his courses at the University of Nebraska at Omaha (he's working on a second bachelor's degree in computer science) that he promised to take the summer off. So we've been enjoying weekends, evenings, and even some lunch hours together. Since he works close by, he is able to play tennis or swim, have a bite to eat, shower, dress, and get back to work all within his lunch hour. These outings are fun for the whole family and help keep us in good physical shape as well. On pleasant evenings we often take long walks with the stroller. A cute baby is such fun to show off to the world!

One weekend, we went to the DeSoto National Wildlife Refuge just north of Omaha. Wildlife was scarce; we will definitely make a return visit during the fall bird migration season. However, the kids enjoyed the beach and we were all fascinated by the treasure-trove of 19th century artifacts from the steamboat, *Bertrand*. The *Bertrand*, loaded with mercury, tools, and many other items, sank in the Missouri River in 1865 on a voyage to Fort Benton, Mont., where the supplies were to go to prospectors and homesteaders. The boat was found and excavated in 1968. The *Bertrand* itself could not be removed from the mud without damage, but its outline is marked. The cargo, minus the mercury, is on display in the visitors' center. The lighting, temperature and humidity are all controlled in the display area so as to slow down the deterioration of the artifacts caused by contact with the air. Both the cargo and the manner of display are worth seeing. We recommend a stop at

DeSoto if you are in this area.

At this point in time, every trip away from the house is a major expedition. We have to take a "baby bag" everywhere. Add to this, the baby backpack, playpen, perhaps a picnic lunch, and you can see why I am very happy with a quiet day at home. Congenial neighbors help make home a nice place to be.

I had to chuckle over a letter Isabel wrote a while back. In it she said, "My best friend is Heather. She moved in today." I wondered at the time if that friendship would prosper; it has. Heather Newcomb, who moved next door in May, is just a year older than Isabel, and her brother, Bobby, is a year older than Chris. The four of them have had a grand time this summer. Cassie has her own best friend, Jenna Spain, who lives one house further away. Jenna is four months older than Cassie, and like Cassie has blonde hair and blue eyes. They look so cute together that I can't resist taking instant pictures of them each time I baby-sit for Jenna. When her mother picks her up, I can usually give a photographic report of the babies' activities.

It hardly seems possible but Isabel will be in the third grade this fall and Chris will start kindergarten. They remain good friends despite the usual ins and outs of the sibling relationship. I believe Chris when he complains of Isabel hitting him because I was a big sister and I hit MY brother. I console Chris with the thought that in a very short time he will be bigger than Isabel—just a few inches separate them now.

When Isabel and Chris go back to school, I am going to start taking piano lessons. I am going to seriously learn how

to have FUN at the piano. I will be taking lessons from Laura Toland, a very talented lady who is also the new director of the Offuttaires (the singing group of which I am a member).

Mrs. W. L. Tefft of North Omaha gave me 24 years of *Kitchen-Klatters* that she no longer had the space to keep. Looking through an old issue, I found a letter from my Granny (Leanna) Driftmier in which she raved about my musical ability. "Mary Lea has such talent, and she never has to be reminded to practice." God bless all fond grandmothers! That's not the way I remember it at all. I never was an inspired piano player, and I had to be coerced into practicing. Now, however, I am ready to do some serious learning.

What I ultimately would like to do is to be able to play ragtime or honky-tonk piano—I can't think of any type of music that is more full of fun. Technical skill will only take me partway down the path to my goal. The ability to "play by ear" and to creatively improvise are important. It's this creative leap that is providing the greatest challenge for me. I'm getting pep talks and moral support in this area from Ruth Bingham.

You readers may remember my mentioning Ruth in a previous letter. She is a locally well-known ragtime pianist. Ruth is teaching me about the way in which chords go together, and how to build an accompaniment from this melody. She has such a good time playing that she makes it look easy; she is a real inspiration. Ruth had the pleasure of presenting a program on the roots of prairie music during a trip to Europe this past winter.

Ruth and her husband, Lee Bingham,
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Ruth and Lee Bingham have become very good friends of Mary Lea Palo and her family. Ruth made the dolls the children are holding (the overalls on Chris's doll has written across the front, "Driftmier Feed-Seed"). Ruth is holding Cassie Palo. Chris Palo is standing in the front on the left and Isabel Palo is on the right.

LOVE THAT MUSEUM

by
Evelyn Birkby

Any project which catches a person's attention can lead off into some mighty strange directions.

Since I became deeply involved with our Fremont County Historical Society, I've found myself reading books, going to workshops, visiting museums of various sizes and kinds to glean ideas, and trying to learn more about the collecting, care and display of historical items. It is a continually growing experience.

My interest really began when I started the search for my own and Robert's genealogical background and family stories. Then, when the Bicentennial arrived I was caught up, as were millions of others, in the exciting projects which collected and preserved much of the past. It was at that point in time I became an active member of our local county historical society.

Fremont County is the most southwestern county in Iowa and borders the Missouri River. In the olden days, Indians traveled through (including Chief Wau-bonsie who stayed), a French village was founded near the present town of Hamburg, Lewis and Clark and their entourage boated up the river and probably camped on Fremont County land, the Underground Railway went through, John Brown and John Todd were part of its history, the town of Sidney was on a well-traveled stagecoach line and covered wagons passed by to hitch up with famous overland trails. Many Mormons walked on this land and one group started the Manti settlement.

The Fremont County Historical Society really began in 1963 with a few devoted people who began the process of collecting, soliciting, preserving and housing items. At this writing, we have a church, a schoolhouse and a large old commercial garage building which has been adapted in a remarkable manner to become the main museum area. It is proof that with imagination almost any space can be utilized.

One of the first decisions which the society had to make was how they wanted their museum to tell the story of the area without becoming confusing with too many irrelevant ideas thrown together. (Some museums have used what is called the "shotgun" method of display—everything all jumbled together.) How to plan traffic lanes, arrange cases chronologically and create attractive, colorful backgrounds were all problems which had to be solved.

The results of the society's efforts do tell the story of the county, with a few sidelines tossed in. If you were actually in Sidney visiting the museum, and I was your guide, I'd first take you to view the mastodon tusks and other prehistoric items. Then we'd view the Indian room

with its fine painting of Chief Wau-bonsie and the excellent collection of native artifacts. The next room has pictures and narratives of old-time families who have made monetary contributions of \$500 or more to the museum and beside it is the library with its collection of genealogical material, books on the history of the area and antique-collecting resources and information. The lobby has quilts, books, special exhibits and a place to purchase a reprint of the Fremont County 1881 history.

The main display room starts with a pioneer case which holds items over 100 years old used by the early residents in the Midwest. Moving along, we'd see lighted cases arranged chronologically—early 1900s, 1910 to 1920, 1920 to 1930 and then the 1940s. Some people think the depression case is a bit gloomy just like the period.

Next I'd want you to see the room displays. Back when the building was first purchased, several of the men tore down an old house in Sidney and used the lumber to build a kitchen, living room, bedroom and an area which eventually became a general store. A resident from nearby Riverton, Iowa, willed her possessions to the society and the furniture and accessories she gave in this manner became the basis for the furnishings of the three period rooms.

The general store was completed during the Bicentennial with the additional help of a Sidney family who gave memorial money to help complete the project. Another space which was being developed at that same time, suddenly became a drugstore when the third-generation druggist in Sidney unearthed from his

basement storage practically the entire furnishings and equipment from the original drugstore and presented them to the museum.

One of the prime needs of a museum is a storage room, and you'll see a sign that says, "This is our storeroom. It is like Fiber Magee's closet, so open the door at your own risk." When this was built, two deep display windows were built in the front to add space for two interesting collections, one of old bottles and one for medicine containers.

If you are still with me as I am mentally guiding you around the museum, we'll come next to such items as a collection of old plows, school and church bells, washing machines, butter churns, travel and farm vehicles and farm implements.

Here is where we have done a bit of "shotgunning". A display of old barbed wire sits beside several ancient typewriters. Down the row are some fine sewing machines. A display of early funeral director's equipment is next to a surrey with a fringe on top. A broom-making machine (which actually works) stands beside the old will cases and a hand-held corn planter.

"Exposed storage" is evident in this area, and it does help the space problem. We have hung farmhand tools and such things as ox yokes from the wall. We have tried to keep the arrangement neat, however; it can become cluttered very easily.

The player piano, newly restored so it will play, adds a great deal to the museum. Along with the phonograph, a music box and pump organ, the musical instruments seem to make the building come to life when they are being played. Dressed

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This photograph of some of the officers of the Fremont County Historical Society was taken at their most recent open house which accounts for the old-fashioned dresses. From left to right they are: Charles Polk, Vice-President; Erma Fay Polk, Treasurer; Winifred Rhoades, Immediate Past-President and Member of the Board of Directors; Mildred Doyle, Member of the Board and Evelyn Birkby, President. (Thelma Ferrel, Secretary and Kenneth Smalley, Second Vice-President, are not in the picture.)
—Sidney Argus Herald Photo

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

After rereading last month's letter to you, I am sorry to have to report to you that in the last four weeks I have again been occupied with sorting through closets, boxes of books, and further rearrangement of furniture. This major improvement over last month's activities is that my joints in general and my wrist, hand, and foot joints in particular, are not complaining as loudly.

My doctor, who in addition to being a general practitioner is an arthritis specialist, gave me a sample bottle of the newest arthritis medicine. I used her sample for four weeks with noticeable relief and then had my prescription filled at our neighborhood pharmacy. At this stage of my association with arthritis, I have great hopes that this medication will continue to help. If it does, it will be worth the extra expense.

It is certainly a blessing that there are outstanding scientific research companies which are constantly striving to find cures for various diseases. Many of my mother's friends sent contributions to the Indiana Arthritis Foundation in her name instead of sending memorial flowers to the funeral. Flowers are certainly beautiful and appreciated, but they are so quickly gone when compared to the continuing good that an equivalent sum can do when applied to a worthy cause. My mother suffered many, many years with the pain from arthritis and I know she made similar donations when the occasion arose when she was alive; she would have appreciated whatever good resulted from gifts made in her name.

I want to thank you dear readers who thoughtfully took the time to send me a card or a letter since Mother's death in March. I probably will not be able to answer each one of these nice letters, but please understand how touched I was by your kind remembrances.

The reason I have continued the sorting and moving is because Adrienne and her tons of "things" have moved back into the house. She rearranged her room to incorporate all of her possessions and within two weeks her room looked as settled as the rest of the house.

The morning of Northwestern's commencement, the day unfolded with a brilliant sunrise. Don and I drove to Evanston about six in the morning hoping to have a quick breakfast with Adrienne and her sister, Katharine (who had flown into Chicago from Washington, D.C., the evening before), but this was not to be. From the northern city limits of Evanston on south to the campus, we were caught in a bumper-

bumper traffic situation that almost kept us from getting our honored graduate to the hall on time.

The first half of commencement was held in Northwestern's McGaw Hall which is a mighty big arena. From our seats, we were able to see the students as they marched into the building and took their seats on the floor and up the bleachers across one entire side of the gymnasium. By even closer scrutiny of the color or their mortarboard tassels, we were able to pick Adrienne out of the crowd. The music performed by the Northwestern University Band was grand and with very little effort their lovely marching music filled that enormous hall and quite successfully overpowered the level of peoples' voices.

The graduates were a very happy group; when their individual schools' names were called out, they stood and roundly applauded their school and their personal culmination of success. After the conferring of many doctoral degrees, the entire body of graduates filed out of the hall and, after finding their parents for picture taking, moved many miles south to the campus proper where they gathered again at their individual schools for the granting of the actual degrees.

The Tech School had never had so many graduates as they had this year. Dean Bruno Boley commented on the fact that this was his school's largest class and added that of the 294 graduates he was extremely proud of the 69 girls who were entering the field of engineering.

The different fields of engineering which were presented for degrees were: Bachelor of Science, Applied Mathematics, Chemical, Civil, Computer Sciences, Electrical, Industrial, Materials Science, Mechanical, Nuclear, and one Female Science Engineer. What this last category means I haven't the faintest clue nor did the parents seated near me whom I questioned.

The candidates for graduation marched across a stage outlined with enormous yellow chrysanthemums and were introduced by a member of the faculty who, to his credit, mispronounced only one name. After he introduced each student to the audience and the Tech School President, the student was congratulated by the President, then handed the box for the degree, and exited at the other side where each was given the correctly engraved diploma.

One near mistake occurred which was resolved, however, before the afternoon was over. Adrienne's diploma was simply not on the stack where it belonged when she reached the point to receive it. The chairman in charge of the diplomas dashed upstairs to an office to see if it had been left behind, but it was not to be found. Apparently it had been handed to some other graduate who had not



Northwestern University Engineering Graduate, Adrienne Driftmier.

immediately opened it. Adrienne is so accustomed to having one of her names misspelled that this was one of the first things she would have checked. Several people were busy searching for her precious certificate when, lo and behold, the boy who had preceded her across the stage finally found her from among the other 292 graduates and handed her the proper diploma.

There was a reception held on the Tech grounds in the cool sunshine. Fruit punch and hundreds of hors d'oeuvres were served. Many of these were different fruits and vegetables made into beautiful animal shapes, none of which exceeded one inch in height. Some catering service in Evanston was surely adept at a creative skill on an enormous scale.

It was a memorable day! We came home to Delafield, rested for a while, and then with Paul added to our group, went out for a supper celebration.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

THE FIRST DAY OF THE MONTH

Welcome, first day of the new month.

How glad I am to see you!
For now I can do all those things,
I didn't do last month.

I can dream new dreams,
And hope that things will change.
And I promise I'll do better
Than I've done before.

O, my future is so rosy,
On the first day of the month.
For God is always giving us
The chance to try again.

Time is a precious gift
God gives to everyone.
So on this, the month's first day,
I start my life anew.

—Annette Lingelbach

Irresistible Iris — The Midwest Orchid

by
Fern Christian Miller



In ancient mythology, iris was known as the goddess of the rainbow. Today, we can buy iris in almost every color and combination of colors, as well as contrasting bicolors and plicated (with a ground color of white or yellow and edged or stitched in a contrasting color). They come in both beardless and bearded varieties with the tall bearded as the most popular kind.

A well-grown iris plant can be enjoyed in almost any state in the Union. They like a well-drained site, sweet soil and at least half a day of sun and good air circulation. They do well wherever daffodils, dianthus, day lilies, peonies, and clematis can grow.

When planting iris, have your planting spot well dug and enriched with bone meal, a bit of lime, and some well-decayed compost. Set rhizomes on a ridge of soil with deep pockets on either side to hold the anchor roots. Firm well so the rhizome is not over an inch or two deep. Water well.

After generously watering in the roots, don't be forever sprinkling. Wet, hot, humid conditions encourages rot, mildew, and bacterial growth. Hot, dry conditions will encourage healthy, deep rooting. (Be sure to label each variety as you plant, and keep a chart in your garden notebook as well, for sometimes children or pets get labels mixed up.) To keep the plants growing well, provide clean, shallow cultivation.

New rhizomes (roots) need to be planted during the dormant season which comes soon after the flowers fade. For this reason, commercial growers prefer to ship during July, August, and September. However, amateur home gardeners often dig and divide whenever they find time. I have dug choice rhizomes for friends when the plants were blooming, and others at Thanksgiving time. Both bloomed well the following season. However, iris are so lovely they deserve the best care. We are told by the experts that a rhizome is more likely to grow and increase the bloom best if planted when dormant and allowed plenty of time to become well-anchored before the freezing and thawing of winter.

The bearded iris has attracted many devoted hybridizers. It is beautiful,

hardy, and has few pests or diseases. Most plants increase well enough to need division every five or six years. This depends on how close the divisions were planted in the first place. The tall bearded iris is also easy to cross-pollinate, and grows and blooms quickly from seed sown outside in late autumn.

When your planting begins to become crowded, divide your iris. Dig the entire clump with a clean spading fork being careful not to injure the long, feeding roots. Cut off all the old dry rhizomes and dead parts with clean knife. Trim the tops back with sharp shears to fans which include one good healthy rhizome. Leave the foliage about eight inches long. Dust any raw surfaces with sulphur and leave in the hot sun an hour or so to dry. Replant in freshly dug and enriched beds, borders, or planting spots. If the soil is extra hard and dry, soak well before digging. Wash the clumps off well with water from the hose so you can see exactly what you are doing. Remember, the increase comes from the heel of the division. Plant three or four fans of the same variety together for a fine clump, but leave room for growth and air circulation. Never crowd bearded iris. They intermarry too quickly anyway. Put all old, worn-out rhizomes in the trash or burn them. The best blooms come in about the third year.

When planting, attempt companion clumps of daffodils alternated with iris and day lilies to make for a long blooming period. Fill in behind them with seeds of sweet rocket and larkspur (which are actually biennials which self-sow). Thin out if too thick. The white sweet rocket are especially lovely and sweet-scented. Sweet williams are pretty planted in front of an iris row. Cut back tops of sweet williams as they quit blooming. Set, or sow seed of dwarf marigolds in front of sweet williams for fall bloom. Set mums or tall marigolds, zinnias, cosmos, or dahlia bulbs at intervals in the back row, and you will have lovely blooms until late fall. Keep annuals thinned, cultivated and watered when necessary, but don't cut off the iris foliage until frost.

Choosing one dozen finest iris varieties is simply impossible. There are thousands of fine hybrids from which to

choose. My list would include: 'Winter Olympics', 'Debby Rairdon', 'Amethyst Flame', 'Whole Cloth', 'Stepping Out', 'Allegiance', 'Pink Taffeta', 'Kilt Lilt', 'Pacific Panorama', 'Babbling Brook', 'New Moon', and 'Skywatch'.

Have I given you the iris fever? There is just one cure. Grow some of the lovely, easily grown *Midwest orchids* for a rainbow in your own yard.

A SAD MESSAGE

Those of us who are connected with Kitchen-Klatter were deeply saddened to hear of the death of Fern Christian Miller on May 1, 1982, at the Golden Valley Hospital in Clinton, Mo. For many years, Mrs. Miller has written articles which were published in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and various other periodicals. Primarily, her subject matter was about nature and memories and adventures from her past.

Fern leaves six children, twenty grandchildren, two great-grandchildren and a wonderful, devoted husband. She was the center of a large, loving family and the first to pass away, leaving an irreplaceable void.

We will still be able to share several of Fern's writings with you readers. Her husband, Mr. Albert J. Miller of Windsor, Mo., has given us permission to print the few remaining manuscripts of hers which are in our files.

We send our heartfelt sympathy to the family and a "Thank You" for having shared Fern with us through these happy years.

LOVING

Love means so very much to me;
A treasure rich its proved to be;
And so to pass it on I try,

This wondrous thing of loving.
It keeps my heart serene and true,
It sweetens everything I do,
And gladdens lives, as days go by,
This joyous thing of loving.

—Author unknown

MY NEIGHBORS

Kindly neighbors are these of mine
On whom I could call at any time,
For no matter how busy they may be,
They would lend a helping hand to me.

In time of joy, grief or woe,
To my neighbors I can always go
And know my joy or grief they would share
And send me on with a word of cheer.

And as I travel the Road of Life,
I hope I've made someone's burdens light
And hope that I might always be
A neighbor as my neighbors are to me.
—Martha S. Miller

HOW TO MAKE A TEDDY BEAR

by
Cheryl Lyn Kingsley

In the May *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, I wrote about how much fun it is to collect teddy bears. However, collecting teddy bears that are commercially produced can be very expensive. They also have the disadvantage of being similar to other bears made by the same company.

To have a truly one-of-a-kind bear, then, the avid bear collector will turn to sewing. Bears also make excellent bazaar sale items. There are great bear patterns available and fur or synthetic fur is relatively easy to find. What the bear sewer needs is plenty of patience and a strong desire to own a singular bear. Here are some tips to make the job easier:

1. *Choosing a Pattern.* McCall's #7311 and Butterick #4530, #4533 and #4531 are excellent bear patterns. Vogue's animal rug pattern #1941 makes a splendid four-foot bear, if you overstuff him, but this is not a pattern for the novice. Most women's and craft magazines have patterns for bears from time to time.

Your first bear should probably be the kind in which the arms and legs are part of the body, rather than jointed on later. You should concentrate on learning how to insert the head gusset and ears and getting facial features right before worrying about joints. Butterick's pattern #4533 is a good beginner's pattern.

Some patterns in magazines require enlarging. You can do this with the time-honored graph paper technique. I prefer to find a blueprinting firm and pay them to blow up the pattern to the right size; it's worth the expense to have a 100% accurate pattern with which to work.

2. *Choosing the Materials.* If you can't get the fur lining from a winter coat, invade your local fabric store. Keep an open mind. If you've never worked with a gusset before, you may want to start with a terry or some fuzzy-finish cloth. Terry cloth, nubby side out, is the best fabric for bears for babies, since it's washable. You can also make a lovely bear from velvet, velveteen or corduroy. If you want to use fur or fake fur, buy the short, smooth kind for your first attempt. Long, shaggy fur is good for large bears but can present sewing problems. The backing should be soft and flexible, like a knit sweater. Avoid any fur or fabric with a backing that is as stiff as canvas or that feels slightly sticky or tarry (usually black-coated).

Buy a matching polyester-wrapped cotton thread for your sewing machine and upholstery or button thread for handwork and closing. The needles which go with this thread are a ballpoint needle of a medium to large size for your



Cheryl Lyn Kingsley lives with a delightful variety of teddy bears which she has made. On the left is a striped walking bear, pattern from Lorna, Alameda, N.M. The polar bear (behind the striped bear) and the brown bear (on the right) are made from a sitting-bear pattern by Diane, Endicott, N.Y. The panda was made from McCall's pattern #6814.

sewing machine. between needle for hand sewing and a small, curved upholstery needle for closing and stitching mouths and noses. If your fur or fabric is washable, the stuffing you choose should be 100% washable.

If your bear is destined for an infant, all its features should be embroidered. Felt will melt when washed, and buttons, lock-in eyes and noses and any other removable features can become detached and possibly swallowed. Bears for children old enough not to eat their bear or for adults can have button or felt eyes.

The most effective eyes are plastic lock-in animal eyes which many craft shops carry. When you advance to jointed bears, your shop should be able to order plastic snap-lock joints in 30mm, 35mm and 45mm sizes from a doll supply catalog. You may also find lock-in animal noses; remember a bear nose is triangular.

3. *Laying Out the Pattern and Cutting the Fur.* Most commercial patterns say, "cut two". They assume you can fold your fabric in half and cut it. Not so with fur or fake fur. Make reverse pattern templates for all multiple pieces such as ears, heads, legs, etc. I make patterns from cheap interfacing, then every piece can be placed on the fur all at once. By making reverse patterns, you can be sure you don't end up with four left feet.

Lay out the pieces so that the fur runs down from the top of the head to the toes. In other words, when you smooth the fur with your hand, it lays down nicely in the direction you've placed your patterns. Pin securely. Never try to cut

more than one thickness of fur at a time. Use very small scissors. Slide the blade of the scissors along the backing without penetrating the top layer of the fur. (It's helpful to keep your spare hand under the fur to feel for stray scissor tips.) When you lift a properly cut piece, the fur will separate along the cut as if it were perforated. Use same technique for high-piled fabrics, like velveteen. When all pieces are cut, mark all dots, notches, etc., carefully—a misplaced dot can lead to a misshapen nose.

4. *Sewing Tips.* Following the directions in your pattern, begin pinning inner legs to outer legs, etc. Use the pin to push stray fur inside, between the seams, as you go. If you pin correctly, you should not have to pick the fur out of the seams later. Pin so that you will be sewing down the direction of the fur or pile. If you cut the pattern so that the fur lies smoothly when you run your hand from nose to toes, then you will be sewing in the direction you've moved your hand. If you're sewing on heavy fur, stitch down, then take the piece out, turn it and sew in the opposite direction for added strength. (You may wish to reinforce only those areas which are curved instead of resewing the entire seam.)

On long seams, ease the under side of fur up to the upper side as you pin. Fur, like velvet, creeps when you try to sew it, especially when it's shaggy. Don't use your hands to force the fabric through your machine. Press down, but not ahead, with your fingertips to keep the fur from crawling.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

In a few minutes we are leaving for a big family gathering, the type of party that we have at least once each summer. This one is being given by our two nieces, Wendy and Kasey Crandall, at the beautiful home they have leased for the summer. It is a lovely place across the water from our house, but so hidden by trees and shrubs that we cannot see it from here. The party was planned for out-of-doors at the water's edge, but typical of most weekend parties this season, it will have to be held inside. It is another wet, foggy, drippy Saturday.

Betty's parents are with us this summer, and that has meant an increase of social activity; many of their friends come to call or invite us to call on them. I wish that I could wave a magic wand and take you with us to some of the beautiful summer homes where we are entertained. All along this coast there are so many lovely coves and bays and inlets providing perfect spots for summer hideaways.

You have heard of people making bird counts of one kind or another, but have you ever heard of a swan count? Since I am considered by some to be a local authority on mute swans, I'm keeping an accurate count of the numbers of swans on our river all the way from the ocean to the downtown section of Westerly, R.I. Some neighbor boys recently took me in their shallow draft motorboat, and we poked into every little cove and inlet on both sides of the river and its estuary.

Before starting out on the counting expedition, I had guessed that there must be about 160 swans on the river, and I missed my guess by four. On the day of the count, there were 156 swans, not counting the 21 cygnets. The most surprising discovery was that approximately 100 of the total 156 swans are living in a beautiful cove directly across the river from our cottage. Even more surprising, is the fact that they have to be there because the nine pairs of mated swans will not let them live in "their staked-out territory". You see, each pair of mated swans requires about twelve acres of water that they can call their own, and they will not let other swans do any trespassing.

The numbers of swans should increase during the next few weeks for there was one day last summer when we had 264 swans right here in front of the house. It is possible, however, that there is a food shortage this summer, forcing the birds to seek other feeding grounds.



Frederick and one of his friends enjoy spending a day in their boat on the Atlantic Ocean.

I hope you do not weary of reading about "my" swans. They are so much a part of my life since I retired to this exciting spot on the Pawcatuck River. You will remember my telling you about Bonnie and Clyde having six cygnets this season. Last week, one of the six was killed, and I feel somewhat to blame. It happened during a very severe storm—a storm which gave us ten inches of rain in just 24 hours.

When I went down to feed the swans and ducks that evening, I noted that two of the cygnets were trapped in a shallow ditch that the flood waters had cut into the side of the bank. I could have lifted them out so easily, but the mother, wonderfully protective mother that she is, would not permit me to help. Thinking that the incoming tide would lift the babies out of the ditch, I started back to the house. Then, I had an idea. I would go back, throw some food a little further out onto the surface of the water so that Bonnie and Clyde would be drawn away from the bank, and then, quick as a flash, I would lift the babies out.

Little did I dream that two swans could move as fast as those anxious parents when they detected my movement toward their babies. Using their feet and their enormous wings, they were at the ditch one instant before I got there, and both parents came at me with flaying wings and striking beaks. Fortunately, I still had the grain bucket in my hand, and I put it between me and them and hastily backed away. They struck that bucket so hard that they put several big dents in it. I ducked under the wings they were using to try to break my neck!

As I backed away, they kept pursuing me until I did my "protective swan dance". Long ago, I learned that the only thing that will stop the attack of an enraged swan is to make one's arms flap like wings, jump up and down, and shout loudly. I jumped, and flapped, and shouted, and they stopped their attack. They did not retreat, but they did stop advancing while I beat a hasty retreat

with only a few small wounds to show for it. I almost wept! If only I could have made them understand my efforts to help the cygnets, not hurt them. Some predator got one of the young before it could get out of the ditch at high tide. The next morning, there were just a few swan feathers and a bit of blood spread around the area.

I have been feeding Bonnie and Clyde twice a day for four years. You would think that by now they would trust me around their babies. Oh, how wild the wild swans are. Incidentally, Bonnie and Clyde have the largest family on the river. Perhaps that is because they are so viciously protective of their young.

Betty and I belong to the Greenhaven Sailing Club, and each year we contribute rummage from our basement and attic to a sale the club has to raise money to pay for the various racing trophies presented each summer. Last year we were told that the club made more money from the "junk" Betty and I contributed than from any other source. There is a reason for that—we retired from a very large parsonage in Springfield to an eight-room cottage here near the shore. We simply do not have room to keep all the things we have collected over the years so are getting rid of some of our unneeded treasures.

This year, I went to the sale to buy some baked goods from the food sale table. What a laugh I had when I noticed that some of the committee members running the sale had personally bought my two old radios, and now those radios are installed in lovely sailboats anchored in the river not far from our house. It's nice to hear them play well for their new owners.

This subject brings up the whole problem we all have—the problem of collecting and collecting until we literally are buried in our so-called treasures. For example, what about all the photo albums or boxes of colored slides which continue to pile up in some rarely visited corner of the house? After we are gone, who is going to want all those pictures? Our children are already collecting their own albums. I have taken thousands of pictures during my adult life. Weeks and weeks of the early months of my retirement were spent just sorting out pictures. About two thousand were kept and about five thousand were given to the church of which I am Minister Emeritus. The pictures which went to the church all had something to do with the church and its people.

An old friend once said to me: "If you have not used something for ten years, you don't need it and should get rid of it. If you haven't read one of the books in your bookcase for ten years, you don't need that book and should get rid of it." This is good advice, but how we do hate

(Continued on page 20)



WOODEN WARDROBE

This huge old solid wooden wardrobe, once used to hold clothing, was prematurely retired to the basement of my grandmother's house. There it was used for nothing more than to hold fruit jars.

With elaborate ideas, a pickup, and a dad willing to help me carry the heavy piece up the stairs, I decided to put this piece of furniture back into use. I now consider it one of the most valuable pieces of furniture in our house, and a most useful asset in my sewing room.

The chest was put together with wooden pegs, and literally fell apart when we moved it. I worked days on end, removing the old finish, which was black with age. A case of steel wool was used on it and at least a gallon of hand lotion went on my hands. (It was worth every minute of it and I'm very proud of it.)

My husband installed shelves on one side of the interior and fastened hooks on the other. The shorter shelves now hold material with the long shelf across the top used to hold boxes of patterns. On the side with the hooks, hang partially completed projects and any mending needing to be done. On the inside of the doors I hang my measuring tape, scissors, tracing wheel, pincushion, etc. In the two drawers at the bottom are zippers, tape, elastic and other notions.

The wardrobe is not only beautiful, but useful, and worth every minute of effort it took to restore. —Janet Eckmann

SOUL SIGHT

Lord, give me sight that I may clearly see
The beauty of the world surrounding me;
A leaf, a shapely tree, a sparkling gem,
A rosebud bending on its graceful stem,
A laughing brook in a rocky glade—
A thousand things before me displayed.

CROCKS

Have you dug out any crocks from the attic, basement, or at an auction? Crockery is thick earthenware which means it is made of a mixture of clays. These clays are found in the soil of scattered areas of the United States.

Earthenware and stoneware are very similar. Stoneware is stronger and heavier than earthenware. Crockery does not absorb liquid or leak.

The colors of crocks range from gray or reddish brown ornamented by sgraf-fito lines. When these lines are filled with cobalt blue, the ware is known as *scratch blue*. Many large crocks have side metal handles for easy movement. Crock jugs with corks once were used for cold drinks during summertime in the fields. Museums and historical homes frequently have them on display.

Care should be taken to avoid hitting crockery against water faucets or any hard surface, as all crockery can be chipped or broken by a sharp blow.

During the 1930's and 1940's, when I was growing up, crocks were used extensively. Huge crocks were handy containers for putting meats such as corned beef, tongue, hams and bacon in brine. Later meats were smoked in smokehouses. Fresh pork was fried down and stored in huge crocks in the cold areas of cellars. Dill pickles and sauerkraut were made in crocks and kept there for fermentation. Brine was poured over pickles but the sauerkraut made its own. Homemade bread and roll batters were stirred and left to rise in large mixing bowl crocks. The edge of a stoneware crock was excellent when domestic kitchen knives needed sharpening (an art of our ancestors).

Many collectible and antique crocks are used today to display greenery indoors. Many uses can be found for attractive jars in almost every room in the house.

Crocks are fun to collect and interesting to display. —Norma Tisher

GRANDMA'S TREASURES

My grandma has a bumpy ball
That's brown and spicy too.
She hangs it in among her clothes.
I couldn't guess. Can you?

It was a _____

A picture made of stitches neat,
All crossed so carefully
Is something Grandma prizes much.
Its name was new to me.

It was a _____

My grandma, when she was my age,
Took bits of cloth to sew.
She made a covering for her bed.
Its name you'll surely know.

It was a _____

ANSWERS: A pomander, a sampler, a quilt. —Ruth Townsend

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

Mirrors lend excitement and enchantment to a home, and give the effect and illusion of greater spaciousness.

Mirrors not only serve a decorative purpose, but they are more and more becoming useful as part of the plan in room furnishing and arranging. It is well to remember that a mirror should be placed so that the light falls on the object you wish to have reflected, not on the mirror itself. A mirrored wall behind a buffet in a narrow dining area will not only reflect the desirable elements in the room, but will add width to the room itself. A mirror in the kitchen keeps the housewife mindful of her appearance. Two mirrors in a bathroom, particularly where there are twin washbowls, make for greater speed in family dressing. They also inspire conversation and togetherness. A mirror is almost always hung in an entry hall. Guests arriving and leaving appreciate this convenience as a means of checking on their personal appearance.

In bedrooms, a mirror over a chest of drawers or across the top of two beds from headboard to ceiling, achieves an unusual and striking effect. If you wish to create the illusion of additional windows in a room, place a mirror on the wall opposite one that has windows. Or, if you wish to bring the outdoors inside, place a mirror on the wall where it will reflect the scenic beauty of flower gardens and snow scenes.

The frame of the mirror should be in keeping with the decor of the room. With the growing trend of Spanish and Italian furniture, frames of this type are also growing in popularity. Double a mirror's impact by reflecting a mirror in a mirror.

Family rooms also lend themselves to the suitability of mirrors. If the room is small, a floor-to-ceiling mirror not only increases the size of the room, but makes it interestingly different.

The importance of mirrors in children's playrooms and bedrooms should not be overlooked. Mirrors placed at the eye level of the child usually help him to take greater pride in his appearance.

Just as a person's eyes are referred to as "windows of the soul", so do mirrors reflect the sparkle of the home. They not only serve as decoration, but serve a utilitarian purpose as well.

—Gertrude Perlis Kagan

COVER PICTURE

When Dorothy Driftmier Johnson went out to Torrington, Wyo., to visit her daughter, Kristin Brase, and attend the high school graduation of her eldest grandson, Andy, the cameras were mighty busy. The picture of Dorothy and Kristin on this month's cover was taken at one of the happy events during that trip.



RECIPES for August

PEACH-RASPBERRY DESSERT

- 8 fresh peaches, skins removed and sliced
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 4 ozs. raspberry yogurt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tube refrigerator biscuits

Place peach slices in bottom of 8-inch square pan. Pan should be three-fourths full—more or less peaches may have to be used, depending on their size. Sprinkle the flour over peaches. In a saucepan, combine the cream cheese, yogurt, flavorings and sugar. Blend well. Place over heat for 3 to 4 minutes and heat until bubbly. Pour the mixture over the peaches. Bake, uncovered, in 400-degree oven for 45 minutes. Remove from oven and arrange biscuits over top. Return to oven to bake biscuits according to package directions. —Juliana

FRESH PINEAPPLE PIE

- 1 1/2 cups fresh pineapple pulp
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped fresh pineapple
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup banana pulp
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell

Prepare pineapple pulp. (A food processor or blender can be used.) Combine the pineapple pulp and chopped pineapple. Combine the sugar and cornstarch and add to pineapple along with the banana pulp and flavorings. Place over low heat and cook, stirring, until thickened. Beat the egg yolks. Add a little of the hot mixture to yolks, blend and return all to pineapple mixture. Stir in butter. Return to heat and cook for one minute. Cool. Spread in prepared pie shell. Make your favorite meringue using the two egg whites and spread over pie filling. Bake at 350 for about 20 minutes. —Juliana

CHICKEN CHALUPA

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 small can diced green chilies, undrained
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 of medium onion, minced
- 4 large whole chicken breasts, cooked and chopped
- 1 lb. sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 12 frozen corn tortillas, thawed and broken in pieces

Mix the soups, green chilies, milk, sour cream and onion together. Toss with the chicken, cheese and tortillas. Spread in a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

SANTA FE STUFFED PEPPERS

- 6 medium-size green bell peppers
- 2 medium-size eggplants, peeled and cubed
- Salt
- Olive oil
- 1 medium-size onion, finely minced
- 1 clover garlic, finely minced
- 2 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped
- 1/2 cup finely chopped black olives
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped nuts
- 1 Tbls. tiny capers
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped fresh parsley
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped fresh chervil
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped fresh basil
- 1/2 cup white homemade bread crumbs

Freshly ground white pepper
Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Clean green peppers and remove tops, seeds and white membrane. Sprinkle cubed eggplant with salt and allow to stand for about 2 hours. Drain eggplant and pat dry.

In large skillet, heat about 4 Tbls. of olive oil. Saute eggplant cubes until brown and remove from pan. Add more oil and saute the onion and garlic. Add tomatoes and cook until a thick puree is formed. Add the olives, nuts, capers, parsley, chervil, basil, eggplant, bread crumbs and white pepper. Add more salt if desired. Use mixture to fill green peppers. Place filled peppers in greased baking dish. Dribble a little olive oil over tops of peppers. Bake for about 1 hour. —Robin

SUPER CHERRY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. red raspberry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped (or 2 cups whipped topping)

Dissolve raspberry gelatin in 1 1/2 cups boiling water. Stir in raspberry flavoring and cherry pie filling. Pour into 9-inch square pan and refrigerate until set.

Dissolve lemon gelatin in 1 1/2 cups boiling water. Add lemon flavoring and set aside to chill. When chilled, stir in crushed pineapple, cream cheese, mayonnaise, marshmallows and nuts. Refrigerate until partially congealed. Fold in the whipped cream or topping. Spread over raspberry layer and return to refrigerator until set. —Hallie

FROZEN CHEESECAKE PIE (A make-ahead recipe)

Crust

- 1 cup fine graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup finely chopped almonds (reserve a few for garnish)
- 1/4 cup butter, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the crumbs, sugar and nuts. Mix with the melted butter and flavoring. Press into 9-inch pie pan. Fill with the following:

- 2 eggs
- 3 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Beat eggs until lemon colored. Beat cream cheese, sugar and flavoring together in a separate bowl. Add beaten eggs and stir until well blended. Turn into prepared crust. Bake for 20 minutes at 325 degrees. Remove from oven and top with the following which you have prepared while pie was baking:

- 2 cups commercial sour cream
- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the topping ingredients. Spread on hot pie and return to oven for 5 minutes. Decorate with the reserved nuts. Cool, cover and freeze. Remove from freezer several minutes before serving. —Robin

BAKED EGGPLANT

- 1 medium eggplant, cubed and seeded (4 cups or more)
- 4 cups cubed day-old bread
- 1 tsp. sage
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Cook prepared eggplant in salted water for 10 minutes. (Do not over-cook.) Combine bread cubes, sage, pepper and salt with chicken broth. Add drained and cooled eggplant. Stir in egg. Spoon into greased 7- by 10-inch baking pan. Cover and place in 350-degree oven for 25 minutes. Uncover and sprinkle with cheese. Return to oven for 10 to 15 minutes longer, or until golden brown. Makes approximately six servings.

—Hallie

SEAFOOD SALAD

- 1 can tuna or salmon
- 2 Tbls. chopped pickle
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Salt to taste
- Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup chopped celery

Drain fish. (Use any size can you prefer for amount you wish to serve.) Flake and combine with pickle, onion, lemon juice, a little salt and Country Style dressing. Chill, covered, for an hour or two. Toss with cabbage and celery. Add a little more dressing if needed to moisten. Serve with crisp crackers or sandwiches for a fine main-dish salad.

—Evelyn

EGGPLANT-ZUCCHINI STOVE-TOP CASSEROLE

- 1/2 lb. eggplant, peeled and cut into lengthwise slices 3/8 inch thick, 3 inches long and 1 inch wide
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 lb. zucchini, cut into same size and shape as eggplant
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. olive oil (or more)
- 1 1/2 cups thinly sliced onion
- 1 cup sliced green pepper
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 lb. ripe tomatoes, peeled, seeded and juiced
- 3 Tbls. minced fresh parsley

Place prepared eggplant in container and toss with 1/2 tsp. salt. Let stand 30 minutes. Do the same with the zucchini using the remaining 1/2 tsp. salt. Drain. Dry each slice with paper towel.

In large skillet, saute the eggplant in a little of the olive oil for about a minute on each side to brown very lightly. Remove to another dish and set aside. Do the same with the zucchini. In the same

skillet, cook the onions and peppers in more oil for a few minutes, or until tender, but not brown. Stir in the garlic and add more salt if desired. Pepper also if desired.

Slice tomatoes into 3/8-inch strips or chunks. Lay them over the onion-pepper mixture. Cover skillet and cook over low heat for 5 minutes, or until tomatoes have begun to render their juices. Uncover, baste the tomatoes with juices in skillet, raise heat and boil for several minutes until juice has almost evaporated.

Place a third of the tomato mixture in bottom of a 2 1/2-qt. stove-top casserole. Sprinkle 1 Tbls. of the parsley over tomatoes. Arrange half of the eggplant and half of the zucchini on top, then half the remaining tomatoes and 1 Tbls. parsley. Layer the rest of the eggplant and zucchini and finish with the remaining tomatoes and parsley.

Cover the casserole and simmer over low heat for 10 minutes. Baste occasionally with rendered juices. Raise heat slightly and cook uncovered for about 15 minutes longer, basting frequently, until juices have cooked down.

—Betty Jane

CUCUMBER VICHYSOISE

- 3 or 4 fresh cucumbers
- 1 large potato
- 1 large onion, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 2 cans chicken broth
- 1/2 tsp. dill
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- Salt and pepper
- 1 pint half-and-half

Peel cucumbers and potato. Dice. Prepare onion and parsley. Bring broth to boiling and add the cucumbers, potato, onion, parsley and seasonings. Cook until potato is tender. Puree in blender and chill until time to serve. Just before serving, stir in the half-and-half. A little chopped parsley could be sprinkled over top.

—Juliana

BAKED FISH FILLETS

- 1 lb. frozen fish fillets, thawed and cut into serving-size pieces
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup grated American cheese
- 1/2 cup milk

Arrange fish fillets in shallow baking pan. Saute onion in the butter or margarine until light brown. Add the salt, pepper, bread crumbs and cheese. Toss until mixed. Spread over the fish, pressing down firmly. Carefully pour the milk around the edges of the fillets. Do not pour milk on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

DOROTHY'S BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 squares butterscotch bark, grated
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugars together. In separate bowl, beat the eggs and add the flavorings. Add to creamed mixture. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add to mixture. Stir in the bark and nuts. Drop on greased baking sheet. Bake about 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Makes about 60 cookies. Grated chocolate almond bark could be used instead of butterscotch.

IMPOSSIBLE MEXICAN PIE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 envelope taco mix
- 1 4-oz. can chopped green chilies
- 1 cup shredded Monterey jack cheese
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/2 cup packaged biscuit mix
- 2 eggs
- Dash of hot pepper sauce

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Grease an 8-inch pie pan.

Brown beef and onion; drain excess fat. Stir in the taco mix and green chilies. Spread in prepared pie pan. Sprinkle the cheese over meat layer. Combine the milk, biscuit mix, eggs and pepper sauce; blend well. Spread over the cheese layer. Bake for 30 minutes.

—Juliana

RANCH-STYLE EGGS

- 8 slices bacon, cut in small pieces
- 1 large onion, cut in half and sliced
- 1 garlic clove, finely minced
- 2 cups peeled and chopped fresh tomatoes (or canned)
- 4 to 6 fresh green chilies, peeled and chopped (or 1 large can)
- 1 fresh jalapeno peppers, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- Corn tortillas
- Oil for frying
- Fried eggs

Lightly fry bacon. Discard all but 1 Tbls. of fat. Add the onion and garlic; saute lightly. Add the tomatoes, green chilies, jalapeno pepper, salt and pepper. Cover and let simmer about 20 minutes.

Lightly brown the tortillas in oil. Place one fried egg on top of tortilla. Serve with the tomato sauce spooned over top.

Note: Eggs may be fried either "sunny side up" or "over easy". Traditionally, the eggs are not cooked hard. —Juliana

SOUTHWESTERN POTATO SALAD

- 4 medium potatoes
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- Dash of bottled hot pepper sauce
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- 1 8-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1/2 cup shredded carrots
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced pitted ripe olives

Cook potatoes in salted water until tender. Drain, peel and cube. Place cubed potatoes in bowl. Combine the oil, vinegar, sugar, seasonings and onion. Add to the warm potatoes, toss, cover and chill for one hour. Fold in remaining ingredients. May be garnished with halved ripe olives. Chill well and serve.

Robin

MINT CHOPS

- 4 chops (lamb or pork)
- Salt and pepper
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/4 cup chopped chives or parsley
- Chopped mint leaves (optional)

Arrange chops in baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine remaining ingredients. Pour over chops. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until done through, depending on thickness. (Use up to 1/4 cup chopped mint leaves if they are available. If not, add another 1/4 tsp. mint flavoring to sauce.)

—Evelyn

SPECIAL STRAWBERRY SALAD (Low Calorie)

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 pkg. (or more) frozen strawberries
- 1 cup plain yogurt

Dissolve unflavored gelatin in cold water. Dissolve strawberry gelatin in hot water. Combine and add flavoring. Spoon a fourth of this mixture into bottom of a salad mold. Add as many strawberries as desired. Chill until set. Keep rest of gelatin mixture at room temperature until first layer is firm. Combine with more strawberries and whip until light and fluffy. Fold in yogurt. Spoon over chilled layer. Refrigerate until time to serve. Loosen from mold and turn out on pretty plate or a lettuce-lined plate.

This can be made sugar-free if dietetic gelatin is used and unsweetened strawberries. A little no-calorie sweetener could be added if desired. —Evelyn



ORANGE-CHIP CAKE

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 whole eggs
- 2 egg whites (save yolks for filling)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup semisweet chocolate chips
- 1/2 Tbls. shredded orange peel

Cream the margarine, shortening, butter flavoring and sugar until fluffy. Beat the 2 whole eggs, 2 egg whites and flavorings with electric mixer at medium speed for 2 minutes. Add to creamed mixture and beat again for 2 minutes, or until very smooth.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. After all is added, beat with mixer for 2 minutes. Fold in the chocolate chips and orange peel.

Spread batter into 2 greased and floured 9-inch round cake pans. Bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool layers in pan for 10 minutes, then remove from pans and cool completely. Prepare the following filling:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. shredded orange peel
- 2/3 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Combine the sugar, cornstarch, salt, orange peel, orange juice and flavoring in a heavy saucepan. Place over low heat and cook, stirring constantly, until thick and bubbly. Stir a little of the hot mixture into the beaten egg yolks, then return all to pan. Cook, stirring, about 2 more minutes. Cool. Spread filling between cake layers. Prepare the following frosting:

- 1/2 cup semisweet chocolate chips
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. light corn syrup
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine the frosting ingredients in top of double boiler. Place over hot water, heat and stir until chips are melted and blended. Pour and spread over cake.

—Juliana

MONTEREY JACK BREAD

- 4 ozs. Monterey Jack cheese
 - 3 eggs
 - 1/2 cup milk
 - 1/2 tsp. dried rosemary leaves
 - 1/2 tsp. dried leaf basil
 - 1 1/2 cups buttermilk biscuit mix
- Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Grease an 8-inch pie pan.

Cut cheese in 1/4-inch cubes. Remove 1/2 cup of the cheese for topping. Place the remaining cheese and all other ingredients in a large bowl. Beat until smooth. Spread in the prepared pan. Sprinkle the reserved cheese over top. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes. —Juliana

SIMPLE SPECIAL SPINACH

- 12 ozs. frozen or 4 cups fresh spinach
- 5 medium eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- About 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Thaw the spinach and drain. (If fresh is used, blanch in 1/4 cup water in a covered saucepan until it wilts down. Drain.) Cut spinach into small pieces. Lightly beat eggs. Heat milk and gradually add a little at a time to the eggs. Stir in butter flavoring and salt to taste. Add spinach. Spoon into round, shallow baking dish. Sprinkle nutmeg on top. Place dish in a pan of hot water in a 375-degree oven. Bake about 50 minutes or until center is firm—just like custard. —Evelyn

FRESH FRUIT SOUFFLE

- 1 cup fresh fruit pulp (peach, apricot, etc.)
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 to 3 Tbls. sugar (amount of sugar depends on tartness of fruit and your taste)
- 4 large or 5 small eggs, separated
- 1/4 cup sugar

Prepare fruit pulp of your choice (I used the blender for this.)

In saucepan, melt butter, add flavorings and stir in flour. Add the 2-3 Tbls. sugar to fruit pulp and add to saucepan. Cook until thick. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add egg yolks one at a time. Beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually add the 1/4 cup sugar to the egg whites while continuing to beat until stiff peaks form. Fold half of the egg whites into first mixture. When blended, fold in remaining portion. Spread into a greased and sugar-sprinkled 1 1/2-quart souffle dish. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes. Remove from oven and sprinkle top with additional sugar. Return to oven for 15 minutes longer. —Betty Jane

Cre-EAT-ivity

by
Erma Reynolds

Have you ever found yourself in an emergency situation because unexpected visitors dropped in at mealtime, and there were only leftovers on hand with which to make a company meal? Such culinary emergencies, or difficult situations in which cooks have found themselves created the setting for the origins of some of our foods.

Take PORTERHOUSE STEAK, for example. This choice cut of meat was created in the 1800's at the New York City Ale and Porter House. Martin Morrison, owner of the establishment, ran out of steaks one day. Not wanting to deprive his patrons of one of their favorite cuts of meat, Morrison took a sirloin roast, sawed through its bone and meat, and came up with a new variety of steak. His innovation proved such a success with the diners, Morrison instructed his butcher to keep him regularly supplied with this particular cut, which the butcher named PORTERHOUSE STEAK in honor of the Morrison Ale and Porter House.

WELSH RAREBIT (also called Welsh Rabbit) has two versions as to its origin. According to one story, a proprietor of an inn in Wales ran out of game to serve his diners. To fill the lack, he instructed his cook to use his ingenuity and concoct a substitute for the missing venison stew and bird pies. The cook set to work and turned out a tasty dish of melted cheese combined with ale, pepper, and mustard, which he imaginatively called "rabbit" to amuse the diners.

The other "rabbit" story goes like this. Long ago in Wales, peasants were not allowed to hunt rabbits on the estates of noblemen. Lacking this wild game, they ate instead a mixture of melted cheese which they humorously nicknamed "rabbit".

There are also two versions of the origin of potato chips. According to one, the chip was born in 1853, at Moonlake House, located at Saratoga Springs, New York. George Crum, an Indian chef at the House was being criticized by a cranky diner who complained that the fried potatoes on the menu weren't sliced thin enough. To correct this problem, George took his sharpest knife and cut a potato into paper-thin slices. Then, on an impulse, he plunged the slices into a nearby kettle of boiling fat. A moment or two later, he removed the slices, gave them a sprinkling of salt, and proceeded to serve the world's first potato chips to the finicky diner. His culinary creation caught on; the fried potato slices began to be served at other eating places under the name of *Saratoga Chips*. It wasn't until some years later, that the name *Saratoga Chips* was changed to



It must be written somewhere in the scheme of things that every youngster has the right to lick the bowl. Lily, daughter of Alison (Driftmier) and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex., had just polished off the last dribble of chocolate cake batter when this picture was taken.

POTATO CHIPS.

The second version of the chips' start has it that Aunt Kate, an Indian cook, was hustling about the kitchen at Moonlake House, trying to do a number of chores all at the same time. One of her activities involved cutting potatoes into thin slices. During the kitchen confusion, a few of the slices fell into a pan of hot fat. By the time Aunt Kate fished them out, the slices had cooked to a golden brown. A hungry person, who happened to be in the kitchen at the time, saw the potato slices, and popped one into his mouth. "Give me more. It's good!" he demanded after sampling the fried bit. And that, according to legend, was how Aunt Kate created potato chips.

RAISED YEAST BREAD came about because of an absent-minded cook. Seems the fellow, who worked in a royal household, had his mind on other matters than baking one day, and forgot about a batch of bread batter he had mixed. When he finally remembered it, the mixture had blown up like a balloon from the action of the yeast. Afraid his forgetfulness would cost him his job, he kept quiet about his fluff and stirred up fresh batter. But, how to get rid of the blown-up mixture was the problem. In desperation, he beat it in with the fresh batch and poured the combination into a pan. Poor fellow. His problem was still with him, for the batter raised up again. Not knowing what else to do, he put all the dough into the oven to bake. When he drew out the finished loaf, he timidly tasted it, and to his surprise and delight, found it so toothsome he dared serve it to his king as a new culinary creation—RAISED YEAST BREAD.

PUMPERNICKLE BREAD originated in Osnabrueck, Germany, in 1443, during a crop failure. To conserve the short supply of wheat, the Bishop of Osnabrueck advised the townsfolk to mill not only wheat, but all their varieties of grain. Daring to experiment, a baker named Pumper, used the multi-grain flour and turned out a coarse, slightly sour bread to which he gave his name, calling it PUMPERNICKLE BREAD.

An amusing story is told of the origin of WAFFLES. In 13th century England, an armor-wearing fellow, while in the kitchen of his home, lost his balance and sat down on some freshly baked oat cakes. As his weight flattened the cakes, the steel links of his armor made deep imprints in the cakes. Not wanting to waste the food, he spread it with butter and ate it. His wife, who had watched the whole incident, was so pleased with the way the butter stayed in the imprints, she made hubby don his armor once a week and purposely sit on freshly baked oat cakes. The indented food was named *waffres*, meaning flat, honeycomb-like cakes.

PEPPER POT SOUP was invented by an army cook during George Washington's siege of Valley Forge. This was a terrible time for the General's soldiers for food was very scarce. Cold and hungry troops were deserting in droves. In an effort to raise the morale of his men, Washington requested a seemingly impossible task of the camp cook—produce some tasty food from whatever scraps were available. Fortunately, the cook was ingenious, and finding tripe and a few peppercorns, he produced a fragrant soup that was so palatable it succeeded, as Washington had hoped, in raising the spirits of the hungry soldiers.

It was in the summer of 1904, while the International Exposition was held in St. Louis, that ICED TEA was created. A salesman, Richard Blechynden, had a booth where he demonstrated the merits of hot tea to the fair-goers. But the weather became so sweltering hot, people passed by his booth without stopping. The iced drink stands were getting all the business. Blechynden didn't blame the people. Who wanted hot tea on such a sizzling day? On an impulse, he decided to make his tea into a cool drink too. Experimenting, he put ice into a strong tea solution, and when he tasted it he found he had made a tasty drink—ICED TEA—the beverage that is now a most popular, refreshing drink.

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

on the label of your magazine.
Renew at least 2 months in advance.
Only one notice will be sent.

MAKING TEDDY BEARS — Concl.

To avoid screaming or throwing out a half-finished bear, keep your sewing machine clean as you sew. Fur tends to clog the bobbin and under the throat plate of even the best machines. I've found a seagull feather is the best tool for lifting fur pieces out of the back of my sewing machine motor. (Brushes for this purpose are also available in fabric stores.) If you don't keep the fuzzy lint down to a minimum, your thread may break repeatedly. Plus, your poor sewing machine may get indigestion.

When you put the gusset into the head, it's easier to sew from the ear placement line down to the nose first, on both sides. When you're happy with the nose, go back and finish sewing the back of the head.

Never try to insert ears by machine—sew them in by hand, regardless of what the pattern says. Overcast-baste them into place and then go back and backstitch them, using button thread and a between needle. Be sure you've caught the inner and outer ear edges plus both sides of the head. Bears are usually carried by the ears or arms, so these appendages must be firmly attached.

If you are making a bear that is all-of-a-piece, and you're ready to turn him, turn the head right side out first. This will give you room to scramble around in the body cavity with your fingers and pull out the arms and legs. If you're making a jointed bear, the head and body will turn out easily. Be sure to leave a wide enough opening in the tops of the arms and legs to insert the joints.

5. Eye, Nose and Mouth. Eye placement is the most important factor in the final personality of the bear. An eye too high will make the bear seem permanently quizzical, or even slightly retarded. Eyes set too close together make both the bear and his human uncomfortable. Eyes too far apart will make your bear look like a fish. The place where the eyes are just right is on the outside of the head gusset, just above the muzzle. If your pattern has an inserted muzzle, you have two corners for perfect eye placement. If not, the eyes should go at the little dip the gusset makes as it narrows down towards the nose, below the brow or forehead. The pattern will give you an approximate idea, but you should true up eye placement after the bear is sewn. You may not have been totally accurate in your stitching.

When using lock-in eyes, pierce the fur with the point of tiny, sharp scissors and push the shank of the eye through to the inside of the head, then slide the washer up and lock it into place. Please be sure the eye is where you want it before you lock it. Lock-in noses should be inserted at the same time as lock-in eyes. If you're using buttons or felt, wait to put on any features until the bear is stuffed.



Stephen, son of Emily (Driftmier) and Richard DiCicco of Arlington, Va., put on his fancy suit, his best manners and his nicest smile for this, his 19-month-old portrait.

6. Stuffing. A bear is not a turkey; the less stuffing you fill him with, the cuddlier he'll be. You don't want a floppy bear, but you don't want one with the charm of a brick wall, either. The head should always be firmly stuffed. If you're a compulsive over-stuffer, start there and get it out of your system. For all-of-a-piece bears, the body, arms and legs can be soft and lightly stuffed. Jointed bears need more stuffing.

A stuffing stick is helpful. Either go out and eat Chinese food one night to get the chopsticks, or ask someone to make you a nice, round, smooth stick with a rounded or blunt end and a semi-sharp end. The stick should be longer than a pencil. Distribute the stuffing evenly and see that toes and the ends of front paws have enough stuffing to hold their shape.

7. Closing. The best stitch to use to close the opening through which you've turned and stuffed the bear is the ladder stitch. Take a stitch on one side of the opening, go under the opening to the other side and take a parallel stitch there. Then cross over again and take another stitch a little farther up on the first side. The thread should never cross on the top of the seam, unlike overcasting, and consecutive stitches should pull the raw edges of the seam together and roll them in, so the edges don't show. It takes practice, but the stitching will not be noticed when you're done.

8. Look, I Made a Bear! Now you've done all the hard work. The last step is to sew on whatever facial features are still missing. The nose, if cut out of felt, should be triangular or oval. Stitch it on with the same embroidery thread you're going to use for the mouth, threaded through the upholstery needle. Leave plenty of thread; mouths eat up a lot of thread. Stitch a line down from the point of the nose, about halfway down towards the chin. Go over it once or twice. If you want a smiling bear, pick a spot that's a

little higher than the bottom of your line, off towards the cheeks, and push your needle through towards that point. If you want the traditional wistful or serious bear, pick a spot that's a little lower than the end of your line. Stitch over this line between the end of the muzzle line and the cheek point two or three times. Line up a second point on the other side of the face that's the same distance and relationship to the center line for the other half of the mouth and make another couple of passes with the thread. If you have trouble pulling the needle through the stuffing and chin seam, use a pair of blunt-nosed pliers to grab the end of the needle. Finish off by pushing the needle down and out through the side of the neck and cut off the thread very close to the base of the fur. It should be invisible.

Tie a ribbon, necktie or scarf around your bear's neck, or put on a necklace. My bears prefer a nice chain and medalion to a ribbon. Lift the bear in your arms and give him a big kiss on the end of nose—he's become wholly your own.

MORE PATTERNS AND INFORMATION ON MAKING TEDDY BEARS

(Patterns for intermediate sewers)

McCall's #6814—Has a potbelly bear and potbelly panda. The bears are over 20 inches tall.

(Patterns for advanced sewers)

Vogue #1941—Pattern is supposed to be for animal rugs. A polar bear is pictured, but I've used black fur and grizzly-type fur for a nice effect. The head requires precise sewing. Uses up to five pounds of stuffing to make the bear into a bear and not a rug.

Addresses to which you can send for catalogues of wonderful animal patterns, including bears, in the intermediate to advanced level are: Lorna, Box 10388, Alameda, N.M. 87114, and Diane, 1126 Ivon Ave., Endicott, N.Y. 13760.

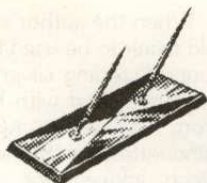
BOOKS

Sunset House: *How to Make Soft Toys and Dolls*. Book includes one of the best jointed-bear patterns I've seen. The size shown in the book can be made up as a mini-teddy. Use snaps to joint arms and legs to body. Enlarge the pattern for a lovely larger teddy.

Margaret Hutchings' *Teddy Bears and How to Make Them*, Dover Press, N.Y., N.Y. This is a definitive book on making all kinds of teddy bears for every age group. There are lots of good, full-size patterns in the book as well as excellent instructions on materials and sewing and jointing techniques.



DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

As I sit here recounting the days of late spring and early summer, it suddenly hits me that these have been among the busiest days our family has ever encountered. So many things took place within a short period of time that I wonder how we came through it as well as we did.

I'll never forget the rain, rain, rain. It seemed that the month of May was "National Water Month". I know that reports were that the rains were spotty, but we just happened to be in one of those spots. We've lived in our current home almost twelve years and we'd never seen some of the things happen that happened during this rainy period. We would drive up and down Mayfair Drive, the main thoroughfare down the hill from our home, and watch people bring their entire downstairs carpeting out into the driveway to sun out the moisture. Likely as not, the carpet usually got rained on while sunning. We felt sorry for people in this predicament, but we were lucky to have no water in our own downstairs family room.

Late May and early June saw the closing down of another school year for the girls. However, it was a little different this time in that Lisa would not look forward to returning to high school in the fall, but will be in attendance at the University of Nebraska at Omaha as a college freshman. How time does fly! It seems like only yesterday that she started out as a second grader at Montclair Elementary, just up the street a few blocks from our home.

The events which came in May ranged all the way from our attendance at the baccalaureate service held at North High where the seniors from both Millard South and Millard North were honored, to job hunting. The baccalaureate service was one of two occasions, the other being the senior prom, where the graduates from the two high schools were brought together. Many of these students had grown up together and had developed close friendships prior to their being split between North and South for their senior year; thus, it was deeply appreciated when it was decided that there would be dual activities when the kids could come back together.

On Thursday, May 27, we, along with grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles, cousins and friends, drove down to the Civic Auditorium for Lisa's commencement. It was a lovely ceremony with approximately 350 seniors receiving their diplomas. Following the ceremony, we rushed back home to prepare for the



Dressed and ready for their high school proms are Lisa Nenneman, on the left, with her longtime friend, Lynn Wagner. The right-hand photograph is of Natalie Nenneman, taken just before the Abe Lincoln school prom.



open house we had scheduled for Lisa. Approximately 60 friends and relatives dropped by to offer their congratulations. Some of these friends we had not seen for a number of years so it was great to renew these old acquaintances.

While all of this was being planned, Lisa and her friends managed to use the "skip day" available to them for a trip to Kansas City and Worlds of Fun. They had a great time and, believe it or not, want to go again. While trying to do all these fun things, Lisa was trying to finish up finals, get her necessary records into UNO for evaluation and admission and keep up with a part-time job.

Lisa is now working at a building supply store which is close to home and she has many hours of work per week. She likes her new job and is learning a great deal about a very productive, and busy, business. She is planning on working there, part-time, during the school year as the added income will be helpful to her.

While the focus seemed to be on Lisa during this time period, Natalie was not to be outdone. She, again, went through those intense periods of cheerleading practice leading up to tryouts. I never realized the emotions and intensity which go into this activity which we so commonly accept at the football and basketball games. These girls eat, drink and sleep cheerleading until the tryouts are completed and the selections made. Natalie was fortunate in that she was one of six girls chosen for the junior varsity cheerleading unit. Her father, Tom, was in Kearney at a meeting and called back late that evening to find out if she had "made it". Natalie was so pleased to be able to give him good news. Tom said he didn't know what he would have said if she had told him she didn't make the

squad. Now that the squad has been selected, they are going to go to the University of Kansas (at Lawrence) during the first week of July for a cheerleading camp. I guess the old adage that work makes work holds true here as we will be driving down to bring a carload home at the conclusion of the session.

With all this happening to the girls, you might wonder what Tom and I have been doing. Tom was busy racing between insurance companies, auto body shops, service departments and the like as we attempted to finish up that old business of repairing a car which had been damaged in March during the ice storm and the purchase of a new car in May, which came all the way from Georgia without any gears to run the odometer. The first month we owned the new car, it stood in our garage for one week and in the car dealer's garage for three weeks. We were very upset to say the least. It is now fixed and seems to be operating well. Tom said he had forgotten how much of a hassle it was to buy a new car.

Tom worked in his annual fishing trip to Minnesota in June. However, fishing was really poor when compared to past years, but all the fishermen faced the same experiences. Now we hear that old line, "just wait till next year!" While Tom was gone, I trimmed trees, cut grass, and even got some flowers planted in a very muddy flower bed.

Lisa is due home from work just any time now, so I think I had better close for this month and start a meal.

Sincerely,
Donna Nenneman

Some willing hands, a few solid minds, and many hearts in the right place can do more for peace than all the arms in the world.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

"People are turning to antiques as important keys to their lives that give a feeling of belonging, roots, evidence of our heritage and loving care. They want to fill an old reed basket with fresh-dried herbs and hang it above the kitchen sink. They want to eat breakfast at an antique gate-leg table that shines with the care of many generations," writes Gray D. Boone in the introduction to the book, *Why You're Richer Than You Think* (Rawson, Wade Publishers, 630 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017 \$15.95), by Emyl Jenkins. A nationally known personal property appraiser, Emyl Jenkins travels coast-to-coast and abroad doing appraisals for individuals and insurance companies, and lecturing widely on her specialty of personal property values and antiques.

The introduction continues, "As owners of these old items, we are actually their custodians—saving and preserving them for future generations to study and admire. At the same time, we have the chance to live with these wonderful old things, which actually become mirrors of our ancestors' lives." We all realize, however, that the chance to live with these pieces of beauty is a



This happy little boy is Brad Hopkins. Brad played the part of a "Balloon Boy" in a kindergarten program entitled, "Little People" held at the Norman Rockwell School in Millard, Ne. Brad is the grandson of Hallie Blackman who is Executive Vice-President and General Manager of the Driftmier Company. Brad's parents are Max and Jocelyn Hopkins of Millard.

personal investment and a challenge.

Appraiser Jenkins tells in her book why you're richer than you think. She advises to take the book and use it in your home to protect your treasures, your investments and your peace of mind. The room test is a good one to give to a family member if you're trying to persuade that person to update the insurance, or to convince someone the bric-a-brac is a good investment. Ask the person to name all the pieces of furniture in a room and what accessories are in the room, or even what is on a bookshelf decorated with many items and books. You'll probably both be amazed at what a person will forget.

Jenkins suggests making an inventory of possessions with these tools: paper and pen or tape recorder, tape measure or yardstick, magnifying glass, flashlight, and optional equipment such as scales, black light, and calipers. To begin, name the item you are appraising, then describe it, and decide whether you wish to declare a monetary value on it. By documenting your goods, it will help you adequately insure your personal property and serve as a record of what you own, in the event that it is needed.

The book is a gold mine of information on personal property for those who want to acquire more. From the author's extensive knowledge, she reveals what points the experts look for when buying antiques. *Why You're Richer Than You Think* is very readable and one can learn so much from it. Silver, china and crystal, and furniture are some of the categories discussed.

When the author's father gave her an old trunk to be used for a toy chest, she found "sterling silver button hooks, an envelope filled with hair jewelry dating from the 1860s, two charming 1830 silhouettes, an 1817 sampler, and an Art Deco inkwell—for starters." NEVER throw away a trunk or box without going through it. On the other hand, an "extremely rare" 1864 Lincoln and Johnson campaign banner turned out to be a Civil War Centennial souvenir dish towel, ten years old!

My copy of *Why You're Richer Than You Think* came from our branch library. Check your library or buy your own copy to keep on hand for quick checks on values.

An inspirational author who at one time was president of *Success Unlimited* magazine is Og Mandino. He now devotes his time to writing and lecturing and is a sought-after speaker. *The Greatest Success in the World* (Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10103 \$6.95) is a fitting companion to his earlier best sellers. In the author's unique style, the reader is transported back to Jericho during the time of Christ, where a most unlikely hero has a priceless legacy for the reader, the commandments of success.

Let me paraphrase from the commandments' certain portions: In work, do what is asked and more—your reward will come. The key to contentment is patience. No condition in life is permanent. There are seasons in life just as in nature. The ability to forget is a virtue, not a vice. Simplify your life. The person who is content with the least is richest. Be your genuine self.

Mandino is a master storyteller and is able to identify principles for the true riches of life through his writing.

Meditations from the Breakdown Lane: Running Across America (Random House, New York, \$12.50) by James E. Shapiro is rather awesome when one considers the author's goal—a solo odyssey across the United States, running from California to New York. It was in July, 1980, that he began his road run across desert, mountain and farmland. Whenever his shoes wore out, he bought new ones along the way, and when he was hungry he stopped at the nearest diner. There he sometimes amazed waitresses by eating three whole meals in succession to stoke his body after running for eight hours. Shapiro writes with humor about the art of reading maps, the friendly truck drivers along the way, the bad weather and unfriendly dogs. He was faced with many challenges: time and distance, exhaustion and boredom, and a bone-wearying loneliness. His endurance and cheerfulness comes through in the book and makes entertaining reading.

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UNDERCOVER STORY

by
Dorothy S. Hansen

When the annual "White Sales" ads appear in the newspapers, I can't help wondering why they are still called that.

The seemingly endless variety of colors and designs in bed linens currently in fashion brought to mind the days when neighborhood housewives vied with one another to have the whitest linens on backyard lines, flapping in the wind and being freshened by the sun.

For many years, one of my greatest satisfactions as a homemaker was putting on bed sheets and pillowcases which gave off that special fragrance of an unpolluted out-of-doors. Since we live at the extreme end of our smallish city where dust does not reach us in great amounts, in my yard white "linens" flapping in the breeze still can be seen whenever weather permits.

Now my sheets are percale, but I can remember when that was a status symbol. The thrifty bought muslin. When a niece was married in the 1950s, we gave her our standard wedding gift, a pair of double-bed, white, percale sheets. Her mother told her: "Are you lucky! I've been married 25 years and I've never had a pair of percale sheets." I was married ten years before I received a pair as a gift, but when my daughter was married in the late 1960s, she wanted no part of "hospital white", and asked for colored sheets—queen size, both fitted and flat.

That was when I first began to realize what a metamorphosis had gone on in the bedding business since I was a bride. I was no longer able to rely on my old standard wedding gift, what with young people choosing twin beds, queen size, king size, and—lately—even water beds.

It's difficult to choose from the variety of colors, prints, stripes, flowers, checks, plaids, polka dots, geometric designs, every motif one can possibly think of. They are made of muslin, percale, polyester drip-dry, permanent press and, for the luxurious, satin. Even the once lowly denim and gingham have become high fashion in the world of bed linens. There are so many different colors and sizes that it almost takes a computer to select the correct kind. Not very long ago, electric sheets became available, but they seem to have fallen out of favor.

The little folks can go to sleep between sheets blazing with scenes from the Bible or characters from Walt Disney or Charlie Brown and his "Peanuts" comic strip gang, all in permanently pressed percale of cotton and polyester. For the sports minded there are pictures and symbols from the worlds of football, basketball, hockey, and even the National Hot Rod Association.

Oh, for the good old days when I could go to the "White Sales" that really were,

and select plain white double-bed sheets to go with my feather pillows and wool-filled quilt, and didn't have to worry further about trying to find the brand of electric blanket my husband prefers.

I wonder what frenzied kaleidoscope of unbridled imagination the bed linen designers will come up with by the time the next "white sales" roll around.

LOVE THAT MUSEUM — Concluded
manikins add a lived-in touch to sections of the museum as well.

We are surprisingly short of some items and long on others. We have no cut glass, very little jewelry and not enough bookcases. Seven quilts do not seem like very many, but the ones we have are lovely. We have an inordinate number of fine books, a recently received collection will be to us by a gentleman who lived in Tabor, an outstanding number of period clothing and a fine number of interesting post cards.

We are gradually acquiring items pertaining to the rodeo and have a nice exhibit started. Since the rodeo comes the second week in August each year, this is a time we have the museum open every day. The times are posted on the front door. The museum is also open each Sunday and special days during the summer. Since it is located right in downtown Sidney, it is easy to find.

I honestly wish I could take every one of you readers on a personally conducted tour of our Fremont County Historical Museum. It is a very special place.

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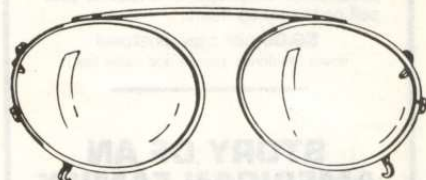
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From Our Family Album

This picture of Margery Driftmier Strom with her nephew, James Lowey, was taken in 1970 when James was almost two years old.

As a rule, I choose pictures for the "Family Album" that date back farther than 1970. However, during my recent trip to Albuquerque, I took some long, hard looks at James as a tall, high school freshman and realized this photograph of him at age two would fit right into this section of the magazine.

—Lucile

MARY LEA'S LETTER — Concluded
are part of the country music circuit, traveling to many musical events in the region. Ruth plays her ragtime piano and Lee, known as "The Colonel", gives humorous monologues. I think you can look for them this month at Glenwood, Iowa. They will also be on hand at a country music contest and pioneer exposition in Avoca, Iowa, Sept. 3-5. Nearby Council Bluffs is also hosting the 7th Annual Old-Time Country Music Contest and Pioneer Exposition on September 2-5 at Westfair. The Old-Time Radio Reunion is a part of the Westfair event and Evelyn Birkby of Kitchen-Klatter plans to be there on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 5, to tell some interesting and funny stories about the radio homemakers of the past. It will be fun to absorb all this old-time plains atmosphere after returning from our trip back East.

I hope you all are having a fruitful and interesting summer.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

When a man dies, people say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels, bending over his grave, ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
to live by it. Many times items are kept for sentiment's sake or for vanity's sake.

Even though no one else may ever want them, there are some things tucked away in the attic or the basement that are alive with memories. Someone may call them "junk" but to you and me they are a part of a past which never dies, a past which is a section of life to which we want to cling forever. So long as some dusty treasure of our youth remains in our possession, our youth stays on too. But then—along comes that next rummage sale and we look at our overstuffed attic and basement and sigh!

While collecting for this last rummage sale, I asked my neighbor what he did with his old clothes, and he said: "I wear them!"

Sincerely,
Frederick

HEART OF A ROSE

The heart of a rose is a lovely thing;
It is filled with stamens of gold,
And up from its depths rises perfume so rare,
Scenting with sweetness the surrounding air,
As slowly the petals unfold.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

More and more gardeners are discovering mulch as a means of saving water and for keeping the ground cooler during hot August days. Almost anything can be used including old newspaper, old marsh hay, grass clippings, plastic and roofing paper. Mulch also smothers weeds which try to take over the moment a hoe is set aside. A good mulch should actually be a layer of organic matter that does not pack down so tightly that water cannot penetrate. A final benefit of any organic substance used for mulch is that it gradually breaks down when in contact with soil, adding to its content. (Plastic and roofing paper do not do this, but when no organic material is available, they are effective in controlling weeds and can be removed at the end of the growing season.)

Emma H. wants to know if any chemical weedkillers are ever used in our yard and the answer is an emphatic "No". Using chemical weedkillers in a home garden or around a yard risks the chance of damaging valuable plants. Though my husband and I are retired from farming and rent our land, my husband retains a few acres surrounding the home site. This is to keep the chemicals that are sprayed on the fields at some distance away from the garden. Even so, we still get some drift damage that injures a few of the plants. Our renter is aware of this and uses every precaution when he applies spray to the fields.

If you feel you must use chemical weedkillers, be very careful with them and always follow label directions exactly and do not let the chemicals come in contact with anything but the weeds you are attempting to kill.

Karen T. wants to know if it is possible to grow a rose from a stem cutting. Yes, you can, but make sure the rose isn't patented as these may not legally be propagated without permission and payment of a royalty. If you want to try a cutting or two from an unpatented rosebush, take five- to six-inch cuttings just below a faded flower. Cut off the top two inches close to a leaf and remove all but the top leaves from the cuttings. Dip the stem ends in a rooting hormone powder. Tap gently to remove excess powder and insert the stems into a mixture of moist peat and sand until they protrude only an inch. Use a six-inch pot and cover cuttings with a polyethylene bag. Sink the pot to its rim in a protected area and in the fall remove the poly bag and mound the cuttings with soil for winter. Check in the spring and with luck you may have some rooted cuttings that will eventually grow into blooming-size rosebushes.



HOUSEWIFE

I love to wash dishes,
It gives me a chance
To think of my wishes,
And dream of romance.
I don't have to think
Like I do when I cook,
Of how many ounces
The recipe took.
Or how many minutes
The eggs have been boiled,
Or whether the pan
Is sufficiently oiled.
In the morning my thoughts
Turn to plans for the day,
And what I can do
While the family's away.
The day that's before me,
I know God has given,
To be wasted away,
Or filled with good livin'!

—Louise Simms

CALICO CARNIVAL. Concluded "Love's Old Sweet Song", "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party", "Down by the Old Mill Stream", etc. Call on various people to sing solos, duets or in quartettes.

Refreshments can be served from card tables covered with cloths of checkered gingham or calico prints. Use pieces of old china, glass or metal for centerpieces. Cover paper nut cups with calico fabric.

Simple cookies, ice cream, tea, coffee and milk would make a fine conclusion to the evening. This idea could also be adapted to a family night covered-dish dinner with the food being served first with the games and fun afterwards.

This can be used as a fund-raising event and the money collected designated for a particular project announced beforehand. The carpet strips can be gathered in a box at the conclusion of the party and donated to any local organization which can make use of them.

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DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded school starts, but we don't know the dates as yet.

Kristin reported they had a wonderful trip to Washington, D.C., but she will write a letter herself and give you a full account about everything. I will say that

Aaron and Chris didn't win a prize but they did get an *Excellent* rating and are enthused enough that they are already planning a project for next year.

I have a sad little duck story with which to end my letter. One of the old hen ducks came in one day with one little baby which followed her around for several days. We have so many cats and, although they are well fed, I'm always afraid they won't be able to tell the difference between a bird and a baby duck. Every day, if I hadn't seen the duck, I'd ask Frank if he had seen her. Usually, the first thing the ducks do with their babies is head for the bayou where the turtles make survival hard for them. Last night Frank said the mother duck had the baby out by the water tank and a cow stepped on it. The poor mother stayed beside it all day and we thought that was real touching.

Until next month . . .
Dorothy

school, because Valley High School really looks like a college campus and Taft Middle School isn't too far behind in size. The children go from building to building for their classes, something that we small-town kids didn't hit until we went away to college.

In spite of the very hard summer that most people have experienced, I've been profoundly grateful for the fact that so many, many of you have taken time to write to me. Your letters still remain the strongest link I have with what is really going on in this troubled world. Once again, it's the same basic fact that keeps us all going . . . our concern for each other.

Devotedly yours,

Pucile

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

shortly after World War II broke out, and he has kept in close touch with Juliana since Boletta's death two years ago. I'm so glad that Juliana and the children can be with some of her father's family for this visit.

Chris Crouse, with her two sons, Keith and Kenneth, will also be in San Diego at the same time visiting Steve's parents. In an area so jam-packed with thousands of people, it seems pretty remarkable that only five miles separate the Crouse family from John Solstad's family. They have planned all kinds of activities.

BUT . . . this is the last outing of the summer since the Albuquerque schools open on August 15 (this seems extremely early to me) and then James will enter the huge Valley High School as a freshman, and Katharine will enter Taft Middle School as a seventh grader.

The days when they trudged up the old dirt road to Mission Elementary School already seem long, long ago. I'm happy that they had those early years in a small

DOG DAYS

Ralph Bailey once said, "The only chores worth doing during the dog days are the ones you can sandwich between catnaps." He must have been getting old when he wrote that because the early-morning hours can be filled with pleasant chores. Midday is very hot and humid, but late evening is a nice time to do some deadheading and light weeding. If you soak the soil instead of the plants, late evening is O.K. for watering.

The buzzing of the cicadas and crickets, and the tired chirping of a molting bird, are the sounds of August. I keep some table scraps out in the feeders and the baths filled with fresh water to supplement what young birds can find on their own. Later, the birds will congregate in flocks and roost about the countryside feasting and having flying drills to strengthen their wings for the flight south. Those that remain here fatten up for the long, cold, winter ahead.

Evenings in August are filled with the haunting fragrance of phlox, the perfume of the giant white moonflowers, the sweetness of the petunias, and the sharp aroma of marigolds. A brilliant array of glorious color is given by day from the prim zinnias, and the spires of the unrivaled scarlet sage, but none of these favorites has a pleasing evening fragrance.

Early morning is lovely with dewy Heavenly Blue morning glories on the white trellis. Hazy blue ageratum grows at their feet. The chrysanthemums and the purple New England asters show a few tiny buds now, but will open into real glory later in the season. Bronze and yellow mums grouped around the tall vase-shaped clump of purple daisies make a charming scene.

Unworn country roadsides give us goldenrod, Spanish needles, ironweed, chicory, heliopsis, and blue salvia. Summer will soon be gone.

—Fern Christian Miller

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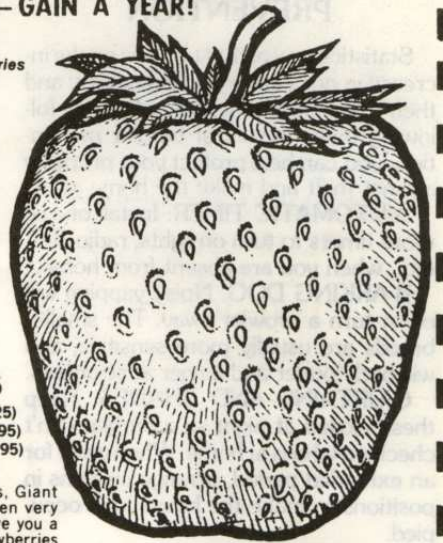
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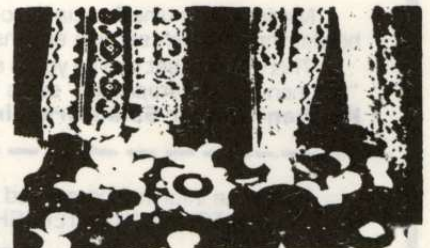
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ABC'S OF BURGLAR PREVENTION

Statistics reveal that crime is on the increase in our country, with burglary and theft committed much too often. By following these ABC's of burglar prevention, you can help protect your property against theft and make the home safer.

A-UTOMATIC TIMER. Install one or more timers to turn on lights, radio, TV, etc., when you are absent from home.

B-ARKING DOG. Noisy yapping will often turn a prowler away. The smaller breeds are usually more sensitive, and will bark louder and longer at strangers.

C-URTAINS AND SHADES. Keep these closed at night so a burglar can't check on who is at home. When away for an extended period, arrange curtains in positions to make the house look occupied.

D-OOORS. Many doors can be opened by a burglar with know-how and persistence, but at least make it hard for him by using recommended locks and bolts. Get the habit of keeping your outside doors locked all the time. When working in yard or garden, lock the doors. Thieves have been known to slip into a house when the occupants are out of sight of its doorways.

E-XTERIOR LIGHTING. Keep a light

burning during the night at front and back doors. To keep lights out of reach of intruders, install them below the eaves where they will cast a light on the house and its surrounding grounds.

F-RUSTRATE a burglar by making it hard for him to get inside a house. Usually if he can't make an entry in about five minutes, he'll move on to an easier break-in.

G-ARAGE. Keep garage doors closed when you are away from home. Cover the windows to prevent a checkup of the interior by a stranger.

H-OUSE SITTER. Ask someone to "house-sit" when the family is absent on vacation or attending a wedding or funeral that has been announced in newspapers.

I-DENTIFICATION. Don't open the door to anyone who rings the bell without checking on his or her identity. Ask for credentials from workers and vendors you don't know.

J-ARS AND BOTTLES. Place empty containers on the floor under windows. If an intruder should step on them when making a window entry, they will make an alarming noise.

K-EYS. Never label house keys with your name and address. If you lose them have a locksmith change the lock, or install a new one. Don't hide keys in

obvious places—under a door mat, in a flowerpot, over the doorway, etc. When you leave your car with a parking attendant, keep the house keys with you.

L-OCKS. Install sturdy ones. Pin-tumbler locks with deadbolts provide good protection. After you move into a house, have its locks reset.

M-AILBOX. Identify this only with the house address. A name on the box gives a prowler a chance to check a phone book and then telephone to see if you are at home. If you are to be away for an extended time, have your mail stopped.

N-EIGHBOR. Inform a nearby person when you are to be away for a period of time so he can keep an eye on your property. Ask him also to pick up any mail or stray newspapers.

O-C-CUPIED. An occupied house is usually avoided by a thief, so give yours a lived-in look whenever you are away for an extended time. A sweater draped on a chair, knitting nearby, table set for a meal, etc. Arrange to have lights come on at dusk with an automatic timer.

P-OLICE. Notify the police immediately when your house has been burglarized. When leaving on a vacation, notify police of the dates of your departure and return, so they can keep an eye on your house.

R-RADIO. When leaving your house for the evening, turn on the radio to indicate the house is occupied.

S-HRUBS. Keep them trimmed back around doors and windows to prevent their being used as a hiding place.

T-ELEPHONE. Don't have the phone disconnected when you will be away for an extended period. Announcement by the telephone operator of its disconnection is a giveaway that you'll be gone for some time. When the phone rings, always answer it. A burglar sometimes phones to see if folks are at home. Never give your name, address, or phone number, to an unknown caller.

U-NKNOWN. Report unknown, suspicious characters in the neighborhood to the police. If a car appears to be cruising your street, jot down its license plate number.

V-ALUABLES. Have valuables engraved. Most police departments have engraving tools they will let you use. Then, in plain view on the outside of your house, display a sticker warning that your belongings are marked.

W-INDOWS. Be sure they all have good locks and double-check to see they are kept in use. Protect basement windows with grills.

Y-ARD. Arrange to have the lawn mowed when you are gone. Long grass can be a giveaway that a family is absent for an extended period.

Z-IP your lip in public places. Don't talk about impending trips within hearing of a possible eavesdropper.

—Erma Reynolds

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