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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I am working on my fifth cup of coffee this morning and that is not unusual. What is unusual is that it is only 7:15 A.M. and I seldom have five cups of coffee this early in the morning.

There is a good reason for so much coffee so soon. I was up especially early this morning to fix breakfast for fifteen people. Cousin Martin Strom and his wife, Eugenie, were here with their church youth group. They are all traveling in two large station wagons and are on their way home after a two-week trip to southern California. One of the stops on the trip had been to cross the border into Mexico, and I think every one of the teenagers had purchased a *pinata*, and these were all stacked up in the back ends of the station wagons. Add sleeping bags and suitcases for fourteen people and you get the idea of how those vehicles looked.

The town of Maple Lake, Minn., is bringing up some fine young people. I enjoyed meeting them! Maple Lake is also lucky to have two such dedicated people as Martin and Eugenie who are willing to take twelve kids on a trip across the country.

Katharine, James and I also had the opportunity to travel to California this summer. This trip had been planned for the last several years and we finally made it. My dear friend, Chris Crouse, and I had mentioned on several occasions how nice it would be to visit California at the same time. Chris has two boys and the four children enjoy doing things together. Chris's in-laws, Evelyn and Keith Crouse, live very close to my Uncle John Solstad so it seemed that surely something could be worked out. The clincher came this summer when an airline that flies between Albuquerque and Los Angeles had a "beat-the-bus-fare" ticket. That did it. I called Chris and said it was now or never.

We left early in the morning for the short flight to Los Angeles. We were met by Chris (who had arrived the day before) and Mr. Crouse. I had arranged to meet them in front of the terminal so they wouldn't have to try to park. That airport is in a constant state of remodeling, and parking is very difficult. While we were waiting for our ride, James and Katharine counted six limousines with chauffeurs. This impressed them at the time but by the end of the week limousines were old hat.

The afternoon was spent at the beach. James and Katharine had their first view of the Pacific Ocean and their first chance to get into real surf. The Atlantic Ocean beaches they had used in the past were sheltered and not as exciting. We visited the beach several times and it seemed that each time the waves got larger and I watched the kids more closely. I'm sure that if we lived next to the ocean I wouldn't think a thing about it, but as a visiting tourist, I was a typical "nervous" mother. I'm going to insist that both kids get "international orange" swimsuits if we go to the ocean again.

The high point of the trip came for me the next day of the visit. I was able to get reacquainted with many of my father's family—the Verness relatives. I had been fortunate enough to see my Uncle John twice in the last two years. I am only sorry that I was unable to see my Aunt Boletta before she passed away (after a long illness). She and Uncle John had been married at my parents' home in Hollywood during World War II and had three children. The eldest, Kristin, (yes, I have two cousins named Kristin) is almost exactly my age and was anxiously waiting for the phone call to tell her that she was a grandmother!

You can imagine how much catching up Kristin and I had to do! Kristin's sister, Kyra, lives close to Uncle John, so we had several chances to visit. Their brother, Paul, lives in Texas. My Uncle Richard and his wife, Aunt Arleigh, drove up from their home in Yuma, Ariz. All in all, it was a wonderful reunion filled with memories of long ago.

Sunday we started sightseeing in earnest. The first stop was Wild Animal Park in the San Pasqual Valley. We took the morning ride to get an overview of what was available. It was quite an experience to see herds of exotic animals in what approximates their natural settings. Katharine is particularly interested in animals and she clicked her camera like mad. She would like to return some day and take the camera safari trip. This trip is in an open vehicle that goes into the enclosures and allows people to get close-ups of the animals.

Monday was a "bright and early" day so we could be at Disneyland the second the gates opened. So much has been said about Disneyland that I won't add my



Here are the four old friends who had such a wonderful time in California. James Lowey is at the top, Keith and Kenneth Crouse are next in line, and at the bottom is Katharine Lowey. This was snapped at the San Diego Zoo and the statue is of a famous male mountain gorilla captured in the Belgian Congo. (I saw him many years ago and certainly have never forgotten him!)

—Lucile

words to the collection but I will say that we had a terrific time. The freeway traffic was lighter than expected and the lines for the rides were shorter than usual.

Tuesday saw us heading south to San Diego and the zoo in Balboa Park. Like most tourists, we headed right for the prime attraction—the koala bears. It is hard to imagine anything more adorable. I have a friend who has been to Australia and she says that her secret fantasy is to have a koala bear ranch and raise the little creatures. After having seen the koalas, I think I'd be willing to join this fantasy endeavor.

Wednesday we visited Sea World in San Diego where we were particularly impressed by the killer whale show. I am

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Congratulations

All of us at KITCHEN-KLATTER wish to send hearty congratulations to Radio Station WJAG, Norfolk, Nebr., as they celebrate 60 years on the air.

For almost 32 of those years (since Oct. 10, 1950), Kitchen-Klatter has been proud to have its Radio Homemakers Program heard over Station WJAG. It continues to be aired each weekday morning at 10:05—780 on the dial.

We wish WJAG many more years of broadcasting.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank and I just came home from mending fence. This is a job I usually don't mind, but today it wasn't enjoyable. A dead elm had fallen across the fence and broken all the wires. It was right on the edge of the timber where there wasn't any breeze; it was hot and the mosquitoes were ferocious. Frank remarked that we would be surprised at how much work and money the dead elms had caused through the years if there was any way to add up the damages.

It has been many years since we have had as much activity at this farm as we have had the past month. Usually this is a very quiet place with just the two of us, and our routine is much the same with very little commotion or variation, but July of 1982 was different.

It all began on July 2nd. We had been talking about getting a large ceiling fan for the living room. After Frank's sister, Bernie, got one and liked hers, we finally got one. The electrician came a day earlier than he had planned to put it up. The only way to get into the attic is through an opening in the ceiling of the bedroom closet. It is a very small closet and practically everything had to come out of it before the electrician could get the ladder into it. Now the fan is up and we like it very much. It is well worth all the commotion.

Our friend, Belvah's, birthday is July 4th and I had planned a big dinner at noon to celebrate. This didn't work out. Bernie had called the night before saying she was having a problem with her throat. The next morning it wasn't any better so Belvah and I took her to the hospital emergency room in Des Moines. While we waited for her, Belvah and I ate her birthday dinner in the hospital cafeteria. Everything turned out fine for Bernie so that was all that mattered.

The next day I drove to Shenandoah to broadcast with Lucile. Betty Jane was in Minnesota visiting her family, so Lucile came home with me. We were really surprised when we got here to find that Kristin had called the night before to say that she, Aaron and Julian would be arriving late the next day. I was really happy that things worked out the way they did because in all the years since Kristin has been married, Lucile and Kristin have had very little time together. Kristin always got to Shenandoah sometime during her visits home, but usually for just a day or two and with all the other relatives to see their visits were always very brief.

We didn't have much time to get ready. I planned a simple supper that

could be served any time they got here. Lucile and I spent the afternoon in town getting groceries and picking up some house paint. Frank and I had made arrangements to have our house painted and the men were going to start as soon as it stopped raining for a day or two.

Kristin and the boys got here about 5:30 P.M. They had stopped for a couple of hours in Bellevue, Nebr., to visit their cousins, Mary Lea Palo and family. Mary Lea fixed them a lovely lunch and they all had such a good time together.

We had a surprise for Aaron, our left-handed boy. His Uncle Oliver Strom is also left-handed and he had a nice set of golf clubs and a cart that had been used very little. When Aaron walked through the back door and saw the clubs, he said, "Oh boy, whose golf clubs?"

I said, "They aren't mine. I couldn't play with them because they are left-handed." He knew then that they were for him, and was he ever thrilled. The next day, when we went to town, Aaron got some practice golf balls. These are white, light plastic balls filled with holes, and no matter how hard the balls are hit, they don't go very far.

After they returned home, the funniest thing happened. Aaron and Julian took the clubs and new balls out to the front yard to practice. Kristin was also out watching them. All of a sudden we heard yelling and laughing. Julian had hit a ball pretty far and the minute it stopped, a woodpecker flew down and picked it up and flew off. We wondered what that bird thought he was getting. Kristin said if she hadn't seen this with her own eyes, she wouldn't have believed it. They never saw the ball again.

Kristin and the boys fished almost every evening after supper until dark. They were trying to catch enough fish for a fish fry for Aunt Lucile because she loves fresh fish. Yes, they did catch enough for a good meal.

Julian had a little bad luck. He caught the biggest fish but when he landed it on the bank the fish fell off the hook and a waiting cat picked it up and ran off with it.

Lucile took us to Derby for dinner and asked Bernie to go along. We had a delicious dinner, and on the way home we drove over to see my friend, Angie Conrad, who had asked us to stop by. She had picked a box of black raspberries for us and had also made a fresh apple pie which was still warm. My friend, Dorothea Polser, had also called and said she had a big chocolate sheet cake made for us. I appreciate such nice friends to help me out with all the cooking.

Betty Jane was coming in to the Des Moines airport from Minneapolis and Kristin, Julian and I were all ready to leave to meet her plane when our friend, Larry Allen, and his little daughter, Lindsay, from Canon City, Colo., arrived. Kristin hadn't seen Larry for years and



Aaron Brase enjoyed riding "Cricket" when he visited his grandparents, Frank and Dorothy Johnson.

had never seen Lindsay, so we visited with them a bit before we had to rush off. Frank and Aaron had a good visit with the Allens, anyway.

Betty's plane was due in at 11:45 and we were there in time to see it land and taxi up to the gate. Just as the passengers were beginning to come off, I heard my name paged telling me to report to the nearest service phone. The message was that Betty had missed her plane and would be in at 3:30 instead. I called home and told them so they wouldn't be worried when we didn't show up as expected. We ate lunch and shopped until Betty's plane arrived. When we did get home, Lucile was all packed and ready to leave for Shenandoah after Betty rested a little.

Kristin and the boys enjoyed an evening with one of Kristin's old friends, Kay Ulrich, and her two daughters, Susan, who is the same age as Aaron, and Shelley, who is Julian's age. They drove to Knoxville for dinner and went to a movie. Kristin and Kay used to play together when they were small and Kristin said she thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

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Announcing

A personal appearance is being planned in Muscatine, Iowa, by the **Kitchen-Klatter Radio Homemakers** with Dorothy Driftmier Johnson as the featured guest. Sponsored by Radio Station KWPC, the "Homemaker's Day" will be held in Muscatine on Sept. 14th. For details of the day's events, listen to Station KWPC (860 on the dial).

Each weekday at 9:00 A.M., share the **Kitchen-Klatter Radio Homemaker Program** with us and come to Muscatine for a personal visit on Sept. 14th.

Say It With a Stamp

(A Skit)

by Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Make a giant size envelope out of wrapping paper or newsprint. Use marking pens or tempera paints to draw a large colorful stamp for the upper right-hand corner. Address it (use large letters) to: "Members, (name of club or group, town, state, zip code)." Fasten this giant envelope on the wall in full view of the audience.

The leader will use five stamps as indicated. Each of the other five speakers will stick a postage stamp to one forefinger which they hold up for audience to see while they speak their part. (One person could present this entire skit as an illustrated talk, if preferred, but it is always good to work in as many members as possible to promote fellowship and teamwork.)

Leader: (Holds up one hand with a postage stamp stuck on each finger and thumb.)

The postage stamp? "Well, what about it?",

I can hear you say;
It's such a small thing, really, and
We see it every day.
But this ordinary little postage stamp
Has a message it can tell;
Listen! I think you'll agree with me
That it says it very well.

1st Speaker: (Holding up stamp on finger.) The first thing this stamp would say is "GO WHERE YOU ARE SENT!" It doesn't curl up and refuse to go to another state, or say "If I can't go on the biggest envelope you have, I won't go at all." It doesn't pop off a package just because it doesn't like the packages next to it, or only go on love letters. It doesn't refuse to go on a utility bill. No, the postage stamp knows that it has been chosen for a job and so it GOES WHERE IT IS SENT.

2nd Speaker: The postage stamp also says, "DON'T MIND A LICKING." Sure, it may be a perfumed lick, a sticky lick, a lick with bad breath, a gentle lick, or a savage lick. But do you know that little old stamp doesn't mind at all? There is something about a good licking that seems to send it on its way, more ready than ever to do its assigned task!

3rd Speaker: The third message the stamp has for us is "STICK TO IT UNTIL YOU GET THERE." Whoever heard of a stamp jumping off and leaving the mail because it didn't like the postman, or the mail pouch, or the scenery along the route, or because it became bored with this trip. It has a job to do and sticks to it until the job is finished.

4th Speaker: My message from the stamp is that the stamp REPRESENTS THE COUNTRY AND YOU, THE SENDER. As we think of all the many kinds of postage stamps we have seen, we realize how true this is. Whether it is the regulation-size stamp with a picture of our flag or one of the many commemorative stamps, these stamps are telling the world something special about our country and its people, expressing what we as a nation think is important just as each of us represent our home, our church, our club, our community, wherever we are or whatever we do.

5th Speaker: The fifth message of our stamp story is this: "LITTLE THINGS ARE IMPORTANT." Just think how very important this very small stamp is in our lives: it conducts our business, carries our messages of love and concern to family and friends, brings us our cards of cheer and sympathy or congratulations, lets us know of a new baby's arrival, or of a dear one being married.

I think it says to us that it is the little things we do that put meaning into our lives. It is the "Thank you", "Would you please?", "You did a fine job", "I was proud of you", "May I help in any way?". It is the appreciation of the extra effort someone has made on our behalf. Why we can even use a stamp to let others know how much we appreciate what they have done. LITTLE THINGS ARE SO IMPORTANT.

Closing: Just a little postage stamp, but big are the messages it can tell; go where you're sent; don't mind a licking; represent the country and the sender; little things are important—these are the messages from the stamp. Don't you think it says it well?

REDEDICATION SERVICE

(For a Church Women's Society)

by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place three tall, white tapers in low holders in the center of the altar. At the far right, place a large white candle which is lighted as the service begins. The three tapers are each lighted from the large candle at the proper time as indicated.

Leader:
The beauty of a candle touches me—
It is so softly gay,
So steadfast, yet so careless of itself,
Giving its life away.

With waxen body, slender, white, and
still,
Melting as snow and ice,
A little space of moments and hours
Offering sacrifice.

A little space of moments and hours
In which to shine and glow!
A candle's beauty touches me, oh more
Than anything I know. —Anonymous

The candle and the verse remind me of the members of the (name group) as we work together, each of us trying in our own way to bring light into the lives of each other, into our society, into the lives of others around the world. For us, too, life is only a "little space of moments and hours"; let us make the most of it.

As I think of the years we have worked together in the past, and as we look forward to another year together to achieve the goals we have set, it is well to rededicate ourselves, pledging to develop within ourselves those qualities, those attitudes which help to make us a better person, a better member of (name group), better able to do those tasks set before us.

1st Speaker: (lights first candle) I light this candle that we might rededicate ourselves to work in LOVE. (Reads I Cor. 13) I like this answer to the question "What is love?"

It is silence when your words would hurt,

It is patience when your neighbor is curt,
It is defense when the scandal flows,
It is thoughtfulness for another's woes,
It is promptness when stern duty calls,
It is courage when misfortune falls.

—Unknown

Let us live and work in love.

2nd Speaker: (lights second candle) Through our love, we should rededicate ourselves to grow in UNDERSTANDING, to knowing each others' needs and concerns. This is what God teaches us through Jesus—to understand and care, to be concerned about our brother. (Read Prov. 2:1-5) The American Indians have a saying that we cannot know what faces our brother until we walk in his moccasins. Let us strive each day to grow in understanding.

3rd Speaker: (lights third candle) This candle I light with the hope that we rededicate ourselves to grow in our FAITH. (Read Matt. 21:21-22 and Luke 17:5-6) Faith laughs at impossibilities, and says I can do the task. Abraham's faith led him afar without knowing where he was going. His was an adventurous faith. The disciples had the faith to put down their nets into deep waters. We, too, must have faith that we can do the impossible, to launch out to do what needs doing, knowing that with God's help we can do it. Let us then rededicate ourselves that we may grow in depth

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

I am writing this to you on a hot, muggy, foggy day. We have had so much fog this summer, a fog caused by a warm flow of southern air crossing our cold Atlantic Ocean waters. Usually the fog lifts about ten o'clock, but for some reason or other, it is being very slow to lift today. We are used to the fog so don't mind it too much, but we feel sorry for the people who have only a few vacation days to spend along the shore. The fog does limit the hours of my sailing. Instead of leaving port at nine o'clock in the morning, I don't usually get underway until a little after eleven.

Recently, I bought a new sailboat, the third since retiring. This one is a wonderful family boat with two staterooms, a small bathroom (called a "head" on a boat) and a small galley or kitchen. It really is an efficient use of cabin space. It has an ingenious one-piece galley, complete with fresh water and sink. The whole unit, with its small two-burner stove, runs on tracks and when not in use, it slides out of sight. There are bunks for sleeping five persons, and lots of storage space. It has two iceboxes, one inside, and one outside, and it has a very attractive drop-leaf table which folds up against the wall when not in use.

Betty and I never intend to sleep on the boat, but we do like a roomy and comfortable boat for our day sailing. We usually sail to some small island where we drop the anchor and have a picnic lunch seated inside with all the comforts of home. When our grandchildren visited, they loved going on picnics with us.

Whenever possible, I let my guests have the fun of sailing. I can just sit by and give the necessary instructions. When we are in tricky waters and when the boat goes in and out of its mooring slip where there are only a few inches to spare on either side, I take over.

The boat is kept at a marina about two miles up the river from our house. Whenever I sail past the house on my way to the ocean, two loud blasts are blown on the boat's horn. When I am on my way up the river after a day of sailing on the ocean, someone at the house will usually come out and wave to me, letting me know that there will be a car at the marina to bring me home. Betty is usually the one to come and get me, and she knows that by the time I get the boat hosed down (we always wash off the salt spray before leaving it) it will be at least 45 minutes after passing the house.

You may be interested to learn that sailboats are very slow to lose their dollar value. When I traded in my two-year-old boat, I was given the same amount for it that I paid. The boat I bought this summer will be worth just as much next summer. It is an excellent investment.

Many times I have told you about the bad manners of "my" wild swans. For a long time, we have known that old Clyde killed other swans, but it was only last week that we actually saw him do it right here in front of the house. Bonnie and Clyde and their five children were swimming into our cove to get their breakfast when another large swan dared to venture into Bonnie and Clyde's territory. Clyde attacked! It took him about thirty minutes to do it, but he did manage to drown the intruder. Proudly, he dragged the corpse into our cove to show to his mate and their children. Then, for almost four hours, he tried to break off the head from the dead swan's long neck. Finally, he dragged the dead body out of the cove and into the current where it drifted out to sea.

It is no wonder that all the other swans on the river stay out of the waters in front of our house. Bonnie and Clyde claim twelve acres of the river for the exclusive use of their family. This means that all the other swans must fly over their territory. Woe be to them if they try to swim by the house and get caught by Clyde.

What a beautiful sight it is to see a number of large, white swans flying very close to the water, their eight-foot wingspread making a loud whooshing sound as the birds swing through the air.

Betty and I had a wonderful time during our recent stay at the Ocean Park Religious Conference Center in Maine. I am on the regular preaching schedule of Ocean Park, preaching there every other year, and it was so good to see some of

our old friends. The congregation was a very large one, and the special music was outstanding. We were served the most delicious seafoods and home-baked goods of all kinds in the conference dining room. The place is noted for its bakery, and well it should be. The breads, the rolls, the doughnuts, and the cookies were utter perfection!

Speaking about cookies reminds me to tell you that the recipe for my popular gingersnaps is to be found on the recipe pages of this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. I have to make some more of them today because I have promised to give some to our neighbors. People just love them. If kept in an airtight container, they will stay crisp. These cookies should not be served if they lose their crispness.

A friend has recently returned from France praising the French village restaurants for their tangy goat's milk cheeses. Unlike most Americans, this friend really did love the stuff. The only goat's milk cheese that I have eaten and actually enjoyed was some that Betty and I were served in a small restaurant high up in the mountains along the west coast of Norway. That particular cheese must have come from the milk of some happy Norwegian goats, for it was a bit on the sweet side with none of the sharp, tangy taste that some of the French goat cheeses have. (French goats always look sad.)

Every now and then, I frighten Betty with the suggestion that we buy some goats. A goat or two out on our back slope would help keep the weeds down, but it is just a dream. Neither Betty nor my good neighbors would appreciate having the sound and the smell of goats.

Betty said recently, "If Frederick did have some goats, he would be training them to do tricks, and in no time at all he would be parading them through the

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For many years, David Driftmier's best friend has been Allen Appleton. They were childhood playmates, roommates at prep school and continued to keep in close touch as adults. David is shown on the left and Allen is on the right. Allen was president of the Colonial Printing Company of Hudson, Mass.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

I hope that all of you have had a very good summer indeed. Last June, when my long-awaited vacation finally began, I had some doubts about whether I would get the most out of the summer of '82. In the past, I had always used my long teacher's vacation to work at another job, take courses at summer school, or go traveling.

As many of you will remember from the letter that I wrote to you in March, Sophie and I moved into our first house last Christmas. It is an older home, and there were many things we wanted to do to it. By the time summer rolled around, it seemed as if that list of house-improvement projects had grown to be a mile long. Since Sophie worked at the hospital this summer, thus precluding any extended vacation journeys, I decided to stay at home and be a "house husband". I wasn't sure I would like the role but now, several buckets of paint, rolls of wallpaper, and pounds of nails later, I can tell you that it was one of the nicest summers I have ever had.

As I write this to you, I realize that all of this talk of a two-month vacation must make many of you a bit jealous. Teachers like to say that we really need two months off in the summer. But could it be possible that we really need more time off than the many, many other hard-working people who get only two or three weeks of vacation? I don't think so. However, I am grateful to be that happy group of people who get so much time to recreate.

During the summer, we had many pleasant surprises. For example, Sophie and I are now the proud new owners of a kitten who is quickly growing into a full-sized cat. Or should I say that the kitten is the proud new owner of a master and mistress? We did not go out to look for a pet because Sophie is allergic to cats and dogs, and so we cannot have one living in the house. We had never before considered having an outdoor pet with a warm, insulated home in our garage. That, however, is the happy resolution to the problem that we now have at the Driftmier house.

In large cities, people with unwanted kittens will drive around town and let the kittens out of the car in other neighborhoods when no one is looking. There is such a story, we think, in the biography of our cat. One night, we heard a lot of meowing outside. The next day, I had a piece of plywood laid out flat and was painting it when a little kitten that I had not noticed by my feet gave a leap and landed on the board. On our first encounter, I was really quite rude to the



These four students are members of David Driftmier's "Volunteer Club". When the picture was taken, the group had just finished helping at a local play school. They frequently spend time with residents in nursing homes and patients in hospitals.

little animal that was interrupting my work.

"I'm busy now," I told him, and I picked him up and put him back down on the other side of our backyard fence. After having to repeat this procedure three times, I stopped to realize that we had a cute, friendly animal on our hands. We did not feed the kitten right away because we hoped that it would go back home, wherever its home was. However, as time went on, we decided to give the little, hungry-looking kitten some milk. By the next afternoon, I found myself going to the store to buy some cat food. The cat made it very clear that our home was his home, too!

Our summer had many other happy surprises. Friends came to spend time and visit and when they did, I had a chance to test some of my newly acquired skills in the kitchen. I have never been able to cook and have always handed over this job to others, usually the ladies. Sophie is a very good cook, and so there has never really been any great need for me to lift a finger in the kitchen. However, just as I have learned how to do house-repair jobs in recent months, I decided that I could learn to cook as well as anyone else. The *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* has been a great "how-to-do-it" book for me!

Not all of our surprises this summer were happy ones, however. My best friend, Allen Appleton, is dead. He died immediately after a drunken driver turned his car in front of Allen's car. Allen's wife, Laura, was seriously injured. You can imagine how shocked I was when my father phoned, asked me to sit down, and then told me the news. It

is a very sad and difficult time for both of our families. The Driftmiers and the Appletons had grown very close over the years; Allen and I had been closest friends since we were both in second grade together. My father, Frederick Driftmier, has been simply wonderful through this sad period of time. Besides being a friend to all of the Appletons, my father was, for many years, their minister.

We all have a deep sense of gratitude for the privilege for having Allen's life touch us. It is difficult, after the death of a loved one, to feel anything but a sense of tragedy and loss. However, from these feelings, a sense of the deceased often comes back stronger than ever. A good friend is hard to find, and I am thankful that I had such a friend. In a real sense, I have now come to feel that I still have a good friend, because his spirit seems very much alive to me. I really did love Allen so much because he knew how to use his mind; he was not afraid to work for the things he believed in, and he would always help other people.

One time, when we were teenagers, we were on a dock in a storm. We saw a boat out of control in the harbor drifting towards some rocks. All of us on the dock showed some hesitation; we were afraid to go out on the water ourselves. Allen jumped into a motorboat and went to the rescue. I could go on for many pages with other memories that I have of Allen, but the great sadness that I feel makes it difficult to share these things with you.

Whenever someone close to us is injured or killed in a senseless automobile

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

I have just returned to the house and unloaded the trunk of its load of awkwardly bagged groceries. Most of you are undoubtedly acquainted with the bare-bones type grocery stores which have sprung up. They are actually food warehouses which provide scant services but usually present a favorably lower price on almost every item. The most disagreeable task associated with the exchange of price for service is the problem of getting one's purchases into boxes or bags in such order that eggs don't crush and bags won't split until the car affords privacy for such humiliation.

Up until about a year ago, there was only one warehouse store in the western suburban area of Milwaukee, but now there is an enormous do-it-yourself store in nearby Oconomowoc, a pleasant town five miles from our house. Since this store is located so close, I use it more often so my skills as a "bagger" have improved considerably, but not enough to make me subject myself to this newly learned skill without a groan.

One of the most interesting features of these stores is the complete print-out of item and price on the cash register tape. A glass window is set flush in the counter along which one's purchases move. The code on a can or box flashes on a screen while at the same time printing this information on a narrow white strip of paper. This all has to be the handiwork of a complicated computer. I expect that one day we will walk into a food warehouse and be checked out by a robot which may or may not address us by name.

Adrienne has been bringing home wonderful tales about the computers she is meeting in her work. She has not had one free minute to write you about the position she secured so I'll try to hit the major points. She is engaged by one of the major banks in downtown Milwaukee where she will, following many months on a Management Training Program, serve the bank as an industrial engineer. I cannot really tell you how a bank can use an industrial engineer, but if you stop to think about the process involved from the time a check is written until it returns in the envelope at the end of each month in the bank's statement, it all is obviously an efficiently directed operation. Multiply this by the thousands—perhaps millions—of checks zipping from person to person, and the vision of a vast mountain of paper work looms large!

Adrienne leaves this house, where she is living until she is on her feet financially, and drives the same path to downtown Milwaukee that Paul takes four hours

earlier. She is presently spending a period of time in every department of the bank to learn its internal workings from top to bottom. She was nearly struck dumb when they announced after only her second week on the job that she would be flying to New York City for a week's study at one of the major banks there. The bank had reservations made for her in a hotel located in mid-Manhattan, right across from the building where her bank class was to be held.

In addition to getting this fantastic opportunity to see New York, Adrienne found a classmate who lives in one of New York's suburbs and he drove in several times to show her the high points of the city. She trudged to the top of the Statue of Liberty in proper New York high-heeled pumps—not exactly the ideal shoe for such climbing. This was, incidentally, the week New York suffered from its worst heat of the year. When the crane toppled over and threatened to crash to the street below the skyscraper, there was Adrienne not missing a thing from the view below. She had been on her lunch break and she was among the faces which the television camera panned as it took in the whole scene.

My life has not been half so exciting. I am still digging through the boxes in the basement. I continue to unearth such interesting items that my progress is severely impeded. Such a discovery surfaced when I opened a brown grocery bag given to us by Howard Driftmier; he had dug it out of the Driftmier attic when he sorted through things after Leanna's death in 1976. This grocery bag contained a bundle of newspapers fifty or sixty years old which had blue crayon marks indicating why they had been saved. Unfortunately, the paper was disintegrating into dust and the printers' ink was visibly fading away. Obviously, quick action was a must if these irreplaceable items were to be recorded. I hastened to one of those instant-copying services to reproduce clearly and permanently the words and pictures from these half-century-old newspapers. I made three copies of each sheet to put in the manila folders I have started for each of the children.

Kitchen-Klatter readers will probably remember the articles which followed these headlines: On October 22, 1915, the *Shenandoah World* printed the address made by M.H. Driftmier, manager of the local telephone company entitled, "The Telephone". In 1916, came the news that M.H. Driftmier would remain after the merger of the Independent Mutual Telephone Company and the Bell Company. A 1917 newspaper included a large picture of Henry Field, President of the Henry Field Seed Company and a long article about it being Shenandoah's leading industry.

Central to the news of February 20, 1918, was the obituary notice for Donald's grandmother, Mrs. Solomon Field. In July of 1918, a cartoon characterization appeared of M.H. Driftmier selling Willard Batteries. From *A Woman's Farm Journal*, July, 1918, "The Farmer's Wife" featured a two-page article on Jessie Field Shambaugh's return to Page County.

Last, but not least, a three-page article appeared in the *Tri-Weekly Sentinel Post*, Shenandoah, Iowa, bearing the headline: "In Sedan Motor Car, Pioneer Stage Driver Retreads His Route." Part of the article stated, "Judge Frederick Fisher, James Montgomery, George T. Loy and C.N. Marvin, met M.H. Driftmier in Clarinda in another automobile with A.S. VanSandt, Miss Mabel Kenes (of the *Clarinda Journal*) and S.M. Mosely where they proceeded to traverse Fremont, Page and Taylor counties. It was especially interesting to Mr. Mosely who was the driver of the stage in 1859, 1860 and 1861 from Leon to Sidney."

Don pointed out to me that this last incident took place three weeks after he was born. Since no mention was made of Mrs. Driftmier accompanying them on this trip, one must surmise that Leanna was too busy to be included. I was absolutely struck by the fact that in my basement I could come across such interesting things about my children's paternal grandparents and their other relatives.

This trip back through history moved my feet irresistibly to the bookshelf and Lucile's beautifully written *The Story Of An American Family*. I only intended to look up one connection of family when I discovered that I was hooked and ended up rereading the entire book from cover to cover. It is so well written, so entertaining, and such a lovely story that being a sister-in-law only, I can truly urge you to buy this book if you have not already done so and enjoy a delightful story.

Until next month, I remain back in the basement,

Mary Beth

Wealth does not belong to those with money but rather to those who know how to enjoy life.

**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.**

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

Summer was wonderful, but now suitcases have been unpacked and exchanged for tablets, notebooks, crayons, pencils, and lunch boxes. Julian is happy to see his school friends in second grade. Aaron is busily tackling eighth-grade homework assignments. Andy is enrolled as a freshman at Eastern Wyoming College, a community college located right here in Torrington, Wyo. I am back in the midst of my teaching and testing responsibilities for the Educational Resource Center, so the Brase household is settling into the routine of another school year.

My washing machine is running full speed ahead this morning, as it does each Saturday, and Art has just left to go downtown to get a new battery. He will also be picking up a "beeper" to use for the weekend, or at least for the 24-hour period he will be on call for ambulance runs. No, respiratory therapists don't always go with an ambulance, but my ambitious husband has acquired the training necessary to be an Emergency Medical Technician, and he feels he is gaining valuable experience by continually expanding his areas of expertise.

As I look back upon our vacation days, I am very grateful that Julian and I had the opportunity to accompany Aaron to Washington, D.C. Through the encouragement of their social studies teacher, Aaron and his friend, Kris Mickey, entered a project in the National History Day Contest, first at the district, then state, then national level. This contest is open to all students ages 12 through 18, and entries can be submitted by individuals or small groups in several categories.

Parents and teachers desiring further information about the contest may write to the following address: National History Day, 11201 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44106.

In most states, contest winners must make their own arrangements for attending the national contest which is held at the University of Maryland. Individual schools may or may not budget funds for contestants. Usually, students earn their own money for the trip. Some are helped by contributions from local service organizations and the involvement of state and local historical societies.

Wyoming students were particularly fortunate in that transportation arrange-

ments were provided for all qualifying contestants. The Wyoming State Historical Society chartered a bus which left Cheyenne on Saturday, June 5, with 32 students and 7 sponsors aboard.

Believe me, I had reservations about the difficulties of being a chaperon on such a long trip, but the problems which were envisioned simply did not occur. No one became lost, homesick, or seriously ill, and I had no discipline problems to handle.

The bus stopped for meals and change of drivers, but otherwise kept right on rolling from Saturday afternoon until our arrival in D.C. Monday noon. Our route took us through the cities of Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Columbus. Our longest stop was a three-hour rest break in St. Louis to allow the group to visit the famous Gateway Arch. We would have liked to have gone up to the top of the Arch, but it was Sunday afternoon and extremely crowded, so we contented ourselves with picture-taking and a wander through the museum below the Arch.

The trip was planned to provide almost four days of sightseeing in the District of Columbia before the contest began, and this foresight made very good sense. After all, our group came a very great distance, and it would have been a shame to have attended only the contest and come home without having experienced at least some of the important landmarks in the immediate vicinity.

Our sightseeing after our arrival on Monday began with the Smithsonian Institution, or, more particularly, with the National Air and Space Museum. The Smithsonian collections are so extensive that they are displayed in several different museum buildings. In fact, the guidebook informed us that it would take ten years to see ten percent of the exhibits in this vast collection. Needless to say, we didn't have that much time!

As much as I enjoyed the exhibits, I equally enjoyed watching the interest and enthusiasm of the young people with me as they soaked up the sights and sounds of this fascinating city. As you can imagine, cameras were clicking madly, not just Monday, but the following days as well. Kris Mickey was our most avid photographer; he took a total of 300 slides. My purse became a repository for undeveloped film, exposed film, souvenirs, post cards, and free literature. It's a good thing I carried a large purse!

Between Monday noon and Thursday noon we managed to see the the Washington Monument (from the top, at night), the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial, the White House, the Aquariums in the basement of the Commerce Building, the National Museum of American History (I particularly enjoyed the display of dresses worn by the wives and hostesses of Presidents), the FBI



Art Brase continues to develop the areas in which he can serve as respiratory therapist. Art is the husband of Kristin Johnson Brase and the father of their three sons, Andy, Aaron and Julian. The Brases live in Wyoming.

Building, the Ford Theater (where Lincoln was shot), the Capitol, the Supreme Court Building (a beautifully impressive marble structure), the National Archives (where the original Declaration of Independence and Constitution are displayed) and Arlington Cemetery (in pouring rain). This was a lot to see in a short amount of time and we made every effort to use our time well.

In spite of careful planning, however, time simply ran out before we could see the Library of Congress, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and several other places we had wanted to see. Perhaps this is one of the reasons Aaron and Kris are already giving thought to a contest project for next year. They thought the trip was wonderful and one well worth repeating.

Believe it or not, I was afraid to ride the subway! Nevertheless, I didn't want to go through life having to say that I'd not ridden one. I kept telling myself that millions of people ride subways every day and survive. Finally, I forced myself to walk right into that subway station, buy a ticket, and get on the train. Lo and behold, I did not get squashed in the doors, I did not fall down in front of a train, nothing disastrous happened at all, and I had a good time. We even rode the subway again the following day and I was an eager participant. As is true with most of our fears, once faced, they disappear.

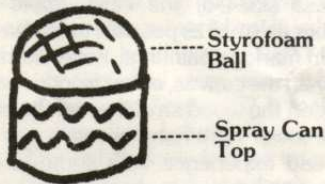
Thursday afternoon we checked out of our hotel and moved into the dormitories at the University of Maryland where we stayed for two nights. Along with the excitement of the contest came

(Continued on page 17)

Things to Make

PINCUSHIONS

Here's a way to make pretty pincushions from those brightly colored spray can tops that we all hate to discard. Needed are styrofoam balls—two or three inches in diameter to fit inside the tops, discarded nylon hose or other stretch-type fabric remnants to cover the balls, and rickrack, braid, ribbon, tape, cord, sequins, etc., to decorate the holders.



Cut the fabric into squares or circles large enough to cover the balls; place over the balls, stretch tightly, gather at the bottom and stitch with needle and thread. Dab a small amount of glue in the bottom of the inverted top, place ball in the top (gathered side at the bottom) and press firmly into place.

Cut rickrack, ribbon, tape, or cord to fit tightly around the outside of the pincushion, dab with glue and press around the holder; you may add one or two rows of trimming. Dab on sequins, if desired.

These pincushions make lovely and handy gifts and bazaar sale items, as well as being very useful for your own sewing projects. —Mildred Grenier

TOWELS

Among my colorful kitchen towels is one with food objects pictured on it—a coffeepot, cooking pans, a teakettle, flowers in a pot, a large spoon and a pot-holder.

It is easy to make such towels. Club and church circle meetings are good places to enjoy making such kitchen towels, then sell them to raise money. They are great as bazaar items.

A person needs only to know how to sew outlines on a piece of cloth to take part—no special skill is required.

Buy the fabric and cut into sizes for small towels. Hem or fringe the top and bottom. Hem the sides if needed. From colored material, cut out kitchen or household object shapes plus squares and circles which will be used as background for the kitchen objects.

Each sewer can choose her own designs, background pieces and color of towel. Whatever stitch she wishes to use, from a plain overhand to the fancy featherstitch, is up to her. This adds variety and interest to the completed

towels.

Bathroom hand towels can be made in the same manner. One fabric object shape such as flowers, dishes of colored soap or clean-looking hands can be stitched to the towel. A row of small outline shapes of the same item can be used as a decorative border around the towel edges. —Annette Lingelbach

YARN DOLLS

Cute yarn dolls are easily made. Cut a piece of cardboard 5 inches wide and wind a strand of yarn (any color) around it 35 times. Either 3-ply or 4-ply yarn will do. Remove the yarn from the cardboard carefully. About 1½ inches from the top, tie a small piece of yarn tightly, knot and tie in the back. This makes the doll's head. Tightly tie another small piece of yarn 1¾ inches farther down and knot at the back. This makes the doll's body. The remaining 1¾ inches make the doll's legs and feet, or skirt if the doll is to be a girl. If your doll is a boy, separate the bottom strands of yarn into two parts and tie a string of yarn about half an inch from the end of each leg to make shoes or feet.

Next, wind yarn about 15 times around a 4-inch cardboard square. Remove carefully; this will make the doll's arms. Slip this yarn under the neck, through the center of the doll, to make the doll's arms. Tie the yarn about half an inch from the end of each arm to make the doll's hands. Glue sequins on the doll's face to make features. Decorate the girl doll's dress with sequins; glue sequin buttons down the front for the boy. Braid yellow or brown yarn and tack on for the girl's hair; use shorter strands for the boy.

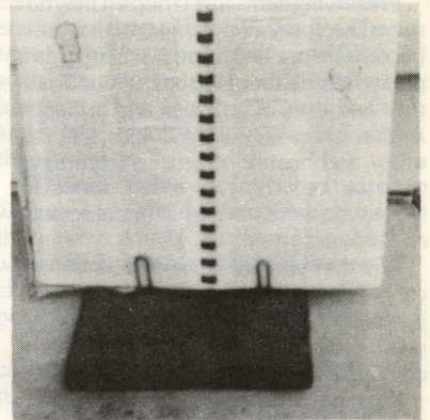
Children love these dolls for toys. You may tack a small safety pin on the back of the doll so little girls can wear them as pins on their coats or dresses, or leave two pieces of yarn at the top and use as curtain pulls or Christmas tree decorations. —Mildred Grenier

BOOK HOLDER

Get a piece of wood thicker than plywood about 8 inches square and 3/4-inch thick. Stain and varnish the sides and bottom. Cover the top by gluing on felt. Insert two screw-type closet hangers about 3 inches from the top, 2 inches from the edge and about 4 inches apart.

We have had many uses for our book holder over the years. Students can use it to hold their books as they do their homework. It is perfect to hold the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* (as shown in

the photo). Scouting groups and 4-H clubs could make these for gifts. It is an excellent cutting project for a boy using a saw for the first time. —Norma Tisher



Bookholder made by Norma Tisher.

CALENDAR FUND RAISER

Try a penalty calendar for an easy but fun way to raise money for your club or women's society treasury.

Select a committee to make out the calendars. When completed, a copy should be made on a mimeograph or copying machine for each member. Make the calendar by marking squares for each day of the month, just as on a regular calendar. At center top, put the name of the month and the year in which it is to be used. For each square, mark date, plus the penalty for that day. Make each one as humorous or unusual as possible. Use the penalties below or plan your own to suit the group.

- 1¢ for each chair in your home.
- 5¢ for each visitor today; 10¢ if you had none.
- Put 1¢ for each year of your life in box.
- 2¢ for each letter written today; 10¢ if you wrote none.
- 5¢ if the day is sunny; 10¢ if it is cloudy.
- 10¢ for each TV set in the home—add an extra 5¢ if one is in the bedroom.
- 1¢ for each egg in your refrigerator.
- 10¢ if you lost a pound in the last week; 25¢ if you should have.
- 5¢ for each picture in your living room.
- 5¢ for each cup of coffee you drank today.
- 3¢ for each inch of your height.
- 5¢ for each clock in your home.
- 5¢ if you attended the last meeting of (name your group); 25¢ if you didn't.

Hand these calendars out at one month's meeting with directions that they be used the following month and returned at the next meeting. Ask each member to prepare a "bank box" in which to place her coins. Offer a prize for the most unusual or interestingly decorated box. —Virginia Thomas

MUSEUMS ARE FOREVER

by
Evelyn Birkby

Preserving items from the past may not seem like a very interesting process, but it becomes more and more fascinating as a person learns about the background, history and uses of antiques and artifacts. Appreciation of the difficulties, efforts, utility and beauty of articles from days gone by becomes an added bonus to those who work with a historical society and a museum.

Whether you are involved in a historical building or museum or whether you just collect antiques for your own enjoyment, care and attention to preservation can make them last for a long, long time.

Keeping a notebook of your home-stored treasures can be as simple as a list of items with description, where they are stored, where they came from originally and the value placed on them as nearly as possible (for insurance purposes). In a museum, the recording of objects becomes a little more involved, but it is not at all difficult.

When the committee began cataloguing the items at the Fremont County Historical Museum in Sidney, valuable lessons were learned. When the first acquisitions were accepted, a small paper sticker with the name of the donor written on it was glued onto each article. By the time we began to catalogue everything, many of these little stickers had popped off. Most everything eventually got its proper identification because many of the committee simply remembered where articles came from, but it could have been a problem if too much time had lapsed. Now the permanent marking is done as soon as possible after a gift is received at the museum.

To learn how to catalogue and mark items, our society wrote to the state historical society and also visited nearby museums. The manner in which we now identify and record our belongings came, finally, through Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Noble who work with the Wildwood House, a restored 19th century home in Nebraska City, Nebr. If I remember correctly, this is the technique recommended by Nebraska for small historical collections.

First, Donor Sheets were mimeographed in quantity. These have information as to the date, name and address of the donor and the donor's number. Then lines fill the paper where the items given are listed with their numbers. At the bottom is the name of the person who accepted the items plus the signature (if it is available) of the person who is donating the articles.

Also at the top of the page is this narrative: "I hereby give, grant and convey the items described below to the Fremont County Historical Society to be adminis-

tered in accordance with its established policies." This process does not take a great deal of time but it does establish title to the items given against any claims which might arise later.

The next step was to get a record book. We got a fine, heavy, commercial-type record book which could have sheets added. The first part is an alphabetical section which has the names of all donors and their Donor Number (which is simply given to each person in order). This way, for example, I can look under "B" for Robert and Evelyn Birkby and discover that our number is 50. Obviously, ours is the 50th person or family to donate articles. Then, we can turn back in the second section of the book to number 50 and find there the list of items we've given along with their cataloguing numbers. This is done for each donor. (The society now is up to Donor Number 135, so the



A display of old corn-husking pegs and related items was enjoyed by several local farmers during an open house held at the Fremont County Historical Museum at Sidney, Iowa.

interest keeps growing.)

Now, the committee had to learn how to mark the items themselves with the date, the donor number and the item number. For example, Robert and I gave as our first gift, an Indian beaded purse we bought at a flea market in South Dakota. Its number became 1976-50-1. Successive items had the date first, our donor number second and the item number last.

Much was learned: first, mark items where least conspicuous when being displayed. The description, history and use of an article is printed on a card (a large-type typewriter was purchased for this purpose). At the bottom of each card is the name of donor and item number. The cards are placed near item for visitors' information.

Furniture should be marked underneath or on the back, china and glassware on the bottom or inside a teapot or lid. Clothing is marked with a sew-on tag inside the neckline or the right sleeve.

For marking, a small brush and paint to make a narrow strip suitable as a surface for printing are necessary. White airplane

paint, white Liquid Paper (such as used to correct typewriting errors) or white art paint are fine for dark or china surfaces. Black India ink is fine for white objects and to use to print the number on the dry white background using a fine-pointed pen. Clear nail polish or a clear craft spray should be used to coat the numbers for permanence.

To mark fabric, never print right on the material or clothing. Print the number with India ink or a laundry permanent ink pen onto white twill tape. Stitch this piece of tape to the item.

For postcards, mark the number in the lower right-hand corner on the back—address side—of the card. Make the number as small as possible to still be legible. In marking paintings, never mark directly on the canvas, either front or back. Mark on the wood stretcher on the back in the lower right-hand corner.

A sad experience with some of our books taught us never to mark on or in a book as this diminishes its value. Use bookplates. We've gone to using bookplates even in our reference books. The Dewey Decimal System such as libraries use, can be noted on the bookplate along with the number and name of the donor. This does not diminish the value of a book in any way.

The society has guarded against any over-zealous persons who feel that some items should be sanded, painted and brightened up to look like new. The Nobles cautioned us against removing original finishes which can destroy the authenticity of an object. Preservation is preferred over restoration if at all possible. Old colors and finishes can never be replaced by modern paints.

Lighting should be such that fabrics and paper items will not fade. Filter screens are available for fluorescent tube lighting. Windows should be screened to filter sunlight. Flip charts which hold newspapers, pictures and paper items also protect these fragile old treasures from light, dust and rough handling.

A file cabinet has proved very helpful to the museum for the storing of donor sheets, family records, genealogical resources, family records, oral history material and cemetery and school records.

Care of quilts has been a worry; we have only a few, but they are nice. Folding and storing in an old blanket chest is one way to store, folding with different creases each time one is put away. Hanging is another. We have one lovely crazy quilt with beautiful embroidery. A member stitched a heading at the top using muslin. Stitching by hand into a firm, strong part of the quilt fabric, the strip of muslin was sewn across the top. This heading was turned down and again stitched by hand just like the heading for a curtain. A rod was then slipped through and the entire quilt hung from the rod like

(Continued on next page)



—Photo by Barton's Studio

EARLY IOWA'S APPLE CAPITOL

by
Debra Garrett

Looking out across the growing community of Glenwood, Iowa, it is hard for a person to imagine a time when the area was covered with apple trees. By 1885, though, it would have been difficult for an observer to imagine anything else.

Nearly a half-century earlier, Mormon settlers passed through the fertile bluffs of southwest Iowa. Being travel-weary and unsure of prospects in the West, these settlers planted small apple orchards. Many traveled on, but a few settlers remained to establish the present-day city.

These orchards became the influence for many others, years later. Trees were being planted for commercial use by 1885. Some 300,000 trees were contained within the county at that time.

One of the largest orchards in the area was owned by General John Y. Stone. Some claimed that it was the largest in the world, with 120,000 trees.

Several apple-packing companies were organized in the area, including one that made barrels. After they were packed, the apples were sent out by train. One year, 21 carloads of apples left Glenwood in a day. The overall amount to go out in a season was 500 carloads.

To celebrate their prosperity in apple growing, several Mills County folk came up with the idea of an apple carnival. In the fall of 1895, the first Mills County Apple Carnival was established.

The streets were elaborately decorated with arches of apples, leading from the railroad depot to the business district—a distance of five blocks. Also, the city park entrances and courthouse were decorated, as were the local businesses. Approximately 3,000 bushels of apples were used in the decorating.

It's said the people were almost as plentiful as the apples at the carnival. Visitors came from all around to experience the two-day gala. In fact, between 12,000 and 15,000 people were present,

about twice the population of today.

These visitors were met at the railroad depot by a band welcoming them to Glenwood. They then moved on to the town square to observe the decorations and many displays of apples. Carriages were available for tours to the orchards surrounding the town.

O.R. Patrick wrote in a souvenir booklet for the carnival, "In no other community in the world had Nature done more to make possible the full satisfaction of that dual desire of every heart—health and plenty—than in Glenwood."

For many years from then on, the carnival was held annually. When blight and pests finally destroyed the orchards, the carnival was discontinued. Today only two commercial orchards remain in the county. And the countryside that was so alive with growing apples now houses growing children.

Very few know that their town was once an important, apple-growing center. Most look at the apple as a symbol of the fall season. A few, though, can still look at the apple and remember the prosperous days of the Mills County Apple Carnival.

APPLE PARTY

Decorations

Apples of many varieties and polished to glowing beauty can set the stage for an old-fashioned party with a country flavor. There can be various sizes of bowls and pretty baskets filled with apples, apples tied to a small tree or shrub near the front door, apples suspended from a porch railing or from the eaves on a front porch or the breezeway. They will look pretty in a row across windowsills or to arrange like a wreath around a candle or a table lamp.

Use a checked cloth on the refreshment table with an old-fashioned farm lantern as the centerpiece. Encircle the base with a ring of polished apples and autumn leaves and nuts. Fall leaves and miniature corn shocks used as part of the decorations will accent the country look.

Favors

Instead of the more conventional party favors, make a fortune "Tree of Knowledge". For the tree, use a large, sturdy houseplant or a small tree branch anchored firmly in a large pot or stone crock. (If the party is held out-of-doors, a small shrub near the door may become the tree.) Cut apples from heavy, red poster board. Cut stems with leaves attached from green construction paper. Glue to the apple. Write an original fortune on each apple. Using narrow, red ribbon, tie the apples to the tree. At refreshment time, invite each guest to go by the "Tree of Knowledge" and pick an apple. If preferred, the apples may also

be used to match up partners for refreshments by cutting each paper apple in half and putting riddles on half the apples and answers on the other half. Guests match the two halves to find partners.

Entertainment

Apple Aggravation: This is played in groups of four. Four rows of six apples each are laid out on the floor. Each player is given a table knife. At given signal, the apples are to be lifted from the floor and carried to a table and dropped in a bowl. The first player to carry all six apples to the bowl successfully wins the game. If an apple is dropped, it must be placed back into position in the row on floor and player starts over.

Apple Antics: Played like the old marshmallow game—a small apple is tied in the middle of a piece of string. Two players share each apple. One end of string is put in the mouth of each player. They chew to the center and see who gets a bite of apple first. Or suspend apples on strings from a doorway. Players must hold hands behind their backs and then try to get a bite out of the apples.

Fruit Test: Prepare a collection of seeds of various kinds in small dishes. Use seeds such as lemon, orange, grapefruit, peach, cantaloupe, watermelon, grape, cherry, apple, etc. Number each dish. Give each guest pencil and paper and see who can identify the most seeds.

Guess the Weight of a bowl of apples.

Apple Seed Telltale: Each guest takes a turn in cutting open an apple to see how many seeds it contains. Two seeds indicate an early marriage; three, an inheritance to come; four, great wealth; five, a sea voyage; six, great fame; seven, to receive any great gift desired.

William Tell Race: Guests line up at a starting point, each with an apple balanced on top of the head. At signal, they race to a goal line, but cannot use hands to keep apple on top of the head. If apple falls off, contestant must go to starting line and start over. First player to go the distance to the goal without apple falling off wins the game. —Virginia Thomas

MUSEUMS ARE FOREVER — Concl.

a banner or wall hanging. I have heard of museums which make a frame around the entire quilt and stitch a muslin edging all the way around to use for fastening the quilt to the frame.

If anyone asked me the most important part of a museum, I'd say the storage area and the workroom. In our own situation, our greatest needs are for more display and storage room, and more time and help (and knowledge) to clean and care for the clothing the museum has acquired. But this will come, just as the other problems have been met and, increasingly, satisfactorily mastered.



RECIPES

APPLE DAPPLE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups oil
- 3 eggs
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 3 cups raw chopped apples

Mix the oil, eggs, sugar and flavorings together. Sift the flour, soda, and salt together and mix with the first mixture. Fold in the nuts and chopped apples. Spray a bundt pan with non-stick spray and pour in the batter. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. As soon as cake comes out of oven, pour the following glaze over it:

- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup milk

Combine glaze ingredients and heat for 3 minutes, or until hot and bubbly.

Let cake set for 3 hours, then remove from pan. —Dorothy

PECTIN JAM

Prepare the following first:

- 7 large tart apples, cored and cut in pieces (do not peel)
- 4 cups water
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice

Place ingredients in saucepan. Boil for 40 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth or gauze. Return juice to heat and simmer for 20 minutes. Place in sterilized jars and seal. To use:

- 2 quarts fresh or frozen berries, crushed
- 4 cups honey
- 1 cup above apple pectin

Strain mashed berries through sieve to remove seeds. Place berry pulp in kettle. Add the honey and mix well. Let stand for 1 hour. Stir in the apple pectin and place over heat. Bring to boiling and boil hard for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and skim off top. Stir for about 5 minutes. Place in sterilized jars or jelly glasses. Seal with paraffin. —Betty Jane

GREEN TOMATO MINCEMEAT

- 6 cups chopped peeled apples
- 6 cups chopped green tomatoes
- 4 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
- 1 1/4 cups cider vinegar
- 2 cups golden raisins
- 3 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 3/4 tsp. allspice
- 3/4 tsp. mace
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Combine the apples and green tomatoes. Add all remaining ingredients except for the last two. Bring to boiling gradually. Reduce heat to simmer and cook about 3 hours, stirring frequently. Add the butter and flavoring and mix well. Spoon into hot, sterilized jars and seal. Process in hot-water bath for 25 minutes. —Betty Jane

GOLDEN APPLE-RHUBARB CRUNCH

- 3 cups peeled and sliced Delicious apples
- 2 cups diced frozen or fresh rhubarb
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine

Combine the apples, rhubarb and strawberry flavoring. Place in a 2-qt. glass baking dish. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Combine flour, sugar, oats, cinnamon and salt. Cut in butter until crumbly. Spoon over fruit. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes, or until fruit is tender. Serves six.

Note: Can be done in a microwave oven: microwave on high for 10 to 12 minutes, or until fruit is tender; give dish a quarter turn three times during cooking period. —Verlene

PEANUT BUTTER-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1/2 cup creamy or chunk-style peanut butter
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup uncooked rolled oats

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Beat the peanut butter, butter or margarine, shortening and brown sugar together until creamy. Add the egg and flavoring and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to cream mixture. Mix well. Stir in the rolled oats. Form into 1-inch balls and place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake for 12-14 minutes. Makes four dozen. —Donna Nenneman

HASH BROWN-CHEESEBURGER PIE

- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 lb. frozen hash brown potatoes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. crushed oregano
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/2 green pepper, chopped
- 1 lb. ground chuck
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
- Dash of pepper

1 whole pimiento, cut in strips
2 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
Heat the 1/4 cup olive oil in large skillet. Add potatoes and cook, stirring occasionally, until tender and lightly browned. Remove from heat and stir in the salt, oregano, pepper and 1/4 cup of the Cheddar cheese. Cool for a few minutes and stir in the beaten egg. Press mixture in bottom and up sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Bake in oven preheated to 400 degrees for 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, heat the 1 Tbls. olive oil in skillet. Add the onion and green pepper and cook until onion is golden brown. Add the beef and cook until browned. Combine the flour and water and add to skillet along with the tomato sauce, seasoned salt and pepper. Cook and stir until thickened. Fill the hot potato shell with meat mixture. Sprinkle remaining cheese over top. Arrange pimiento strips on top and sprinkle crumbled bacon over all. Return to oven until cheese melts, about 2 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand for 2 to 3 minutes. Cut into wedges and serve. Serves six.

—Donna Nenneman

RUBY'S CREAMED ONIONS

Thinly slice large onions. Parboil for about 10 minutes; drain well. Melt about 1 Tbls. butter and add 1 Tbls. flour. Stir in some sour cream. Add drained onions, salt and pepper and heat slowly until slightly thickened. —Dorothy

TRADITIONAL FRIED CHICKEN

- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 Tbls. margarine, melted
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. frying chicken pieces
- Additional pepper
- Flour, for dredging
- Oil, for frying

Combine the milk, eggs, margarine, flavoring, paprika, salt and pepper. Place the chicken pieces in a shallow glass pan. Pour the milk mixture over the chicken pieces. Cover and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. When ready to cook, remove chicken pieces from the liquid and sprinkle lightly with pepper. Dredge meat with the flour and let set for about 5 minutes before frying. Heat one inch of oil in large skillet until it reaches 325 degrees. Fry chicken about 30 minutes. Turn pieces occasionally. Drain on paper towel or brown paper bag.

—Betty Jane

JULIANA'S ZUCCHINI

- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 1/2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 16-oz. can tomatoes, drained
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup red wine vinegar
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
- 3 to 4 cups diced zucchini
- 1/2 cup shredded Jack cheese
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Heat oil in wide frying pan. Add onion, garlic and green pepper. Saute several minutes until transparent. Crumble ground beef into pan; add salt, pepper and sugar. Stir in tomatoes, tomato sauce, vinegar and salad dressing. Cook 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, until color of meat is no longer red (cooked through). Put zucchini in large kettle, cover with water and cook 10 minutes. Drain. Arrange zucchini in 3-quart casserole. Sprinkle with Jack cheese. Pour in meat sauce. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Place under broiler and heat about 5 minutes to melt cheeses and bring to piping hot temperature.

COCONUT-PEACH PIE

- 1 3-oz. pkg. peach gelatin
- 2/3 cup boiling water
- 2 cups ice cubes
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 8-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed
- 1 cup coarsely chopped and peeled fresh peaches
- 2/3 cup flaked coconut, toasted
- 1 9-inch graham cracker crust
- Fresh peach slices, for garnish

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water, stirring until completely dissolved. Add ice cubes and stir until gelatin is thickened. Remove any unmelted ice. Blend the flavorings into the whipped topping. Then blend topping into gelatin, whipping until smooth. Fold in peaches and 1/2 cup of the coconut. Chill until mixture will mound, then spoon into crust. Chill 2 hours. Garnish with remaining coconut and peach slices before serving. —Verlene

CURRIED BEEF WITH VEGETABLES

- 2 slices bacon, cut in small pieces
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 2 lbs. round steak, cut in 1-inch cubes
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 Tbls. curry powder
- 1 cup apple juice
- Water
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup diced carrots
- 2 cups cubed potatoes
- 1 cup frozen or fresh green peas
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Flour and water paste for thickening. In a Dutch oven or heavy kettle, place the bacon, oil, flavoring and onion. Cook until onion is golden. Remove the bacon and onion and set aside. Dredge the steak cubes in the flour, salt, pepper and curry powder which have been combined. Brown the meat in the drippings in pan. Sprinkle any leftover flour mixture over browned meat. Add the bacon and onion. Pour the apple juice in the pan and enough water to cover. Add the bay leaves. Cover and simmer slowly for 1 to 2 hours, or until meat is nearly tender. Add the celery, carrots and potatoes. Continue cooking until vegetables are tender. Add the peas and lemon juice and cook until peas are done. Thicken juices with a flour and water paste for gravy.

This recipe could easily be adapted for a slow-cooking pot. —Juliana

SEASONED PORK ROAST

(Microwave recipe)

- 2 1/2 lb. pork roast
- 1 cup chopped carrots
- 1/4 cup chopped green peppers
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup tomato sauce
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Place roast in a casserole with cover to fit the roast. Microwave on slow for 3 minutes per pound.

Add the chopped carrots, green peppers, celery and onions to the casserole. Combine the remaining ingredients and spoon over all. Return to oven, covered, and cook for 25 to 30 minutes on slow. Turn and baste every 5 minutes. Then cook on high 2 more minutes, or until meat is done. Remove from oven and leave covered for several minutes before serving.

Could be baked in conventional oven for about 2 hours at 350 degrees.

—Hallie

PEAR CAKE

- 2 1/2 to 3 large pears
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds

Core and chop pears. Put in blender. Measure out 2 cups pureed pears. In a large bowl, beat butter or margarine and sugars until creamy. Add eggs one at a time. Beat well after each addition. Blend in flavorings and pureed pears. In separate bowl, stir dry ingredients together. Add to pear mixture and blend well. Beat 1 1/2 minutes. Stir in raisins and almonds. Pour into well-greased and floured bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 10 minutes or until it tests done. Cool 20 minutes in pan, then turn out and cool thoroughly. Glaze with the following:

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

1 1/2 Tbls. orange juice
Blend until smooth. Add more orange juice if needed. —Juliana

REGAL RELISH

- 1 quart chopped cabbage
- 2 quarts chopped onions
- 4 sweet red peppers, chopped
- 4 sweet green peppers, chopped
- 1/2 cup salt
- 2 quarts cold water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. mustard seed
- 1 1/2 Tbls. celery seed
- 1 quart vinegar

Combine all the vegetables in a big enamel pan or dishpan. Combine salt with 2 quarts cold water, pour over vegetables. Stir well. Let stand 1 hour and drain well. (Rinse and drain if you wish less salt in the finished product.) Put drained vegetables in a kettle and add remaining ingredients. Simmer 20 minutes. Pack boiling hot into hot jars, leaving 1/2-inch head space. Adjust lids and process 15 minutes in boiling water bath.

—Evelyn

CANNED APPLE RINGS

- Apples
- Salt water or ascorbic acid
- 4 cups sugar
- 4 cups water
- Red or green food coloring
- Cinnamon or Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring as desired.

Use firm red apples. Wash, core and slice into 1/4-inch rings. Drop into salt water or water in which ascorbic acid has been dissolved to keep from discoloring. Combine sugar, water, food coloring and flavoring. Bring to a boil, stirring. When

sugar has dissolved and mixture is boiling, let boil for several minutes, then drop in well-drained apple rings. Turn off heat and allow to stand 8 to 10 minutes to plump up apple rings. Return to heat and simmer 30 minutes until apples are tender and color has permeated. Turn off heat and cool.

Drain off syrup, return it to heat and bring to a boil. Meanwhile, pack apple rings in clean, hot jars, leaving 1/2-inch head space. Add boiling syrup. Remove any air bubbles by slipping a silver knife down the edge of each jar several times. Adjust lids and process in boiling water bath for 15 minutes for pints, 20 minutes for quarts.

These are so pretty for garnishes. I put cinnamon into the red apple rings and and mint flavoring into the green.

—Evelyn

ONION-CHEESE BREAD

- 1/2 of medium onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup butter, melted
- 3 ozs. Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups biscuit mix
- 1 egg, beaten

Saute the onion lightly over low heat in the melted butter. Combine the onion with half the cheese. Add the milk, biscuit mix and egg. Beat well. Spread in greased 8-inch round pie pan. Sprinkle the remaining cheese over top. Bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until light brown on top.

—Juliana

FREDERICK'S GINGERSNAPS

- 3/4 cup butter
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3/4 cup molasses
- 1 egg
- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/3 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp. powdered lemon peel

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add molasses and egg and blend thoroughly. Sift the flour, salt, baking powder and spices together. Blend into mixture along with the lemon peel. Roll out very, very thin. Cut out and bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 14 minutes.

The lemon peel is not essential. Don't bake the cookies too long. A few seconds too long will change the flavor. You be the judge.

—Frederick

MEATBALLS & ACORN SQUASH

- 2 acorn squashes
- Butter
- 1 lb. pork sausage
- 1/2 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 clove garlic, minced or pressed
- 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley

Cut squashes in half lengthwise. Remove seeds and fiber. Cut thin slice from rounded side so squash halves will set level. Spread cut surfaces of squash with butter. Place, cavity side down, on baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

Combine the remaining above ingredients and shape into 1-inch balls. Place slightly apart on rimmed sheet and bake at 450 degrees for about 15 minutes. Drain meatballs on paper towels. Meanwhile, prepare the following sauce:

- 1 8-oz. can unsweetened pineapple chunks
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup beef broth
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- Salt

Drain juice from pineapple into saucepan. Add the soy sauce, vinegar, brown sugar, beef broth, catsup, ginger and dry mustard. Place over medium high heat and bring to boiling. Simmer for about 15 minutes. Add the meatballs, pineapple chunks and green pepper. Cook until heated through.

Turn squashes cavity side up and sprinkle with salt. Spoon meatballs and sauce into each cavity. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes. Serve with rice.

—Robin



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NATURE'S GREEN REWARD

by
Joy Evans

A fresh gift from Mother Nature comes in a variety of green shades and flavors—crunchy leaves for salads that make my taste buds really scream, "Green is in!"

Whether it's a meal or first course, a salad is a quick, nutritious dish to serve. The combinations are unlimited and imagination can run to the extreme. Each ingredient of a salad has a personality all its own that can stand alone or complement another ingredient.

The most common ingredient in salads is the iceberg or head lettuce. Can't you just picture that cool clear water when you hear the term "iceberg"? It makes you feel refreshed before the salad is ready. The tightly folded white interior leaves have a faint, delicate flavor and therefore, can be used in an infinite number of imaginative salads.

Gardens abound with leaf lettuces of various colors and leaf shapes. Leaf lettuce has a moderate, sweet flavor. The ruby red variety adds distinctive color and taste appeal to salads. Buttercrunch lettuce has real gourmet quality with dark green leaves that are tender and sweet.

For those dishes requiring a very crisp green, an endive or escarole can be used. They have a slightly bitter taste and are usually mixed with other greens. French endive has a tightly folded, white crown and makes a very palatable salad.

Caesar salads are typically made from romaine lettuce with its butternut flavor. The romaine heart is greenish white and very delicate and sweet. It is equally as suitable for a garnish as for a salad. Spring brooks flowing with pure icy, clear, sparkling water nestle watercress. It has a distinctive peppery taste and is especially toothsome.

Other greens used as additives to salads are green onions, chives and parsley. Mint can also be used as a garnish. The tender young leaves of spinach produce a very vitamin-filled, nutritious salad with a most agreeable taste. Most of these greens can be eaten raw, in salads and sandwiches, or cooked as a vegetable. Many greens are wilted and served as hot salads.

So, for a meal that's so fresh it's still growing, try a salad created by Mother Nature and you. Just add tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes, cheese, croutons, garlic, green peppers, peas, meat, eggs, fruit—the list is endless.

It's good to have money and all the things that money can buy.

But don't lose out by neglecting those things money can't buy.

PACKING BETTER LUNCHES

by
Dianne L. Beetler

When my sister was in grade school, she regularly consulted the weekly cafeteria menu. On the calendar she marked the days she didn't want to eat the school lunch. "I'm carrying today," she would say.

There will probably be days when your children, too, will prefer to "carry". Your job is to make these lunches as safe, attractive and nutritious as possible.

Because the lunches are subject to room temperature for three to four hours, it is possible for bacteria to grow in the food and cause food poisoning. To avoid this, hot food must be kept hot and cold food cold.

Lunch boxes are preferred over paper bags because they provide better insulation for food. Also, sandwiches, cookies, and cakes are less likely to be crushed. Children enjoy choosing their own boxes from the many colorfully decorated ones displayed in stores.

Make sure hands and utensils are clean when you pack lunches, but try not to use your fingers to handle the food, especially if you have a cut or scratch anywhere on your hand.

If you rinse a vacuum container with steaming hot or very cold water before filling, it will help maintain desired temperature of the food you put in it. When you send soup, make sure it is boiling. And don't forget to include a spoon.

Children don't like to drink soup!

Meat sandwiches are safe to use in school lunches if the meat has been completely cooked and then kept cool. You can make the sandwiches ahead of time and freeze them. They will thaw by lunch time. Or fill a small plastic container, such as a margarine tub, with water and freeze it. Then seal it and place in the lunch box. It will keep foods cold until they are eaten.

Children love peanut butter sandwiches and cheese sandwiches, and these provide hefty nutrition. No need to worry about peanut butter spoiling, and cheese tastes even better at room temperature.

Crisp chunks of vegetables such as carrot and celery sticks make fine additions to a "carried" meal.

It's easy to put cookies or a candy bar in the lunch box, but if you'd like to cut down your child's intake of sweets, include a handful of raisins or dates instead. An apple is a nutritious dessert and leaves the teeth feeling smooth instead of gritty. In fact, the apple has been called nature's toothbrush.

Provide variety by cutting sandwiches in circles, triangles, and other shapes. Include a surprise in each lunch, or slip in a paper with a message, "I love you," or "Good luck on your test," for example. Your message can provide just the encouragement your child needs.

When your children announce they want to "carry" today, you can, with a little imagination, make those lunches safe, nutritious, and fun to eat.

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Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



Adrienne Driftmier.

The recent rash of movies with which producers have bombarded us about trips into outer space or outer space visitors to our earth, made me think again of the set of seven books I read when I was in third through seventh grades. Set in outer space, these stories have extraterrestrial beings capable of talking. The entire set of seven books costs less than two tickets to one of the 1982 summer specials at your local theatre, and is published by the Macmillan Company.

The author, Clive Staples Lewis, was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1898. For thirty years, he was a teacher at Magdalen College at Oxford University. At his death in 1963, he was a full professor of Medieval and Renaissance literature at Cambridge University. In the 50's, he began writing his first books about the magic land of Narnia. Thirty years later, they are still at the top of the best seller list in childrens' books.

Lewis wrote many religiously directed books. Many feel that his best were those written for children. Lewis's expectations were that his youthful readers would be in the twelve-year-old age bracket, but because his stories were such gripping fantasies, his followers' ages dropped to include those of seven years old. However, the religious symbolism and allegory used by Lewis to teach moral lessons were often diminished due to his younger audiences' understandings. Now Lewis's Narnia Chronicles are enjoyed by adults for their excellent subtle literary qualities and by young children for their exciting blend of animal and children adventures on another planet.

Today, the books come boxed in a set of seven paperbacks. To catch the best order of these books, they should be read as follows: *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, *Prince Caspian*, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, *The Silver Chair*, and *The Last Battle*.

The Horse and His Boy and *The Magician's Nephew* are both further adventures unfolding in the land of Narnia but to me they seem to disrupt the flow of the series.

In *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, we are introduced to the Pevensie children—Susan, Peter, Edmund and Lucy. Lucy first enters the magical land of Narnia by accidentally finding a secret entrance in the back of a wardrobe in an old country house which led into this other land. Upon her return, her brothers and sister laugh with disbelief at

her story of the talking faun, Mr. Tumnus. To prove her story, she takes her brother, Edmund, back to Narnia with her. While there, Edmund is tempted with candies by the evil, cold White Witch. Under her spell, he betrays his brother, sisters and the great lion, Aslan. Here we can see Lewis's first allegory played out. Edmund is viewed by juvenile readers as nothing more than an understandably resentful younger brother, but adults can soon recognize his acts as deliberately malicious, portraying him as a Judas betraying Christ and the disciples.

The children, although not warlike, play aggressive parts in their efforts to right Edmund's evil doings. Edmund redeems himself by his acts of courage. The children take on the role of champions of Good. Near the end of book one, Good has overcome Evil and Spring has replaced eternal Winter. However, the four Pevensies, who are by now rulers of Narnia, are plunged back through the wardrobe passage where they discover that no earthly time has passed.

Along comes book two, and Lewis has allowed many years to pass while the Pevensies are unable to find their way back to Narnia. In *Prince Caspian*, the children finally return to a wood in a different part of Narnia. After sailing across an enchanted sea, they come again to the palace where they had reigned as monarchs only to find it now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle. The Pevensies find Prince Caspian and help him rid the land of the wicked King Miraz who has tricked the Prince out of his rightful domain. A kingdom of peace and happiness is restored. The powerful lion, Aslan, is directing their activities. As they prepare to go back to England, they recognize Aslan as the Supreme Being who announces to Peter and Susan that they may no longer come to Narnia because they are too grown-up. They may return when He calls them, the final time, to stay forever.

It remains for Edmund, Lucy and their bratty, bullying cousin, Eustace Clar-

ence Scrubb, to aid Prince Caspian in Lewis's third book, *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*. By now, Prince Caspian has become king of Narnia and he has embarked on a voyage through transparent waters in search of his murdered father's loyal lords who had been banished from the peaceful kingdom by the evil Miraz. Through a series of painful encounters, Eustace gains a conscience and becomes a loyal patriot of Narnia and a faithful follower of Aslan. At the end of this tale, the children catch a glimpse of the Eastern Land across the great river but Aslan, who suddenly appears, tells them they cannot enter His land from Narnia. Furthermore, they may not return to Narnia because they, too, have grown too old. They must grow to know Him better in their own world, in Cambridge, under another name.

It is Eustace who is chosen to return to Narnia in book four. With a schoolmate from his boarding school named Jill Pole, they are called to Narnia by Aslan to perform a mysterious mission. Aslan gives them four clues to find the missing Prince Rilian, son of the aging King Caspian. Eustace performs great feats of bravery. Jill and Eustace learn to follow exactly the sometimes puzzling directions from Aslan. Eustace grows into a brave leader, no longer bossy or mean. The Prince, as a result of his hair-raising experiences, develops into a brave, wise person whose bearing is worthy of a future king.

The final book in the series is *The Last Battle*. Just as the title implies, the reader feels he is on the verge of witnessing Armageddon. Here the characters from the preceding books gather to help the new king, Tirian, in his battle against the Calormenes. Jill and Eustace are there with sword and bow and arrow. Edmund, Peter, and Lucy appear. For the first time one of the characters—the king—is an adult. They and the loyal, talking animals must make a final stand against the evil enemy. Aslan, who by now the reader has recognized as Christ, is orchestrating the battle and separating those who may enter His Kingdom from those who are denied entrance.

In book one, Aslan has offered himself as victim to the evil White Witch, taking Edmund's place on a stone slab (the Redeemer). He is killed (the Crucifixion) and returns in a blinding flash of light as a prancing, romping live lion (the Resurrection). In this final book, He shares His Land of Paradise with those whom the children had thought to be dead.

It is a marvelous fantasy . . . a book likely to move to tears those of us over twenty.

Life's four simple essentials: some hope for the future, some work to do, some friends to understand, some people to love.



This picture of Cassandra Palo, daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, was snapped just before the family started East to visit both the Driftmier and Palo relatives. From this point on we will probably refer to to Cassandra as "Cassie" since that is what her family is calling her now.

GRANDPARENTS' DAY

by Norma Tisher

Since National Grandparents' Day is of rather recent existence, we need to be reminded about celebrating it. This year, the special day falls on September 12, when days are starting to cool and school is in full session.

About 1900, nearly half of the American homes included one other relative, usually a grandparent, so many children grew up with grandparents nearby. Almost every child today has some living grandparents and some are fortunate to even have all four still alive. Grandparents always seem to have a pew or certain space reserved for them when special events take place: baptisms, confirmations, first communions, graduations, weddings, or time for special awards. It is an honor when they can share such events.

Parents are responsible for setting an example and should display love, understanding and respect for older neighbors and relatives. Grandparents usually have more leisure time to enjoy activities. If allowed, grandparents can fill a very rewarding role in the active lives of their grandchildren.

There are no long-standing family traditions for Grandparents' Day, so you may want to start your own. Think of activities your entire family can enjoy. Make or buy gifts which will bring pleasure and comfort to those being honored.

Occasionally, some older grandparents and great-grandparents are forgotten, but surely not yours or mine. Continue to give grandparents the joy of our love by sending them a letter or card, calling them on the phone, or visiting them. When Grandparents' Day arrives, they'll appreciate your loving thoughtfulness.

PERSEVERE

The fisher who draws in his net too soon
Won't have any fish to sell;
The child who shuts up his book too soon

Won't learn any lessons well.
If you would have your learning stay,
Be patient—don't learn too fast;
The man who travels a mile each day
May get around the world at last.

—McGuffey's Reader

MY GRANDMAS

I have two grandmas (both are dear)—
They're different as can be.
Though each is surely wonderful
And each appeals to me.

First grandma is a cuddly one,
She cleans and sews and such,
She makes me cookies, tells me tales,
And has a gentle touch.

My other grandma's neat and sharp.
She wears pantsuits to work.
She buys me lunches at the store
Where she's a busy clerk.

I love both grandmas very much.
I'm glad that both are mine.
Who'd want two grandmas just alike
When different ones suit fine?

—Ruth Townsend

COVER PICTURE

When Katharine Driftmier was at her family home in Delafield, Wis., during her most recent visit, she and her father, Donald Driftmier, had this lovely photograph taken in their backyard. Katharine is now back in Bethesda, Md., continuing her work as a biochemist at the Bethesda Research Laboratory near Washington, D.C.



KRISTIN'S LETTER — Concluded

the pandemonium of Aaron getting trapped in an elevator between the fifth and sixth floor in the dorm. Fortunately, the elevator was stalled for only a few minutes, but I'm sure they seemed like very long minutes to Aaron.

Before we knew it, it was Saturday afternoon and time to board the bus for the long ride home. Early Monday morning, we straggled off the bus in Cheyenne with much to tell the loved ones who had come to meet us. It was great to get home.

Sincerely,

Kristin

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HINTS FROM THE MAIL

I always sprinkle a little salt into the water in which I soak my rinsed vegetables from the garden. My farm-wife mother explained to me that this is a way to bring any little insects to the surface. She also told me to start any vegetables which grow below the ground in cold water and cover the pot while cooking. If the vegetable grows above the ground, start in boiling water and use no lid. I've always done this, just like my mother did.

—M.M., Brownville, Nebr.

Don't chop tomatoes directly into a tossed salad. The juice from the tomato will thin the salad dressing. It is better to slice the tomatoes and keep in a separate bowl until just ready to serve. Toss the salad with the dressing, then place tomato slices on top and serve immediately. Very good!

—Mrs. T.S., Coffeyville, Ks.

Use a pail of clean, dry sand as a storage place for small garden tools. This retards rust. —Mr. J.J., Des Moines, Ia.

I always disinfect my flower pots before I bring plants inside in the fall. I wash

thoroughly in soapy water which has a little ammonia added. After they are dry, I set each pot upside down on a can and paint the outside with a fresh, pretty coat of paint. They stay on the can until dry and don't have to be touched or moved.

—M.J.M., Topeka, Ks.

I make a lot of applesauce. I quarter the apples, then slice off the core and peel. It goes much faster than peeling the whole apple first. I also "chop" nuts by placing in a plastic bag and then rolling with a rolling pin.

—Mrs. H.H., Tarkio, Mo.

My mother used to use her embroidery hoop to hold the top of the jelly bag when she drained the cooked fruit through for juice. Even though I use a colander, I put my cloth through the hoop and it makes it easier to keep from slipping down and also when I'm ready to lift it out and dispose of the seeds and skins.

—L.M., Colo, Iowa

I make a quick cake topping by mixing well-drained crushed pineapple with cream cheese. Then spread on cake, top with whipped topping and sprinkle with nuts.

—R.B., Salina, Ks.

FOR CHILDREN

Block Centerpiece-Favor: Purchase sticks of modeling clay in various colors. Cut them into square blocks. For each block, take one piece of bright, contrasting-colored chenille. Push one end into the clay block. On the other end, glue a small paper or felt bird, butterfly, bee, etc. (These can be found easily in variety or craft stores and are light weight and easy to handle.) Arrange the blocks as a centerpiece in whatever design suits your fancy. At the end of the party, each child is given a block to take home.

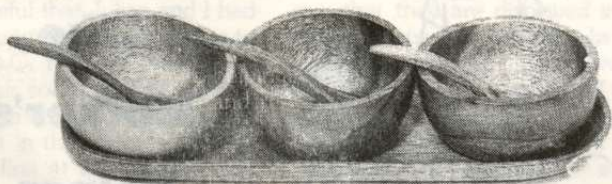
Cup Faces: Use paper or foam cups for a puppet. Slip over a child's hand or fist. Make two round holes in the sides so two fingers may stick out for arms. Paste or draw faces on the side. For a girl puppet, glue a piece of fabric around the bottom for a skirt.

Bag Masks: Children will love making up brown paper bag masks. Circles are cut out for the eyes and then faces drawn on with crayons.

Catalog Fun: A mail-order catalog, a roll of cellophane tape, scissors and toothpicks can provide hours of fun. Cut out the pictures to make a family and their friends. Use the toothpicks and tape to build beds, chairs, tools, etc., for these catalog people to use. —MNB

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DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

accident, it causes us to think about the way that we use our roads. The statistics of automobile fatalities mount higher every day. It almost seems as though we become totally unable to really think about so many people killed and injured. But, when someone you love is the victim of such an accident our minds start thinking about them.

"Please be careful when you drive," I now tell everybody I know. And yet, being careful is often not enough. The police said that there was nothing Allen could have done to avoid the crash which took his life. And what was the cause of the accident? It was drunkenness. Over and over again it has been proven that drunken driving is one of the most irresponsible and potentially damaging crimes a person can commit. Around Calgary, the police often have road checks to determine if there are drinking drivers on the road. I try to never grumble when I am held up and lose a little bit of time when I am stopped. The fight for safe driving is one of the best fights going.

As I start this new school year, I have many plans and hopes. The next time I write, I will tell you all about my energetic and creative students. Until then, I hope that all is well and safe with you and yours.

Sincerely,
David Driftmire



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

All hybrid seed is more costly than open-pollinated types but in most cases it is well worth the extra charge. Occasionally, one can get second-generation hybrid seed that is much less expensive and the resulting plants are almost as good as first-generation hybrids. This proved the case with pansies.

Last spring we tried 'Saint Tropez Mixed' pansy seed. This second-generation version of 'Majestic Giants Mixed', proved to be an economical alternative to the higher priced F1 hybrid seed. Our seedlings appeared in two weeks from a late-February sowing and were transplanted outdoors as soon as the soil could be worked. The plants started to bloom in June and continued right through fall. The secret of continued bloom in annual flowers is in keeping spent blooms picked off the plants. Be sure to remove the seed pod when you remove the flower; an annual plant's main intent in life is to reproduce itself by seed and it will keep on trying as long as you prevent it.

Mimulus, the delightful little "monkey flower" that we used generously among pansies, in window boxes, pyramid planters and in every shady nook about the garden, created lots of attention. Everyone wanted to know its name and where seeds could be obtained. "It must be something new," a visitor declared, "because I have never seen it before." Mimulus is a perennial that is best treated as an annual in the north. It has been around a long time but until it had been hybridized, the flowers were not so striking. Park's seed catalog offered two varieties of mimulus, 'Queen's Prize', richly spotted large flowers, and 'Royal Velvet Hybrid', velvety deep maroon flowers with yellow throats.

If you have never grown mimulus, keep it in mind for next spring. It makes a fine companion plant for pansies as it grows about the same height and revels in moist, shady situations. You can start new plants easily from cuttings and we always bring some indoors for winter blooms.

September is the best time to dig and divide peonies and other spring-blooming perennials. Plant peonies in an open, sunny place that has good drainage. The "eyes" should be no lower than two inches below the surface for best results. Iris and day lilies can be dug and divided now. If rainfall is scarce, water all new plantings thoroughly at regular intervals to assure good root growth before cold weather arrives.



Hallie Blackman, Evelyn Birkby and Verlene Looker look perfectly at home as they have their picture taken in front of the microphone.

THE SHARE TREE

by
Linda M. Johnston

Living in a very small town in the rural Midwest, I thought that I'd heard all the possible "my town is so small that . . ." jokes imaginable. Then I realized that Hillsboro, Mo., is so small that it has only one fruit tree—one community fruit tree, anyway.

This pear tree stands alone near the basketball hoop in the town's only park, the Tot Lot, a tiny kiddy park loaned to the town by the adjoining Presbyterian Church. Since the park is only one street away from my house, my two children and I often get our exercise by walking there.

In late summer, the pears begin to ripen and fall off. Almost every pear is eventually used in some way. For rowdy boys playing war games in the concrete culvert pipe, the soft fruit makes splattery grenades. But most are eaten.

One day, while the kids and I were there, a young man on a large tractor was mowing the grass. Twice when he circled close to the tree, he stopped the machine, dismounted, and selected a fresh, unbruised pear.

My one-year-old son, Trent, is probably the unrecognized pear-eating champion of Hillsboro. Every day when we reached the park, my four-year-old daughter, Cory, heads for the swings. Trent, however, dashes for the pear tree as fast as his tiny legs will go. I, knowing that people are not the only pear lovers, hurriedly scoop him up and deposit him back in his stroller, threatening him loudly if he tried to climb out again. Honey bees, red wasps, and yellow jackets are fond of pears, too. I step slowly and carefully through the carpet of browning pears to select a good fruit. Even then, lifting one gingerly, I've often discovered a tiny slug or snail feasting on

the cracked underside.

Each day we go, Trent devours at least one pear—stem, seeds and all if I don't watch closely. I load a few into the basket of the stroller, and they take a bumpy ride home to become thick pear butter or warm pear crisp.

Often, when visiting a friend around pear time, I notice the blushing yellow fruit sitting on a windowsill.

"I didn't know you had a pear tree," I remark.

"Actually, I don't," she replies. "They came from the park. I'm going to make a fresh pear pie this evening."

I smile and nod. The *share tree* really makes me feel a part of the community of Hillsboro and the community of Nature.

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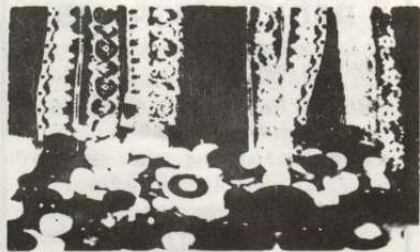
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From Our Family Album



Back in the days when every minute of summer vacation wasn't tightly scheduled, children had a wonderful time making up their own entertainment. Our old family home on Summit Avenue held a wealth of materials just right for trimming and dressing up and playing make-believe during the happy summer hours.

Here is Kristin (Johnson Brase) being pushed by her cousin, Juliana (Verness Lowey), in one of their many creations. I don't know where they unearthed the wheels, but what a grand time they had parading up and down the block on Summit Avenue!

—Lucile

REDEDICATION SERVICE — Concl. and strength in faith this year.

Leader: In LOVE and UNDERSTANDING and FAITH let us look to the year ahead with enthusiasm.

Let your light shine, illuminating all Mankind, though it be but a lowly flame. No beacon bright where dangers may befall

To save great ships and win you lasting fame,

But faint beams flickering over hostile wall

To help a stranger who may become your friend.

And for that little candle's might All glory be to God, source of all light.

—Author Unknown

Closing: Let all form a friendship circle to sing "Cum Ba Ya" or "Blest Be the Tie That Binds".

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
house to entertain our guests." There is some truth in that observation. I always try to teach my animal pets a few tricks. In my pocket are usually a few small dog biscuits to give to the neighbor's dogs when the dogs do what I ask them to do. Animals love to please, and even my cantankerous swans occasionally respond

favorably to commands in the hopes of getting a snack.

Since I don't like to begin a letter with bad news, I'll bring this letter to a close by telling you of a great sadness that has come to our family. This is some of the worst news our family has had in a long time. Allen E. Appleton, David's closest friend of a lifetime, and a young man who has been like a second son to Betty and me, was killed in an automobile accident a few days ago. As I write this letter, I am waiting for David's arrival. He is flying here to be present for the memorial service that we are having for Allen this Sunday. David will speak at the service which I am conducting in the small neighborhood church near Allen's home in Hudson, Mass.

Some people live more in a few years of life than do other people in a long span of years. Allen was such a person—kind, generous, thoughtful, anxious to make his life of benefit to others. In his death, this world has lost a very precious person. All of us have aching hearts, but we know, too that now we have one more close tie with heaven.

Sincerely,

Frederick



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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

still amazed that those enormous animals can leap all the way out of the water. The kids wanted to sit in the front row so they could be splashed by the leaping animals, but Chris and I opted to sit farther back and avoid the water. However, as the afternoon got hotter and hotter, we moved closer and closer to the splash zone.

Until this time, I had managed to restrain myself and stay away from the souvenir vendors. But my willpower collapsed at the Japanese village at Sea World. I have always admired pearls and one of the live exhibits was a pearl diver. This young lady would go down sixteen feet in a huge tank and pluck oysters for the tourists for a nominal fee. I decided to get a pearl. I was delighted when my oyster was opened and I had not one, but two matched pearls. The end result is that I now have pearl earrings.

The high point of the trip for James came when Uncle John took us to the tank museum at Camp Pendleton. James has always been fascinated by machinery of all kinds and to get a chance to climb around on these huge tanks was a real treat for him. There were many kinds of tanks from one-of-a-kind experimental jobs to tanks that are still being used in different parts of the world.



All visitors to the San Diego Zoo are greeted by this enormous koala bear who says that his name is Syd. Katharine Lowey has always loved her stuffed koala bear so, when this big fellow put his arm around her shoulder, he seemed just like an old buddy.

Thursday was for shopping and packing. Friday was home again. We certainly did manage to do a great deal in one week!

When we got home, it seemed as if the vegetable garden had just exploded. Jed said that he had been giving things away right and left and we still had a refrigerator full of produce. I am enjoying the food processor for grating zucchini. (My finger knuckles especially appreciate the processor for doing this job.)

Speaking of squash, the latest home remedy around this part of the country for getting rid of squash bugs is to dust the plants with self-rising flour. I heard this bit of wisdom while standing in line at the post office to mail a tape to Iowa for the Kitchen-Klatter radio program. I was grumbling about squash bugs to the lady in front of me (she is also an avid gardener). The man standing behind us overheard the conversation and offered the flour remedy. I bought some of the flour before returning home and I am heading out to the garden right now.

Until next time,
Juliana

MAY I ALWAYS REMEMBER TO:

Encourage youth,
Find the time,
Keep a promise,
Forego a grudge,
Forgive an enemy,
Listen,
Think first of someone else,
Laugh a little,
Gladden the heart of a child,
Take pleasure in the beauty and wonder
of the earth,
Speak my love,
And speak it once again.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

We finally had Belvah's birthday dinner combined with Kristin's birthday celebration. We had a turkey dinner with all the trimmings and ate on the front porch (where we eat most of our meals in the summer) in spite of the fact there was a bad electrical storm going on.

Frank's sister, Ruth, managed to get a ride to Osceola when her husband, Frank, had a business trip to make in northeast Iowa. She stopped here so she could spend time with Kristin and the boys. Aaron was thrilled because they brought with them Uncle Frank's golf clubs to take home to Andy. Now Aaron and Andy are able to play golf together.

Kristin and the boys had to leave for their home in Wyoming the next day. So, all in all, the month of July was busy and happy at our house. I'm afraid the rest of the summer will seem mighty dull in comparison. Oh yes, the house did get painted.

Until next month,
Dorothy

I SAID A PRAYER FOR YOU TODAY

I said a prayer for you today
And know God must have heard—
I felt the answer in my heart
Although He spoke no word!
I didn't ask for wealth or fame
(I knew you wouldn't mind).
I asked Him to send treasures
Of a far more lasting kind!
I asked that He'd be near you
At the start of each new day,
To grant you health and blessings
And friends to share your way!
I asked for happiness for you
In all things great and small—
But it was for His loving care
I prayed the most of all!

LABOR DAY

(A Responsive Reading)

Leader: O, God, bless this Labor Day. May this national holiday remind us how important and rewarding well-done work can be. May we always remember to thank You for our daily tasks.

Chorus: Our work gives meaning, character, determination, stability, and balance, to our lives. We thank You for the many opportunities we have.

Leader: May we always remember that there is dignity and joy to every job we do.

Chorus: We pray to do each job much better, and to always work toward improving our skills. May we aim our goals much higher, and work unceasingly to reach them.

Leader: Make every day for us a truly rewarding holiday of labor with love. O, God, bless this Labor Day.

All: Amen. —Annette Lingelbach

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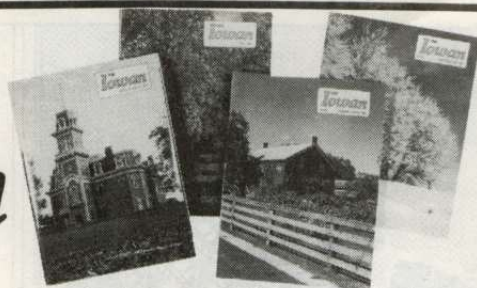
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