

TX1
K57x
C. 2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 46

OCTOBER, 1982

NUMBER 10



83
ST JOSEPH 505

Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$6.00.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1982 by The Driftmier Company

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

My visit with you is the very last magazine item that goes down to our Kitchen-Klatter Plant where we do our own printing, and this month I want to start with a very terse question: "Whatever happened to the summer of 1982?"

I have heard this over and over again from my friends in our own neck of the woods, but I've also read the same comment from our friends scattered far and wide. After a winter with an unprecedented build up of ice, we moved into a summer unequalled for rain, floods, and relentless humidity. Probably the one word that sums it all up is "spotty", since only a few short miles could mean disaster or success for farm families involved. My sympathies have really gone out to all of the radio and television forecasters who have invested tremendous sums of money to get the most complete weather information available—only to be contradicted without warning!

Well, enough of this. I just wanted you folks to know that if you *missed* disaster, I rejoice for you, and if you *met* disaster head-on, my genuine concern goes out to you.

A year ago during the summer and autumn, I spent so much time with Dorothy and Frank at their farm that I summed it up by saying that I was almost like the famous man who came to dinner and just stayed on for keeps. This summer, I made it to Lucas only once, but my visit happened to coincide with Kristin's annual visit. Now, I know that Dorothy mentioned some of these details in her letter, but I also know that any grandparent is hesitant to speak up in too much detail about her grandchildren or, for that matter, about the parent of these grandchildren . . . her very own daughter or son. After all, no one wants to sound as if he were bragging and boasting!

For many, many years, I had seen only brief glimpses of Kristin for the best reason in the world: her trips to Iowa

were made to be with her parents and her much-loved Johnson relatives. Her time was very limited, at best, and she could only make it to Shenandoah for very quick visits with her uncles and aunts who are anchored right here. Consequently, our time with her had been most fleeting.

The fact that my one visit this summer to Dorothy's and Frank's farm coincided with Kristin's visit gave me my first chance to spend real time with her and to get acquainted with the Kristin of today. She is an extremely poised and mature woman, deeply dedicated to her professional responsibilities with all of their complexities, and a mother whose sons adore and respect her. Do you wonder that I felt I could visit with her for hours on end?

By the same token, I found Aaron and Julian extremely interesting. Aaron is fourteen and most boys at this age have one burning goal: to get away from the "old folks" as fast as possible! To my delight, he took many opportunities to settle down for good visits and to tell me the ins-and-outs of how things are today for kids his age. He discussed many ideas he has in mind as he is looking forward to the future, AND (most flattering to me!) what did I think?

Whenever I made a move to wheel out to the front porch or get out to the car in back, Aaron jumped to his feet instantly to be of help. Not once did anyone have to say: "Aaron, get up and help your Aunt Lucile." He simply saw the need and took instant action. All in all, this fourteen-year-old boy made a great impression on me.

And Julian? Well, he is an adorable little boy whose progress through the day was endlessly entertaining. He observes everything very sharply and takes action on it. For example: there is a very tight screen door that opens out to Dorothy's screened-in porch and when you open it wide and let go, it makes a tremendous crash that startles everyone right out of his chair. The first time Julian let the door bang, I jumped and then said: "Julian, when you come through that door could you sort of shut it real easy?" That was all it took. I never heard it crash again.

This may sound trivial, but it shows you how observant Julian is AND how carefully he carries right through. Some of this comes from his wonderfully happy relationship with "Big Brother Aaron" who sets the course, you might say. I've never seen two brothers with such an age difference who got along without a lot of bickering and quarreling—it just seems to be the natural course of things. But Julian and Aaron seem to have missed this, and I don't consider it a happy piece of good fortune. Kristin and Art would never tolerate "fighting and feuding" in their own home, and their



Betty Driftmier and her newest grandchild, Cassie Palo, thoroughly enjoyed each other's company. Cassie is the daughter of Mary Lea (Driftmier) and Vincent Palo.

three sons reflect this attitude.

To sum it all up . . . as a report from "Aunt Lucile" and "Great-Aunt Lucile" have been able to tell you what Dorothy would refrain from saying!

It's taken for granted today that young people move around here and there at a great clip, but it came as a big surprise to us when we learned that, in mid-August, Abigail and Wayne pulled up stakes from their long-time home on Vance Street in Denver and moved to another house in Denver that has features much better suited for the years ahead.

They have invited me to visit them in this new house and I would love to accept, but Denver has become such an enormous and sprawled-out city (a version of Los Angeles, you might say) that I feel nervous at the thought of tackling the traffic. Many lanes of freeways in a city are taken for granted by people who travel them daily and know exactly where to exit, but if you are a stranger and don't know precisely where to turn . . . well, that's another story.

In Clark's letter, he mentioned his change of address in Denver, and when we asked how he had furnished this new apartment he laughed and explained that, "thanks to the Driftmier propensity for saving things", he had had no problem whatsoever since his parents were moving to another house and consequently had leftovers for him!

I laughed when I heard this because it is 100% true. When our old family home was sold after Mother's death, we found box after box filled with photographs and

(Continued on page 22)

EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

Fall has always been my favorite time of year. Rather than being a time of culmination and getting ready for winter hibernation, autumn has always seemed a time of new beginning, a time to get organized and start new projects.

In 1982, this philosophy seems more true than ever before. Perhaps it is because the DiCiccios are eagerly planning on the arrival of another member of our family. Stephen, now two years old, does not quite know what's ahead, but he has noticed Mommy's big tummy.

Our summer slipped by quickly. The two major events were Stephen's birthday party and our trip west to Colorado and New Mexico.

We have a lovely patio and back yard. August 2, 1982, Stephen's birthday, was a perfect day. (Most August days in Virginia are too hot and humid to spend outside.) We had a large gathering—about 35 adults and 12 children.

The highlight of the afternoon was a Mexican *pinata*—a large elephant made of papier-mache—suspended on a rope from a tree in the front yard. Most of the guests had never seen a *pinata*. The kids quickly learned to hit it with a wooden pole, until finally the oldest child knocked it down, throwing candy and small toys on the ground.

The Mexican theme was included in the food served: tacos, guacamole, chili con queso and tortilla chips. For dessert, hand-cranked strawberry ice cream, birthday cake and cookies.

The decorations for the party were helium-filled balloons. Cousin Katharine Driftmier rented the helium tank from a medical laboratory supply house near her office. It took all Sunday morning to blow up over 100 balloons. We strung half of them on ribbons to form a rainbow over the gate to the back yard. The others were tied individually to ribbons and placed around the patio.

Without Katharine, the party simply would not have happened as it did. She came to our house early Saturday morning, left after dinner that night, returned again Sunday morning, and was the last one to leave when the festivities were over. She helped us fix up the patio, bake the cake, clean the house, decorate the cookies and blow up all those balloons—and then cleaned up the kitchen afterwards! Thank you, Katharine!

Luckily, the party is well documented on slides, movies and video, because I



It is obvious that these cousins enjoyed each others' company during the visit they had together in New Mexico. On the left is Stephen, two-year-old son of Emily (Driftmier) and Rich DiCiccio of Arlington, Va. On the right is Lily, two-year-old daughter of Alison (Driftmier) and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. Wayne and Abigail Driftmier of Denver, Colo., are the loving grandparents of these two adorable children.

don't think we'll have the energy to do too many big birthday parties like this one.

Our trip to Colorado and New Mexico put the finishing touch on the summer. As always, we crammed a lot of places into a short period of time. In eight nights, Stephen slept in three different cribs, and was a real trooper.

We caught a direct flight from Washington, D.C., to Denver. That afternoon was spent exploring my parents' new house and watching the ducks play in the irrigation ditch at the bottom of the back yard.

The following day, we went to the Wilmore Nurseries employees' picnic. It was held at one of the Jefferson County "open space parks" in the foothills near Denver. The biggest excitement of the day for Rich, born and raised in Brooklyn, N.Y., was seeing a real, live rattlesnake.

Dad grilled hot dogs and hamburgers for everyone, matched by the usual abundance of potato salad, chips and assorted goodies for dessert.

The major challenge of the picnic was hauling everything about a quarter-mile from the parking lot to the group area. One fellow was in a full leg cast due to knee surgery. The ranger was most uncooperative about letting us drive him in on the service road, so all the men took turns at a foursome who carried him seated in a lawn chair. He was a large, muscular man, over 200 pounds, plus the extra weight of the cast. Getting him in was a lot easier than getting him out after everyone was full of food and tired from a great afternoon!

That evening, we were joined by my

brother, Clark, neighbors from the old Vance Street house, and an old college friend of mine. From the deck of my parents' new house, a spectacular view of Longs Peak can be seen, and the sunset put on quite a show.

Albuquerque was the next stop on the journey. It had been four years since we'd visited the Loweyes, and since I had lived in Albuquerque from 1975 to 1977, I was eager to see family, friends and the scenery again.

We made the usual trek up to Golden to Vera Henderson's shop for Indian jewelry and a kachina, and then north to Santa Fe for more shopping and lunch at "The Shed". The blue corn tortilla enchiladas were as terrific as we had remembered them.

One day, we all jumped into the Lowey's pickup truck and went to the dig, Pottery Mound, that Juliana has been telling you about for several years. It really is more incredible than words can express. The ground is literally carpeted with broken pieces of pottery and on the surface many interesting treasures can be found. That day we found arrowheads and turquoise beads. It was great to put the trowel into the ground, if even for just a few moments.

One evening, Rich, Jed, James and buddies went to a tractor pull. They arrived home in a state of shock and deaf from all the noise. Evidently, specially equipped tractors compete to pull weights. Juliana and I and other wives of the group were thankful we had decided to spend our evening window-shopping in Old Town.

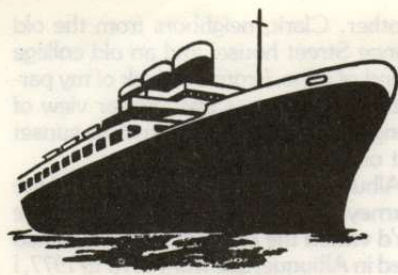
It was particularly nice to see James and Katharine Lowey, whom we had not seen for many years. James and Rich became glued to the video games. Katharine served as our baby sitter for Stephen for our two evenings out—wish she lived near us here in Virginia!

Juliana lent us her car for a three-day trip to Ruidoso Downs to visit my sister, Alison, her husband, Mike Walstad, and daughter, Lily. This was the first time that we had ever made this four-hour drive, which goes through many beautiful changes of scenery from desert to mountains.

We were anxious to see the Walstads' new house, which they call simply a remodeling job. Adding on a living room, kitchen, two bedrooms, bath, hot tub room and two decks is more than a modest "remodeling".

Lily and Stephen are just nine days apart in age, so it was very interesting to see the similarities and differences in their development. A lot can simply be attributed to environment—such as Lily's ease around horses and big dogs, whereas Stephen was frightened of these animals. Some of the basic male-female differences could be the reason for Lily's

(Continued on page 22)



Cruise the World

Luncheon and Bazaar

by
Mabel Nair Brown

"Cruising the World" is a delightful theme for a bazaar and food sale. The church building or hall where this type of event is held needs to provide a number of rooms as well as nooks and crannies in large hallways. Any space which can be divided into areas with the use of screens or curtains could also be utilized.

Plan the countries to be represented around places your membership has visited or where members have contacts. This makes the decorating simpler because friends and relatives usually have souvenirs from these countries. Set up the committees with the particular interests of people in mind. A person who has been to France would undoubtedly enjoy working in the French booth. Someone who likes to do French cooking would be another fine choice to work on that committee. The general chairman could choose a person to be chairman for each country to be represented and then that person could choose her committee to assist in the decorating, preparing and arranging the food for that section, and to plan the costumes the hostesses wear.

It should be clear that the entire membership is involved to help prepare food, make bazaar items, bring white elephants and assist on various general committees (making coffee and tea, taking turns welcoming and making change, etc.). If the working hours for members are divided up, it will prevent any person becoming burdened with too much responsibility.

A "Cruise Director" could be appointed to be in charge of greeting guests as they arrive and direct them to the various countries they can visit. If she can dress like an airline or cruise ship director, it would add to the fun. A badge can be made stating "Cruise Director" for her to wear.

The general committee will need to decide if a general admission should be charged which would include food served in the various country areas, or if everything should be priced individually. Each country's booth can have its own cashier or each can make out sales slips and one general cashier can take the money for all purchases near the exit door.

When arranging the sequence of countries, it might be well to keep in mind the order in which the food might best be eaten—although guests often look at everything first and then go back to buy

what they want. Be certain to have enough electric hot plates, broiler ovens, woks, Crock Pots, etc., to keep the hot food hot. Check the wall outlets so fuses don't get blown in the process!

This type of event is for the purpose of raising money, but it is also a plan which can be a great deal of fun. If committees and responsibilities are shared, it should not be a burden on anyone.

Some suggestions for countries and the development of their areas are:

India: Hostesses wear saris. Carved wooden trays, boxes, trivets, fine brassware and bright India-print fabrics would be lovely as decorations. Burning incense would lend atmosphere. Locate the Candle Shoppe of your bazaar here. Curried fruit and kabobs might be offered for sale.

Holland: Delft blue is the color to feature along with wooden shoes, Dutch tiles and tulips. Let the room feature the Dutch Flower Shoppe where house plants are offered for sale. An extra special attraction might be tulips, hyacinths and crocus bulbs potted for winter forcing for sale in the shop. Food offered for sale might be the popular "Dutch letters", apple bread and coffee. If possible, hostesses wear Dutch peasant dresses with the typical white bonnets.

China: Chopsticks, fans, figurines, vases, bowls, coolie hats and mats will give the Chinese look. Offer a wok-cooked vegetable as the food. The garden produce and country eggs could be sold here. Fortune cookies might also be for sale.

Switzerland: Feature a Swiss Candy Shoppe where homemade candies are sold. Also, serve hot chocolate. Ask a local travel agency to loan large posters which show the lovely mountains and lakes of Switzerland to use in decorating.

Ireland: Leprechauns, shamrocks, Blarney stones and potatoes will help set the mood. Here the Irish lassies will be selling linens—place mats, pillowcases, hot-pad holders, tea towels, etc. For the food, serve a casserole using potatoes.

Mexico: Sombreros and the Mexican pinatas and pottery are ideas to use in decorations. Indian corn, gourds, dried weed arrangements and seedpods are some of the items to offer for sale. Several pinatas might be made ready so that the children might buy chances to

try to break them at specified times during the bazaar. There are many different kinds of Mexican finger foods which might be sold. Tacos and popcorn would be appropriate foods to sell here. Bright full skirts, peasant blouses and lacy mantillas will make pretty señoritas of your hostesses.

Sweden: Use the popular Swedish colors of blue and yellow and some of the little wooden Swedish horses and other wood figurines in the decorations. Set up a Swedish Bake Shoppe where the baked products of your bazaar are sold. Rolls, cookies and coffee might be sold.

Japan: Japanese parasols, Japanese wall hangings, mats, bamboo items, fans and tissue paper chrysanthemums, will lend the proper atmosphere. Set the scene as a Japanese teahouse or garden with hostesses wearing kimonos with big mums in their hair. Various kinds of stuffed toys could be sold in this room.

France: Needlework and aprons are the bazaar items offered for sale here. If food is offered, it might be a French pastry. A lavish use of posters of French tourist attractions, along with ceramics and other art works can set the atmosphere for a visit to gay Paree. It would also be appropriate to set up a sidewalk cafe.

Hawaiian decor would go nicely in a hallway. While Hawaii is a state rather than a country, it is one of the most popular tour spots and it does offer the opportunity for such lovely decorations—leis, seashells, fish nets, fresh fruits and the lavish use of flowers. Chunks of fresh fruit served from a huge glass bowl (or a bowl made from a watermelon) would be just the right touch to offer for sale here. Serve in the small, clear plastic ice cream cups. Let the hostesses wear colorful muumuus, flower leis, and flowers in the hair. The odds and ends or white elephant items could be sold in this area.



FUND-RAISER IDEA

About ten years ago, the Bible study group in our church started having coffee parties in the church basement. We meet every Thursday morning from 9 to 11 o'clock. Those on the committee bring rolls, bars, doughnuts or whatever they wish to go with the coffee.

Our group is a small United Methodist Women's organization and all those who are able take turns being on the serving committee. People from other towns also come to meet friends and visit. A dish is placed on each table and the people can stay as long as they want and contribute what they wish.

—Mrs. Lloyd Champine

LETTER FROM EUGENIE STROM

Dear Friends:

It's been quite awhile since Martin or I have written a letter for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. Many events have come and gone but there is one recent, significant event that I wish to share with you in this letter, a two-week trip to the Southwest with twelve young people, members of our 7th-12th grade Youth Fellowship here at Bethlehem United Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minn. (Actually our complete group has expanded to include five young people from another church here in town, three of whom went on this trip.)

Each summer the youth group goes on a camping retreat. This May, when plans were being made, California was suggested and we said, "Well, why not?" So everyone got busy with group money-making activities. Aside from the high cost of gasoline, funds were needed to rent two large station wagons. Quite a bit of money had to be raised in a hurry since the first of May the Youth Fellowship had only \$64. Projects included a carwash, taco and burrito stand, and a yard sale. One of the fathers gave us a new microwave oven for a raffle. Each person contributed a certain amount besides the big projects, so the kids mowed lawns, washed windows, babysat, washed dishes, did farm chores, cleaned out eaves and did any extra jobs that could be found. Our congregation was extremely supportive of these work projects.

One of the main objectives for this trip was to show these young people as much of our beautiful country as possible in two weeks time. Many of the youth had not traveled much, so it was a marvelous adventure for them.

Sunday, July 18, finally arrived. After our morning worship service, we drew the winner of the microwave oven. Martin and I each got behind the wheel of a station wagon as the young people kissed their parents goodbye and climbed in. Away we drove south to Shenandoah, Iowa, where the first night was spent at Martin's parents, Margery and Oliver Strom.

Sleeping bags were spread all over the floor. The next morning, Margery fixed us a big breakfast and we were on our way. From Shenandoah, we drove across Nebraska and into Colorado. Our second night was spent at the home of Martin's aunt and uncle, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier. Wayne and Abigail were away at the time, but their son, Clark, was there to greet us and to bring in several large pizzas for supper. They were delicious and quickly devoured.

Early Tuesday morning found us headed into the Rocky Mountains. This was an exhilarating experience. None of

the kids had seen mountains before. We drove through the 1½-mile long Eisenhower Tunnel and then up and over Loveland Pass. These Minnesotans played in snow in July wearing shorts and loved it!

The drive continued south through the mountains, crossed into New Mexico and we arrived in Albuquerque in time for supper at Jed and Juliana Lowey's. After spending the night in a nearby church, our group retraced their steps to Juliana's for breakfast.

Wednesday morning started early. We drove west through the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest to Meteor Crater and on to Flagstaff, Ariz., then north to the Grand Canyon. It was late afternoon when we arrived, but the group had a good opportunity to view the Canyon's awesome wonders. We ate our picnic supper in the station wagons, then returned to watch a magnificent sunset over the Grand Canyon. That night was spent in a church in Flagstaff.

Early Thursday morning, our wagons full of young people drove west again. The kids did not enjoy driving through the hot desert nearly as much as they had the cool mountains; it was indeed a very warm day. For both Martin and myself, it was especially difficult to end a long, hot day of driving by coping with the Los Angeles freeways! Tired but excited, we finally arrived at Seal Beach where my dad's cousin and his wife live. They took us grocery shopping for our supper. I mention this because we enjoyed a wonderful meal of a great variety of fresh California fruit, cheese and crackers. The night was spent in their church in Seal Beach.

Disneyland was the destination for Friday's activities. That evening most of the kids went swimming. Those who didn't (myself included) opted to remain at the church and go to sleep early.

Saturday morning, we drove south

along the Pacific Ocean, stopping at a beach to let the kids have their first encounter with an ocean. They thought it was great! They loved the waves but did not care for the salt. Around noon, our caravan drove into San Diego. Arriving at the church where we would spend the night, we were met by members of their youth group. They joined us for a visit to the world-famous San Diego Zoo.

Sunday morning was a very special time for all of us. Our young people had worked on Bible study assignments all week so as to prepare the Sunday worship. Each segment of the service was to be based on the Scriptures assigned. The three youngest girls were responsible for selecting hymns and preparing special music. The two youngest boys were responsible for writing the introit, benediction and all the prayers; others wrote a responsive reading and three wrote the sermon. Sunday morning, seated in the back yard of the church, joined by the local pastor and their youth group, a wonderful service was shared. I only wish their parents could have heard them.

After our worship service, swimming in the Pacific was once again enjoyed. This time, we rented Boogie Boards (small styrofoam boards used for body-surfing). The kids would wade out with these boards and when a large wave came rolling along, they would jump on the Boogie Board and ride in.

Lunch, a nice long nap in the church, and supper were completed. Then we loaded up the cars and drove east through the deserts of southern California and southern Arizona. The kids took turns staying awake to keep the drivers awake. We arrived in Tucson, Ariz., very early Monday morning. After finding the church where we were to stay, we unloaded the cars, had a good breakfast and set out for another day of new adventures. The stops included San

(Continued on page 19)



This group of happy young people from the Bethlehem United Church of Christ of Maple Lake, Minn., toured the southwestern part of the United States. On their return home, they stopped to have supper and a very early breakfast at the home of Juliana and Jed Lowey in Albuquerque. Juliana snapped this picture just before they all piled into the two station wagons and headed for home.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It's raining here tonight, a nice gentle rain, the kind that is welcome if you are needing rain, but we don't need it. Rain is something we have had far too much of in our section of Iowa this year. Frank commented the other night that this is the first time in the 85 years that the Johnson family has lived on this farm that there has been no corn grown on the land. Not one single full week went by all summer without rain.

We were finally able to get some hay put up. One day, when the weather forecast sounded good, our renter came over and mowed the hay; that night we had a 3½-inch rain! Such is the life of a farmer.

On the positive side, the pastures have stayed nice and green and we haven't had to worry about whether the cattle are getting enough to eat. There has also been a lush growth of weeds everywhere. Frank has been busy daily with the brush cutter trying to keep them mowed. Some of the weeds are really beautiful at this time of year—the fluffy purple balls on the thistles, the lovely plumes of the goldenrod, the brilliant yellow daisy-like blooms of the Spanish needles, carpenter square and wild artichokes. They all make gorgeous fall flower arrangements, along with a few cattails.

Since I last wrote to you, the town of Lucas has had their annual celebration which they call "John L. Lewis Days" since that famous man was born in Lucas during the period when there were several big coal mines in operation here. The festivities included a parade, the park was set aside for a flea market, free entertainment continued off and on during the day, and a program and dance was held at night. For hungry visitors, a free watermelon feed was included and the community workers served food all day in the community hall.

On the second day of the celebration, a school reunion was arranged for all those who ever attended school here. Those who were present spent the afternoon visiting.

Every year in August, the National Hot Air Balloon Championships are held in Indianola, Iowa, which isn't far from Lucas. One year I went with a group of friends real early in the morning—the balloons usually go up about 6:00 or 6:30 A.M. when the weather conditions are right. On the day we went, the breeze was more than ten miles an hour, so the balloons never did go up. So, the next time I went was in the evening when we did get to see a few go up in competition.



Floating quietly above the trees of central Iowa, this blue and yellow balloon participated this year in the National Hot Air Balloon Championships held in Indianola, Iowa.

This year, Dorothea Polser and I decided to go to Indianola to watch the mass ascension. As many as 200 balloons were to be in the air at the same time. The hot-air balloons used are so beautiful and make a spectacular sight when many lift off at once. The weather was fine for taking off, but the field they were using was too muddy for the many pickups used to assist the balloonists, so only eleven went up at one time. If we had waited until the next evening to attend, we would have seen at least a hundred in the air at once.

We had a nice visit with our friend, Chris Hirsch, who lives on a farm three miles from Indianola. She came to town and ate dinner with us and to watch the ascension. The Hirschs live just far enough from town that balloons often land in their pasture. One of the balloons took off from their pasture this year and their daughter, Pam, who was visiting from California, rode to town in the gondola.

When we were standing next to the fence waiting and watching the crews fill the balloons for takeoff, some people standing next to us started to cheer as the first big blue balloon started up. I asked them if they were relatives of the owner. They said the two girls who owned it live in an apartment next to

them. (I don't recall the name of the city where they live, but I remember it was a considerable distance from Indianola.)

Another interesting type of balloon we saw was one filled with smoke. I wasn't close enough to be certain from what material the bag was made, but it looked like canvas. It took a long time to fill with smoke. There was no basket in which to ride, so when it was ready for takeoff, the man who road it into the air was hanging from the bottom—I suppose with a strap of some kind. He had on a parachute, and when the balloon had gone as high as the warm smoke could take it, and the man on the bottom was a mere dot, he let loose. I was holding my breath, but his parachute did open and he floated down. Before long the balloon bag turned wrong side out and fell to the ground. It was quite a sight to witness.

Smoke is one of the first methods of heating air in ballooning. Today, "burners" fill the balloons with hot air and keep it hot. The balloonist's association is grateful to this man who keeps the earliest method alive.

When I was in high school, we had a croquet set at home and I remember one summer our friends came every afternoon to play croquet. It was a lot of fun. We even had tournaments. Two summers ago, when Kristin and the boys were here, she remembered that when she was a little girl we had a set. It had probably been thirty years ago and I vaguely remembered it. I didn't recall ever giving it away, so we started looking for it. Sure enough, on a shelf way up high in one of the sheds, we found the box still in one piece. The mallets and balls are in a little cart with wheels, and the set is as good as new. Kristin and the boys played with it that summer and again this past summer, so now we leave it out where it is easily accessible.

Croquet always seems like a children's game, so I was very interested in an article printed recently in our Des Moines paper. It was all about the game, when it started, how popular it was in the 1920's, how many famous people years ago were croquet fanatics and played very seriously. Today, it is becoming more and more popular in the United States as a regular sport. So, get your old croquet set out, dust off the cobwebs as we did, find a book of rules and start the grandchildren, children and yourselves out with an old, but fun, game.

I'm going to spend the rest of this evening looking for some interesting and different food to serve at club. Norma Pim and I are going to have a Birthday Club luncheon in a few days. This is always a wonderful opportunity for me to test recipes, so I told Norma I would think of something tonight and get together with her tomorrow to discuss it.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

THE MIDAS TOUCH

The Midas touch is everywhere;
Our world is turning gold.
The yellow leaves that flutter down
Are gorgeous to behold.

No golden coins could give us
A wonder half so rare.
I fill my hands with Nature's gold;
I'm rich with wealth to spare.

The Midas touch in Nature's hand
Gives happiness to all.
We find that we are truly blessed
When summer turns to fall.

—Ruth Townsend

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

There is a gentle rain falling outside which is much needed on our dry Wisconsin earth. It is not doing its good works, however, without two interesting results: a strange migrating bird has taken shelter in our open garage and has not been able to get itself out again, and our oldest cat, Simba, who lives outdoors as much as her stiff joints will allow, has given up her safe haven of the garage due to the intimidating presence of this bird.

Simba is circling the window boxes and every little ledge around the house in the hope of gaining an entrance somewhere. Right now, she is sitting outside the glass doors which make up the entire south wall of our dining room and is peering past her reflection to catch my eye so that I will take pity on her and slide open the screen. Her freeloading friend, Morris, has sought protection in the neighbor's garage where he spends the majority of his time, so he has solved his own problem with the wet weather.

The wetness is just a preview of the dilemma which faces all of us as winter draws closer. The younger boy cats, who live entirely inside the house, have grown into full-sized, well-muscled young men cats and their favorite pastime, after eating, is chasing Simba. She blusters and hisses frightfully at them, but they have no fear of her any more. As a team, they have some marvelous strategies of tease-the-cat worked out between themselves and, as a result, they make her life inside the house pretty unpleasant.

Simba has discovered that her greatest safety lies in being with me—especially at night. She is on my feet like a lead weight and when Duke and Rover get tired of dozing, they commence their nightly airborne games over her head and our bed. Donald pretty much sleeps through all of the jungle sounds that can be heard through the night but such is not my good fortune. Adrienne has learned to insure herself a good night's sleep by closing her door; Paul learned this bit of wisdom long ago. The basement has a sturdy door at the head of the stairs, which may make it just the safe harbor Simba needs. If the neighbors throw Morris out of their garage when winter settles in with earnest, the next question is what to do with two old cats in the basement.

Mentioning the fact that the ground was dry, reminds me that I have not told you about my new trees. With the massive trees our house is huddled under, it seems strange I would intentionally seek out more trees, but that is exactly what I have done. The real estate



Adrienne, daughter of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, celebrated her 22nd birthday at home. The flowers were a gift from a neighbor and the geode bookends behind the flower vase came from her brother, Paul.

man has been successful in selling my mother's home in Anderson, Ind., and with it has gone all of my claims on the beautiful 32-year-old ginkgo trees which my father planted in the yard. The growing season in central Indiana is long enough that in this period of time these trees had come to dominate the yard and were, in my judgment, the most interesting trees in the neighborhood. They are unique for their unusual upright growth, their beautiful fan-shaped leaves and their imperviousness to disease. They were originally grown in the Orient and have a history of survival that beats any other tree known to man.

Since those ginkgo trees are such favorites of mine, I determined to find two of my own and see if my luck at growing them could equal my father's. It took extensive searching because these varieties are not popular trees since they provide almost no shade. I wrote brother-in-law Wayne in Denver for help in locating the ginkgo trees and, thanks to his knowledge of the nursery business, it took him no time at all to put me in touch with nurseries in this area where I could purchase them. Now within sight of every window on the back side of the house, we can all enjoy two young ginkgo trees.

Don and I managed to find space where the new trees could shoot straight up toward the sun with no limbs from any nearby trees blocking their paths. The trees came balled and burlapped and it appeared that it would not be an easy task to plant them. Imagine my chagrin when a man close to his seventies came with a college boy, whom he was training, to muscle these 12-foot-tall trees into his quickly dug holes. There is no dismissing the fact that the daily use of his mus-

cles helped him complete his task, but I did feel out of shape as I watched him tackle the planting.

I asked for, but failed to get in writing, the requirement that these trees be male and not female trees so I shall have to wait now until spring to see if my verbal request was honored. Female ginkgo trees have a very nasty odor associated with the fruit which they bear and the smell can almost run a person out of the neighborhood much less just the yard.

Two points of interest are vying for my free time these days. I have gone on a knitting binge after finding an Icelandic Lopi wool, Norwegian-style pattern which everyone in the family loves. I started out to make another super-warm sweater for Paul to wear at his subzero meat-packing plant job, but I neglected to keep my yarn loose enough. As a result, the poor boy's arms were almost locked down at his sides by the tightness through the yoke, so I started another sweater in a larger size. This time, I worked the pattern more loosely and when it was completed, I decided to give it to Donald for his birthday. Following this, I started Paul yet another sweater, same pattern, which by now I was doing with the ease of a pro. Sister Marjorie requested the same pattern but in a different yarn and different color combinations, so that was done. Adrienne and I are going to share and wear the too-small sweater because it is just right for a woman.

The other major interest in my life is my new electronic typewriter. It isn't the Rolls Royce of the industry which I had longed to buy, but it is a machine which has the most features similar to a word-processor without paying a word-
(Continued on page 18)



Catching Up With Clark

Dear Friends:

When my last letter in this magazine ended, I was returning to California from a rugged, hot, and totally wonderful vacation down to the Baja peninsula in Mexico. Both Don, my traveling buddy, and I agreed that it was one of the finest trips we had ever taken. What's more, his little pickup truck performed flawlessly on the bumpy, beaten roads. We wanted to stay longer and explore new wonders in Baja California, but we had to return to Los Angeles. I silently vowed that someday I would return to the "Magic Peninsula".

For me, the return to my home in California provided but a brief rest, for within a week I had to pack all my possessions for a 2,000-mile move across the country to eastern Illinois. There, near the small, euphonic-sounding city of Kankakee, my next nursery internship was to take place.

First, I had to load a rental trailer with my steadily growing pile of personal belongings, which included a respectable collection of cactus, succulents, and other tropical plants, all of which I collected during my stay in California. Packing the plants proved quite a chore, given the prickly personalities of my cactus specimens and the fragile condition of some of the more exotic plants in my potted menagerie. When the trailer and my little car were filled, the sheer mass of the load weighted the vehicle down to the point where it looked like a genuine Mexican "low-rider" car as I cruised slowly out of Los Angeles.

Just out of the city, I limped over Cajon Pass. ("Cajon" very aptly means "coffin.") Then I entered the vast Mojave Desert with its scorching summer heat, and I felt like I was in a coffin as gnarled bushes and Joshua trees leered at me through the shimmering, motionless air. That night, the pine trees and cool evening breezes of southwest Utah provided some relief from the sweltering heat. The next day, I skirted the mesas and Canyonlands of central Utah, then found the Colorado River and followed its verdant course up into the high Rockies. There, among the spruce trees and steep grades of Vail Pass, my poor little rodent of a car almost quivered to a permanent halt. But somehow it (and I) found the strength to push on over the Continental Divide, and sometimes between the end of the "Tonight Show" and the start of the "Today Show" I sputtered into Denver.

At my parents' home in Denver, I stored all but a few essentials, saving just



Clark Driftmier, son of Abigail and Wayne Driftmier of Denver, Colo., discovered the joy of canoeing on the rivers of Illinois during his 4-month internship at the Kankakee Nursery.

enough items to last me four months, then continued on towards Kankakee, Ill. I stopped overnight in Shenandoah, as I always do whenever I travel east or west through Iowa. It seems that no matter where I wander, or how long I'm away from Shenandoah, there's always a warm meal and even warmer companionship awaiting me in that lovely town. My relatives in Shenandoah: the Howard Driftmiers, the Oliver Stroms, and Lucile Verness have always treated me like their own son. A welcome visit to Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank Johnson in Lucas occurred the next day, then it was on to eastern Illinois.

I settled into a comfortable apartment just outside Kankakee, and began a four-month period of working and learning at Kankakee Nursery Company. The owners of the nursery, Phil and Bob Worth, were extremely generous and patient with me as I struggled to learn the complex and fascinating process of producing field-grown shade trees, junipers, and shrubs. They showed me all of the many steps in successful plant production, from planting the seedlings and grafting on special varieties of trees, to pruning and shaping the young trees, to the final step of digging them from the field and preparing them for sale.

At any large nursery like Kankakee Nursery Co., the bigger trees are dug with a self-propelled, tree-digging machine. This ingenious device has four big metal blades that cut into the ground around the tree, extracting a symmetrical ball of dirt and roots. With smaller trees and shrubs, the balls are cut and shaped by hand using a long-bladed shovel. I found the machine easy to master and use, but hand digging proved to be quite a tricky art, one which I never really mastered, at least not as completely as my co-workers in the field. These hard-working laborers, mostly Mexican "campesinos", from the border region near Brownsville, Tex., could wield shovels with great skill and quickly fash-

ion dirt balls as perfect as diamonds.

I learned a great deal from the field laborers and found, as I did in California, that a knowledge of Spanish was an invaluable asset to my nursery training. If I hadn't understood Spanish, it would have been quite lonely and frustrating working in the fields among an all-Spanish-speaking crew. As it was, I could learn by instruction as well as by watching, and I could enjoy listening to their wry jokes and witty observations about life as foreigners among the "gringos".

My own life among the "Illini" (that is the Illinoisians) was quite different than life in California. Gone were the beaches and the freeways, the yachts and endless housing tracts. In their place were emerald fields and country roads, canoes and rowboats and stately homes set in firm foundations. Of course I was seeing the rural side of Illinois, not the cosmopolitan cityscape of Chicago, but that suited me just fine. I had lived life "in the fast lane" in California, and was ready for a calmer, less frenetic life style. And friends, you can't get much less frenetic than the farmlands of eastern Illinois.

Since I couldn't very easily go mountaineering, my favorite Colorado sport, or body-surfing at the beach, my favorite California sport, I found a new sport and a natural treasure near Kankakee which neither Denver nor Los Angeles could provide—the lovely meandering rivers of the Midwest, which are perfect for canoeing. In this new sport, I was much aided and advised by Bob Worth's two sons, Dick and Steve, both young nurserymen my age who are experienced canoeists. They gave me maps, showed me the best spots near Kankakee to go canoeing (of which there are many), and patiently listened to my not-so-hair-raising tales of adventure after I returned from rivers like the Fox and the Iroquois.

Living in Kankakee put me within two hundred miles of my Uncle Donald Driftmier and his family in Wisconsin, whose home I had never visited. He and Aunt Mary Beth most graciously invited me up to their place for Thanksgiving, an offer which neither my family affections nor my bachelor stomach could refuse. I spent a marvelous weekend with them at their Delafield home, and became reacquainted with cousins Paul and Adrienne. Paul is a guy even I look up to: at 6 ft. 5 in. he has the most generous supply of the Driftmier height genes. And Adrienne—well, she seems to have acquired or stolen a large share of the family genes for beauty and personality. The fact that she's a fellow graduate of Northwestern University only serves to heighten my esteem for her.

It was difficult for me to leave the warmth of the Driftmier home in Wisconsin, but I had to return to finish my intern-

(Continued on page 18)

A PAPER SACK PARTY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

This is a masked party that is sure to be a riot. Notify all of the invited guests to wear a paper-bag costume, including mask. Large garment bags of paper—cleaner bags, grain feed bags, etc.—can be slipped on for the costume after cutting a hole for the head and arms. Decorate a large grocery bag as a scary Halloween monster head, cutting holes for eyes and mouth, then slip it on as a mask. You'll find it is really hard to identify a paper-sacked, paper-masked guest.

Number each guest as he or she arrives. Provide paper and pencils and award a prize to the person who can identify the most "sacked-up" people correctly.

Handshake: As guests arrive, give each one a small bag which he is to wear on his hand as he shakes hands with other guests. As a guest's bag wears out, he (or she) drops out of the game. Finally, only one handshaker will remain to claim the prize. Guests will soon see that they should try to tear and demolish another's bag-mitten without demolishing their own.

Sack Ball: Weight a large paper sack down with stones and stand it on the floor. Players form a large circle around this sack. Players take turns throwing a rubber ball so it will bounce once before landing in the sack. Each person may try three times. Each successful throw wins five points. Total scores after several rounds of this game.

Paper Sack Relay: Players form two lines. First one in each line is given two large sacks. At leader's signal, they place a sack on each foot, then run to the opposite goal and back, remove sacks and hand to next player in line who does likewise. The first line to finish wins a small sack of jelly beans to share.

Paper Sack Partners: Tie pieces of blue yarn to numbered slips of paper. Conceal in a paper bag. In another bag, place like numbers attached to pink yarn. Each woman pulls a pink yarn, and each man a blue one. They match numbers to find their partner.

Air Sacks: Each couple blows up a sack and fastens it with a rubber band. They then toss it into the air and try to keep it in the air and keep it from touching the floor without touching it—just blowing it about. If the sack touches the floor, that couple is out of the game. The couple who can keep their sack up the longest wins a balloon.

Refreshments: Serve food from sacks packed as "sack lunches". Sandwiches, fruit, cookies or any finger food will do nicely. A can of pop in each sack would eliminate the need for cups and poured drinks.



October is a fun time for dress-up events for both children and parents. Alison Driftmier Walstad made little Lily look just like a doll in this costume. The picture really should be in color, for Lily is wearing a bright red outfit. Her face has round red cheeks painted on. Alison's smile shows that she is as proud of the results as is Lily.

JACK-O'-LANTERN SKIT

(An Exercise for Fun)

This exercise may be done by any age group. Use greatly exaggerated actions and motions for a fine program stunt. Ten people line up across the stage. Each one carries a lighted jack-o'-lantern. The dialogue may be read by a narrator or recited by the "lanterns" in unison.

As the "jack-o'-lanterns" arrive on stage and take their places, they begin the skit by holding jack-o'-lantern pumpkins high to right, then left, then right as they give a mournful "Whooo-whooo-whooo." This can also be done between each couplet.

All or Narrator: (After saying their first "Whooo-whooo-whooo.") Ten little jack-o'-lanterns standing in a line, one heard an owl hoot—then there were nine. (Owl is heard hooting off stage, and one runs off with frightened expression.)

Nine: Nine little jack-o'-lanterns wondered about their fate, one saw a ghost and fainted—then there were eight. (One appears to see a ghost off stage, faints and is carried off by backstage helpers.)

Eight: Eight little jack-o'-lanterns spied a witch high up near heaven, one thought she thrust her broom at him—then there were seven. (One acts as if struck by a broom and goes off groaning.)

Seven: Seven little jack-o'-lanterns tried a brew to mix, one drank so much he turned green, and then there were six. (One bends over as if in pain and exits rapidly.)

Six: Six little jack-o'-lanterns did some

fancy jive, one flipped his lid and then there were five. (Flips lid off pumpkin and exits.)

Five: Five little jack-o'-lanterns grinned bigger than before, one smiled so wide his face cracked, then there were four. (All grin bigger and wider, and then one gives out a "whopper-jawed" grin and exits.)

Four: Four merry little lanterns chased black cats in glee, one stepped on a cat's tail and then there were three. (Pantomime chasing about, one steps on imaginary cat's tail and flees in fright.)

Three: Three little jack-o'-lanterns, hot and hotter grew, till one burned up his wick, then there were two. (Puff and sputter, then one quickly blows out candle and exits.)

Two: Two little jack-o'-lanterns had the greatest fun, till one saw a swooping bat, then there was one. (Pantomime fleeing from bats.)

One: Of all ten little jack-o'-lanterns now there's only one. "Boo!" said a goblin—then there was none. (Offstage "boo" and jack-o'-lantern yells in terror and runs out.)

(Someone walks across stage carrying a big placard on which is printed "That's all, folks!")

This can be a hysterically funny skit, with a bit of practice.

—Virginia Thomas

HALLOWEEN GAMES

Fortunetelling games lend spice to any Halloween party. Here are a few suggested games for yours:

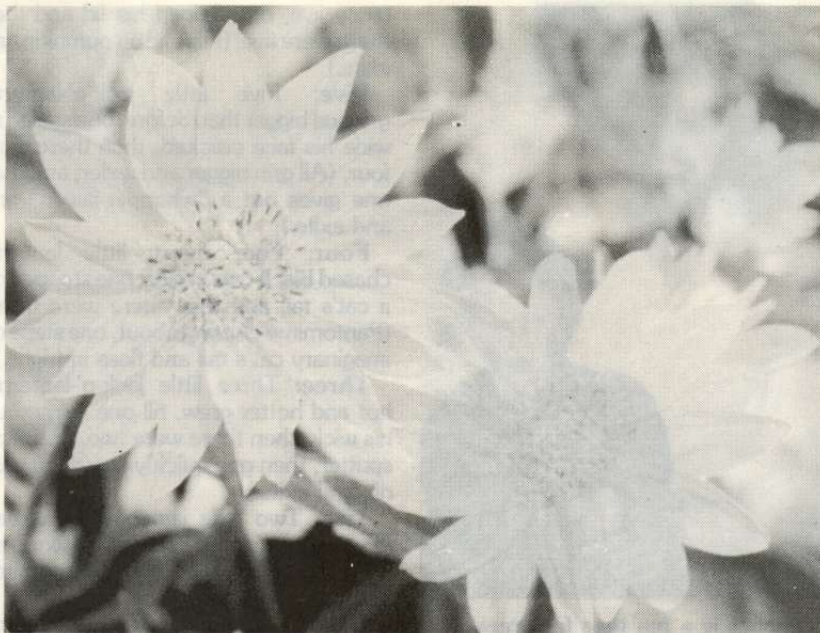
Bobbing for Apple Fortunes: Draw symbolic signs on apples with a marking pen or write items and fasten to apple with a rubber band. Dollar sign forecasts riches, an airplane—travel, wedding ring—marriage, etc.

Fortune Search: Ask guests to search for a penny, a thimble, and a ring which have been hidden prior to the party. Finder of the ring is to be married first, the thimble, unmarried state in life, and the penny predicts wealth.

Bowl of Prophecy: Place three glass bowls on a table. Each player is blindfolded, turned around and then sent towards the table. One bowl is filled with clear water, one with soapy water and the other is empty. With outstretched hands, the player touches one of the bowls. The clear water indicates a happy marriage, soapy water forecasts unhappiness, and the empty bowl means they will not marry at all.

Pumpkin Dodging: Suspend a heavy cardboard or art tissue pumpkin with heavy cord in a doorway and set it swinging. Each guest in turn is blindfolded and told to walk through the doorway without being touched by the pumpkin. Those who escape being hit are rewarded.

—Vivian M. Preston



While Jeff Birkby assures us that these balsamroot flowers are not as striking as the lady's-slipper orchid he mentions in the accompanying article, it is still one of the many gorgeous wildflowers found growing during Montana's brief but spectacular springs and summers.

Wildflower Psychology by Jeff Birkby

A year ago last spring, I found a wild orchid. Now, wild orchids aren't all that hard to find in the forests of Montana but this particular species of orchid was special—the real queen of Montana's wildflowers.

On that particular day, I had been bicycling up the historic gulches south of Helena in an area where miners a century earlier had made fortunes wrestling gold from the mountain stream beds. After topping a steep hill, I stopped to rest near a stand of young Douglas firs. There, near my resting place, I spotted my first lady's-slipper orchid (called *Cypripedium montanum* by botanists who dream in Latin). I've spent six years in Montana, and studied botany professionally for three of those, and yet I still experience the innocent wonder of a child when I first discover a new species of flower—new colors to observe, odors to inhale, intricate symmetries and forms to touch and visually memorize.

This new discovery had much about it to savor. Unlike the smaller and more common fairy-slipper orchid, this lady's-slipper stood over a foot high on a leafy stalk. Three dark bronze petals were delicately twisted around a brilliant white nectar pouch. Deep inside this pouch lay the sugary nourishment sought by small bees and other insects that passed through a tiny opening at the top of the pouch, fertilizing the flower with previously gathered orchid pollen in the process. The thought of this beautifully formed flower surviving and blooming in the rugged mountains of Montana in-

creased its beauty in my mind—easily ten times more impressive than the beribboned tropical monstrosity I'd shyly given my high school heartthrob a decade ago at the Sidney, Iowa, Junior Prom.

Because of the rarity of these orchids, I was loath to pick and press it to add to my collection at home. However, I promised myself that I would return the following day with my camera and photograph the flower, preserving its image, if not the orchid blossom itself.

Unfortunately, I didn't return the next day, or the next. In fact, I didn't get back to the hillside where the orchid grew until a week later. By that time the petals had dried and withered, and the lovely white pouch that had welcomed hungry insects only days earlier was now wrinkled and brown.

Although I was saddened at missing my chance to photograph the orchid, I felt certain that I could capture it on film when it bloomed again. I mentally marked the spot near the faded flower, and vowed to return the next spring at the height of the orchid's beauty, camera at the ready.

The intervening winter of 1981-82 was unusually harsh, even by Montana standards. We had snow on the ground for the better part of eight months, and experienced wave after wave of blizzards that made even my neighbor's sled dogs wish for a week's vacation in the Bahamas. Winter finally relented to the warm chinks that blew in from the Pacific Ocean, and a profusion of wildflowers appeared in May and June. At the height of the flowering season, I again bicycled

up the gulch and searched for the lovely orchid blossom I'd often thought about during the long Montana winter.

No orchid. I double-checked my memory to make certain that I was looking at the base of the right tree: yep, two scars on the trunk and a gnarled branch on its left side. But no orchid. I'd missed my chance. Whether the flower didn't survive the winter, or whether someone had unthinkingly picked the fragile plant, I would never know, but I did know that I'd lost my opportunity to photograph it. By procrastinating the year before when there had been ample time to capture the orchid on film, I'd apparently foregone the only occasion I'd had in six years to photograph one of the prettiest flowers ever seen in the Rockies.

I leaned against the fir near the spot where the orchid had so beautifully bloomed the year before and chastised myself for not immediately seizing the opportunity I had had a year earlier. By thinking that I could get a picture at a more convenient time the following year, I'd lost out entirely.

Missed opportunities. I thought of other times I had promised myself that I would accomplish a certain task, reach a certain goal, and then been sidetracked or disillusioned, never to finish a desired project. I thought of all of the things that I would like to do in my life: become a good jazz pianist, a good writer, travel the world, run a marathon, and the dozens of other projects and goals that I've at one time or another seriously considered.

Why hadn't I accomplished all that I'd like to do, all that I felt I was capable of doing? Part of the reason, I rationalized, was that the more I experienced, the more I wanted to experience—there's no way I could accomplish everything I would like. But at the same time, procrastination had forced many of my decisions.

I recently read that the two main reasons for procrastination are fear of failure and fear of success. By avoiding doing our best on tasks that we set for ourselves, by waiting until the last minute to start a project and then rushing through it haphazardly, we fool ourselves into believing that we could have done a much better job "if only we'd had time." We thus avoid ever doing what we think is our best possible work, and then never have to face the criticism of others for trying as hard as we possibly can—avoiding the fear of failure by never risking to show what we're really capable of accomplishing.

Sometimes we avoid working hard on a goal for just the opposite reason—we are afraid that if we are successful, if we accomplish our long-sought goals, then we will be without other goals to yearn for. In addition, we fear that we may need to leave our current friendships or surroundings behind as we advance and no longer have a supporting peer group and

(Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Why is it that the older one becomes, the faster time seems to fly by. I had my 65th birthday at the beginning of this past summer, and the summer of 1982 was the fastest, shortest summer I ever have known. Like all summers, it had its good days and its bad days, but all the days kept us busy.

Twice this summer, Betty's father had to go to the hospital with pneumonia. Then we had the wonderful visit of Mary Leanna and her family, and we also had a good visit with David when he had to come east to participate in a memorial service for his best friend. It was my first summer with my beautiful, new sailboat with many exciting adventures along our New England coast. There were parties and picnics and drives through the New England countryside. Just to add a bit more activity, I did more preaching this past summer than I have done since my retirement three years ago.

A few weeks ago, we had a delightful visit with Mary Givehand of Nebraska City, Nebr., a good friend of Kitchen-Klatter for many years. She had come east to visit her daughter, Jane Glover of New London, Conn., and we had a good time helping them take pictures of the swans and ducks and of my several flower gardens. If I had a dollar for every picture taken of me feeding the swans, I would be able to buy myself a new camera!

When I write this letter to you, I have to keep in mind that it will be read by persons in every state of our country, and in many foreign countries as well. When I used to visit Portsmouth, Va., during World War II, I never dreamed that one day we would have Kitchen-Klatter friends living there. Helen Kavanaugh writes to me from Portsmouth, and she always encloses some little news item of interest. Recently, she sent me some recipes that were dictated by first-grade students in a Portsmouth school.

Here is one youngster's recipe for baked chicken: "One whole chicken—No Feet! Dip him in a bag of flour . . . Cook him in a giant pan for ten hours. Let it get brown and eat. Yum! Yum!"

Another first-grader had this recipe for fried chicken: "Plain chicken, oil, one egg, flour. Put some flour in a bowl. Scramble up an egg. Don't cook it. Then go to the store and buy some plain chicken. Then dip the chicken into the flour once. Then dip it in the egg once. Cook it a little while in the pan of oil. Then give it to Dad and eat it with him."



Frederick's and Betty's granddaughter, Cassandra Palo, gave a great deal of pleasure to her great-grandfather, Mr. Julian T. Crandall, when she and her family visited in Connecticut this summer. Cassie is the daughter of Mary Lea (Driftmier) and Vincent Palo of Bellevue, Nebr.

Perhaps the best recipe of all was one for cherry pie: "Take some crust. Put it in the metal thing you put pies in. Then you put caramel on it. Then you put cherries on it. Then more caramel on top of the cherries. Then you put some crust on top of it. Then you wrap it in a bag. Put it in the refrigerator and leave it for 15 or 20 minutes. Then eat it."

With all modesty, I have to confess that here on River Road I have developed a reputation for making good cookies. I have given you my recipe for very thin gingersnaps (in the September, 1982, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*), but I do want to tell you of a new angle I discovered two days ago when making those very delicious cookies. After using my cooky press to make several dozen cookies, the press began giving me trouble. I picked up the smaller press that I usually use for decorating cakes, and with that little press I began making tiny little cookies that I promptly called *gingerbites*. They were a great success. I pressed them out to a size about one-half the length of your little finger, making them almost paper thin, and sprinkled sugar over them just before baking. They were so good and so popular with the family that I intend to make more *gingerbites* the very next rainy day we have.

When I first began writing to you in *Kitchen-Klatter* nearly forty years ago, I wrote about my passion for cup custards. Many of you will remember how I make a sauce to go on the custards, using a little burnt sugar flavoring mixed with liquid brown sugar. Now I am eating my custards in a different way. We ran out of the liquid brown sugar, and so I put a spoonful of orange marmalade on top of the custard. For me, it was a wonderful discovery, but it is something that

you good cooks have probably been doing for years. I am going to eat some more of it just as soon as I finish this letter.

Every now and then, when Betty and I are sitting on our front porch looking out across the water, she will say to me: "You just sighed! What are you sighing about?" Always my answer is the same: "I was just thinking how happy it would have made my mother and father to sit here with us watching the boat traffic moving up and down the river."

We are very happy here in our retirement cottage, but it really is disappointing that my mother and father could not have lived long enough to enjoy this home with us. Betty and I both are so grateful that her parents can enjoy it with us. During the summer weeks when they were visiting here, each good day found them out on the porch before the heat of the day, and then again in the early evening. Mother Crandall liked to help take care of the several flower boxes I had filled with red geraniums. This past summer, I had sixty geranium plants to water and to keep trimmed daily.

I wish that you could sit out on our porch on some bright summer day—you would be amazed at the number of boats you would see. There are hours on the weekends when a boat goes by our house every thirty seconds—that is a lot of boats. They are fun to watch, but when you are out there in your own boat, it can be a bit hectic at times.

When I want to sail my boat down to the village of Stonington (we live on the outskirts of Stonington), I must keep the boat in a channel that is just a hundred feet wide and seven feet deep. On a good Saturday, there will often be three and four big, beautiful boats running right along beside me the entire four miles of the channel. All of us are breezing along side by side in that same 100-foot space. There are times when it takes nerves of steel to sail under such circumstances, but I love the excitement and the challenge.

During the fall and winter, I make plans for my flower gardens of next year. This past summer, I learned a few things such as *never* plant 100 petunia plants; it is too much work to keep 100 petunia plants plucked free of their dead blossoms. It took one full hour every single summer day to take care of petunias. Next summer, I am going to have very, very few petunias, but I am going to increase the number of begonias. There are now some new hybrid begonias that thrive in the hot sunshine. Begonias bloom all summer long, and they have relatively few enemies. I like the deep red ones, and this past summer, my begonia garden was surrounded with a dense and rich border of white alyssum.

Yesterday at the barbershop, a man
(Continued on page 20)

RECIPES

HALLOWEEN BROWNIES

- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 12-oz. pkg. peanut butter or butter-scotch chips
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Combine the flour, baking powder and salt; set aside. In double boiler, place the chips, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Melt and blend well. Cool. Beat in the brown sugar. In another bowl, place the eggs and remaining flavorings and beat well. Add to melted mixture. Blend in flour mixture, then fold in nuts. Spread in well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until brownies test done. Cool. May be frosted if desired. —Lucile

APPLE CAKE WITH BUTTER SAUCE

- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 4 cups peeled and finely chopped apples
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup nutmeats

Combine the oil, sugar, flavoring and eggs. Beat well. Stir in the chopped apples. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to mixture. Mix well, then add the nutmeats. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Serve with the following warm butter sauce:

- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup half-and-half

Melt the butter. Add the remaining sauce ingredients. Heat until well blended and warm. Serve over cake.

—Donna Nenneman

CHILI-JACK CASSEROLE

- 2 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups uncooked long-grain white rice
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 1/2 lb. Monterey Jack cheese, cubed
- 2 4-oz. cans chopped green chilies
- 2 cups dairy sour cream
- Paprika

Bring the water and 1/2 tsp. salt to boiling. Slowly add the rice and cook until tender. Drain. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease a 2-quart casserole.

Melt butter or margarine. Add the onion and cook lightly until onion is limp. Remove from heat and stir in the 1/2 tsp. salt and half-and-half. Layer half the cooked rice, half the onion mixture, half the cheese, green chilies, sour cream in the prepared casserole. Repeat layers with remaining half. Sprinkle paprika on top. Bake for about 30 minutes.

—Robin

BAKED GROUND BEEF SANDWICH

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup grated Swiss cheese
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese
- 1 large egg, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. minced parsley
- 2 cups packaged biscuit mix
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1 can cream of celery soup, heated

Brown the ground beef and the chopped onion. Drain off fat and cool slightly. Blend the grated Swiss cheese, Parmesan cheese, beaten egg, pepper, salt and minced parsley into the meat mixture. Set aside.

Combine the biscuit mix, milk and mayonnaise and mix thoroughly. Spread half of the biscuit mixture into a greased 9-inch square pan. Spoon meat mixture evenly on top, then add the remaining biscuit mixture on top. Brush with the beaten egg yolk. Bake at 400 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until brown. Top with the heated soup and cut into squares. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

—Verlene

CHICKEN-BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cubed cooked chicken
- 1 cup (or 1 10-oz. pkg.) chopped broccoli
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 can refrigerator biscuits
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine chicken, broccoli, soup, onion, mayonnaise, Worcestershire sauce and curry powder. Pour into an ungreased 1 1/2-qt. casserole. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Sprinkle cheese over the top. Separate the biscuits, cut in half and put cut-side down around edge. Combine sour cream, egg, celery seed and salt. Blend well and spread over the top. Return to oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

—Verlene

SALMON LOAF WITH LEMON SAUCE

- 1 15 1/2-oz. can salmon
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sliced mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup packed shredded fresh spinach (or frozen)

Drain salmon into measuring cup. (Save liquid.) Flake the salmon and combine with the bread crumbs, eggs, lemon juice, onion and salt. Pat half the mixture in a greased loaf pan. Sauté the mushrooms in the butter or margarine for about 1 minute. Add the spinach and stir until wilted, or heated through. Spread over salmon layer to within one inch of edges of pan. Top with rest of salmon. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes, or until set and top is brown. Serve with the following sauce:

- Drained salmon liquid and milk
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- Dash of salt and white pepper
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Add enough milk to drained salmon liquid to make 2/3 cup. Melt the butter and blend in the flour, salt and pepper. Stir constantly while cooking until slightly thickened. Add the liquid, stirring constantly. Cook and stir until thickened. Add a little of the hot mixture to the beaten egg yolk and return all to mixture along with the lemon juice. Heat and stir for a minute. Spoon over the salmon loaf.

—Juliana

MAPLE CHIFFON CAKE

- 1 cup plus 2 Tbls. sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 cup oil
- 2 egg yolks
- 6 Tbls. cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift cake flour, baking powder, sugar and salt into a bowl. In another bowl, beat egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff peaks form. Set the egg whites aside and use mixer with first bowl of ingredients—no need to wash beaters. Add oil, egg yolks, water and flavorings to dry ingredients all at once. Beat with mixer until smooth. Pour this egg yolk mixture very gently over beaten egg whites; fold gently with spatula (don't use mixer in this step).

Pour batter into two ungreased 8-inch cake pans. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Invert pans (I used three cups to hold each pan up off counter) and let cool completely. Remove from pans and fill and frost with a brown sugar icing flavored with Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring. —Evelyn

FROSTED PUMPKIN BARS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup canned pumpkin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves

Cream the butter or margarine with the sugar. Beat in the egg, pumpkin and flavorings. Sift the flour, soda, salt and spices together; stir in. Spread batter in greased 9-inch square baking pan. Bake at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until bars test done. Cool and frost with the following:

- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- Dash of ginger and cloves
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 cup sifted powdered sugar
Combine the brown sugar, butter or margarine, milk and spices in a small saucepan. Cook over low heat until frosting bubbles. Remove from heat and stir in the flavoring. Slowly beat in the powdered sugar. Spread on top. —Juliana

CANNED PEARS*(Low-Calorie Recipe)*

- 6 to 8 pears, peeled and cut into halves
- 1 15-oz. can unsweetened crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Place pear halves in heavy saucepan and coat with the crushed pineapple and pineapple flavoring. Turn heat to medium and cook until pears are tender. Spoon into sterilized jars and seal.

—Verlene

SCALLOPED CORN-MAC

- 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn, undrained
- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, undrained
- 1 cup uncooked macaroni
- 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- 1 cup cubed Velveeta cheese

Mix all the ingredients together. Place in a casserole and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Chopped onion, celery, pimiento or ham could be added if desired.

—Verlene

ORANGE-ALMOND BREAD

- 2 Tbls. shortening, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup slivered blanched almonds
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cream shortening, sugar and egg until light and fluffy. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with the orange juice. Blend in the almonds and flavorings. Pour into greased loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for about one hour.

APPLE COBBLER

- 3/4 stick butter
- 1 cup flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- Dash of salt
- 3 cups chopped apples (peeled or unpeeled)
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon

Melt the butter in 7- by 11-inch baking pan. Combine the flour, 3/4 cup sugar, milk, flavoring, baking powder and salt. Spread over melted butter in pan. Cover with the apples. Combine the 1/4 cup sugar and the cinnamon. Sprinkle over all. Bake in 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes. —Juliana

DOROTHY'S ITALIAN SALAD

- 1/2 head of medium-size cauliflower, sliced
- 2 medium-size carrots, cut in 2-inch strips
- 2 stalks celery, cut in 1/2-inch diagonal slices
- 1 green pepper, cut in strips
- 1 small jar sliced pimiento
- 1 small jar pitted green olives, drained
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Combine all the ingredients in a large saucepan. Bring to boiling, stirring occasionally. Reduce heat, cover and simmer for 5 minutes. Cool. Refrigerate overnight. Can be put in jars and stored in refrigerator. Shake well before serving.

ORANGE-COCONUT CHIFFON PIE

- 1 1/4 cups crushed crisp macaroon cookies (about 10)
- 2 1/2 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups shredded coconut
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter clear vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 2 medium oranges, peeled and sectioned

Combine the crushed cookies, melted margarine and butter flavoring. Press firmly into bottom and up sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 6 minutes. Cool.

Scatter coconut on cookie sheet and place in 350-degree oven for about 8 minutes, or until lightly browned. Stir occasionally. Cool.

In a saucepan, combine the salt, gelatin and sugar. In another container, beat the egg yolks. Gradually add the milk to the egg yolks, blending well. Add egg-milk mixture to dry ingredients in saucepan. Mix well. Gradually stir in the orange juice. Place over low heat and simmer and stir until slightly thickened. Stir in remaining flavorings. Cool until it mounds.

Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into the gelatin mixture. Fold in the whipped cream and 3/4 cup of the toasted coconut. Spoon into pie shell and chill at least 3 hours. When ready to serve, top with remaining coconut and orange segments arranged on top in sun shape. —Juliana

HOT CHICKEN SALAD

- 4 to 5 cups cooked diced chicken
- 4 cups diced celery
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 cup slivered almonds
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 4 Tbls. grated onion
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 2 ozs. pimiento, chopped
- 1 cup frozen peas
- 1 8-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
- 4 ozs. mushroom pieces
- 1 cup crushed potato chips
- 2 cups grated Cheddar cheese

Combine all ingredients except potato chips and cheese. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Combine the chips and cheese and scatter over top. Refrigerate overnight. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes.

This is a large recipe which will serve at least 12. Makes a fine luncheon dish.

—Dorothy

DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE

- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 2 soup cans of milk
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 lb. cheese spread, diced
- 2 5-oz. jars dried beef, chopped
- 1 can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1 12-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked and drained

Heat soups, milk and green pepper until bubbly. Add cheese and heat until cheese melts. Add the beef and mushrooms. Stir in noodles and spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour.

—Dorothy

RAISIN COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup regular raisins
- 1/2 cup golden raisins

Sift the dry ingredients together and set aside. Cream the shortening, butter flavoring and brown sugar together. Beat in the eggs and remaining flavorings. Add the dry ingredients. Stir in the raisins. Drop on greased baking sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

—Juliana

ADOBE BARS

- 1/4 cup shortening
 - 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 whole egg
 - 2 eggs, separated
 - 1 1/2 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 cup chopped nuts
 - 1/2 cup semisweet chocolate chips
 - 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 - 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- Cream the shortening, butter or margarine and sugar. Beat in the whole egg and 2 egg yolks. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Combine the sifted dry ingredients with the creamed mixture and flavoring; blend well. Spread in a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle the nuts over top, then the chocolate chips, then the marshmallows. Beat the 2 egg whites until stiff. Fold in the brown sugar and carefully spread over top. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Cool and cut.

—Robin

MEDITERRANEAN MEATBALLS**Sauce**

- 3 Tbls. oil
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. grated fresh ginger
- 1 tsp. cumin
- 1 Tbls. paprika
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley or fresh coriander
- 3 Tbls. red wine vinegar
- 2 large fresh tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- 1 regular-size can chicken broth
- 1 beef bouillon cube

In a large skillet or Dutch oven, heat oil. Add the onion and garlic and cook for about 5 minutes, stirring constantly, or until onion is golden. Add the remaining sauce ingredients. Bring to a boil, cover and simmer over low heat. Meanwhile, prepare the following:

Meatballs

- 1 lb. ground turkey
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 3 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh mint leaves
- 1 Tbls. paprika
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 regular-size can tomato paste
- Cooked noodles
- Parmesan cheese (grated)

Combine the ground turkey, beef, onion, crumbs and eggs. Blend well. Add the chopped parsley, mint leaves,

paprika, salt, pepper and cloves and mix well. Shape into 1 1/2-inch balls. Add to sauce, cover and simmer for one hour. Remove the meatballs and set them aside in a warm place. Add the tomato paste to the sauce and return to heat for about 10 minutes to thicken mixture.

Serve sauce over cooked noodles along with the meatballs and sprinkle all with grated Parmesan cheese.

—Juliana

REFRESHING SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup raspberries (frozen or fresh)
- 1 1-lb. can jellied cranberries
- 2 cups water
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in the 2 cups boiling water. Set aside.

Cook raspberries, jellied cranberries and 2 cups water together until raspberries are cooked through. (If fresh are used, a bit more liquid can be added. You should have 2 cups fruit when cooking is completed.) Stir raspberries and cranberries into gelatin. Stir in celery and flavoring. Pour into mold and refrigerate. Unmold on lettuce leaves.

—Evelyn

SMOKEY EGG CASSEROLE

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
 - 1 1/4 cups milk
 - 1 6-oz. roll smoke-flavored cheese spread
 - 6 slices bacon
 - 1 1/2 to 2 cups croutons
 - 12 eggs, slightly beaten
 - 1 cup frozen peas, cooked and drained
 - 1 6-oz. can mushrooms, drained
 - 1/2 cup chopped pimiento
 - 2 Tbls. chopped chives
 - 1 Tbls. vegetable oil
- Fresh tomato wedges and additional chopped chives, for garnish

In a medium saucepan over low heat, melt the butter or margarine. Blend in flour. Add milk slowly, while stirring, and cook until bubbly and thick. Stir in cheese. Set aside.

In skillet, cook bacon until crisp. Remove bacon, crumble and set aside. Brown the croutons in the bacon drippings and combine them with the crumbled bacon.

Beat the eggs slightly. Add the peas, mushrooms, pimiento and chives to the beaten eggs. Heat the oil in large skillet. Add the egg mixture and cook until eggs are set. Combine the cooked eggs with the cheese mixture. Spoon into a 7- by 12-inch baking pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. A few minutes before baking time is completed, sprinkle the bacon-crouton mixture on top. When done, garnish with tomato and chives.

—Robin

A FASCINATING IDEA

by
Junellyn Pierce

Each year, our United Methodist Church has a turkey-and-ham dinner served family-style a short time before Christmas. We have a salad bar and a dessert bar with pies and some cake. We put up fifteen tables plus salad and dessert tables.

Besides the dinner, we also have a bazaar in the nearby lounge and church school rooms. The bazaar committee works all year in preparation. We tear rags for woven rugs made by one of our members who has a loom. We have a craft circle that makes items and most all the ladies of the church make something for the bazaar. This even includes a super bake sale.

One year, I was asked to be chairman of the decorating committee for the bazaar. The girls on my committee came up with the idea of making teddy bears to use for the table centerpieces and planned to have them for sale after the meal.

We got a pattern and set to work with some old fur and fake fur fabric gleaned from donated coats. We enjoyed making the bears so much that we expanded the idea to include paper craft soldiers, drums and toy boxes which could also be sold for holiday decorations. We placed all these items on runners of different-colored burlap. They sold like hot cakes. We even made small drums which were hung from the light fixtures and then sold them for tree decorations.

The theme of our bazaar was "Babes in Toyland" so our committee's decorations fit in perfectly.

With the recent articles in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, the helps for making teddy bears are already in your hands, so I'll tell how we made the other decorations.

Toy Soldier: The body is made of a map holder cut to size, a fat tin can would do as well or the large-sized frozen orange juice container. The arms are the inside roll of toilet tissue, the legs are from a cardboard roll inside paper toweling. These can be painted with tempera paint, then wired or glued into place. The head is a styrofoam ball glued on top the body. The hat is a square piece of black fur fabric stitched on each end. The hat bill, chin piece and eyes are of black tape. The crisscross belt can be white tape or pieces of vinyl, the gold shoulder epaulets are from gold paper and the buttons are gold circles, all glued into place. We glued a little gold medallion on the front of each fur hat. The white mitts and black feet were just flat pieces of cardboard glued in place.

Drums: The drums were made from map holder cardboard cut the size we wanted. We stretched fabric over the



Junellyn Pierce of Oakland, Iowa, made the delightful items in the picture to use as centerpieces for a church bazaar. These were sold after the meal as part of the money-making project. An all-brown teddy bear is on the left, the red and gold drum is in front, a bright yellow box holds a toy trumpet and the red-white-and-blue-garbed soldier stands at attention at the right.

ends and then glued a wide velvet ribbon to cover the entire outside surface and trimmed with gold trim. These could also have been made from flat tuna cans with both ends cut out or other sizes of cardboard rolls. Sequins, rickrack, etc., can be used to decorate the velvet. Drumsticks can be made from wooden match sticks. Be sure to burn the match and rub off black charred particles. Cover with

tiny balls of modeling clay to make the drumstick heads.

Boxes: Toy boxes were made from cigar boxes, painted with tempera paint and then decorated like children's toy boxes only in miniature. Other kinds of boxes could be used and various materials could cover them for variety. These could also be made to look like packages under a Christmas tree. The boxes added a nice touch to our centerpieces.

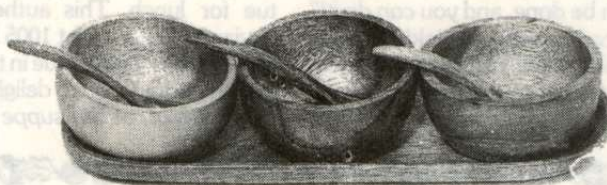
It was a fun project—one we started early in the fall to complete in time for our December festival. As a postscript: I got so interested in making teddy bears I began making them to sell. This has led to my doing research on them and I now give talks to various groups on the subject.

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.

SPECIAL SALAD SERVING SET OFFER

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



Made of Genuine Acacia Wood, the 7-piece set includes three 4-inch bowls, three 4-inch serving spoons and one 12 1/2- by 4 1/2-inch tray.

This unusual set can be yours as a special bonus for only **\$6.00** with 3 "Kitchen-Klatter Approved" seals from around the top of any of the three **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings**. (We must have these.)

Print the information needed on the following form and send to:
KITCHEN-KLATTER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

Please send _____ sets of the SPECIAL SALAD SERVING SET at **\$6.00** each PLUS 3 "Kitchen-Klatter Approved" seals from any of the Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings for each set.

NAME _____

SHIPPING ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Some past events were exciting for us, the kind where you think, "What will happen next to top this?"

First, something must be said for home town committees who formulate plans for high school get-togethers and welcome those from away with genuine interest and friendship. My Humboldt High School class reunion proved to be a happy time for all concerned, and as I looked around at my classmates, that saying came to mind, "You're not getting older, you're getting better!" Thanks, Inez and committee.

Attending the Kiwanis International Convention at Minneapolis, Minn., was another highlight. The commitment of Kiwanians to the principle of service is well known. The 1981-82 Major Emphasis Program for 1981-82, "Share Good Health", received fine support, and the exciting theme for 1982-83, "Make Every Child Special", was announced for the year beginning October 1.

My husband attended many informative sessions, and together we were able to enjoy some inspiring speakers.

Some 16,000 people from 38 nations and geographic areas filled the Minneapolis Auditorium for the opening session. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, minister at Marble Collegiate Church in New York City and author of *The Power of Positive Thinking*, called the meeting "a highly inspirational gathering." His theme was: "It can be done, and you can do it!"

I practiced positive thinking while seated in the top row of the huge auditorium, gazing down at the many steps we had taken to reach our seats. When the

session was over, I did not fall flat on my face! The steps were conquered with a good mental attitude and my husband's helpful hand.

Superstar Bob Newhart, with his usual clever sketches, and Lynn Anderson of "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" fame were among the sparkling entertainers.

Dr. Edward V. Hill, pastor of the Mount Zion Missionary Church in Watts, Calif., spoke at the Kiwanis International Prayer Breakfast. Myrtle Hall, singer from the Billy Graham Crusade, made a tremendous hit. Dr. Hill commented, "After hearing her sing, if your bell does not ring, your clapper's broken!"

The most urgent need of our times, Dr. Hill said, is "Let us pray." Getting on the plane to come to Minneapolis, Dr. Hill felt calm and at ease, because the pilot had contact always with the tower. Man can't take off and say goodbye to God. Hour by hour, day by day, we are with God and He is with us. As a reality to prayer, he gave his personal testimonial about his life, from living in a two-room log cabin as a child, to being given support and compassion by an interested couple. His "mother" insisted he get an education, and when he was able to attend college with a full scholarship, he remembered her saying, "I will be praying for you." After hearing his powerful message, I can understand why *Time Magazine* listed him as one of the top seven preachers in America today.

After the convention came to a close, we said goodbye to our friends and visited at the home of my husband's brother and his wife, George and Jo Ann Swanson. They took us to Mrs. Scandia's Kaffeetue for lunch. This authentic Scandinavian coffee shop at 1005 Nicollet Mall, Minneapolis, has a "true in taste" Scandinavian heritage. Such delight! Should we try the *salat*, or the *suppe* or the house



Founded in 1929 by Swan J. Turnblad, the American Swedish Institute, 2600 Park Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., presents a program of lectures, concerts, exhibits and education, all aimed at promoting the Swedish cultural heritage. (Photo courtesy American Swedish Institute.)

feature? We settled for Swedish meatballs, absolutely delicious. My souvenir menu reminds me of a very special lunch. Then we toured the American Swedish Institute, 2600 Park Ave., Minneapolis. This has been of real interest to us since our relatives sent us a beautifully illustrated book about the mansion. *American Swedish Institute: Collections and Swan J. Turnblad Mansion*, text by John Z. Lofgren, curator, describes the Institute's fascinating history and extraordinary collections of Swedish Americana. Included is a summary of the text in Swedish.

With 50 full color photographs, the volume makes an excellent souvenir of the Institute. In our case, after reading the book, we had a real desire to see it. Originally selling for \$12.50, *American Swedish Institute: Collections and Swan J. Turnblad Mansion* is now available at the greatly reduced price of \$5.00. Mail orders add \$1.50 per copy for postage and handling. Minnesota residents add 4% sales tax. Mail to: American Swedish Institute, 2600 Park Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. 55407.

A paperback book I bought there tells of the carved wooden Dala horses, which make such popular gifts. Thanks to my mother, our children have the Dala horses. *The Dalarian Horse From Nusnas* would be enjoyed by both children and adults, price \$2.80. Be sure to enclose postage.

Wonderful experiences, warm memories, delightful Swanson family visits—well, Minneapolis will always have a special place in our hearts.

KEEP BUSY

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
That soon you'd forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

12 MONTHS of great reading for you and your friends.

Join our family of readers today by sending in your subscription. Send in the names of friends and relatives who would enjoy receiving 12 months of values.

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT. Send in your gift order now and a card will be sent at the proper time.

\$5.00, 12 months \$6.00, foreign countries
(Iowa residents, please add sales tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 3 weeks for delivery. Gift cards for any occasion will be sent if requested.)



A Salute to Pioneer Homes

by Margaret Stout

As I learn of the fine old homes that are being restored and opened for the public to tour, I think of the many old, more ordinary homes standing neglected, unused, abused and falling into ruins. Some are so old, they might well be considered to be of the pioneer era. These homes probably all have a wonderful past, mostly untold, but well remembered by someone. Their story is the story of the vast majority of ordinary people whose ancestors settled the various parts of our country, cleared an opening in timbered land, built a dwelling place, and called it home.

"The end of someone's dream" was the designation my grandfather placed on any old house that remained standing alone, having reached the stage where it was no longer usable. That is my thought as I oftentimes pass the old home that stands near my home in northeast Missouri.

This home was erected more than a century ago by a man whose mother had journeyed from the state of Virginia, bringing her fatherless family. Her husband died en route to Missouri. The mother settled in this locality and reared her children. One of her sons (my great-grandfather) built the house and eventually acquired surrounding land and became quite successful.

Starting as a two-story log house, a brick addition was later added and, in the course of time as finances improved, weatherboarding was added to cover the logs. There was an inside stairway leading to family bedrooms on the second floor. Also, a stairway outside the

home led upstairs to bedrooms for the men who were employed to help with the farm work.

The inside walls were plastered, and I have been told the walls were freshly whitewashed every spring and fall. There was a huge fireplace in the living room, and a window beside the fireplace was aligned with a door at the rear of the house in such a manner that a huge backlog could be horse-drawn through the rooms and placed in the fireplace.

At Christmas time, a tall native cedar tree was cut and placed beside the fireplace. Ten grandchildren, among others, came to the Christmas dinner. They recalled with great pleasure the beauty of the tall cedar, the pure white walls and the glowing fireplace. They spoke of peppermint candy, molasses taffy, strips of home-cured dried beef. They have told me of cellars filled with barrels of apples and stone jars of home-canned fruits.

Two young orphaned boys were given a job and a home in those upstairs rooms and grew up to eventually become a part of the family.

It must have been a good dream that my great-grandfather had when he built this old house and today, as we speak of "roots", I know that many lives are rooted in this particular home.

Every old house, whether it be a renovated mansion or a crumbling ruin, must surely have been, at sometime, the reality of someone's dream.

The true worth of a man is not what he knows or owns but rather what use he makes of what he knows and owns.

COVER PICTURE

This picture of Julian Brase was snapped when he happily climbed up a favorite tree not too far from his home in Torrington, Wyo. Since he is only seven years old, he probably hasn't yet memorized the poem about "October's Bright Blue Weather", but it certainly would fit into the mood of this picture. Julian is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Art Brase, and the youngest grandchild of Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

—Lucile

OCTOBER IS POPCORN MONTH

Popcorn is one of the oldest foods known to man. Archaeologists have found ears of popcorn which could be 5,600 years old.

Popcorn is a New World invention. Europe knew nothing of this delicacy until Columbus returned from his adventures. Explorers, like Cortez, saw the natives not only using popcorn as a source of food, but as decoration for ceremonial clothing. Colonial women served popcorn with sugar and cream for breakfast—our first puffed cereal!

Popcorn is nutritious, low in calories, high in fiber and one of the most widely eaten snack foods around. (See "Little Ad" section in this issue for popcorn popper ad.)



KITCHEN-KLATTER ALL-FABRIC BLEACH

The concentrated **Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach** is the best way to keep those hard-used school clothes as bright and colorful as possible. Even the jeans look better than ever with our bleach treatment—even though they hit the laundry more frequently.

The **Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach** is safe with anything which is safe in water, so use it with your delicate items and white linens as well as the colored school and play clothes. You'll be delighted with the results.

Don't forget to add some of the **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** in each load of wash for the sparkling clean look which you prefer.

Ask for **Kitchen-Klatter** cleaning products in your local grocery store.



40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW — NOT Seconds — 40 Towels for \$1.75 or 80 for only \$3.35. 120 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstg and hding. with EACH set of 40 Towels you buy. We know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

40 TOWEL CO.
1602 Locust St.

Dept. B-774,
St. Louis, MO 63103

GHOSTS..GOBLINS..GOODIES

COSTUME PATTERNS . . . for all ages, easy and very inexpensive . . . includes: butterfly, hobo, pirate, snowman, Christmas package, dice, pumpkin, Ore cookie, hound dog and more, more, more. **ALL REQUIRE LITTLE OR NO SEWING ABILITY!**

RECIPES . . . for handouts and parties

DECORATING IDEAS . . . for house, driveway and porch

GHOST STORY . . . FUN AND SCARY . . . INCLUDES IDEAS FOR SIMPLE BUT TERRIFYING PROPS

Send \$4.00 plus .50 for postage and handling to:

SERVICES UNLIMITED
8522 South 1300 East #D-203
Sandy, Utah 84070

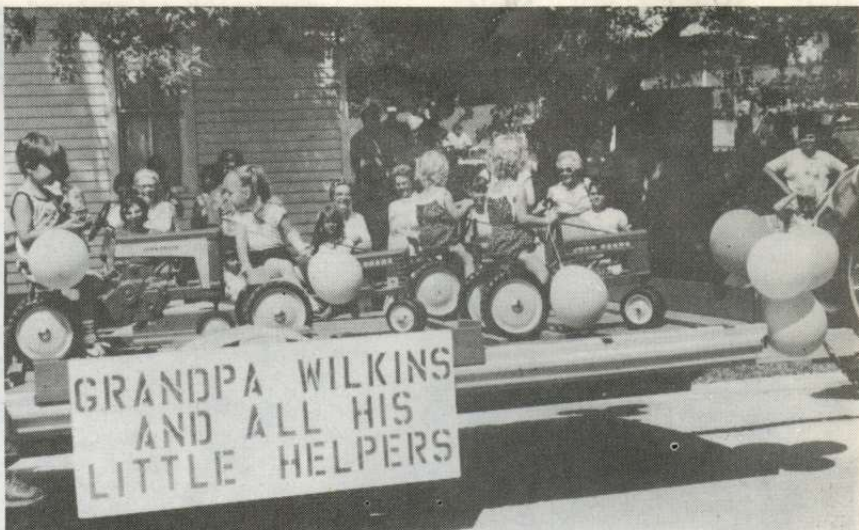
CLARK'S LETTER — Concluded

ship before the rigors of winter shut down all outdoor operations. We continued digging trees and shrubs right into December, working straight through the first winter snows in order to complete the fall digging schedule. Finally, it got too cold to dig and, with Christmas approaching, it was time for me to prepare my belongings for yet another move, this time back home to Denver.

By now I was getting quite weary of the continual uprootings which had characterized my life during the past few years. In fact, one night I looked back and realized that since 1972, I had not lived in any residence more than twelve months. The apartment in Kankakee was my 24th residence since leaving my folks' home after high school. The prospect of settling down in Denver and having a steady job seemed especially attractive as I vacated the apartment and headed west along the familiar mileposts of Interstate 80.

It is from Denver that I write you now, from a spacious apartment near my job at Wilmore Nurseries. (This is residence #25, by the way.) My landlord, Earl May, is no relation to the Earl May of Shenandoah, but he and his wife are avid readers of *Kitchen-Klatter*. My friends in Denver are all intrigued by the magazine and its uniqueness, and are especially interested to see what kind of letter writer I am, so I'd better get this in the mail right away or I won't meet the publishing deadline. In my next letter, I'll relate a few of my activities since settling down in my hometown of Denver. Until then, take care.

Sincerely,
Clark Driftmier



One of the fun floats at the "John L. Lewis Days" at Lucas, Iowa, included these delightful youngsters on miniature tractors.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

processor price. I am typing the DAR History Essay Contest form letters on it using its memory and I have also begun typing the forms for the April 1983 Antique Show and Sale which our church sponsors. It is a wonderful machine which does many fantastic operations but, by the same token, it is incredibly stupid. It doesn't make allowances for any erasures and it types and obeys every single command, whether the operator meant to do what she did or not. There is no room for the lament, "Do what I mean and not what I say."

Until next month,

Mary Beth

AN APPLE QUIZ

1. What apple would win a "no-hair" contest?
2. What apple might have worked for President Lincoln during the Civil War?
3. What apple is said to be a direct descendant of the gold apple of Greek mythology?
4. What apple is Scotch?
5. What apple is "the capital of Italy" plus a word that means "very pretty"?
6. What apple can you drink?
7. What apple comes from the cemetery?
8. What apple is named for our smallest state and a color?
9. What apple is cold?
10. What apple bears Johnny Appleseed's name?

ANSWERS: 1. Baldwin, 2. Northern Spy, 3. Golden Delicious, 4. McIntosh, 5. Rome Beauty, 6. Winesap, 7. Gravenstein, 8. Rhode Island Greening, 9. Snow apple, 10. Jonathan.

—Ruth Townsend

* * *

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

My pinking shears are used often. I use them to cut out patches for the kids' play clothes and my husband's work clothes. It is easier to zigzag them on with my sewing machine and the edges do not fray so I don't have to turn under a bulky hem. I also pink the bottom edges of shirts and blouses which are worn inside shirts and pants. It makes the line smoother and less bulky.

—Mrs. J.J., Albia, Iowa

One day I was fooling around in my workshop and wondered what to do with an old inner tube. I split it open and made a bottom out of it for my metal pail. I traced around the pail, cut out a piece of the rubber and glued it on with waterproof glue. It keeps the bucket from marking floors or furniture. My wife liked the idea so well that she had me do the same with the heavy flowerpots she puts on the floor.

—Mr. H.J., Washington, Iowa

When I wash walls or woodwork where I have to reach up, I cut the toe out of an old ankle sock and pull it over my hand and onto my wrist. It keeps the drips from running along my arm.

—C.K., Redfield, Iowa

I'm just learning how to hang wallpaper and a neighbor told me to put toothpicks into the nail holes so I could find where they are when the new paper is in place.

—A Reader from Lincoln, Ne.

Some dust pans have long handles. Mine didn't, so I took an old broom handle and stuck it into my dust pan and made my own. It makes it much easier to sweep up dust without stooping.

—Mrs. L.C., Washington, Ia.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

If you want a breathtaking display of spring-flowering bulbs, you must put them in the ground this fall and now is the time. With a few exceptions, most bulbs can be planted right up until the ground starts to freeze. To make the best showing, plant your bulbs in clumps of three to six or, if in a bed, scatter them in drifts rather than in straight rows. The earliest blooming tulips are the 'Emperors'. These *Fosteriana* hybrids come into bloom in April with enormous blooms in vibrant colors. For May-flowering tulips, plant the 'Cottage' bulbs followed by 'Darwins' and for excitement, add a few of the exotic 'Parrot' tulips.

Mrs. T.L. writes that she has a wood lot near her home that she would like to have planted to spring-flowering bulbs, especially daffodils. "One catalog offered daffodils by the bushel. They were mixed varieties in a wide range of colors and types. Do you think this is a good choice? Or would I be better off buying named varieties such as 'King Alfred' and 'Mount Hood'? I'm always entranced when I see pictures of daffodils blooming under bare trees and would be so pleased if I could create such a scene in our wood lot."

The assortment of mixed daffodils or narcissus would be excellent for naturalizing under trees as you would get many different types and colors at a savings over named varieties. Expect up to 250 blooms from a half-bushel of mixed bulbs.

Emily T. writes that she took my advice to try some of the new All-America winning annual flowers. "The 'Fantastic Light Pink' hybrid zinnia was superb. The plants were slightly larger than the 'Peter Pan' and the light pink color unusual. A friend remarked that the petals looked as though they were made of fine silk. But the zinnia that stole our hearts was 'Small World Cherry Hybrid'. The dwarf, compact plants spread sixteen inches across and produced many beautiful deep cherry-red flowers in pleasing tints. I thought you would be pleased to know that both zinnias won first place at our county fair." While there are zinnias and more zinnias listed in catalogs each spring, I agree with Emily—the above two All-America Award winners were outstanding in our garden too. Keep them in mind when you order your seeds next spring. I say "order" because you generally cannot find new introductions in seed racks.

It doesn't seem possible that another season of outdoor gardening is drawing to a close. It is time to put away garden tools and equipment for the winter, cover roses and tender perennials and make notes for tender and means of improving your garden another spring.

EUGENIE'S LETTER — Concluded

Xavier Mission, Tubac (an art colony) and Nogales, Mexico, where the afternoon was spent shopping for wonderful Mexican souvenirs. We returned to Tucson for the night.

Tuesday morning found us driving east across southern Arizona into New Mexico. We dipped down into Texas and back up to Carlsbad, N. Mex., for the night. The church where we stayed in Carlsbad houses so many groups—sometimes five or six groups a week—that this has become part of their mission work.

Naturally, our itinerary included Carlsbad's Caverns with three hours of pleasurable walking through that unforgettable cave. After lunch we drove back up to Albuquerque where Wednesday evening supper was eaten at the Lowey's. Juliana took us to Old Town Albuquerque where we shopped for nearly an hour. We slept at the same church as before.

Thursday morning, Juliana fed us all once more and we were off on another day of driving. We left New Mexico, cut across the Texas panhandle, the Oklahoma panhandle, up into Kansas through Dodge City and spent the night in a church in Kinsley. Friday found us going across the rest of Kansas cutting across the northwestern corner of Missouri and reaching Shenandoah for our second night at Margery's and Oliver's home. Margery fed us supper that night and breakfast the following morning. Saturday's drive, the only day where we retraced our steps, brought us back to

Maple Lake, Minn., in time for supper.

All the kids took rolls and rolls of pictures, including the entire group in front of the state sign as we entered each state. To accompany their photo remembrances, they each kept a detailed diary in which they recorded all their new experiences. The photograph on page 5 shows: Front row—Scott Cantin, Eugenie Strom, Mary Zander, Barb Zander, Sharon Fiedler, Colleen Paumen, Valerie Zander, Brad Schlagel. Back row—Martin Strom, Ron Scheiber, Bob Cantin, Erika Elfstrand, Lisa Demarais, Dawn Cantin.

You may be wondering how meals were handled on the road. A large cooler was carried into which sandwiches and fruit were packed. Two large thermal jugs were carried which held two kinds of fruit juice. We managed very well with this system.

Needless to say, everyone returned home exhausted. Martin and I certainly appreciated some vacation time at the end of August. The first week, the two of us drove back to Shenandoah for a longer visit with Margery and Oliver. The remainder of our vacation time was spent camping and relaxing, resting up for the beginning of another busy fall season.

Sincerely,
Eugenie Strom

A difficult assignment provides one of the most important props to life, for it requires that you get a task done by a certain time whether you want to do it or not.

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Almond | <input type="checkbox"/> Butter | <input type="checkbox"/> Mint |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banana | <input type="checkbox"/> Cherry | <input type="checkbox"/> Orange |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black Walnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Coconut | <input type="checkbox"/> Pineapple |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blueberry | <input type="checkbox"/> Lemon | <input type="checkbox"/> Raspberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Burnt Sugar | <input type="checkbox"/> Maple | <input type="checkbox"/> Strawberry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vanilla (dark) | | <input type="checkbox"/> Vanilla (clear) |

Try your grocer first. If not available locally, then order as follows:

Send check or money order for the offers of your choice to:
KITCHEN-KLATTER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601.

Box #1 — \$6.00 for each box containing 6 bottles of your choice of the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Please list the 6 flavorings you wish. No. of Box #1 desired _____ at \$6.00 per box.

Offer #3 — \$3.25 for 3 flavorings of your choice. List which 3 **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you desire. No. of Offer #3 desired _____ at \$3.25 per offer.

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Fall Attractions



KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

Over 1900 tested recipes are included in this 464-page cookbook. It is the one cookbook you can trust. Order your own or a gift cookbook by sending **\$6.00** (plus sales tax for Iowa residents.)

STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

by Lucile Driftmier Verness

Share the lives of the Field and Driftmier families starting with the year 1868 and concluding with a 1976 family tree. **\$4.25** per copy.

ORDER FROM:

**Kitchen-Klatter
Shenandoah, Ia. 51601**

We will send gift cards if you ask us to.
(Please allow three weeks for delivery.)

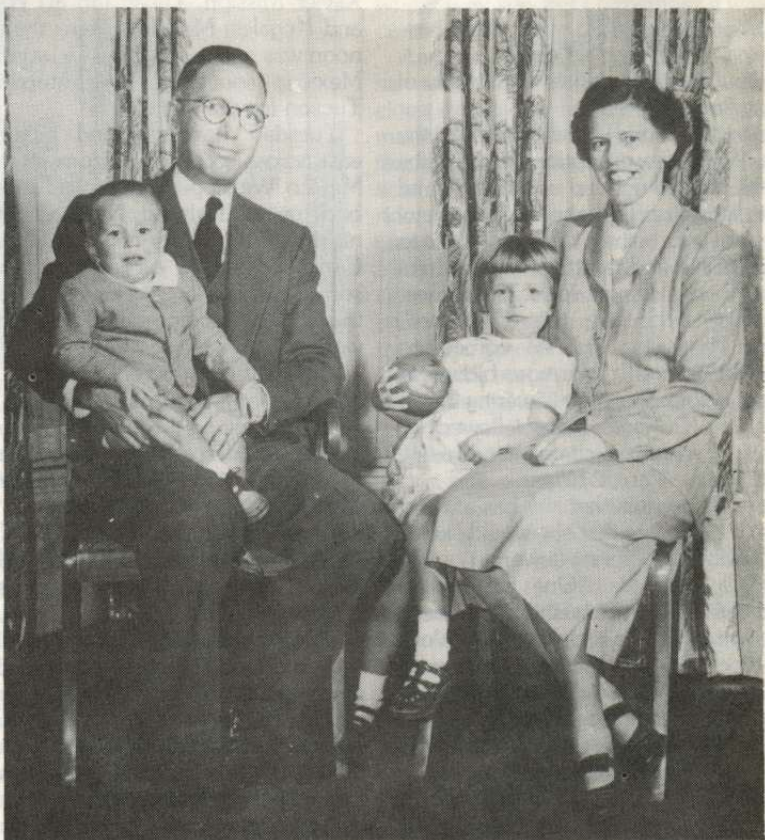
ATTENTION!

Starting November 1, 1982, the **Kitchen-Klatter** radio program heard on Radio Station **KGGF, Coffeyville, Kans.**, 690 on your dial—will be heard from 11:00 to 11:30 A.M.

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAMS

Can be heard each weekday (unless specified differently) over the following radio stations:

- KGGF** Coffeyville, Kans., 690 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
- KFAL** Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.



From Our Family Album

Here is the Frederick Driftmier family in a photograph taken September 29, 1951, when Bristol, Rhode Island, was their home.

Mary Lea is snuggled up against her mother, Betty Crandall Driftmier, and Frederick is holding David. Today Mary Lea lives in Bellevue, Nebraska, and is the mother of three youngsters: Isabel, Christopher and Cassie. David now lives in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and is a teacher. He and his wife, Sophie, are busy fixing up their home in preparation for a major change that will come about in mid-autumn of this year. Frederick and Betty are retired and leading busy, happy lives in Pawcatuck, Connecticut.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

asked me what flower I would choose if I were told that I could have only one kind of flower in my garden. His choice would be roses. Well, that would not be my choice. Roses are fine when someone else does all the work. My choice would be the hearty, happy, healthy, bright and beautiful marigold. Last summer, I had six different varieties of marigolds in my garden, and all of them were a delight. They are the most uncomplaining flowers, and they will grow almost anywhere. I even like the odor of marigolds. I hope that I never will have to limit my garden to just one kind of flower, but I think that I could be happy with just two kinds—marigolds and zinnias.

Each time we go to Europe, I return with the thought that we Americans really do not do enough to beautify our

homes, our communities, our nation. The rewards of flower gardening are so rich. There is the physical benefit and enjoyable recreation to be gained from gardening. Then there is the pride of ownership of something fine and lovely, and the inspiration of working hand in hand with nature in creating it. Always there is the well-merited satisfaction of knowing that you have done something to make America a little bit more beautiful.

Sincerely,
Frederick

That which *WAS* has been. Learn from the experience.

That which *IS* must be. Accept the experience.

That which *WILL BE* depends on how you handled experience.

Painting the Patio

by
Frances Anderson



Last year we enclosed our patio, complete with windows and screens, for more protection against the elements and insects. This year we decided to finish the space on the inside. We engaged a carpenter to put on ceiling tile and paneling, because my husband, Paul, didn't have the time. He can put on tile and paneling, in fact he can do almost anything he puts his mind to, but he has to have a "go-fer", a "hand-er" and a "hold-er". I'm usually the one to go for the tools, hand him the hammer and hold the nails.

On the patio, we were going to paint the wall next to the house instead of paneling it. So, on a Saturday morning, Paul said, "That wall ought to be painted today. It will be a lot easier to do before the carpenter puts up the molding."

"I don't want to paint today," I said, "I have a million things to do." He ignored me completely and told me to go get the paint and the brushes while he got the ladder. He said he would paint the high part and I could paint the low part.

"Well," I thought, "if he's going to help me, I guess I had better paint."

When we opened the paint can, Paul told me to stir it because it was so full that he would probably slop it over. When we were ready to pour it out of the can he told me to pour it, because he would probably spill it. As I was tipping the paint bucket, he said, "Now watch what you're doing. You're going to spill it all over!"

"Just keep quiet," I retorted. "You told me to pour it, didn't you?" (I didn't spill a drop.)

I handed him his paint and brush and he proceeded up the ladder. I was ready to start painting when he said he needed a screwdriver to take down a plant holder. I put down my paint and brush to go for a screwdriver.

I had just started to paint when he said, "What do you want to do with these?" That meant, come and get them! I put down my paint and brush, the plant holder and screwdriver, and then went back to my painting.

I was brushing merrily away when Paul reached another plant holder. "This is a different kind of screw," he fussed. "I will need a Phillips screwdriver to take it down. There's one in the garage." I put down my paint and brush and headed for

the garage. This time I waited until the plant holder was removed, lifted it down, took the screwdriver, then went back to painting.

There were a few moments of silence with two paintbrushes hard at work, then Paul said, "I'm going to have to take down this shelf." This meant hand me the screwdriver again. I put down my paint and brush, gave him the screwdriver, held his paint and brush, and waited for the shelf. Then I went back to painting.

A few more moments of silence as the painting progressed smoothly, then Paul said, "When I step over onto the porch, I want you to move the ladder for me." I put down my paint and brush, moved the ladder, then went back to painting.

The paint was going on rapidly when he said, "Bring me a paint rag, I got some paint on the ceiling tile." I put down my

paint and brush and went for a rag, and was just ready to start painting again when he took a look at where I was working.

"Gee whiz!" my helpful husband said, "Is that all you've got painted?"

WILDFLOWER — Concluded

a familiar home. The fear of success holds us back.

These fears are groundless, I said to myself as I sat on that hillside. Friendships that depend on me maintaining my place really aren't that meaningful anyway, and new and different surroundings should be viewed as challenging and exhilarating rather than threatening. I resolved that spring day to work harder on achieving my goals in life, to focus on those tasks that will help me reach those goals, and to ignore the doubts that are certain to creep into my mind when I begin to tackle any new adventure or project. Procrastination, as far as I am concerned, has just loitered its last.

So much for my version of "gather ye rosebuds while ye may." Rest assured, though, that if I hear of another lady's slipper blooming near a fir tree at any time in the future, I'll seize the moment—even if it means breaking out of the old folks' home fifty years hence and hobbling on arthritic knees to shakily photograph my elusive orchid.



Use
**KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER**
for your easiest
fall housecleaning
ever.



Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner will give you the help you need for every cleaning task around the house, dormitory or place of business. It is a concentrated, all-purpose cleaner which lifts the dirt, grime and grease from all types of surfaces. Once over does it—no need to rinse.

Make a check list from the attic to the basement of all the cleaning which needs to be done and you'll discover that **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is the finest helper to get those jobs done easily and quickly. Great for the budget—a little goes a long way.

Ask for the
**KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER**
at your local store.



LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

papers going back to the 1880's. These were distributed among us, of course, although I'll admit that sometimes when I look around this room, I have the feeling that the whole collection arrived here intact!

Recently, we had a very happy visit with Mary Lea Palo and her family, and it gave me a chance to see darling little Cassie for more than just a glimpse. She goes happily to anyone and adjusts beautifully to any situation. For instance, when she was sleepy, Mary Lea put her down on a blanket at the end of the living room and all of us went right ahead with our conversation; never heard one peep from her. In, short, Cassie's a very, very

good baby. Isabel and Christopher are both on rigid school schedules now, so from here on out their trips to Shenandoah must be on weekends—weather permitting.

Yes, I return to the subject with which I began. I don't know how many times since Mary Lea's family moved to Bellevue, Nebr., that we have made plans to get together, only to have the schedule caved in by ice storms or heavy rain. It's ironic that once they moved so close to Shenandoah, unsurmountable weather conditions made it impossible to think about taking to the highway.

I have used up more than my space, so until next month I must say "goodbye" and sign myself as always . . .

Devotedly yours,

Lucile

HOME SWEET HOME

I'm partial to this little house of mine—
Somehow when I'm in it, I'm feeling fine.
Oh! I go out to visit for a spell;
I like to chat with neighbors now and then.

But I feel better when they visit me;
I'm just a plain old stick-at-home you see.

—Verna Sparks

Delectably Danish**Recipes and Reflections**

By Julie Jensen McDonald. 64 pp., 16 in color. 6x9 softbound. \$5.75; 2 for \$10.50; 3 for \$14.50 postpaid to one address.

Notably Norwegian**Recipes, Festivals, Folk Arts**

By Louise Roalson. 88 pp., 24 in color. 6x9 softbound. \$5.95; 2 for \$10.75; 3 for \$14.85 postpaid to one address.

Special: one each \$10.75 postpaid.
Penfield Press, 215 Brown Street
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

THE Iowan



Enjoy the best of Iowa through the pages of our state's showcase publication. For 30 years, *The Iowan* has presented superb color photography and exciting features in a handsome format, ideal for gift-giving. Each issue is a feast of good reading and viewing.

To order, call toll-free (Iowa only): 1-800-432-4166, or mail the form below to The Iowan, Box 130, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. On gift orders, a card will be sent announcing your gift.

Ordered by _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please enter my own subscription at \$13.75 per year.

☐ Please send a one-year gift subscription at \$13.75 per year to each of the following:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Iowa Residents add 40¢ sales tax per subscription.

EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded

advanced speech and Stephen's aggressiveness. (As a feminist, I try to avoid sex stereotyping in my attitudes and behavior toward children, but even at Stephen's and Lily's early ages, it is difficult to prevent subconscious reactions.)

Our one complete day in Ruidoso Downs was a full one. In the morning, we dressed the kids in matching Hawaiian outfits, which the Driftmier grandparents brought home, and took them to a photographer. It seemed that when one was in the proper position, the other was crying, and vice versa. We're anxiously awaiting the results.

From the photographer's, we changed them into warmer clothes, and headed up to the Sierra Blanca ski area, where we caught the gondola to the top of the mountain. The view of the valley was spectacular.

We returned home, had lunch, Stephen went down for a nap, and Lily played quietly. Rich remained at home to catch up on some work for the office.

Alison and I canvassed the art galleries. The area has quite a large colony of Western artists, many of national reputation. The most famous is Peter Hurd, who was commissioned by Lyndon B. Johnson to do his presidential portrait. (This painting was rejected by LBJ, but is hanging in the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C.)

After much deliberation, I finally selected one of the Hurd lithographs. Afterwards, Alison drove me into the Hondo Valley area to Hurd's home town of San Patricio. Most of Hurd's work reflects this valley and its people.

That evening, after a delicious dinner of Mike's barbecued ham steaks, all six of us relaxed in the Walstads' big hot tub, just off the master bedroom. Now Rich is intent on installing one at our house someday.

Our fall days are varied: Stephen is going to New York to visit the DiCicco grandparents and his Aunt Linda and Uncle Tom, Rich is spending a week in Zimbabwe (formerly Rhodesia) at a technology conference, I will be staying close to home. My "to do" list is pages long—including sewing winter maternity clothes and preparing a room for the new baby.

Until next time,
Emily DiCicco

PIONEER QUILTS

Pioneer quilts were said to be
Made only for utility;
But they were made for beauty too
By work-worn hands who loved each hue.
And also they were made to save
The memories that each piece gave.
I know because I, luckily,
Have one my grandma gave to me.

—Ruth Townsend

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

December ads due October 10
January ads due November 10
February ads due December 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

PECANS: Quart each halves, pieces, meal. Three-quart sampler \$11.95 postpaid. Tenpeco, Box 638-K, Rutherford, TN. 38369

ATTENTION POPCORN LOVERS! If your popcorn doesn't pop, who's to blame? (It's NOT the popcorn!) FREE details, recipe's, "How to pop corn". BRINKMAN POPALL POPPER, Inc., 4544 (C-KK) Wanamaker, Topeka, KS. 66610

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$1.50. Leman Publications, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

SHOWER HI-BABY block cake, plus frosting. Delicious fruit punch SASE \$1.00. Villani Enterprises, P.O. Box 22539, Baltimore, MD. 21203.

LOSE 15 POUNDS mixing two cooking ingredients! \$2.00. Recipe, 2060 East Second, Fremont, Nebraska 68025.

FOR THE BEST Strawberry Cake recipe you have ever tasted, send \$1.25 to: B.J. Millers, 714 W. Dake, Brookfield, Mo. 64628.

ENERGY COOKIES. Honey Peanut Cookies and Mexican Fruit salad are only a few of the unusual recipes found in my peanut book. 32 recipes \$2.50; two books \$4.25. Jo Weatherly, Oakland, NE. 68025.

THIMBLES: Send for free retail color catalog. Unique and exciting new thimbles from around the world including commemoratives. Thimbles Only, 3628-I Foothill Blvd., LaCrescenta, CA. 91214.

"SOMETHING GOOD" 422 page cookbook with extras from New Life Wesleyan Church, Box 1113, Gillette, WY. 82716. \$11.25 postpaid.

NEED GIFTS for the folks, grandma? "Depression Pie"—Nora Lee Ingle, Swan, Iowa 50252. Send \$5.00 for nostalgic, humorous book. Programs being booked by author include slide show, Depression doll house, artifacts.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

CENTENNIAL CHURCH Cookbook. \$7.50 postpaid. Mrs. Evelyn Quastad, Armstrong, Iowa 50514.

APPLES — PUMPKIN — Flavorful nutritious raw apple cake — Pumpkin dessert roll. \$1.00 each and SASE. Romelle Bekaert, Box 32, Gary, SD 57237.

"LITTLE GIFTS" for Christmas or any occasion. Colorful kitchen towels with crocheted button-down tops. \$4.00 postpaid. A charming spice rope adds hominess to any kitchen. \$4.00 postpaid. Specify 2 colors for combination. Watson, 2610 Everett, Lincoln, NE. 68502.

FAMILY SECRET for generations. Fantastic candy recipe!! \$2.00. Box 32154, Phoenix, AZ. 85064.

THREE EGG-WHITE Angel Food Cake! Heavenly Fruit Salad/Dessert! Plus more! \$1.00. Dayton's, 1907 Lincoln, Mendota, Illinois 61342

MOST UNUSUAL RECIPES ever created. Complete list with three samples. \$1.00. Recipes, 2850 Southeast Ash, Portland, OR. 97214

If you fall down on your obligations, how can you expect to stand up for your rights?

HEARING AIDS

UP TO 50% OFF COMPARABLE AIDS ★

BUY DIRECT • NO DEALER MARKUPS
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Body Aids \$99.50 up. Also, Behind-the-Ear Aids. One of the largest selections of fine quality aids. Terms arranged. Very low battery prices. Write for FREE literature. No salesman will ever call. Good hearing is a wonderful gift.

★ LLOYD CORP. ★

Dept. KT, 128 Kishwaukee St., Rockford, Ill. 61104

PUBLISH A BOOK THROUGH CRESCENT PUBLISHING, INC.

Cookbooks, Anniversary Books, Church or Community History Books

Each Book Is Custom Designed To Specifications From Individual Organizations

1. Steel Spiral Binding
2. Heavy High Gloss Cover
3. Excellent Type Styles
4. Attractive & Easy To Sell Features

Excellent Return on Investment. References Available

—WE HELP FINANCE—

Write Or Call For:

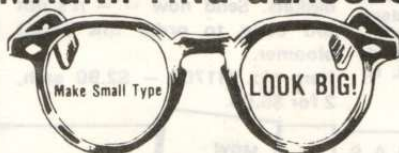
FREE BOOKLET

Crescent Publishing, Inc.

Box 98, Hills, MN 56138

Phone (507) 962-3239

MAGNIFYING GLASSES



A Blessing For Folks Over 40

Easily read your phone book, Bible, ads or labels! 30 day home trial. Not for astigmatism or eye disease. U.S. made impact resistant lenses. State age/sex. Only \$7.98 + 75¢ handling. Precision Optical, Dept. 143-E, Rochelle, ILL. 61068

BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS



FULL COLOR
20 FOR \$2.50

NO LIMIT
FAST SERVICE

2 1/2" x 3 1/2" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied (11" x 14" or smaller). Send color photo, neg. or slide. One pose per order. Your original returned. Add 60¢ for first class service. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. F-49
543 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50302

Now you can find the words to tell them with
an exchange of gifts

Marilyn MacCanon Brown's most requested poems. 110 pages. 34 line drawings (5 color)

"What a treasure"—Mary Brubaker, KCCI-TV, Des Moines

"an exchange of gifts" is already a favorite of mine—Armada Swanson, reviewer

"A book that touches the heart"—Ruth Townsend, freelance writer

\$6.00 includes postage. Send to:

Wilton Junction Press, Box 928,
Wilton, Iowa 52778.

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty
BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.

BOX 779

IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244

Ph: 319-354-4048, 319-338-7194, 319-351-7507

SUGARLESS COOKBOOK

NOW ENJOY cakes, cookies, pies, jam, candy, milkshakes, desserts. NO Honey... No artificial sweeteners... Good way to satisfy that desire for sweets without the added sugar. (Diabetic exchanges listed)... Beautifully designed... Perfect bound... easy to follow cookbook by Addie Gonshorowski... Only \$5.95... Ideal for gifts... 2 books \$10.95... 3 books \$14.95... 6 books \$28.95... (Postage paid to one address.)

SEND CHECK TO:

AD-DEE PUBLISHERS, INC.
2736 Lincoln, P.O. Box 5426, Dept. KK
Eugene, Oregon 97405
(Money back if not satisfied)

1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP CODE LABELS 75¢



FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX

1000 Gold Stripe, 2 Color, gummed, padded Labels, printed with ANY name, address & Zip Code. 75¢ + 10¢ pstg. & hdlg. or 85¢ in all. Or, 3 sets, all the same or each set different, only \$2.40 ppd. Fund raisers write for quantity prices

Money Back Guarantee FREE GIFT BOX! Pls allow up to 6 wks. for delivery

LABEL CENTER
1602 Locust St

Dept. GS-304,
St. Louis, MO 63103

DIG BAG

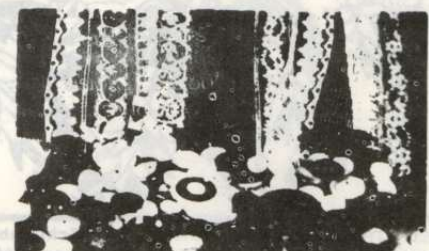
12x12	\$10.00
17x21	\$20.00
14x16	\$15.00
Child's Size	\$5.00

Postpaid

Ks. residents add 3% tax. Naugahyde, Lined, 4 pockets outside, 4 pockets inside. Black Brown, Beige, Tan, Red, White, Blue, Rust



GRACE DORMAN — Rt. 1, Box 41
WaKeeney, Kansas 67672



40 YARDS LACE \$1.75

LACE — LACE — LACE... 40 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length—none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double, knit fabrics. Only \$1.75 or double orders \$3.35. 3 orders just \$4.95. Pls. include 50¢ pstg. and hdlg with EACH set of 40 yards you buy. Satisfaction guaranteed!

FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS!

50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes and shapes. Sent FREE with each lace order. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery

LACE LADY
1602 Locust St.

Dept. LB-763,
St. Louis, MO 63103

BURGESS ONCE-A-YEAR PRE-SEASON SALE - AN OUTSTANDING

Holiday Cactus Collection

HOLIDAY COLLECTION - One each of the Easter, Thanksgiving, White Christmas and Red Christmas Cactus at a \$1.50 savings.
Item No. HC1052 - 4 Plants for \$11.50.

These splendid holiday cactus produce brilliantly-colored, 3 to 4 inch, hooded, tubular blossoms that last for weeks. You'll want several for yourself and for holiday gift-giving. They make dramatic decorations for holiday entertaining. **ORDER NOW WHILE THIS SPECIAL PRICE LASTS.** Two superb collections offered.



RED CHRISTMAS CACTUS - (*Schlumbergera bridgesii*) - This old fashioned favorite is similar in form to the white Christmas Cactus. The big bell-shaped flowers are carmine red with purple tinged centers. It begins blooming in early December.
Item No. H1701 - \$2.90 each, 2 for \$5.50.

VERY POPULAR CHRISTMAS CACTUS COLLECTION - Send for each of the Red and White Christmas Cactus Plants.
Item No. HC1046 - 2 Plants for \$5.95.



RED THANKSGIVING CACTUS - (*Schlumbergera truncata*) The form is similar to Christmas Cactus but it flowers about a month earlier. Place your order now.
Item No. H1702 - \$3.25 each, 2 for \$6.00.

BURGESS GUARANTEE

All plants are guaranteed to be of high quality, and to arrive in good healthy condition or purchase price will be refunded. Return **SHIPPING LABEL ONLY** - you may keep the plants. (One year limit).

HURRY AND SEND YOUR ORDERS WHILE WE HAVE A BIG SUPPLY OF ALL VARIETIES - ESPECIALLY THE WHITE CHRISTMAS CACTUS.



WHITE CHRISTMAS CACTUS - (*Schlumbergera truncata* "Alba") - Satiny, snow-white blossoms and shiny holly green leaves make this Christmas Cactus the perfect holiday centerpiece. The blossoms appear early in December and continue through January. We offered this for the first time last year and it was an extremely popular item.

Item No. H1703 - \$3.95 each, 2 for \$7.20.

VIBRANT EASTER CACTUS (*Rhipsalidopsis gaertneri*) - This has scarlet, star-like blooms at the stem joints as well as at the stems. The drooping habit of this plant makes it a good selection for spring hanging baskets. Send now - it's not too early to order this bright bloomer.

Item No. H1700 - \$2.90 each, 2 for \$5.50.



FREE INSTRUCTION GUIDE

Natural conditions of night temperatures and hours of darkness produce the flowers in the three seasons. Read how to do shading or cooling to stimulate flowering in the cultural instructions that are supplied **FREE** with your order. Guide contains easy-to-follow instructions.

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

BURGESS SEED AND PLANT CO.
DEPT. 9931-45
905 Four Seasons Road
Bloomington, Illinois 61701

(C) BURGESS 1978

HOW MANY	ITEM NO.	DESCRIPTION	COST

TOTAL _____
Postage & Handling \$1.00 on orders under \$15.00 only _____
Illinois Res. add 5% Sales Tax _____
TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____