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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

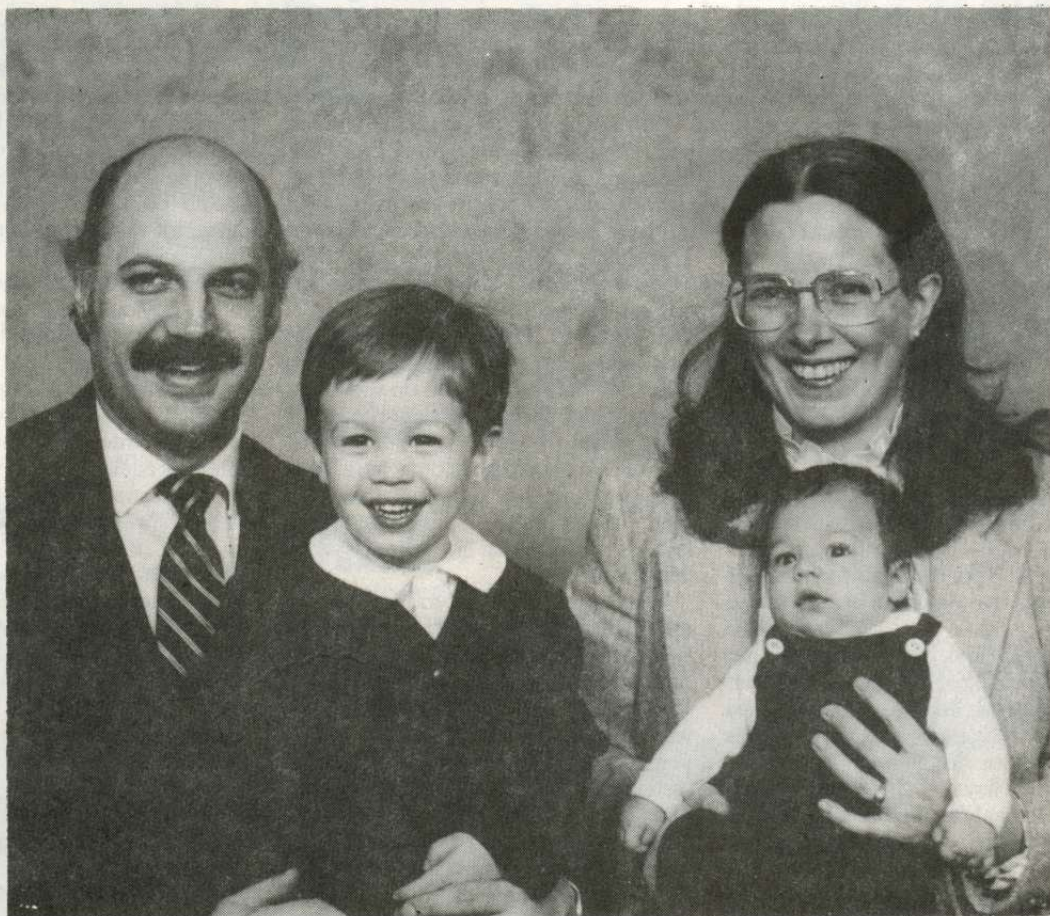
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

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NUMBER 9



**THE DiCICCO FAMILY —
Rich, Stephen, Emily & Martin**

Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

What a busy summer I have had with my garden, so busy in fact, that I wonder if I should have as much garden next year. In some ways, it has been a hard gardening year because of the infestation of Japanese beetles and the long periods of time without rain. After all of the rain of last spring, I never thought that I ever again would complain about a lack of rain, but I have had to do so. My garden hose will not reach the garden across the road and down by the river, and so I have to carry cans and cans of water, nearly breaking my back!

In the middle of this summer, the young man who did gardening work for us three hours a day got a full-time job in a restaurant down at the beach, and so I had to break in a new gardener. He is a good boy, and a hard worker, but gardening is strange to him, and this means that we have to work right along together.

We have tried to keep down the Japanese beetle devastation with sprays, and with beetle traps, with some success. At first, I put the traps too near the flowers and that drew the beetles to the very spot where they could do their deadly work. Then, I moved the traps out into the middle of the lawn, and that seemed to work better. Fortunately, we did not have as many Japanese beetles as some of our neighbors.

Of all my flowers, the red impatiens and the red salvias are the most visible from the house. The zinnias show up nicely too, but I must remember next year not to plant so many of the small zinnias. The giant ones are more hardy, more showy, and make better flower arrangements. Of all my flowers, the gailardias have been the least effective. They bloomed late in the summer and did not show up very well against the shrubs.

My good farmer friend up the road a piece, Mr. Henry Stewart, passed away several weeks ago. He had such beautiful

flower gardens, and he was so kind and generous in the way he helped me with my gardens. Actually, it was his gardens which inspired mine. Mrs. Stewart refers to my gardens as "Our Stewart Annex!" Shortly before his death, Mr. Stewart made two Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts with me. We made them on a beautiful day as we walked through his gardens.

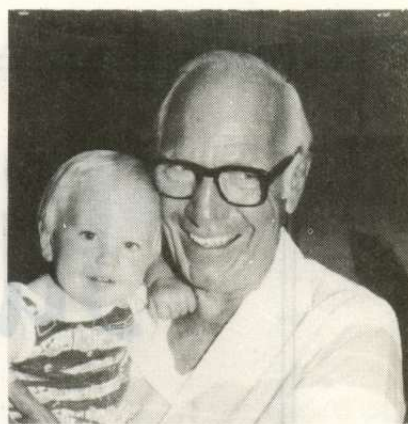
A few days ago I looked out the window as I was coming downstairs to breakfast and gasped with surprise. There, within fifteen feet of the house, was a magnificent, full-grown deer! I called for Betty to come see it. We watched it look at the flowers, look under the crab apple tree for any green apples, and then trot over to our neighbor's yard. It must have wandered over to our neighborhood from a game preserve that is just about two miles from our house.

During the years when we spent our summers in Nova Scotia (1958-1971), we always had wild deer coming up to the house in the late summer. We love to see them, and in the hopes of seeing some more here, I am going to buy a big block of salt to put out in the back of the lawn. I am told that salt will attract them, but I wonder what else the salt might attract.

You know what a wonderful visit we had with our daughter, Mary Lea Palo, her husband, Vincent, and their children. How we do love the weeks they spend out here in New England each summer. They had a cottage down on the shore where they could be in the ocean surf and on the lovely beaches every day of their vacation. From the time she was nine years old, Mary Lea has loved to sail, and she was with me on the water every chance she got. One afternoon, we sailed down the coast past Mason's Island so that I could point out where Mary Lea's great-great-great-grandfather once lived. It was there in his great-grandfather's house that her great-grandfather was born.

Whenever we go out in the boat, we take a lunch and bottles of soft drink and vegetable juice. There are two ice chests on the boat, one in the cabin and one in the cockpit, and both are well-stocked with refreshments. We always get so very hungry while out there on the salt water, and the refreshments are always very popular. For the children, little boxes of raisins and figs are kept on board at all times (these are classified as "Emergency Rations").

Some of my neighbors have a new hobby which interests me very much. They are sailing little model sailing boats which are remote controlled from the shore with battery-operated controls. These beautiful little boats can sail wonderfully well. The trouble is that they cost so much. You know the old saying: "The only difference between a man and a boy is the cost of his toys."



Cassie Palo, now almost two years old, was thrilled to greet her grandfather, Frederick Driftmier, when she and the rest of the Palo family vacationed in the East.

During all of the weeks of the summer, Betty kept us well-supplied with melons of various kinds. From May until October, she always has on hand in our refrigerator some watermelon, honeydew melon, cantaloupe, crenshaw melon, and sometimes casaba melon. The crenshaw melon is my favorite.

The pale, iced appearance of the honeydew melon makes it a favorite with so many of our guests. For a breakfast treat, it is a good source of vitamin C and has only about 46 calories per slice. Care should be taken when buying honeydews, for they usually are sold just a bit green and they need to be ripened in a warm room for a few days, or until their rather obvious fragrance is noticed.

Of course I like cantaloupe! Have you ever heard of a man from a small town in Iowa not liking cantaloupe? I love it, and because it has even fewer calories than honeydew melons, cantaloupe can be eaten three times a day. When shopping for cantaloupe, look for one that is well-webbed, well-formed, with a smoothly rounded depression at the stem end. That little depression means that the melon is fully mature, the stem having come off easily when picked. Like all melons, the fragrance says a lot. The old adage is true: "If it smells good, it is good."

We patronize a marvelous fruit stand, one operated by the same men who were there when Betty was just a little girl. When we were in the shop yesterday, I asked how a buyer can be sure that he is getting really good peaches, and this is what one of the men told me:

"You have to look beyond that pretty, peachy color! You have to notice the complexion of the whole fruit . . . A creamy, yellowish background is the best indication of a ripe and flavorful peach. Select peaches that are firm, yet give a little when squeezed gently. Keep peaches in a warm room until they are soft enough to eat, and then refrigerate

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MARY BETH REPORTS



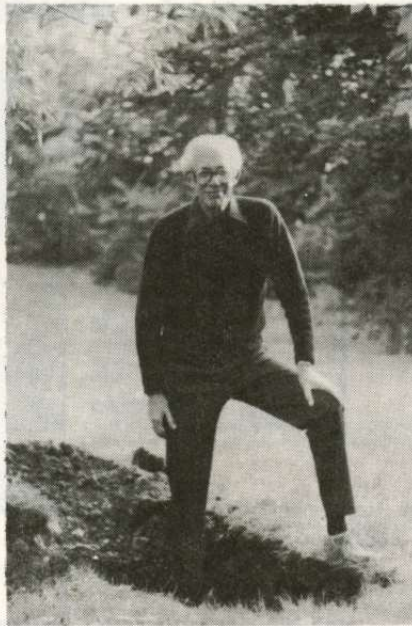
Dear Friends:

Although it has only been four weeks since I last sat down to write to you, I have lived those four weeks in a deeply drugged state. For that reason, the letters which I have received from many of you who have already been down the path upon which I am now struggling, have given me incredible encouragement. I have been very touched by the many letters you have written me, and I think the biggest point I have gleaned from these letters was the thread of thought that I ought to continue to discuss with you the various aspects of chemotherapy.

The mention of the word cancer was one which was associated for me, at least, with an image of a foreshortened life span and a quality of life which was going to be unlike that for which I had prayed. For the majority of women who will discover this year that they have breast cancer this is not true! I was unaware of the statistic that one woman in eleven will develop breast cancer. Even more startling and terribly sad is the fact that of, that one woman in eleven, her daughters stand a one in four chance of inheriting this puzzling, silent, painless affliction.

I was as well acquainted with cancer as the average person was who has read or listened to the Cancer Society's advertisements. The most fearful part begins *after surgery* when one is presented with three options. If the cancer is in stage one, that is, if it is still in its original primary cell, then very likely the surgeon will keep an X-ray eye on you for years and that will be the primary follow-up procedure. If the cancer is in stage two, where secondary cancer cells have been found in the next closest area, living independently of the major growth, then chances are follow-up therapy will be advised. If the cancer is in stage three, that is the cancer cells have been found elsewhere in the body, then even more radical follow-up procedures are recommended.

In my particular case, the cancer cells were found in one of the lymph nodes connected with the breast lymphatic system. My surgeon insisted that the only way for me to proceed, under my particular condition, was to begin Adjunct Chemotherapy. He said it had been used successfully for years in the area near Italy in the Mediterranean and was accepted now in this country as the 98% cure for cancers of this type. Because I was so ignorant of the basic meaning of his words, I was not bouncing up and down on the hospital bed concurring with his suggestion. Finally, the oncolog-



Donald Driftmier checks the repair work done to the septic tank in their yard.

ist came to see me for a very quiet talk during which he first asked me exactly what I knew about my cancer. He then proceeded to explain my cancer condition to me and when he was completed with his consultation, I, and Don, knew that the only way for me to go was with chemotherapy. I could not begin this until my stitches were healed and the area showed indications that new paths had been found by the body for the lymphatic fluid to return from the arm to the body's trunk.

The first appointment I had with the oncologist (one who specializes in the study of bulks, such as tumors and cancers) was made with Don included. Dr. Hart, isn't that a perfect name for a man who is trying to save one's life, explained that we were now on a "buddy system" and that whatever affected me would be affecting Don. Just like swimmers, we were now buddies in the program to save my life. I must tell you that my husband, because of his years of growing up with a physically handicapped mother, is one of the most sensitive people I have ever known. He is unusually aware of how I am feeling and how he can help. Also one could not sit in the oncology waiting room, filled with many hurting, unfortunate people and not come away without an enormous empathy for them and the vow to remember to thank God for one's own good health.

Before each chemotherapy treatment, which for me were to run for six weekly intravenous injections combined with pills which I took three times a day, a sample of blood is drawn. Within forty minutes, the doctor has a three-page read-out written by the computer which has just run scores of tests upon the blood sample it received. Contained on

this printed computer sheet is information about the white and red blood cell count. There have to be a multitude of other facts on it, but I have not yet built up my courage to ask to see the report on my blood!

I have kept a running count of my weight, pulse, blood pressure, temperature, platelet count and white cell count. Dr. Hart warned me that I might misinterpret this information and give myself a scare, but I convinced him that I was a nut for figures and statistics and that it gave me pleasure to compare one week's figures to the last. Very little is said to scare one, but having three different kinds of chemicals dripped into my arm was frightening enough for me. I wanted to know what they were and what reaction I might get from them.

I must tell you that the meetings with the doctor are in small consultation rooms on the floor devoted entirely to chemotherapy and radiation treatment at St. Luke's Hospital in Milwaukee. The intravenous treatments are given in a very chilly air-conditioned room where one may request and get a light blanket. The room must be kept cool because the medication is administered in a cool state, and the computers on the floor have to maintain a "cool" condition or they overheat and stop functioning.

The nurses are psychological geniuses. They explain all that they are doing but hasten to add that not everyone reacts the same so they are not inclined to scare the wits out of one as to what lies ahead. Coffee, milk, soft drinks, anything to make one more comfortable during the hour or so while one's arm is immobilized during the intravenous session, is made available.

Very little reaction was experienced by me the first week. I bragged to my sister, Margie, that it looked like I was going to be one of the lucky ones who had the therapy, went home to take a nap, and lived my life as though nothing unusual were going on. Once again my arrogance was promptly squashed.

The second week Don was again requested to come "with" and although my weight was going up and my blood pressure was elevated, nothing extraordinary seemed to be occurring. I had some headaches and many sleepless nights. I would waken after about three hours of sleep and read for the balance of the night. However, by the third week I was beginning to feel out of whack— weird and strange. I had taken to losing my balance and falling. Food which I had formerly loved now looked uninviting. I was not nauseous fortunately.

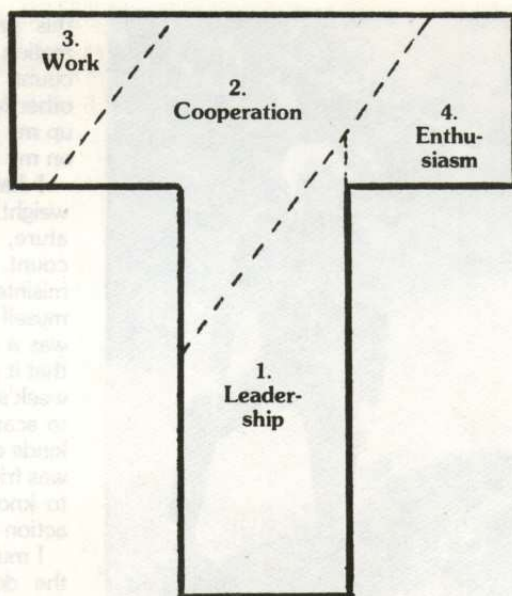
I was warned, but did not believe, that I would lose my hair—my pride and joy because I could do so many different things with it because it was so thick and healthy. However, on the advice of one

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Let's Make It Fit to a "T"

(To Open the Club Year)

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: On a large easel or on the wall, randomly fasten giant-size pieces of the "T" puzzle shown above. These pieces will be used to fit the "T" into shape during the program. Label the puzzle pieces: 1. LEADERSHIP, 2. COOPERATION, 3. WORK, 4. ENTHUSIASM.

Leader:

It takes a heap o' workin' in a club to make it run.

It takes a heap o' plannin' to make the whole thing hum.

Of course you know the president is really at the head,

But she can't do a single thing if the club's already dead!

The officers and the chairmen, as a rule fall right in line,

And all their many duties nearly always turn out fine;

But the real success of any club with every member lies.

Now! are you helping your club — or waitin' till it dies?

Let's all perk up and listen, be ready for the call,

Cause it takes a heap o' workin' in a club to make it run,

And it takes a heap o' plannin' for the fellowship and fun!

—(Thanks to Doris Reed in Iowa BPW Magazine)

As we begin our new club year, it behooves us to take a look at what makes a club successful. What makes a club work? What is my part and yours in making this a good year? The carpenter often expresses his satisfaction in his work by saying "It fits to a 'T,'" meaning that each piece of material fits into place perfectly—exactly right. I've asked some helpers to take the pieces we will be needing to make this a successful club year and to show how they can fit "to a 'T'."

1. Leadership: (Moves that puzzle

piece up on the easel into proper position.) LEADERSHIP forms the base of our "T." To obtain the goals we have set up for the club this year, it is necessary to have good leadership. In this leadership we expect such qualities as conviction, ability, impartiality, initiative and integrity. These leaders must be able to say "yes" or "no" as the occasion demands, and to bring out the best in those who follow their lead, always striving to use the talents and abilities of each member.

2. Cooperation: The key word for the part the membership plays in the success of the club year is COOPERATION. The key to cooperation is doing. Wisdom is knowing what to do. Skill is knowing how to do it. But real service is characterized in the DOING, being supportive of your leaders and of your fellow club members and being a member who lifts rather than one who pulls down. Yes, COOPERATION must be an important part to fit into our "T." (Places puzzle part 2.)

3. Work: (Places piece number 3.) I place the third part of our puzzle in place. I bet some of you were hoping we could leave WORK out of it this year! If this is to be a successful year, not one of us can sit back with a "let George do it" attitude. There is a job for everyone. No task is accomplished without work on someone's part. Whether you serve as an officer, a chairperson, a committee member or one giving moral support, YOU are important.

4. Enthusiasm: (Places piece number 4.) I think that though this may be the smallest piece in our puzzle, it might be the most powerful when it comes to getting things done and holding our club together in harmony. It is the spark which can ignite us all into action, wherever we serve. Grandma probably called it "get-up-and-go", but whatever it

is called it can be powerful stuff—**ENTHUSIASM!**

Leader:

There you have it—our new club year puzzle —

And you can very plainly see
That given the right ingredients

We can work together "to a 'T!'"

LIFT AND PROMOTE!

(To Open a New Club Year)

Props: Large skeleton; large bulletin board; letters; pins. A large skeleton—either one of the large, jointed ones (seen at Halloween) or sketch a large skeleton on a blackboard or paper so it can be displayed on stage. A large bulletin board—to which the letters to spell the words "Lift and Promote" may be pinned. Letters—large ones cut from bright-colored construction paper. Pins—have pins ready to fasten letters onto board.

Leader: Today we launch a brand-new club year. Today I would challenge you with this question: "Are you alive or just a skeleton member?" (A helper may step forward to point out the various parts of the skeleton, or if it is a jointed one, she may move the proper parts as mentioned by the leader.) Let us start at the top with the HEAD. Is yours a head that reasons, learns, and is willing to follow the leadership of our officers? Is your head *alive*?

Next we take the HANDS. Are your hands ready to be active, willing to work to achieve the goals, to accomplish those projects to which our club is pledged this year?

How about the HEART? Is yours a heart alive with understanding, love, and appreciation for other members and what they do?

Let us look to the EYES. Are your eyes set on wider and broader visions for the future before us?

Consider next the MOUTH. Will your mouth be used to spread kindness, cheer and friendship?

We come now to the EARS. Will you listen and learn so that you may be better informed, understanding and learning about other members and other people everywhere?

Lastly, let us think about the LEGS. Someone must do all of the legwork needed to carry out all of the endeavors we undertake, to do all of the errands involved in keeping our club alive and growing.

How about it? Will we have (number of club members) *alive* members active in this club year? If you will indeed be alive and not a skeleton member, then will you join me in resolving that this will be a year in which each officer and each member will "Lift and Promote." (One helper reads the narration for the letters and

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SEPTEMBER PARTY IDEAS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

DECORATIONS

Consider one or more—"The Little Red Schoolhouse", slates, footballs, ceramic squirrels, fall leaves and nuts. Small dolls can be dressed with full-skirted dresses made of colorful autumn leaves. Pin on a leaf for a hat and use orange yarn or ribbon for a sash. Buck-eyes and acorns are pretty in small baskets. Glue tiny autumn leaves and seeds to small boxes for containers.

GAMES

Tools of the Trade: The one who is "It" leaves the room. The rest of the players decide what occupation the player is to have. "It" comes back in the room and goes around the circle, standing in front of each one. Each must mention one thing which "It" will need for her or his job. After "It" has circled the room and all guests have named an object, "It" must guess his own occupation, or pay a forfeit.

Capsule Descriptions: The players are seated in a circle. One player begins by introducing the player on her, or his, right. In the introduction, the player must describe the person with words beginning with the person's initials such as, "This is Jack Bowen who is just beautiful." Continue around the circle. The leader may suggest that the first time around they introduce the player on the right with a complimentary description and the next round do the neighbor on the left and use uncomplimentary statements.

Dear Abby Questions & Answers: Each player is given two slips of paper. On one paper each player writes a problem question. On the other paper is written an answer—not necessarily the answer to the question written. The problems are all put in one box and the answers in another. Each player then draws a slip of paper from each box. Each player in turn then reads the question drawn and then the answers. This can be hilariously funny such as "I have been invited to meet my boyfriend's parents and I'm scared to death. What shall I do?" The answer: "Gargle with salt water three times a day and get plenty of rest."

Nose Dive: Divide players into two groups to play this game as a relay. The captain of each team is provided with a small matchbox top. This is passed from one player's nose to another without using the hands. The first side to finish wins. Silly, but fun.

Rummage Sale: When guests are invited, ask each to bring a bundle of old clothes in a brown paper bag. (Or the hostess can provide some.) To play



Pictured are the grandchildren of writer, Mabel Nair Brown, and her husband, Dale. From left to right are Kristin, Ben, Rebecca and Bryce, the children of Rev. Kenneth and Regina (Brown) Fineran of Yuma, Colorado. Kristin is married and lives in Minnesota. Ben is attending Northeastern Junior College at Sterling, Colorado, Rebecca is going to Purdue University and Bryce is a sophomore at the Yuma High School. This handsome group helped their grandparents celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary this past June.

game, have the guests form a circle and start passing the bags of clothing to the right. When the leader calls "Stop!", each player must don the clothing in the bag he or she holds. Then hold a grand march, awarding a prize to the funniest costume.

Money's Worth: Give each guest paper and pencil. The leader pronounces the first letter of a word such as "nuts" or "goldenrod" or "acorn." Players are to write that letter at top left of their paper and then write as many words under it as they can which begin with that letter. Allow two or three seconds. Then leader gives the second letter of the word and so on until all letters of the word are given. A prize goes to the person having the most words for all of the letters.

What-Is-Your-IQ Quiz:

1. Give three slang expressions which mean "Please leave!" (skiddoo, scram, beat it, vamoose, etc.)
2. Give four nursery rhymes about Jack. ("Jack Be Nimble", "Jack and the Beanstalk", "Jack and Jill Went Up the Hill", and "Little Jack Horner")
3. What is a mud cat? (a bullhead fish)
4. What is a seer? (one who foretells the future)
5. What is a sucker? (a kind of fish and slang for a gullible person)
6. What is seersucker? (a crinkly fabric)
7. What is crepe? (soft fabric)
8. What is a crepe suzette? (a fancy pancake)
9. What makes an angel food cake rise? (air beaten into the egg whites)

10. What are the first five words of the Gettysburg address? (fourscore and seven years ago)

11. What two colors mixed together will make green? (blue and yellow)

12. What great hero fought windmills? (Don Quixote)

13. What was Buffalo Bill's real name? (William Cody)

14. With what country do you associate the Taj Mahal? (India)

15. What ship is always ahead? (leadership)

COVER PICTURE

The cover picture on this month's magazine features the growing DiCicco family of Arlington, Virginia.

Rich is president of Technology Catalyst, Inc., a consulting firm assisting companies in locating new technologies and products, with offices in Arlington, Virginia, and Brussels, Belgium.

Emily (Driftmier) has recently returned to her job with the Overseas Education Fund after taking a maternity leave. Those of you who live in our listening area have had the pleasure of hearing Emily broadcast with Robin Justiz on the Kitchen-Klatter radio programs in recent weeks from Washington, D.C.

The DiCiccoss' children are: Stephen Louis, three years old, and Martin Joseph, born last December. With their two young sons to raise and their full-time jobs, Rich and Emily have some busy times ahead.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It has been over a month now since we have had a rain, and several of those days were over 100 degrees. I can't remember ever seeing our lawn as brown as it is. Our corn and beans look good from the road. This morning when I went after the mail Frank went with me and we walked out into the cornfield a little way to see what it was like. The stalks are unbelievably tall. I couldn't begin to touch the tops of them. Frank picked one ear and it was all filled out and in the roasting-ear stage. So far it looks good, but we are keeping our fingers crossed. We've gotten only one cutting of hay so far, and unless we get a rain it might be the only one. The pastures are in very bad shape, and even with a rain it will take awhile for them to come back.

It is with great sadness that I have to report the death of my dear friend, Frances Chambers, who died of lung cancer on July 6th. She had called me the middle of June to tell me she had terminal cancer, but she and her doctor thought it would be several months, so the suddenness of her death was a surprise to everyone. I had been calling her frequently and having good visits, so when her son told me she had had no pain and went peacefully in her sleep, I was glad for her.

In case you have forgotten, Frances was my college roommate for a few months when we were both freshmen at Chadron State College. Thirty-five years ago we lost track of each other and it wasn't until our daughter, Kristin Brase, and her family moved to Chadron, which had been Frances' home town, that I began searching for her and found her in Casper, Wyoming. This was five years ago, and we met each other that year when Billie Oakley and I went to Hastings to put on a program. "Flip," as we all called her in school, met us in Hastings and came home with me. We had a wonderful two weeks together catching up, and had been in close touch ever since.

Every year when I went to visit Kristin, we always spent one day driving to Casper to have lunch and a short visit with Flip—until this year. I felt Kristin had her hands full with a new baby and didn't mention making the long trip. I had just been home from Torrington one week when Flip called to tell me of her illness. You can imagine my feelings when she asked me when I was coming out to see Kristin, and I had to tell her I had just come home from there. We both said we would always be grateful that Kristin moved to Chadron and we got back together.



Frances "Flip" Chambers and Dorothy Driftmier Johnson.

The last time Juliana was in Shenandoah she managed to squeeze in a weekend here at the farm, bringing Lucile and Katharine with her. It didn't seem possible, but she said this was her first trip here in five years. I know Kristin and her boys were here at that same time and they all stayed at the Andybear. As Juliana said, they had wall-to-wall beds set up and they had a wonderful time.

Since Juliana had never eaten at Derby, something Lucile wanted to be sure she got a chance to do, they got an early start from Shenandoah and arrived at our back door at 9:30, in plenty of time to have a cup of coffee and rest a little while before going on to Derby. We had asked Bernie to go with us so Juliana and Katharine could have a visit with her.

On the way back to Lucas we turned off the highway at Lucile's request and drove all through the Stephens State Forest area. Katharine was very happy because she got to see a lot of horses. The forest area has several camping sites fixed up especially for those who want to bring their horses with them so they can ride on the many trails. There are hitching rails and small ponds for watering horses. Juliana, who does a lot of camping, thought the area had beautiful camping facilities, better than a lot of the places they have camped.

We picked up ice on the way home because everyone was looking forward to some homemade ice cream. Juliana had brought fresh blueberries all washed and ready to use. I had never made blueberry ice cream before and I asked Juliana if I should put the berries in the blender first. She said just to dump them in, along with a lot of blueberry flavoring, so I did. The ice cream tasted good, but the berries were frozen hard, like bullets. Next time we will blend them. After the huge dinner at Derby and much ice cream in the afternoon, we kept supper simple. I had fixed a large shrimp salad

the night before so it was well-chilled and tasted real good on a very hot night.

Katharine spent 99% of her time with the kittens and found one that was special. She tried to convince her mother that she should take it home with her, as far as Shenandoah anyway, then Aunt Dorothy could bring it home the next time she was there. Lucile told her that if Aunt Dorothy ever got one that far from home she would never bring it back since she now had twenty cats and kittens. I don't know how a tiny kitten and huge Hawkeye would have gotten along together.

Frank got out the bicycles and Katharine and Juliana rode down the lane a ways. They didn't stay long because the flying insects got the best of them. However, the next day Juliana took a long hike down the lane and up the ditch and returned with a large armful of dried weeds for bouquets.

When Katharine was in the back yard with the kittens, I happened to look out the window and saw a beautiful little fawn just on the other side of the fence in the barn lot, not fifty feet from her. I wanted her to see it, and when I went to the door to quietly tell her to look that way, it heard me and started to run. It didn't go far. I didn't see the doe, so perhaps the baby hadn't minded its mother and wandered away.

Juliana had hoped to see some wild turkeys, but no such luck. A few days later as I was coming home from town and driving down our lane, I saw a hen and several half-grown babies run into the timber, so we do have some new families for sure.

Juliana and Katharine slept on the front porch. It was a beautiful, clear night and they loved listening to the owls answering each other in the timber, and the deep bass voices of the bull frogs. The fireflies were also putting on quite a spec-

(Continued on page 19)



KEEP 'EM ROLLING

by
R. K. Hively

Almost every home has a rolling pin; almost every rolling pin has a story.

The old lady's left hand held the crock bowl as her right hand pushed the fork into the crumbly pie crust dough. At last the unwieldy dough began to form a flaky ball. It was ready to spread.

Earlier she had spread powdery flour over the linoleum-covered counter top. "Blop," the dough ball sounded as she dropped it on the counter. Then her aged hands reached into the 4-inch-wide drawer and withdrew the pink marble rolling pin her father, Archibald McDole, had brought from Scotland to America in 1865.

Russ Roger, bored from waiting for the three washers of clothes to finish their cycle at the Quickwash Laundromat, stepped out of the back door to wander in the cluttered alley behind the store. He looked curiously at two rusting washers, their life worn away by thousands of quarters stuffed into their slots by bored people like himself. Russ for some reason bent over and picked up a shining green bottle which was lying next to the worn-out machines. The label said Thunderbird Grape Wine. The bottle intrigued Russ. He carried it to his car and laid it on the old Indian blanket in the trunk. He thought, "Perhaps we can use it as a candleholder in the new apartment." Russ was going to be married that Saturday. Little did he know that the Thunderbird wine bottle would spend the next 18 years with him, as his family's only rolling pin.

Brenda Fisher had no rolling pin. Whenever she needed to roll out a crust or crush some English walnuts, she reached into the cabinets above the stove and brought forth a fruit jar. It mattered not if the jar was filled with strawberry preserves, tomato juice, or green beans; the extra weight helped to roll out the dough for the cinnamon rolls her husband and three children loved so well.

From where did the rolling pin evolve? Scholars, home economics teachers, and housewives all have a story about how they received their rolling pin or substitute for a rolling pin, but no one seems to know what woman developed one of the kitchen's most useful and unthought-of utensils.

Some historians claim that the rolling pin evolved from the mortar and pestle. In India the mortar and pestle are so important to the Indian culture that a set goes with the bride when she moves to her husband's house.

American women tend to use four basic types of rolling pins today. The most familiar is the American rolling pin. This all-purpose pin rolls independently of its handles. Some pins have been built with ball bearings for a smoother action. Less expensive models have a wooden shaft through the middle. Older types were carved from one single piece of cedar or maple. The older varieties tended to have a larger diameter, perhaps because of coarser flour or smaller kitchens had inadequate space for rolling out dough, requiring a heavier pin.

Other styles have been carved from a single block of marble. Glass models were blown for many years in the 19th century. The Columbus Baking Powder Company of Laurens, New York, sold their powder packed in refillable hollow glass rolling pins, which were decorated with flower designs and the firm's name blown into the glass.

Porcelain and china rolling pins have also been used in the traditional American rolling pin form. In contemporary days, consumers have the option to buy hollow plastic pins. One company advertises that their hollow plastic rolling pin doubles as an egg carrier for camping trips. They claim eggs broken into the hollow pin will not separate or break the yolks in transit.

A second kind of rolling pin is the French straight rolling pin. The housewife rolls this pin with the palms of her hands. Because the palms of the hands are so sensitive, she can readily feel any irregularities in the pastry or pasta dough. This pin is available in various sizes. Mexican natives use a variant of this type of rolling pin, a piece cut from a broom handle, to roll out tortillas thinner than the common hand patting.

A specialized rolling pin is the tapered rolling pin. It is small in diameter and tapers from center to ends. It works

especially well for rolling dough into a circle as for pizza or croissants.

One other specialized rolling pin used in America today is the Springerle pin. It is used for the final rolling of cookie dough. The rolling leaves delicately embossed cookie dough which can be cut into shapes for baking. The Springerle-type cookie can also be achieved by using a Springerle board which is placed over the dough and a traditional rolling pin rolled over it to press the figures into the dough.

Rolling pins do require care and upkeep. A new wooden rolling pin is cured by rubbing it with vegetable oil, just as a person does with a cutting board. A majority of people will not wash a rolling pin; they simply wipe it off and return it to its usual place. If they do wash a rolling pin, they use clear water so as to not hurt its cure. Some people protect the cure of a rolling pin by covering it with a cloth or stockinette. The material, sold at the local grocery store, keeps the dough from sticking to the wood and makes rolling dough much easier.

Unlike dough sticking to a stockinette, the stories about rolling pins keep sticking.

Sharon Smith, bride of two weeks, had gotten off work early on Friday night and rushed home to her two-room garage apartment to fix a surprise fried chicken dinner for her husband, Don. "What would be the best thing to touch off this meal," Sharon thought as she was cutting the chicken into parts at the sink. "I know, I will make some biscuits from scratch." As she later dropped the dough onto the floured linoleum counter top, she reached into the cupboard and withdrew a tall tapered drinking glass—her lifetime biscuit cutter and rolling pin.

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SEPTEMBER'S SCHOLARS

by
Helen Friesen

September heralds a change in the American households where children live.

The last few weeks of summer vacation mothers have gone through endless stacks of clothes while impatient youngsters have used every argument in the book to get out of trying on clothes from last spring.

Garage sales and "specials" are scrutinized thoroughly to stretch the household budget to the hilt. Mothers surely despair of finding enough in the wardrobe to cover those children who experienced such a spurt in growth over the summer. Shoes that fit when they took them off the last day of school now pinch toes. That's when "shoes" appear on the shopping list.

"Mother, I can't wear that this fall. That's not in style anymore," wails the high-school miss who's very clothes conscious and certainly doesn't want to be different from her peers.

Final family outings, last-minute vacations, going to the State Fair, attending a 4-H presentation all get crammed into too short a span of time.

Seemingly too soon for some children the engines of the school buses chug out of their garage, making their rounds to gather the scholars for another nine months of education.

The CIA could learn a few lessons on how true spying can be done. Children know about lookouts when it comes to watching for the bus. "You watch for the school bus," yells one child. "I did yesterday. It's your turn today," retorts the other. If you've never heard that exchange, that means your children are close enough to school so they can walk—or have a car of their own.

Those last minutes before bus time remain the most traumatic time in the day for many an American household. Shoes, jackets, homework, gym clothes—you name it, they can never find them at the last minute when the bus is just three blocks away.

"Do you have your lunch money?" yells Mother. She's sure to be frustrated to learn that one has already lost his/hers.

"Who moved my homework?" cries another. "I had it sitting right here on the table." "Not me," scornfully responds the sibling who never has trouble misplacing anything.

"Mommy, what can I take for show and tell today?" If it's not that, then the elementary little one wants to take something Mother doesn't want the child to take.

How proudly the little kindergartener gets herded onto the bus for the first time by his older siblings. For some there may



Natalie Nenneman enjoys a snack on a hot summer day. Natalie is the daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman and is a senior at Millard North High School in Omaha.

even be a tear or two since they're not so sure they want to leave Mommy alone all day. That's a very long time to be gone.

There's also the food in the school cafeteria. It won't be like Mommy cooks. Who can tell what they might find in it? Will it be something they won't like? Will they get a bigger helping than they can eat? After all, Mommy makes them eat only three small carrots. Oh, there are some frightening moments for the first-timers all right.

When the school bus brings them home, there's a mad dash to get to the house first. There's so much to share. In the back pocket of those jeans are the papers they've colored that day, the note from the teacher (all crushed by this time), and other odds and ends.

"Guess what, Mommy? Billy threw up—right on the floor." "Mom, the teacher says we have to have some money for this stuff in art. Can I take 50¢ tomorrow?" "Hey, what's for lunch? I could eat a horse," comes from another.

The one that comes dragging in behind the others probably tore his shirt at recess playing ball. What will Mom say about that? He got it for his birthday from Aunt Carol.

With cookies in hand and all the gossip tidbits dispensed, they head either for the TV or outside for a visit with the cat, the dog, the horse or whatever animal fills their idle moments. From inside the mother hears the sound of the swing going higher and higher as she puts things in order. The cyclone of activity following the return of the school bus has abated.

Maybe there will be time to get some supper after all. The school year routine has begun again.

Grandma always said the children could keep on the straight and narrow better if they got their information from someone who's been over the route.

PAPER, PENS & PENCILS

by
Virginia Thomas

Once again the school bells ring out across the land and paper, pens and pencils are in great demand. The history of these familiar items is most interesting.

Prehistoric man drew pictures of animals on the walls of caves, on flat rocks, on bones, metals and the skins of animals, using a sharp stone or a charred piece of wood. The cavemen supplemented the crude drawings by adding symbols. From these evolved pictographs and thus to the ideographic writing such as used by the Chinese. The first alphabet, with symbols representing sounds, was developed by the Phoenicians about 1500 B.C. Later, the Greeks borrowed and perfected it, then the Romans, and so on until it came down to us today.

The Egyptians made a crude form of paper from the papyrus reed. It was far from satisfactory for it was so brittle it could not be folded or creased. Books made of papyrus couldn't be bound, but had to be wound around a stick. Tanned and bleached skins proved a far better writing material. Calfskin made a fine material called vellum. Sheepskin and goat-skin were made into parchment which was less expensive.

The Chinese invented the first satisfactory paper about 105 A.D. The idea was brought to Europe by the Arabs after their conquest of Samarkand in 751 A.D. But the first paper was not made in Europe until some four hundred years later when paper was made in Spanish mills. By 1270, paper was being manufactured in Germany.

Early Egyptians wrote on papyrus, leather or parchment with brushes and pens made from reeds. They developed an ink made with water and colored with berries or leaves. This writing faded quickly, so such literature was soon lost.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

When one has settled as far away from home as I have, it is one of the greatest pleasures to be visited by people from home. This month I send along a picture of Dr. Jim Lewis holding Johnny on his lap. Dr. Jim, as we like to call him, and his wife, Charlotte, used to be our next-door neighbors in Springfield, Mass., while Mary Lea and I were growing up. My sister and I were good friends with their children, and our parents were also friends. What I remember most about having Dr. and Mrs. Lewis as neighbors was that every time — or I should say any time, day or night, weekday or weekend—any of us were sick, Dr. Lewis came right over to take care of us. He was one of the best family doctors a family could have! Today most families don't know what it means to have a doctor come to their house at all. They have to go to the office instead!

These two old friends came through Calgary on one of their last stops of an extensive tour through the Northwest and Alaska. They experienced bad weather here (we have had lots of that in the last few months), but it didn't matter much to them because their main mission was to have a good visit with us. It was wonderful fun to sit up late in the evening and share old stories about all of the different people in the neighborhood and catch up on what had happened to them and where they are now. They told Sophie and me some very funny stories about what my sister and I were like as children—stories that I had long ago forgotten.

Dr. Lewis grew up on a small farm in Montana in a log cabin. His father was a doctor, and would often be away from home going on his circuit from farm to farm and to several small towns. Dr. Jim was left with the responsibility of tending to chores and helping his mother on the farm. Even though he is happily settled in the East now, he still gets homesick and feels the need to get out West from time to time. He certainly tells many good stories about the way things were in Montana when he was a boy.

I mentioned the bad weather that we have had this summer in Calgary. When people talk about the weather here, however, the conversation always gets around to our poor, unfortunate weathermen. You see, due to the highly unpredictable wind currents that come from the mountains, it is nearly impossible to predict the weather with any accuracy. The weathermen get a lot of stories told about them at their expense.

For example, when my brother-in-law,



Dr. Jim Lewis, an old friend of the Driftmiers, visited David and Sophie earlier this summer. Here, he holds John Frederick Driftmier, who was six months old when the picture was taken.

Vincent Palo, was here, he came to the conclusion that the Calgary weather service was part of an official plot of the government of Canada to spread propaganda. You see, almost every day that the Palos were here, the weather forecast predicted warm sunshine all day. Every afternoon for those two weeks, the sky clouded over and we had thunderstorms. I began to think that Vincent was right! We were having such bad weather that perhaps the weather forecasters were being paid to tell us that the weather would be good, just to keep up our spirits!

For the first three weeks of July, I didn't care what the weather was. This summer, I took a graduate level course at the University of Calgary on how to get students to write more and better papers. It has been a long time since I worked so hard. In three weeks, I had to write three papers and lead a two-and-a-half-hour seminar. After the whole thing was over, though, I felt that I learned a great deal, and certainly felt I earned my vacation!

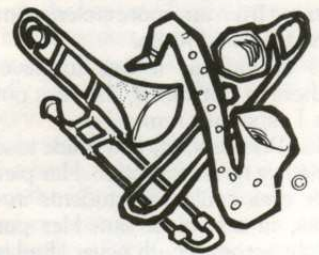
One of the principle things stressed during those three weeks is that all students should practice "peer tutoring" of their papers which they write for school. This means that, before they hand in their papers to the teacher, they spend in-class time reading each others' first drafts and giving each other advice. The students start to think in terms of grammar and spelling as they help each other. Just as importantly, they begin to work harder and think more about what they write because not only the teacher but their own friends will be reading their writing. In the past, I have often suggested to students that they do this, but this year I am going to institute peer tutoring in my classroom.

Teachers are fond of saying that they could do a much better job teaching if they had more "support" from the parents at home. Of course, when it comes to talking about education, it is too easy to blame all of the problems on any one group involved. However, there is a great truth in what teachers say about parents. Wouldn't it be wonderful if all parents took an interest in what their children were reading and writing and thinking about at school?

Just yesterday, when I was thinking about this problem, I hit upon an idea that might help our students' parents to know what is going on in their children's courses. I am the teacher sponsor of the student newspaper at our school. The students produce a newspaper that goes out to all parents as well as all of the students. This school year, a regular feature will be a report written by different students outlining what is being studied in all of the classes. When students go home, their parents, after reading this monthly article, can initiate conversations about their activities at school. They can say, "Oh, I see here that you are reading such and such a story. What's it about?" Or, they might ask, "Are you enjoying the unit on geometry that you are studying in Math class? I would like to see your book!" I hope that this idea of mine will work!

And, I hope that this letter finds all of you well and the children in your lives are off to a good start this new school year.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier



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I REMEMBER TEACHERS

by
Elizabeth Myhr

We forget much of what we learn in school, but we seldom forget our teachers. Perhaps it's because we are half-inclined to believe that they actually have eyes in the backs of their heads, since they manage to keep one jump ahead of us. However, teachers are real people. (I know, because I am married to one and our daughter is a teacher, too.) It may be that the very humanness of teachers, when discovered, amazes students and is the main reason they are so apt to remember them.

I was introduced to teachers at an early age. The front bedroom in the upstairs of my parents' large home was always reserved for two women teachers. Excitement reigned high each fall when they arrived with their fascinating domed trunks. I would watch, starry-eyed, as the young ladies unfolded their fashionable dresses and placed their cosmetics on the vanity in the "teachers' bedroom."

Since none of those who roomed at our home ended up as one of my teachers, I never felt shy around them. But one Saturday I disgraced myself. While the teachers were down in the kitchen having coffee with my mother, I acquainted myself with the marvels of rouge from their vanity. I tried to towel away the evidence, but my face became all the redder. My punishment came in the form of teasing remarks about my rosy cheeks. That, alone, was enough to deter me from any more stolen moments in the teachers' room.

As exciting as it was to have the teachers in our home, they are not the ones I especially remember.

Miss Prideaux, my first-grade teacher, is one I've never forgotten. Her piercing black eyes could nail students in their tracks, in school or out. Her pursed, straight-across mouth never lifted into a smile. She was short, well-rounded and wore her dark hair piled high on her head. The day I was late for school (I had stopped to watch a huge trailer filled with cattle) I knew exactly what to expect from her. Hoping to avoid the inevitable, I quietly edged my way in amongst the other children who were gathered for the morning singing lesson. Without missing a beat on the piano, Miss Prideaux began playing "A Dillar a Dollar, A Ten O'Clock Scholar". The whole class tried to sing and giggle at the same time while Miss Prideaux's eyes pushed my head down in shame. I used to wish she would take sick or give up teaching or just plain go away. But she was in excellent health, a dedicated teacher and always at her post, as sure as the sun rose each day.

Second grade was much better. My teacher was pretty, she laughed a lot and



David Driftmier teaches junior high students in Calgary, Canada.

I loved her name—Annetta. Reading came easy for me and she often asked me to read aloud to the class.

I remember how my classmates and I dreaded the pedagogue we would inherit in the sixth grade—a tall, spare, no-nonsense woman. Students settled down in her class and learned, or stayed after school until they did! I felt unbelievably lucky when our family moved out of town before the new school year began. As it turned out, I missed having one of the best teachers I could have had. Not only did she teach her pupils how to think, she taught them how to live and play by her example. She taught Sunday school, went sledding with the kids in winter and wrote letters to all the servicemen who had been boys in her class.

Another teacher I remember well was a thin, homely woman, with marcelled hair. A kinder, more understanding teacher I never had. It was hard enough for me to recite before the class, let alone being laughed at, which happened one time when I gave a report. I told of something being "snug as a bug in a rug," only I inadvertently reversed the words and said "as snug as a rug in a bug." The slip-up brought gales of laughter. Miss Fitch quietly explained the reason, then nodded for me to continue. Without her faith in me, I never could have gone on.

A few years later my high school sewing teacher gave me a new pattern and enough yellow material for a dress. I was puzzled as to why she chose me to make it and why; in the end, the dress was to be mine. Later I learned that during the depression of the thirties, this instructor often supplied material for girls whose parents found it hard to provide—which mine did.

In my husband's family, a school bell has been handed down from teacher to

teacher for the past one hundred years. Each teacher's name is inscribed on it. Upon his retirement, my husband passed the bell on to our daughter.

My husband, who taught Chemistry, Physics and Biology, is almost better known for a particular non-teaching characteristic than for the subjects he taught. For all of his forty-two years as an instructor, he has either walked or biked to school, no matter what the weather. He is called "that teacher who walks and bikes."

Any teacher who becomes the heart of the learning process for youngsters will, undeniably, be remembered forever by his or her students—for they awaken a life-long interest in self-education and for valuing human relationships.

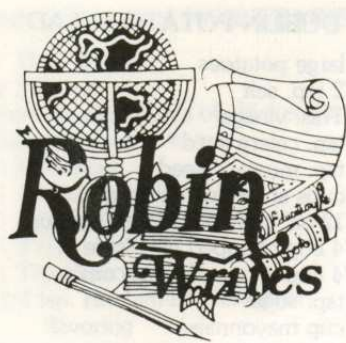
Nothing pleases a teacher more than when a former student returns to thank the teacher for being true to the highest ideals of the profession, especially if those former students were the ones who once defied learning. So the remembrance goes both ways. Students remember certain teachers, but without a doubt, teachers also remember certain students.

"Money may bring the husk of many things, but not the kernel; it brings you food, but not appetite; medicine but not health; acquaintances but not friends; servants but not faithfulness; days of joy, but not peace or happiness."

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"Robin, Robin!" she calls, "I want you to have time for a good breakfast." Reluctantly, I leave my window view to join my mother and father for breakfast before the first day of school.

That first day of school is always as exciting for me as Christmas is for others.

I remember sitting as still as possible by the window in the dining room each year, my heart pounding with enthusiasm. Each known person that passes my house on his or her early way to band or football practice makes me thrill with anticipation of seeing him or her soon at school. Each summer my cousin and I leave with our families to go to the lake so it is doubly exciting to know that everyone will have so much to tell; everyone will have changed in three growth months.

I straighten my new fall dress, feel secretly proud that I'd taken special care to get extra tanned the last two weeks at the lake. Becoming tan is always difficult for me with my blonde hair and fair skin. Oh, I hope they'll think I've changed too.

I can still feel the tightness in my body; my hands tingle; I can only take small short excited breaths. My senses are heightened; I can smell, yes smell, school.

Labor Day signals the end of summer for most people, but for me it means going back to school. Blue loose-leaf notebooks, No. 2 pencils, plastic protractors, and dime store compasses: For the school-aged group, these are as much a part of September as changing leaves and early darkness.

Yet, there is a certain smell of the return to school. Part of that smell must be a result of heightened awareness—the anticipation, always, of a year better than last.

When the air is full of sounds of transitory leaves brushing against each other for the last few times before they fall, when nights turn perceptibly cooler, the locust have been heard for some time, the August air loses its thickness and humidity, and when each morning throws itself out like the scent of crumbled herbs, the smell of school pervades me and makes me a child again.

I am flooded with feelings and memories by the smell of fabrics—fall cottons

waiting to be made up into pretty dresses for school, and wool waiting for the winter to come; the smell of chalk boards recently wet and cleaned for the year ahead; the smell of books set free from storage for the summer, books that have been newly numbered and stamped in preparation for adoption by students who vow, *this year*, to read the whole thing. These smells make me recall snippets of my past that have ceased to be memories and have become feelings.

Kindergarten: The first day blurs a bit as I think about it now. Our teacher at Forrest Park School is Miss Gorchush, but we call her "Miss Gorgeous." What does "feel" clear to me is the memory of the afternoon purchase of a special "rug" on which to take our naps. Several of the mothers and children make a trip to a variety store on the corner of main street called Spurgeons (it isn't there anymore) to select our rugs. Juli, Natalie, Pat, Susan, and I are to have rugs alike.

Spurgeons is piled high with merchandise; the aisles are narrow; it is a sticky, hot, summer day; the smell of dyes and caramel corn are in the air. I think we will never decide on a rug for this special purpose. It seems there are so many from which to select, but before I know it someone has made the important decision. The rugs for school are to be multicolored striped rag rugs. The prominent color is red, a favorite, I think, of all five-year-olds.

It seems, however, that the store only has four rugs with red and one that is almost the same with the prominent color being maroon. It, too, is lovely, I think, but it doesn't seem quite so pretty when I realize it is to be mine.

Our mothers needle our names in yarn on the side so that we may recognize our names and distinguish our rugs. I don't really need a name on my rug; mine is different.

My, how glad I am that frequent washings soon make all our rugs look alike. Peer pressure and a need to be a part of a group must be very strong even when you're five years old.

Third Grade: I watch my feet, clad in new Betty Jane shoes with short white stockings, silently pacing off the distance to school.

"Step on a crack and you break your mother's back."

The oil smell from wooden desks and the floor is always more noticeable just before I am to recite.

Returning home that hot afternoon, my arms heavy with papers and workbooks, I realize that this day means time sacrificed to homework.

High School: Excitement almost overpowers the regret I feel over losing summer mornings of lying in bed until mid-morning or having a leisurely breakfast in front of television in my robe.

The first day of school means re-estab-



Robin Justiz reminisces about school days of the past.

lishing liaisons that had been temporarily suspended over the summer. It means walking by the locker of the boy who sat behind me in Algebra last year—just to see if he will notice.

By the end of that first day, when all the summer stories have been exchanged, we flood in a tight, chattering group down Clarinda Avenue to the local drugstore for required papers and pens. I know the first day is over; I know that instead of lying on the hot beach and staying up until midnight every night, I will have nights of homework and days of exams.

College: Never have I been so adult, so sophisticated, so together on my first day of school; however, there is a small blister forming on the heel of my left foot from my new three-inch, high-heeled shoes that I wear that day. I think a little more about the hot sting of the blister than I do about the lecture given to the 200 students in the room.

Teaching—Bellevue, Nebraska: I spend extra time that morning trying to look older. The suit I wear is too warm. Did I make a poor selection in my dress or am I just nervous and flushed? As the relaxed students arrive with their noisy clamor, I feel that they look older than I do, and the boys are so tall . . .

My Own School: I wear jeans this first day to school; I arrive early to clean the bathrooms, vacuum the floors, and to greet my special students. I put flowers in each room. These are special education students and I want everything to be "special" for them even if we sit on the floor.

Back to College: How do I untangle the ghosts of Septembers past and look like a college student again? I put my books in a knapsack and ride my bike.

As class begins, my beeper screams, "Do you have an invoice for the lumber for the house in the valley?" I blush and

(Continued on page 22)



Recipes

QUICK APPLE DESSERT

- 2 cups chopped raw apple
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 crust pastry dough

Put the apples, raisins, cinnamon and nutmeg in a saucepan. Combine the water, flavorings, lemon juice and sugar. Add to the apple mixture. Place over low heat and cook for 12 to 15 minutes until apples are tender. Do not cook until apples are mushy. Roll out pastry dough in a circle. Put the apple filling in the center and fold up edges. Place on a baking sheet or in a pan. Bake for 20 minutes at 400 degrees. This is a good way to use up leftover pastry dough. —Juliana

GIANT CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

- 1 cup sweet butter, softened
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups semisweet chocolate chips

Cream butter and sugars together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and flavoring. Mix well. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in, mixing thoroughly. Fold in chocolate chips. Using an average-size ice cream scoop, scoop out dough and place on a well-greased cookie sheet. Wet hands in water and pat into 5-inch rounds. Bake in oven preheated to 325 degrees for 15 to 17 minutes. (Rack should be placed in middle of oven.) Remove cookies from oven when centers are still slightly soft. Cool for 5 minutes on sheet, then remove to finish cooling.

Can be made smaller size, but increase oven temperature to 350 and bake for 8 to 10 minutes. —Robin

STUFFED BARBECUED WHOLE FISH

- 1/4 cup margarine or butter
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 cups soft bread cubes
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
- 1 whole dressed fish

In medium skillet, melt margarine. Add celery and onion and saute until tender. Stir in bread, seasonings, flavoring and salad dressing. Stuff fish with stuffing. Butter all sides of fish. Wrap in heavy aluminum foil, curling ends for easy turning. Grill 6 to 8 inches from hot coals. Cook approximately 15 to 20 minutes per pound of fish, turning often.

If you do not want to wrap in foil, place heavy foil on grill and turn often with tongs. —Hallie

CHICKEN LIVERS & RICE

- 3/4 lb. chicken livers
- 3 Tbls. butter
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 4 Tbls. oil
- 2/3 cup minced onion
- 1/8 tsp. garlic powder
- 1 1/3 cups long-grain rice (dry)
- 3 cups canned chicken broth
- 3/4 cup tomato sauce
- 1/2 tsp. basil
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 3 Tbls. minced parsley

Prepare the livers by trimming and cutting in half. Brown the livers in the butter, salt and pepper. Set aside.

Place the oil in a heavy saucepan and saute the onion and garlic powder until onion is tender. Add the rice and cook until tender. Add the chicken broth and tomato sauce. Mix well and bring to a boil. Then add the basil, thyme and parsley. Cook over medium heat for 10 minutes. Add the livers and continue cooking until liquid is all gone. Serves 4 to 6. (More broth may need to be added during cooking.) —Verlene

DUBLIN POTATO SALAD

- 3 large potatoes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. mustard seed
- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 12-oz. can corned beef, cut up
- 1/4 cup chopped dill pickle
- 1/4 cup chopped green onion
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Place potatoes and 1/2 tsp. salt in kettle of water. Cook until potatoes are tender. Peel and cube potatoes while still warm. Place in serving bowl. Combine the vinegar, celery seed and mustard seed. Drizzle combined mixture over warm cubed potatoes. Let set until cool. Stir in cabbage, corned beef, pickles and onion. Combine the sugar, mayonnaise, milk and remaining salt. Pour over the potato mixture and stir to coat. Chill until time to serve. —Dorothy

ITALIAN MARINATED SALAD

- 2 cups raw cauliflowerets
- 2 cups raw broccoli pieces
- 1 cup sliced fresh mushrooms
- 3/4 cup pitted ripe olives
- 3/4 cup stuffed green olives
- 12 cherry tomatoes
- 1 8-oz. bottle (1 cup) Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

4 ozs. (1 cup) feta cheese, crumbled
In large bowl, combine all ingredients except cheese. Cover and refrigerate several hours or overnight. Just before serving, gently stir in feta cheese. —Hallie

BEEFED-UP PEPPERS

- 2 large green bell peppers
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 cup whole kernel corn
- 1/4 cup (1 oz.) shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. crushed corn chips

Cut off tops of green peppers and remove seeds and white membrane. Cook peppers in boiling, salted water for 5 minutes. Remove peppers from water, turn upside down to drain.

Meanwhile, cook beef and onion until brown. (If any green pepper can be trimmed off stem ends, do so and brown with beef.) Drain. Combine browned beef with corn, cheese, chili sauce, chili powder, Worcestershire sauce and salt. Fill the peppers with mixture. Place upright in shallow baking pan. Sprinkle the crushed chips on top of peppers. Bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

CHICKEN WITH HORSERADISH

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. oil
- Serving size pieces of chicken for six
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 1/3 cup raisins
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 3 Tbls. prepared horseradish

Place the butter and oil in a Dutch oven. Brown the chicken pieces in the heated butter and oil. Season to taste with salt and pepper. When meat is browned, remove and set aside. Add the flour to the drippings in Dutch oven. Cook, stirring, over low heat for about 5 minutes. Add the milk and broth and continue cooking and stirring until thickened. Stir in the raisins, lemon juice, flavoring, sugar and horseradish. Return browned chicken pieces to the Dutch oven. Cover and place in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Remove lid and bake an additional 30 minutes, or until meat is tender. Delicious served with potato pancakes. —Juliana

PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH BAR

- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
3/4 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup jam (any flavor)
Glaze (recipe follows)
Mix the sugars, shortening and peanut butter. Add the egg and flavoring and mix well. Stir in the flour, soda and baking powder. Reserve one cup of the dough. Press remaining dough in the bottom of an ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan; spread with the jam. (I used strawberry but any flavor could be used.) Crumble reserved dough and sprinkle over jam. Bake until golden brown (about 20 minutes) at 350 degrees. Cool and cut into bars. These are good plain, but if you wish a fancier cooky, drizzle with this glaze:

- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 to 2 Tbls. hot water

Heat margarine or butter in a 1-quart saucepan over low heat until melted. Mix in powdered sugar and vanilla flavoring. Beat in hot water, one teaspoon at a time, until smooth and of desired consistency. —Mary Lea

ZUCCHINI PICKLES

- 4 cups apple cider vinegar
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup salt
- 2 tsp. celery seed
- 2 tsp. ground turmeric
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 5 lbs. zucchini squash, sliced
- 1 quart thinly sliced onion

Combine the vinegar, sugar, salt, celery seed, turmeric, and dry mustard; bring to a boil. Pour over zucchini and onions and let stand for one hour, stirring occasionally. In a saucepan, bring the mixture to a boil, then simmer for 3 minutes. Continue simmering while packing in jars. Process the jars in boiling water bath. Makes 6 to 7 pints.

—Verlene

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 1 15-oz. can asparagus, drained (save liquid)
- 3/4 stick margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 1/2 cups liquid (water and reserved liquid from asparagus)
- 3/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Toasted bread slices

Melt margarine over low heat. Add flour and stir until smooth. Add liquid and bring to a boil. Add cheese and flavoring. Arrange asparagus in a 4- by 9-inch loaf pan. Pour sauce over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serve on slices of toasted bread. Thin slices of ham may be placed on toast.

Could be made as a casserole by using only half as much liquid. —Hallie

NO-RUN-OVER APPLE PIE

- Pastry for 2-crust pie
- 3 cups peeled and chopped apples
- 1/4 stick butter, softened or melted
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Juice and rind of 1 lemon
- 1/4 cup water

Prepare your favorite pie crust dough. Roll out and line bottom of pie pan with one crust.

Prepare apples and combine with the butter. Place the apples in pie pan. Roll out remaining dough, cut a 3-inch circle in center, and place over apples. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Turn off oven.

While pie is baking, combine the remaining ingredients in a small saucepan. Bring to a boil. Pour the mixture in the hole in the crust immediately after turning off oven. Return pie to oven (now turned off) for about 1 hour. Leave oven door slightly open.

This method prevents juices from running over in oven. —Robin

PEAS A LA ORANGE

- 2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/3 cups frozen or fresh peas
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. chicken stock granules
- 1/2 tsp. grated fresh orange peel
- 1/4 tsp. tarragon
- Pinch of sugar

Put water and salt in pan and bring to a full boil. Add peas and bring to boiling again. Reduce heat to simmer and cook for 1 minute. Do not overcook. Drain peas in a colander or strainer. Combine remaining ingredients in a small container. Warm over low heat. Stir into the peas. Cover and heat until just heated through. —Robin

RAISIN-MOLASSES COOKY

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3/4 cup molasses
- 1 cup raisins

Sift the flour, ginger, cinnamon, salt and baking powder together. Set aside. Cream the shortening. Add the sugar and beat well. Add egg to the creamed mixture and beat again. Combine the soda, milk, flavoring and molasses. Add to the creamed mixture alternately with the flour mixture. Stir in raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. This is a crisp cooky. —Juliana

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LEMON CUSTARD BARS**Filling**

- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the filling ingredients and blend well. Set aside while preparing the following:

- 2/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup uncooked rolled oats

Cream the butter or margarine, brown sugar and flavorings. Stir in the flour, baking powder, salt and rolled oats. Spread a little more than half of the dough into a 8- by 12-inch baking pan. Pat down. Spread the lemon filling over the dough. Crumble the rest of the dough over top of lemon filling. Bake in 350-degree oven for 25 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

HOW TO MAKE A HEART-SHAPED CAKE

(As pictured on page 11 of the August issue)

First, make a round cake and a square cake. Cut the round cake in half. Then, turn the square cake so the corners face you, and it appears to be a diamond shape rather than a square. Place each half of the round cake on the two uppermost sides of the diamond and you now have a perfectly heart-shaped cake.

—Robin

HARVARD BEETS & RAISINS

- 1 large can (about 3 cups) diced beets, drained (or fresh, cooked, peeled, diced beets, drained)

3/4 cup beet juice

1/4 cup vinegar

3/4 cup sugar

3 Tbls. cornstarch

Juice of 1 orange

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 cup raisins

Combine the beet juice and vinegar in a saucepan. Combine the sugar and cornstarch and stir into saucepan. Add the orange juice and flavoring. Place over low heat and cook until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. While sauce is warm, add the raisins and beets. Let stand for several hours before serving. Reheat to serve.

—Dorothy

NO-BAKE BANANA PIE**Crust**

1/3 cup margarine or butter

1/4 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. cinnamon

1 cup cornflake crumbs

Combine the margarine or butter, sugar and cinnamon in a saucepan. Place over low heat and cook until bubbly, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in the crumbs. Press into 9-inch pie pan. Chill.

Filling

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

1 can sweetened condensed milk

1/3 cup bottled lemon juice

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

5 medium-size ripe bananas

2 Tbls. bottled lemon juice

Beat the cream cheese until light and fluffy. Add the sweetened condensed milk and blend thoroughly. Mix in the 1/3 cup lemon juice and flavorings.

Slice 3 of the bananas into bottom of chilled crust. Pour the filling over the bananas and refrigerate for 2 to 3 hours.

Just before serving, slice the remaining bananas. Dip slices into the remaining 2 Tbls. lemon juice. Arrange banana slices in attractive design on top. Cut and serve.

—Dorothy

JOANN'S CRABBITS

1 5-oz. jar sharp process cheese spread

1/2 cup margarine

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing

1/2 tsp. seasoned salt

Sprinkle of garlic powder

1 6- or 6 1/2-oz. can crab, drained

6 to 10 English muffins, split

Let the cheese spread and margarine reach room temperature. Add the French dressing, seasoned salt and garlic powder and mix well. Shred the crab with your fingers and mix in. Spread this mixture on English muffin halves, then freeze for 10 to 15 minutes on cooky sheets. Remove from the freezer and cut each muffin half into 6 or 8 pieces. At this point you can broil for 3 to 4 minutes, or until bubbly. Or, you can put the pieces into containers and freeze until needed. These are marvelous little appetizer tidbits!

—Mary Lea

CRUNCHY RICE SALAD

3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

3 1/2 to 4 cups cooked rice, preferably hot

1 large or 2 small cucumbers

3 stalks celery, thinly sliced

3 green onions including tops, thinly sliced

Measure the Kitchen-Klatter salad dressing into a large bowl. Add the rice (if the rice is hot it will absorb more of the dressing). Stir until well mixed. Peel, quarter, and remove the seeds from the cucumber. Cut into bite-size pieces and add to the salad along with the celery and green onions. Mix well, cover, and refrigerate until ready to serve. This makes about 8 servings and is one of those dishes that tastes even better on the second day. It looks pretty garnished with a circle of cucumber slices and a sprinkling of green onion tops.

—Mary Lea

LEANNA'S LEMON PIE

(Without Lemons)

1 cup sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

4 Tbls. cornstarch

2 Tbls. vinegar

1 1/2 cups boiling water

1 Tbls. butter

3 egg yolks

1 1/2 to 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 9-inch baked pie shell

Meringue

Combine the sugar, salt, cornstarch and vinegar. Slowly stir in the boiling water. Cook until clear. Add butter, beaten egg yolks and lemon flavoring. Spoon into prepared pie shell. Top with your favorite meringue made with the three egg whites. Brown in oven.



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CHANGES

by
Evelyn Birkby

Life brings many changes as time goes by and the past few months have certainly brought a variety to the Birkby family.

Our youngest son, Craig, spent from June of '82 through June of '83 in Denver, Colo., doing his intern year at the St. Luke's and Presbyterian Hospitals. His was a flexible residency program which meant he rotated every four to six weeks in the various areas of medicine. It was an excellent experience and he felt the choice of these particular hospitals was just right for his needs as a growing doctor.

The end of June of this year, Craig packed the belongings from his little apartment into a small rental trailer and pulled it back to Iowa. Fortunately, our home in Sidney was right on the route he had to take, so he stopped by for a couple of days to see us and then continued on east to Iowa City.

Craig is now deep into a three-year residency program in the Department of Dermatology at the University of Iowa Medical Center. Along with eleven other young doctors who are specializing in this area of medicine, he is enthusiastically involved in that wing of the hospital on a full-time basis. So far he is loving it! Over 19,000 patients come through the dermatology area each year and the work involves so many kinds of people, ailments and treatments that it is never boring.

Craig came home toward the end of July to help his father, Robert, and me take off the winter supply of honey from the hives here at Honey Hill. It was a long, hot project, but one which Craig enjoyed tremendously since he is the primary beekeeper of the family. Needless to say, he took a quantity of jars filled with the sweet, amber-colored liquid back to Iowa City with him.

Our middle son, Jeff, has had a busy year in Montana. The major change for him has been an expansion of his areas of work for the Natural Resources Department of the state. He has specialized in geothermal-sources and uses for a number of years and is now branching out into other areas of renewable energy.

Jeff told us in a recent phone call about a trip he made to a "Wind Farm" near Livingston, Mont., where a large number of various-sized windmills are being tested as sources of energy. One is as large as a carnival Ferris wheel. While he was taking photographs of the scene, he realized the wind was very strong. When he got back to the building on the experimental location, he was told that the wind velocity was over 100 miles per hour. "It is a great place for windmills but not so good for photographers," was

Jeff's opinion.

Jeff has been writing a number of brochures for the state on various energy-related subjects. One he mentioned describes a "Super Inflated House" which is so well built and insulated that no internal heat is needed. "It can be heated with light bulbs and the body heat from a dog!" Jeff informed us.

"Not with Attu," Robert answered back. "He's an outdoor dog."

Jeff also told us he was getting ready to leave Helena for an energy camp for sixth graders to be held at Big Fork in northwestern Montana. About 50 campers were enrolled and Jeff was anticipating an exciting week. He has supervised this particular camp before and finds sixth graders enthusiastic, open-minded and energetic. From last year's evaluation sheets, Jeff learned that the group liked most of all the flower and nature hikes which he directed. Since his first love and educational background is in botany, that probably was no accident.

Bob's summer has been a fascinating one. This oldest of our sons went to Arkansas the middle of June where he set up the program and gathered the equipment for a trail-building month with high school students. This was a Student Conservation Association project with the cooperation of the Park Service.

For three weeks, six high school youth and Bob built trails in a park next to the Buffalo River. It was HOT! Mosquitoes and poison ivy plagued the group, but they persevered and built a fine hiking trail in an area which needed such attention.

The fourth week of the experience was set aside for recreation only. The group canoed on the Buffalo River and enjoyed the scenic wonders of the area. What they did not enjoy was the low water level; the heat of summer had lowered the flow of water considerably. In many places, the canoes had to be portaged around sand bars. In others, the water was so low the canoes scraped along the gravel on the riverbed. Despite any

shortcomings, Bob reported that everyone had a good time, learned a great deal, discovered muscles and resources within themselves they did not realize they had, and they parted reluctantly when the four-week experience was over.

Bob does unearth interesting projects which makes his parents wonder what he'll come up with next!



My own life changed drastically in March when I resigned my position with Kitchen-Klatter and returned to work on the staff at radio station KMA in Shenandoah. My major project since March has been editing the *KMA Festival Cookie Book*. The book is an outgrowth of Billie Oakley's annual Cookie Festivals, sponsored each October by KMA. This year's festival will be on October 15, starting at 12:30 at the High School Gymnasium in Shenandoah. Price of admission is a plate of twelve cookies and the recipe. A varied program will be presented with Billie as Mistress of Ceremonies.

Beside the work on the book and broadcasting for Billie when she flew off on a European tour, I've had had a number of unexpected and interesting experiences—judging cookies at the Iowa State Fair, for one. Being a part of that celebrated food department was a real treat. And those cookies were super! Needless to say, every entry was a winner and deciding which should have what award was a challenge—and fattening! The people involved were as delightful as the products displayed and it was one of the high points of my summer.

Robert has a way of filling in any extra time which comes into view. Even though the heat cut back some on quantity in the garden, the shelves in the food cellar and the space in the freezer are rapidly filling. Winter should not find us hungry.

Robert and Attu are the two members of the family whose lives have remained about the same. But every family needs a member or two who can provide a sturdy foundation; all the rest of us depend on these two for help and encouragement.

May you have a happy fall!

 	
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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Where has the summer gone? That question seems to be on our minds as we head into the Labor Day weekend, with some schools already in full swing and others about to begin. Looking back on another holiday, the Fourth of July was celebrated in my hometown, Humboldt, Iowa, with a grand parade. Harry Reasoner, of "60 Minutes" fame and a Dakota City-Humboldt native, was grand marshal for an interesting and well-planned parade. A cookout with family and friends at my brother's and his wife's home, then a brilliant fireworks display, made a perfect ending for the holiday.

We also had the opportunity to

celebrate our Aunt Dorothy Swanson's special birthday in Chariton, Iowa, later in the week. It was a family gathering to remember, complete with decorated birthday cake and homemade ice cream from the little shop down the street. Chariton is one of those towns built "on the square" that has many memories for us because of the Swanson family, and Aunt Dorothy and Aunt Erma always have the welcome mat out.

Public Broadcasting System-TV has been featuring a fifteen-part series for young readers called *Reading Rainbow*. Host LeVar Burton says, "Kids should know that they can open up a book and travel anywhere in the universe." With animation, music, live-action sequences, and book reviews by children, each episode adapts the theme of a picture book as it encourages young children to make reading a part of their everyday lives. The joy and importance of reading come through in this series.

Although this book is for the young reader, ages 5-9, anyone with a dog can identify with *A Dog I Know* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$8.95). He's no particular kind of dog, just a scruffy one with hair that hangs in his eyes. Brave enough to chase a bear, this dog thinks he owns the world

... then someone rattles a grocery bag and he scoots under the sofa. When his young master plays the violin, he sings along, "owood!" And his herding instincts come alive when the boy pretends to be a sheep. He knows the boy—his touch, smell, and voice. For the boy is this dog's very own person. Young dog lovers everywhere will appreciate the special relationship between this irresistible mutt and his loving young master. The humorous, affectionately drawn pictures perfectly complement this warm story. Author Barbara Brenner and illustrator Fred Brenner have over 50 books between them to their credit, including seven they have worked on together.

Charles R. Swindoll writes about the book *The Power Within You* as follows: "If you're ready for a challenge to come to terms with things that matter, you've chosen the right book!" Senator Bill Bradley writes, "A thoughtful book from a thoughtful man at peace with himself." *The Power Within You* (at your Christian bookstore or The Westminster Press, 925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107, \$12.95) by Pat Williams and Jerry Jenkins is a down-to-earth book that presents the means for enjoying a more productive and satisfying life.

As general manager of the Philadelphia 76ers, Pat Williams seemed to be on the fast track to success. He had it all. But, when career, money, and all the trappings of success did not add up to happiness, he slowed down and took

stock. Only then did he begin to find real life, the abundant life described in the Scriptures.

In *The Power Within You* he gives the marks of a champion, as well as anecdotes from the business and athletic worlds.

Mr. Williams tells when the 76ers played an exhibition game against the Cleveland Cavaliers at Maple Leaf Garden in Toronto. As he walked out of the dressing room after the game to get to the team bus, he noticed in the maintenance room the superintendent had nailed to the wall a board with an explanation of maturity. You may be interested in part of it:

"Maturity is patience. It is the willingness to pass up immediate pleasure in favor of long-term gain. Maturity is humility. It is being big enough to say, 'I was wrong,' and, when right, the mature person need not experience the satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so.' Maturity means dependability, keeping one's word, coming through a crisis."

Maturity is the art of living in peace with that which we cannot change, the courage to change that which should be changed—and the wisdom to know the difference."

LIFT & PROMOTE! — Concluded
the other pins them to the bulletin board.)

L — LISTEN! and let every member be

I — INFORMED, knowing our duties as officers and committee members and as concerned citizens of our community and our nation. Let us also be

F — FAITHFUL in all of the tasks assigned to us, faithful in upholding and giving our support to those accomplishments of our fellow members. Let us be

T — TRUE to our club goals and ideals, unwilling to settle for anything less than the best.

A — AND we must

N — NEVER falter in our

D — DETERMINATION to

P — PRAISE the efforts of others and be

R — RELIABLE, ready and willing to lend a helping hand in all of

O — OUR club projects and activities;

M — MAKING every effort possible to move our club always

O — ONWARD, forward in all things. Let each member be always

T — TRUSTWORTHY and

E — ENTHUSIASTIC.

Leader & Helpers (together): Be alive! Lift and promote! 1983-'84, here we are. Ready to go! —Mabel Nair Brown

When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for the present delight nor for present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for it.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

September is the month when frost can and often does descend on our yards and gardens taking a toll of tender plants. Before this happens we try to take an inventory of the flowers we nurtured all season long and make comparisons. It is time to evaluate the different varieties and make a notation in our garden record book for future reference. It is a good idea to note which varieties of the various marigolds, petunias, zinnias, etc., bloomed the earliest, provided the most color and were the easiest to grow.

When hanging baskets and container gardening became popular, we searched for suitable plant materials that would add interest, color and beauty for the planters. While aware that lobelia was listed in several catalogs, I always passed it by at seed-ordering time. It surely must be difficult to grow and probably isn't very pretty, I reasoned, or more gardeners would be growing lobelia. Then I happened to see a picture showing lobelia (the trailing type) in a hanging basket where it mingled with pansies and Silver Lace dusty miller. It was lovely.

"Monkey sees—monkey does," and last spring several similar baskets and planters graced the shady and semi-shady areas around the house and yard. Lobelia seed germinated within a week when the containers were set on a heat pad and the tiny seedlings transplanted easily when left in small clumps of four to six plants. As you probably know, lobelias come in two forms of plant habit, trailing and bush-type.

For the trailers, we grew two varieties, Sapphire Pendula and Blue Cascade. While Sapphire had smaller blooms, they were such an intense deep blue with a white eye that we will grow this variety another year. Blue Cascade, with its larger light blue flowers, is also an excellent trailer. Of the bush-types, Blue Butterfly was superb. The unusually large, bright purple-blue flowers literally smothered the six- to seven-inch bushy plants and they bloomed profusely throughout hot weather, another endearing feature. Keep these old-time favorites in mind if you need splashes of blue in planters and shady areas.

A reader writes that she grew begonias from tubers for the first time and wonders how to handle the plants over winter. "I have never grown tuberous begonias before," she writes, "but want very much to keep them over for next spring as the blooms were gorgeous."

After frost kills the foliage, but before

the bulbs freeze, dig them up. Break off the dead foliage, let the soil dry off the tubers in a frost-free place for a few days. Put the cleaned tubers in plastic bags of peat moss and store in a frost-free place until next spring. Examine the tubers from time to time and when you notice rosy pink dots on the tops (convex sides) restart growth in moist sphagnum moss. Be patient, first growth is slow. Pot up in soil after roots have formed and leaves begin to appear. Wait until the weather is warm and settled before using outdoors in window boxes and planters.



THE GIRLS

Our schoolgirl skins are wrinkled now,
Gray hairs replace our curls.
But bless your soul, we meet for tea,
And call ourselves "The Girls."
We all feel younger than we look,
Then each new year reminds us.
But we were girls together once
And that's the tie that binds us.
We're organized in self-defense,
We're showing no white feather,
Since to the world we're growing old,
"We Girls" must stick together.

—Unknown

Thank Goodness for Flannel Sheets! I Thought I'd "Freeze to Death"



honest-to-goodness 13th Century castle on the moors in Yorkshire.

What I overlooked was the English idea of central heating. After I left London the weather suddenly turned shivering cold and wet. By the time I got to my destination I was too tired and miserable to care about picturesque charm and history. All I could think of was how uncomfortable I was going to be in an old, drafty castle.

Sure enough, my room was freezing. But when I crawled into bed I was dumbfounded to discover how marvelously cozy it was despite the lack of heat.

There was a big, puffy down comforter on top. Underneath, the sheets and even the pillowcases were flannel. And not that flimsy pilled kind we used to have at summer camp. They were luxuriously soft, thick, real 100% cotton flannel.

I felt utterly pampered in plushy comfort. And I never slept better, because I wasn't buried under layers of heavy bedclothes.

Then and there I decided I was going to have sheets like that at home. What a great way to save on heating costs at night and still feel rich and special!

When I went to England, I just knew it was going to be the trip of a lifetime. I had saved and planned for years. Then, out of the blue, I got a chance to spend a few days in an

When I got back to the United States I soon learned that the flannel sheets in stores didn't feel or look the same at all. The polyester in them made such a difference.

Finally, I got so frustrated I went to Damart, a company in my hometown, and suggested they sell real 100% cotton flannel sheets and pillowcases. They loved the idea.

And that's how Agatha's Cozy Corner was born. We talked it over and added heavenly down comforters and some other things as well as the sheets. And now I'd be happy to send you my catalog. It's printed in color, and gives you the pictures and story of everything we sell. Just use the coupon for your free copy.



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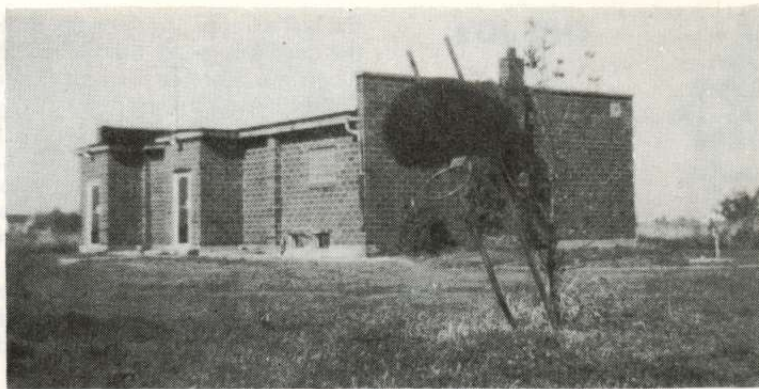
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HIDDEN TALENTS

by
Margaret Stout

In our village we have a very nice building which we call the Community Center. The building was formerly the local schoolhouse but due to school consolidation, it was closed, pupils were transported elsewhere, and the vacant building came to be used as a community center. On the first Thursday of each month it is the habit of those townspeople, who so desire, to take their picnic baskets, filled with food, and go to the "schoolhouse". There they share their evening meal together. The food is placed on one long table and all partake of the various dishes. Coffee and tea are made available. There is much conversation and it makes a pleasant evening for all who come.

One problem continuously comes under discussion. With the passage of



This vacant school building is now a community center in Plevna, Mo.

time, the roof of the building desperately needs repair. Constant patching is necessary at the present time; however, the undeniable fact remains, the roof must soon be replaced. This fact is under consideration at every monthly meeting. Because repair will take a sizeable amount of money, ways and means of obtaining money are discussed over and over again.

The Extension Clubs of our county recently offered a tour of interesting homes within our vicinity. Two of the homes involved were within the confines of our community, and this proved to be fortunate for us because it presented a particular problem. There was no proper eating place in our village large enough for a group of seventy ladies who would be arriving at lunch time, to complete the tour of homes. It was immediately evident, at the monthly "schoolhouse" meeting, that here was an opportunity to feed a large group of people, and with the charge extracted, start a fund for the roofing of our Community Center.

Such an endeavor had not been attempted for a number of years. With some misgiving, the problem was approached. Food donations must be available. Workers must be able and willing to help. Plans were made. A menu was selected—ham, baked beans, potato salad and coleslaw was the order. Coffee, tea, bread and butter were added. All food was donated and everything for service, in the way of silverware, dishes, tables and chairs were available. Lovely tablecloths were loaned and flower-filled vases graced each table. A local minister and his wife helped us with the serving of the group and everything went according to plan. The tour group came and left our village, remarking with satisfaction about the food and the hospitality.

When the day was over and all things were back in their proper place, the community was proud of the effort made, and the end result. The financial gain was satisfactory, although it was not enough to completely fund the roofing project. It is, indeed, a good start toward the amount that is needed.

We as a community are encouraged. It is evident there is hidden talent within our village. There is still a spirit of co-operation, long present and usable, when the need arises. The same spirit that served ice cream socials on the church lawn in former years, along with oyster suppers in the cold winter, is still among our people. We hope the future serves us kindly, and that eventually we find a way to use our community talent so that our efforts result in a roof for our beloved old schoolhouse.

FREEZER IDENTIFIABLES

Have you forgotten what was wrapped in the foil package that lies there in that freezer?

Next time you place a foil package in your freezer, cut a picture from a magazine of exactly what is in the package. Tape label on top. Even the youngest member of the household could identify such a package. —Evelyn Witter

WOMEN-IN-SONG QUIZ

SONGS:

1. "Sweet (?) O'Grady"
2. " (?) O'Neill"
3. "My Darling (?) Gray"
4. "I Wonder What's Become of (?)"
5. "I'll Take You Home Again (?)"
6. "Goodnight (?)"
7. "Thoroughly Modern (?)"
8. " (?) Sweet as Apple Cider"
9. "Little (?) Rooney"
10. " (?) Is a Good Old Name"
11. "My Gal (?)"
12. "Oh (?)"
13. "When You and I Were Young (?)"
14. " (?) by Starlight"
15. "Hello (?)"
16. " (?) o' My Heart"
17. "Sweet (?)"
18. "Waltzing (?)"

ANSWERS:

1. Rosy, 2. Peggy, 3. Nellie, 4. Sally, 5. Kathleen, 6. Irene, 7. Millie, 8. Ida, 9. Annie, 10. Mary, 11. Sal, 12. Susanna, 13. Maggie, 14. Stella, 15. Dolly, 16. Peg, 17. Caroline, 18. Matilda. —Annora Culver



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| KWPC | Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m. |
| KWBG | Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m. |
| KGGF | Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:00 a.m. |
| KFAL | Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m. |
| KUVR | Holdrege, Nebr., 1380 on your dial—2:00 p.m. |
| WJAG | Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m. |
| KVSH | Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m. |
| KHAS | Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only) |

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

tacular show for them.

I have heard more coyotes this summer than ever before. This is one of the night sounds I don't care for. We always worry about our baby calves. Since I am hearing so many coyotes, I wonder how any baby turkeys survive, and how many setting hens they get.

Frank and I were happy to have a short visit with Frank's cousin, Lorene Smith, and her husband, Floyd. They moved from Burlington, Iowa, to Phoenix, Arizona, several years ago after retirement. Lorene said it was just like coming home to come to the farm. She grew up in Lucas County and spent a lot of time visiting her cousins here at the farm. Most of her family members live around here and they are considering moving back to be near them.

The big excitement at our house is the new cabinets and sink which were installed last week in our kitchen. This is something we have needed for many years and simply didn't get around to having done. When our kitchen sink finally had to be replaced, we had to take action. When I get everything switched around and in place I know I will wonder how I ever got along without them. Right now things are still in a state of confusion.

News from the Brase front—little Elizabeth now has two lower teeth. When she was 4½ months old, Julian was playing with her on the floor and made the discovery of the first one, which was very exciting for him. A week later the other one came through. When we talked to Kristin this week she said Elizabeth had discovered how to get up on her hands and knees but hasn't found out yet what to do about it so she just rocks back and forth.

Andy has pre-registered at Casper for his second year of college, and is getting excited about returning to school. He will quit working the middle of August and hopes to make a quick trip back to the farm for a visit since it has been several years since he's been here.

Aaron has just finished a week attending a clown school where he learned to put on makeup, along with other things.

Julian has been taking swimming lessons before school starts. He didn't think he wanted to but his parents thought it was a good idea. By the time you read this they will all be back in school, including Kristin, who has to report for work a couple of weeks ahead of the starting date for the students.

It is time for me to start dinner, so this must be all for this month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Speak kind words and you will hear kind echoes.

Here's how to stop foot pain...instantly!

There's really no mystery about what causes foot problems

Very simply stated, when you're born, each of your feet has 26 different bones held in balance and position by tendons, muscles and ligaments.

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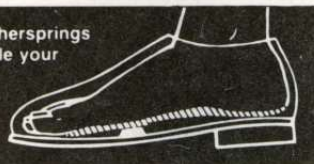
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THOSE COLORFUL "COLORED STICKS"

by
Ruth Townsend

A crayon is defined in the dictionary as "an implement for drawing." To most of us a crayon is "what we colored with as a child."

We might never have had those indispensable "implements for drawing" if it had not been for a French artist, Antione-Joseph Lorient. He is credited with the invention of crayons in the middle 1800's. He called them "colored sticks." They were made from powdered colors and beeswax. Lorient liked them very much and tried to get his artist friends to use them but those that did found them difficult to make. Also it was hard to find enough beeswax and other waxes melted too easily. So Lorient's "colored sticks" never gained the popularity he felt they deserved. After his death in 1872, a few firms abroad and in America tried manufacturing crayons but without much success.

The era of the crayon really began

after the turn of the century in America when the firm of Binney & Smith, located in Easton, Pennsylvania, got into the business. It all happened because Binney & Smith, a company involved in selling slate pencils among other things, had its salesmen out among the schoolteachers of America trying to get them acquainted with a new type of slate pencil. The salesmen found that teachers wanted a new type of crayon more than they wanted slate pencils. The only crayons their students had were brittle, not uniform in color, and priced too high to be affordable by all students.

Binney & Smith researchers went to work on the problem. They already had come up with satisfactory black wax markers for labeling the boxes and barrels their products were shipped in so the main thing was to get these markers made in different colors. Soon they were turning out crayons of red, blue, green, etc. The batches had to be hand-mixed at first and the labels had to be rolled individually. However, improvements were soon made and now of course crayons and labels are done by machine with little handwork involved.

The crayons put out by Binney & Smith were named Crayola by Mrs. Edwin Binney. She was a former schoolteacher and was very interested in the firm's new product. In naming it, she used the French word *craie*, meaning "chalk," and the English word "oil," which referred to the waxy feel of Binney & Smith's "colored sticks."

In 1903 Binney & Smith's crayons were put on the market for the first time at the rather incredible price, even for that day, of 5¢ a box; they soon took over the crayon market.

Modern crayons are not brittle, are uniform in color, and are affordable by all, even though the basic beginning box no longer sells for 5¢. They are also non-toxic, for Binney & Smith soon realized that crayon customers sometimes eat the product as well as color with it.

One interesting sidelight is that Binney & Smith no longer label one of their crayons as "flesh-colored." It is now marked "peach." Just another step toward the true brotherhood of man (and children).

Crayons, though in step with the times, are a "nostalgia" product. If you used them as a child, you are happy to see them around for use by your children and grandchildren. They are still fun at any age. I'm not young but I feel young again when my granddaughter says, "Please color with me, Grandma."

PATCHWORK

Bright scraps cut and sewed,
Skillful hands create with pleasure
Something beautiful to treasure.

—Rita S. Farnham



DISPLAYING CHILDREN'S ART WORK

by
Ruth Townsend

Any kind of art work is very important to the child who made it. But what to do with it is sometimes a problem for parents and grandparents. Here are some suggestions for displaying pictures and drawings a child brings home from school or creates at home.

The refrigerator provides perhaps the easiest surface on which to display the pictures or drawings. Just keep some magnets on hand and presto, things are out where everyone can see them. Or you can put up a large bulletin board and pin the art work on it. Be sure to keep changing what you have pinned up.

For a more permanent method, you may want to start a scrapbook of the best pieces. Be sure to record the child's name and age and any other relevant information. The scrapbook can be just a loose-leaf notebook or a regular "fancy" scrapbook. Or you can get those sheets that have plastic over them. They will fit into a standard loose-leaf notebook. The plastic will preserve a child's work nicely and have the advantage that it can be lifted and the picture taken out if the child wants it for some occasion.

Another thing you can do is make place mats of particularly interesting or attractive pieces of art. Sheets of clear plastic self-adhesive covering (like Con-Tact) work well for this. Or you can use waxed paper and seal the picture in by pressing with a warm iron.

Still another idea is to buy one or two inexpensive frames and hang them in some area where they will get quite a bit of attention. Change the art in the frames every few weeks. Put the child's name in the righthand corner of the picture so he or she will feel like a real artist.

If you feel some picture or drawing is really outstanding, you might encourage the child to send it to a children's magazine or to a family-type paper or magazine that has a youth section that uses pictures.

Keeping and displaying your child's art work will make both you and your child feel good.



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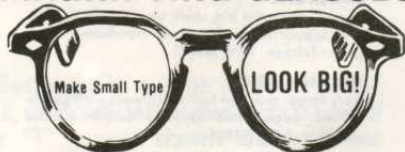
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It's not what you'd do with a million,
If riches should e'er be your lot,
But what you are doing at present
With the dollar or quarter you've got.

—Unknown

WHAT'S IN A CUP OF COFFEE?

- Friendship
- Togetherness
- Letting one's self go
- Sharing with others
- Giving of yourself
- Communication
- Adjusting to another idea
- Getting acquainted

—Sent in by a reader

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

of the sweet nurses administering the I.V.s., I did go and look at some wigs just in case it *did* happen so I would not have to go out in an embarrassed condition to shop for a hairpiece. I did this the third week of my therapy.

Sure enough, along toward the end of that week, almost time to return for another I.V. session, I began to notice dark hairs on the cabinet when I combed my hair in the morning. Once again, I doubted I would be one of those to lose *all* of her hair. Pride always goes before a fall, and I had the humiliating daily experience of combing out bathroom bowls full of my lovely dark hair. Now I am left with the sheerest halo of white hair, which hardly seems fair to leave them and scalp me of the dark ones. Within one week I began to look eighty years old. Thank goodness all it took was a phone call to The Wig Shop to tell them that as soon as they could complete my order I would indeed be needing the wig I had tentatively picked out. The wig is a salvation because with a good make-up job and the pretty wig, I regained my self-esteem and can go out of the house feeling good about myself.

More next month,

Mary Beth

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
and use as soon as possible. Peaches can be stored safely in the refrigerator for two weeks."

There is the smell of fall in the air out here in New England, and you know that fall is our prettiest season. As long as the boat can still be kept in the water, I don't mind the passing of summer. I just hope that we have a warm fall and that the rains come in time to give us some beautiful foliage.

Sincerely,

Frederick

ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

jerk to silence it. I had begun a construction business and real estate firm to support my school. I, myself, am taking classes to learn more about my exceptional students and their special needs. It has been said that teachers always need to moonlight. Students sometimes need to moonlight too.

My Last First Day, Manzano High School: The state mandates that special education needs will be met by the public schools. I too go back to public schools, but with a different assignment.

My assignment is difficult this year: English, newspaper, yearbook, journalism. I look out at the sea of sunburned faces and reflect a little of their enthusiastic anticipation. Maybe there is a poet, an author, an artist among my pupils that hour. Maybe, I can make a difference.

Washington, D.C.: This is the first year since I began kindergarten that September doesn't mean school. Oh, I have always had other jobs too, but school in September is as natural as breathing. It's a little difficult to look out the window of my condo and watch the students hurry off to Georgetown University and realize that I'll not be there.

So, in vanishing August or early September, when the days shine down a brilliant sun through an even more brilliant blue sky, the smell of school seeps through our condo screens and around our almost closed windows and fertilizes the deep sensations of nostalgia that pull the corners of my mouth into a bitter-sweet smile.

Maybe, I'll run over to Georgetown University this morning and just check the schedule of classes!



This three-generation picture shows Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson, Kristin (Johnson) Brase and baby, Elizabeth Brase.

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

FREE Table & Chair Catalog BUY DIRECT & SAVE

Buy at low, factory-direct prices and save on quality Monroe tables, chairs, risers and more! Get your free Monroe Catalog just by calling us toll-free, today!

1-800-247-2488 Ext. 51
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THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054



Our greatest glory lies not in never falling, but rather in rising every time we fall.

Mail Order "Magic" Offers You THESE LOW VITAMIN PRICES!

We probably could not offer you quality vitamins at these advantageous low prices if we sold in stores. But with mail-order, they're yours. So act now. Save as you've never saved before!

NATURAL VITAMINS • ORGANIC MINERALS • HIGH POTENCY

Panthenol

Hair THICKENER & Conditioner

Famous formula releases B-vitamin power for thicker, fuller hair

PANTHENOL IS THE FAMOUS SPECIAL B-vitamin that thickens and strengthens each hair from the inside to give it a more natural, resilient fullness, without the limp heaviness produced by less penetrating oily hair conditioners or thickeners. PANTHENOL is actually absorbed by each little hair shaft, one by one, to help increase hair thickness many times over, and to saturate dry, brittle hair with nourishing moisture. This famous PANTHENOL-enriched formula helps

strengthen and revitalize weak hair, encourages new hair growth to replace split ends. **FREE!**

Check the box in the order blank and return it with an order for any of the items in this ad and we will include, without charge a 4 oz. bottle of Panthenol Hair Thickener & Conditioner. Offer expires September 30, 1983

THICKENS thin hair. Moisturizes dry hair. Conditions deeply. Strengthens brittle, weak, lifeless hair. Combats split ends. Hold pH balance. Adds body, bounce, luster, resiliency & new manageability.

FREE
PANTHENOL
HAIR THICKENER
& CONDITIONER
WITH YOUR
ORDER

FOR ANY AGE
FOR BOTH
MEN & WOMEN

Panthenol
Hair
Thickener
and
Conditioner
4 oz.

Enclose Coupons Below With Order.

MAIL ORDER COUPON

VITAMIN ☐ MONTH'S SUPPLY

E 68¢ Limit One of Any Size to a Family
400 UNIT CAPSULES ☐ 100 for 1.69
☐ 500 for 7.89
☐ 1000 for 15.29
N923 Expires 9/30/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

500 MG. VITAMIN ☐ 100 for **87¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
C with Rose Hips ☐ 500 for 3.99
☐ 1000 for 7.19
N923 Expires 9/30/83

HI-ENERGY PROTEIN BARS
Tasty Carbs coated snack with Vitamins & Minerals.
2 OZ BARS 3 for 99¢

GLUCOMANNAN CAPSULES—500 mg.
90 for 5.99 180 for 10.99

READERS DIGEST calls the "F-PLAN"

diet the "Diet of the Decade". We have "Fiber-Filler" Powder and Tablets containing all the ingredients referred to on page 53 of the "F-Plan" Book.

28 oz. Fiber-Filler Powder **11.00**
150 Fiber-Filled Tablets **5.50**
(Included Fiber-Filled Diet Plan that can aid in the loss of excess weight.)

VITAMIN **A** 25,000 Units **"BIG 4"** Kelp, Vit. B6, Lecithin and Cider Vinegar
100 for **89¢** 500 for 4.15 1000 for 7.98 100 for **79¢** 500 for 3.50 1000 for 6.49

VITAMIN E	100 FOR	500 FOR	1000 FOR
200 UNIT CAPSULES	98¢	4.85	9.49
100 UNIT CAPSULES	1.89	8.99	17.59
400 UNIT CAPSULES	2.89	14.49	28.49
1000 UNIT CAPSULES	7.89	37.98	69.85

BREWERS YEAST TABLETS
250 Tablets **95¢**
1000 for 2.95

VITAMINS For Hair Care
Same formula as others charged \$9.95 for 50 Day Supply
50 Day Supply **3.95**
100 Day Supply **7.49**

"SPECIAL C-500"
500 mg. Vit. C Plus Rose Hips 100 mg. Biotin 25 mg. Hesperidin
100 Tablets **2.49**
500 for 10.98

VITAMIN B6 50 MG
100 for **1.39**
500 for 5.50
Higher Potency 100 MG. Tablets 100 for 1.98
500 MG. Tablets 100 for 7.49

OFFER GOOD UNTIL SEPT. 30, 1983

Nutrition Headquarters
Money Saving MAIL ORDER BLANK

THE BEST TIME TO SAVE IS NOW!
NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS
104 West Jackson St. N923
Carbondale, Ill. 62901

List items you wish here:

QUANTITY	SIZE	NAME OF PRODUCT	TOTAL PRICE

Handling charge (Disregard if order exceeds \$10.00) \$1.00

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED TOTAL AMOUNT

MASTER CHARGE and VISA accepted on orders over \$10.00. Give card number and expiration date. We reserve the right to limit quantities.

Panthenol Hair Thickener and Conditioner ☐ If you check this box and mail your order before September 30, 1983 we will include in your order a 4 oz. bottle of

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Enclose Coupons Below With Order.

MAIL ORDER COUPON

1,000 Mg. VITAMIN **C** with Rose Hips
☐ 100 For **1.98** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 9.49
☐ 1000 for 17.98
N923 Expires 9/30/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

10 Mg. ZINC
☐ 100 For **39¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 1.89
☐ 1000 for 3.49
N923 Expires 9/30/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

GINSENG 250 mg. Tablets
☐ 100 For **1.49** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 6.95
☐ 1000 for 12.49
N923 Expires 9/30/83

LOW LEAD CALCIUM

CALCIUM is essential—But some calciums have been found high in lead. This balanced calcium is laboratory-tested to have a low SAFE-lead level.
100 for 1.25 500 for 4.00
250 for 2.50 1000 for 7.50

MAIL ORDER COUPON

LECITHIN 19 Grain Capsules
☐ 100 Capsules **1.49** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 300 for 3.98
☐ 600 for 6.85
N923 Expires 9/30/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Garlic Oil Capsules
☐ 100 For **68¢** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 500 for 3.28
☐ 1000 for 6.39
N923 Expires 9/30/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

Our "Top-B" B-Complex "50"
Famous Formula at a Sensational Low Price! Every capsule contains 50 mg. B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Panto Acid, Choline, Inositol, 50mcg. B12, Biotin, 50mg. Paba, 100 mcg. Folic Acid.
☐ 50 for **1.89** Limit One of Any Size to a Family
☐ 100 for 3.49
☐ 250 for 7.98
N923 Expires 9/30/83

MAIL ORDER COUPON

ALOE VERA JUICE
ALL NATURAL NON-PASTEURIZED COLD STABILIZED PROCESS
Aloe Vera has been known, used, and trusted since the dawn of man's history. The Aloe Vera leaves are hand filled to insure that all the desirable properties are retained without the Aloe and bitterness.
SUGGESTED USE: Two ounces with each meal.
Quart \$2.98 Gallon \$9.95
GUARANTEED NO ADDED SUGAR, STARCH, ARTIFICIAL COLORS OR IMITATION FLAVORS
N923 Expires 9/30/83

Special Low Prices on these **HEALTH FOODS** For Readers of This Ad.
COMPARE THESE PRICES WITH THOSE YOU ARE NOW PAYING!

PURE LECITHIN GRANULES—1 lb. for 3.75, 3 lbs. for 10.00
LIQUID COD LIVER OIL—8 oz. for 1.95, 16 oz. for 3.70
500 MG. ASCORBIC ACID VIT. C.—100 for 89¢, 500 for 4.39
BREWERS YEAST FLAKES—1 lb. for 1.95, 3 lbs. for 5.50
DESSICATED LIVER TABLETS—100 for 89¢, 500 for 4.19
500 MG. BEE POLLEN TABLETS—100 for 2.19, 500 for 9.50
Max EPA™ CAPSULES—50 for 4.49, 100 for 8.75
500 MG. BRAN TABLETS—100 for 65¢, 500 for 2.98
KELP TABLETS—100 for 49¢, 1000 for 2.49
500 MG. L-LYSINE—100 for 1.98, 300 for 5.50
500 MG. L-TRYPTOPHANE—30 for 3.99, 60 for 7.50
100 MCG. SELENIUM—100 for 2.98, 250 for 5.75
EVENING PRIMROSE OIL CAPSULES—50 for 4.98, 100 for 8.50
25,000 UNIT BETA-CAROTENE—100 for 2.95, 250 for 6.75
50 MG. CHELATED ZINC—100 for 1.79, 500 for 7.25
PAPAYA ENZYME—250 for 1.65, 600 for 2.89
1500 MG. VIT. C WITH ROSE HIPS 100 for 2.98, 500 for 14.00
LIQUID VIT. E IN DROPPER BOTTLE 2 oz. for 2.95, 2 for 5.50
ACTIVATED CHARCOAL CAPSULES—300 for 1.49, 100 for 3.98
VEGETABLE LAXATIVE POWDER—Plain or Orange—14 oz. can 2.98

SAVE UP TO 70% ON OUR FORMULAS

Our Name	Comparable to	100 for	500 for
Thera Min	Theragran M*	1.49	7.25
Daily w/Iron	One-A-Day* with Iron	89¢	3.75
Ger Iron	Geritol*	98¢	4.75
Super Vits & Mins	Super Plenamins*	2.29	9.29
Chewable Vitamins	Chocks*	1.49	6.25
B with C	Albee* with C	1.85	7.50
Oyster Cal	Oscal*	1.49	5.95
A-Z Tabs	Centrum*	130 for 3.69	
Nutradec	Myadec*	130 for 3.89	
Stress 600	Stress Tabs* 600	60 for 2.89	
B.E.C. with Zinc	Z-BEC*	60 for 2.89	

L-ARGININE—500 MG.—100 FOR 6.50
L-ORNITHINE—500 MG.—100 FOR 9.50

LIQUID LIGHT™ DIET DRINK POWDER COMPARABLE TO OTHERS AT DOUBLE OUR PRICE. CHOCOLATE OR VANILLA. **9.95 24 OZ.**

ALFALFA Tablets 100 TABS **49¢** 500 for 1.95

DOLOMITE Laboratory Calcium Rich tested 100 Tablets **49¢** 500 for 1.85

ALOE VERA NEW—each tablet the equivalent of one teaspoonful of Aloe-Vera gel.
TABLETS 50 for 2.00 150 for 5.00

Super Potency 500 MCG VITAMIN B12 100 Tablets **1.49** 500 for 6.25

HERBAL DIURETIC 100 Tablets **1.75** 500 for 6.50