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"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It has been a long, long time (almost another century, it seems to me) since I rolled a sheet of paper into this type-writer and visited with you friends.

The fact that this is true is not because of what we refer to as a streak of old-fashioned cussedness, but simply one plain and stark fact: my health doesn't permit me to sit here and visit with anyone. This explains why you haven't heard from me for so long, why your letters and cards expressing concern have gone unacknowledged, why, in short, I seem to have dropped completely out of sight.

Well, if I spend any more space on this subject I'll get launched into a recital of ailments, and you know as well as I know that no one wants to hear about aches and pains. Everyone has a good thick folder of his own on this subject, so I'll just drop the whole deal right here and get on to other things.

This is our usual scorching afternoon with nary a cloud in the sky. The only sound I hear is the steady drone of the air conditioner that takes care of this wing of the house. Betty is out in the kitchen working with some tomatoes that screamed to be tackled, and our faithful Hawkeye (remember our Doberman?) is sound asleep in his favorite place—my old beat-up arm chair. For a long time I had to yell "OUT" if I wanted to sit there, but now he gets down the instant he hears my wheelchair.

All of this sounds very exciting, doesn't it? Well, I've always been given to reporting things exactly the way they are, so that's just the way it is. And I should add that I'm profoundly grateful for every bit of it. When you move towards your mid-seventies you learn how to separate your "druthers" and to make your peace with realities. It sounds easy and simple, doesn't it? It isn't. And this is the place where a good raging case of insomnia comes in mighty handy: you're never hard-pressed to find the

time for sifting realities from unrealities.

One of the most important realities is the fact that once in every two weeks I have the opportunity to visit with my niece, Mary Lea Palo, when she drives down here from her home in Bellevue, Nebr., to chat with you friends on our Kitchen-Klatter radio program. She is always on a very tight schedule, of course, since the widely varying needs of Isabel, Christopher and Cassandra must be managed, but somehow she juggles all of it into place and arrives here in one piece.

When all of this began I wanted very much to fix something good in the line of food that she could take back with her, and it's been a sharp disappointment to me that our scorching summer hasn't made it advisable to have long sessions with the oven. But I've never lost interest in preparing food and I can get carried away very easily by combing through cookbooks, recipe columns in magazines and newspapers, leaflets that are distributed with new products, etc., etc. On days when I feel up to it, I still love to get out in the kitchen and tackle something. And I'm sorry to say that most of these "somethings" fall into the bracket of sinfully rich and elegant desserts!

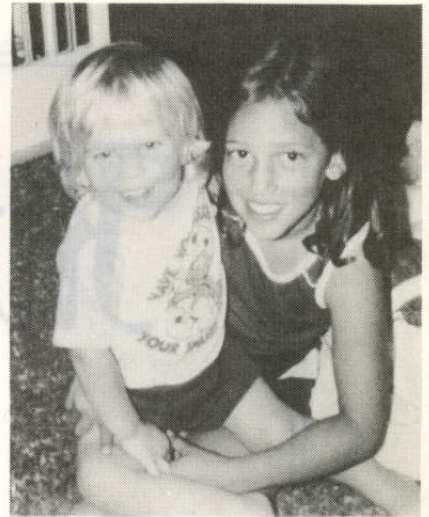
Does anyone reading these words share my weakness? I really want to know—and I mean this. As long as I can remember I've had a burning interest in what people eat, and this has its roots in the fact that all through the years of our family life we sat down three times a day to meals that were made from scratch.

I realized that I had passed this on to Juliana when she was about five years old and came home from a playmate's home where the mother had asked her to stay and have dinner with them. I always asked her immediately what she had had to eat and on this day she said bluntly: "Well, it wasn't good sound honest food." And I guess this summarizes the whole picture!

Back in the old days when I cooked constantly and entertained a great deal (and I've never done anything that gave me greater pleasure), I made it a point to come up with something new and different and spectacular—and yes, it was generally the dessert! I even liked the unexpected names such as "Utterly Deadly Pecan Pie." One of my own inventions that I'd totally forgotten about was the title for a cake: "Road To Bankruptcy Cake." That's something to whet your interest, isn't it?

As I said, I'd totally forgotten about this until Juliana told me that it was going to appear in the new dessert cookbook. As I looked at it, I knew instantly why I had given it such an unlikely name!

But you see, I had a theory about such projects. I called it "sneaking up" on them. For instance, in preparation for great Christmas treats I began laying in



Cassandra and Isabel are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Palo of Bellevue, Nebr. The girls' mother, Mary Lea, makes frequent trips to Shenandoah to broadcast on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program.

supplies far in advance—whenever I bought more than just coffee, flour, sugar, etc., I sneaked in something extra that was headed for an approaching holiday. That way the big projects didn't jump out at you from ambush.

In case you've read this far and think that I'm interested only in days gone by or, as Juliana termed it when she was growing up, "The Olden Times," I must tell you that I'm enormously interested in the days right here at hand. I have never learned to be indifferent to the grief and suffering of my fellow human beings. (Perhaps I should add "the joys," but in these times the joys seem to be in short supply.)

And yet, even as I write those words I realize that to young people there is still the expectation that everything is going to work out just fine. If this were not true, we would still be living in the original 13 colonies! I can just hear the parents and grandparents of that day clucking and groaning about these silly young people who want to throw everything overboard and head for someplace else. Can't you hear it?

This last year I've read a great deal—I've always been what is called a "great reader"; you know, but with virtually all activity closed to me I've read a towering pile of books, primarily biographies, autobiographies and histories. From all of this reading I've come to the conclusion that never in the recorded experiences of Man have we moved so swiftly in every conceivable field of activity. This is indeed a Time of such fantastic change that our minds can't begin to encompass it.

There are days that I start with a stern promise to myself that I won't listen to a single news broadcast, I won't look at

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Here we are . . . headed into the absolute premium time of the year in New Mexico. Fall brings crisp mornings, hot-air ballooning and lots of harvest festivals. I'll share these events with you in the future. Right now I would like to tell you how our summer worked out . . .

In my last letter I mentioned the decision we had to make concerning air conditioning and the pickup truck. Well, "the best laid plans of mice and men," etc. made the whole discussion irrelevant. The time period that was laid out for the lengthy camping trip was canceled by a little envelope in the mail. For the first time, Jed was selected for jury duty. He wasn't actually selected to serve on a jury, just to be *available* in case he was selected. This meant that he had to report into the court every day for two weeks to see if his panel was called. (We found out later that he was fortunate to have to be available only two weeks. Until August of 1983, the time period of availability was a whole month.)

Every evening when Jed picked up the phone to dial the court "check-in" number, it felt kind of like Russian roulette. Would this be the day that he would be selected to be a possible juror on a murder trial? A law suit trial? A civil case? Or would his panel be overlooked again? To make a long story short, Jed's panel was the only one of twelve that was never required to report to the court. Evidently not many cases go to court in August as this is vacation month for many people—lawyers and judges included. We had mixed feelings when we were assured that Jed's name was guaranteed not to come up on a jury duty list for three years. Serving on a jury could be very interesting.

The rest of our summer plans fell into place more easily. My daughter, Katharine and I had a lovely visit in Shendoah. We had almost two weeks to see all of the local aunts and uncles and to have good long visits on the back porch with my mother, Lucile. Early morning and late in the evening were the times guaranteed to find us sipping coffee, looking out over the garden and just catching up on day-to-day events. We did manage to get up to Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank's farm for an overnight visit.

Mother was determined that this time on our visit to Aunt Dorothy's we would get down to the famous buffet dinner in Derby, Iowa. I had not participated in this feast before and in spite of all the preparation for the setting and the quantities of food, I was reasonably overwhelmed by the experience. It was so much fun! The food was delicious! The antique



Katharine Lowey has always loved animals. Several months ago, owners of the vacant lot next-door to the Lowey family acquired some horses and Katharine was in seventh heaven when the horses were pastured in the lot. They are very gentle and Katharine can feed them and pat their noses to her heart's content.

tables were beautiful and the wonderful old fancy ceiling was a delight. Aunt Bernie Stark went with us, so between bites of pie, I also had time to get in some reminiscing about days gone by in Lucas.

Another high light on the trip to Iowa was the day Robin, Hallie and I went to Maryville, Missouri, to meet people from Maryville and the surrounding area. A special "hello" to everyone who took the trouble to come to see us and make us feel SO welcome. I hope to see all of you at the Cookie Festival this month!

While Katharine and I were in Iowa, Jed and James held down the fort here in Albuquerque. James did all the watering of my house plants for a week and then he flew off to Arlington, Virginia, to spend two weeks working for Cousin Emily DiCicco's husband, Rich. It is amazing how things that can be "chores" at home become pleasures somewhere else. Emily reported that James cheerfully pitched in around the house and was happy to take little three-year-old Stephen for bike rides while she was fixing the evening meal. James also reported to me that little nine-month-old Martin was the cutest baby ever! James's work for Rich included doing research at the Library of Congress and the Patent Office. I doubt I will ever know my way around those two places as well as James does right now.

With all of this coming and going, the one person who hadn't gone anywhere was Jed. When he was able to get three days off work coupled with the weekend, the rest of us decided to leave it strictly up to him as to where we would go for our family vacation. Fishing in southern Colorado was the decision.

Our first destination was Williams Creek Campground. This beautiful area is located twenty-two miles northwest of Pagosa Springs. It is a high elevation

campground that is surrounded by aspen, spruce and pines. About two miles from the campground is a large reservoir for those of us who like to be lazy and sit by a lake to fish. I spent about an hour there and caught one tiny trout. This baby fish went right back into the lake to grow up. As I said to Jed later that day, "The local humane society would have strung me up by my thumbs if I'd kept that little beauty!" Meanwhile Jed and James fished the stream that came out of the lake and ran through the campground. They had much better luck than I and both caught some trout.

Actually, the person who enjoyed the campground most was Katharine. This campground was literally crawling with little ground squirrels and chipmunks. They were very tame and she soon could tell them apart. Her favorite was one she named "Piggy." He had enormous cheek pouches and would fill them to bursting with crumbs from the surrounding campsites. Those cheek pouches would actually drag on the ground because they were so full of goodies.

Our next stop was a short hop over to Durango and north toward Silverton. About ten years ago we had gone through this area and had turned off the main road in search of adventure. We found it on Old Lime Creek Road. The first part of the road was mildly scary. We stopped for lunch at a little campground and continued on. The last part of that road before we got to the main highway was terrifying! About the time I was going to volunteer to walk the rest of the way, we met a huge recreational vehicle. In the years since that experience we have often said, "Let's go back to Old Lime Creek." Well, that's just what we did.

First we made a short stop in Durango to see if by any chance we could get space on the narrow-gauge railroad—the Denver and Rio Grande Line. They had space for us the following day. We were to be at the train depot at 10:30 A.M. From there we would take the bus to Silverton and then take the train back to Durango. I was mindful of the fact that being in Durango at 10:30 A.M. meant getting up early, breaking camp, fixing breakfast and driving that hair-raising road bright and early.

Getting into the Old Lime Creek campground was a snap. I just kept my eyes firmly fixed on the canyon wall away from the drop off. It is truly a lovely spot. The creek is perfect for trout fishing and the wildflowers were spectacular. We even found wild red raspberries to have with our evening meal. Best of all, we had wonderful fishing. We all caught our limit of trout and most of them were in the twelve-inch range.

The next morning was hectic, but well worth the effort. The train ride is one of our favorite side trips. I want to mention
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Things to Make

Raffia Scarecrow Doll Decoration:

Materials needed: One 5-inch foam ball, about one pound of raffia, scraps of black and red felt for eyes and mouth (or use large black buttons for eyes), one large brown wooden bead for nose, burlap in brown and red for clothing and some plaid fabric for belt and trim, or you may use cotton prints and plains for the clothing. Also, for the hat I used a small size Mexican-type straw hat with fringed brim. You may make a hat from burlap or print fabric, too.

The raffia usually comes in a long hank, sometimes folded into an oval ball. Unfold it and lay it out on a table, being careful not to pull it apart. You should have a bunch that is approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet long. Carefully separate it so you have one-third of the strands for the arms and the rest for the body and legs. Lay the one-third portion aside. From the larger portion take a few strands to use to tie around the head. To begin, take up this large bundle of raffia and tie it exactly in the center with a strand of raffia. Now drape this bunch of raffia over the foam ball (head) holding the tied center in the exact center of head. Stick a large darning needle in it to hold it in place while you carefully separate and spread the raffia until it covers the head evenly. Gather all of the strands tightly below the head (neck), making sure all of the head is covered evenly. Tie firmly at the neck with a strand of raffia.

Now to make the arms, take the remaining raffia in a bunch, leaving a few strands for tying arms, and tie it in the middle to hold it together. Separate the raffia below the head into half cross-wise (front and back of body) and insert the smaller bunch of raffia between, just below the tied neck. Tie firmly below where arms are inserted. Cut off the arms to a good length. Tie each arm about three inches from the end, leaving fringe for hands.

To make the legs, separate the body raffia in half and tie each section about four inches up from the bottom (feet).

Make a pair of trousers from the

brown burlap (or a plain cotton fabric) and a shirt from the red (or print). Make long sleeves in the shirt to come down over where the hand is tied. You can leave sleeve end and bottom of trouser legs unhemmed, fringing instead. I cut the bottom of shirt in deep points for a pixie look. Make a short jacket of the brown burlap, having short sleeves, also cut in points.

Use bright plaid print to make a sash belt (tied at the side), patches on the knees, and a bow to tie around the neck. Glue on facial features. Add the hat and Mr. Scarecrow is ready to become your favorite fall decoration for house, patio, family room or to hang beside your front door.

—Mabel Nair Brown

Pumpkin Seed Craft: At Halloween time when the youngsters carve their jack-o'-lanterns, have them save the seeds to use for pumpkin seed craft.

Wash and dry the seeds. When dry, they can be colored by soaking in food coloring, painted, or left in their natural color.

Here's how to make a seed picture. On construction paper, or sandpaper (sandpaper is best because it is durable and holds glue better than smooth paper) draw a simple design, or trace one from a coloring book. Using white glue, fasten the seeds on the design, pressing them down firmly with the fingers. Colorful touches can be added to the picture with crayons, colored pencils, or felt-tip pens.

To make a seed-decorated bottle, choose a bottle with an attractive shape. Wash in soapy water to remove the label, then use a scouring pad to take off any remaining glue. Mark a design on the bottle. A daisy is easy to do. Then, using fast-drying model airplane glue, fasten seeds in place on the design. Very thin twigs, or pieces of dried grass, may be added for stems and leaves. When the seeds are all dried in place, apply a coat of clear shellac to the bottle.

For a more slapdash design, brush the entire bottle—except its bottom—with clear shellac. Working fast, while shellac is wet, sprinkle on seeds, scattering them

hit or miss fashion over the entire surface.

For a hot-dish tile, place a round object, like a saucer, on a piece of heavy cardboard and draw around it. Cut out this cardboard pattern. Cover its surface with glue, or household cement. Starting at the exact center of the cardboard, begin gluing on seeds in circle formation, with seed points facing to the center. For circle two, glue another ring of seeds, this time fitting their points snugly into the hollow spaces of the first circle. Continue in this fashion, gluing each circle of seeds as close as possible to preceding circle, always having the seed points heading toward the middle. When the seeds are all glued in place, add a coat of shellac over the whole arrangement.

—Erma Reynolds

Washcloth Candles: These attractive candles make ideal gifts for birthdays, to take to patients in the hospital, for Christmas, or gifts any time!

You will need a bar of hand soap, a white or pastel-colored washcloth, a white pipecleaner, a 14-inch square of nylon net in the same or contrasting color as the washcloth, some straight pins, sequins and ribbon.

Fold the washcloth over once, then roll it in a tight roll to resemble a candle. Secure the edges with straight pins. Pin the washcloth candle in the center of the bar of soap. Set the soap in the center of the square of nylon net, bring the sides of the net up around the candle, and tie at the base with a pretty ribbon bow. Stick the pipecleaner in the top of the candle to resemble the wick. With the straight pins, pin sequins in a pretty curve down the sides of the candle and it is complete.

—Mildred Grenier

Wall Plaques: To make these pretty wall hangings, you will need one plastic tile about $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, 2 or more plastic flowers, 3- to 4-inch length of copper wire, 10 inches of yarn, a darning needle or stiff wire, glue and glitter.

With pliers, hold the darning needle or stiff wire over a flame until red hot; pierce two holes near the center of the tile about half an inch apart. Pierce another hole at the upper corner of the tile.

Insert the copper wire in holes in the center, making a loop on the top side. Insert the plastic flower stems from opposite directions under the loop. Pull the loop tight and twist on the underside to secure. (Note: to make pretty hangings for harvest time, wire very small bunches of grapes, peppers, tomatoes, etc., on the tile instead of flowers.)

Run the yarn through the hole in the top corner of the tile, make a loop and tie. This loop will allow you to hang the tile on the wall. If desired, apply glue on petal edges or in teardrop fashion over the petals (or over the fruit and vegetables) and sprinkle with glitter. The plaque is now ready to hang. —Mildred Grenier

THE GHOST'S ROUNDUP

(A Halloween Party)

by Mabel Nair Brown

Invitation: Cut the invitation of white construction paper in the shape of a sheeted ghost. The invitation reads: "Put on your spookiest costume and join our Roundup Jamboree for thrills, shivers and laughter, and scary mystery. Come prepared for fun and frolic. October 31 is the date, (hostess' name) home is the location. We'll be waiting, so don't be late."

Decorations: Cover ceiling lights with cardboard frames covered with blue cellophane for a ghostly illumination.

For *Spooky Lanterns*, cut lantern frames from cardboard, fastening together with masking tape. Fasten clear cellophane over the sides of the lantern. Glue the silhouettes of witches, cats and bats (cut from black paper) to the cellophane "windows" of the lantern. These will cast weird shadows when lanterns are fastened over a lighted bulb.

With the same idea, use a small cardboard box and cut a window out in one side. Fasten cellophane over the window to which a black silhouette is glued. Make a hole in the opposite side of the box through which you can slip the top of a flashlight. Tape in place firmly. The guests will get a real ghostly thrill when the flashlights are turned on and off in a dark hallway, stairs or room.

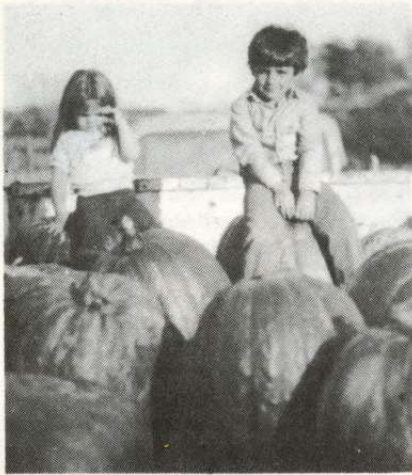
Fashion a Glowing Ghost from a hall tree, stacked boxes, or barrels draped in old sheets. Use fluorescent paint to draw facial features on the ghost's head. Let this ghost stand near the entrance, or in a dark corner where a light can come on and off at intervals.

Growing Ghost: This is achieved by having a person stand beneath a sheet which has been attached to a broom handle with a ghost head (stuff an old pillowcase and paint on features) fastened on top. The person beneath the sheet can raise and lower the broomstick to make the ghost become an instant giant or dwarf to mystify the guests.

Use a fan to make *Suspended Silhouettes* of large cats, bats and witches appear to dance and caper on the walls or ceiling, according to way lighting is arranged.

Entertainment: As the guests arrive they are met at the door by a ghost who silently points them to be seated, indicating with hand on lips that absolute silence is required—you can be sure there will be a good deal of giggling at this point as more guests arrive and everyone tries to keep silent!

Another ghost hands each guest a slip of paper as guest is seated. On the slip is written some trade or profession (minister, lawyer, teacher, nurse, foot-



Jeri and Bobby Krutsinger, children of the Dean Krutsingers of near Chariton, Iowa, found it hard to pick out a pumpkin for a jack-o'-lantern when they visited the Kenneth McCormick farm near Lucas. Dean farms for Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

ball player, etc.) and a number. Later, after all are present, the leader ghost calls out a number, the person with that number stands and pantomimes the trade or profession listed while others try to guess what it is.

Witch's Wisdom: Have ready beforehand a hollowed-out jack-o'-lantern in which the hostess has placed slips of paper upon which are written bits of wisdom. Each guest draws out a slip of paper and reads aloud what is written upon it. Here are some starter ideas for the wisdom bits:

"If you really want to find happiness, look in the dictionary."

"Don't tell secrets in a cornfield—it has ears."

"Don't stay too long in the woods—where there is bark there is apt to be bite."

"Beware of a cloak room, there might be a wrap there for you."

"Don't plan for your ship to come in on February 30th."

"If you want to save our environment, don't kill two birds with one stone."

"If your shoe has a nail in the sole, don't try putting the shoe on the other foot—it won't help!"

"If you want smooth sailing, don't go on a courtship."

Ghost's Cave: Fix up a room, or the basement, so that a walk through it will provide plenty of thrills for the guests. Of course the walk through will be in almost total darkness, perhaps a spooky blue light or two, or a flashlight might be allowed in darkest areas.

Guests are instructed to follow trail through by holding on to a stout rope that has been tied in place to form a trail. Along the trail damp cord is hung down to brush against faces, with here and there a wet sponge suspended on a

string. Hang a fur coat (or a piece of fake fur) on a hanger to suggest a wild monster. Fill tin cans with small pebbles and place on the floor to rattle as guests stumble against them. As guests stumble against a big pillow, a ghostly voice remarks, "Ooops, don't fall over the dead body."

If you arrange to have a helper, provide sound effects (whistles, groans, a siren, a vacuum cleaner running which is described as a saw in an amputating room, or sticks rattled for bones breaking, etc.). This will add much to the spooky atmosphere. Old bedsprings, covered with a carpet, eggshells that crunch underfoot are other ways to make the walk ghostly. At the end of the walk, each guest might be passed parts of the ghost's body such as grape pulp (eyes), kernels of corn (teeth), oyster (tongue), cooked dried peach (ear), moist round sponge (brain), glove filled with wet sand (hand) to feel.

Catch a Witch: Divide players into two groups. Each group chooses one from the group to be the witch who is then blindfolded. The two witches stand in the center of the room. The teams line up on opposite sides of the room. Players try to steal across to the other side but WITH-OUT the witch hearing them. Those from one group walk on right side of witches and the other group walks to the left. If witch hears player trying to cross, she calls out, "I hear a ghost." If she is correct, that player must drop out of the game, if she is wrong a player from her side must drop out. Continue playing until all players are across or out, to see who ends up with most players safely across.

The Ghost Story: Here is a ghost story in which everyone will have a part by producing the sound effects for the story. Divide the guests into six groups, each group being assigned one of the following characters and the sound effect which they must do each time that character is mentioned in the story. The storyteller also asks someone secretly to give a terrible scream at the the words "Bluebeard's ghost."

Characters and sound effects for the story:

Shy young maiden — sobs

Haggard old woman — shrill, high cackle

Big black dog — fierce growl

Snarling black cat — meow and a hiss

Man in tall black hat — groan

Creepy black bats — high squeaks

Bluebeard's ghost — terrible scream

(The Ghost Story) One dark, stormy night on Halloween Eve a travelworn stagecoach rattled along a lonesome country road through a dark, deep woods. Inside, a shy young maiden crouched down on the hard seat as the coach rumbled on through the night.

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It was actually cool enough this morning to enjoy sitting on the front porch to have our second cup of coffee. There has never been a summer since our porch was screened in that we have used it so little. It seems as if the air conditioner and fans have been going constantly for months. This morning the windows and doors are open and the house seems so quiet without the hum of the fans and air conditioner.

Lucile and I were talking the other day about the hot summers we lived through in the early Thirties, the days before air conditioners, and what we did to try to keep cool. I asked her if she remembered the cooling contraption Dad bought that sat in the dining room. The top was a large galvanized pan that held at least a 50-pound chunk of ice. A fan built into the back blew across the ice to cool the air. The water from the ice dripped down into another container, and this had to be emptied regularly. It worked pretty well, especially if you were right in front of it. At this time people could still go to the icehouse and buy all the ice they wanted, but those days are long since gone.

The other day I had an early-morning appointment at the beauty shop, and as I left the house, I saw six big tom turkeys in the meadow right in front of the house. My car's leaving didn't even scare them off. On the way to town I had to slow down while two young deer scampered across the road in front of me. On the way home, as I rounded a curve, a hen pheasant and her entire brood of tiny babies were crossing the road in single file right in front of me. The babies were so small you could hardly see them in the gravel. Looking back all made it safely into the weeds on the other side. I told Frank I had seen more wildlife in that one trip than I had seen for several weeks.

One very hot Sunday afternoon while I was sitting in the oil station waiting for my car to be serviced, a young Japanese man rode up on a bicycle that had much gear fastened to it. He came inside to get a can of cold pop and sat down on the bench beside me. I found out immediately that he knew very little English, but I did learn that he was from Tokyo, had ridden his bike from New York and was going to California. He got out his atlas to show me the state park near Lucas where he planned to camp for the night, and wanted to know how to get there. He asked about shower facilities. He was so hot and tired I hated to have to tell him there was no water available in the park. He asked for a restaurant and I had to tell



Elizabeth Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's only granddaughter, was five months old when this picture was taken.

him there was none open. The station manager came to his rescue and gave him two large sandwiches he hadn't eaten at noon.

It was a real challenge for me to try to answer his questions so he would understand. I thought how much courage it would take to start across this huge country of ours alone knowing only a few words of our language. I also thought about the Rocky Mountains and the long, hot desert in Nevada he had to cross before he reached his destination. I shall always wonder if he made it and how long it took.

We had such a nice visit with our oldest grandson, Andy Brase, and a friend of his, Adrianna Quinones, when they spent a few days with us before returning to college. Andy had worked all summer, as had Adrianna, so they didn't have much time for a vacation. Art and Kristin hated to have Andy drive so far alone and were glad when Adrianna said she could make the trip with him. Both are good drivers.

The first day Andy and Adrianna drove 300 miles to Grand Island, Nebr., where they stayed overnight at Andy's uncle and aunt, Don and Mary Brase. This left them another 300 miles to drive the next day to our home in Lucas. Kristin loaned them her car because it is air conditioned. The only time they had to be out in the heat was when they changed drivers, or stopped along the way for a bit of sightseeing. Both noticed the heat much more here than in Wyoming because of the humidity.

We spent a couple of afternoons shopping for school clothes Adrianna needed. Although Andy did a little griping about wasting time shopping, I noticed he got a few things he needed too.

We had gotten home a little late from the shopping trip, and I had just started preparing the food when who should

come through the kitchen door but Marge and Oliver Strom. They were on their way home from a two-week visit with Oliver's sister in Rockford, Ill., and decided to make our house a coffee break. Since Marge and Oliver had been away, they didn't know about Andy's planned trip, and when they saw Kristin's Wyoming car they were sure they were going to see baby Elizabeth. We tried to get them to stay and eat with us, but they were anxious to get home and stayed only about an hour.

The very hottest day of the summer, when the temperature reached 108 degrees in Des Moines, Andy, Adrianna and I went to the State Fair. Frank didn't say anything, but I'm sure he thought I was out of my mind. I know my friends thought I was, but this was the one event Andy and Adrianna said they wanted to attend and I was determined they would get to.

We arrived in Des Moines about the middle of the morning and left around 5:00, and I was amazed at how much we saw in that length of time. We started out with the Conservation Building, and covered the Varied Industry Building before going to the Plaza behind the Administration Building, where we found seats in the shade and listened to several musical programs.

After lunch we went to the Horse Barn because I wanted to see the miniature horses. I had seen pictures of them but had never actually seen any before. Adrianna fell in love with a pure white one that was darling. The owner of the horses said she had one horse that her grandson could ride, but no more than 50 pounds can be placed on their backs. The owner has one horse trained to pull a small two-wheel cart, and it can carry her husband, but otherwise the horses are mostly just a conversation piece, or a pet for children. Lucile's dog, Hawkeye, is about the same size. It was quite a contrast to step around the corner from the miniatures and look at the Clydesdales and Percherons.

We walked through the Agriculture Building and then rode the Sky Ride up to the Antique Building. We walked to the building housing the electric trains, then back up the hill to take the Sky Ride to the midway. While Andy and Adrianna covered the midway section, I sat in the shade at the Plaza and listened to the programs. Our late afternoon visits were through the clothing and textile section and the arcade under the grandstand with all the varied exhibit booths and flea market. In the Home Economics Building we saw the decorated cakes, canned foods, etc., and we lingered here for quite awhile to watch some of the programs. The building was air conditioned and as we rested we enjoyed the entertainment.

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"Is an apple a day enough to make Washington feel like home in October?" I asked myself.

I was chopping apples to test a new chunky apple walnut cake recipe. I sincerely hoped the recipe would be successful, because, if it were, it would serve a number of Manny's office staff at his weekly Wednesday coffees. I had been working in my small apartment-size kitchen for some time before I noticed Casey, our Airedale dog. She was appreciating the apple smell. Her black shiny nose was poking insistently around the kitchen cabinet, as far as her three legs would allow, through the doorway into the kitchen. (Casey cannot walk well on linoleum since she lost her leg; she prefers the safety of carpeting.) I knew Casey was desperate for the taste of apple.

I selected a tart firm Rome Beauty, placed a towel under Casey's two big fluffy front paws and offered her this prize of autumn. I sat down beside her in the living room for a respite from my task and found myself, along with Casey, remembering home . . . apples and harvest, bread baking in my kitchen, the taste of chili, pinon burning in the fireplace, the smell of the last alfalfa cutting . . . Octobers in New Mexico.

Casey always had the run of our adobe-walled yard in Albuquerque. She could scoot in or out, any season, through the doggie door in our bedroom. Her favorite time of the year was October when the heat of summer had left and there were transitory birds to chase away from our back portal, leaves to run through, and, best of all, apples to pick from our miniature apple trees, expaliered against the wall that frames the small swimming pool. Casey loved the walkway along that wall and pool, and Manny and I decided right from the beginning that those trees belonged to Casey. She checked and watched her apples through the summer—often smelling them and licking them, and then when October arrived she carefully plucked one bright red ball off at a time. Sometimes, however, another of those hard glistening fruits bounced painfully down on her head, into the pool beside

her, or into the sprawling evergreens that outlined the walk beneath the apple trees. She seemed to like the game; she bobbed for apples in the pool as though she were attending a Halloween party. Sometimes, she stood back to bark at the wayward fruit or she'd hunt the apples like Easter eggs in the prickly evergreens. When she found an apple, she'd toss it into the clear crisp blue October sky until the sweet crunchy appeal was so strong that she was forced to settle down in the grass for some serious eating. In the late spring, it was not unusual for me to find one of Casey's wrinkle-skinned treasures where, squirrel-like, she had hidden it for safekeeping beneath the straw and grass clipping blankets that I had made for my raised flower beds.

Because our own apple harvest was claimed by Casey, Manny and I always drove to Dickson Apple Orchard, as do Juliana and Jed, each year, to get several bushels of various kinds of apples. I loved to see the autumn wildflowers along the way—yellow flowering rabbit brush and iridescent mauve cornflower. The cottonwoods along the river in the valley and the aspen in the high country made great swathes of scintillating radiance. Each year that the aspen truly turned gold renewed our faith and our amazement. It was a brazen mountain display looming above the desert. We'd buy our apples and then just drive around, up into the mountains, in the afternoon's waning warmth, and marvel at the October display.

There was always work to do when we got home. We, traditionally, made what came to be called the "Pink Adobe Apple Pie" which we froze for Christmas gifts. In truth, Manny would help me with the first two or three, encourage me with the next four or five, and leave only Casey and Liza Jane, our cat, to help me finish the rest. Sometimes I arranged to have students spend their Saturdays in my country kitchen and we built apple pies by the score—often eating most of what we made.

This autumn should be different; this October should find Manny in New Mexico only for a brief visit and both of us in the Midwest for a short time. Manny, my parents, and I will make a trip to Emporia, Kansas, where Manny did his undergraduate work and where he will receive an award this October. It will be good for both of us to be near our roots at our favorite time of the year. After all, October is the anniversary month of our marriage.

The lion's share of October, however, will find me in Washington, D.C., and I must take advantage of the gift of October wedged so tentatively between summer's hectic suffocating heat and winter's harsh and icy cold. I am told that October is a glorious time of the year in



Robin Justiz sits by her bright blue wood-burning stove in her Albuquerque kitchen where she enjoyed October and Halloween last year. This October finds Robin peering out her condominium window at the antics of Halloween in Georgetown.

Washington.

There should be plenty of apples in this part of the world. I noticed this spring in Washington there were apple blossoms as well as cherry blossoms to sweeten the air. I noticed branches of apple trees in the suburbs where children had made friendly summer tree houses. As autumn nips in and the apple harvest begins, I'm sure there will be wonderful apples for Casey, even in the city.

"As American as apple pie" has become a familiar phrase, probably because the United States produces more apples than any other country. The capital of our nation should, then, have apples, one would suppose. But it is probably because Johnny Appleseed, whose real name was John Chapman, spent half a century planting apple orchards in the newly settled colonies that Casey, Manny and I will enjoy the apple harvest right here where the colonists made history.

Apples or not, by the standards of most, the glorious color of Washington should far surpass the humble subtle changes in New Mexico. Certainly Manny and I plan to embrace the autumn beauty of Mount Vernon, Dumbarton Oaks, all of Washington and all that surrounds it. While there is ample room for subjective delight and outrage at the climate of Washington, it is a moderate enough climate to allow Washington to be one of most beautiful of the world. Few cities give such an impression of universal green, gold, and orange, thanks to its trees. Sprinkled through downtown like weeping matrons in jade feather boas are the sophoras. The glossy ramparts of green which may be seen again and again by federal buildings are the Southern magnolia. If you go to the White House through Lafayette Park, the object that looks like a ferny Christmas tree is the

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

This is an uncommonly beautiful day for sitting quietly in my bedroom-office writing my monthly letter to you; I could be outside relaxing on my oversized deck enjoying the low temperature and even lower humidity. However, my energies are really very well consumed by sitting quietly at this task.

Two weeks ago I walked into St. Luke's Hospital, prepared to begin the second big unknown of this chemotherapy venture upon which I am committed until the year ends in June of 1984. Upon entering the well-appointed room where the laboratory people withdraw your blood to run the multitude of tests which report to them more about what goes on inside your body, I discovered that I was due to have my picture taken downstairs with their x-ray equipment. X-rays are so quick that they carry very little stigma of fright for the average layman who doesn't contemplate their hazardous potential. Anyway, I don't worry over them, and besides, this was an especially red-lettered day for me because I had taken myself in hand and had driven to my chemotherapy treatment alone.

I had driven off without my dear neighbor, Lois Turner, who had volunteered to be my driver during the entire year, if necessary. It had occurred to me that she had successfully taken over the first giant hurdle of sheer terror about going to these sessions just by being behind the wheel of my car and carrying on a light, cheerful line of conversation. By the end of my initial six-week treatment, I discovered that we were laughing and having a genuine good time, which was the first indication that, like a little kid, I could now let go of this hand which had so carefully guided me through the tough weeks after Don had had to return to his schedule at work. I didn't tell her that I was making the trip alone because I wanted to be certain that I would master my fears.

When I arrived in the x-ray department downstairs, there stood a youngish, slender woman waiting to have her x-rays taken, too. She was being morally supported by a second female who, figuratively speaking, resembled my friend, Lois. The patient in the blue-checked gown looked like the Mary Beth of June 9th. The primary difference between us was that she was very willing to talk and she immediately began to bombard me with questions. I had been so twisted inside with terror that I had not wished to inquire from anyone else about their experiences but to forge boldly ahead upon my own grit, re-



Paul and Adrienne Driftmier, son and daughter of Mary Beth and Donald Driftmier of Delafield, Wis.

gardless of the wisdom of such a course. This woman was another me, except that she was recovering from a double mastectomy and she was accompanied not by her husband but by her twin sister. The twin confided in me that her sister was nearly paralyzed by what was going on and by what was going to come, which she didn't understand.

I thought, here I stood transported back a mere eight weeks, the only thing which had changed was the face and name. By opening my mouth this was a chance for me to help some poor soul over a few tough ruts in the next weeks' road, a path with which I was still so well acquainted. I had managed without advice but it had not been a pleasant experience.

While we waited for our oncologist, Dr. Hart, to come onto the floor, I sat and answered her questions and suddenly discovered that in reassuring her, I was gaining a new sense of perspective upon my own experiences.

After about half an hour of talking, this girl began to relax and she was obviously less anxious about her first visit with her oncologist. There are many things about the waiting room of any hospital which can fill one's heart with fear and trepidation. Even the most beautifully appointed chemotherapy and radium waiting room is pretty tough to bear if the heart is filled with dread.

The next time I saw this woman, she was walking into the super-cool room where the initial chemotherapy treatments are begun with the intravenous injections. Her treatments and mine were almost identical which wasn't surprising since our cancers were both of the breast. This poor girl had heard horror stories which led her to believe that when she was through receiving her intravenous treatments, she would be so sick that she would probably be unable to walk out of the room, but would rather faint dead away on the floor.

The woman settled down in a big brown lounge chair next to me and while the nurses sterilized her arm, we

began again our exchange of identical procedures. Dr. Hart was beginning her treatments with three chemicals. These mighty chemicals, by virtue of the fact that they are injected directly into the veins, immediately set off to do their work. Their primary purpose is to put a stop to the quickly reproducing cells which could be harboring as little as one cancer cell.

When they commenced pumping these chemicals into my veins, I decided that I was going to make it my business to learn the affect the chemicals would have on my body. A booklet is published which lightly touches on these subjects because apparently many people simply don't want to know in depth what is happening inside their bodies. However, I could not go through the chemical reactions which caused me to feel so peculiar without investigating them down to the point where I finally learned things I really didn't want to know. I can assure you that I never breathed a word of the ugly side of these drugs to this frightened young patient.

The nurses made a notation on her chart that one chemical would make her feel tired, but I described my experience to her and assured her that a brief bed rest midway through the afternoon would probably be all that she would require to restore her pep for the balance of the day.

It was almost a certainty that I could honestly answer her query about whether she would lose her hair. It could be expected to occur between her third and fourth weeks of treatment. She faithfully wrote down this fact so that she could go to the same store where I had found my very normal-looking hairpiece. I have thrown caution to the winds and have adopted an entirely new look, just for the pure fun of it. I had the wig maker retain my one-third grey tone hair, but I opted for a shoulder-length, turned-under bob, with a splash of bangs across the forehead which I can curl with an electric iron. It must look realistic because I receive many compliments upon my hair from people whom I know do not realize it is not my own.

To the inquiries about the tingling, numb feelings of the fingers and toes, I was able to report to my new friend, that although it was a nuisance it was certainly not a debilitating side effect. I drop lots of things which I could formerly hang onto. However, when I learned that this was a constant state of life, I learned to compensate for it by not lifting things which were too heavy. Really heavy pans can just as easily be left in favor of those which weigh less. Jewelry is more tightly held in the fingers lest it squirt out of one's grip, and certainly extra pains have to be taken to keep the penmanship looking like one's own. There are actu-

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Mary Lea Palo writing at her desk.

Dear Friends:

My thoughts this month are running to peace, war, children . . . and lobsters.

When we were back in New England in July, we had happy reunions with many relatives and a few of our closest friends. One couple, who are among my favorite people in the world, we were not able to see, but I did speak with the wife, Gini, on the phone after we returned home. She is a high-school guidance counselor and had spent the month as part of a group of 50 educators in Cambridge, Mass., who are attempting to draw up an entire curriculum on "peace." She said that in this day of nuclear weapons and tremendous technological pressures, we have a generation of children growing up who suffer from "acute futurelessness" (a term she credited to someone, but I've forgotten whom). What this means—I think—is that there are lots of kids who literally feel the world will not be around long enough for them to make a contribution to it. What a sad state!

Why "peace?" What is "peace?" If you think of peace as the absence of war, then perhaps you see the problem. We were taught world history in terms of wars, conquests, revolutions. As time moves (seemingly) faster, it must seem to children the period between wars is but a second; the "big blast" could come any day. I think what the educators are setting out to do is to reinterpret history, and other subjects, in such a way as to give children a positive sense of themselves and their potential, as well as a value system that will help us all increase our chances for survival in a complex world. I am most anxious to get my hands on some of this material when it becomes available. I hope I have guessed accurately at the objectives as I report this to you.

Ever since that phone conversation I have been giving a lot of thought to the concept of peace on a less than global scale, mostly in the context of my family, to be exact. I've been wondering just how

peaceful human nature is. With five people living in one house, the atmosphere is hardly tranquil, and yet I think it is positive. With each of us having different ideas and goals, when does the give-and-take of family life cross over the line into conflict? How good (and hence, how peaceful) is it possible for me to be?

The prayer I pray most often for myself is one asking God for the gift of patience. I am sometimes embarrassed at how angry I get at my children. It frequently seems that my response is out of all proportion to what they did. Later I can often think of a logical punishment, or consequence, I should have come up with automatically. At the time I think I tend to take the offense personally and I get mad. That is why I pray for patience. I consider myself a fairly well-educated, intelligent, rational human being. If I have this much trouble controlling angry feelings, what about people who have fewer mental or emotional resources with which to deal with their problems? I will say this: when I feel that I have overreacted to something the kids have done I say so and apologize (for the overreaction). I do want peace to start in the home for my children.

My mind is frequently involved in big thoughts, but my body lately has been tied to a regimented schedule: getting Cassie to the toilet at regular intervals. Why, I asked my parents, do we pay more intense attention to this aspect of socialization than to any other single element of our children's education?

Cassie, fortunately, still has a sunny personality in spite of turning "terrible two" in September. She says "please" and "thank you." I consider that being manipulative. What parent is going to turn down any request, however unreasonable, from a toddler who states it

in such polite terms? The other day I let the kids take a bowl of potato chips down to the family room. Pretty soon Cassie came up the stairs carrying the empty bowl, and in her babyish lisp said, "More chips please." I laughed, refilled the bowl, and accused the older kids of sending Cassie because they knew I couldn't refuse her. They readily admitted it. I guess that is how a third child gets "spoiled."

After running with "the gang" all summer, Cassie was totally lost when Chris and Isabel went back to school this fall. Isabel is in the fourth grade. I feel as if Vin and I are not always on stable ground as we search for ways to help her grow up. We try to help her increase her independence and sense of responsibility without taking away her childhood. We hope that Chris's teacher has a special appreciation for his original wit and humor rather than concentrating on the fact that he probably is not following directions all the time.

We have moved since I last wrote to you. We bought a home in Bellevue, Nebr., and it is a nice change from living on base. We survived the summer thanks to our central air conditioning (when I say prayers of gratitude, air conditioning is on the list, at least in hot weather!). There are several fruit trees in the yard. The apples and peaches were not spectacular, but the sour cherries were marvelous and filled my days for quite a while. I was kept busy even though half the cherries were harvested while we were on vacation.

When I come home from broadcasting on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program, Vin always asks—half in humor and half in concern—"Okay, what did you say about me today?" I'll tell you friends how
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KMA COOKIE FESTIVAL KITCHEN-KLATTER OPEN HOUSE

Billie Oakley's annual **COOKIE FESTIVAL** is sponsored each year by radio station KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa. An interesting program will be presented for your enjoyment. The "Cookie Walk" is something you'll always remember.

Saturday, Oct. 15, 1983 — 12:30 P.M.

Shenandoah High School Gymnasium

Admission — one dozen cookies and the recipe

Tour of **Kitchen-Klatter** will precede the Cookie Festival from 9:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. Members of the Kitchen-Klatter family will be on hand to greet you. Coffee and donuts will be served on the lawn at the Kitchen-Klatter plant by the Shenandoah Starrs 4-H Club.

Make plans to attend these events on Oct. 15th.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

One sure sign that fall is just around the corner is the disappearance of our summer visitors. Living as close as we do to the ocean, we see all of the beach traffic becoming less and less, and we see some of our neighbors closing up their homes for the long trek to home towns further inland. Of course, in a way, we hate to see them leave, but in another way we must confess that we do like to see fewer cars on the road, and fewer boats on the water. You just can't believe how many boats there are in this area! Some of our friends won't even try to go sailing on weekends because of the crowded boat channels.

So many times I have told you how glad we are to see radio friends from the Middle West, and this past summer we have had that pleasure on several occasions. Most recently, we have had a visit with Pat and Galen Ducommun of Marcus, Iowa. They were driving a beautiful big motor home, one of the nicest I ever have seen. They just happened to see me going down to feed the swans, and they stopped at the side of the road to visit. They had a daughter working in a Methodist Youth Camp in Upper New York State, and they wanted to take her cooked lobster. We were able to direct them to just the right place for that kind of a purchase.

A few days after the Ducommun's stopped by, we had a visit from Mr. and Mrs. David Williams and their daughter, Mila. The Williamses live in Macon County, Missouri. They, too, had a beautiful deluxe motor van of a type quite different from the Ducommun's. Betty had just gone down to the road to get the mail when the Williamses drove by looking for our house. Mila Williams is a music teacher in the public schools, and we had a good time visiting with her about her teaching experience. Betty and I both look back with pleasure to our years of teaching.

The most exciting day of the past month was the day we had nineteen friends from Springfield, Massachusetts, come to visit us. We decided to meet at the Mystic Aquarium, one of the finest aquariums in all America. The show at the aquarium was a fascinating one, highly entertaining, and as it turned out, most unpredictable. Two ladies in our party were completely soaked with water when three sea lions leaped twenty feet into the air and came down into the water with an enormous splash. The ladies



Among Frederick and Betty Driftmier's recent visitors were Mary and Ruth Reed of Shenandoah, Iowa, shown here with Frederick. The Reed sisters are former schoolmates of Frederick's, and since their retirement, they have traveled all over the nation in their mobile home.

accepted the unexpected bath in good spirits, and much hilarious laughter.

After lunch at a lovely restaurant, we drove over to the marina near our house where we all boarded a large sailboat for a cruise down the river to the ocean. What a delightful time we had! The day was absolutely gorgeous with bright sunshine and a blue sky with big white, cumulus clouds reflected in the water. All of the party were from our church in Springfield, and while our friends were with us, it was just as though Betty and I had never retired. What a good time we had reminiscing, telling stories about other parties and expeditions we had had together in years gone by.

A few days later, two other friends from our church came to spend the day sailing with Betty and me. On that day, the weather conditions were the exact reverse of what the larger party had enjoyed. We were caught out in a violent thunder and lightning storm with wind and hail. The storm came up very fast when we were some distance from land, but we were able to reach the safety of a little harbor on Fishers Island, a part of New York State. I quickly attached two lightning rods to the metal mast of the boat, and put out an extra large storm anchor. Then the four of us shut ourselves in the cabin and ate our lunch while the boat rode out the storm. Believe me, that was some excitement!

Do you remember my telling you that I had stopped feeding the wild ducks during the summer months? Well, I am back at it again. With the approach of fall, the ducks started coming back to our cove quite uninvited. Just at breakfast time, they march across the road and up onto our front lawn where they sit patiently until I go out and give them some cracked corn. Until I do go out, they just sit and stare at our windows, watching every move we make. As of the writing of

this letter, there are only about fifty ducks in the flock, but in a few more weeks, that number will double and triple. So will my expenditures for cracked corn!

Most of you know how much I enjoy reading old newspapers. Most people seem to enjoy doing that because the editor of our local newspaper told me that his newspaper's column: "Fifty Years Ago Today" is one of its most popular features. Yesterday, I was reading a copy of *The Mystic (Conn.) Press* dated July 25, 1878. Here are just a few items which interested me:

"Yellow Fever has broken out on the United States steamer Vermont now lying in New York Harbor. Three deaths announced."

"On Monday, the heat was so powerful in St. Louis that all business was suspended. Over fifty persons died from sunstroke, and hundreds were prostrated. The day was one of terror never to be forgotten."

"Oleomargarine is good for fuel at least. Thirty thousand dollars worth of it was burned by an incendiary in Boston last week."

"Minnie Warren, the well-known dwarf, sister to Tom Thumb's wife, died at Fall River, Mass., in childbirth."

"The exhibition of Edison's Phonograph or 'talking machine' as it is styled by the exhibitors drew but small audiences at the YMCA Rooms on Monday and Tuesday evenings. It would seem that the descriptive circulars convey no definite purpose to mind, and a person would be amazed at the capabilities of one of the most wonderful discoveries and inventions of modern times should he hear one as this writer did."

In some of my reading the other day, I came across a statement by Harriet Beecher Stowe that impressed me greatly. She said: "First, to attain the grace of silence: Second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin: And third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise." Don't you like that? How many times you and I would have been better off, and others would have felt less antagonistic toward us if only we had remained silent. I fear that most of us speak first, and think later! Certainly we all could do less fault-finding, less criticizing, and less complaining about God's management of the universe. I like to say: "If you want to feed the hungry, you can begin by feeding some praise to the people who live in the same house with you!"

The longer I live, the more sure I am that one of the greatest things we can do to help make our world a happier place for all of God's children is to follow Mrs. Stowe's admonition and practice the grace and virtue of praise. People everywhere are hungry to be appreciated, starving for words of praise.

Some time ago, I was calling on a
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ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

It has been quite a while since my last correspondence, and the elapsed time has brought many exciting moments to the Walstad household. Our biggest thrill of late has, of course, been the arrival of our second child and firstborn son, Lee Field Walstad. He came into the world with good health and a happy heart on the evening of June nineteenth. My predicted delivery date was about one week prior; however, Lee must be a little person with a superior sense of appropriate timing for he waited to stage his arrival until Father's Day. This was surely the finishing touch to an event which has sent his daddy to delirious heights, and has added special sentiment to the meaning of Father's Day.

The birth was an uncomplicated, natural delivery which took place in our local hospital, and Lee and I were sent home a day or so later. I am forever thankful for the wonderful blessing of a healthy and vital baby.

Needless to say, we were thrilled to get a little boy this time. In Mike's family there are eight granddaughters, ranging from three to twenty-three years of age. Thus the arrival of the first young man to carry on the family name brought great joy to Mike's father, Jack Walstad. Although I realize that genetically it is the father's chromosomes which determine the baby's gender, I still couldn't help but feel clever for providing our family with one of each, a girl first and now a boy. I suppose it's a woman's prerogative to take credit for that sort of thing!

His name was derived from the lineage of both our families. The first, Lee, is Mike's middle name. Several of his cousins and uncles also share the name Lee. The name Field, as most of you Kitchen-Klatter friends know, was the maiden name of my grandmother, Leanna Field Driftmier. She was truly an exceptional woman, and I hope her namesake will someday possess the caring, loving attitude and indomitable spirit which endeared her to so many.

Mike and I wondered how the addition of little Lee Field would affect our family. Lily has just turned three years old, and we were anxious to see her reactions. Actually there hasn't been much reaction at all. Could this be the calm before the storm? She doesn't appear too concerned or jealous at this point in time. The newness wore off after a few weeks, and maybe she thinks he's just a tad boring. After all, he doesn't play or



Lily Walstad, age 3.

talk or even smile yet. He just eats and naps and eats a little more. She does like to play "Mommy," however, and spends a great deal of time with a menagerie of stuffed animals—rocking bears to sleep and changing diapers on puppy dogs.

A rather unplanned event occurred just twelve days after Lee's birth. I awoke one night with a pain in my abdomen. I thought I had picked up a virus, or perhaps a touch of food poisoning. Lo and behold, within twenty-four hours I was on the surgery table ready to undergo an emergency appendectomy! Left at home with a tiny infant and his wife back in the hospital again, poor Mike was bewildered. He managed to rise to the occasion, though, and took care of the baby until I was able to care for him myself.

The hospital was very understanding about the importance of a mother nursing a newborn, and they were just wonderful by bending the rules so I might have him with me in a private room throughout my hospital stay. Lee was the highlight of the surgical ward, and we had a constant stream of nurses trickling in to provide help and hold the baby.

However long the recovery from such an ordeal is, it seems ages ago now. I'm feeling pretty chipper these days, and am virtually back to my old self again.

As hectic as life is with a three-year-old and an infant, we stay at home a great deal of the time. Realizing that this would probably occur, both Mike and I took vacations in the spring, prior to the turmoil.

Mike took his usual wilderness horse pack trip with several friends, and was quite elated at having caught the biggest trout of his fishing career. They also came across a natural hot spring just perfect for swimming, and several Indian ruins with cave paintings.

Mike and his friends make such a trip every spring, and this year the wives were not to be outdone. We decided that what they could do, we could do too.

Much to their amazement we got together and planned a vacation for ourselves, a trip to the beautiful resort town of Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Sunning on the beach sounded far more appealing than cold nights in a sleeping bag on the hard ground. Mexico is a bargain financially these days, and our dollar is worth quite a bit there. We flew on a Mexican airline which departed from Juarez, Mexico, only a two-and-a-half-hour drive from our home. The four of us shared a condominium and split all of our expenses. We each have children under the age of four years, and believe me, after a week with no cooking, no cleaning, no kids, and no husbands—we all felt young and vivacious again. After five days though, we were thrilled to be reunited with our loved ones. It seemed that after the time away, we valued them even more.

Those lazy carefree days on the beach (in a maternity bathing suit!) seem far away now. But I try to remember them when Lee is crying, Lily has just spilled the sugar bowl all over the kitchen floor, and above all the clamor, Mike is asking, "Honey, what's for dinner?"

Speaking of which, I had better start considering my options for supper this evening, and at least get things started. If I procrastinate much longer, I'll be left without an answer to the question most commonly asked throughout American households!

I had wanted to tell you about the one event which ended our summer with some real fun and excitement, but the story will have to wait until next time. I'll just evoke your curiosity by saying that it involves Mike's first experience with a theatrical production—one in which he and his horse, Rudy, steal the show!

Sincerely,

Alison Walstad

COVER PICTURE

Lee Field Walstad, a welcome Father's Day gift, was born on June 19, 1983, to Alison (Driftmier) and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. A proud three-year-old sister, Lily, is learning the motherly duties by caring for a new baby by playing with her dolls and stuffed animals.

Lee's grandparents are Wayne and Abigail Driftmier of Denver, Colo., and Jack and Connie Walstad of Hobbs, N. Mex.

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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



Recipes

CHICKEN IN A BAG (Microwave)

- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 2 1/2 to 3 lbs. chicken parts

Mix all ingredients, except for chicken parts, in a microwave-proof glass baking dish. Microwave for 2 minutes, stirring often. Dip the chicken pieces in the sauce. Put the meat in a clean brown paper bag. Fold open end over and slip into a second paper bag. Place bags on platter. Microwave on high for 18 to 21 minutes (7 minutes per pound of chicken). Let set a few minutes before serving.

—Robin

INSTANT PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 cup whipped topping
- 1 6-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
- 1 16-oz. can pumpkin
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
- 1 9- or 10-inch prepared pie shell

Combine the whipped topping with the instant pudding mix. Add the pumpkin, milk, flavoring and spice. Mix slowly with a rotary beater until just blended (takes about 1 minute of beating). Pour into prepared pie shell. Chill for 2 hours before serving. Garnish with more whipped topping. Store in refrigerator.

—Dorothy

CREAM OF POTATO & LEEK SOUP

- 2 lbs. potatoes
- 1 lb. leeks
- 6 to 8 cups beef broth (I used canned.)
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Salt and freshly ground black pepper
Peel potatoes and chop in small pieces. Trim off ends and outer leaves of leeks. Cut leeks lengthwise through center. Pull leaves apart and wash thoroughly. Slice leeks crosswise making half rounds. Put leeks and potatoes in large pan. Pour in enough of the beef broth to cover. Cook uncovered until vegetables are tender. (This will take 20 to 30 minutes.) Remove vegetables with a slotted spoon and put in a blender or food processor. (Save broth.) Blend or process vegetables until a puree is formed. Return puree to broth. Bring to boiling, then remove pan from heat. Beat egg yolks and cream together. Slowly, beat into hot puree. Stir in the parsley and seasonings. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

APPLE BREAD PUDDING

- 4 cups chopped apples
- 4 cups dried broken bread
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk (or cream)
- 1/2 cup raisins
- Dash of nutmeg
- Milk

Toss the apples and bread together. Place in a greased 9- by 12-inch baking pan.

Beat the eggs and margarine together. Add brown sugar, cinnamon and flavorings and beat. Stir in the evaporated milk (or cream) and stir well. Fold in raisins and dash of nutmeg. Pour the mixture over bread and apples. Let stand for 30 minutes. Pour on enough milk to cover. Bake in a 325-degree oven for 50 to 60 minutes. Use toothpick in center to check for doneness.

—Hallie

NUTRITIOUS PUMPKIN MUFFINS

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 2 Tbls. light brown sugar
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin
- 2 Tbls. molasses
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 3 Tbls. melted shortening

Sift together the flour, brown sugar, baking powder, soda and salt. In a large bowl, combine eggs, pumpkin, molasses and flavorings and beat well with a wooden spoon. Add raisins. Add dry ingredients and beat only until smooth. Add melted shortening. Stir until just barely mixed. Fill well-oiled muffin tins two-thirds full. Bake in a 425-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

—Mary Lea

NUT CRUST

- 1 cup unsalted butter, softened
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring, if using walnuts. If using almonds, use 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring.
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 10 ozs. finely chopped walnuts or almonds
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 3 cups flour
- 1 egg, beaten

Cream the butter and flavorings. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Divide the dough in half. Press each half into a buttered, 9-inch spring-form pan. Or, press into 3-inch tart pans. Chill for 30 minutes. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in oven preheated to 350 degrees. Fill as desired.

—Robin

APPLE GINGERBREAD

- 4 cups peeled and sliced apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses or honey
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup boiling water

Put prepared apples in a large baking pan—12- by 18-inch, or two smaller pans. Sprinkle 1 cup sugar over apples and put into 350-degree oven to heat for about 5 minutes while batter is being mixed.

Combine molasses or honey with butter or margarine and the flavorings. When well blended, beat in eggs. Sift dry ingredients together. Blend into first mixture. Lastly, stir in boiling water and mix well. Pour batter over apples. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Makes about 24 pieces.

This recipe can easily be cut in half and baked in an 8-inch square pan.

**JULIANA'S BARBECUED
VENISON OR BEEF**

1 bottle hot catsup
1 small can taco sauce
1 heaping Tbls. brown sugar
1 Tbls. vinegar
1 onion, chopped
2 cloves garlic, minced
1/8 tsp. oregano
1/8 tsp. dry mustard
1/8 tsp. ground black pepper
2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
Venison or beef roast, cut in chunks
Combine the sauce ingredients. Pour over the meat. Cover and bake at 300 degrees for 6 hours or more. Stir occasionally. Meat should fall into shreds. Could be cooked in a slow-cooking pot.

BIRTHDAY SUPPER CASSEROLE

1 cup dry elbow macaroni
2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup grated mild Cheddar cheese
1 can cream of chicken soup
1/2 cup milk
1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
1/4 cup chopped pimiento
1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 Tbls. melted butter
Cook the macaroni and drain well. Combine the macaroni with the chicken, cheese, soup, milk, mushrooms, pimiento and mustard. Spread in a greased casserole. Toss the bread crumbs with the melted butter and sprinkle over top. Bake uncovered in 350-degree oven for 45 to 50 minutes.

—Dorothy

PUMPKIN-SPICE SQUARES

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. soda
3/4 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. ground cloves
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup granulated sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1 1/2 cups pumpkin puree
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
1 cup raisins
Powdered sugar

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Lightly grease a 10- by 15-inch pan. Sift the flour, soda, and spices together. Set aside. In a large bowl, cream the butter or margarine and sugar with electric mixer until light and fluffy. Add the egg the flavorings and beat well. Stir in the flour mixture a little at a time. With a spoon, fold in the pumpkin, nuts and raisins. Spread into the prepared pan. Bake for about 25 minutes. Cool, then sprinkle with powdered sugar. Cut into squares.

—Juliana

**NUT-CRUSTED SQUASH
SQUARES**

1 2½-lb. Hubbard or banana squash
Hot water
1/3 cup finely chopped peanuts
1/3 cup crushed oven-toasted crisp rice cereal
1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
Cut squashes in half and remove seeds. Place squash, cut side down, in shallow baking pan. Add hot water to about 1/3-inch deep. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes. Cool and peel. Cut squashes into 6 squares.

Combine the peanuts, cereal and brown sugar in a bowl. A half hour before serving, brush all sides of squash with the melted butter or margarine, then coat with the peanut mixture. Place in baking pan. Cover and bake at 400 degrees for about 10 minutes. Uncover and bake about 5 more minutes.

—Robin

BROWNIE DESSERT

1/2 cup margarine or butter
1/2 cup cocoa
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1/4 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 tsp. salt
Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Grease a 9-inch pie pan.

Melt margarine or butter in top of a double boiler and mix in cocoa. Remove from heat and stir in the sugar. Cool slightly. Then add eggs, flour, flavorings and salt. Pour into pie pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes, or until set. If edges start to brown, reduce heat to 350. Serve, cut in wedges, warm or at room temperature with a scoop of ice cream.

—Mary Lea

OPEN-SESAME CHICKEN

1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs
1 cup grated dry Parmesan cheese
1 medium onion, chopped
2 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. chopped parsley
2 frying chickens, cut up
1 cup margarine, melted
1 tsp. poppy seed
1 tsp. celery seed
1 tsp. sesame seed

Combine crumbs, cheese, onion, salt and parsley. Dip the chicken pieces in the melted margarine. Coat the meat with the crumb mixture. Place chicken in a baking pan. Sprinkle the seeds over top. Bake uncovered at 325 to 350 degrees for about 1 1/2 hours, or until tender.

—Dorothy

DOUBLE ALMOND BARS

2 eggs
1 cup sugar
2/3 cup oil
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1 cup flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
3/4 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. cocoa
1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Beat the eggs; add sugar. Mix in the oil and flavoring. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Fold in nuts. Bake in two greased 8-inch square pans for 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool and turn out of pans. Frost between the two layers with the following:

2 cups powdered sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1 Tbls. white corn syrup
Cream

Combine, adding enough cream to be the right spreading consistency.

—Verlene

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TURTLE CAKE

- 1 box (2-layer size) German chocolate cake mix
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 lb. caramel candies
- Chopped pecans
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

Combine the cake mix, water and burnt sugar flavoring. Add the margarine, oil and half of the sweetened condensed milk; mix well. Put half of this mixture in a 9- by 13-inch greased and floured pan. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes at 350 degrees. In a double boiler melt the caramels, remaining sweetened condensed milk and the butterscotch flavoring. Spread this over the baked layer while it's still hot. Spread on the chopped pecans to cover top. Add the remaining cake mixture on top and bake 30 minutes longer at 350 degrees. Frost

with the following:

- 1/2 cup margarine
 - 3 Tbls. cocoa
 - 6 Tbls. evaporated milk
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar, sifted
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Melt the margarine and add the cocoa, milk and butter flavoring. Remove from heat. Stir in the sifted powdered sugar and vanilla flavoring. Spread over cake and serve.

—Juliana

ITALIAN POTATO SALAD

- 4 medium-size potatoes
- 3/8 cup olive or salad oil
- 1/8 cup red wine vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1/8 tsp. red pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dried basil
- 1/2 tsp. dried leaf oregano
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup pitted black olives
- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 1 green pepper, coarsely chopped (use half of a red pepper if you have it)

Boil potatoes until almost tender; peel. (If they are new potatoes, leave the skins on.) Cut into bite-size chunks.

Meanwhile, mix well the oil, vinegar, garlic and seasonings, and stir this dressing into the potato chunks while they are still hot. Mix in the olives, celery and green pepper. Cover and chill until ready to serve. Makes 5 servings.

—Mary Lea

CINNAMON BARS

- 1 1/4 cups white sugar
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1 egg
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Mix the white sugar, brown sugar and flour. Cut in the margarine and mix until crumbly. Remove 2 cups of the mixture and add the pecans and coconut to it. Press into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan and set aside.

Combine the egg, salt, cinnamon, soda, buttermilk and flavorings and beat until smooth. Stir the remaining flour mixture into the egg mixture. Spread over the first layer and bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 45 minutes, or until done. Cool. Combine the ingredients listed below and frost bars.

- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 to 2 Tbls. cream or half-and-half

ARTICHOKE DIP

- 1 14-oz. can artichoke hearts, drained
 - 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 to 2 cans green chilies, drained
 - 1 cup fresh grated Parmesan cheese
- Combine all ingredients and blend well. May be whirled in blender, processed in a food processor, beaten with electric mixer or by hand. Refrigerate for several hours to blend flavors. May be served cold right from refrigerator or warmed. To warm, place in 325-degree oven for 15 minutes.

—Robin

TOMATO-ONION CASSEROLE

- 2 cups bread cubes
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 #2 can tomatoes
- 1 cup finely diced celery
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 large mild onion, sliced

Lightly brown the bread cubes in the margarine and butter flavoring. Combine the tomatoes, celery and seasonings. Stir in the bread. Spoon into a greased 8- by 10-inch baking dish. Place onion rings on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. NOTE: Fresh, peeled, diced tomatoes could be used. Use about 2 1/2 cups and add 1/4 cup sugar.

—Hallie

PEAR PIE

- 1 9-inch pie shell
- 3 large pears, peeled and cut in bite-size pieces
- 2 eggs
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
- Pinch of nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup sour cream

Prepare your favorite pastry dough. Line a 9-inch pie pan. Prick crust and partially bake in 350-degree oven for 7 minutes.

Prepare pears and set aside. Beat the eggs and add the remaining ingredients to beaten eggs. Pour half the egg mixture into the partially baked crust. Put pears on top, then pour on the rest of the egg mixture. Top with the following:

- 1/4 cup flour
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- Pinch of nutmeg

Combine the topping ingredients and sprinkle over top of pie. Bake in oven preheated to 325 degrees for about 45 minutes until filling is set.

—Robin



"Eye of Newt and Toe of Frog—"
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Pictured is Alpha Watts of Rogersville, Mo., with her "Granny Quilt" made possible by her family of 5 children and their spouses, 21 grandchildren (15 are married), and 17 great-grandchildren. (See story below.)

"GRANNY QUILT"

Soon after I had read the letter in a *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* about a "Granny Quilt", my three daughters and I started planning a quilt for my mother. Letters were written to my brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews. Details were given as to size of blocks and possible fabrics to be used, but each person was to design his own block. We have a big family, so it took some time for all of us to finish our blocks and it seemed an endless task as new great-grandchildren were constantly being added to our family.

At last word was sent to all the relatives that we would finish the quilt for Mother's 80th birthday. Everyone came across with flying colors and the quilt was completed on time. What a masterpiece! The quilt has so much personality and sentiment. It depicts family members' jobs, hobbies, birthdays or favorite things. It has 48 blocks with 63 names. Blocks were embroidered, appliqued and painted with textile paint. The tiny stitches of hand quilting around each design made each block stand out in a special way.

You can imagine the thrill we experienced when Mother opened the large box on her birthday with about fifty of us gathered around her. She spends a lot of time looking at it and sharing it with friends and relatives. She said she now wishes she had kept a registry of all the people who came to see her "Granny Quilt".

Thank you for sharing the idea with us through the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

Sincerely,
Nell Duncan



QUILTING REVIVAL

by
Barbara Snow

Quilts of all kinds have gained enormous popularity in the past few years. Quilts and quilting are featured at women's programs and quilting classes are available almost everywhere. Years ago quilts provided an opportunity to use material scraps left over from sewing projects. Sometimes worn clothing was ripped apart and the still usable portions were recycled in quilts. Old woolen garments were especially in demand as they made heavy quilts to provide comfort in unheated bedrooms. Modern quilters often start with all new materials or order expensive kits in order to create replicas of old-time quilts.

If you've wanted to try your hand at quilting but feared to tackle such a huge project, why not consider a baby quilt? Every baby needs a crib quilt. If there are no babies to use the quilt, it is small enough to be hung as art work.

Back in the 1920's baby quilts often featured pictures of interest to children. They were embroidered in red on a white ground, then quilted. If you have creative talents, you can design your own baby quilt. Most of us need a bit of help, however. Children's coloring books are a good source of animal designs. Trace simple silhouettes and applique them by hand or machine, embroidering features and using a bit of poly batting to make them three dimensional. Both plain colors and figured scraps of cloth can be used to make the animals. Then the animal blocks can be alternated with plain blocks to make a quilt which will delight small children. Children love to identify animals and tell what they "say."

My daughter made a baby quilt using an eyelet ruffle around the edges. She used crochet thread to do the actual quilting taking rather long stitches. At the top of the quilt she worked the word BABY with the crochet thread and had a very attractive quilt when she was

finished.

If tracing patterns is too much trouble, there are many commercial patterns on the market. I purchased one which had three different angel designs to alternate around the central block which featured a child's prayer. The blocks were all to be embroidered and this I did but added touches of lace and scraps of pretty edgings to decorate the angels' robes. Thus the quilt became one of a kind. For border and backing I used a dainty flowered print and finished the edge with wide yellow bias tape. Because I haven't a quilting frame, I quilted only the border and around the flowers I had appliqued between the blocks.

When putting your quilt together, remember to place backing fabric *right side down* on a table, place batting on top and then place top *right side up* on top—making a fabric sandwich. Baste the three layers together starting from the center and basting out to the edges. Baste the whole quilt in a grid of about six to eight inches. Always work from the center out. Quilting hoops are a help here and allow you to move the project about. Don't quilt through the basting threads; remove them as you proceed.

If you want an even smaller quilting project, make a pillow top. Once this is successfully completed you will want to try a more ambitious project. Maybe a king-size quilt for your water bed?



MANUSCRIPTS:

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

In her latest book, *Grandparents Can* by Dale Evans with Carole C. Carlson, Dale Evans Rogers presents guidelines for the exciting part that grandparents play in the lives of their children and grandchildren. Her practical and entertaining look at the vital functions of grandparenting is a worthwhile and timely message for today. As a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, she draws upon her experience to teach you how to build friendships with grandchildren, take time to listen and communicate, create a sense of roots, become role models, and provide security in a changing world.

In *Grandparents Can* (Fleming H. Revell Co., Old Tappan, N.J., \$7.95), Dale writes that grandparents have a lot to offer: Experience (good and bad); Tolerance (after all, we've had more bumps); Wisdom (we've survived to the third generation).

Grandparents can listen to children, and especially so because we are usually enchanted with what they are saying. She writes that she feels the greatest plus in a willingness to listen to a child is that it provides one of the tools a child needs to build his self-esteem.

The author believes that certain traditions should be memory links to bind together the generations. You might be interested in some of the traditions Dale quotes: "Grace said at meals; Repeti-



Armada and Frank Swanson are happy grandparents to dear Sarah Elizabeth Grosenheider, shown here at age four months.

tious jokes, with predictable punch lines; A patchwork quilt passed from mother to daughter; Photo albums and yellowed newspaper clippings; The *National Geographic* piled in the corner of the attic."

As her final rules for grandparents, Dale Evans lists the following: accept your age, don't hold grudges, stay young in heart, learn and teach Bible principles, keep your sense of humor, and pray continually. *Grandparents Can* provides fine information for those family elders sharing that title.

Daughter Ann and I like to put baby Sarah Elizabeth in her stroller and go to the mall. One of the first places to stop is the bookstore, where Ann recently found the paperback, *Practical Parenting Tips* by Vicki Lansky (Meadowbrook Press, 18318 Minnetonka Blvd., Deephaven, Minn. 55391, \$4.95). She bought one as a gift for her friend, a new mother, and we also got a copy for Ann. This seems to hold a gold mine of information. There is help on new baby care, the basics of child care, hygiene and health, coping with kids at home, the challenge of parenting, and much more. The tips on traveling by plane made us think of this spring when Ann, Dave and baby Sarah flew to Washington.

Some tips from the book:

Nurse your baby or give a bottle or pacifier at takeoff and landing, to reduce pressure on the ears. Blowing up a balloon often helps older children. Teach children to "swallow" and "chew" and "yawn" to open Eustachian tubes.

For developing self-esteem—keep a regular "baby" drawer or box into which you drop an anecdotal record of your child's life several times a year and perhaps even a letter you wrote to the unborn child while you were pregnant. The drawer or box serves as a place to store the child's art work, as he or she grows older, and going

through everything once or twice a year is fun for all.

Vicki Lansky writes, "What you'll find inside the book are ideas that have worked for real parents to save time, trouble and money and make life with young children easier." I agree. This is the perfect gift for that new mother, or those with young children. A wonderful source of information.

Now I want to tell you about Mrs. Henry Cannon, or Sarah Ophelia Colley, better known to us as Minnie Pearl. In her autobiography, *Minnie Pearl* (Simon and Schuster, \$11.95), she writes of the thrill on receiving the Country Music Association's Hall of Fame Award in 1975. Tennessee Ernie Ford, in awarding the plaque, remarked that her trademark—the dime-store hat with the dangling price tag and shrill "Howdee! I'm just so proud to be here!"—made her the first country music humorist to be known and loved worldwide.

Actually, Sarah Colley had aspirations to become a dramatic actress, and she writes of the roundabout route she followed from reciting Shakespeare in finishing school to "cuttin' the fool" on the Opry stage. She presents a good account of life on the road, with her thirty years of one-nighters. She remembers the hard times—"when there was nothing to do but cry or be silly." She recalls the greats who were her road companions, such as Roy Acuff and Hank Williams, and gives us a poignant glimpse of a tough and rewarding profession.

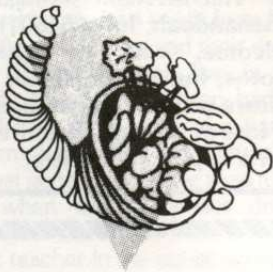
Minnie Pearl says everyone's obligation is different, and hers has to do with humor and smiling. What a great obligation!

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded ninety-four-year-old lady who was living out her days in a nursing home. A nurse's aide came into the room to bring a pitcher of fresh water, and as the aide turned to leave, my friend, the old lady said: "Dr. Driftmier, I want you to meet Miss Brown. She is one of the hardest working persons in this nursing home, and she is so kind to me and to all the other patients, too." Well, it was obvious that those words of praise made that aide's day. She just beamed with pleasure. You see, even a patient in a nursing home can help to make the world a happier place.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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Aaron Brase plays the trumpet in the Torrington, Wyo., school marching and jazz bands. Aaron is the 14-year-old son of Kristin and Art Brase and the grandson of Dorothy and Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM AARON BRASE

Dear Friends:

Since this is my first letter to you, I had better begin by introducing myself. I am an ordinary fourteen-year-old boy, although some people don't think I'm ordinary because I'm six feet three inches tall, and only in the ninth grade. Anyway, enough about my physical characteristics. Why don't I tell you a bit about what I did over my hot summer vacations.

I began this past summer at a fast pace earning money for the National History Day trip to Washington, D.C. I earned most of my money mowing lawns, weeding, and painting. Then, with my good friends Kris Mickey, Janelle Hunter, and Brenda Hoy, I endured the forty-two hour chartered bus ride to Washington.

When we arrived, groups were formed and assigned to a sponsor. Each sponsor supervised four or five students on our sight-seeing tours. Kris, Brenda, Janelle, and I were assigned to a very nice woman named Linda Rollins from Cheyenne, Wyoming. I left the group part of the time to visit with one of my mom's friends, Dee Dolesh. She and I had a chance to be on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program with our friend, Robin, and her unusual pets. If you are in the Kitchen-Klatter listening area, you might have heard those programs.

Kris, Brenda, Janelle, and I left Washington and the contest ranking ninth in the nation, but just missing the finals by one-half a point. However, we did receive a medal for being the best entry from Wyoming.

Now it's time to put away the lawn mower and get out the rakes for the

newly fallen leaves. It's also time to do that all important, always boring homework that goes along with being a student. I also manage to play football on the freshman team, and get up to the University of Wyoming at Laramie to see the Cowboys play. And, as long as I'm on the subject of being in Laramie, I'll tell you about our trip there with the band. We left early on Saturday to march in the Homecoming parade that morning. After the two-mile long march, we had a quick lunch and then went to watch the football game. This year we will be taking many trips with the marching band and the jazz band. I play trumpet in both.

Since I'm such a music lover, I think I'll probably try out for this year's musical. Last year I had the part of the Tinman in our school production of *The Wizard of Oz*. I had to sing the solo, "If I Only Had a Heart".

Since the evening isn't getting any younger, I had better end my letter here so I can get back to the ever-loved homework.

Sincerely,
Aaron Brase

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

I have a cooking hint for people who cannot have sugar. To make an apple pie, combine 1 6-oz. can frozen apple juice (thawed), 6 or 7 peeled sliced apples, cinnamon and 2 Tbls. cornstarch. Place in a saucepan, bring to a boil, stirring, and cook for a few minutes. Cool and place in an unbaked pie shell. Add the top crust and bake as usual. I have used the same method for fresh blueberry pie. —Mrs. J.H., Sanborn, Iowa

To remove the stubborn, gummy substance that remains on objects after a label has been lifted, apply a coat of oily peanut butter. Let stand for a few minutes and it will rub off easily.

—Mrs., A.M., Jewell, Iowa

When making custard or pumpkin pie, just grease pan with lots of butter and then put cornmeal in it. Shake pan so pan will get all covered with cornmeal. Pour in the filling and bake in 375-degree oven for about 50 minutes.

—Mrs. E.U., Hoskins, Nebr.

It makes so much difference when cracking black walnuts if you crack them end-wise, and each piece also. This will usually halve or quarter the nut and you can get the meats out in larger pieces.

—L.C., Cawker City, Kans.

When buying grapefruit or oranges, judge fruit by its weight. The heavier ones are the juiciest. —A Reader



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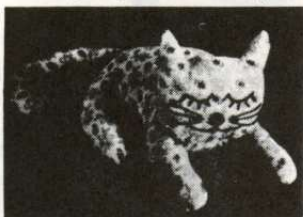
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ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

bald cypress. At the National Gallery, the Chinese wisterias are beautiful. On Olive Street the trees are, of course, ginkgoes, while Russian olives perfume L Street and others.

On any day Rock Creek Park is the showpiece of parks. Its 1,754 acres running through the northwest sector of town and just a few blocks from where we live and Manny works is a place for birdwatchers, lovers, or joggers. I understand that many protested and howled when express roads were put in the park, but now that they are there they form a sort of paradise route through the city for motorists. Manny and I can picnic in one of the 70 spots set aside for that purpose.

On two factors—the moderate climate tempered by nearness to the sea, and the drop from the Piedmont to the Coastal Plain—hang all the natural life and beauty of autumn in Washington, D.C. Of course, of enormous importance, also, have been the political, economic, and cultural decisions made over the years to allow hardworking people to stroll through parks on their lunch hour or drive down tree-lined boulevards or ride over bridges beneath which something like the primeval forest still flourishes. Nowhere this side of Borneo are there so many trees, all equipped with leaves, and nowhere this side of New Mexico does one have such a sense of open space in the city.

Of course, this month will end with Halloween, and we've been told to be sure to attend the Halloween Mardi Gras in Fredericksburg. Halloween is children's New Year's Eve. They eat too much, stay up too late, and slump behind millions of school desks all over America the next morning, but Halloween is not just for children in Washington. Officials in Georgetown block off M and Wisconsin Streets, right where we live, and no one is allowed on the streets without a costume. That should be a change for us.

Washington doesn't have the Sandia Mountains or the aspen or pinon or the New Mexico terrain, but it does have Rock Creek, the C. and O. Canal, and of course, the smooth Potomac, all of which are beautiful in October. The first freeze of fall doesn't come to the city until early November, but the suburbs see the first killing frost about October 12, nearly a full month earlier.

Yes, October is a time of apples everywhere and it is beautiful in Washington, the Midwest, or New Mexico. I'm going to love the beauty Washington has to offer this year. I think, however, despite the beauty of nature, that I love October best because it means longer nights, more time over dinner, baking, a kitchen time, a family time.

The pinon isn't burning in our kitchen fireplace, I don't have the tea kettle on our Mexican blue wood-burning stove,

and Casey isn't in the yard chewing on her freshly picked apple, but this Washington experience brings many new opportunities. We'll go back home to the apples of New Mexico and remember the trees and parks and our wonderful times in Washington.

While I'm gone, New Mexico, think of the Andrews Sisters' song of the '40s ... "Don't sit under an apple tree, with anyone else but me." I miss you.

**FIRST-FLOOR LIVING**

by
Ruth Townsend

You live in a big two-story house, one you've lived in a long time? You don't want to move? If you are nodding your head as you think about those questions, perhaps you should be thinking about converting your home to first-floor living.

As people get older, going up and down stairs can become more difficult and in some cases impossible. If you feel strongly that you will not want to move in the foreseeable future, think ahead and see if you can re-do your house so you can live entirely on the first floor. You can stay in your own home much longer if you get it ready for the time when you are no longer as active as you are now.

One thing you need to do is have a bathroom installed on the first floor if you don't have one already. If your laundry equipment is in the basement, get that moved up to the first floor also. You may need to change a den or dining room into a bedroom so that you will have a place to sleep on the first floor.

If you are worried about how to take care of possible company, get a sofa bed so you can have an extra place for sleeping without using an upstairs bedroom. You could also plan to rent a motel room for your company if they want to stay a night or two.

You will find the cost for heating and cooling will be much less if you use just one floor. Also there will be less cleaning to do, and that will save you expense, particularly if you have to have someone come in and help with your housework.

You might be able to get extra income by turning your top floor into an apartment but of course you would have to check zoning laws in your community before you consider a major change of that sort.

If your home just doesn't seem the type you can convert to one-floor living, you might consider selling it and getting a smaller house or apartment in the neighborhood. Staying in the same area can make wherever you are seem more like home.

If you think ahead, you won't be caught by surprise when the time comes to make some changes in your life style.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Would you like some "pre-packaged" plants that will greet you next spring with a glorious display of bloom? Then plant bulbs this fall and now is the time to do the job. In the central cylinder of a bulb, you will find the embryonic flower stalk with the flower bud tightly compressed and surrounded with yet-to-be developed leaves. It is truly pure magic as the bulb needs only moisture and light to develop into a colorful blooming plant in the spring.

If you are a beginner in growing bulb flowers, start with the easier ones. Crocuses, scillas, snowdrops, grape hyacinths and daffodils fit this category and will give you a good range of form and color. These bulbs are the least costly and are conveniently available from bulb catalogs, garden centers and stores that handle bulbs and plants.

Before buying bulbs, give some thought as to where they are to grow. About the only soil requirement is good drainage. Though bulbs perform best if the soil is rich, do not worry too much about this when starting out. You can easily enrich your bulb plantings in the fall by top-dressing the soil.

There are a few tips that are helpful when you first start to landscape with bulbs. Plant the same type together in clumps of six or a few more for uniformity of height and color as well as ease of maintenance. Avoid planting one bulb here and another there or you will get a polka dot effect. Another good idea is to mass your plantings rather than planting in soldier straight lines. Place the taller flowers (daffodils, tulips and lilies) in the background and the crocus, grape hyacinths, scillas and snowdrops in the front. Limit yourself to a few different types at first so that you learn, as you go along, the color, height and blooming time of each kind.

Though spring doesn't arrive officially until late March, if you plant bulbs now, some of them will brighten up the gray days before the advent of spring. Remember you can plant bulbs right up until the ground starts to freeze. When it does freeze, cover the planting site with a good layer of mulch.

The depth for planting spring bulbs depends on the size of the bulb and the climate. Small bulbs of snowdrops, crocuses, grape hyacinths can be three to four inches deep. Larger ones such as hyacinths, daffodils and tulips should be set six to eight inches deep and lilies down to eight inches or more.

FARM WIFE—THEN AND NOW

The farm wife is not what she used to be
When she took the eggs to town,
Along with butter and cottage cheese,
To trade for groceries she found.
The staples she bought on Saturday night
Went well with all she had canned,
And the family ate the food that was right
From all that she had on hand.

She was one of the family breadwinners,
Though she stayed at home all day,
And the bread she baked was the children's delight,

Whenever they came in from play.
The modern farm wife's a breadwinner too,

But in quite a different way,
She's apt to be out on the tractor, it's true,

Soon after the break of day.
When it's dinner time, she dashes about
From freezer to microwave.

She serves a meal that, beyond a doubt,
Will bring forth her family's raves.
She may not churn butter, raise chickens, and such,

Or, like her mother, milk the cow—
Her tasks may be different, but she does just as much,

'Cause the farm wife's liberated now!
—Louise Simms

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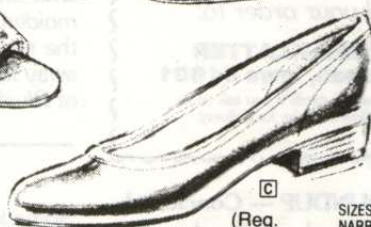
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MARY LEA'S LETTER — Concluded
he saved the day in Rhode Island with the lobsters. Between Vin's parents and my parents, we were provided with so much food that we were only "forced" to buy local seafood one evening. We made that occasion a feast, with salad, sweet corn, and a variety of stuffed shellfish accompanying the lobster. Most lobsters you buy are 1½ to 2 pounds, but Vin brought one home that was 4 pounds! This presented no problem until we sat down to eat and discovered we had no nut cracker to crack the lobster shell. How were we to get at that delicious lobster meat? Vin suddenly remembered that our car had a set of tools we'd never used. So we christened two pairs of pliers on some delicious lobster.

I wish I could give you all a lobster dinner! I'll settle for wishing you all a rich harvest, a harvest of peace, joy, and love within your home.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

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"just leave me alone."

The stagecoach stopped again with a terrible crunching. The door was wrenched open and a man in a tall black hat and long coat hurled himself through the door as the coach started up and went on.

"Good evening," the man in the tall black hat said in a friendly voice as he seated himself between the shy young maiden and the haggard old woman.

Just then two creepy black bats flew in through the open window and began to swoop around the coach and dip around the passengers' heads. The man in the tall black hat turned and bent over to stare into the face of the haggard old woman. With a shriek she threw open the door and jumped out with the snarling black cat still on her shoulder. The big black dog followed them. The man in the tall black hat pulled the door shut and then turned to the shy young maiden and tipped his hat to speak. But the shy young maiden had fainted dead away for the face under the hat was that of Bluebeard's ghost!

MY HOUSE

Some folks boast a neat house,
A well-kept and complete house,
With rugs and chairs where they belong
in apple-pie array.
With every book and every vase within
its own appointed place,
With every paper folded and not a one
astray.

But my house is a used house,
A battered and abused house;
It isn't gay and shining for stranger folk to
see.

There's a well-worn air about it,
But don't you ever doubt it—
Every scratch and mar and wrinkle makes
it home sweet home to me.

—Unknown

GHOST'S ROUNDUP — Concluded

Suddenly it stopped and the door flew open. The shy young maiden shrank back in one corner as a haggard old woman climbed into the coach, followed by a big black dog. On the haggard old woman's shoulder perched a snarling black cat which hissed at the shy young girl as the haggard old woman sat down beside her, and the big black dog growled fiercely as the coach moved on in the night.

"Ah, my shy young maiden, give me your hand and I will tell your fortune," cried the haggard old woman. Again the snarling black cat spat and hissed and the big black dog let out an angry growl.

"No, no," cried the shy young maiden,

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
ally weeks when I can look back upon the signatures on my checks and I absolutely do not recognize my own handwriting.

I haven't seen my new friend for two weeks now because I am participating in the cancer research group that is on a two-week cycling program. She may or may not have fallen into this group. The other option is the six weeks on, six weeks off program which means we won't meet again for several months. The cancer research group is trying to determine if the six-week participants have any different reaction to the therapy than the two-week participants. Fortunately for each of us, a similar group participated in research sessions years ago in which they learned that one year's treatment was as effective as two years' treatment.

I have spent many of the hours when my ambition surpassed my energies reading books, other than cancer related ones. I would recommend one book to all of you because, as the author states, each of us must contend with suffering, eventually. The author is Harold S. Kushner. The book is entitled, *When Bad Things Happen to Good People* and it is, in my opinion a MUST book. I commend it to each of you.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
anything racing by on TV . . . and without fail I break down by 5:00 in the afternoon "just to see what's going on." In other words, I'm incurable! I want to know *and* I care.

Does anyone share my weakness?

Anyway, I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your friendship. It has sustained me. I cannot write to you on schedule as I have written for so many years. I cannot broadcast as I did for so many years. But I'm still here on the same patch of ground that I've lived on for "going on" 38 years, and I will always be concerned about what happens to you and to those whom you love.

As always your friend . . .

Lucile

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Andy was thrilled with an old cream can his grandpa gave him to take home. Once when he was small, Andy watched a band play and the drummer was sitting on a cream can. The cream can was painted with a Western scene and the top of the can was padded. Andy had always wanted one to use when he plays his drums and Kristin said as soon as he got home he started sanding it and getting it ready to paint and pad. I don't know if the can went to school with him or not.

I was glad Andy and Adrianna were able to spend a little time in Shenandoah to enjoy visits with Lucile and Betty, Howard and Mae, Marge and Oliver and Ruby. Kristin said Andy and Adrianna would be talking about their trip for a long time.

Kristin called us Sunday to tell us that Elizabeth now has four teeth and can sit up by herself. She is crawling everywhere but hasn't learned how to turn corners yet and bumps into things a lot. Art was getting ready to put up a gate in front of the steps to the basement. The steps had been a worry since Elizabeth learned to crawl. Kristin wanted me to know action had been taken.

If I am to get this to the post office in time to go out today, I had better close for now and get ready to go to town.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

FOREVER FALL

Leaves are turning crimson,
Fields lay gold and brown,
Twisty tails of wood smoke—
Rise above the town.
Mornings now are misty,
Skies seem sapphire blue,
Morning-glory blossoms—
Make me think of you.
It's hard remembering summer,
And springtime not at all—
When leaves are turning crimson—
It is forever fall. —Elaine Derendinger

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
in passing that we had several hours in Silverton and there was plenty of time to poke around in the shops. After a bit we just plopped down to sit for a while and much to my surprise, I noticed a big tour bus that announced that it was "North-west Iowa Tours." It was a nice feeling to know that so many Iowans were enjoying the Colorado Rockies together. It took a lot of restraint not to rush up and say "I'm from Iowa, too!"

Time to go out to do some watering. It was just a year ago on October 3rd that we had our first hard freeze. That was unusually early for Albuquerque, but no one has promised that it won't happen again. I'll have to start watching the weather forecast in earnest!

Until next month,

Juliana

FILES FOR PRE-SCHOOLERS

by

Evelyn Witter

To teach pre-schoolers neatness, we have to do more than remind them to put their things away. Little things like drawing paper, paper dolls, odds and ends of crayons and pencils, and puzzles whose boxes are worn out are hard to keep neat without a special place for putting them.

This problem was solved in our house by the use of a filing system. We bought a packet of large manila envelopes from the dime store. Since our four-year-old Louise couldn't read yet, we had to think of a system to mark the envelopes so she would know what was supposed to go in each one.

On the first envelope, we pasted a piece of drawing paper of the kind that was to be kept in that envelope. On the next one, we made a rough sketch of pencils and crayons to indicate the contents of that envelope. The third envelope had a piece of the worn-out puzzle box pasted in its corner to show that the puzzle was inside. A paper doll was pasted to another envelope, a Sunday school paper was pasted to another to tell that the envelope contained these papers, and a birthday card was pasted to still another envelope in which she could save the personal cards she received.

Our file system has worked very well. Louise can run her fingers over the envelopes and in a matter of seconds have just what she is looking for. And, since she knows where everything belongs, she is not at all reluctant about putting her things away.



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