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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

As I write this, it is nearly the beginning of 1984. We are at the tail end of 1983 which is the time of year I always think of as the season to take care of "leftovers." The first obvious leftover in my household is the remains of turkey past. I don't think I am alone in having to reshuffle the leftover Thanksgiving turkey in the freezer to make room for the leftover Christmas turkey. My helpful hint for all of this turkey is to use it in Mexican cooking. My family gets tired of pot pies and hash very quickly. For some reasons turkey enchiladas and tacos just don't seem so much like turkey. At any rate, any recipe that calls for chicken would be equally good made with turkey.

Alas! Another leftover that is not as easily delt with is the resolution made last year to be thirty pounds thinner at the end of 1983. I have probably lost and gained those pounds at least once during the year. Unfortunately the end result was on the side of the gain. A closet full of clothes that do not fit is the main motivator to make me resolve to try dieting again!

Unanswered mail is a leftover I make a REAL effort to take care of before the beginning of the New Year. As I receive letters, I put them into two stacks. One stack is for immediate response and the other stack can wait a bit for an answer. The "wait a bit" stack tends to mount up. Some of the letters can be answered in notes included with Christmas cards. However, there are always a few that require long letters in response. The time between Christmas and New Year's is a good time to take care of this leftover. I always feel better heading into a new year without a stack of unanswered mail.

Our sunny Southwest makes it possible for me to plant my leftover tulip bulbs at this time. I know it sounds peculiar to those of you in the Midwest to even be thinking of digging holes in the snow and then trying to blast into the



As we head into the dead of winter, it is nice to think back of warm days on Aunt Dorothy Johnson's front porch. Pictured are my daughter, Katharine Lowey, my mother, Lucile Verness, and Aunt Dorothy. Before we know it, spring will be here. It is nice to have a picture like this to keep in mind as we bundle up the next few months.
—Juliana

solidly frozen ground. Although we have very cold weather and snow here in Albuquerque, the ground very seldom freezes. Most days the sun peaks out at least once to warm up things. The tulip bulbs that are leftover are usually purchased in the final-gasp sales held before Christmas when the nurseries are practically giving away any remaining bulbs. Jed shook his head in disbelief when I came in with a sack of tulip bulbs. "But dear," I said, "I'm only human and when tulip bulbs are only a nickel each . . . well, I couldn't resist."

The dreaded ironing basket! Now that is a leftover we could all do without. Some things like Jed's shirts and Katharine's blouses are on the top of the basket and these tend to be done on a regular basis. Beneath the shirts and blouses is another story entirely. Cloth napkins from a minimum of three dinner parties are lurking near the bottom of the basket. You might have guessed that the tablecloths which go with the napkins are on the very bottom.

My mother, Lucile, has always loved fine china. We decided years ago that I had inherited this tendency from her. When Jed and I were married, Mother asked me what I would like most to have in the line of a wedding gift. I said, "CHINA!" The only problem with having a set of beautiful china is that I feel duty bound to use it with beautiful table linen. This is why my ironing basket has tablecloths hiding at the bottom. The best time to tackle these cloths is when Katharine is home to help. I iron the wet linen and she holds the ironed part and slowly backs up as I work. I must add that I set up the ironing board right by the dining room table so the damp cloth ends up on the table where it can dry with very few wrinkles. Even with help, it is quite a process.

Onward into the New Year! I have

several things I am looking forward to doing in 1984. One is to attend the opening of the New Mexico Museum of Natural History. Like many places, New Mexico has some wonderful fossil beds. Over the years the fossils have been excavated by paleontologists. Unfortunately most of these fossils have been taken out of New Mexico and are on display all across the country. This situation will now be remedied by having a beautiful new museum to house these ancient critters—plus many other exhibits. This museum is located in the Old Town area of Albuquerque so if you are going to visit our area be sure to include a stop there.

Another exhibit I am excited about is scheduled for people like me who are interested in Central American prehistory. The exhibit will show the treasures of the Mayan Civilization. Many of the artifacts on view will be from areas I have visited in Guatemala, Honduras and Mexico. This is a traveling exhibit and we are fortunate to have it stop in Albuquerque. This will be held at the Museum of Albuquerque which is also in the Old Town area. The more I think about it, the more I am of the opinion that Old Town Albuquerque is a "must" visit for tourists!

If the New Year brings warm weekends, it will find the Loweyes at the bicycle motocross race track. Fifteen-year-old James has turned into an avid racer. For those of you not familiar with bicycle motocross, it consists of a series of three qualifying races for each age group. These races are called "motos." The object is to win one of the motos so the rider can race in the main event. The main event has the best riders racing for the trophies. As you can imagine, the competition is hot and heavy. The bicycles used for racing are very light weight and very strong. There is a whole

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

After such a hot dry summer, our area has made up for the lack of moisture this past fall. The ruts in our barn lot were just as deep as they were in the spring, and now that winter has come in with a bang and the temperatures dropped to near zero, the barn lot is so rough we can hardly walk in it. Frank has some calves to sell but there was no way to get a truck in to load them when the mud was so deep, and now that the ground is frozen I don't know if a truck could make it over the ruts. Oh the joys of farming in the winter!

We in our family were all sad to hear of the unexpected death of our son-in-law's mother, Mary Brase, on November 28th. Although Mary hadn't been well for several years, she was still able to be up and around. Kristin had told us that Mary had been so much better the past three weeks, and had really enjoyed living in the new house. She also loved playing with Elizabeth. The Brases had a wonderful time on Thanksgiving. Andy had been able to get home from college for the long weekend, and Mary had a good visit with her oldest grandson. I was so glad that Bernie and I had such nice visits with Mary when we spent the long weekend with the family in October. Mary loved to talk about her brothers and sisters and their life on the farm as they were growing up.

Mary's grandchildren were the joy of her life. She helped care for them when they were small while Kristin and Art were both attending college classes. In fact, if it hadn't been for Mary's generous help, I doubt that Kristin and Art would have been able to attain their educational goals. I am happy that my daughter is aware of this.

It was with deep regret that I was unable to go to Wyoming for the services. A combination of the bus strike and the terrible winter storm that pounded the Midwest at the same time made it impossible for me to leave home. Thanks to the telephone we were able to keep in close touch during the Brases' trying week.

As I look back over the past month, it seems I have done nothing but eat. It all began when I attended a beefburger dinner at the Lucas Community Hall put on by the ladies of the Latter Day Saints Church. Then a carload of us drove to Woodburn to eat at a Christian Church supper. This was the first time I had attended their annual ham ball supper. Besides ham balls, escalloped potatoes, green beans, salad, pie and coffee were served. The food was all very good and a large crowd attended. Next I went to a P.E.O. soup supper at the home of my



This snapshot of the late Mary Brase was taken when her grandson, Andy, was about two years old.

friend, Marilyn Jones, in Chariton. These meals were all within one week.

The Lucas Senior Citizen group had a pre-Thanksgiving potluck dinner at the Lucas Community Hall, which I attended. The delicious turkey was furnished by the club and the rest of the food was brought in by those attending. There were mashed potatoes and gravy, dressing, salads, vegetables of all kinds, also cakes and pies for dessert.

Our Birthday Club had a luncheon the next day at Norma Pim's. Her daughter, Mary Ann Storm, had set and decorated the tables. We ate at card tables covered with white cloths. Norma has a set of lovely antique blue and white china, and the napkins were blue and white. There was a floral centerpiece for each table. The favors were blue scented balls covered with white lace and tied with a blue ribbon. Norma's grandson had made the place cards. Three of us had helped Norma with the food and everything was delicious.

When our church in Lucas had their supper and bazaar, the weather was bad. The parking situation on the gravel streets in Lucas leaves much to be desired, but in spite of everything, the turnout was real good, about the best ever. We had a salad bar, hot homemade rolls, roast beef, mashed potatoes and gravy, green beans or corn, pie and coffee. Because of the many bazaars and craft shows lately, the gift items did not sell well, but all the food did sell.

Frank and I had a nice Thanksgiving. Ruth McDermott, Frank's sister, came from Kansas City and spent almost two weeks with Bernie and us. She hadn't planned to stay that long, but she got caught up here with the storm. Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, came from his home in Roswell, New Mexico, to spend Thanksgiving with his sisters and their families, but we also had a visit with him later. Over a year ago Raymond

had a cataract removed from one of his eyes and he recently had the other eye taken care of. Now that he has such good vision he is feeling great.

In my spare time, I have been making Christmas goodies and freezing them. I plan to get a big box of candies and cookies ready to mail out to Kristin and her family, to help her out with some special treats to serve when friends drop in during the holidays. Kristin loves to entertain when she has the time, but since she is teaching and has a family to care for, she doesn't have much time left for making fancy things.

My friend, Peggy Dyer of Des Moines, spent two afternoons teaching me how to make candy in molds. We worked together and made dozens of pretty candies. It's a lot of work, but fun too. We also had the chance to have a good visit while making them. I have been trying new cooky and candy recipes instead of making the same ones. I still have several goodies to make if I have time.

Our grandchildren have been busy with their activities. Julian has made some new friends this year and seems to be real happy with school. Aaron was in the school production of *Fiddler on the Roof*. Three of the Brases' friends came from Chadron to see it, and Andy also came home from Casper. Everyone stayed overnight at the Brase home so they had a real good time.

Andy loves school this year and is learning much in his music courses. He has been asked to play with the Casper Symphony several times. He is studying hard so he will get good grades. Kristin says the college food must be awfully good because Andy has put on some extra pounds he didn't need. I told him on the phone I would send him a box of cookies and candy but his mother didn't seem to think he needed it. Andy told me to go right ahead and send it.

Baby Elizabeth keeps all the family hopping. Kristin says she can't remember the boys ever being as active as Elizabeth is. Someone tries to watch her every minute but she can get into trouble in a flash. Elizabeth fell out of her walker and hit her head one day, and although she was tied in her high chair, she managed to fall out and land flat on her back, knocking the wind out of herself. Kristin was so scared she was late to school that morning. Then Elizabeth proceeded to climb up on top of the dishwasher and fall off.

The boys' bedrooms and the recreation room are in the basement. They have always been careful about closing the basement door. The other day, when the boys had a guest, they all decided to go downstairs. The guest was last and didn't think about closing the door. Kristin was in the kitchen getting ready to make popcorn when she heard a

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Sing a New Song!

A New Year's Devotion

by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place the Bible, opened to Psalms 98 in the center of the altar. To the right side prop up a guitar, ukelele or a violin. On the left side place a calendar (opened to January) on a small easel.

Call to Worship:

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing!

—Anonymous

Hymn: "Come, Christians, Join to Sing"

Scripture: *O sing to the Lord a new song, for he has done marvelous things!* Psalms 98:4-9.

GUIDED PRAYER LITANY

(Make copies so audience may answer leader responsively.)

Leader: We are grateful, heavenly Father, for the experiences and the blessings of the year that has passed. Grant, O Lord, that we may look to the new year with enthusiasm.

All: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Leader: Give us new visions, new hope, new joy in living that we may be eager to face each new tomorrow with a singing heart.

All: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Leader: Forgive us, our Father, for the mistakes in the past. Grant that we may find new strength and courage from the trials and tribulations that are now behind us, that we might grow in wisdom and stature from our experiences and be truly able to "sing a new song" in this new year that lies ahead.

All: "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before." Let us sing a new song to the Lord! Amen.

Leader: For weeks we sang and heard the familiar songs of Advent and Christmas. Now I challenge you with the idea that it is time to SING A NEW SONG.

In a meditation by Dr. Howard Thurman, he writes: "I will sing a new song. The old song of my spirit has wearied itself out; it has long ago been learned by heart so that now it repeats itself over and over bringing no added joy to my days to lift my spirit."

So it is with us. We need to begin afresh in this new year, to SING A NEW SONG!

Meditation:

Year's end; candles burn out,
But purposes continue through—
As the glowing flame of the Old
Lights the taper of the New.

The new year lifts a fresh challenge to us to "be about our Father's business" in this world in which we are living, to widen our horizons, to strengthen our faith, to raise our goals, to take on new tasks with enthusiasm, to find joy in each new day—yes, indeed, to SING A NEW SONG.

How useless and defeating to keep looking back to the past, dwelling on old failures and mistakes, reliving old griefs. Consider the past a learning tool, let mistakes be steppingstones to a better, brighter future.

The year 1809 was a desperate, depressing year to millions throughout the world. Yet in that year Abraham Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe, Gladstone, Tennyson and Oliver Wendell Holmes were born. God is ever looking ahead. Let us follow His lead. Let us step forth to SING A NEW SONG in the year ahead.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;

I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's creed;

I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;

I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for things that merit praise;

I will search for ways to help others, let compassion rule my days;

I will try to find contentment in the paths I trod along!

I will find joy in life about me, greet each new day with a song.

Hymn: "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing"

Second Meditation: Often when we look backward we are assailed with nostalgia for the days when time moved slowly like the trickle of sand through the hourglass. Days were slower paced and life was serene with plenty of time just for thinking one's thoughts—or that is the way it seems as we look back.

We are dismayed at the way time races by now, everything ruled by the spinning minutes of the clock. Frantically we try to keep up, even try to hold those racing hands of the clock back at times, all to no avail. Furiously, noisily, the seconds rush along, minutes fly by, days flee into oblivion, leaving us breathless, frustrated.

How can this be, when we are supposed to be the blessed women of the world with our washers and dryers, electrical and gas appliances, every gadget and need to speed our daily tasks? Still we mourn—"If only I had time . . ."

It is time to SING A NEW SONG. You have 24 hours in every day, just as did those who lived in the slower-paced days of long ago. Time hasn't changed. But the world has changed; its increased demands shattering the hours of our days—demands to the right of us, demands to the left of us, demands to the front of us, good demands and confusing demands. Yes, there are good demands, good things in life, but we must do the choosing, the sorting. Upon us rests the decision whether our life will be enriched and enlarged or confused and narrowed.

As this new year begins, stop, look, listen! Remember time hasn't changed but the world has and the way we live has. As keepers of the home, it is up to us to choose, evaluate, sort, organize to get the priorities we want in our lives. Once we do this we can joyfully step into the new year to SING A NEW SONG.

Hymn: "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee," verses 1, 3 and 4.

Prayer: Dear God, we pray that Thou will hold us at a steady pace on the right road that we may be a true beacon light to those who follow us. Guide us as we make the choices that come to us in the days ahead. With the Psalmist we pray, "Open my eyes, incline my heart, order my steps" that I may truly sing a new song that is pleasing to Thee. Amen.

MANUSCRIPTS:

Unsolicited manuscripts for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine (Shenandoah, Iowa 51601) are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

JANUARY SPECIALS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

January Snow Couple: For the man's body, crush old newspapers into a firm 6-by 7-inch oval. Do the same to make a 3-by 4½-inch oval for the head. For the arms, make a roll of papers about 6 inches long. Tape head to body and tape on the arms. Tie arms at wrists to make hands and bend arms at elbows. Now wrap the separate parts in cotton, pinning as needed, so you really have a cotton snowman-type figure. Add felt facial features (I like to have one eye shut in a mischievous wink), a black paper or felt top hat, a black tie and a black chenille-covered wire cane.

For the woman's body, make a 5-inch ball of the crushed paper and a 3-inch oval for the head. Make arms 5 inches long. Assemble as for the man above. Give her a red felt rosebud mouth, big flirting eyes with curled felt lashes and make her a pointed pixie hat of colored foil or felt. Use ribbon trim on hat and tie some ribbon around the neck as a collar.

Set the pair on a round mirror sprinkled with artificial snow, or on large lace paper (snowflake) doilies.

Winter Wonderland Centerpiece: This will be a scene with a skating pond backed by snow-covered mountains. For the pond, cut an oval of posterboard and cover with aluminum foil. Make the mountain shapes of styrofoam and white construction paper. Use whipped paraffin (as we use to decorate candles) to make snow on mountaintops and around base of mountains and edge of the lake. Stick tiny tree twigs into the wax before it hardens, to make trees around the pond and on mountain slopes.

Use pipe cleaners or lengths of chenille wire to make skating figures and place on the pond. You can also add a toboggan made of pipe cleaners and construction paper, if desired. Tiny plastic deer set in one area of "trees" will add interest to the scene.

Tissue Paper Pretties: By purchasing a package each of red, blue, green, yellow, and perhaps lilac tissue paper, you can come up with all of the decorations for a beautiful New Year party room quite economically.

Begin by cutting 2 or 3 two-inch wide strips of each fold of tissue. While still folded cut the tissue to fringe strips, being careful not to cut closer than 5/8 inch on one side. Use this fringe in the various colors to make bright flowers for a centerpiece. For each flower, you will need a 21-inch length of heavy green flower wire to use as the stem. On some stems form the fringed tissue into fluffy ball-type flowers and glue or tape to hold in place. On other stems form long larkspur-type flowers by lightly twisting



When a snowstorm hit Torrington, Wyoming, Aaron, Julian and Andy Brase had a great time building this very tall snowman. The boys are the sons of Kristin and Art Brase.

fringe around the stem, gluing as you go, down to about a third of the length. For variety and color, twist two or three different colors to make a variegated blossom. Arrange these flowers in a vase and set on a clock mat, made by drawing a clock face on a large round paper mat. The vase is placed in the center, with the clock numerals visible around it. Or, place this arrangement on a January calendar sheet.

Make a festive multicolor chandelier to go over the light fixture, by taping 1/2-inch strips of tissue paper to the top of the fixture. Draw the streamers loosely together below the fixture and fasten with a loop of the tissue paper.

Pretty, colorful tissue paper ladies will make delightful table decorations. For the body, use an 8-inch length of chenille-covered wire in a bright shade. Stick a small foam ball on one end of the wire as the head. Use strips of the fringed tissue to fasten around the head for a frilly hat. Use matching wider fringe to make a full skirt and fasten with tape. Twist a short length of chenille wire below the head for arms, bending at the elbow and bend at end to make hand. In each hand, fasten a multicolor pompon of the tissue fringe. Pin on small beads for eyes. Insert the bottom end of the body wire into a small round styrofoam base so the lady will stand firmly.



A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Dear God:

Twelve months before us lay,
Do with us what'ver ye may.
Mold us in thine own way,
Help us grow in each new day.

—Bonnie Feeken

A SYMPHONY OF SHOVELS

by
Rev. Otto A. Quaipe

Morning dawned with a white blanket shrouding the neighborhood. Snow had been falling throughout the night. With the dawn came the chore of clearing the sidewalks and paths of their snowy covering. So, with overshoe-clad feet, gloved hands and a comfortably clothed body, out we went to meet the morning.

The view brought a lift to the spirit as we looked upon snow-capped buildings. The not-too-cold morning air was crisp but invigorating. Continuing snowflakes settled upon you as, with broom and shovel, the level covering upon the walks is removed and secure footing is established on the solid surface of the cement. All too soon breath is short as you realize how unaccustomed you are to such extra exertion. You straighten your back and lean upon your shovel to look and listen as you regain your breath.

Down the street a piece you see your neighbor. He, too, is out to meet his responsibility. You remember that the principle reason for clearing the walk in front of your house is that children on the way to school and other passers-by may have an easier way as they walk to school or work. It is then that you realize again how much you help others when you do your own tasks and labor for your own convenience.

Again, you attack your task. More snow is shoveled aside and more solid secure pathway is uncovered. Then, another pause to breathe deeply and let the increased heartbeat slow to normal. This time you look a little farther and listen to the more distant sounds. It is the sight and sound of new activity in the business section of the town. Merchants and professional men are opening store, shop and office. They, too, must clear a path to their door. They, too, must open the way for the passers-by. Streets must show a neat appearance to the prospective customer, the delivery man as he parks his truck at the curb to replenish the merchants' supplies, or the chance visitor that may drive through the street.

The first man with his shovel who starts the task sees a big job ahead. But, as one by one his fellow townsmen and neighbors-in-business join forces, the Symphony of Shovels becomes music to his ears. He soon realizes that unitedly the task will soon be accomplished. So, he sends a cheery "Good Morning" or a "Hi, Bill" as neighbors shovel to meet one another. And soon the whole town presents that "lived in" look. And the Symphony of Shovels presents a parable of life from which many lessons of living can be learned. And thus, the snow-covered world becomes a stage for this symphony.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Yesterday, Betty and I watched a beautiful sailboat come up the river and drop anchor in front of our house. At first we thought it was some friends who live on their boat and occasionally stop by for a visit. How excited we were when we learned that a young couple is just about to start a trip around the world on their boat. They have sold their small business and put all of their capital into this sailing adventure. The stop here was to purchase some needed equipment at the marina across the river from our house. This couple is planning to leave on the first leg of their journey, an all-day sail down Long Island Sound to New York, early tomorrow morning. We wish them luck.

I must tell you about our neighbor's new dog, a little Welsh corgi, which is named after me. My nickname is "Ted," and when the neighbor asked if she could name her new dog "Teddy," I readily agreed. He is a smart little fellow, and very good-looking, well-mannered, and an excellent watchdog. The Queen of England has four dogs of this same breed, which is making the Welsh corgi increasingly popular in this country.

The Welsh corgi is a very small dog, about the size of a small fox. As a matter of fact, they were bred to look like a fox. In Wales, they are used as cattle dogs. Their inbred instinct is to nip at the heels of the cattle as they herd them. The books about dogs say that the cattle are more afraid of the smaller dogs than the larger ones.

Every morning, after feeding the ducks and the swans, I take "Teddy" for a walk through the woods. It is good exercise for him and for me, too. Betty is pleased because she says that I am having the fun of owning a dog without having any of the responsibility of ownership. She is right. As long as I can help care for "Teddy," I don't need to have a dog of my own.

Because I don't hunt wild game, I never thought that I'd find myself plucking and dressing freshly shot pheasant. That is exactly what I was doing last night. One of our friends is a great pheasant hunter, and he surprised us last night by giving us two very plump pheasants. I can smell them cooking right now!

Never having cooked pheasant, Betty is following suggestions given her by our neighbor. First, she cut the meat from the bones, and then she briefly sauteed it. From the frying pan, the meat went into a heavy kettle where it was covered with a can of undiluted mushroom soup.



David Driftmier of Calgary, Canada, and Mary Lea Palo of Bellevue, Nebr., are the son and daughter of Frederick and Betty Driftmier. Starting with this issue of Kitchen-Klatter, David will be writing a letter every month. Mary Lea continues to be heard on the Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasts.

The juices from the sauteing make enough additional liquid. Something tells me that it is going to be very, very good.

While dressing the pheasant, I told Betty that I was having a new appreciation of the ease with which we buy our meats today. When we go into a supermarket to buy fresh chicken, we don't think of all the hard work involved to make that ready-to-cook chicken available to us. I am going to have that in mind when I say grace before eating that pheasant!

Even though I love to cook, I seldom prepare an entire meal. Like most men who love to cook, I have just a few specialties. For example, one of my specialties is *cooked prunes*. I don't follow the recipe on the box! My prunes are so delicious that we do not hesitate to offer them to our guests as a possible dessert choice.

The secret of good prunes is to cook them in prune juice instead of in water. You will be amazed at the difference it makes. Add four or five tablespoons of honey and a tablespoon of Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring to each box of prunes. I really do not see how people can eat prunes that have not had almond flavoring added! Add the flavoring while the prunes are cooling and *not* during the five minutes they are stewing. The longer the prunes soak up the honey-almond flavor, the better they get.

This afternoon I am going to make two pumpkin pies, one for us and one for our next-door neighbors. Yesterday I surprised myself by making two loaves of raisin bread. To a regular bread recipe, I added some extra sugar and half a box of raisins. The finished product was good.

Betty and I are living in the first house that we ever owned! You see, we always lived in church parsonages. Now that we own a home, I am learning something

that homeowners probably learned years and years ago. I am finding out that a good house cannot be kept in good condition without much effort and much expense! All of my adult life I have known there is such a law of nature as the law of entropy, the gradual breakdown of a substance or a system, but with the ownership of a house, I see the law in action. In other words, nothing remains in good condition without some positive, constructive effort on the part of someone. Whenever we just let things go, **THEY REALLY DO GO!** It is as true of a neighborhood, or a government, or a marriage, as it is true of a house.

As I hike daily four or five miles through the countryside and along the shore, there is plenty of time to observe and to think. On my walk this morning, I observed what I have seen so many times before—the awful litter in places where litter ought not to be. That observation made me think of the fact that our struggle to preserve the good things of life is utterly dependent on discipline—our self-discipline, and our willingness to discipline others.

Those who live on farms know more about litter than do some of the urban dwellers. Many times I have noticed trash of all kinds along rural roads. The farmers must get terribly angry about this. Every community has laws against littering, but how many times have you heard of someone *being arrested* for the offense?

Whenever I get discouraged about the areas of life which seem to be in decay, I find hope and faith in my Bible. At the breakfast table this morning, I read to Betty those lines of St. Paul where he pointed out what God expects of us Christians, how we are not to worry about what has happened in the past, and not to be burdened by the worry of what might happen in the future. Paul said that we should live one day at a time, making each day a day of salvation.

Those of us who believe in God must always keep in mind there are two days in every week which we should keep free of all apprehension and worry. One of these days is yesterday with its mistakes and its cares, its faults and its blunders, its aches and its heartbreaks. Whatever sadness we may feel about yesterday, that day is now gone, passed forever from our control.

The other day about which we should not worry is tomorrow with its possible adversities and burdens. Tomorrow is beyond our immediate control just as certainly as is yesterday. Nothing we can do can stop tomorrow's sun from rising or from setting.

The one day of the week that must be our immediate concern is today, this day. Whatever life calls us to do we can do for this one day, and God does not expect
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PAUL DRIFTMIER WRITES THIS MONTH

Hello again, friends:

There seems to be a pattern developing in the writing of my letters. Every few months I receive a letter from Shenandoah, Iowa, inviting me to write a letter to appear in an issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. This has been going on for several years, and each time I seem to react in the same fashion. First, I get all enthused, because I really do like to write and *Kitchen-Klatter* is the only regular published writing I do. I look forward to these bouts of penmanship.

After finding a nice quiet place to write, I am immediately interrupted by some matter which must have been terribly urgent but the nature of which I can't now recall. This happens several times during the course of the generous two-month time allotment I've been given. At long last "The Deadline" rolls around.

In a panic, I realize I have a day to pen my letter and mail it to Shenandoah. I tear through the odd assortment of papers on my desk only to find that all of the sheets have writing on them. I am completely without any kind of stationery. When I was living at home, it was simply a matter of raiding my mother's ample supply of notebooks. Now that I am on my own, well, I am sure this won't be the only letter received at *Kitchen-Klatter* written on 820lb. watercolor stock!

So, how am I, besides disorganized? Not doing too badly actually. When last I wrote you, I was in the process of moving into an apartment on Milwaukee's "East Side." Since then, I've moved out of my new one-bedroom apartment and into an efficiency apartment; that is, one with no bedroom. This less-expensive route was what I had originally planned on last spring, but at the time I was unable to get what I wanted. When this unit opened up, I immediately moved in. I'm even a floor higher than my last place with the attendant better view. I'm still in the same building, mind you. I have a couch in the living room which opens into a rather comfortable queen-size bed. While it is not quite long enough to accommodate my 6'5" frame, I rarely uncurl from my fetal position long enough to notice the cold toes.

The one-bedroom apartment I was formerly living in was quite spacious. So much so, that my furniture was kind of lost and spread out. In this smaller room, though, everything fits quite nicely—cozily in fact. The twin bed that I had in the bedroom of my previous apartment I have lent to my sister, Adrienne. She lives one floor above me. As far as housing is concerned, things are looking up. I've gained some added comfort and I'm saving money too.

In the meat business where I am



Paul Driftmier in his Milwaukee apartment.

employed everything is quite brisk (or should I say "brisket?"). The market which this company works in is very seasonal, slow at times and fast at times. The period of early winter, Thanksgiving to New Year's is a time when we can sell as much processed beef as we can produce. Since late fall, I've been working nearly sixty hours a week on the loading dock. While this has been taxing on my muscles and nerves, it is very pleasing to my wallet.

It is with great relaxation that I find myself writing this letter only hours after eating one of the best Thanksgiving meals it has been my pleasure to consume. I am stuffed to the proverbial gills with all manner of stuffing, sweet potatoes and greens, not to mention turkey. Thanks, Mom.

Moving into Milwaukee has been a real boon to my love life. No sooner had I settled in than I met a unique and, I might add, very attractive woman who lives right across the street. We share similar interests. Coming from a large Wisconsin farm family has given her a lot of maturity and good sense that I've found rare. And she can cook. Wow! This could turn permanent folks. I'll keep you posted.

I'll close this letter with an amusing anecdote that my mother suggested I pass along. This really happened to me. A short time ago I ran out of gas after having passed a station about two miles back. It took about an hour, walking backwards trying to get a lift, to reach the gas station. I got a ride from the station back towards my car but when I reached my car the man didn't let me out. Instead, chuckling to himself, he drove another quarter mile over the hill to a gas station I hadn't been able to see. "Just so you'd feel stupid," the man said, then drove me

back to my car. I put the gas in my car but when I tried to start it the battery was dead. Well, at least I knew of a close gas station. Out went my thumb and right away a car containing two nice-looking girls pulled over. I couldn't resist a little flirtation as I told them my plight. They were so touched that they wrote me an eighteen dollar ticket for hitchhiking; they were plainclothes patrol women. What a day, what a day (and they didn't even give me a ride!).

Until next time,
Paul Driftmier

COVER PICTURE

A boy, a father and their dog are a happy threesome. Three-year-old Stephen DiCicco, looks excited with the enjoyment of winter fun in the snow with his dad, Richard DiCicco. Their pet "HiPi" enjoys the outdoor activity too.

HOMES

A big house can be little if its people are that.

A little apartment can be magnificent if its people are that.

Any wealthy house can be a poor home;
And warm houses can be cold homes;
And brilliantly lit houses can be dark indeed.

People make the difference; for those, though quite poor, can be very rich. Yes, people make even the shabby luxurious and tiny apartments homes.



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The "Variety Patch Quilt" made by Norma Tisher.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

by Norma Tisher

The pioneer women made their quilts practical. But they did think about design and pattern.

Prior to 1750, bedding was considered an important house furnishing, along with the bed. Bedding was left in wills, passed down in families from generation to generation, listed in sheriffs' sales and advertised for sale in early newspapers.

The first patch quilts were born of necessity. In colonial days, cloth was a prized commodity. Every scrap was treasured and made into something essential.

In the 1870's, the patch quilt came back for resurrection. Those first quilts were strictly utilitarian, created for the basic need—warmth. Appearance didn't matter. They not only provided cover for the bed but were also hung at windows and doors to keep out the winter wind. In a more elaborated form, quilts began to show up in the parlors, front rooms, as a "slumber robe" or couch throw.

Energy conservation has helped to renew interest in simple quilt making.

For the quilt in the picture, you will need about 18 different designs of polyester knit remnants, all about the same weight. Using a 9-inch block, 13 blocks will be required for the width and 16 for the length for a 104- by 128-inch quilt. There are so many different sizes of beds nowadays that you may want to consider the exact number of blocks required for the size quilt you need.

Cut the number of squares needed for the size quilt desired. I usually cut only enough for one row widthwise so I can keep interchanging the design print. Variety is the key word. Sew the blocks together on the sewing machine. Be sure to interchange the blocks as you don't want the same fabric, color or design side

by side or at an angle. Press open the seams. With bright red embroidery floss, top embroider with a fancy feather stitch for reinforcement and color. I used the zigzag attachment on my sewing machine and top stitched each seam with red thread.

When you have your quilt top finished, use a once-laundered new blanket sheet or thermal blanket as the middle layer. For the backing, buy dark solid flannel and sew together the desired width needed. Put blanket sheet or thermal blanket on top of the flannel backing, then place quilt top over the blanket. Overlap flannel toward the front to form a binding. I pin in place using some large safety pins or hat pins. Tie once on seams or in center of each block or as close together as you think is necessary. Red knitting worsted yarn is heavy and bright for firm bows. It is easier for me to tie the quilt while I have it on a large, flat table so blocks don't pucker. I baste the binding down and then sew it on the machine.

The quilt is very serviceable and has many uses such as: a breadspread, for a student's bed, a couch cover, bedding in a mobile camping home, or to keep legs warm at various outdoor sporting events. This washable quilt can be laundered in an automatic washer. It dries well in a clothes dryer or on an outdoor clothesline.

I go to rummage and garage sales to find polyester knit dresses and slacks for variety in quilt block designs. Since I used the block form, I call it my "Variety Patch Quilt." It is a good way to utilize fabric remnants.

THE POMANDER OF TODAY AND YESTERDAY

I was sorting some things to put up in the attic the other day and in one box I found a pomander my oldest daughter had made for me when she was in grade school. It still smelled spicy so I decided to get a bit of net to put around it and make use of it again.

This particular pomander was made from an orange which had been stuck full of cloves. In the early 1950s it was possible to have each child in a classroom make such a gift because cloves were not so expensive. The price of spices has gone up a lot but even at that a pomander is a nice gift, and might be worth the price of a couple of boxes of cloves. Maybe you could even get by with one box if you didn't put the cloves real close together or if you used quite a small orange. A pomander is something boys and girls can make by themselves and it's fun too.

Pomanders are not a recent "invention." They have a history that goes back to Elizabethan England (and probably much farther than that). The English of the 16th and 17th centuries used pomanders mainly for the purpose of warding off disease. Oranges were usually used, though sometimes apples were tried. The fruit was hollowed out in those days. The spices were put inside, usually after being ground up fine.

Some of the lords and ladies considered real fruit too messy so pomanders of silver became popular. A silver pomander would be shaped like an orange and sometimes opened in segments, the way you would pull an orange apart. Other times they opened horizontally at the center. They were usually very fancy with filigree work all around. Some had jewels for decoration. They were sometimes made into a necklace or hung from a chain fastened to a belt. One duchess, it is said, had a splendid chain of pomander beads, each bead separated by a pearl.

Women were not the only ones who used pomanders. Sir Thomas Gresham, a well-known man in his day, was shown in a portrait holding a pomander in his hand.

We no longer think of pomanders as something to ward off disease or wear as a decoration. They are usually used in a closet or dresser drawer. Wherever you use them, they are still nice to have around.

—Ruth Townsend

MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The saddest words of tongue or pen
May well be "It might have been."
Especially silence left unbroken
And healing words we might have
spoken.

—From a church bulletin



DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

It feels good to sit down with a mug of hot tea at my typewriter after a perfect weekend. We spent today hiking on some trails in Kananaskis Provincial Park, just outside of Calgary. We felt that it would be one of the last weekends that we would hike in the foothills before the beginning of our Rocky Mountain cross-country ski season. Just as we were ready to get back into the car, the soft, small snowflakes started falling and a gentle breeze was blowing the clouds from the already-white mountaintops into the valley. Sophie and I turned to each other and agreed that the winter, after all, is one of the most beautiful seasons here in Alberta. At any rate, winter got off to a very nice start today!

Our son Johnny was with us and we were pleased to see that he seems to be travelling more easily now than he did in the summer. It's hard for us to believe that he is already a year old—the last year has been one of the fastest and best for us because we have had his company.

Most of you will remember that we prepared for John Frederick's birth by taking lessons in the Lamaze method of childbirth. Sophie was so impressed with the type of training that the Lamaze Society offers that she is now taking the courses which will enable her to be a prenatal instructor. Soon we shall be having groups of expectant parents in our basement rumpus room twice a week taking Lamaze classes.

One of the really enjoyable features of the Lamaze childbirth classes is that, several weeks after the course is over and all of the babies are born, the class has a reunion so that the participants can all show off the fruits of their labors. The instructor which we had, due to an illness in her family, never did organize the reunion for our class. *One year later*, however, Sophie and several of the other ladies in the group got together and organized the grand get-together! Yesterday afternoon we all met again with all of our one-year-olds! What pandemonium, and yet at the same time what sheer delight it was to have a room full of toddlers.

As I think about yesterday, I must make a confession that, at least for a few moments, I was engaged in an activity that no parent is supposed to ever do but one we all indulge in from time to time. I was comparing my child with the other children! Half of the children were up and walking about while the other half were crawling on the floor. Why was my child in the latter group? It was then that we made a very interesting observation.



Sisters-in-law, Sophie Driftmier and Mary Lea Palo, are very good friends and were most happy to see one another this past fall.

Each of the four girls were walking, while the boys were not! Girls and boys do develop differently.

Before I leave this topic I must add that, of course, Sophie and I are very proud parents. John can do so much, and so much *more* every day. His favorite activity is pulling himself up to a stand and then climbing the stairs. Yesterday, he even was able to find his way down two or three stairs without falling. But, enough of this, for if I did not stop myself I would do nothing but brag for the rest of this letter. Anyone who has ever been a parent or an aunt or uncle knows the temptation.

Instead, I would like to share with you some of the high regard I have for my sister, Mary Lea Palo. I have always been so proud to have her as a sister. It seems to me that wherever she goes and whatever she does, she gets involved completely and lives her life to the fullest. As you know, she sings in a choir in Omaha, and also she contributes her organizational skills to the group. She is just as active in her church, and now that she is broadcasting on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program, she seems to be more and more involved in the business. Of course, Mary Lea's main activity is the busy life she has with her three children and husband, Vincent. You can imagine how pleased we were when Mary Lea was able to extricate herself from her full schedule and spend four days with us in Calgary last month.

Just before Mary Lea's visit, Sophie had read somewhere that your relationship with a sibling is the longest relationship that you share with another person, and thus one of the most important relationships in your life. Sophie and I enjoy the times that our two families get together, but for me to be able to spend time with my sister alone was something very special. What memories and thoughts we shared, especially one day when the two of us went to the Rockies and climbed Tunnel Mountain in Banff together.

When we said our goodbyes, Mary

Lea placed in my hands a book which we both consider very precious and which we share between our two households. My grandmother, Leanna Field Driftmier, along with her four sisters and two brothers, wrote *The Memory Book*, a book of recollections of their growing up on Great-grandfather's Sunnyside Farm in Iowa. The seven Field brothers and sisters presented the book to their parents on Christmas of 1915 as a surprise and as a loving tribute to the wonderful family that their mother and father had made for them. I doubt whether any parents have ever received a more wonderful gift.

The book is precious now to Mary Lea and me, not only because it is a document which gives us a direct link to my grandmother and her family, but also because it tells of a less busy and complicated time when family life was so important. It seems that my great-grandparents understood that they should trust each of their children and help all of them to become strong and happy individuals. With their wisdom and love, they were able to combine all of the traits of good teachers and parents that all of the books of child-rearing advice are able to describe.

Best of all, my grandmother and her siblings were able to write about it all with a real down-to-earth sense of humor. They were able to see their parents' strengths and love them at the same time because of their funny individual traits. For example, the second chapter is entitled "Mother's Pride and Father's Carelessness," for it was true that their mother wanted the house and all of the family's clothes to be just right, while their father would sometimes forget neatness in order to get an important task done. My grandmother wrote a very funny section entitled "Henry Naughty, Too."

While they were a family which was honest about each other, they had so much love for each other. Witness some of these chapter headings: "Why We Are Glad Father and Mother Chose Each Other," "How They Took Care of Us When We Were Sick," "Mother's Love of Beauty," "Father's Love of Little Children," "Father's and Mother's Religion," "Their Far-Reaching Love."

Many of these stories are summarized and retold in my Aunt Lucile's wonderful book, *The Story Of An American Family*. My great-grandparents were such fine people that their lives make good reading for anyone.

I hope that this letter finds you and your family off to a very happy and healthy 1984.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

Approach each tomorrow with the knowledge you gained today.

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The sun is sparkling brilliantly on the frost-covered world outside. Our beautiful deck, which we went to the extra expense of building with treated wood which was guaranteed to resist rot for thirty years, has been given an extra coat of protection with a water sealant. The rain did tend to disappear immediately when it fell upon the deck and Don and I wondered how long the wood could last with that kind of absorption. Before the leaves covered the porch, Don carefully brushed a coat of sealant on the boards and lo and behold after the first rain we saw the fruits of his labor right before our eyes. The rain beaded up wherever there was a flat board and we knew we had been successful *and* wise.

However, this same sealant has proved to be a mixed blessing. With the arrival of lower temperatures, this moisture barrier has turned our vast expanse of deck into an ice rink. Every drop of dew and condensation, but especially rain, stays right there on the deck surface and freezes with an invisible finish for the unsuspecting. Fortunately, the garage is attached to the house and I can get into and out of the car and never plant a foot on the deck, but there are servicemen, meter readers and a host of other unenlightened callers who are risking their well-being by trying to walk across our big porch.

Strange as it may seem, however, we have had incredible weather to date. There is snow to the west of us and snow to the north and even snow to the east, across the lake, but Delafield is dry and unseasonably warm. Four days ago, while I was still clear of head and steady of foot, I took Paul's gem-pick and punctured twenty-four little three-inch deep holes in the back yard and planted scilla bulbs. I felt like one of the squirrels down on my hands and knees bundled up warmly and working feverishly while the ground was still soft . . . matter of fact, I dug up more than a few acorns which the little birdseed thieves had already buried.

The scilla is an early-spring flower which is growing in a wild manner in the back yards of several of the homes in downtown Delafield. They make an absolutely sky-blue carpet across these lawns the instant the snow has melted. Last spring I stopped the car and, with my little camera which fits in my purse, I managed to get a close-up picture of the flowers. From the picture, I was able to determine what the flowers were. However, it took me until very late in the season to track down a garden shop that carried them and even longer to plant them in the back yard.



Katharine Driftmier is planning to spend several weeks at her parents' home in Delafield, Wis. Katharine is a biochemist at the Bethesda Research Laboratory in Bethesda, Md., and has been heard with Robin Justiz and Emily DiCicco on the specially made tapes for the Kitchen-Klatter radio program.

I have had a real bonus in my medication program since I last wrote to you. The symptoms I experience from the chemotherapy are beginning to fit into a pattern which I can distinguish. Therefore, the last time I went in for my two-week visit, I had a hopeful hunch that I would never make it to the I.V. room. It takes forty-five minutes from the time the technician draws the blood to run all of the tests which must be reported. Finally, the doctor reads the computer's reports and determines the strength of the medication he will prescribe.

Well, three weeks ago I flunked out just as I suspected I would. I've learned that when the eyes burn continuously, the feet stumble, and the body feels like one hundred and nine years, then the computer is going to read out a white blood count below which chemicals are prohibited. It was the date for my one-on-one visit with my oncologist and after the thorough examination he gives, he said I should go home and not come back for three weeks! Do you know how long *three weeks* can be when each day returns one's physical and mental state to what had been a forgotten state of normalcy? As I sit writing you now, I feel absolutely wonderful. I've lost the couple of extra liters of liquids which my body was ballooned out with and, in addition, I have chiseled off several pounds of fat.

I can recall now while I was still teaching, how we used to laughingly refer

to the fact that pain was a great teacher. Anything that a school kid had to do over, whether it was an essay, spelling words or correcting math problems, was real pain to them, and they complained loudly but invariably learned the value of working carefully the first time through. Well, I have learned that the pain of the extra weight brought on by carelessness in eating when I am taking some of the medication which increases my appetite, is not worth the few seconds of pleasure produced while eating. I haven't eaten a cookie for so long that even I am astounded at my control. I almost suffer withdrawal from resisting little treats after dinner, but I must confess that I have had to take pretty severe measures to reinforce my determination.

By the time I go in for my next visit, I will draw gasps from the nurses who do the weighing in of each patient. My usual habit during the last six months has been to have gained two to four pounds every two weeks, and believe me that is one big package of hamburger—which is a laugh because beef is one of those high-calorie meats I seldom eat anymore. I have lots of fish and fowl but very little red meat and, really, it's a very pleasant diet.

Our daughters, Katharine and Adrienne, who are buying and cooking for one, tipped me off to a new line of frozen food which has come out for dieters. The product has the meat and vegetables already prepared and frozen complete with a toothsome delicious sauce and gives the complete calorie count on the box. This takes much of the pain out of the cooking-dieting syndrome. There must be six or eight variations of fish, fowl and beef all deliciously prepared. Don thinks they're very tasty but it requires more than one to satisfy his appetite so it ceases to be economical to try to feed a non-dieter on these. I recommend them as the answer to the prayers of those who *must* lose weight. You can just imagine how much I want some scales that weigh very, very accurately and compute to the tenths rather than just a hazy half-pound mark.

The carrot dangling on the stick beyond my nose and my next chemotherapy treatment, which I view as eagerly as jumping off a twenty-story building, doesn't diminish the anticipation that our prodigal daughter, Katharine, will be home for several weeks from Maryland! I hope your holidays were as pleasant as ours.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

If you are planning for one year, sow grain; ten years, plant trees; but when planning for one hundred years, grow men.
—Chinese proverb

GRANDMOTHER'S STOVE

by
Dorothy Rieke

For some people the Ben Franklin-type stove is a new innovation, one that saves fuel oil, gas or electricity. Actually, it is not totally new. Do you remember the old-fashioned heating and cooking stoves that were owned by your grandmothers and great-grandmothers? The new Ben Franklin-type stove and those of the past seem to share some characteristics.

The stove of sixty years ago often served as the family's gathering place especially during the winter months. It provided warmth and comfort on cold winter evenings, and many of the foods served to the family were prepared on that stove. In addition to those mentioned above, it performed many additional services.

Grandmother's stove was generally larger and heavier than today's counterpart. It was usually black with silver or gray trimming. In the thirties, some stoves were colored light blue or green with cream or white edgings.

The stove of Grandmother's time also had a larger cooking surface. The first two stove lids were located directly above the fire box and naturally were the hottest. There may have been two, four or six additional stove lids where one could cook foods more slowly.

The two stove lids on the back half of the surface were not used for boiling or frying. They were ideal, though, for simmering soup, beans or stews. Flatirons were also heated on these areas.

One large or two small warming ovens were located above the cooking surface. These were box-shaped with doors that opened flat. Grandmother, after preparing a breakfast of eggs, bacon and pancakes, would set the food in the warming ovens and wait for Grandpa to come in after finishing the milking.

Grandmother baked bread at least once a week. During the cold weather, yeast dough was placed in a large crock in the warming oven so it would rise more quickly. The loaves were then baked in the oven in black three-loaf pans. Sometimes she would use some of the bread dough to make crusty brown cinnamon rolls.

Grandmother's stove did so much for her family. Besides providing warm air to dry the laundry hanging on lines near it, the stove was used to heat wash water. Sometimes a reservoir was built into the left side of the stove. Other models had a water tank located on the backside where pipes connected this tank to a larger tank beside the stove. As the cold water ran into the tank, the water was heated by the temperature of the stove. At times, if the stove hadn't been burning for several hours, Grandmother heated

water on top of the stove. This was quicker.

If water was heated on the stove for baths and shampoos, usually children and adults took their baths in a tub placed near the hot stove.

Few who lived during Grandmother's day will forget the social evenings near the stove during the cold weather. As the fire died down to coals, Grandfather brought out the long-handled screen-wire corn popper. Shaking the wire basket containing corn over the coals would provide an ample supply of popcorn for the evening. If any popped corn was left, it would often be served with milk for the next evening's meal.

Later, on those evenings, the oven door was opened providing a toasty-warm footrest. Games and visiting took up most of the time spent around the stove. Sometimes the family would listen to the President speak on the radio.

During wintertime, snowy and wet caps, mittens, and even shoes found a place on the oven door. Soon they were dry. Occasionally, small cold wet pigs or chickens would be placed in a box on the open oven door. Hopefully, they would be miraculously revived by the warmth.

Other animals found a place near Grandmother's stove, too. Several times, a newborn, cold calf resided for an evening in a washtub beside the stove. The family dog generally slept under the stove or beside the stove depending on the temperature in the kitchen.

The stove did consume tremendous amounts of cobs, wood and coal. The fuel boxes had to be filled again and again. Usually the children of the family were required to carry in cobs and wood at least once a day. This task gave them chores and probably helped them develop a sense of responsibility.

This stove was difficult to maintain. Soot had to be removed periodically from the pipes, burned-out pipes had to be replaced, and the flue had to be cleaned.

As the fuel burned, ashes dropped in a drawer-like container beneath the fire

box. Carrying out the full box of ashes was another back-straining job for someone.

Keeping the floor clean under and around the stove was difficult. Debris containing dust was brought in with the fuel. Occasionally a mouse would scurry out of the cob basket only to be apprehended by Grandmother and her big broom or to be caught later in a baited trap. Cleaning the exterior of the stove was not an easy task either.

During the summer and fall months especially, Grandmother used the stove heat to can numerous fruits and vegetables. When Grandfather butchered in the fall, Grandmother canned most of the meat. Rendering the lard was another job performed on the stove.

The days of summer could be terribly hot with Grandmother's heated stove in the kitchen so most of the baking and cooking began in the early hours of the morning. Cold foods were often served on the hottest days.

Sometimes during threshing time, the table would be moved to a porch or out on the lawn. Grandmother and the neighbor ladies could "stand" the heat, but they wanted their husbands to eat in comfort at a table set away from the kitchen heat.

It was amazing what Grandmother could do with her stove without a timer or temperature control device. All of us who ate her holiday dinners can attest to the fact that some of the best food ever eaten was produced by Grandmother and her stove.

Grandmother's stove played a truly remarkable part in the lives of the people of that generation. Even though the older stoves had disadvantages, they afforded a certain amount of comfort and facilitated the preparation and preservation of food. People today are just starting to appreciate the values of a similar type of stove. They, too, have come to appreciate the warmth, family companionship and the versatility afforded by such a stove.

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Recipes

BURNT SUGAR CAKE WITH CARAMEL FROSTING

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk

Heat 1/2 cup of the sugar in heavy skillet, stirring constantly until sugar is melted and golden brown. Remove from heat and stir in boiling water. Cook over low heat until lumps are dissolved. Should measure 1/2 cup of syrup when cooled. Add water if necessary to make 1/2 cup. Set aside.

Heat oven to 375 degrees. Grease and flour three 8-inch round cake pans.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Beat in 1/2 cup of the sugar, 1 Tbls. at a time, to make a stiff glossy meringue. Reserve.

Beat butter, remaining 1/2 cup sugar, egg yolks, and flavorings for 30 seconds to blend. Beat on high speed for 5 minutes. Beat in syrup. Add flour, baking powder and salt alternately with milk. Fold in meringue. Pour into pans and bake for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool 10 minutes and remove from pans. Cool completely. Frost with:

Caramel Frosting

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2/3 cup packed dark brown sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Heat butter in 2-qt. saucepan until melted. Stir in brown sugar, salt and evaporated milk. Heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Stir in sifted powdered sugar gradually until spreading consistency. Add flavorings. Frost between layers, sides and top of cake.

—Juliana

BEAN & BEEF BAKE

- 1 1-lb. can butter beans, drained
- 1 1-lb. can kidney beans, drained
- 1 21-oz. can pork and beans, undrained
- 1 lb. ground beef
- Chopped onion to taste
- 1/4 cup purchased prepared bacon bits
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

Drain the butter and kidney beans and mix with the pork and beans. Brown the ground beef and onion. Drain excess fat. Combine all ingredients. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. —Donna Nenneman

CHILI-CHEESE DIP

- 1 15-oz. can beanless chili
 - 1 lb. Velveeta (or similar type) cheese
 - 2 Tbls. picante sauce (approximately)
- Heat the chili. Cube the cheese and add to the hot chili. Stir until cheese is melted. Add the picante sauce to taste. Serve in a fondue pot. Good with corn chips or crackers.

MARGERY'S CHOP SUEY CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Beat the sugar and eggs. Stir in the rest of the ingredients. Pour into ungreased 9-by-13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. While cake is baking, prepare the following frosting:

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine and beat with electric mixer until well blended. Spread on hot cake. NOTE: There is no shortening in the cake batter. —Dorothy

LOW CALORIE SOUP

- 3 onions (medium to large size)
- 1 green pepper
- 2 to 3 cups tomatoes and juice
- 1 medium-size head cabbage
- 1 or 2 carrots
- 1 small bunch celery
- 1 pkg. dry onion and mushroom soup mix

Cut vegetables in bite-size pieces, or shred in food processor. Place vegetables in large kettle. Add enough water to cover vegetables. Stir in soup mix. Any seasonings can be added, except salt. Bring to boiling, then simmer until vegetables are tender. Eat any amount you want. —Hallie

FIERY BARBECUE SAUCE

- 1 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup white vinegar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. chili powder
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed

Combine all ingredients in a large, heavy-bottomed saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, for about 10 minutes, until the flavors are blended and the sauce is a little thickened. Stir frequently.

The whole family enjoyed what this sauce did for several pounds of spare-ribs. It can also be used on other meats. Leftover sauce can be stored in the refrigerator or freezer. The recipe makes about 1 1/2 cups of sauce.

—Mary Lea Palo

PORK BUNDLES

- 8 3/8-inch thick slices boneless pork loin
- 1 12-oz. pkg. bacon
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 2 dried bay leaves
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup apple cider

Remove fat from loin pieces. Put pork loins between waxed paper pieces and pound until thin. When pounding, use sliding motion to stretch the meat.

Cook bacon for 3 minutes in boiling water to remove the smoky flavor. Separate bacon slices and dry on paper towels. Divide the bacon evenly between the pork slices. Place bacon on pork loins and roll. Secure with toothpicks.

Melt butter in a large skillet. Add the olive oil. When it foams, add meat and crumpled bay leaves. Brown meat on all sides. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Pour in the cider. Cook uncovered for 10 to 12 minutes, or until the cider is almost evaporated and meat is done. Remove bay leaves. Serve with cooked rice. —Juliana

CHILI MEAT BALL HORS D'OEUVRES

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup finely diced onion
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 can chili beans with gravy
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 to 2 cups water

Mix the ground beef, onion, chili powder, salt and pepper. Form into balls and brown in skillet. Place browned meat balls, chili beans, tomato soup and water in a slow-cooking pot. More chili powder can be added, if desired. Cook on low heat 6 to 8 hours.

If you would like a sweet taste, add 1/4 cup brown sugar. —Verlene

SUMMER SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups uncooked macaroni
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup (may substitute with another creamed soup)
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/2 lb. summer sausage (remove casing and cut in small pieces)
- 1/4 cup finely chopped green peppers
- Salt and pepper, as desired

Cook macaroni according to directions on package; drain. Combine soup, milk and cheese in saucepan. Simmer until cheese is melted. Add onion, sausage, green pepper, salt and pepper. Mix well and place in greased casserole. Bake in conventional oven at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, or microwave in covered casserole for 6 to 8 minutes on high, stirring after 3 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

—Dorothy

MAN'S COOKY

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
- 2 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats

Cream the shortening, white sugar and brown sugar. Add eggs and flavorings; beat well. Stir in the flour, soda and salt. Add the rolled oats, cereal, coconut and nutmeats. The dough will be stiff. Knead by hand a few times. Shape dough into small balls. Place balls on ungreased cookie sheet and flatten. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

—Dorothy

BREAST OF CHICKEN BAKE

- 1/4 cup oil
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 4 boneless chicken breasts
- 4 thin slices cooked ham
- 4 slices Swiss cheese
- 1 cup seasoned croutons
- 1/4 cup crushed walnuts
- 1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
- 1 can mushrooms (optional)

Place the oil and butter in the bottom of a 2-quart square baking dish. Layer the chicken, ham, cheese, croutons and nuts. Mix the chicken soup and mushrooms, if used, and spread over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 1½ hours.

—Verlene

DOROTHY'S PARSNIPS

- 5 cups peeled and sliced parsnips (about 1 lb.)
- 1 medium onion, diced
- Salt
- Medium white sauce
- Buttered bread crumbs

Cook the parsnips and onion in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain. Place in a buttered casserole. Prepare your favorite white sauce and pour over the parsnips. Bake, covered, at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until bubbly. Top with buttered crumbs and return to oven, uncovered, for about 10 more minutes.

—Dorothy

MICRO STEW

- 1 1/2 lbs. boneless stewing beef, cut in 1-inch cubes
- 1 cup beef broth
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 cup cider vinegar
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. caraway seed
- 1 cup sliced onion
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen green peas
- 1/4 cup water
- 3 Tbls. flour

Combine all ingredients except for the last two. Place in a microwave plastic bag (10- by 16-inch size). Close bag securely. Make a few 1/2-inch slits in top of bag. Place the bag in a 2-qt. microwave proof casserole. Cook on high for 7 minutes; reduce heat to low and cook for 55 minutes. About halfway through 55-minute cooking period, remove from oven, stir ingredients and return to oven. Remove stew from oven when cooking time is completed.

Place the remaining 1/4 cup water and 3 Tbls. flour in a microwave-proof cup. Microwave on high for 2 1/2 minutes, stirring once during cooking time. Meanwhile, take stew out of bag and place in microwave-proof serving bowl. Add the flour mixture and return to oven set on high for 1 to 2 minutes.

—Juliana

APPLE-SPICE MUFFINS

- 1 3/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/3 cup oil
- 1/2 to 1 cup chopped raw apple
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon

Mix the flour, 1/4 cup sugar, baking powder, salt and 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon together. Combine egg, milk, flavoring and oil. Add the mixture and the chopped apple to the flour mixture. Stir until just moistened. Batter should be lumpy. Spoon into greased muffin cups (about 2/3 full). Combine the last two ingredients and sprinkle over top. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 12.

—Emily DiCicco

CHEESY HOMINY

- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 1-lb. cans yellow or white hominy, drained
- 1 can condensed cream of celery soup
- 1 cup shredded medium Cheddar cheese
- 1/3 cup milk
- Dash of ground black pepper
- Buttered bread crumbs

Saute the green pepper in the butter. Combine with the hominy, soup, cheese, milk and black pepper. Spoon into a greased casserole. Top with the buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

SOUR CREAM RAISIN BARS

Part I

- 1 3/4 cups regular rolled oats
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup margarine or butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine and mix like pie crust. Reserve half of the mixture for topping. Pat the other half into an ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake for 15 minutes at 350 degrees.

Part II

- 4 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 cups sour cream
- 2 cups raisins

Mix together in a saucepan. Boil over low heat while stirring for 5 to 10 minutes. Pour over baked crust. Top with remaining crumbs and return to oven to bake for 30 to 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Freezes well.

—Verlene

BEAN SOUP

- 2 lbs. dry small navy beans
Hot water
1 1/2 lbs. smoked ham hocks
1 large onion, chopped
Butter, salt and pepper

Wash and run beans through hot water until they are white. Place in kettle with enough hot water to cover. Cook slowly for several hours until beans are tender. Place ham hocks in another kettle, cover with water and cook slowly until tender, about 3 hours. Braise the onion in a little butter. Combine the beans, ham hocks, braised onion and salt and pepper to taste. Delicious with cornbread.

—Robin

FATIH'S CORN PUDDING

- 1 1-lb. can cream-style corn
2 Tbls. flour
2 Tbls. sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 tsp. salt
1/4 lb. grated cheese (I used American.)

Chopped green pepper or pimiento, as desired

Combine all ingredients. Spoon into greased baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 45 minutes, or until center is set. May be prepared the day before, refrigerated, then baked. Can be reheated.

—Dorothy

CHEWY GRAHAM BARS

- 12 double graham crackers
2 cups miniature marshmallows
3/4 cup butter
3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 cup sliced almonds
1 cup flaked coconut

Place double graham crackers side by side in an ungreased 10 - by 15-inch jelly roll pan; sprinkle marshmallows evenly over crackers. Combine the butter, sugar, flavorings and cinnamon in a heavy saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until brown sugar is dissolved and butter is melted (4 to 5 minutes). Pour evenly over crackers and marshmallows. Sprinkle almonds and coconut over top. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 8 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool completely. Makes 48 bars.

—Verlene

SAUSAGE BALLS

- 1 lb. "hot" bulk pork sausage
1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
3 cups packaged dry biscuit mix

Mix these ingredients together until they form a large ball. Break off bits of mixture and form into small balls. Put balls in the freezer and remove only the amount you want to cook. Bake at 325 degrees on an ungreased cookie sheet for 30 to 35 minutes. Do not thaw before baking. Serve warm.

—Mary Lea

CHOCOLATE CHIP-MINT CAKE

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) white cake mix
3 eggs
1/3 cup oil
1 cup water
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
2 2-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, grated

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 12-cup fluted bundt tube pan.

Place all the above ingredients in a large bowl. Blend with mixer until moist, then beat for 2 minutes at high speed. Bake in the prepared pan for 40 to 45 minutes, or until toothpick comes out clean. Cool upright in pan for 25 minutes. Turn out on cake plate and cool completely. Frost with the following:

- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
1 2-oz. square unsweetened chocolate, melted
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
2 Tbls. water

Combine frosting ingredients and beat until smooth. A few more drops of water may need to be added. Drizzle over top of cake.

—Juliana

POTATO LAYERED CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. red potatoes
Salt and pepper to taste
1 medium-size onion, sliced thin
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1/2 lb. smoked sausage, sliced
8 Tbls. butter, melted
1 cup sour cream or plain yogurt
1 Tbls. flour
1 tsp. paprika

Boil and peel the potatoes and slice them about 1/4-inch thick. Butter a 2-quart casserole dish and place a layer of the potatoes in the bottom and lightly season with the salt and pepper. Top with a few slices of onion, a layer of sliced eggs and a layer of sausage. Drizzle some of the melted butter over the top and repeat the layers ending with potatoes on top. Finish drizzling the butter on top. Blend the sour cream or yogurt with the flour and spread over the potatoes. Sprinkle with the paprika. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes or until brown and bubbling.

—Verlene

BRAN-BANANA BREAD

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup coarsely chopped nuts
1 1/2 cups mashed ripe bananas
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
2 1/2 cups 40% bran flakes cereal
1/2 cup margarine or butter, softened
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 Tbls. wheat germ

Combine flour, baking powder, soda, salt and nuts. Set aside. Combine mashed bananas, flavoring and cereal. Let set 5 minutes.

In large mixer bowl, cream margarine or butter and sugar. Beat in eggs. Stir in the banana-bran mixture. Stir in dry ingredients along with the wheat germ. Bake in a greased loaf pan at 350 degrees for 1 hour, or until it tests done. Cool, then turn out of pan. Be sure bread is completely cool before slicing.

—Dorothy



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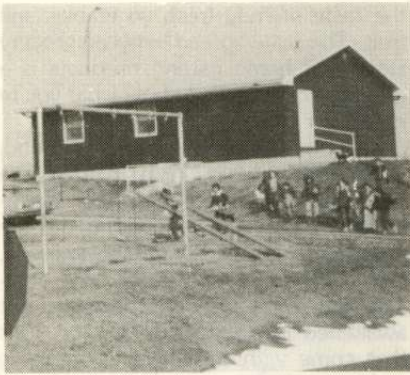
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The modern "Little Red Schoolhouse" located near Nebraska City, Nebraska, is described in the article below.

A NEW COUNTRY SCHOOL

by
Pat Holmes

There is an old song that begins "In the little red schoolhouse with my book and slate . . ." This is a story of a modern "Little Red Schoolhouse."

When we moved, almost five years ago, to the country one mile outside Nebraska City, Nebraska, little did we realize one of the true benefits of country living. One mile down the road is what we very affectionately call "Our Little Red Schoolhouse." Soon after moving, we received a hand-written invitation to the spring play and lunch. Our two-year-old daughter, Janna, was delighted with the evening and could hardly wait until she was old enough to go to school. Even though she did get to participate in musical chairs and the cakewalk that evening, she wanted so badly to be able to come from behind the blue sheet strung across the wire for a curtain and say a piece.

A year ago, she and ten other students from seven different families began a very productive and fun school year. I mentioned to Janna one day that Loyd, the eighth-grade student, seemed like everyone's big brother. With a grin she said, "Yes, and guess who the 'Mom' is?" They do all truly seem like one happy family with Mrs. Atkins, the "Mom." This is a kindergarten through eighth grade, one-room schoolhouse and the older students really do look after and help the little ones.

The schoolhouse is about seven years old, having replaced an older building located in the same yard. It has all the modern conveniences its predecessor lacked, including a full basement for playing in when the weather is bad, a refrigerator to keep lunches cold on warm days, and a carpet. There are now several country schools in Otoe County, Nebraska.

With three or fewer pupils in a grade, the teacher is able to take each student at his or her own pace. There is also

learning by listening to the others, also known as eavesdropping. Janna was telling us about gravity and the planets one day and we asked her where she learned about that and she said, "From the fourth graders." Now our family joke is to ask her what the fourth graders are learning.

The school sits on a hill, which made it perfect for sledding last winter. If the temperature was extremely cold, Mrs. Atkins would not let the children go out sledding, and this seemed like real torture. One of the hills was rather steep and the older students thought it might be dangerous for the little ones to go sledding down the hill by themselves, so the older ones would take the younger ones. Sledding seemed to be everyone's favorite activity. In fact, it was so well-liked by the students, Janna had all of them over to our house for a sledding party for her birthday.

That same sleigh-riding hill almost made it impossible for me to get Janna into the schoolhouse one morning following an ice storm. We started out hand in hand, but one of us would keep falling down and sliding back down the hill. We finally just tried crawling up the hill. We were about halfway up the hill when one of the dads came out of the schoolhouse. He told Janna to give him her lunch pail so she could use both hands to crawl. She pushed it up to him, but he wasn't able to catch it, and we watched as the pail went sliding back down the hill to the very bottom. It was a good thing we had started out early that morning or Janna would have been tardy.

Christmas at our school is so much fun. The pupils, families and neighbors all get together one evening for a potluck dinner. After dinner, the students present a play. The students give their parents gifts they have made. The students have a gift exchange among themselves and give their teacher a present. The teacher gives each pupil, and also the preschoolers, a present.

With all the gifts, good food and chat, and children running and playing, it is almost like a family Christmas get-together. In fact, some of us with small families and families not living near, consider it as such.



AS THE YEARS GO BY

So pass the little years
Like wisps of song
The thrush pours on the world
At close of day.
Then let us love and laugh—
The hill is long;
We need a comrade's handclasp
All the way. —Unknown

COUNTRY CHURCH

I saw a church in silhouette against the evening sky.

The moon was shining on the snow
And wispy clouds were drifting by.

It was such a peaceful scene that I have
ne'er forgot—

I know the road, I know the hill, I know
the very spot

Where Moon was shining on the snow
And clouds were drifting by

The country church in silhouette against
the evening sky!

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

COURTESY

It smooths the path and oils the wheels, a
little courtesy.

It sweetens our relationships. How different
life would be

If everyone would be polite, considerate
and kind.

It would help to ease the hardship of the
daily grind.

It doesn't cost us anything, and yet it
means so much;

The tone of affability, the sympathetic
touch;

The civil word, the charming manner;
geniality—

Showing unto friend and stranger simple
courtesy. —Sunshine



1984



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A GARDEN TEACHES AND SATISFIES

by
John T. Hickey

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sometime ago, Frederick Driftmier read the following article on one of the Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcasts. Since then, we have had many requests for it; therefore, we are printing the article so that all may enjoy it.

I think everyone should have a garden—vegetables or flowers, or both. A tiny plot or a big spread. I think a year of making things grow is the educational equivalent of any single course given in the secondary schools. If you go about it with a healthy curiosity and observe the seed-to-seed, beginning-to-end life cycle of a simple annual, you might add a little harmony to your life that most people seem to need very badly today.

First, you learn patience. Plant development is on a heavenly-fixed schedule, one that hasn't and won't change ever. It can't be hurried. The gratification of a garden is not instant. It's slowly earned and longer held. The success or failure is entirely yours. No one else intervenes.

Second, you discover that a simple seed is a miracle that's more wondrous and complex than any structure man has ever assembled. The mechanical/chemi-

cal complexity of a carrot makes an advanced computer look like tiddlywinks. The real hi-tech is in nature! One has to marvel at the great bulk of matter (and a hundred more seeds) that a speck of a seed can become with the addition of only water, sunlight, and soil nutrients.

Third, the gardener learns how living things must compete to survive, that all seeds may be created equal, but depending on the situation they're placed in, the outcomes can be very different. A plant that's nourished, protected from disease, wind, pests and drought, will surely bear the handsomer flowers or sweetest fruits. Is it any different in raising our own children? Neglect the common rules of good parental cultivation with youngsters, and you can expect the sad casualties and failures.

Fourth, the gardener is uniquely in a position to contemplate. He has a sweet solitude, no outside distractions, and a chance to think for extended periods while his hands work detached from his brain. When do you have time to contemplate? Besides this good mental therapy, bigger gardens afford a good deal of physical therapy also. In these times of haste and tension, gardening can be more important to our inner well-being than perhaps we realize.

Fifth, the gardener has a satisfying tie to nature. People suffer if they are consistently deprived of contact with nature. Working with plants couples us to their cycle of rest, rejuvenation, and fulfillment that has ordered their progress since time began. Commercial megagardening and rapid transport has caused our need to garden to atrophy. The supermarket is a great luxury but a basic and fulfilling part of our nature has withered away. Psychiatry flourishes.

Sixth, the gardener alone, experiences

the taste of truly fresh vegetables and fruit. The taste spread between grocery store and home garden products is a chasm! You may not know what you're missing.

Seventh, your sense of sight, sound, scent, and touch in a garden are refreshed and magnified. These senses blunted by daily contact with things like pavement, plastics, urban ugliness, conditioned air, rock music, and artificial light are virtually dormant but awakened by the delightful sensations that come with turning soil, thumping melons and observing the busy lives of birds and insects living on the same estate. Treat your television-tired eyes to beautiful variations of color, light, and shadow inching across your garden from sunrise to sunset. If you look there's lots to see. My house cat is frozen for hours at a window watching all this backyard action. His tail swings and head swivels. His senses are razor sharp.

Eighth, a garden is the proof, if you need it, that you get out of life what you put into it. That ratio is constant. You have to pull the weeds to get the beauty. You have to remove the dead blossoms to get more blossoms. You have to stake things that are inclined to tip over. You have to replace nutrients into the soil if you expect it to keep producing. You have to supplement with a hose when Pluvius forgets. And, the most productive soil is the deepest dug.

Ninth, the gardener brings beauty to his property, to his neighborhood and to his city. He is sensitive to the condition of his parks, the landscaping around public buildings, and the berms along public ways. When one homeowner brightens the scene with flowers, you can expect many neighbors to do the same. House beautiful, city beautiful.

Tenth, and finally, a community needs people and leaders who have a perspective of the wide natural order of things. I think they might have good judgement and a little more wisdom than the specialists with narrow orientations. Teachers of liberal studies might be better teachers for having had a modest gardening experience. The writings and teachings of the great philosophers and religious figures are filled with gardening metaphors and analogies. The gradual physical and mental development of a person proceeds much like a plant, in many respects, on a higher but parallel plane.

Interest in gardening for most people, comes later in life. That's too bad. An early appreciation of gardening can enrich a whole life. We get too soon old, and too late smart.

—Reprinted from the
Transcript-Telegram, Holyoke (Mass.)



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Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

Marjorie Holmes has written another book and we, her readers, are fortunate. She knows about all the hurts and happinesses of life, having been there. *To Help You Through The Hurting* (Doubleday Publishers, 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, N.Y. 11530, \$8.95) is a book of consolation, of facing bereavement. How to handle the hardest parts of life by becoming "not bitter . . . but better" is the main trust of the book.

On our return from a recent trip, I was scanning the daily paper. Noticing that Marjorie Holmes would be at the bookstore in our shopping mall that very day, my routine took a sharp turn—to the bookstore. She greets her readers and admirers like long lost friends. Along with the autographing, there is a delightful rapport with well-wishers, in her own enthusiastic way. We talked of her *God and Vitamins* now being in paperback, as are many of her others. She was interested in hearing of *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and yes, I am sending her a copy as she requested. She told of writing *To Help You Through The Hurting* and about beginning again. So naturally the dedication is to her new husband, Dr. George Schmieler. She makes the point that the place of the first mate will be sacred and separate forever, and the second husband or wife must realize that a new place is created.

Following are thoughts from the book—

On suffering and the injustice of the world: "My choice is this: 'To doubt and do without,' as someone has said. Or 'to believe and receive.' I believe, Lord, I believe."

The lesson of loss: "Thank you, God, for the wonderful lesson of loss. The arms of my friends console me, the love of my family surrounds me. The goodness and kindness of my neighbors sustain me like a staff. Surely if human beings can surround and help support each other in such times of sorrow, then your love, oh God, must be even more great. I feel your kind hand upon me through the touch of theirs."

When loneliness is new: "Life is too short and too sweet to squander in the darkness, crying. Thank God, thank God you always get me up and back into action. This, as nothing else could, proves how much you care for me."

On growing: "Don't let me ever stop growing, God. Mentally growing. Let me learn at least one new thing about something important every day. Broaden my understanding. Deepen my compassion. Thank you for this person that you made in your image, Lord."



Iowa-born author Marjorie Holmes returns to her home state for personal appearances. She is shown at a Sioux City bookstore autographing her work. Marjorie's latest book is *To Help You Through The Hurting*.

Her hope is that *To Help You Through The Hurting* will make us realize that "this too will pass" and that God has wonderful things in store for us. She talks and writes about us. Another book to add to your collection of this beloved writer.

The Evening Stars (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass., \$14.95) by Barbara Matusow refers to those people who anchor the network news. *The Evening Stars* tells it like it is. The first complete history of the network news anchor, those covered include John Cameron Swayze, Huntley and Brinkley, Cronkite, Reasoner, Walters, Smith, Chancellor, Mudd, Brokaw and Rather. The book delves into the world of ambition, egos, triumphs and disasters that mark the careers of those unelected individuals.

Yes, the anchors do help us elect presidents, sway Congress, tell us whether we are at peace or at war. They are able to make us laugh or cry, become angry or confused. Such power is not given in other countries. But here in the United States it is the normal way that the business of network news is transacted.

Author Matusow concludes, "The challenge facing the networks in this era of all-powerful anchors is to find a way to combine the elements of personality and style with the best traditions of journalism, to let people know what they need to know, and why they need to know it."

Very informative, *The Evening Stars* provides a close-up look at America's most influential journalists.



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I have a very special friend;
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He is so kind and loving and true;
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I feel I have known Him forever and ever—
As we trod life's pathway each day together.

I'm sure you know my friend also,
Because of your faith, you are here all aglow.
To pray, and study the ways we share,
And let the world know we really care.

I'm glad to tell you about my friend,
For I feel you know Him by the prayers you send.

Let us always be true to our friend up above,
To let Him know and feel our love.

Let us be thankful we know our friend,
To help us each day our lives to mend;
For no one is perfect here on this earth;
We struggle to serve Him from the time of our birth. —Julia Ann Bagby

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TROUBLE REMEMBERING?

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

Do you sometimes forget what you do with things? I mean things like your purse, your billfold, your keys, your grocery list? Console yourself. You're not alone.

"You can make matters easier by making a list," my husband would admonish.

"What do I do when I can't find the list?" always stopped him.

Forgetting what you do with things is not only frustrating, it's a nuisance. And yet, when you forget to remember, you really are remembering, aren't you? You're remembering that you forgot.

I'm always reproaching myself for forgetting to remember. Where did I put this? Where did I put that? I just had my billfold. Yes, right here on the table. It's gone. It disappeared. Then a voice chides me severely—my own voice impatient with my stupidity. "Think! Where were you last? What room? Concentrate! Retrace your footsteps."

Yes, of course, what room? Where was I last? And before that? I had answered the door. It was the newsboy collecting. Did I give him my billfold instead of the card to punch? Now I re-

member. After I paid the newsboy, the telephone rang. I answered. Did the telephone swallow my billfold? There was my billfold in plain sight relaxing on the telephone table.

I would be gravely concerned about my "forgetting to remember faculties" if some of my friends didn't reassure me they were in the same boat. One actually confirmed this before my very eyes as I stepped out of my apartment into the hallway to get my mail. I caught my breath when I saw my comely neighbor across the hall on the floor, one leg tucked neatly under the other, surrounded by a multitude of gadgets, pens, pencils, billfold, lipstick, comb, compact and whatnot. Just when I gasped in wonderment at how her small purse could possibly hold so many thingamajigs, I observed she was still delving into her purse with great determination and extracting more indefinable objects the likes of which I have never seen.

"Looking for something?" I asked, wondering how she would ever recognize it if she did find it among that jumbled mixture.

"My keys," she answered laconically in a distressed voice, without looking up.

"H-m-m. Your keys," I echoed. I suddenly remembered I didn't have my keys

and tried my door to see if I had locked myself out. Fortunately not.

I was on the verge of asking my neighbor when she had her keys last when I thought better of it. The little imaginary character with a voice that was always reproving me when I couldn't find something, piped up again. "Concentrate! Think! Are you sure . . . ?"

With the heap of stuff dumped out of that purse, it seemed incredible that there wouldn't be a couple of keys among this varied assortment. Much to my disappointment, as I plopped down next to my neighbor on the floor, curling one leg under the other, I couldn't, as much as I tried, identify anything that remotely resembled her keys. We both gave up in desperation.

Weeks later when I encountered my neighbor attired in her apple red suit, she beamed, "Guess where I found my keys? Right here, in this pocket!" Of course, she had worn the apple red suit the day her keys so mysteriously disappeared.

We often become provoked at our seeming stupidity for not being able to remember. Just the other day I spent at least ten minutes looking for my watch when I remembered I had taken it off to wind it and left it on my desk while I was typing. Another time I spent twenty minutes looking for my earrings when I had them on.

Many a time I have complimented myself on my efficiency in neatly typing a grocery list, only to find I have put the list down somewhere and can't find it. Where was I last? On the last occasion, I decided list or no list, I'll get my purse and start for the store. My purse, where is my purse? Heavens! I had it right here on the sofa. That's strange. I start looking. I'll wear a path on this carpeting yet. How on earth did my purse get on my bed? Oh, yes, now I remember. I took it into the bedroom when I went to look for the grocery ads on the night table. Now, whatever happened to my checkbook? It's not in my purse. Oh, dear, I may as well start looking for my checkbook and cancel my trip to the grocery for the time being. With the state of the economy, I probably wouldn't have enough money in my checking account anyway, to pay for my groceries.

+ + +

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
more of us than that.

1984 is the great unknown for us! Whatever it brings us of joy or of sadness is something that right now is beyond our control. The one thing we know for certain is that whatever 1984 brings, God will be present to share it with us.

Sincerely,

Frederick

Start the New Year
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KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
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KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
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For the details of this Crandall family picture, see Mary Lea Palo's note below.

Mary Lea Palo writes:

I wanted to share with you friends this picture of some of my relatives on my mother's side of the family. Pictured here are the 4th, 5th, and 6th generations of Crandalls to be associated with the Ashaway Line and Twine Manufacturing Company. From left to right we have Casey Crandall, her brother, Steve, their (and my) grandfather, Julian T. Crandall, and their mother Pam Crandall, widow of Julian's only son, Bob.

Pam is currently the capable president of the company which my grandfather headed for many years. His work

in and great love for sport fishing gave him opportunities for wonderful adventures all over the world. How my brother, David, and I used to love to wander around our grandparents' house when we were young, getting reacquainted with the many mementos of Grandfather's trips that he had displayed at home.

Julian and my grandmother, Mary (for whom I am named, along with my other grandmother, Leanna Driftmier), now live in Florida and spend their summers in Connecticut with my parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier. —Mary Lea

CAKEWALK

Have you heard the expression "to take the cake?" It comes from the old cakewalk, a popular dance on the stage originated by American Negroes before the Civil War. That expression can be modified somewhat, but it still is an old-fashioned way of saying that something is laughable, monstrous, or even surprisingly successful.

It is thought the idea went back to the Southern plantations, when the cakewalk was an entertainment contest in which the colored couples walked in a square formation, men on the inside, taking strutting high steps and turning corners precisely in mimicry of the white man's artificial manners. Couples were gradually eliminated until the most elegant and graceful one received a richly decorated cake as a prize.

About 1900, there was a dance called "cakewalk" which became a big fad in

fashionable ballrooms all over America. Cakewalk contests were also a part of minstrel and variety shows. A cake was awarded to the dancer who did the most intricate steps.

Today, a cakewalk is a fun event for young and old. It is a fund-raising activity that has grown much in popularity. Contestants walk around a table with numbers on it. As music plays, people move one hand from one number to the next. When the music stops, the person in charge of the cakewalk, draws a number; the person who has his hand on the number drawn wins a cake. Each player is charged a fee to play the game. All the fancy cakes are usually donated by the members of the sponsoring organization.

This is fun for all and requires very little physical effort, only walking for exercise. If luck is with you, you might win a CAKE.

—Norma Tisher

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Each year garden communicators and home gardeners alike look forward to knowing what the new All-American Selections Winners will be for the coming season. For 1984, All-America Selections proudly presents two new bountiful vegetables and one beautiful flower. The 1984 winners are: Snap Pea "Sugar Ann", Tomato "Celebrity Fl", and Zinnia "Border Beauty Rose Hybrid".

"Sugar Ann" is the earliest round, edible snap pea. It is a daughter of the All-Time Winner "Sugar Snap" but unlike its mother, it has a bush habit, making it ideal for small, space-efficient gardens or containers. You will like this crunchy, irresistibly sweet snap pea.

Its vigor, disease resistance, high yield and exceptionally flavorful fruit, make "Celebrity Fl" tomato a 1984 AAS Winner. The vine is short, has many branches and produces fruits that are eight ounces or larger, and matures in 70 days. Keep in mind for trial.

The 1984 AAS Winner "Border Beauty Rose Hybrid" zinnia has radiant rose-pink blossoms highlighted with a touch of salmon. The vigorous, semi-dwarf plants grow to about 20 inches and produce dahlia-type, semi- to full double flowers that are 3 to 3½ inches across. "Border Beauty" yields a profusion of blooms from early summer through fall. The stand-out flowers provide a lavish display in beds, borders, containers and mass plantings. The rose-pink blooms are ideal as cut flowers, and gardeners can cut as many as they want and still have plenty in the garden.

This year the All-America Selection Winners have a new logo. It looks like the old one but it now combines the name of the organization with the prestigious winners. It is important that the home gardener recognize the logo and to look for it on seed packets, in catalogs, and on bedding plant labels. There are more than 275 All-America Selections Winners still on the market, some from as far back as 1934. Many winners chosen over the last half-century have proved to be enduring favorites. Look for the emblem below on all AAS Winners.



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women and children leading active, pain-free lives in spite of the fact that they have serious knee problems. It makes me feel good to know that my support is making the difference.

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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded bump, bump, bump. She dashed to the door to discover Elizabeth had gone down the steps clear to the bottom in her walker. She didn't fall out of the walker until she got to the bottom and Kristin thinks the walker probably protected her from being hurt badly. Elizabeth was one scared baby and had a red bump on her forehead. Kristin said they didn't let her go to sleep for three or four hours and had been watching her closely, but she is just fine. Needless to say, the popcorn didn't get popped.

Kristin called us the night Elizabeth took her first steps, the day she was nine months old. She walked from the davenport to the chair where Kristin was sitting and thought she was so smart she had to do it many more times.

Our deer hunter friends from Kanawha are here now for the opening of the deer season. The hunters have seen many deer, all does, but only one of the fellows has a "any sex" license, so they have been out of luck so far.

Frank and I send you our warmest greetings and our hopes and prayers for a happy and healthy New Year.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

MY INVISIBLE UMBRELLA

You may not see it friends,
but you can feel it there.
It pays great dividends
to those who love and care.

The Lord knows I have had
my share of ups and downs.
He came when I was sad
with love that has no bounds.

His spirit moves with me.
His name I praise in song,
No doubt about it, He
is tagging right along!

Each day I really try
to live like Him above,
for then I know that I
am sheltered by His love.

—Maria Kreutzkamp White



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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concl. vocabulary that goes with bicycle motocross, but the dominant word is "chrome-moly" which describes the alloy used in the bike frames, pedals, forks, etc. I am slowly learning to speak the language!

Thirteen-year-old Katharine is looking forward to this spring because it means a trip to Washington, D.C., with some of her eighth-grade classmates. The public schools are sponsoring this trip which makes the cost reasonable. Katharine visited Washington, D.C., last spring, but this trip has many places on the itinerary which we didn't have time to see then. Also, a trip with a group of students who are all the same age just might be more fun than the trip with Mother . . . plus the fact that the kids are staying in a hotel. Katharine has very little experience with hotels or motels. When we travel, we are camping in our tent or staying with friends or relatives. Believe me, a week in a hotel sounds like glamorous stuff to Katharine!

Katharine has gotten involved with speech meets this year. She is a natural for public speaking according to her speech teacher. The major speech competitions are held in the spring months so this is something else Katharine is looking forward to doing. Right now the speech students are working on demonstration speeches. Katharine chose to make the unbaked Orange Ball Cookies (on page 443 in the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*) for her project. She headed out the door this morning loaded down with bowls and little sacks of ingredients. I do hope it went well! We'll have enough of these cookies to feed the neighborhood as she had to rehearse her demonstration last night to get the timing right. Unless she gives away all the cookies she makes at school, we'll be knee-deep in orange balls!

Jed is hopeful that 1984 will bring him the pleasure of **FINALLY** hooking one of the huge trout that live in the Red River Box area which is north of Taos, New Mexico. I should qualify this statement. Jed has *semi-hooked* two of these monsters, but both of them managed to get off the hook before they could be dragged ashore. An eyewitness to one of these struggles said that the escaped trout **HAD** to be at least twenty-four inches long. For a devoted fisherman, an experience like that just makes him more determined to try again! Looking in my crystal ball I think I see a few fishing trips coming up for our family in 1984.

A very Happy New Year from the Albuquerque members of the the Kitchen-Klatter family! Lucile and Betty Jane send their warmest greetings as well.

Sincerely,

Juliana

JIGSAW PUZZLES ARE FASCINATING

by

Virginia Thomas

Jigsaw puzzles are always popular, enjoyed by children and adults alike. The origin of the jigsaw puzzle is something of a mystery as no one seems to know just when the first puzzles came into being.

There have been jigsaw puzzles discovered in attics and old trunks which dated back to the 1760's. The first puzzles were cut by hand. Later a special kind of saw, a jigsaw, was used to cut the irregular pieces and the Americans then gave the puzzle the name of the saw.

Some of the early puzzles were maps of certain countries which were cut into pieces. In fact the early puzzles were considered educational aids and not as toys or games.

Early puzzles were very expensive to make as they were cut of the finest hardwood, usually mahogany or cedar. Years later softwoods were often used. Eventually puzzles were made of cardboard to lower the cost.

The English have always been very fond of the jigsaw puzzles. In a London museum, one may see a very large and beautiful puzzle which has in it 36 kinds of birds in a lovely setting of trees and cottages. It is dated 1821.

I found it interesting that while the English are very fond of putting the figures of royalty in their puzzles, they usually left the prints of their faces uncut as a sign of respect. They love to make their puzzles with a beautiful garden scene—many flowers and trees—with someone in the royal family as a central figure. In the London Museum may be seen puzzles which feature Queen Victoria and other royalty up through Queen Elizabeth II.

Jigsaw puzzles today are made to be enjoyed by all ages, beginning with the two-year-old which has but two or three pieces, on up to adult puzzles which may include hundreds of intricately cut pieces.

The round puzzles have become especially popular with adults. Many of the finest of adult puzzles have no picture on the box cover, so there will be no clue to help assemble the puzzle.

The making of adult puzzles has become a major business, with expert designers traveling all over the world to visit museums and art galleries in search of beautiful subjects for a puzzle.

One firm fashions custom-made puzzles using five-ply mahogany as the backing on the pieces. These often include the recipient's name or initials in the intricate design. These puzzles may cost from \$150 to \$200.

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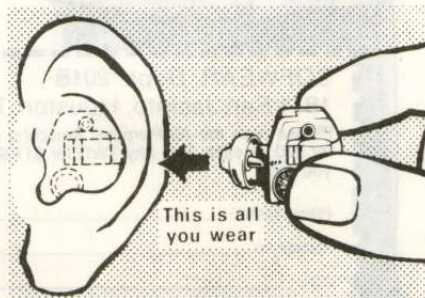
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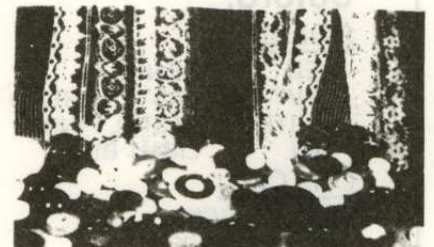


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