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MAGAZINE

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Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

A beautiful chapter in Betty's and my life has come to an end. Betty's mother, Mary Crandall, passed away a few days ago. She spent her last illness in a Florida hospital, and we are so grateful that she lingered there only five days. Betty and/or her two sisters were with their mother every hour of those five days, and during her last hour of consciousness, her daughters sang to her some of the old songs and hymns she had taught them when the girls were young.

Betty's mother was almost ninety-four years old and lived a good, Christian life of service to her church. Imagine! Mrs. Crandall had been a member of her church for eighty-two years! During much of that time, she had been a member of the choir, had taught a Sabbath school class, and had been very active in the Ladies Aid of the church. The house where Mary grew up was just two doors from her church.

I used to tell my mother-in-law: "You know, Mother, I fell in love with you and so decided to marry your daughter!" There is a little bit of truth in that story, because it was only after I had been a guest in the Crandalls' home that I proposed to Betty. Her mother was so gracious, so lovely, and so kind; and Betty so resembled her mother that I just knew she was the girl for me. The years have proven my judgment to be exactly right.

You folks are aware, I am sure, that Betty's mother and father have lived in our home for the past five summers. When the doctors told the Crandalls that they could no longer live in their big, family home, Betty and I took early retirement and bought a house in Connecticut where we would have room for them whenever they wanted to be with us. It has been such a fine arrangement. They have loved spending their summers with us just as much as we have loved having them. We are hoping that Mr.

Crandall will return to our home again this summer, but that will depend upon his health. For the past several months, he has required nursing care around the clock.

Every time I look out our windows at the wild bird life along the shore and in our woods, I find myself thinking: "How much Betty's mother would love to be watching this!" Mrs. Crandall used to spend hours and hours at the window or seated out on our sun deck watching the birds. If she were here this morning, she would be excited about the return of the cormorants. I don't know where the cormorants go in the winter, but I certainly know where they are in the summer! Every year it seems that we have more and more of them along our New England shores.

Cormorants are fascinating birds to watch, particularly when they are fishing. They are the most powerful swimming birds, and underwater, use their wings just the way they use them when flying. These birds dive to great depths after fish, and after feeding, they sit on the rocks and fan their big wings back and forth to dry them. Every time I see cormorants drying their wings, I just have to laugh! They are such odd-looking birds! Because the cormorant's legs are set very far back on its body, the bird is forced to stand erect, as straight as a penguin. The cormorant's tail becomes very stiff to serve as a third leg, holding the bird upright.

The Chinese and Japanese use the cormorants to catch fish. A ring is put around the cormorant's neck so that the bird cannot swallow the fish it catches, and the owner pulls the bird up to the boat with a leash and takes the fish out of its mouth. The cormorant is not used for that purpose around here. They are such ugly birds that I would not want a fish that had been in a cormorant's throat. If I did use them for fishing, I would probably do well for there are dozens and dozens of cormorants feeding in our cove this very instant.

During this past winter, there were two big blue herons feeding in front of our house, right at the point where a little stream emptied fresh water into the salt water of the cove. Herons will only eat live fish so there was no way to feed them the way I feed the grain-eating birds through the winter months. How I have worried about those herons! When there is absolutely no ice-free water along the river's edge, the herons starve. Usually there is a little open water because the ice is broken up by the freshets, and that is why the birds feed near the stream.

If you have watched herons feeding, then you know how patient they can be. Sometimes the two in front of our house will stand on the shore for fifteen minutes at a time without moving a single muscle or a single feather. The bird's



Mary Crandall.

great height, telescopic eyesight, and acute hearing makes the Great Blue Heron an excellent fisherman. I love to watch the herons walk along the shore, wading in the shallow waters. They lift their long legs very slowly and sedately, stepping noiselessly and so very, very carefully along the way.

Back in the days when I did some hot-air ballooning across the forested hills of Massachusetts, I frequently saw dozens of heron nests high in the tops of dead trees. What a combination of discordant sounds would arise from the nests when there were young herons frightened by the balloon. It is really something to see when the parents regurgitate the contents of their own stomachs as they feed the babies. It almost looks like the parents are killing the young as they stick their long, pointed bills deep into the babies' throats.

One day last summer, I was sailing my boat close to a point of land where I could see some heron nests. It was right at the time when the young herons were getting ready to fly; oh, what wing flapping there was. The little herons are so awkward on their long legs that they have to use their beaks and claws to hold onto the branches as they stretch and try their wings. The young herons seem to flap their wings for days before they are strong enough to actually take off on their first flights.

Up in Nova Scotia, I once saw a Great Blue Heron, nearly five feet tall, almost strangle on a big fish it had caught. The fish was at least a foot long—too big to go down the heron's throat, and too tightly wedged to be disgorged. The last I saw of that heron, he was flying off with a part of the fish sticking out of his bill. I wonder if he could have gotten another heron to pull the fish out of his throat? I would not want to try that kind of first aid, because this bird's bill is notoriously dangerous!

It will be at least two months before the return from the South of the two white egrets which feed in our cove during the summer months. How happy we are when they come back from their winter feeding grounds. Egrets are such beautiful birds—so stately, so friendly, and so

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been one of those dreary days when the weather can't make up its mind which to do, rain or snow. A little rain came this morning and put a glaze of ice on everything, then the sun came out and melted the glazing. Now the rain has returned and the forecast is for snow tonight. Our area had two January thaws this year and some of the snow melted, but there is still a lot left. I'm glad it didn't all melt at once or we would have had a January flood.

I mentioned in one of my letters several months ago that a little possum was coming after dark and eating whatever was left in the cats' food pan. Now there are two that come, and they don't wait until dark anymore. They come around four in the afternoon. The other day when Frank went outdoors one of the possums was at the pan, but walked off to the wash house. Frank said, all at once, the possum came tearing out of the building with one of the cats hot on his tail, and that really looked funny.

When Frank was telling me about this, I made the comment that possums are so funny-looking and homely. The possum is one of the oldest animals that inhabit our earth. They date back to B.C., and have no physical way to protect themselves like skunks and civet cats do. Their only protection is to play dead, and of course that is where the saying "play-in possum" comes from.

After I mentioned the sweatshirts that Margery embroidered, several women have written wanting to know more about them. We first got the idea when we were looking through a little booklet put out by Coats and Clark, No. 259, called *Ideas for Embroidery*. The booklet also included some transfer patterns for the illustrated ideas. Marge and I have always liked to wear the long-sleeved, fleece-lined sweatshirts in the winter, because they are so warm. The only trouble was, they were so plain. Marge does beautiful handwork so she bought some new shirts and fancied them up a little bit. Now jogging suits are so popular and are made in all sorts of lovely colors. You no longer have to settle for just the plain brown, navy, or white as we used to. The two pieces are sold separately so you don't have to buy the pants. Marge has embroidered so many that she soon used all her patterns, until she found, in a large fabric shop in Arizona, some large books with nothing but transfers of all kinds in them. Marge has embroidered designs on three shirts for me, and Peggy Dyer has also done several for me, so I am well supplied with fancy

sweatshirts. I was certainly glad to have them during this past cold winter.

I purchased three little jogging suits for Elizabeth. Marge embroidered the Three Bears on one, a clown on another, and a mother mouse and some cute little mice on the third. When I talked to Kristin last night, she said the box had arrived and she thought the suits were just darling. That day Elizabeth had worn the blue suit which has the clown design on it.

When I sent the box to Kristin, I also included some clothes Cassie outgrew that Mary Lea had brought for me to send. When Kristin and Juliana outgrew their clothes, they were passed on to Mary Lea, Emily and Alison. Now these girls are passing their children's clothing onto their cousins' children. And so the tradition carries on, which I think is very nice. It is also very helpful since the cost of children's clothing today is so high.

I had saved only two of Kristin's baby dresses—the first one I smocked for her, which she wore when she was christened, and a beautiful pale pink batiste dress, that Lucile embroidered and made by hand when Kristin had the whooping cough. Those dresses are forty years old now. I didn't know if they would fall apart when I laundered them, but both dresses did up beautifully. The material in those dresses is pure cotton, a lovely quality batiste, and I think they will even outlast Elizabeth. The drawback is that they do have to be ironed, and require a lot more work than today's wash-and-wear materials. I'm going to start making Elizabeth some dresses. In fact, I have the first one smocked and ready to put together; and the material contains some polyester and probably won't have to be ironed. I'm sure that will make Kristin happy.

I had a long visit today with our pastor, Sara Speer, about the Lucas County Crisis Center, something she spearheaded after she came here. Pastor Speer is very happy about the results of her efforts. The idea for the project really started when the county relief director attended one of the Inter Church Council meetings and told of the great need for a county food bank. Everyone agreed it would be a wonderful thing and several community meetings were held to discuss how this could be managed. A system was worked out whereby the project could be monitored so that the food and clothing would go to the people who really needed assistance.

This Valentine's Day was the first anniversary of the Crisis Center. A building was rented and the Center was opened on February 14, 1983. Hundreds of families have been helped this past year. It isn't a place where anyone can walk in off the street to get free food and clothes. If people need something, they can go to their pastor, the sheriff, or the county relief director and get a voucher listing



Pictured is the Brase family of Torrington, Wyo. In the back are Andy and Aaron, in front is Julian, and Kristin holding baby Elizabeth. The only one missing in the picture is Art, who took the snapshot. Kristin is the daughter of Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

their needs and then take it to the center where the items will be given to them.

Seven to ten days are required to get food stamps after applying for them, and in the meantime if people can't make ends meet, the Crises Center is there to help them over the hump. Lucas County is fortunate to have a volunteer nutritionist who works with the center and plans balanced meals with the foods that have been donated. Cards are made out with a week's menus on them for the size of the family, and the foods to go with the menus are sacked up for them. Sara said that in 1983 food for 17,000 meals was given out at the center, and during the first 20 days in January this year, 400 meals had been distributed. Volunteers do all the work at the center and donate many hours of their time.

Volunteers also made hundreds of mittens and stocking caps for children this winter. The yarn was donated and volunteers did the work. School teachers distributed the caps and mittens to children who didn't have any.

Food and clothing for the center has been donated by church groups, clubs, business places, individuals—anyone who wants to help. A box is kept in the back of our church for donations. Members of our Birthday Club bring a food item for the center when meetings are held. Pastor Sara Speer said in one town, where she lived, the people wanted to start a food bank so the church youth groups went out one evening and canvassed the town, asking for just one can of food from each house. When the young people returned they had enough to start the bank. If our center is low on any particular food or clothing item, an

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Magic Moments

An Appreciation Party

by

Mabel Nair Brown

How long has it been since your church has honored its loyal workers—Sunday school teachers, choir members, church and Sunday school officers, the organist and others who do so much to keep your church alive and well? We hope these suggestions will inspire you to help plan such an appreciation party in your church.

March offers the perfect opportunity to plan for a really fun party with a hint of the Irish in the decorations and the entertainment as you come up with some "magic moments" to remember.

INVITATIONS

Cut shamrocks from green construction paper and write the invitation with white ink or marking pen. The invitation might read: "You are invited to be our honored guest on (date) at (time) at (location) when we hope you'll enjoy some 'Magic Moments' with us. Shure, we're going to blarney you up, but you'll like it! Shure, and we'll be expectin' you, begorra." (Signed)

DECORATIONS

St. Patrick's Pipe Centerpiece: For the stem of the pipe, roll a piece of heavy paper into a tapered tube and fasten to hold it in shape. Cut an opening in a foam drinking cup large enough for bigger end of the stem to be inserted into it. Wrap the cup and then the stem with green yarn, gluing and cutting as needed to cover the cup and stem. It works best to wrap the stem and then insert it into place. Set the pipe on a large lace paper doily and place on top of a foam base (concealed under the doily). The pipe cup may be filled with a cluster of shamrocks or with candies.

Place Cards: From brown construction paper, cut out a potato shape. Mark in the eyes of the potato with a black marking pen. Write guests' names with green. If you want the place card to stand up, glue a small strip of cardboard to the back to make a stand.

Favor Ideas: Cut shamrocks from green construction paper. Glue a

Blarney stone (small rock) in center of each. Write words "Good Luck" or "Thank You" above the stone and you might want to write "Blarney Stone" below it, in case guests do not recognize it!

For the ladies, make gathered fluff balls of green nylon net to use as pot scrapers. These could be piled in a large basket and used as part of the decorations until time to hand out.

For the men, glue a cutout green paper shamrock to each side of a matchbook.

Other Ideas: Pepper ring shamrocks make lovely decorations for St. Patrick's season to use as garnish on ham loaf or other meat platters, or to use with salads. Simply cut the top off the pepper. Clean out and seed peppers. Cut into 1/4-inch rings and presto you have the shamrock! Sprigs of fresh parsley tucked in the centers of shamrocks add an extra decorative touch.

Green and white crepe paper streamers might be draped around the room, with more shamrocks suspended from the streamers.

Instead of nut cups, use large, flat chocolate mint patties. Using a cake decorator filled with green icing, write "Thank You" on each mint.

PROGRAM

Blarney Awards: In a spirit of fun, why not give some official-looking award ribbons to the various honored guests? "Canary Award" to a choir member; "Perennial Baby Sitter" to the nursery Sunday school teacher; "For Above and Beyond the Line of Duty" to the teacher of teen-agers are ideas for the awards. These awards might be presented during that part of the program when each honored guest is recognized, and perhaps the number of years in present position given. Ahead of time, find out from class pupils, former pupils, choir members (in case of choir director and organist) some special anecdote, especially something humorous that happened in class, or choir, or committee

meeting, etc., which can be told as a "magic moment" for each person recognized.

Make the award ribbons by cutting large green shamrocks from construction paper, then pasting three white ribbon streamers flaring out from the bottom of the shamrock. Type the name of the "award" on the shamrock. Pin one of these on the honoree as recognized.

ENTERTAINMENT

Gum Sculpture: Hand each person a stick of gum and a file card. Each guest is to chew the gum and then use it to mold a piece of sculpture upon the card—something pertaining to some object mentioned in the Bible, or it can be something connected with St. Patrick's Day; for example a shamrock, pipe, or shillelagh.

Irish Concert: Each player is handed a slip of paper. On each is written the name of a musical instrument used in an orchestra. The orchestra director is selected beforehand and must be someone who can hum Irish tunes well. Everyone is ordered to tune his instrument before the concert begins. Players do this all in pantomime. The director then beats time as he directs the orchestra and as he hums an Irish song. All players must pantomime playing their particular instrument. At any time the director may point his baton at a player and say "Solo." That player must play solo as director hums, until the director signals that whole orchestra resume playing. At any time a player does not promptly follow director's gestures and orders, he must pay a forfeit, or drop out of game.

Shamrock Number Grab: Cut 31 small shamrocks from green construction paper. On each shamrock write a number for each of the 31 days in the month of March. Place the numbered shamrocks in a box covered with green paper. In the top of the box make a hole large enough to put the hand through. To some rollicking Irish music played on piano, or record player, have all of the guests march around a small table on which the box is placed. Have a spot on the table top marked with a large "X." When a guest passes this "X" while marching, he or she tries to reach in the box and pull out just one shamrock. When all of the numbers have been taken from the box, stop the music and add up scores. Each player adds up the total of the numbers drawn. Lucky is the player who has drawn the number 17 for he can add an extra 17 points to his score. The person who draws 15, the date for the Ides of March, must subtract 15 from his total. Award a small prize to the highest score.

Hunting o' the Green: Beforehand hide a paper shamrock somewhere in the

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room, but in a place where nothing needs to be moved or touched to find it. To play the game, everyone is to sing or whistle "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" as they walk about looking for the shamrock. As soon as player finds it, he immediately stops, stands still where he is, and begins singing or whistling "America." Of course everyone will rush to the spot near that player and try to spot the shamrock. As each one does, they, too, change to the tune "America," until finally all are singing the same song.

Hot Potato: Players are all seated in a circle. At signal to start, a potato is passed around the circle to the right. An alarm clock is set to go off in a minute, or less, time. When the alarm rings, the player holding the potato must perform some stunt requested by the player sitting on his or her left. The game continues until several have performed stunts. If circle is large, you might want to pass two potatoes around.

Pin the Pipe: A different twist for an old fun maker. Draw a picture of a large pipe on a piece of paper. Have ready a small paper shamrock and pins. Blindfold each player and then let the player try to pin the shamrock on the pipe.

Stunt Time is sure to bring smiles. Write a stunt on slips of paper. Hand each player one of the slips of paper. When player's name is called, he is to perform the stunt. Here are suggestions for some stunts:

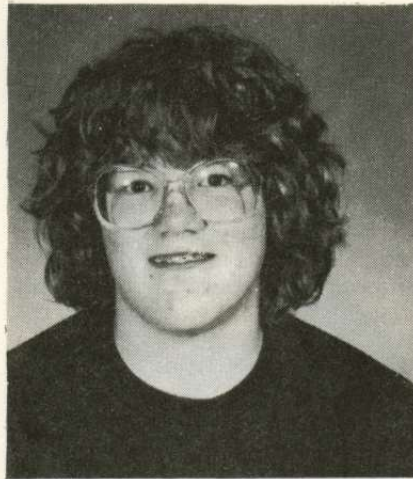
1. Sing an Irish song as you think an Irish tenor might.
2. Give your version of an Irish jig.
3. Imitate a girl "green" about football at her first game with a date.
4. List five things that are green in color.
5. Imitate a bashful boy asking a girl for his first date.
6. Tell in pantomime why you would rather live in Greencastle, Ind., than in Greenland.
7. Tell an Irish joke.
8. Greet five people with "Top of the morning to you" in pantomime.
9. Name five things you can do with a potato.
10. Get down on the floor and kiss an imaginary Blarney stone.

Killarney Hit Parade: Pass out pencils and slips of paper cut in shamrock shape. Each player is to name as many Irish songs as he or she can on one side of the shamrock paper. Have the longest list read. Have players turn paper over and list as many green items as they can.

WORDS

Words can say so little and yet so much, Words express thoughts and feelings and such.

Three little words, "I love you," Are more than any actions can say or do.
—Bonnie Feeken



Thirteen-year-old Katharine Lowey is the busy, teenage daughter of Juliana and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, N. Mex. Katharine is looking forward to a spring trip to Washington, D.C., with some of her eighth-grade classmates.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, CAMP FIRE GIRLS

A Founder's Day Program

Setting: Make very large letters of cardboard, to spell out the name CAMP FIRE and make the numerals for the years 1910 and 1984. Spray letters and numbers with gold paint, or cover them with gold paper. Arrange the letters on a table in a semi-circle with the year 1910 at the left of the name and 1984 at the right. Place numbers and letters in needle-pointed flower holders, or in blocks of styrofoam, to hold them upright. Conceal the holders with bits of greenery.

Eight girls will assist the leader by giving the readings that relate to each letter.

Leader: Today we are honoring the founding of the Camp Fire Girls organization and particularly paying tribute to our own local Camp Fire Girls and their leaders. We are grateful for living in a land where such organizations for our young people can grow and flourish. Will you join us now in the "Pledge of Allegiance": (One Camp Fire Girl may be designated to lead in saying the pledge.)

Song: "America the Beautiful"

Leader: I have asked eight of our girls to share with you some of the Camp Fire laws and ideals as they might relate them to the letters which make up the name, CAMP FIRE.

C — I speak for the letter "C". A Camp Fire Girl is CHEERFUL, desires to be happy and make others happy with her smile, her friendliness, her promptness and her obedience. We like to remember that happiness is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a little on yourself.

A — My letter is "A" and I think it

stands for ALWAYS—always ready to serve others—at home, at school, in church, wherever I may be. This poem says it very well:

If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how.

If I can aid one in distress,
If I can make a burden less,
If I can spread more happiness,
Lord, show me how. —Anon.

M — "M" is the letter that tells a Camp Fire Girl to be MINDFUL of the care she gives her body, being mindful that she keeps clean in body and thoughts. I have to live with myself and so I would be fit for myself to know; I want to be able, as days go by, Always to look myself in the eye . . . Whatever happens I want to be Self-respecting and conscience free.
—Anon.

P — The letter "P" stands for a very important goal for a Camp Fire Girl—to PURSUE knowledge, always seeking for truth and right. We must be learning and growing in knowledge every day; growing in love, in understanding, in kindness, in knowing more about the people and the world around us. We must ever be alert to widen our horizons.

Solo: "My Task" may be used here.

F — "F" is the letter that tells us a Camp Fire Girl is always FAITHFUL, trustworthy. She is faithful to her family and her friends. A Camp Fire Girl holds her honor sacred so that she is above cheating or failing to do the tasks that are assigned to her. She is honest in all she says and does.

I — The "I" stands for the IMPORTANCE of work in our lives. Work is vital to our development. Doing whatever your hands find to do, with all your might, facing every task with a determination to carry it out with the best of your ability. Finding a sense of satisfaction and a pride in seeing a job well done is the aim of the Camp Fire Girl.

R — "R" reminds us that REVERENCE to God is a foremost law in the life of every Camp Fire Girl. She is faithful in her religious duties.

E — The "E" in our name says that a Camp Fire Girl is EVER seeking beauty in life every day. She finds beauty in the simple things—a loaf of freshly baked bread—a bird's flight across the lawn—the squirrel scurrying to hide a walnut for winter—the smile of a friend—the snow-white blouse Mother has just laundered with loving care—a brilliant sunset.

Leader: We salute you, our Camp Fire Girls, on this Founder's Day Observance and you, our leaders, we offer our heartfelt thanks for the time, patience, and love you give to the girls in your keeping.

Song: "America"



JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Here it is—that time of year when I make daily rounds of my flower beds! Each trip rewards me with yet another spring flower making an appearance. Only the snowdrops and the crocus are actually blooming, but I know that it won't be long before the early tulips and daffodils will be putting on their annual show. I have several species of the tiny tulips, and they are some of my favorites. Oh! I do hope that the weather cooperates this year. Last year was such a disappointment. We had extremely late, hard freezes. Many of the later-blooming bulbs came up and the foliage turned into mush overnight. My violets were nipped before I could try to make candied violets. This year if all goes well, I'll try some of the violet recipes that you were kind enough to send to me.

Many of you old-time radio friends will remember the beautiful, formal garden that my parents maintained behind our home in Shenandoah. In fact, probably many of you visited the garden. I know that as a child I greeted many hundreds of people over the years. Thinking of tulips made me remember the year that my father decided to "do" tulips the way the garden catalogs presented them . . . that is to say, planting masses or drifts of color. To do this he ordered over 1,500 tulip bulbs. Now that means not only 1,500 flowers, it also means digging 1,500 holes in which to plant the bulbs. What a fall that was! We all pitched in and the effect the next spring truly was worth the effort. I must add that was the only year I remember "doing" tulips in the grand style.

My bulb collection is not anywhere as extensive as I would like it to be. Every year there seems to be so many new and exciting things to try. I have finally gotten the knack of growing tuberous begonias. I had success in carrying the bulbs (actually tubers) over from year to year. Does this mean that I need never buy another tuberous begonia? No! Not as long as the hybridizers keep up their good work.

My husband, Jed, is not an avid flower fan, but he does have a weakness for gladiolus. I am more than happy to take this preference into account when I rummage through the catalogs of summer flowers.

Lilies are some of my mid-summer treasures. This year my one huge regal lily will have a chance to bloom again. This particular bulb was purchased many years ago. It has been totally dependable, putting up one stalk about five and a half feet high topped with a minimum of six flowers. Last summer its stalk reached about three feet high and was promptly munched off by the horses



Emily (left) and Teddy Rowe are the children of Beth and Bill Rowe of Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Beth is the younger sister of Jed Lowey.

who were pasturing in the next-door field. We did enjoy seeing the horses next-door, but it was disaster for all my plantings close to the wall where they could lean over and graze on roses, pine trees, flowering quince, and the lilies.

The horses have since moved to a new home. Yes, we do miss them. Katharine had made a special pet of one horse named Rifka. It was a teary day for Katharine when the trailer loaded up Rifka and shipped her off. Katharine did feel better when she found out that the new pasture was about five acres as opposed to the previous one-acre field. They now have lots more room to race around and more plants to eat that will not include someone's prize lily.

Now that March is almost here, I'll have to decide whether or not to plant a vegetable garden this year. St. Patrick's Day is the traditional time in this area to plant snow peas. I just wish there was some magic way to water things in the vegetable garden area. The high cost of water last year made the decision for me. No home-grown vegetables came from the Lowey's garden. I am not sure I could tolerate this condition for two years in a row!

Speaking of St. Patrick's Day, I'll have to get busy and start checking the newspapers for sales on corned beef. One of Jed's strongest memories of his childhood home and traditions in general centers around the New England boiled dinner which his mother ALWAYS served on St. Patrick's Day. The first year that Jed and I were married March 17th rolled around, and Jed said, "I do hope you have the corned beef on hand." I couldn't imagine what he was talking about. Corned beef was not on the menu at my house as I was growing up. The only corned beef I knew about came in a can and was mixed up with mayonnaise and horseradish to make a sandwich spread.

I did get a corned beef and did fix a New England boiled dinner. Unfortunately, I did not take the directions for cooking the corned beef to heart. I boiled the meat instead of simmering it. It was tough as the proverbial shoe leather. Jed was very quick to tell me how good the cabbage was. The carrots were delicious. The onions and potatoes were perfect . . . and the meat DID taste good.

Tough meat does seem to haunt me. Another funny memory I have involves our friends, Chris and Steve Crouse. This happened when we couples were still in the dating stage. Chris and I had an apartment while we were finishing up our studies at the University of New Mexico. Jed had an apartment down the block and Steve was going to medical school in Colorado. Steve had some time during a semester break. He wrote to Jed saying he was going to visit. Chris was delighted and immediately suggested that she and I put on a good, home-cooked meal for both young men. This was not an easy task in our tiny, ill-equipped kitchen.

The first thought that came to us was to fix a turkey dinner. Chris and I didn't have a roaster and couldn't figure out where to carve the bird as our only counter space was the kitchen table where the four of us would be eating. After considering many menus, Chris and I decided to fix a great big pot roast with vegetables—basically a one-dish meal with mashed potatoes on the side. Surely pot roast would impress these hearty eaters.

Steve arrived in town on schedule. Chris and I put the meat on to cook before going to our classes. We cleaned the apartment while the food finished cooking. Jed and Steve arrived at the appointed time. Steve served himself first and sat down at the table. We told him to go right ahead and eat . . . Don't let it get cold. Just then the phone rang. It

(Continued on page 18)

Robin Writes



My parents, Manny, and I traveled all morning on the bus. It was pleasant and picturesque as we wound our way along the road and through such towns as Henley, Crowmarsh, Dorchester (Abbey) which is the capital of Wessex, and Woodstock, known for gloves.

We passed Blenheim Palace, the birthplace of Churchill; we went through Lordcompton, a town known for its witches. Best of all we stopped for morning coffee just before visiting Oxford and were served dreadful coffee, but lovely amber tarts, baked cheesecake and Coventry cakes.

It was time for lunch when we arrived at our determined destination: Stratford-upon-Avon. The two most important men in my life were standing defiantly, arms crossed over their chests, legs slightly spread, pouting as they looked at the menu on the wall, and discovered that "braised oxtails" were the speciality of the Black Swan Restaurant & Dirty Duck Pub. The restaurant serves actors and actresses who perform across the street at the Royal Shakespeare Theater by the riverside. The inexpensive but familiar hamburgers of McDonald's and Wendy's in London seemed better fare to my father and husband on this cold and foggy day in Britain.

My husband Manny and I decided to take my parents to London during Thanksgiving last year. This was to be our Christmas present to ourselves, and we would see as much of the tourist spots as possible. Because Manny and I were financing the trip on a "shoe-string," many things such as food and gifts were carefully and inexpensively selected. Often before and after enjoying our nightly visit to the London theater, we would stop for American fast-food at the two mentioned chain restaurants or we'd just eat cheese in our rooms before going to bed. It was cheap and nourishing, all of us agreed.

But now we were in the community where William Shakespeare was born in 1564, the town that has been a place of pilgrimage for Shakespeare lovers from every corner of the earth. Surely, we could, at least, taste-test some shepherd's pie?

The four of us finally settled into the little pub-side of the charming restaurant and looked at all the photographs of the famous Shakespearean players that filled the walls of the room. We ordered, minimally, and scooted our crude wooden stools close to the roughly made country table to talk as we waited for our

"English" food. A huge stone fireplace warmed us as we waited for the food, but when the "pot pies" arrived the defiance of the men and the coolness toward the food of England was warmed as well. We shared our individual food orders of mixed veal, chicken, beef, ham, and kidney pies as though each might have been a bit of Chinese food served family style. When the pies were eaten, my father and Manny returned to the kitchen to order more. Though, sadly, not made according to the song from *Sweeney Todd*, "with real shepherd in it," these pies were delicious and looked enough like the nursery-rhyme pie which, when cut, released four-and-twenty blackbirds to sing for the king.

There is a bad food myth in Britain. It is said, the British eat to live; the French live to eat. In part, I'm sure that is as true as is the English world of wool tweeds and sensible shoes which even we wore the entire time in England. The English food is a bit greasy, oversteamed and overboiled. However, most of the food found in London, as in any city, is from some other country and the worst problem with English food is that, apart from food in pubs, almost all of it is expensive—thus the passion for fast-food held by my father and Manny. Well, the Dirty Duck was a pub, and good it was... inexpensive too, enough so, that we ordered more.

A pub in England is not what many people in this country call a bar; a pub is the pivot of English street life. We visited one of the quaintest pubs in London, the Grenadier in Wilton Row. The owner and his family, who lived upstairs, treated us with grace, and we enjoyed a magnificent meal in a shared room with Senator Eagleton of Missouri, his daughter, and her American school chums who attend English schools. This pub is a favorite for the horse set on Sunday mornings. It has been a favorite of the Guards' regiments for generations.

Before the days of television, pubs used to be places of entertainment with a resident pianist accompanied by raucous songs from the patrons. Now a few pubs are making some effort to bring entertainment back. We visited such a pub. One noon while on tour, we had some rather bad fish and chips, and listened to entertainment of piano and song while we ate. I do believe that the entertainment was better than the food.

Fish and chips, Bovril, tea with milk at breakfast and in the afternoon, kippered herring, steak-and-kidney pie are daily fare in Britain. This food of which I speak is a part of my own heritage. When I think of the good solid cooking of my grandmothers, both had a little English blood, I am reminded of their cooking almost like a rhyme I might have learned as a child and that is still a part of me, but I struggle to remember word for word. My



Robin Justiz enjoyed London despite the rain. In the picture with Robin is a bobby (policeman). Bobbies can be found on every corner and are always delighted to help lost tourists.

mother's mother taught me about parsnips, turnips, and orange marmalade; my father's mother prepared English breakfasts and sometime overdone roast beef and vegetables. All of which, I hasten to add, I still enjoy tasting in my favorite memories of special times with grandparents.

Of course, it is this English culinary heritage that lies more directly than any other behind our own national cuisine. Yet there are some differences. We stopped at a local diner before the theater one night and chatted with two local Cockney gentlemen about all the things for tourists to see, and we found ourselves in a thoroughly strange edible universe of grilled bloaters, hindle wakes, faggots and peas. My father and I bravely ordered roast beef and vegetables. (The meat was not fresh; the vegetables overdone.) Manny and my mother ordered soup. The conversation was better than the food and, after leaving the Cockney gentlemen, we walked a block away to order a hamburger.

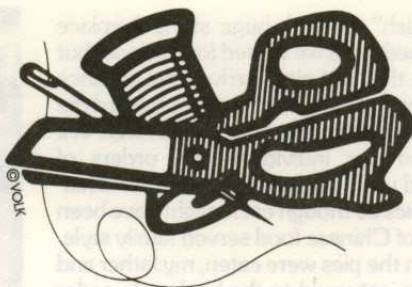
Real English food—recipe for recipe and ingredient for ingredient—did not cross the ocean in total or even in large part. Or, at least, the British settlers who brought a language and culture to these shores did not establish their traditions of cooking on a firm and lasting basis. I guess that we shouldn't be surprised; after all, we don't speak the Queen's English any more.

The words that are used in recipes and for food are interesting. I found myself intrigued and in constant necessity to translate back and forth—between the two transatlantic idioms. Our zucchini, for them, is called courgettes; light raisins are sultanas; cranberry jelly is called red-currant jelly; endive is chicory; fine granulated sugar is caster sugar. I had to remember that cookbooks were "cookery" books and that they use scales, not measuring cups.

The outstanding feature of all English
(Continued on page 19)

MOTHER'S CREATIVE SEWING

by
Dorothy Rieke



People who lived during the depression days of the Thirties frequently shudder when they remember the "hard times" they experienced. It's true that people faced many problems fifty years ago. Foremost, of course, were the problems of obtaining food, shelter and clothing. After the first two were purchased, there wasn't much money left for clothing expenditures. As a result, much of the clothing was homemade.

These homemade clothes were made to last, and many preferred them to ready-made garments. For example, my mother made our clothes as much as a size larger so we could "grow into them." Later the same garment was handed down to younger members of the family. Sometimes Mother took the garment apart and added more material to it to make something else. During the years of the Thirties, all Mother's sewing skill and ingenuity was taxed to the limit in "keeping up appearances" as Mother called it.

Nearly all our clothes during that time were homemade from new yardage or from used clothing which Mother was always pleased to receive especially from our rich aunt, commonly called Auntie, who seemed to buy an extensive wardrobe with the change of each season.

I was not a very enthusiastic receiver of such bounty. But because I was the youngest and the smallest member of the family, I was often singled out as the receiver. A number of used coats came my way from Auntie. At one stage of my life I really didn't care what I looked like because I was too busy chasing after the dogs and riding the horses on our farm; but as I began to take some pride in my appearance, I decided I didn't like what I saw.

One day Dad brought home a box of clothes from Auntie. On the top was folded a coat made from black and brown tweed. In horror I gazed at it. Then I saw the speculative look in Mother's eyes. This was, I thought, the time to "put my foot down."

"Mother," I said in a pleading voice, "you're not going to make a coat for me from that?"

Mother replied, "But, Dorothy, it is made of such a nice, heavy material. It would be warm for winter."

I felt like saying some of the words I'd heard the hired man use, but I didn't

dare. I tried another approach. "Mother, can I wear my old coat another year? Then you won't have to make me a new one," I added hopefully.

"You know you can't. Why, the sleeves are too short, and coat is so short it looks like a jacket." Mother was still holding up the ugly coat looking at it.

Thinking about what Mother had said, I raced upstairs and pulled my coat out of the closet. I put it on and stood in front of my dresser mirror. Mother was right. My checkered coat, made over from one of Auntie's other coats, looked terrible! Even the matching hat was downright comical. Why hadn't I noticed it before? Clearly the outfit had seen its "best days" some time back.

Mother evidently gave my predicament some thought because when she sold the turkeys she had raised, she took me to a store and bought me a pretty gold-colored coat of my own choosing.

Auntie, who didn't give up on my clothing preferences, kept sending us her old garments. Thankfully, Mother could see that most of the material was unsuitable for me.

When I was about fifteen, Auntie gave us a black velvet dress. I was intrigued by the fabric and a large flashy rhinestone brooch that was sewed to the bodice. The glitter of the brooch and the rich soft material seemed to represent a step toward sophistication so I was glad to have a made-over church dress.

After the dress was remade, Mother prudently decided the brooch would be too much so she made a corsage of sequins to wear on the dress.

Sometimes Mother purchased wool for our winter dresses which were generally worn several seasons. At the end of the winter wearings we would clean our woolen dresses outside in a tub containing a solution purchased at the gas station.

After some months of wearing, Mother altered our dresses to conform to current fashions. A piece of material might be inserted at the waist to lengthen the skirt.

Sometimes Mother took the dress apart at the seams turning the material and sewing the seams again. This placed the worn material on the inside. If the dress was worn in the sleeves, collar or yoke, Mother cut pieces of new coordinating material to replace that part.

On rare occasions new clothing was purchased. One day Mother and my sister traveled to town and brought home two new, nearly identical dresses. Mother's dress was navy and white trimmed in red bias tape and my sister's dress was red and white trimmed in navy bias tape. I felt left out and pouted while they chatted gaily and tried on their new cotton dresses. However, their happiness was rather short-lived; for when they laundered the dresses, the material shrank so much that neither one could wear her dress.

Mother promptly remade both of them for me saying the material wouldn't shrink again. It didn't, and I was overjoyed with two new school dresses.

When suits were in fashion, Mother bought some dark grey material for a suit styled with a long jacket. She looked especially nice in the suit as she had auburn-colored hair. Some years later when the new short jacket suits were the fashion, she used her sewing expertise to remake the jacket. Everyone vowed she had a new suit. Perhaps that was because she had made a pale rose-colored blouse to complement her outfit.

During the depression years, Mother not only solved our family's clothing problems but other problems by using common sense, hard work and ingenuity. It seemed that as time passed, Mother gained more confidence and developed a steadfast faith to meet the future.

Growing up during the Thirties was not as difficult as one might expect. Material possessions and expectations were few so any small treat or kindness was very special. Undoubtedly the people living during the depression years remember some good times as well as the bad times and perhaps the whole experience of living during that time prepared them in many ways for the future.

A HELPING HAND

If when climbing up life's ladder,
You can reach a hand below,
Just to help the other fellow
Up another rung or so.
It may be that in the future
When you're growing weary, too,
You'll be glad to find there's someone
Who will lend a hand to you.

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.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

I have so many different things that I wish to share with you this month that you will have to bear with me if this letter jumps from topic to topic—from toys to television to visits with the family.

I told you in a prior letter all about our son's first birthday party. Now that our boy is leaving babyhood and entering toddlerhood, there are many changes. He grows and discovers new things every day. The whole process is wonderful and fun to watch at the same time. It is also causing his parents to consider the many options and choices to be made which come along with parenthood.

Take toys, for example. For one thing, they are very expensive! Every child needs and should have toys, but Sophie and I believe that some of today's children have too many toys which they don't appreciate and soon tire of. In some households, we have seen children with literally hundreds of toys act as if they are extremely unhappy and bored. They throw their toys on the ground, break them, or lose interest in them. Having a great quantity of toys does not seem to be the answer. But Sophie and I have found several solutions to the toy dilemma.

One easy thing to do is to recycle Johnny's toys on a regular basis. As of now, we have three boxes of toys in a closet. Every two weeks, the group of toys currently in use is packed away and a "new" group appears from the closet—that is, the toys are "new" as far as Johnny is concerned. Of course, some of his favorites, such as his cuddly teddy bears to whom he has developed a great attachment, are with him always.

Along this same line of thinking, we have discovered that there is a toy-lending library privately run by a housewife here in Calgary. The cost for one year is about the price of one and a half toys. This service delivers a cleanly scrubbed "new" toy to your home every three weeks, and takes away the "old" toy. This allows a child to have lots of "new" and interesting toys to play with while removing the boredom factor.

There are several wonderful second-hand toy stores in Calgary which allow parents to save money and be good consumers at the same time. These stores are operated by mothers who answer questions and give advice based on their own experiences with toys.

Of course, being selective and discovering suitable products are the keys to good toy management in a toddler's home! My cousin, Juliana Lowey, care-

fully chose a perfect gift for John which he has used almost daily from the time that he was four months old. Sophie and I, like most parents, want our son to be comfortable with and enjoy books. The problem with babies and toddlers, however, is that many books are ripped and eaten by the little ones. Others, which are more durable, are hard for the child to pick up and to turn the pages. Juliana selected the best solution to the problem that we have seen thus far; a little book called *Winnie the Pooh: Hungry for Honey*, a volume in the Golden Touch and Feel Books collection, published by Golden Press of Racine, Wisconsin. Our son likes to pick up this book and "read" it at least once a day, and the amazing thing is that only two of the "pull-out" pictures have been totally pulled out! John's Grandmother Driftmier heard of this and sent him five other books in the series, which her lucky grandchild will be "reading" over the next year. Sophie and I like to sit down and read to John from other children's books, but the wonderful advantage of the Golden Touch books is that the child can enjoy them on his own!

One of the concerns that our friends with older children worry a lot about is the advertising for toys that appears with children's television shows. Toys are presented to be much better than they really are. Children press their parents into buying these playthings which really aren't needed and certainly aren't appreciated for long. Our child is still a bit too young to watch television, but Sophie and I know that eventually we will have to face the problem of how to incorporate television into our family life. We do not believe that we should live without a television, but we do think that it is good to

occasionally unplug the set and live without it for awhile to remind us to use more time for reading and talking and pursuing other hobbies.

Have you heard what a group of educators, librarians and parents did in the town of Farmington, Connecticut, last January? They had a town-wide "Unplug and Turn Off" campaign designed to discourage people from watching TV for one month. Most members of the community did just that. It was an effort to get families to spend more time sharing other activities, and to get students reading more and to follow other pursuits. The organizers of this crusade acknowledged that they would never be able to ban television from their town, and that, furthermore, banning television was not their aim. They merely wanted people to reassess the amount of time normally spent watching TV, and go back to TV viewing in February with a new sense of the power that the medium has over their lives. Apparently, the whole operation was successful!

As I tell you this story, I must add an ironic footnote. I heard, or rather I saw the report of the Connecticut campaign last night on "The Journal," a nightly news program presented by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's television network!

Speaking of Connecticut, it occurs to me that I haven't told you, in past letters, about the fabulous Christmas that we spent with my folks. Johnny certainly enjoyed his grandparents and their beautiful home. One lovely feature of their house is that the windows come down almost to the floor. Johnny spent hours standing and leaning on the windowsill and looking out of the window across the

(Continued on page 17)



The David Driftmier family traveled from their home in Calgary, Canada, to Connecticut where they had a most pleasant visit with David's parents. Pictured from left to right are: David's mother, Betty, Johnny, held by his father, David, Sophie, and Frederick (David's father).

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The house is quiet this morning, and the radio will remain silent until this monthly visit with you is completed. I have become positively addicted to radio since I stopped teaching. During the winter, the closed windows yielding uncanny stillness grew to be a condition I really didn't enjoy. Then after the children were really gone, I found the silence positively deafening! Being of the generation who were not raised with television, the resulting dependence on radio for my in-house companion is not very surprising. Unfortunately, I am beyond the range of the stations which carry the Kitchen-Klatter programs so I have turned to the radio station which caters to my personal taste, and that is WGN in Chicago. It remains a mystery to me why this station got its hooks into me before one of the Milwaukee stations did, but it did; and as a result, I keep up-to-date with all that is news in Chicago. Therefore, when a letter arrived from brother-in-law Wayne, who lives in Denver, inviting all of us, that were free, to join him in Chicago for dinner at the Hyatt Regency, my inner self came to attention like a greyhound dog chasing a rabbit around a track.

Since the new year began, I have been feeling considerably better between trips to St. Luke's Hospital for my intravenous chemotherapy treatments. I don't know whether my internals have grown suddenly immune to the chemicals being dripped into my veins or if this is a normal reaction after nearly eight months of torment. Regardless, I am almost giddy with the nearly normal feelings I am experiencing. So when this invitation arrived it was not necessary to consider our reply. I was ready to escape from the house and go where I knew what was going on at the theatres and the Art Institute. In spite of the fact that the hotel was filled with men attending the Nurserymen's Convention, Don was able to reserve a room for us in this elegant hotel for the night. So we turned a dinner invitation into a first-class, almost two days out-of-town. The prospect of going was really the carrot-on-a-stick situation for me.

The first thing I did was call my hairdresser, Dale, and squeeze myself into his nearly filled appointment book for a haircut! Can you believe that my head has enough hairs grown back onto its surface to warrant a haircut? I had not really thought so, but Adrienne kept urging me to get my hair trimmed. Talk about seeing things through the eye of the beholder. I thought the hair I had was certainly beautiful, but not enough to dare remove any of it. To make a long

story short, Dale welcomed me back enthusiastically with quick assurances that he would make my government issue, natural, butch hair style even more attractive than I saw it with my mind's eye. Overall my hair is about one inch long, but there were places where it had grown back in little tufts in a rather wild random manner. After nearly an hour, I walked out of the beauty parlor with an amazingly stylish, up-to-date haircut which made me look better than I had since August, but even more important, I really, really felt better! Talk about the power of the mind over the physical being, I have to recommend to anyone who has been feeling low, down and dismal, a trip to the beauty parlor for a new haircut has to be considered medically beneficial.

A funny point of interest about the return of my hair is the fact that first the gray, baby-texture, fine hair appeared and just within the last three weeks my natural, almost-black but truly deep-brown, hair has become numerous enough to make itself noticed. Happily, as uttered by many soothsayers, my hair is all quite curly. I started out life as a curly-headed little child, not quite of Shirley Temple proportions, but curly enough to have had long curls lovingly brushed by my mother until I was nearly five years old.

Because I have chisled many pounds off my good-size frame, I spent the next six days enjoying the decisions of what to wear. This reminds me of the standing joke my sister and I shared with our mother and now my daughters and I share it. We usually accepted any of our overweight on the fact that all of us fit into the "large boned" category, and, hence, are entitled to a larger span of pounds. Because I have successfully reduced the weight around my "large bones," I had earlier rewarded myself with two new suits. In addition, Paul had purchased a stunningly beautiful red dress for me that he thought would look good with my new hair style and which, of course, does exactly that. As a result I really did have a few decisions to make, and were they fun!

The day finally came to make the trip to Chicago. Adrienne and Paul drove into Chicago several hours after we had arrived. We joined Wayne for dinner at Truffles, the most gourmet of new restaurants in Chicagoland. Because Adrienne and Paul do not listen to WGN, they were unaware of the treat which lay in store for them, but I did because Truffles is just *the* most elegant spot. We had a simply lovely visit with Wayne, and the food was just as superb as expected. The fact that I had been living on lean, dietetic foods for months might have increased my pleasure during the meal at Truffles.

Our room was well above the level of



Katharine Driftmier enjoyed cooking while she visited her parents in Delafield, Wis. Katharine is a biochemist at the Bethesda Research Laboratory in Bethesda, Md., and can frequently be heard on the Kitchen-Klatter radio programs with Robin Justiz. Katharine is the elder daughter of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier.

most other buildings along the skyline. When we woke in the morning, through the snowflakes which were blowing and drifting up past our windows, we could see the shoreline of Lake Michigan. Without ever leaving our bed, we could see the Shedd Aquarium, the Observatory, the Art Institute and the beautiful Outer Drive. We met Wayne before his meeting began on Sunday morning for breakfast and more wonderful conversation. Wonderful therapy, conversation! I am sure that all across the United States there are people, who have been equally cut off from family and friends during these beastly bitter, cold, winter weeks, who will agree with me that conversation with friends, but family especially, is wonderful therapy.

Until next month, I remain yours faithfully

Mary Beth

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

" 'Tis washday, dear children, so check every nook
And throw down your laundry so I needn't look."
How quickly they answer, reproach in their voice—
They've scoured their closet, but boys will be boys . . .
I launder and dry things and then start to sort,
And to my dejection, I'm one black sock short.
A trip to their bedroom and then through the door
I spot what I figured—its mate's on the floor.
—Helen Friesen

EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

In the accompanying drawing you can see the new office of Technology Catalysts, Inc. This Thursday, our company is having its inaugural open house, and I can assure you that it will be a thoroughly grand celebration.

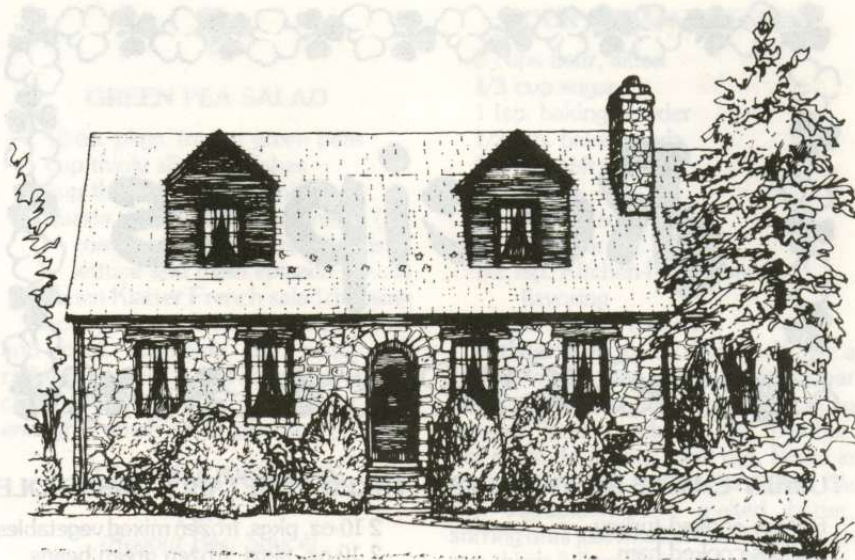
Rich and I are having the affair catered, so that we can enjoy the party ourselves. A Chinese friend, Mr. Franklin Chow, is preparing the food, and I thought you Kitchen-Klatter friends would enjoy hearing his description of the menu: Indian fried bread—"spicy and crispy"; Curried meat turnovers—"light rolls—fine, thin dough filled with ground meat and cellophane noodles, deep-fried to a beautiful golden brown"; Chinese roast pork—"served warm with honey"; Vegetable platter—"fresh vegetables quickly blanched and then marinated in soy sauce and sesame oil, then topped with toasted sesame seeds"; Crispy chicken—"boneless chicken meat marinated overnight, then the meat is floured and deep-fried to a crunchy, tasty delight and served with a curried dip/sauce"; and finally, Lichee nuts and Pineapple chunks—"luscious fruits from the Pacific that will stimulate the taste buds. They will be marinated in kirch-wasser."

Mr. Chow obviously believes in his motto, "Serve the people good food." We are hoping that about fifty guests will enjoy his food and our hospitality.

The office is actually a stone house converted to office use. It has a full-size kitchen, with a large stove and refrigerator, and plenty of counter space. Since there are few good restaurants in the immediate neighborhood, I told Rich that he ought to have his business lunches in the office rather than at a restaurant.

My big project this past month has been finalizing the decorating of the office. Somehow, against my better judgment, I started making curtains for all the windows. Thirteen windows! Plus, one room is used as a videotaping studio, and so a backdrop, the entire width and length of one wall, was needed. I'll be sewing until the wee hours every night this week.

Sons Stephen and Martin are doing just fine. Stephen loves his preschool, and is learning to socialize with other children as well as to play by himself. His teacher comments that he talks very well—has a large vocabulary and enunciates his words clearly. What I know is that my three-year-old talks constantly.



Technology Catalysts, Inc. of Falls Church, Virginia.

Martin is now teetering around on his feet rather than crawling on all fours. He has a few words that we have been able to decipher: "Nenan" is Stephen, and "Mike" for Michael, his buddy at the babysitter's. He fully understands the word, NO, but can get away with murder using a flash of his smile and dimples.

Had I written this letter last week, I would have said that we all weathered the latest cold spell with nothing worse than runny noses. But yesterday, both Stephen and I were fighting fevers and sore throats.

One of my pet peeves is that our pediatrician will only look at the child, when the mother has identical symptoms. I have always had to go to my own doctor. This necessitates two appointments in different locations, and of course, a fair wait in each office. I was so grateful this morning when the pediatrician offered to do throat cultures on both Stephen and me.

I am pleased to report that I got an "A" in my marketing course at American University. This was my first business course, and I was quite worried about how I would fare. This spring semester I have enrolled in the basic accounting course, which should really be a challenge to one who never balances her checkbook properly. I am not sure where I'm heading with these courses. At the rate of one course per semester, it would take ten years to complete the MBA program. But by taking courses as they interest me, I'm learning basic concepts and vocabulary, and the degree is not really important.

Our family had a fascinating weekend jaunt that should interest visitors to the Washington, D.C.-Baltimore area. The Chesapeake Bay area of Maryland and Virginia is one that has been completely unknown to members of the DiCicco family; so when our friends, Joan and

Ted, invited us to join them, we were delighted to do so.

This area is a mid-winter home for thousands of migrating Canada geese. Driving around the countryside, we saw hundreds of them in the fields and flocks in the sky. We were surrounded by stuffed birds in the hotels and restaurants. We also saw them as motifs on jewelry and scarves in store windows, and even saw a few recently killed birds as hunters returned from their afternoon sporting adventures.

From Washington, D.C., we took Route 50 toward Annapolis, crossed the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, and made Easton, Maryland, the base of our operations for two days.

All of us stayed at the Tidewater Inn, a large, old, stately hotel. It has a raging fire in the lobby fireplace, but the rooms are small and "in the process of redecoration." The hotel suited our needs and family life style. Many hotels and restaurants in the area require coat and tie for dinner, so we chose a place that could accommodate young children, and of course, our dog Hipi.

The other main towns in the area to visit are Oxford and St. Michaels. A nice circle trip can be made going from Easton to St. Michaels, then crossing on the Tred Avon Ferry to Oxford and back to Easton. This is the oldest ferry crossing in the United States, dating to 1683.

In St. Michaels there is a beautiful place, the Inn at Perry's Cabin, where our group had lunch. This is a converted mansion on the waterfront with a fine restaurant and six rooms available for lodging. St. Michaels has the fine Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, an old footbridge crossing a small stream, and lots of shops and quaint houses. This town is where James Michener resided

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes

TURKEY-CHEESE SANDWICHES

- 6 slices cooked turkey
- 6 slices cooked ham
- 6 slices bread (white or wheat)
- 3 eggs
- 2 Tbls. water
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 cups grated Swiss cheese
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg

Place 2 slices turkey and 2 slices ham between 2 slices of bread. Beat the eggs and water together and dip the sandwiches in the mixture. In a skillet, heat the oil and butter. Fry both sides of the sandwiches until golden brown. Place browned sandwiches in a 9- by 13-inch baking dish.

In a saucepan, combine the cheese, milk, mayonnaise and nutmeg. Heat, stirring constantly, until the cheese melts and is smooth. Pour over sandwiches and broil 3 to 5 minutes or until bubbly. Makes 3 servings. —Verlene

RICHARD'S SPINACH SOUP

- 1 onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and drained
- Salt, pepper, and nutmeg to taste
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 2 cups heavy cream
- 2 ozs. ham, diced in tiny cubes or cut in small thin strips

Saute onion and garlic in margarine or butter with the butter flavoring. Add the spinach, salt, pepper, nutmeg and 2 cups of the chicken broth to the onion mixture in saucepan or skillet. Bring to boil and boil about 5 minutes. Puree mixture using a food processor or blender. Return puree to saucepan and add the rest of the chicken broth. Bring back to a boil and then add the cream. Stir ham into soup. Bring to a simmer and serve at that temperature. —Emily DiCicco

MIXED VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen green beans
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup plain yogurt
- 2 1/2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 tsp. ground oregano
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced almonds, browned in butter

Bring vegetables to a boil; cook 3 minutes. Drain well. In a large bowl, combine the soup, yogurt, 1 1/2 cups of the cheese, and the seasonings. Fold in the drained vegetables. Spoon into a large, greased casserole. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Sprinkle the remaining cheese, then almonds on top. Return to oven approximately 15 minutes longer. This is a large recipe which will serve many guests.

LIME CHIFFON PIE

- 1 Tbls. plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup lime juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Baked pastry shell (or crumb crust)
- Sweetened whipped cream

Combine the plain gelatin, 1/4 cup lime juice and cold water. Stir until dissolved, then add the 1/2 cup lime juice and the lemon flavoring. Set aside.

Place the well-beaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar and salt in top of double boiler. Cook, stirring constantly until thick. Add the gelatin mixture to the hot custard. Cool.

Beat the egg whites until stiff while slowly adding the remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Fold into the cool custard. Turn into the prepared pie shell. Chill. Serve with the sweetened whipped cream. —Dorothy

BLACK WALNUT COOKIES

- 3/4 lb. butter, softened
- 2/3 cup granulated sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup finely chopped black walnuts

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each is added. Stir in the flavorings. Sift the flour and salt together and blend into creamed mixture. Cover dough with waxed paper and chill for four to six hours (or overnight). Roll out dough to 3/8 inch thick. Using a 1-inch diameter cookie cutter, cut out cookies. Place cookies 1 1/2 inches apart on ungreased baking sheets. Sprinkle the chopped nuts on top of cookies. Chill for 45 minutes. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 325 degrees. Bake for 15 minutes, or until cookies are an even light brown. Remove cookies from sheets onto a rack to cool. —Robin

ALMOND JELLY WITH FRUIT

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 1-lb. can mixed Chinese fruit (or 1 small can Mandarin oranges and 1 small can white grapes)
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- Few drops green food coloring
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

In a small bowl, sprinkle the gelatin over the 1/4 cup cold water. Drain fruits, reserving 3/4 cup of the syrup. Refrigerate fruit.

Put the 3/4 cup syrup in a 1-qt. saucepan. Add the 1 Tbls. sugar and evaporated milk. Place over medium heat and heat until it comes to a boil. Pour 1/4 cup of the boiling mixture into the gelatin and stir until well blended. Combine the gelatin mixture with the rest of the heated mixture. Place over low heat and stir and heat until gelatin is completely dissolved. Remove from heat and add the 3/4 tsp. of almond flavoring and the food coloring. Pour into a lightly greased 8-inch square pan. Chill until set.

Combine the 1/3 cup sugar and 1 1/2 cups water and heat to boiling, then simmer for 10 minutes. Add the 1/4 tsp. almond flavoring and cool. Cut the gelatin into 1-inch diamond shapes. Arrange the diamonds in a shallow dish. Arrange fruits around diamonds. Pour the cooled syrup over all. Refrigerate until well chilled. —Juliana

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

- 2 1-lb. cans French-style green beans
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 4 ozs. shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. onion flakes
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients. Place in a greased casserole and bake for about 1 hour at 350 degrees. —Robin

HALLIE'S CHICKEN OR TURKEY CASSEROLE

- 2 cups cubed cooked chicken or turkey
- 2 cups uncooked macaroni
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 3/4 cups chicken broth
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/2 of green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 pkg. frozen peas and carrots, thawed enough to separate

Mix all the ingredients together. Spoon into a 9- by 13-inch greased pan. Bake uncovered for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

PINTO BEAN & SAUSAGE SOUP

- 1 1/2 cups dried pinto beans, rinsed and soaked overnight in water to cover
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 10 or 12 ozs. pork sausage links
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 celery stalks, finely chopped
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 4 cups beef stock (or instant broth)
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 3 potatoes, diced
- 2 carrots, sliced
- 1/2 tsp. dried oregano
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped fresh parsley (or 1 tsp. dried parsley)

Drain the beans and set aside. Melt the butter or margarine in the bottom of a 3-quart soup pot. Add the sausages and saute until lightly browned on all sides. Remove sausages from pan and set aside. Add the onion and celery and saute for 3 minutes; add the garlic and cook 1 minute more. Add the pinto beans, stock or broth, and tomato juice. Bring to a boil, lower heat, cover, and simmer for 1 hour and 15 minutes.

When the sausages are cool enough to handle, cut them into half-inch slices, cover and refrigerate. After the soup has cooked, add the potatoes, carrots, oregano, and parsley. Cook 30 minutes longer. Add the sausage and cook until heated through (about 5 minutes). Garnish with grated Parmesan cheese if desired. Serves 6.

Different kinds of beans or sausage can be substituted, but the other ingredients should remain the same.

—Mary Lea

**GREEN PEA SALAD**

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen green peas
 - 1 cup thinly sliced radishes
 - 1 cup thinly sliced red onion
 - 2 quarts crisp torn mixed greens (a combination of different kinds of lettuce and fresh spinach leaves)
- Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
- Cook peas until tender-crisp. Drain and cool. Combine the peas with radishes, onion and greens. Cover and chill. When ready to serve, toss with enough French salad dressing to coat.

STEAK & KIDNEY PIE**Part I**
(Ragout Beef Sauce)

- 2 lbs. lean round or top sirloin steak, cubed
- 1 large clove garlic, minced
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- Flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. rosemary
- Apple cider

In electric skillet or flame-proof casserole, brown the meat cubes, garlic and onions in the salad oil. When meat is brown, add enough flour to coat pieces thoroughly. Mix well and add the salt and pepper to taste and the rosemary. Pour on enough apple cider to cover meat. Put lid on skillet or casserole and cook over low heat until meat is very tender. May add more cider if necessary—do not add water. Keep it bubbling gently until meat is tender. This could be placed in a 275-degree oven to cook, if desired. Refrigerate after cooking.

Part II

- 6 lamb kidneys, deveined and cut up
 - 1/4 cup butter
 - 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
 - 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 - Ragout Beef Sauce prepared above
- Over medium heat in a large skillet, saute kidneys in the butter. Add mushrooms and stir and cook until brown. Add the Worcestershire sauce and the Ragout Beef Sauce. Blend well. Pour into oblong glass baking pan. Cool.

Part III

- Pastry to cover 9- by 13-inch pan (prepare your own or purchase frozen)
 - 1 egg, beaten
 - Paprika
- Roll out pastry to fit top of baking dish. Fit over top of meat filling. Brush with the beaten egg and sprinkle paprika over top. Bake for 1 hour at 375 degrees.

NOTE: The Ragout Beef Sauce may be prepared the day ahead and refrigerated, or it can be frozen for longer storage. —Katharine and Robin

SOUR CREAM MUFFINS

- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Butter a 12-cup muffin pan, or line with paper cups. Sift the flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda and salt together. Set aside. In a bowl, beat egg. Blend in sour cream, milk and flavoring. Add the dry ingredients and melted butter, stirring until just moistened. Fill each cup two-thirds full and bake 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 12. —Verlene

GREEN CHILI BAKED OMELET

- 3 strips bacon
- 4 slices dry bread, cubed
- 2 cups milk
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 8 eggs
- 4 ozs. shredded cheese
- 1 small can chopped green chilies, drained

Fry bacon until crisp. Remove from fat and set aside. Place bread in a saucepan. Add milk and butter and heat. Meanwhile, beat the eggs. Slowly add the beaten eggs to the bread-milk mixture. Add cheese and green chilies. Heat until just warm. Grease a casserole with some of the bacon fat. Spoon mixture into casserole and top with the bacon strips. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

—Robin

ROBIN'S BROWNIES

- 1 cup butter
 - 4 ozs. unsweetened chocolate
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 4 eggs
 - 2 cups sugar
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 cup unbleached all-purpose flour
 - 2/3 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour a 9- by 12-inch baking pan.

Melt butter and chocolate in top of double boiler over boiling water. When melted, add black walnut flavoring. Cool to room temperature.

Meanwhile, beat eggs and sugar until thick and lemon colored. Add the vanilla flavoring. Combine with the cooled chocolate mixture. Sift in the flour and mix until just blended. Fold in nuts. Spread in prepared pan and bake for 25 minutes, or until center is set. Do not overbake. Cool in pan for about 30 minutes, then cut into bars.

PULL-APART COFFEECAKE

- 2 loaves frozen white bread
- 1 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Thaw bread loaves as directed on package. Melt butter or margarine in a small container. Combine the sugar and cinnamon in a small bowl and set aside. Grease a large tube pan.

When loaves are thawed, shape dough into small balls about the size of cherry tomatoes. Roll the balls in the melted butter, coat with the sugar-cinnamon mixture, then roll in the chopped pecans. Place the balls (not too close together) in the prepared tube pan. Fill pan about half full of balls. Cover and let rise in a warm place for about an hour. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. To serve, pull balls of bread apart—do not slice. May be wrapped in foil to reheat.

—Robin

SAUERKRAUT SALAD

- 1 29-oz. can (or 1 qt.) sauerkraut, well drained (Squeeze to remove all juice.)

- 1 large carrot, shredded medium fine
- 3/4 to 1 cup diced celery
- 3/4 cup diced green pepper
- 3/4 cup sweet red pepper or red pimiento

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seed
- 1/4 tsp. Beau Monde
- Dash of pepper

Combine the sauerkraut, carrot, celery, green pepper and red pepper. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Let stand overnight in a covered container. Keeps well for a week or longer. —Hallie

JUNE'S FRIED APPLE PIES

- 2 cups unsifted flour

- 1/2 cup lard
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt

Apple pie filling

Deep hot fat for frying

Mix the flour, lard, water and salt like pie crust. Roll out into an 18- by 24-inch rectangle. Cut into 14 squares. Put a spoonful of pie filling on 7 of the squares. Cover with remaining pastry squares and crimp edges together. Fry in deep hot fat (380 degrees) until done. Drain on paper towel. Glaze with a thin powdered sugar frosting or dust with powdered sugar. —Dorothy

SPOON COOKIES

- 14 Tbls. unsalted butter
- 1/2 cup AND 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup apple preserves
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Additional powdered sugar

Place butter in a heavy pan and brown slightly until it is a golden brown. Remove from heat and pour into a heatproof bowl. Mix in the 1/2 cup and the 1/3 cup powdered sugar and the vanilla flavoring. Let cool.

Sift the flour and baking powder together and blend with first mixture. Fill a teaspoon with the batter and level off. Place dough on baking sheet. Bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until light golden brown. Cool on rack.

Meanwhile, beat the apple preserves and remaining flavorings together. When cookies are cool, spread preserve mixture on one cookie, then top with another, making a sandwich-style cookie. Dust with powdered sugar. Makes about 2 1/2 dozen cookies.

PORK CHOP & APPLE ROAST
(Microwave Recipe)

- 6 1-inch thick pork chops (choose chops which are as round in shape as possible)

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 tart apples, cored
- 1 large onion

Trim excess fat from chops. Wet chops in water. Blend the sugar, salt, pepper, cinnamon and nutmeg. Coat the chops with the mixture. Stand chops upright in a glass loaf pan. Cut apples into about 7 slices each, and the onion into 5 slices. Place apple slices and one onion slice between pork chops. Place any remaining apple slices at ends. Cover with plastic wrap. Microwave on high for 14 to 15 minutes. Let rest 5 minutes before serving.

GLAZED**LEMON-BLACK WALNUT BREAD**

- 1 cup sweet butter
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2/3 cup lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 3 cups cake flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- Pinch of salt
- 1 cup chopped black walnuts
- 1/4 cup water

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease two 5- by 9-inch loaf pans with 3 Tbls. of the butter.

Cream the remaining butter with 1 cup of the granulated sugar. Beat in egg yolks one at a time. Stir in 1/4 tsp. of the lemon flavoring and the black walnut flavoring, 1/3 cup of the lemon juice and all of the lemon rind. Combine the flour and baking powder. Add the flour mixture and the milk alternately in thirds to the creamed mixture. Do not overmix. In another bowl, beat egg whites and salt until stiff, but not dry. Fold the egg whites and nuts gently into batter. Pour into prepared pans. Place on middle rack in preheated oven and bake 45 to 50 minutes, or until bread tests done. Cool slightly, then remove from pans. Cool loaves completely on rack.

While loaves are cooling, combine the remaining 1/4 tsp. lemon flavoring, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/3 cup lemon juice, and the 1/4 cup water in a small pan. Bring to boiling over low heat, and cook 2 minutes. Drizzle over cooled loaves. Cool completely. Wrap to store.

—Robin

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FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

Apple Valley, CA.

Dear Lucile:

In the December 1983 issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine, I read your letter and have to comment about the notes you kept when you headed west back in early December 1939. My maternal grandparents, my mother, my sister, and I all headed for California back in late July 1941. My father had gone to California in March to get a job and settled there. Mother kept a complete diary of our route and how much everything cost and what we saw along the way. It was such an adventure for all of us who had never gone any farther west than Omaha, Nebraska.

I felt right at home reading the account of your trip west. I remember our trip like it all happened yesterday. We must have really looked like country hicks as our car was loaded from top to bottom, barely enough room left for us to sit comfortably. My little sister had to sit on a makeshift seat in the front seat and would be so pinched from sitting. We would sing a great deal to keep from getting depressed from the heat. No radios were in the cars then, nor any U-Hauls to help us out. I remember men riding motorcycles alongside our car to keep from getting lonely. All said they were heading for California to work in the defense plants.

How wonderful it was to finally see our first mountains in Colorado. A vivid remembrance is our stopping to see a couple who lived in eastern Colorado and who had hardly any furniture in their small home. For many years I thought they were relatives until I was told they were friends of some of our Iowa neighbors.

Las Vegas was such a small town then, and hot and very dusty. Hardly a soul stirred on the streets. After we settled in our cool motel, I was told to get some groceries for the evening meal. I remember it was so hot (120 degrees) out on the street that I got lightheaded and lost my way back to the motel. I finally found it, but was almost sick from the heat.

In those days people crossed the desert at night and kept cold wet cloths to cool off with. Everything looked so bleak and dry to us from green Iowa. I wondered why we had decided to uproot and move to California.

Cabins were low in cost, but not much good as I remember. You usually had to prepare your food rather than eat in some cafe. Gas was cheap, usually at 17¢ a gallon. Mother even told about driving through tiny Victorville, and here we are now living near the town and it is very developed and still growing.

At last we arrived in Pasadena where the Rose Parade is held. It looked like a dream to us. Then we found our way to the San Fernando Valley, very spread out and hardly any homes.

Our final stopping place was Santa Monica where my father had a home waiting for us. Our first time at the ocean was late that afternoon. Even though I liked it here, I still missed my days in Iowa. I missed the farm life of my early years and the country schools that I had attended.

Two weeks after we were settled, down the walk came a cousin that us girls didn't know even existed. He and his family had moved to California from a farm near Harlan, Iowa. How lucky we were to have such wonderful distant cousins who brought much joy to our lives during the war years when people could not buy gas to go anywhere.

So thank you, Lucile, for your memories and I hope from time to time you will share many more.

My best wishes to you and your family.

Sincerely yours,
Shirley Lader



EVENING PRAYER

Dear Lord, when I am lonesome
And perhaps I feel despair,
Let not my aching heart forget
That You hear every prayer.

Remind me that no matter
What I do or fail to do,
There's hope and joy ahead for me
As long as I have You.

Let not my eyes be blinded
By some folly I commit;
Give me the strength just to be brave—
Don't ever let me quit.

All I need to do is ask
And You'll forgive my sin.
You'll take away my gloom
And let the sunshine in.

And if I hurt inside, dear Lord,
Or grieve for a loved one gone,
Help me to be content again—
Fill my grieving heart with song.

Inspire me not to put my woes
Upon a hidden shelf;
And in the future, never yield
To being sorry for myself.

Give me the restful sleep I need
Before another dawn,
And bless me in the morning, Lord,
With the courage to go on.

—Maudine Kaminska

THE BUTTER KNIFE by Marjorie Misch Fuller

In the hurry-scurry of our fast-food era, the individual butter knife has slipped in priorities while the mid-Victorian lady had visions of each newly created piece of flatware beckoning her to use it.

American silver-handled knives didn't appear until the early 19th century. During this time more affluency prevailed and milady could afford the specialized pieces. The first knives had ivory or bone handles with blades of steel.

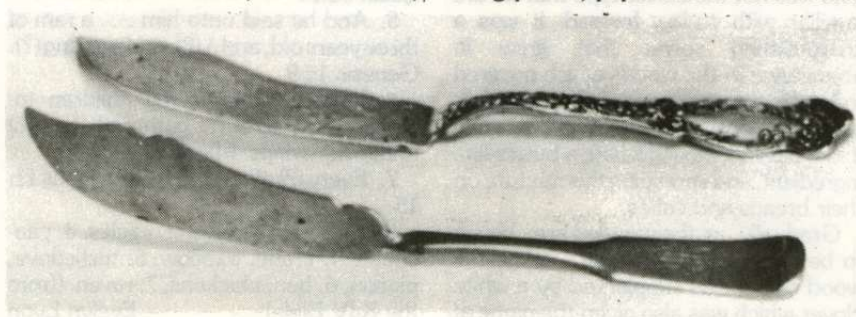
The earliest butter knife was called a butter trowel. This broad-bladed, silver or plate knife was rather small. After the butter was pressed or shaped, the trowel was used to serve it.

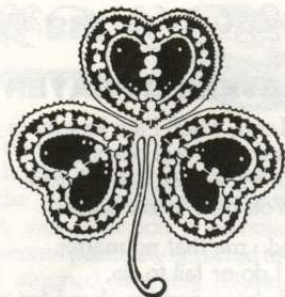
But the butter knife, as we know it,

wasn't fashionable until the mid-Victorian silversmith, who relished creativity, brought forth the specialized flatware.

The knives pictured belonged to my grandmother and are over a hundred years old. The one at the bottom of the photograph has the twisted, initialed handle in concert with the blade resting on edge. It is probable that this style appeared first. The other knife in the picture has a decorated blade and handle, though the blade pattern is not very visible in the picture. The fanciness of this knife shows the silversmith's spirit of creativity and awareness of beauty.

The sheen of the old silver glamorized the table setting, such glamor since lost with our efforts toward informal dining using plastic, paper and stainless steel.





THE SHAMROCK OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY

by
Erma Reynolds

Whenever you see bright green shamrocks, you may be sure that St. Patrick's Day is not far away. With so many of these "typical" Irish plants on display, it makes one wonder how this greenery became a symbol for this special day in March.

Legend tells us that in 433 A.D., St. Patrick was preaching to a gathering of pagan Irish folk, trying to explain to them the Trinity of the Christian God. Looking at their skeptical faces, he realized they were doubting his teachings.

"You say there are three gods, yet only one? How do you explain that?" a listener asked.

St. Patrick bent down and plucked a shamrock that was growing at his feet. Holding the plant so all could see, he explained, "Notice how this plant has three leaves growing on one stem. And just as these leaves grow on a single stock, that is how the three parts of the Holy Trinity; the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are together in one being." As the story goes, his explanation so impressed the people, they chose the shamrock for their symbol.

Most of us have the mistaken notion that the shamrock originated in Ireland. Actually, historians have traced the symbolic three-leaved plant back to the ancient Egyptians. Pictures of plants that closely resemble shamrocks have been found in the ruins of their temples and pyramids. A decorative motif of a three-leaved plant has also been found on ancient Assyrian tablets and early Roman coins.

The shamrock in its beginning in Ireland was not the clover-type that we are familiar with today. Instead, it was a sharp-tasting sorrel that grew in abundance in the woods which covered Ireland in those early days. The Irish folk used this wood sorrel as a food, grinding it into a paste, mixing it with a butter-like ingredient, and spreading this mixture on their breads and cakes.

Gradually, as the wooded area began to be taken over by pasture lands, the wood sorrel was supplanted by a white clover which was also given the name of

shamrock.

The shamrock has had a conglomeration of names through the passing years. The ancient Gaelics called it *seamrog*, *three-seamrog*, *seamsog*, *seamroge*, *shamrote*, *shamrocke*, *shamrug*, *semaroge* and *chambrock*. Wood sorrel, trefoil, white clover, hop clover, have all been classified as shamrocks. *Trifolium minus* is the plant's scientific name.

Wood sorrel was the first shamrock, white clover the second, and chances are today if you buy a shamrock to display on St. Patrick's Day, it will be a small-leaf American clover rather than an imported Irish shamrock. What often serves these days as shamrock is white clover in the seedling stage, with its small unspotted, bright green leaves making the symbolic display.

But what difference does it make if we wear a sham shamrock on St. Patrick's Day? After all, it's the "wearing of the green" that counts.

BIRD WATCH

The birds upon their feeding tray
Outside my window seem to say,
"We're grateful for the food you give
That through the winter we may live."
They voice contentment as they eat;
Their beaks in sharp staccato beat
A rhythm, not devoid of words,
Expressing thanks from all the birds.

A bluejay scolds, the sparrows flee
Only to fly back instantly;
A cardinal holds respected stand,
Yet snowbirds take their chances as planned.

All kinds and colors one may see.
They entertain so lavishly—
One wonders if the deed he's done
Was selfless or for pleasure won!

—Eula Smith Zimmann

BIRDS OF THE BIBLE QUIZ

1. And he saw the Spirit of God descending like a (?) and lighting upon him. Matthew 3:16

2. They shall mount up with wings as (?). Isaiah 40:31

3. Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the (?). Job 39:13

4. Like a (?) or a (?) so did I chatter. Isaiah 38:14

5. And he said unto him . . . a ram of three years old, and a (?), and a young (?). Genesis 15:9

6. I have gathered thy children together even as a (?) gathereth her (?) under her wings. Matthew 23:37

7. Every (?) after his kind. Leviticus 11:15

ANSWERS: 1. dove, 2. eagles, 3. peacocks, 4. crane, swallow, 5. turtledove, pigeon, 6. hen, chickens, 7. raven. (from the KJV Bible)
—Evelyn Lyon

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A great many gardeners grow annual flowers from seed but hesitate to try perennials. A reader, Debra H., writes that she is dismayed by the high prices asked for perennial plants in seed and nursery catalogs. "If starting perennial plants from seed is so easy (as you and other garden writers claim), why do seed and nursery catalogs charge so much for their plants? I have tried to grow a few perennials from seed with little or no success and I can't pay the prices asked in today's catalogs. Have you a solution?"

Not all perennials are easy to grow from seed and these are best propagated asexually either by root division or from cuttings. Nurseries do start many perennials from seed but they must include the cost of seed, heat, light, water, containers and fertilizer. Labor and catalogs are no small items and by the time a seedling is ready to be shipped to a customer, the cost has spiraled to what may seem too much to pay.

To successfully grow perennials from seed, one must start with a sterile growing medium, a source of good seed, and be able to provide good light or total darkness to suit the variety's requirement during germination. Most of all, one must have patience. You can grow a great many perennials at a fraction of the cost of buying plants, but many are slow to germinate or have hard seed coats that need filing.

Milled sphagnum moss or any of the named brands of seed-starting mediums will serve for growing perennial seedlings. Press small seeds into the moist surface and cover larger seeds with a thin coating of the medium. Mist thoroughly, place the container in a clear polyethylene bag and place in good light or total darkness as recommended on the seed packet. Check the seed pan daily for moisture and germination. As soon as seedlings appear, place in good light and remove the plastic cover gradually.

The easiest perennials to grow from seed in my experience have been: anchusa, anthemis, aquilegia, campanula, coreopsis, delphinium, dianthus, doronicum, echinopsis, gaillardia, heliopsis, hibiscus, hollyhock, hypoestes, lathyrus, lavender, malva or mallow, pyrethrum, and rudbeckia. Oftentimes germination of the above seeds planted in a flat will vary greatly. Don't discard the flat after the first flush of seedlings. When these are large enough to transplant, lift each out and pot them individually. Moisten the medium if needed and return the flat to its plastic bag. More seedlings may appear later.





Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

March, and hopefully, Spring. This past winter here in Iowa, we've heard enough about the wind chill factor to last a lifetime, especially during the Christmas holiday. Russell Baker, in his book *The Rescue of Miss Yaskell and Other Pipe Dreams*, is reminded of his Uncle Bruce when television reporters rave about the wind chill factor. Uncle Bruce and his art of weather reporting meant he worked with nerve ends and instinct.

When blizzards howled down off the mountain in northern Virginia, Uncle Bruce said it was "mighty cold" and "there's a right smart o' wind." That was as terrible as humans could stand without cracking. Uncle Bruce and his descriptions of coldness got the family through the winter. "Just a little ice around the spring" meant a tolerable day. "Pretty cold" meant winter will always be with us, and "mighty cold" meant button up tight. "Mighty cold with a right smart o' wind" meant man is born to suffer. The last, of course, is now referred to as the wind chill factor.

Here's what Mr. Baker says about Uncle Bruce noticing some winters were harder than others. In a real hard winter, the popcorn ran out before March!

Many of you can relate to "eating supper." Russell Baker did for years. His mother served promptly at 5:00 p.m., and she advised him to be *there*. As he grew up, he became a dinner eater at the office, a supper eater at home. When Baker left for good, he became an incorrigible dinner eater.

On grandparenting, Russell Baker says, "Bring the kid over here so I can love him up." They bring the child over and "you show him your wrinkles and lick him, cheer his skill at smashing the geraniums with a broomstick, and take him out for a long walk, and worry about whether he was born with sound reflexes and, if so, why he is using his finger to puncture your eardrum instead of to pry your lower plate loose." When his weight becomes backbreaking, you phone your daughter to come take him away. Baker says its nice being a grandparent.

The Rescue of Miss Yaskell and Other Pipe Dreams (Congdon and Weed, \$14.95) by Russell Baker is a collection of his writings from his New York Times "Observer" column.

If you and your family need a vacation this summer but want to be easy on the budget, consider the helps in the *Midwest Family Vacation Book* (G. L. Nelson, Pub., 664 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 1010, Chicago, Ill. 60611, \$7.95 paperback) created and edited by Jerry

Nelson. There are some 225 great ideas for vacationing close to home. This includes the states of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri. There are facts on where to go, information on what to do when you get there, and advice on where to stay and what to see. Places mentioned are unusual and fascinating.

To give you the type of coverage, here is information on Bishop Hill, Illinois, located a few hours west of Chicago. Bishop Hill is a town founded by Swedes in mid-1800, and today it looks much as it did 100 years ago because the town has retained some of its old ways. Swedish dissenters came to America in 1846 in search of religious freedom. The first settler arrived in 1846, walking 160 miles from Chicago. The colony expanded and existed for 15 years.

The village is now a state and national historic site, with a church, blacksmith shop, dairy building, post office and others. The Colony Church, the first permanent building with black walnut pews, houses in the lower rooms a museum with objects settlers brought from Sweden.

A poplar event is *Jordbruksdagarna* (harvest days) with entertainment and Swedish food. Visitors are invited to join costumed workers in the field as they pick corn and harvest flax. There are overnight lodgings at Galesburg. For information write to the Chamber of Commerce, Bishop Hill, Ill. 61419.

Similar events with tips and pictures are mentioned for the states listed. Half the fun of a vacation is planning, and this book is a real help.

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

Pawcatuck River. His favorite time of the day was when his grandfather would go out, early in the morning and at 4:30 in the afternoon, to spread bird seed on the lawn right in front of the house. Johnny was full of amazement as he watched two hundred or so ducks land several feet from the window.

Sophie and I had such a good visit with my parents. We enjoyed taking walks with my father and mother. The weather cooperated nicely, and the temperatures were above freezing most of the days. We ate my mother's perfect meals and enjoyed my father's very good desserts. One day, while we were there, I was able to accompany my father on one of the many afternoons when he does volunteer work at the hospital in Westerly, Rhode Island. My mother is also a volunteer worker there. I am certainly proud to have parents who give as much to their community as mine do. And so, you can see that it is very easy, in the middle of the winter, to have a great surge of warm and happy Christmas memories come pouring over you.

Now Sophie and I have something else

to look forward to. With any luck, we will be spending Easter with my sister, Mary Lea Palo, and her family in Nebraska. What fun we will all have with each other. With even more luck, we will be able to drive to Shenandoah and visit all of our relatives there. On this visit, we will be very interested in visiting the Kitchen-Klatter office. As time goes on, and, I guess, as I grow older and have my own family, I become more and more appreciative of just what a unique and valuable institution this little magazine is. I have a greater understanding of you, the readers. Every time that I write to you, I like to think that it is in tribute to my grandmother, the truly remarkable lady who started all of this.

Until the next time, we hope that all is well with you and yours.

Sincerely,
David Driftmier

IMAGINE THAT

Would you believe that, at one time, you couldn't put a shoe on the wrong foot? Cobblers of colonial and early American days traveled from house to house, making shoes for each of the family. But early shoemakers paid small attention to the shape of the foot. Until 1850, both shoes of a pair were identical, made from a single pattern. Really, there was no such thing as a right shoe or a left shoe. Soldiers of the Civil War were the first to wear shoes fitted individually to the right or the left foot. And soon, all customers demanded the more comfortable footwear. —Leta Fulmer Harvey



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To know you have a friend who will cheer you when you're sad.

New friends are sometimes special, but old friends are the best.

They have that certain something that survives through all the rest.

You are that special kind of friend I treasure and hold dear—

Someone I can depend on and trust year after year. —Lou Ann Myers

EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded

while he was researching and writing *Chesapeake*. (I've promised myself I must reread the book now.)

Oxford had been a thriving colonial port for more than one hundred years when the Declaration of Independence was signed. The Robert Morris Inn is right next to the ferry dock. It was built about 1710, some say earlier, by ship carpenters. Robert Morris, Jr. became known as "The Financier of the Revolution," and was a close friend of George Washington. Several rooms remain in their original construction, and are appropriately furnished.

Needless to say, seafood is the main cuisine of the Bay area. Oysters were in season during our visit, and we also managed to consume quantities of crabs and fresh fish.

The frosting on the cake of our visit was a stop at the Tideland Sporting Goods Shop. Every imaginable hunting item is available. Rich and the kids had a riot testing all the duck calls. I was delighted to find a simple coloring book for Stephen, certainly the most non-violent item in the store.

We resolved to explore this region more thoroughly at another date. Since Joan planned this trip, I am responsible for the next one. Someone suggested the Chad's Ford area of Pennsylvania. Have any of you been there? I'll let you know in my next letter what we find.

Sincerely,
Emily DiCicco

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

was a call for Jed. Chris and I waited for him to get off the phone before we served ourselves. Several minutes later Jed was sitting down at the table. Before he got ready to dig in he said, "Steve! How is it? Did the girls outdo themselves?"

Steve replied, "I don't know. I'm still trying to chew the first piece."

What a disaster that meal was! The poor animal that provided the pot roast must have spent its entire life eating tumbleweeds and sagebrush. I'm sure it had never seen an ear of corn or tasted a blade of grass. Thank goodness all of us had a sense of humor. Even today when the Crouses and the Lowes get together someone will inevitably recall that awful pot roast. We still laugh about it!!

It may seem early, but I am beginning to think about making plans for summer. We are still hopeful that my mother, Lucile, and Betty Jane may get to visit us here in New Mexico before long. Mother is feeling quite well and does enjoy the mail and appreciates your comments of her letters in the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. If Mother's trip doesn't work out, I'll be planning a trip to Iowa in the early part of summer.

One of these years I would like to take James and Katharine back to Cape Cod for a visit with Jed's family. Jed's two sisters live in the Falmouth area—plus numerous cousins and Aunt Ann Haram. I feel we barely know my only niece, Emily Rowe and we have never met nephew Teddy, Emily's little brother. These are the children of Jed's younger sister, Beth, and her husband, Bill Rowe. Well, this visit to New England is overdue.

Until next month,
Juliana

P.S. I hope you will like the picture of my Uncle Wayne and Uncle Frederick Driftmier on this month's cover.



WHENEVER

Whenever there's a rainy day
And the sun is hid from view,
Keep looking for a rainbow bright
'Til the sun comes shining through!

Whenever there's a sleepless night
Because of some stress or pain,
Reach out to Him who'll give you rest
'Til the morning breaks again.

Whenever there's a lonely time
And you have no one to care,
Remember you can call on Him
And your burdens He will share.

Whenever Life seems extra hard,
When it seems it's all uphill,
As you press on the upward way
He will help you; yes, He will!

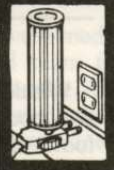
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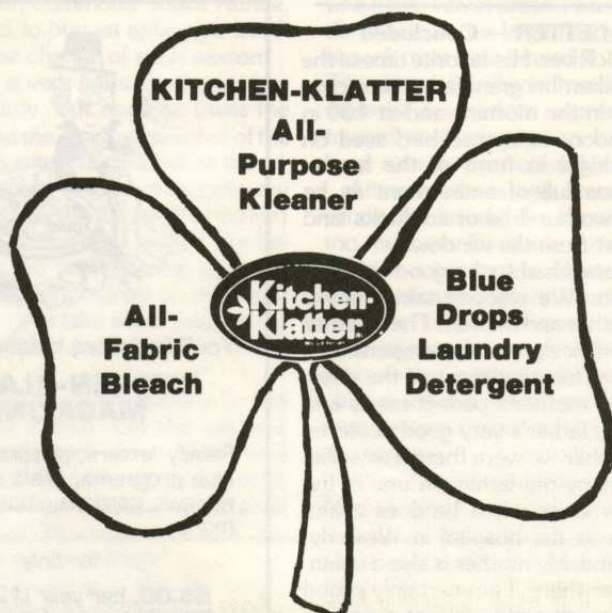
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ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

cooking is that it is straightforward, unfussy, good food, entirely dependent on top quality and fresh raw ingredients. At Thanksgiving time we didn't find that always true, in part, because we were often looking for food bargains on Manny's and my budget. We found the food somewhat dull and gray. (We hope everyone realizes that we were otherwise aswoon with Anglophilia in every other area.)

Yes, we did find oversteamed vegetables and underseasoned meat. It must be a lingering reaction to the poor, restricted British diet of wartime, remembered without fondness by those like my father and other thousands of Yanks, and to the years of official austerity after World War II. Even in the relative boom of more recent years, good restaurants in Britain have shied away from British food. Tourists can find first-rate French and Indian food in London, but it must take a special effort to locate a high standard of English cuisine.

On London's public transportation, we always found foreign-looking people, many of whom were Indians speaking the perfect English of the Queen. The country's long association with India left its mark on the national cuisine as well. Manny and I stumbled on an excellent little Indian carry-out shop just around the corner from the National Gallery at Trafalgar Square and near some of the theaters. We had tea and something called kedgerree; it contained rice with spicy beef or flaked smoked fish and hard-boiled eggs. It is served for lunch or even breakfast. Kedgerree looked as though it might be heavy, but was light as a feather.

The east end of London has always been the poor end, the area where immigrants settled when they arrived from Eastern Europe, Ireland, or more recently Pakistan. As a result, this area has continued to be the poor end, because if through industriousness and thrift, they managed to better themselves and move out to a more prestigious area, there was always a new wave of immigrants to move in.

We were told that of all the newcomers over the centuries the Jewish people from all countries of the world have made the most positive impact. We had one of our best lunches at Bloom's in Aldgate in this east end, just around the corner from Petticoat Lane. Bloom's was very busy on this Sunday and the service was incredibly fast; my mother and I had wonderful kosher salt beef (an original Bloom family recipe, we were told), Manny had knockwurst and egg, and my father enjoyed a pot roast. No one was encouraged to linger over his meal because lines were forming at the door; there were many family parties and a real feeling of exuberance for excellent, inex-

pensive, well-prepared food.

What a surprise it was to find this wonderful restaurant in the hinterland, here, where Jack the Ripper murdered most of his victims. In the 1880's, women were horribly murdered by the still-unknown killer. It was exciting to imagine, only too vividly, what it must have been like with the impenetrable fog from the coal which was used for heat and energy right after the Industrial Revolution. The area is not too different today.

My father and I were intrigued by bargains to be found on Petticoat Lane, the most famous street market in Britain, and we thought that the varied aromas from the stalls were intriguing. The Cockney's great love of cockles and whelks is well represented; we also found prawns, jellied eel. Some were eating hamburgers or hot dogs or kebab, and many finished their "walking" meals with fruit, ice cream or pudding.

Manny and my mother didn't like this area; they preferred the chestnuts roasting on an open fire which were found on every street corner in other parts of London. We bought bags of these treasures, often, and ate them as we walked along the streets. I had to agree with Manny and Mother; roasted chestnuts were very good and just the needed nourishment.

When I think back on our trip to England and fondly remember Manny and my father, disagreeable as they were about taking time to eat while visiting Stratford, I realize that we were in many ways more British than the British about food. Attempting to understand why travelers say the food is bad in Britain, I realize that this repeated remark stems less from the quality of food than the British attitude about eating.

It wasn't shameful or sinful to enjoy those "pot pies" at the Dirty Duck Pub, but the British moralist in my father and Manny must have cried out, initially, to get on with our sightseeing with a sense of history in Stratford and to get our money's worth on this tour. After all, "We didn't come to England to eat."

Tonight, I think I'll prepare a large hunk of roast beef—juicy, succulent and tender—and serve it with crisp and light Yorkshire pudding, a bit of horseradish and several vegetables. It is my father's favorite—if only he and my mother could be in Washington, D.C., this evening to enjoy it with us. Manny should like it too.

I'll sample each dish of tonight's meal

and relive ten wonderful days my parents, Manny, and I had in England.

After all . . . "Tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers."

—Shakespeare



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Honored for her years of service at Kitchen-Klatter was Louise Annan (left) who was presented with a gift by co-worker, Reatha Seger.

—Photo courtesy of the Shenandoah Evening Sentinel

A KITCHEN-KLATTER EMPLOYEE RETIRES

For over 23 years, Louise Annan has been a "general bookkeeper" for Kitchen-Klatter, which is simply a way of saying she has done every type of work needed in that particular department—a most necessary and specialized occupation for a busy, diverse business.

Louise attended high school in Coin, Iowa, taking as many courses in typing, bookkeeping and related work as she could. Encouraged by her teachers and led by her own interests and growing abilities, she decided to continue her education in the business field. She attended the Platt-Gard Business School in St. Joseph, Missouri.

After marrying her classmate, Wayne Annan, the couple farmed for several years near Coin. The Annans moved to Farragut, Iowa, about five miles southwest of Shenandoah where Wayne was employed by a grain elevator company.

Louise and Wayne's two children are now grown and in homes of their own. Judy lives in Plainview, Texas, is a teacher and, with her husband, David Bye, is co-owner of a dairy ranch. They have three children. Son Gary and his wife, Shirley, both teach in the Carson-Macedonia school system, about 40 miles north of Shenandoah. They have two sons.

Louise's favorite hobby is traveling with her husband. "We've been all over the United States, taken a grand tour of Europe, Greece, Russia, the Holy Land, England, have gone to Oriental countries and Hawaii. I am so lucky that Wayne enjoys travel just as much as I do. We have no problem knowing what we

want to do on vacations; the problem is to decide where to go." Reading and golfing are two other hobbies Louise enjoys.

Louise was honored and given special recognition at the Company Christmas party in December. Louise and Wayne's new year and retirement were started by a trip to the Southwest.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

There are times when children don't want to eat; who knows why? Make the meals interesting; it helps a lot. I've found if I make "small food," they love it. Make half-dollar size hamburgers or tiny meatballs. Pancakes made very small or in shapes of dolls or animals are fun for children. Also, sometimes just letting them serve themselves, or squirting on their own mustard or catsup puts the kids in an eating mood. It may get a little messy at times, but children need to learn sometime. —K.F., Kansas

When baking the purchased, refrigerated biscuits that are found in the dairy case at your grocer's, place one on top of another. Bake for a little longer time. The biscuits are nice and soft and more moist.

Many cooks have trouble with pie crust failure. I discovered by accident (the phone rang when I was ready to roll out the dough) that if you allow the dough to rest on the breadboard or pastry cloth for about 20 minutes, you will have much better results. This works regardless of the recipe used.

—E.F.S., Howard, Kans.

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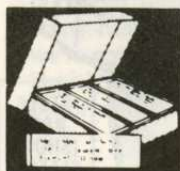
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Art Brase is very happy with the energy-saving fireplace recently installed in the family's home.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
 announcement is made at church on Sunday and the people rally forth. Sara said this winter there was a need for winter coats and blankets. It is a wonderful project and something you might want to organize in your area.

Since I started this letter, the weather has made up its mind to snow and blow a gale. This puts me in the mood for popcorn. I'm going to the kitchen and plug in my new hot-air popper, put in some of the popcorn our good friend Richard Boyce brought us, and just forget about the weather.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

He who knows himself most praises himself least.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
 immaculately pure white. Never in all life have I seen birds any whiter than white egrets. They are every bit as white as the swans, and that is just about as white as anything can be. Their feeding habits are very similar to that of the herons.

Right about now, I start cutting back on the feeding of the wild ducks. All through the winter months, it was costing me several dollars a week to feed them, but now that spring is here, they can find food. I do love my wild ducks, though! They practically climb all over me at feeding time, but they trust no one else. Once in a while some friend will walk down to the water's edge with me to watch the ducks eat, but always the ducks are suspicious. To keep them in front of me, I blow my bird whistle many times. When they are frightened—or as we say, “spooked”—I can call them back with the whistle.

One evening while Betty was in Florida, I was all dressed to go out for a walk in the snow, when I accidentally spilled some coffee on my trousers. Not wanting to remove my boots so that I could take off the trousers, I did a very stupid thing. I decided to dry the wet area with a hair dryer. I loosened my belt and stuck the hair dryer down inside the trousers. The next thing I knew, the smoke alarm in our back hall sounded a shrill warning. The back of my trousers was on fire!!! I beat out the fire, but it was a very narrow escape from some serious burns. A man my age ought to have known better, don't you think?

Sincerely,

Frederick

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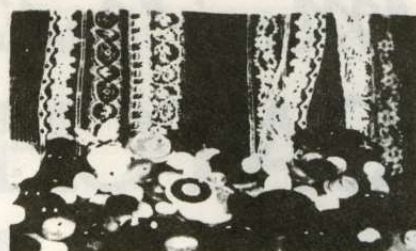


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This went on all morning. Mark caught 30 bass and I got eight.

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When we returned home the next day, I gave the seed to a chemist friend of mine. He analyzed it and duplicated it into a spray for me.

I could hardly wait for my next fishing trip. What I discovered on that trip was absolutely unbelievable. I have never before caught fish like that. Every time I baited my hook. I sprayed it and up popped another fish.

I tested some more. I put spray on one bait and nothing on another. The sprayed bait got the fish almost immediately. The unsprayed bait got some nibbles, but nothing more.

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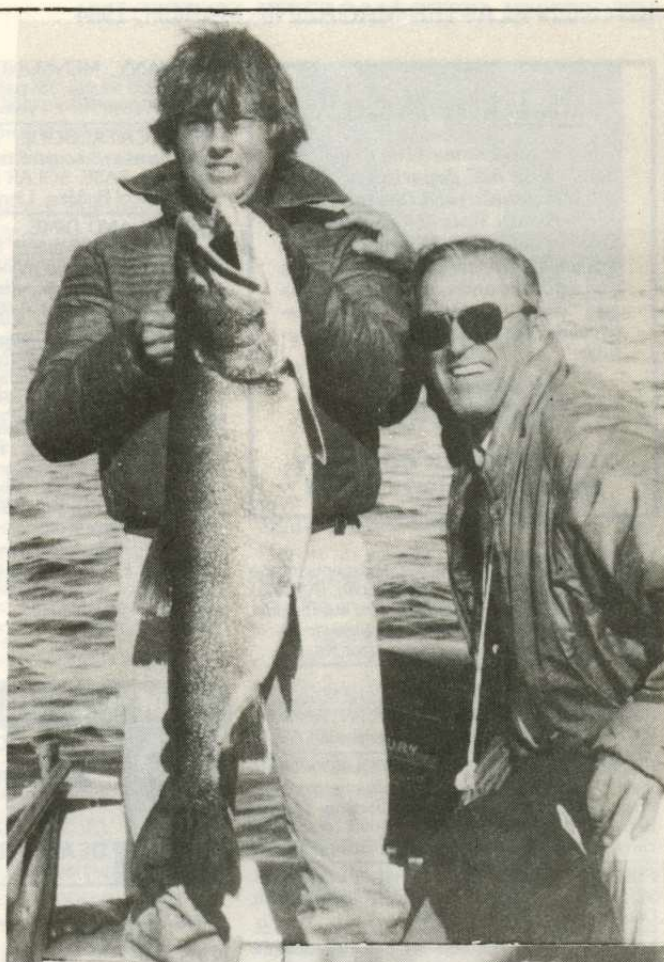
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