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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

Gracious! I had no idea there were so many mulberry recipe experts in the world! Little did I know mentioning mulberries would bring about such a flood of recipes and advice. Almost everyone agreed that plain, cooked, mulberries were pretty dull stuff. The only "plain" recipe was to put cream and sugar on a "big bowl of mulberries." Most people suggested combining the mulberries with rhubarb, raspberries or blueberries. I especially appreciated the folks who advised me to use my Kitchen-Klatter flavorings! Kitchen-Klatter lemon went with the rhubarb. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry and blueberry flavorings were to be added in the recipes calling for these berries. All in all, it was very helpful and entertaining to read these "mulberry letters." Thank you for the time and effort that you took to send them in.

This is a Monday morning and sure enough, lots of laundry is churning away just a few feet from my desk. It has gotten to the point that I am not sure that I could type without that sloshing sound in the background. This particular batch of laundry signals my daughter Katharine's return from music camp.

For the first time, Katharine spent two weeks at camp rather than one session. The other first was that the last week was devoted to orchestra rather than band. I think that she is leaning more toward classical music these days. This was her first experience with playing music geared to many stringed instruments and she enjoyed it very much. Jed and I certainly enjoyed the campers' open-air concert, before we gathered up Katharine and her belongings and headed back to Albuquerque.

Although I have mentioned this music camp before for those of you who may have missed this reference, it is a coeducational summer camp which is located in the Jemez mountains. Children from all over the country come to this camp. (We feel fortunate that all



Katharine Lowey, daughter of Juliana and Jed Lowey, has just returned home from music camp.

we have to do is get into the car and drive an hour and a half to be there.) The emphasis of the camp is music. The students have private lessons, work in groups, do choral singing and prepare for the final concert which is given for the parents on Sunday afternoon. There are hikes, overnight camping and lots of fun activities as well as the musical workout.

As Jed and I were sitting on bleachers listening to the music of Vivaldi wafting into the tall pine trees that circle the open auditorium, I made two observations. The first was that I was truly tickled to see a whole group of young boys about ten- to twelve-years-old. They were in the front row of the orchestra and sported scuffed tennis shoes, knees and elbows. These young musicians looked like they belonged at the local fishing hole....and there they were playing classical music on their violins. I was reminded of the Norman Rockwell painting with the same theme.

The other observation was that it was the first time that Jed and I had appeared at one of Katharine's summer concerts when we were fully presentable. Every year until this one, it has worked out that Jed and I have combined picking up Katharine with a weekend of camping in the same mountains. One of our favorite camp sites is only 12 miles away from the music camp. It just seemed logical that Jed and I would spend the night in the tent and do a little trout fishing...then mosey down to the camp to hear the music and retrieve our daughter. There was a good reason this didn't work out this year.

The reason was that our faithful pickup truck is "in the shop" and the verdict is still out as to whether or not it can be fixed. No, we didn't have an accident. Several weeks ago, we were peacefully driving home from the mountains when we crested a HUGE hill

outside the little New Mexico town of Bernalillo. We could see Albuquerque and the spectacular view of the Rio Grande Valley from this high point. The truck gave a little hiccup and the next thing I knew, Jed said, "Remember how many times we have wondered if it would be possible to coast all the way into Bernalillo from the top of this hill? Well, today we are going to find out if it is possible or not." The truck was completely dead, but still rolling.

My dear friend from Shenandoah, Suzie Berry was visiting us, and all I could think of was "What ever have we gotten Suzie into. We promised her a lovely picnic in the mountains, and now she may have a hike in the desert, instead."

The truck did keep rolling. It will power alone could have kept it moving, we would have supplied more than enough. The upshot was that the pickup finally coasted to a stop at a gas station in Bernalillo. By actual count the truck had managed to roll for six and a half miles. I was so glad that Suzie was with us. She is a very optimistic person by nature and had absolute confidence that we would manage to get to a phone or a gas station. My courage faltered several times when a small rise in the road would appear and I would wonder if there was enough momentum to carry us over.

Fortunately, the problem with the pickup was the only difficulty Suzie and I had during the week that she visited us. It is so much fun to see long-time friends. Suzie and my friendship goes back to the time of our third birthdays. We can talk about "the good old days" and know that we are speaking the same language. In spite of the fact that our lives have diverged, Suzie and I still share the same basic attitudes and principles that were learned as children growing up in an Iowa town in the 1950s. It is a comfortable feeling to talk to someone with the same roots!

When Suzie left, she and I were already making plans for her visit next summer. We did do some sight seeing, but there is plenty more to do and see here in the Land of Enchantment.

This summer has been a busy one for my son, James. He did go to Washington, D.C. to work for our cousin, Rich DiCicco. In one letter home, James mentioned that he was finding his way around the computer at the Library of Congress. In another letter he talked about researching at the United States Patent Office. It sounded like a dream job to me!

When James got back to Albuquerque the first item on his agenda was to find another job. It is amazing how fast a sixteen-year-old boy can get to be dependent on a weekly paycheck. His current job is working at a family amusement park which is not far from our home. James is in charge of one of



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Today is a typical August day in Iowa—hot and humid. Right now Frank and I are waiting for the electrician from the REC to come and see why we have only partial electricity. I don't mind being without lights in the daytime but hate to be without water, air conditioning, and fans. Fortunately the freezers and refrigerator are still operating, and hopefully before long everything will be.

One of my big thrills this summer was getting to see our grandson, Andy Brase, perform with the Casper Troopers Drum and Bugle Corps when they appeared at the Celebration in Brass sponsored by the Ankeny Chamber of Commerce in Ankeny, Iowa recently. Besides the Troopers, five other top drum corps in the country were also on the program. These young musicians have been travelling all over the United States this summer in competition to see who will be named the National Champion of the Drum Corps International for 1984. These same corps were in Bellevue, Nebr. the night before. The judges there (and Andy says they never have the same judges anywhere) rated the Troopers third, but the judges in Ankeny rated them fourth. My carload of women didn't agree with the judges, but then what do we know about judging. We just know what we liked.

Kristin had told me not to be disappointed if I didn't get to talk to Andy because she actually didn't think there would be an opportunity for me to see him alone. She underestimated her mother. I had found out what time the Troopers would arrive (about noon) and where they would be staying (at Parkview School). When the three big busses along with the semi carrying their instruments and equipment pulled in, I was right there. Andy saw us before he got off the bus and came right over to the car. We had a little time to talk then and Andy said he would see if their small practice group could set up near us. They did, and every time the group took a break Andy came right over to visit.

Bernie had gone with me along with two of our friends, and we learned a lot that afternoon. The 127 members of the Troopers divide up into smaller groups to practice. For instance, Andy, who plays bells and xylophone, was practicing with the three other xylophone players and one boy playing drums; in another part of the school grounds the drums were rehearsing together; the brass section was somewhere else, as were the flag and rifle bearers. At the end of the afternoon



Julian Brase, son of Kristin and Art Brase, is holding one of the bluebird houses put up on the farm of his grandparents, Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

Andy came over and told us the Troopers were now going to get together a few yards over on the football field and go through their numbers so we followed him over there. When they were dismissed for supper Andy went with us to eat. We had to have him back in about 45 minutes so he could get into his uniform and ride in the bus to the high school athletic field. We told him goodbye before the program since afterwards it would be so late and we still would have a long drive home. I felt I had really been with Andy all afternoon and evening.

The program was spectacular and colorful and the music was excellent. None of us really knew what to expect since our only memories of drum and bugle corps were the ones with just a few people in them that we had seen in parades years ago. All of us hope the Casper Troopers will be asked to come to Ankeny again next year because we plan to be there. Kristin called me first thing the next morning to get a report. She wanted to know if Andy had said anything about having his wisdom tooth pulled recently, and I was happy to tell her that the tooth was out, and hadn't caused him any problems. Andy didn't happen to say where the extraction took place but thought he had an awfully good dentist.

I am hoping to be able to make a trip to Torrington sometime before school starts. Maybe Andy will get back home while I am there if not I will be able to give Kristin and Art a firsthand report on their son. The summer tour winds up with the

national drum corps finals in Georgia on the 18th of August.

Last month was a real busy month but also an interesting one. Our Birthday Club was invited to a breakfast in Liberty Center as guests of the O.D.O. Club. It was at the home of Thelma Westerly with Connie Penick as assistant hostess. Two large tables together made it possible for all of us to sit together. The breakfast served was attractive as well as delicious. For several years, our summer visits with this group have been getting us better acquainted. When we left, about noon, our carload decided to go on to Des Moines and finish the day shopping.

A big sale in Lucas last month attracted buyers from 18 states. This was called a "specialized sale". Everything being sold was large equipment used in the construction of farm ponds, roads, etc. Keith Kent, a Lucas County farmer and owner of the construction business since the fifties, decided to devote all of his time to his farms. Keith and his wife and owner of the construction business since the fifties, decided to devote all of his time to his farms. Also, he and his wife Shirley want to do a little travelling. One of their sons kept enough machinery to do a few jobs on his own, but everything else was sold. A large auction company in Lincoln handled the sale and all the advertising, etc. Usually the food is catered for the sales, but the Kents belong to our church and asked our women's group if we wanted to serve the food. We decided to give it a try. They had told us to be prepared for between three and four hundred. How many actually came I haven't heard. We learned a lot and if our church women ever do it again, we will be a lot smarter.

Prospective buyers came by plane, some landing at the Chariton airport and others coming into the Des Moines airport. One helicopter with several men aboard landed on a grassy area next door to the sale site.

The day after the sale, Verlene Looker came from Shenandoah to pick me up for our trip to Muscatine. I had told her to plan on having lunch here with us, which she did. We weren't in a big hurry so I had time to quickly do up the dishes while Verlene took my things out to put in the car. In Washington, Iowa we had a brief ice cream break then went on to Muscatine, arriving at our motel about 5:00 p.m. After dinner Verlene and I spent the evening looking around in the Muscatine Mall.

The next morning the two of us went to the big Hy-Vee store where we were to greet our many friends. The regular 9:00 A.M. Kitchen-Klatter program from KWPC was broadcast from the store. Steve Bridges and three of his fellow workers from the station were there to

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DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

To Open the Club Year

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: On a small table, place a large world globe and a medium-size box which is sealed shut. On the wall above the table (or on an easel beside it), place a large poster upon which is printed this quote, in letters big enough to be easily read by the audience: **DON'T JUST STAND THERE — DO SOMETHING!**

Leader: (Reads opening lines slowly and clearly, with a dramatic pause before the last word of each line.)

Do more than exist — live.
Do more than touch — feel.
Do more than look — observe.
Do more than read — absorb.
Do more than hear — listen.
Do more than listen — understand.
Do more than think — ponder.
Do more than plan — act.
Do more than talk — say something.
Do more than stand there — *do something!*

How often in the past have you heard someone say, "Well don't just stand there! Do something?" Perhaps as a youngster you held the screen door open and let the flies in while deciding if you wanted in or out, or you forgot to turn off the water faucet and water was overflowing the sink onto the floor. Perhaps you were standing there with mouth open while the chickens scratched up the flower beds because someone had left the gate open. Someone was sure to galvanize you into action with the words, "Don't just stand there—do something!"

Today I want us to ponder those words and what they mean in terms of the new club year that lies before us.

Someone once asked me the question, "Are you a yesterday or a tomorrow person?" It brought me up short and set me thinking. Did I dwell too much on past situations, old problems and concerns, friends of bygone years? Or was I mostly thinking of tomorrow—planning some special events, hoping for more time to do what needed to be done, putting aside things I wanted to do for "someday?"

How often we miss out on life itself because we are not **LIVING LIFE TODAY!** All around us each day are joys to be shared, loads to be lifted, the sorrowing to be comforted, the lonely to be

cheered, the hungry to be fed—opportunities for personal growth. **TODAY—NOW** is the time to **DO SOMETHING!** As the words used in the beginning challenged us, we must **DO MORE** than just stand there—or, as club members, just sit here and occupy our chairs at each meeting. We must become aware of needs, come alive today, and be up and doing something about it. I like this quote: "Service is the rent you pay for the space you occupy." Are you paying your rent?

We have chosen our club officers for this new year to lead and guide us, but that is not all it takes to have a successful club year. It takes the teamwork of every member. Everyone cannot be an officer, but all of us are important to the club.

Little Jamie was trying out for a part in his school play. His mother knew he had his heart set on being in that play. On the day the parts were to be handed out his mother worried what would happen if Jamie didn't receive a part. That evening Jamie dashed in from school, his eyes shining with excitement and said, "Guess what, Mom? I've been chosen to clap and cheer."

Have you ever thought how important it is to be the one to clap and cheer? To be the one to encourage and help our officers, fellow members, or our club committees to see that club plans and projects are carried out successfully? Each of us has a job to do. We cannot leave that job for someone else to do. I have asked (name) to give us a few thoughts about letting someone else do what each of us should be doing.

Helper: How many times when asked to work on a committee, help with a project, serve as a hostess or take an office, have we refused and said, "Oh, let someone else do it. I'm too busy, or too tired, or have somewhere I want to go?" I came across this clipping that says it all very well and want to thank the unknown author.

SOMEONE ELSE

Our town was saddened to learn this week of the death of one of our most valuable citizens, "Someone Else."

Someone's passing creates a vacancy that will be difficult to fill. Else has been with us for many years and for every one of those years, Someone Else did more than a normal person's share of work.

Whenever there was a job to do, a class to teach, a meeting to attend, an officer to be chosen, one name was on everyone's list, "Let Someone Else do it."

Whenever leadership was mentioned, this wonderful person was looked to for inspiration as well as results, "Someone Else can work with that group."

It was common knowledge that Someone Else was among the most liberal givers in town. Whenever there was a financial need, everyone assumed that Someone Else would make up the difference.

Someone Else was a wonderful person, sometimes appearing superhuman; were the truth known, everybody expected too much of Someone Else.

Now Someone Else is gone! We wonder what we're going to do. Someone Else left a wonderful example to follow, but who is going to follow it? Who is going to do the things Someone always did?

When YOU are asked to help our club this year remember—we can't depend on Someone Else.

Leader: "Service is the rent you pay for the space you occupy." I have asked (name) to share some thoughts on this:

Second Helper: In the very beginning, (leader's name) urged us to do more than exist, look, hear, talk and just stand there. When we limit ourselves to being just a bystander, I think we have boxed ourselves in becoming self-centered, self-important, and narrow-minded. Look at the box there on the table (points to box). It sets, giving out nothing, sharing nothing. Sealed up, it just sets there. I ask, are you like that box—content to just sit there, to be boxed in, not really living?

But notice that beside the box stands a globe representing the world around us that offers daily opportunities to really **LIVE**, to **GROW**, to **DO SOMETHING!**

Let us not box in our club by being unwilling to take an active part, by apathy and indifference. Instead, let us resolve that this year we will be challenged by the world and its needs, challenged to stand up and be counted, to **DO SOMETHING!**

We are helped by helping others,
If we give, we always get.
Seeing others as our brothers
Is life's safest, surest bet.
If we give what folks are needing,
'Twill bring joy without end
And we'll be up and doing—
Not boxed in, my friend.

Let us get together, pull together,
'Tis the spirit that will win.

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An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends,

Milestones... Earlier this summer we challenged a total lack of parking spaces, an hour of waiting, and a bureaucratic jungle to get Isabel a military ID card. That may not look too exciting in print, but when I think of it I feel that trumpets should sound. Isabel is ten! The sergeants at the desk knew and were patient as they gave her instructions. Other mothers knew and shared with me smiles of experience.

The military ID card is a great milestone in Isabel's life, because it allows her access to military facilities without the need of an accompanying adult. The degree of freedom this offers is not even fully understood by Isabel yet because she went to New England soon after acquiring the card. She will learn soon enough that as with any privilege, there are responsibilities. Not only MAY Isabel carry the card, she MUST, and she must abide by all the restrictions that govern adult behavior in military facilities. The importance of all this to me, of course, is in watching a child take a step toward independence. The "empty nest syndrome" is still years ahead of me, but I can already see feathers be shed.

This is a summer of independent steps for Isabel. In late July she boarded a plane in Omaha alone bound for La Guardia Airport in New York. This was Isabel's first flight within her memory (she has long forgotten early childhood flights). The airline promised to release her to no one but Vin's parents, so I could relax on that score and imagine how exciting it would be for Isabel to see the Manhattan skyline in real life rather than on TV. I guess she was reasonably impressed. This was the same girl who had gone to great lengths to be offhand about the Grand Canyon in June, so what did I expect?

Anyway, Isabel has been gone for a whole month. I miss her in unexpected ways (in addition to all the expected ones), but I feel strongly that this time of being alone with grandparents and other relatives is a great gift. Hopefully, it will form precious human bonds that will become important threads in the fabric of her life. I'm glad she's a little homesick. Maybe next winter when we're cooped up in the house and on each other's nerves, she'll remember how this separation felt.

Cassie's "milestone" is that she starts school this month. She'll go two mornings a week to a program for 3-year-olds. We went to the Welcome School one morning last spring so Cassie could see what it was like, and she seemed to fit into the social and developmental



A visit in April strengthened the bonds between David Driftmier and niece Cassie Palo. This photo was taken at the home of Howard and Mae Driftmier.

scheme of things. I think she'll have a great time. New neighbors have a boy six months younger than Cassie (as well as an older son who's Chris's friend). So Cassie has her own companion and also keeps up with the "gang" quite well. I'm grateful the early part of the summer was cool enough to allow the house to be open a lot, and allow me to be in touch with the kids' activities. The thing I hate about air conditioning is feeling so cut off from what's going on outside.

In hot weather or cool, we had baseball every day. Vin played on an intramural team on base and had a seemingly random schedule of practices and games, so I seldom knew if he'd be home for an evening or not. When possible the kids and I went to Vin's games and cheered. We ALWAYS went to Chris's squirt ball games. Squirt ball is the next level up from the T-ball that Chris played last year. In squirt ball the coach pitches to his own players. Vin assures me that there is tremendous pressure on the coach. He or she really wants to pitch well so the kids will get hits, and there is no worse feeling than watching a kid swing and miss a ball sent in with such a desire for the child's success. Vin was the coach of Chris's team, so the whole family shared its fortunes. I have to say we were depressed when they hadn't won a game by midseason. Chris's team finally won the sixth game; that was a great morale builder. They settled down and played real baseball. I enjoyed the experience because the parents of all the kids were very supportive at practices and games, always shouting positive comments to the kids, no matter what. Chris made a lot of progress in developing skills.

I have to smile when I think about Chris; he's an interesting guy. He's

always enjoyed jokes and had a good sense of humor, but now he can make spontaneous plays on words that are genuinely funny. I inherited a love of words from my father, and it is fun to see this enthusiasm in another generation.

Speaking of words, I would need lots to describe our travels this summer. "Too much driving" are quite honestly the first words that come to mind, both to describe our journey through the Southwest in June and our quick trip back to New England in August.

In June we stopped first in Denver for a wonderful evening with Aunt Abigail and Uncle Wayne Driftmier and my cousin, Clark. Then we headed for Prescott, Arizona, for a reunion with Cassie's godparents, Liz and Jim Santoro, showing our kids some of the Navajo reservation on the way. Our last stop was Albuquerque, New Mexico, with old friends, Halene and Dogie Weaver, and, of course, the Loweyes. Sitting in Juliana's lovely dining room one evening, I felt seven years of time melt away. I wrote to her later that if just once in a while I could sit in her dining room with such fellowship, I would consider life has been good.

As you read this, the Palos will be racing back to Bellevue from Connecticut for the new school year. This trip called for a stop in Pennsylvania to see Vin's relatives, a few days with each of our parents, and culminated with the memorial service for my grandmother, Mary Hill Crandall. This was a great gathering of the clan, and possibly the last time all my cousins will be together. It was a celebration of life and love; it was a milestone.

Wishing you many memorable milestones,

Mary Lea

SEPTEMBER SONG

In the quiet, early hours when no one is about

I tuck the peace around me, and
Know there is no doubt that when I walk
Among the flowers, through sparkling
dew, 'mid rising sun,

It's He, who showers autumn's beauty—
And will love and care, 'til day is done!

—Marjorie Lundell

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.

EXPERIENCES IN A RURAL SCHOOL

by
Dorothy Rieke



Statistics reveal that rural schools have been a "vanishing breed." In times of early settlement, rural schools were often located two miles apart. When travel was made easier with better roads and automobiles, consolidation took place and many rural school buildings disappeared.

Rural schools, now infinitely better equipped with modern facilities, still exist today and are playing important roles in the education of children. This is especially true in areas where residents prefer a nearby school to transporting their children a great distance to town facilities. Also there are advantages in having fewer students. With smaller classes, the teacher has more time to explain the lessons and help each student. A family-like atmosphere develops in most rural school rooms because the teacher and students become close as they study and play together.

My first year of teaching, spent in a rural school, was a satisfying yet challenging year that I remember with much fondness. At sixteen-years-old, I had graduated from high school, passed the teachers' examinations, and had attended twelve weeks of college. These preparations satisfied the state education department, and I was awarded a teaching certificate good for three years of teaching. I had dreamed of being a teacher since I was four-years-old; at last I was realizing my dream.

With a sense of importance and feeling a heavy responsibility, I visited my country school several weeks before the starting date. The contract was signed, and I was happily committed to that agreement.

After unlocking the door, I first saw the entry hall with its coat and hat hooks, the shelves for lunch pails, the folded flag and the swinging doors to the main school room. Pushing open one of the doors, a big old silver-colored wood and coal stove caught my attention. There was a long table along the north side of the room, and twelve or fourteen desks positioned on runners. The books were in a large cupboard with a cotton curtain covering the front. I spent several hours sorting out the grade level textbooks I'd need.

After looking at the state department schedule, I struggled trying to fit in all the classes required. Discovering to my dismay that some classes would only be ten or fifteen minutes long. Even by combining some classes as the department had suggested, I still would

have to rush all day to teach all the classes.

Before leaving for home, I picked up a copy of all the texts, took a sample of the well water, and peeked inside the coal shed where I saw coal and cobs. After arriving home, I studied the first chapters of the textbooks carefully then "ran off" some exercise sheets on a hectograph made of a gelatin-like substance in a flat pan. By using a certain type of pencil or pen on paper and dampening the gelatin mixture, ten or twelve copies could be made. Later in the week I was planning to return to clean the building, but some of the ladies living in the district had already cleaned it. Throughout the year it would be my responsibility to scrub and clean the school room.

Just before the first school day, I learned that the well water was unfit for drinking. I purchased a three-gallon cream can and carried water daily to school then poured the water into a crockery jar with a spigot.

Soon the first day of school arrived. I went early to have everything in readiness. First, I found the flag and raised it on the pole.

The students started arriving early, also. The two sisters who had walked across the fields were so helpful and friendly. A father drove up with his two sons and a small kindergarten girl came with her grandmother. Before long ten students were enrolled in seven grades. One of the last students to arrive was a small kindergarten boy. As his mother started to leave for home, the boy started screaming and clinging to his mother's skirts. Soon both the mother and son were crying until the mother decided to visit school for the day. She "visited" each day for three weeks. Finally the little boy became adjusted to the "school scene" and became one of my best friends.

I was young but tried to appear somewhat dignified. However, this was almost impossible because the teacher must involve herself and supervise all play activities. So I played tag, blindman's bluff, crack the whip, and softball with the students. As I think back, I am thankful they weren't football fans.

One day as we were playing softball, I stepped back to catch a ball and landed on the ground. I tried to appear my dignified self after my fall, but evidently it made "supper table" news. Because the next day one little girl said to me, "Teacher, Mama said that if you had more meat on your bones, you wouldn't

fall down!"

Even though early in the fall I reached the age of seventeen, a few incidents discomfited me. One day when out playing ball with the students, a man and woman drove up to the school yard gate. Feeling mildly important, I walked out to the car.

A well-dressed woman stepped gracefully from the car. Her first words were, "Where is your teacher?"

I drew myself up to my full height and said haughtily, "I am the teacher." The woman was selling silverware. Needless to say, I didn't feel like buying any!

The school days rolled by quickly. Every evening I carried a large box of books home, studied the next day's work, made exercise sheets, and corrected work. Soon it was time for the annual school program. I was new at this but listened to the students tell about previous programs. I copied short "pieces" for the younger children and coached a play involving the older ones. Each afternoon we set aside some time from English classes to practice. We were so busy at school making invitations, fixing up a stage and getting extra chairs for the audience.

On the night of the program the schoolhouse was crowded with people, and everyone who came brought pies, cakes, sandwiches, gelatin desserts, and jugs of coffee or milk. I was thankful that the patrons in the district provided the food for the lunch after the program.

The children with flushed faces and showing excitement in every movement carried through their part of the program very well. Much of the remainder of the evening was spent in eating and visiting.

After that first program, I gained more confidence having seen the results of my efforts so I worked harder to teach the students. When explaining grammar and math to my older students, I noticed how interested some of the younger children were. They were listening, and in some cases, learning. My serious little second grader was doing most of the third and fourth grade math problems.

Soon the colder weather was upon us, and several times a day I carried fuel in from the coal shed. I finally learned how to cope with the stove but never was successful in "banking" a fire to hold all night. In the morning the students would move the desks near the stove. As the room heated, one by one each group moved desks to their original positions.

My father sensed my dilemma so before doing morning chores, he often drove his truck to school to help carry the morning coal. As spring weather arrived, I was relieved of the fire building task.

The school board offered me a contract to teach for the next year; but after much thought and with a feeling of

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

I've been sitting at my desk this morning considering what is new to report to you this month and from what had appeared a ho-hum period of time has come alive with interesting developments. The annual receipt of DAR dues has kept me busy at my desk the last two weeks. Our chapter treasurer job remains my responsibility and, needless to say, this year it is easier to process because of my breaking-in period last year. The task is also made much easier by the assistance of my wonderful thinking typewriter. I can put reams and lists of names of paid-up members into this typewriter. When the board wishes to know how our finances are progressing, all I have to do is flip on the memory and there is all the information ready for a quick print-out. Working with the dues requires frequent use of return envelopes and these days they are coming out of my desk presealed. It reminds me of the weather in humid Hoosier-land where the mildew and the corn grow in almost equal proportions. It has been a long time since we've had such humid conditions here in the land where the bumper stickers tout *Escape to Wisconsin*.

Don and I did just the opposite last weekend when we drove to Indiana to touch base again with my sister, Marjorie, brother-in-law, Bill, and once again to see the pals I ran around with in high school. The occasion was the wedding of one of these pal's children! There were more than twenty of us, counting husbands and wives, who gathered together after the wedding to reminisce. Since I had missed my class reunion last year, this made up for that disappointment considerably. Everyone looked a wee bit older than the last time I had seen them, but they surely were a wonderful sight to behold. It had been more than two years since Don and I had been back to Anderson, which was my home base for thirty years. During our visit, we drove through the campus of Anderson College, a theological seminary for the International Church of God. Everywhere, we saw banners welcoming the "Colts" and T-shirts emblazoned with the same message and finally realized that the new Indianapolis

Colts, formerly the Baltimore Colts, were having their preseason workouts on the campus. The public was invited to stand in the ninety-degree heat and watch them practice. Sure enough, there were thick crowds standing in the sun eagerly watching their routines and listening to their groans.

We also drove past my Maple Road home which has been sold after my mother's death. It didn't look the same, which was a break for me, because I would have been awash with sad nostalgia had it been beautiful. The new owners have let the lawn deteriorate, the trees and shrubs are in sorry condition, and the paint is peeling. None of this was allowed to appear when my mother devoted herself to keeping things as our dad would have deemed proper. It didn't look the same and I was glad that I had the courage to drive past.

With the fine guidance of brother-in-law Bill, we did drive many miles in Anderson and saw wonderful signs of renewed growth in a town hit hard by the past years' hard times. The General Motors division where Don was employed has now rehired all of their laid off employees which has to impact strongly on the economy of Anderson. It remains an area where the largest number of new cars are sold in all of the midwest. Much as I would have liked to, we did not help increase their record by buying a new car to replace our aging, salt-worn car.

One morning I was working at this same desk when I answered the phone and had the loveliest conversation with a Kitchen-Klatter reader from Ceylon, Minnesota, who was in our area visiting her niece on Fieldstone Road. She just called to wish me well. Wasn't that a nice way to start my day? Which reminds me, earlier in the year, we had gone to help celebrate the birthday of a gentleman with whom I had taught school for twelve years. In the course of the conversation, he mentioned that his daughter was seeing a young man whose mother knew more recent news about me than any of them. The mother in Worthington, Minnesota, is both a Kitchen-Klatter reader and a radio listener. It warms my heart to realize we have so many friends scattered across the heartland of this fine country.

Since last month, daughter Katharine has been in for a long weekend visit. She had brought with her a friend from the laboratory where she works. Now when Paul brings home a "friend" of the opposite sex it is nothing noteworthy, because he changes "friends" almost as often as most girls change shoes; but when Katharine brings home a "friend, who is a boy," I begin to get suspicious. This nice young man is a year older than Katharine and shares her interest in science. What she does at Bethesda

Research Laboratories with cloning DNA molecules in minute test-tube quantities, this gentleman does by the gallon. He appeared for breakfast the second day in tiny eye-size head-gripping goggles and a white head-to-toe paper-cloth safety-suit which started the day off with an enormous giggle. Here this chap stood shrouded in white, looking like he had just stepped off of the moon rather than just through the kitchen door. These garments are intended to protect the workers around the large quantities of microbes. This chap had brought one because he knew of Don's interest in scientific developments.

I don't know what kind of vacation jaunts this rapidly vanishing summer holds for Don and me, but we have high hopes of getting west of the Mississippi before the weather changes. According to a report I heard, the early serenade from the cicadas means an early frost and quickly follows winter. That won't keep us from trying to get to Shenandoah, stopping on the way at Dorothy's farm and going on to Denver where we have been invited but never been able to accept. When I get Don Driftmier in the mood to travel, it behoves me to take advantage of all avenues. We had a lovely Saturday afternoon with Marge and Oliver at Lake Geneva which is half way between Rockford, where Oliver's sister lives, and our house. We never lacked for things to talk about and the lunch time passed all too quickly. Don and I assured them that we would be heading out their way. Since it has been stated publicly, I'm sure we'll make it.

Until next month I hope the weather cooperates for the farmers.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

A GRACE FOR MEALS

by
Annette Lingelbach

Thank you, God,
For what we have.
Thank you, God,
For tomorrow's food.
Thank you, God,
For all You've given us,
In the past with love.

REMEMBER

If you love something, set it free.
If it returns to you
It is yours,
If it doesn't,
It never was.



Welcome Teacher Party

by
Virginia Thomas

Many communities plan a reception honoring the school teachers as the school year begins. I'm sure, if you would ask the teachers, they would much prefer an informal party with good, wholesome fun and an opportunity for them to get acquainted with the parents. With this type of party in mind, these suggestions are offered.

Name Tags: Cut an old-fashioned schoolbell shape from silver or gold paper and glue on a brown paper handle; or, cut a slate from black construction paper, adding a border of brown and write name with white marker on "slate."

Lapel Pin Favor: These are corsage pins dressed up with cork heads made to resemble a school "kid." For each favor, a long corsage pin, a little cork fish bob and a pair of tiny, plastic, moving eyes is needed. Fashion each head to resemble a school boy or girl. Use silk floss or yarn for the hair—some braided, some curled, some tousled. To conceal the head on the pin, stick the pin through the cork before gluing on the hair. Mark the eyebrows with a marking pen. Use red nail polish to paint on the lips. Glue on a tiny bead for the nose. Tiny seashells make cute ears.

Some "kids" might wear a hat or a beanie of felt. To make the beanie or hat, cut a small circle of felt. Dampen the felt, then shape over a bottle top. Screw the cap on to hold felt. When dry it will be a tiny hat with a crown. For a brim, cut circle large enough for brim to stick out from under the cap of the bottle. Tiny sunbonnets, or head scarves may be cut from checked gingham for the girls.

Eye-to-Eye Icebreaker: As each person arrives, he or she is given a sheet of paper and a pencil. Across the top are headings for five columns: BLUE, BROWN, GRAY, BLACK, GREEN. Guests are to shake hands with everyone and write their name on the paper under the correct column according to the color of the person's eyes. Prizes may be given to those having most names under a certain color.

Welcome Stunt: Choose someone with wit and humor and good dramatic ability. This person carries on stage very large cards, each card has printed on it

one of the letters of the word HELLO. Be sure there is a wall space, or holders of some sort so the person can fasten the letters as indicated, in full view of audience. The person begins to tell this story:

There was a program at school and five kindergarteners gave the welcome which went something like this: The first little girl came out and held up this letter (holds up letter "H") and said, "This stands for howdy." (She places letter on wall or in holder.) "We are so glad you're here."

The second little girl came out with this card (shows "E") and said, "Howdy, we are so glad everybody is here." (places letter)

Next a little boy came out with this letter (holds up "L") and says, "I'm glad to say howdy and we're glad lots of you are here." (places letter)

The fourth child came out with this letter (letter "L") and said, "I am here to say we are glad lots and lots of you could come." (places letter)

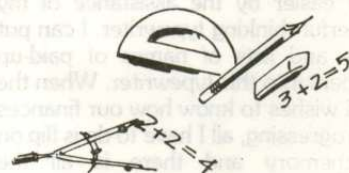
A very flustered, bashful little boy came out with the last letter (holds up "O") and said, "O, I've forgot what I'm supposed to say. O dear, I don't know what to do." Then he finally put his letter up like this (places letter in front of others so it reads "O HELL"), but the teacher hurried out and put the letter "O" where it belonged." (quickly changes letters so it reads "HELLO")

(If the person doing this stunt, will act out the parts of the various children, this can be very funny.)

Balloons & Feathers: Place a pile of inflated balloons on a table at one end of the room and a pile of feathers on a table at the opposite end of the room. Elect teams for a relay game. Give each player a drinking straw. At signal from leader, the first person in each line must go to balloon table and pick up by suction a balloon on the end of their straw and carry the balloon to the feather table, leave it there, pick up a feather in same manner and carry it to balloon table. Then the next person in line goes through same procedure. The side which finishes carrying balloons and feathers to opposite tables first successfully wins the game.



When David's son, John Frederick Driftmier, gets up in the morning, he often rushes to his favorite chair and picks up a book. He is a little boy who enjoys his books!



Mother Goose Bee: Choose two teams and line up players as for a spelling bee. Instead of words to spell, the leader gives the player one line of a nursery rhyme and asks player to supply the next line. Players drop out if unable to give correct second line.

Walking Spelldown: Each person is given a square of paper and a pin. The first letter of the player's last name is to be printed on the paper, and then the paper pinned on the left shoulder. Players are to go about the room and spell themselves into a word; for example, if player's initial is "T", player would hunt for someone with an "A" and another person with a "P", to form word TAP. Those three players write TAP on their paper, then continue to hunt out another word in same manner. Give prizes for player who has longest list, and to one who has used the most letters.

Charades are always fun, but you might have some fun dividing the crowd into groups to play. Divide by birth months, by native states, by height—tall, medium, short.

Just before refreshment time, why not assign each teacher an area of the room, or a table (if group isn't too large) and invite parents to meet with their child's teacher (or teachers) for a brief chat and to introduce themselves if not acquainted? Teachers might then join the parents of their pupils to visit while eating.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

The news media keeps us informed about all the bad news in the world. It is important that we know of contemporary problems and sadness so we can be well-informed citizens. However, we know in our hearts that there is so much good in the world, and there are so many brave, strong and loving people making great contributions to others and to their communities. We like to see these people get the recognition they deserve. One great American newspaper, the *Christian Science Monitor*, emphasizes the positive aspects of the news. And, of course, our favorite *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* is always written with a happy outlook on all things. I want to share with you three stories that have given me cause to rejoice.

As you know, I am teaching English as a second language in a junior high school in Calgary. Most of my students are refugees. Every day, they remind me of the wicked and corrupt conditions that do exist in many parts of the world; at the same time, they teach me about the strength of the human spirit. I had the pleasure of teaching one such student, Shane, last year. Shane's story has a very unhappy beginning, but it is important to know so the happiness of the ending can be appreciated. His family is Chinese and in Cambodia, where he was born, the Chinese have been recently persecuted much as the Jews were in Germany before World War II. Shane and his family left home to walk to Thailand and freedom. It took them six years, of first being captured by the Cambodian soldiers then escaping and living in a series of refugee camps, until they finally arrived in Canada.

In a writing assignment at school, Shane wrote his own story of what happened. It begins with this description of being held captive by the Cambodian soldiers:

"I was working in the field on the hottest day of the year. It was 130 degrees. I wanted to stop working for a few minutes to rest, but I couldn't because there were soldiers watching me and others...I had to work from 5:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. There was no payment for the work. I couldn't run away. If I tried the soldiers would shoot me. Already three had been cut down."

Shane did eventually escape. This story has a very happy outcome. Shane ended his writing assignment with these words: "Now I'm living in Calgary. It's like living in Heaven compared to my country."

His stay in our school included winning

awards for excellence in academics and athletics. Shane also was named "school citizen of the year." In his own quiet, good-humored way, he became one of the most popular kids in the school. He has been one of my best students, and one of the kindest human beings that I have ever known. Shane never gave up hope but has given so many of us inspiration. Out of tragedy, he has made his own happy ending.

The second story was sent to me by a longtime Kitchen-Klatter friend from Oregon named Betty. She wrote just after the time her family made a summer vacation trip to Calgary. When they arrived in the city her husband suddenly became very ill. What a difficult circumstance, to be in a city where you know no one and have to deal with a family crisis! And yet, it is at times like these when peoples' good, caring natures are revealed. Here is what Betty writes about the people that she met in Calgary at that time:

"I just must say how very special our memories of Calgary are, even though they represent much sadness. The personnel of the hospital and even the kitchen staff, who kept our three sons fed at all times of the day, were so warm and kind to us. The pastor of the Lutheran Church and his wife ministered to us in such a personal way in their home as well as DAILY visits to Don in the hospital. The supervisors of the campground where my sons and I remained at nights were thoughtfully watchful and concerned for our needs. In every way we can only think very highly and respectfully kind toward the community of Calgary. All who we came in contact with most certainly showed deep compassion and empathy for us, strangers in their midst, frightened and unbelievably stunned by our circumstances in such an unbearably traumatic time."

I am grateful to have received this good story about Calgary from my friend in Oregon. It makes me proud of my own city, but at the same time I know, and you know too, that the kind of true humanity spoken of here is repeated daily in every large city and small town. So many people, all reaching out in their own way to those who are in need make the world as good as it is.

My third story concerns a man who lives down the street from us. His name is George, and he has a little three-year-old girl named Jennifer. Jennifer often likes to stop by and play with our little boy, John, so I got to know my neighbor through my child.

One day, I was outside painting a new fence we had just put up. George very generously asked if he could help me. It took several evenings to complete the fence; while we worked, I learned something of his life. Like many people in

today's world, he is divorced. When his marriage did not work out, he became severely depressed. George went to counselors of all kinds, joined in group therapy, and tried just about every means to climb out of his depression. Just when he was beginning to lose all hope, something happened that changed his life totally, that gave him a reason for living. His sister, who was also having many problems in her life, had a baby girl. George was very much taken by the beauty and the wonder of the newborn child. One week after the little girl was born, he was horrified to learn that his sister wanted to give up the baby for adoption. George immediately applied to legally adopt the child so she would not go to strangers. He was soon given permission and since has raised the child mostly on his own with help from family and friends. He also uses the help of the local day care center.

"That little girl," George told me, "has taught me more than I can ever hope to teach her. She taught me to be unselfish. She taught me how to give and receive love, how to be happy and how to care about the things in life that are really important. Before I took Jennifer, I seemed to be only concerned about myself. I couldn't give to others, and so I became more and more depressed. Now, with Jennifer, I am always happy. She is like magic to me."

Sophie and I like to see George and Jennifer walk together down the street. The little girl is always so well dressed. And, most importantly, she is always happy. Jennifer obviously loves her Daddy very much. They take such joy in being in each other's company.

Just before meeting George and Jennifer, I read *Silas Marner*, a classic of English literature, written by George Eliot in the 1840s. Many of you probably have read and remember the story of a linen weaver named Silas. He has a whole life of bad luck. Then Silas adopts a two-year-old girl and she completely transforms his life for the better. Just as Jennifer changed George's life, so the life of Silas was changed. Willa Cather, that great novelist from Nebraska, once said something to the effect that there are no new stories, only a number of very important old stories which keep repeating in some new way.

I hope you agree with me that stories such as these also deserve recognition. For now, I will close with the hope that all of you can find many reasons to be glad about the things you see occurring near you. If any of you would like to drop me a line via the Kitchen-Klatter office, I would love to hear from you, although I can not promise an individual letter to everyone who writes. Have a very fine September and harvest season!

Sincerely,
David

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



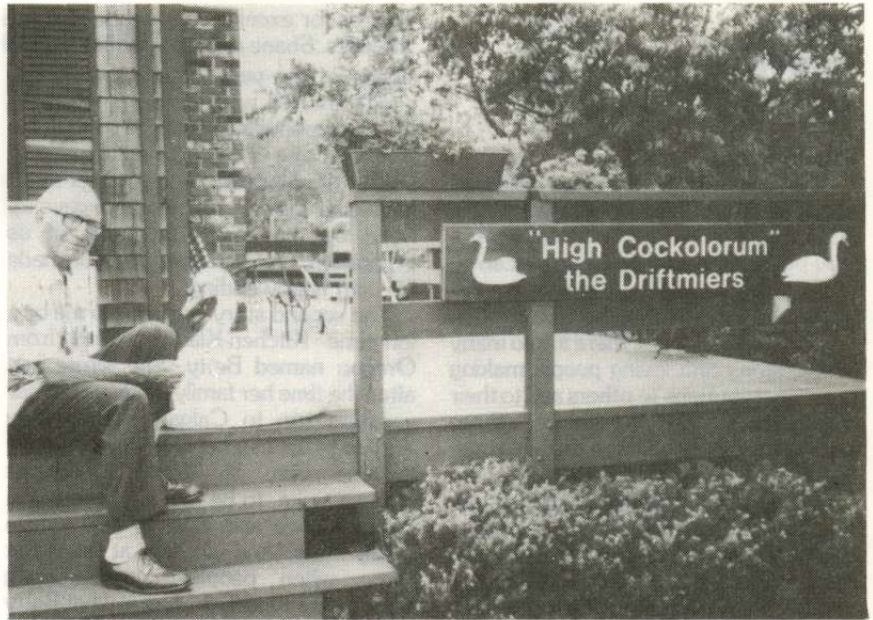
Dear Friends,

Betty and I were so disappointed to find a note stuck in our door telling us that we had some Kitchen-Klatter visitors while we were out sailing. The note told us that Norbert and Mary Meyers of Adams, Minnesota, had stopped by. I just hope even though we were not at home that our Minnesota friends took time to look around at all of my flower gardens, those up by the house and those down across the road by the water.

If you are a gardener—and I hope you are—you understand what a difficult summer this has been for growing things. Our part of New England had so much rain and so much fog and mist that practically every type of growing thing has been attacked by fungi and giant insects. The weeds and insects have enjoyed all of the wet weather and have grown and prospered famously. As I write to you this very moment, we are having a veritable cloudburst. It will be several days before the ground is drained enough to permit me to weed the lower garden. After one heavy rain a few days ago, I walked into the lower garden and sank into mud up above my wading boots!

Occasionally there is a good sailing day, and last Saturday was just such a day—a bright sun shining, and a cool southwest wind blowing in from across the sound. Betty, I and our next door neighbors took our boat out for the day. All went well until we happened to sail right across a small buoy marking the location of an underwater lobster pot. I am sure that you either have seen lobster buoys or pictures of them. In this part of New England they are as common on the waters of the bays, inlets, and sounds as rural mailboxes are common along the roadsides of your part of the country. While sailing, I have run over lobster buoys dozens of times without any trouble, but last Saturday, was a different story. The buoy got caught on the centerboard cable underneath my boat!!!

The lobster pots marked by buoys usually are about the size of a small dog house, and they lie on the bottom of the sea amongst the rocks. The pot attached to the buoy our boat hit must have been weighted down with rocks, for the moment the cable tangled with the buoy, our boat slowed down drastically. Then the pot got caught in the rocks, and that brought our boat to an abrupt halt! We could not go forwards, backwards, or



Frederick Driftmier sitting on the steps of their home in New England

sideways even with the full power of the motor. At first we laughed about being at a dead halt some distance from land, but the laughter did not last long. The calm sea started to get rough as the wind picked up, and we began to work desperately to get that lobster buoy with its attached pot disconnected from the bottom of the boat. Our neighbor, who was with us, is an expert swimmer, and he volunteered to go over the side of the boat with the use of my swimming ladder, then to dive under the boat to cut the fouled lines loose. As a safety precaution, we tied a rope around his waist so he would not be swept away by the fast-running tide. He had to make about six dives down under the boat to get his mission accomplished but finally succeeded, and we were on our way again. So help me! I never intend to have my boat hit another lobster buoy! To the unwary boatsman, they are loaded with trouble.

Speaking of sailing, I must tell you about two very interesting persons that I had aboard the boat as guests. One recent weekend, our good friend from Springfield, Mr Lawrence King came to see us, bringing with him a charming Dutchman by the name of Richard Kersemakers. Mr. Kersemakers was here in the country on an exchange visit, spending several days of his two week visit with Larry King. Now, you would expect a man from Holland to know all about sailboats, and certainly Mr. Kersmakers did. He has sailed his own boat up and down the many Dutch canals and out along the coast of Holland. How he did love to sail my boat! Lawrence King had just returned from another of his many visits to Holland. He and Mr. Kersemaker took turns telling me about interesting events taking place

in Holland these days. It was one of the best days of sailing I have had all summer.

Another interesting day of sailing was when I had aboard my boat one of the most wonderful young men I ever have known. Several weeks ago, I read an article in a Hartford, Connecticut paper which told about and showed a photo of a young man by the name of Bill Higgins. He recently graduated from high school to one of the loudest standing ovations ever given a school graduate anywhere at any time. Bill Higgins has only one half of a body. He has no legs, and walks on his hands. He was born with club feet and spina bifida (an opening of the spine), and at the age of six, his legs were amputated at the hips. With all of that trouble, Bill also had the problem of being an orphan in an institution. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Higgins first saw him there and decided that little legless boy needed them to be his parents, and they promptly adopted him.

After reading about Bill, I wrote and congratulated him on his recent graduation and invited him to go sailing with me. His father and his sister brought him down for the day. Oh how glad I am to have met that boy, his father and sister! (His mother was home taking care of a baby.) He was a great little sailor, and I use that word *little* advisedly, for with one half of a body, Bill Higgins' head came up to just above my knees. He laughs and says, "I'm not handicapped! I'm just short!" Bill drives a specially constructed car; he works at his first job in the accounting office of an ice cream firm; and he teaches a Sunday school class! What a boy! And what fun he was to be with. As we sailed back into port, I told him that he was welcome to be a

(Continued on page 15)

THE GREAT GRAVITY HOMECOMING

by
Evelyn Birkby

Gravity is a community of 245 people surrounded by the scenic, rolling hills of southwestern Iowa. Like so many other small towns in the Midwest, it can produce a celebration with fun for everyone predicated on the simple, rural pleasures which never seem to dull.

Last year Gravity celebrated its Centennial, and everyone had such a great time the citizens decided to do something again this year. Their 101st year was celebrated as a "Great Gravity Homecoming." As many events as possible were planned which were fun and which would allow all ages to participate.

The two-block main street was turned over to a "Hillbilly Flea Market," an antique and garage sale, produce and live animal market all rolled into one. Under a blazing Iowa sun and with the humidity ranging into the high-drip category, the participants set up their tables, laid out their wares and pulled pickups close to the sidewalk and let down the tailgate so their products could be seen. Farmers wearing blue shirts, jeans and colorful seed company caps, farm women in bright shorts and pastel blouses and children in all manner of casual summertime attire, roamed the streets looking for bargains among the collections of perfume bottles, growing plants, cups and saucers and lovingly restored attic items.

The animals attracted the most attention. Tiny chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys and pheasants were in cages pushed under the shady tree branches. The pheasant babies sold quickly. The others, surely happy to be rescued from the heat, found new homes before the day was over. Golden-colored ferrets, surprisingly tiny and gentle looking for creatures known for their tenacity and pugnaciousness, were for sale to anyone who wished to rid their building of rats or mice. I wanted to ask if ferrets made good pets, but the rush of onlookers around the pickup which held the caged creatures kept me too far back from the owners for conversation.

At 2:00 P.M. the frog jumping contest began on a grassy, shaded lawn. The ladies and a few gentlemen trooped up the street to the high school gym where large fans and open doors made it a pleasant, relatively cool, place. Just the week before, the walls of the old building, now used as a community center, had to be completely scrubbed to get rid of a coating of mildew encouraged by the intense rains of recent months. The place was spotless. The stage and public address system in readiness and the smiling, loving faces of those in



Photo courtesy of Clarinda Herald Journal. Evelyn was taking a sample taste of one of the apple pies in the Great Gravity Homecoming Pie Contest when the newspaper photographer snapped her picture. You can tell from the sparkle in her eyes that she was having a very good time judging the fine baked items.

attendance raised to greet me as I walked onto the stage.

Part of my talk that afternoon gave some of the details of my latest project. I am writing a cookbook for KMA radio in Shenandoah as a part of their 60th Anniversary plans for 1985. I told the Gravity folks some of the stories which have already surfaced in my research. It is a delight to go back into the past and become reacquainted with some of the personal friends I made when I first began broadcasting for KMA in 1950. And to put it together into a book is a challenge I'm enjoying.

After my presentation was finished, we all moved to the end of the gym where long tables held a mouth-watering array of home-baked pies brought for the Great Gravity Homecoming Pie Contest. It was great fun to be the judge at the very first pie contest ever held in this community. Some 36 pies were entered in the three divisions; cherry, apple and other. The ladies had done themselves proud; every pie could have been a winner. With so many superior entries, it was not an easy contest to judge.

As I carefully cut, checked appearance, texture, tenderness, thickness and taste, I was concentrating mightily. Suddenly I looked up at the circle of faces around me, they were concentrating just as mightily on my face, trying to read my impressions from facial expressions. We all burst into laughter; it was delightful!

The grand prize winner was in the "other" category, a raspberry, lattice-topped pie which was truly elegant. The originator of this creation told me that she had no recipe, just a pinch here and a dump there. However, her secret for the tender golden crust was in the use of chicken fat for the shortening. Every

time she fries a chicken, she puts the pieces of fat and unused skin in a skillet, fries the shortening out over low heat, strains, cools, and refrigerates until a time when she wants to make a pie.

The winning cherry pie was made with sweet cherries and a cherry gelatin. The apple pie blue ribbon winner was a sour cream apple pie with a crumb topping. It was different, cut well, had a fine, flaky crust and was absolutely delicious.

One of my favorite bakers of the day was the dear lady who received a white ribbon on her gooseberry pie. She came rushing up to me after the contest and exclaimed, "My husband thought I was crazy to bring a pie to the contest. He told me I'd never win anything and just look," as she waved the white ribbon over her head. "Just wait until I get home and show him my ribbon. I can win!"

I had one more pleasant experience the day of my Gravity trip. One of my new friends took me to Bedford and gave me a special tour of the Taylor County Historical Museum. It is on four acres of land and includes the rectangular main building, a machine shed (which is presently being completed), a school house and a log cabin. The last two are buildings moved in from their original locations.

The main museum building was very impressive and the displays showed the loving care of many faithful volunteers. The main centerpiece of the museum is a miniature circus, hand carved and painted by two Taylor County men. It is an artistic achievement which includes every important part of a circus. Children adore the tiny circus but adults can appreciate its beauty, humor and craftsmanship. I was also impressed by their research library which is available to the public. Needless to say, I brought many fine ideas back to suggest for our Fremont County museum.

The hot, humid, hurried, happy day concluded with a drive west into the sunset to my home in Sidney. An air-conditioned, comfortable car, good roads and pleasant memories of a great experience helped me along the way.



JOY BRINGS BEAUTY

Beauty comes at any age

To a youngster or to the old.
It's in a mother's beaming face
And in the child she holds.

Joy is in the sharing

Such happiness it brings.
Beauty comes to those in life
Who share in all good things.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

RECIPES

PEANUT BUTTER-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup bran flakes
- 1 cup quick-cooking rolled oats

Cream the sugars with the shortening. Beat in eggs. Add the flavorings and peanut butter. Sift the flour, baking powder and soda together and mix into creamed mixture. Fold in the bran flakes and rolled oats. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

—Dorothy

CHERRY CHEESE BALL SALAD

- 1 15-oz. can dark sweet cherries (reserve juice)
- 2 cups liquid (drained cherry juice and water)
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. black cherry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. creamed cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Drain cherries and reserve juice. Add enough cold water to juice to make 2 cups liquid. Set aside.

Dissolve the gelatin in the 2 cups boiling water. When gelatin is dissolved, stir in the 2 cups cold liquid and the cherry flavoring. Refrigerate until gelatin begins to thicken.

While the gelatin is chilling, blend the cream cheese, sugar and pecans. Chill, then shape into small balls. (This may be prepared ahead of time as the cheese will be soft and must be chilled to shape into balls.) When the gelatin is thickened, add the drained cherries and cheese balls. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Make sure the cherries and cheese balls are spread evenly throughout the gelatin. Refrigerate until firm.

—Dorothy

APPLE PORK CHOPS

- 6 center-cut pork chops, fat-rimmed and about 1/2-inch thick
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 cup unsweetened apple juice
- 2 Tbls. grated onion
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 apple, cored and sliced
- 1 8-oz. carton plain yogurt

Sprinkle the pork chops with the garlic powder and pepper. In large skillet, brown the pork chops on both sides in the oil. Reserving 1/4 cup apple juice, add remaining juice and the onion to the chops. Cover and simmer 1 hour or until tender. Remove chops and keep warm. Stir flour into reserved apple juice until smooth. Bring liquid in skillet to a boil; stir in flour mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Stir in apple slices and yogurt; cook and stir until thoroughly heated. Serve over chops.

—Verlene

SHELL SALAD WITH SHRIMP

- 2 cups uncooked small pasta shells
- 1 large ripe tomato
- 4 cups mixed salad greens
- 4 green onions including tops, thinly sliced
- 1/4 cup finely chopped fresh parsley
- 1 cup pitted black olives
- 1/4 lb. (or more) cooked small shrimp
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Cook the pasta according to the package directions. Meanwhile, coarsely chop the tomato and place in a large bowl. Wash the salad greens and pat dry, then tear into bite-size pieces and add to the tomato. Add the next three ingredients (green onions, parsley and olives).

When the pasta shells are cooked, drain but do not rinse. Add immediately to the salad mixture along with as much shrimp as you wish (I used a 4 1/2-oz. can, but you can use more.) Blend the lemon juice and Kitchen-Klatter salad dressing. Pour over all and toss to mix well. Press a piece of clear plastic wrap onto the surface but do not seal. Refrigerate at least until chilled. This amount will serve about 6 people. The salad keeps well in the refrigerator several days.

—Mary Lea

JUNE'S FROZEN APPLE PIE FILLING

- 4 cups peeled, sliced apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. sugar

Combine the apples with the 1 cup sugar. Let set overnight. Next day, bring to boiling and cook 5 minutes. Mix the flour with the 1 tablespoon of sugar and sprinkle over top. Stir in. Cool and spoon into freezer container. Freeze. Add cinnamon and seasonings when ready to make pies.

—Dorothy

CHICKEN WITH SAUERKRAUT

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. oil
- Serving pieces of chicken for 6
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 apple, peeled, cored and diced
- 1 tsp. caraway seed
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 can (about 1-lb., 11-oz. size) sauerkraut, drained and rinsed
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch, mixed with 3 Tbls. water

In a Dutch oven, heat the butter and oil. Add chicken pieces and brown. Remove chicken and set aside. Add the onion and apple to same Dutch oven and saute until onion is transparent. Stir in the caraway seed and brown sugar. Add the sauerkraut and cornstarch mixture. Stir well, then add browned chicken. Cover and simmer about 1 hour, or until chicken is tender. Turn chicken pieces occasionally during cooking period.

—Juliana

PEACH-CRANBERRY PIE

- 1 unbaked 10-inch pie shell (or 9-inch deep dish)

- 5 Tbls. sugar
- 8 fresh peaches, peeled and halved
- 2 Tbls. butter, cut in tiny pieces

Prepare your favorite pastry and line pie pan. Sprinkle 3 Tbls. of the sugar in bottom of pie shell. Arrange peach halves, cut side down, in shell. Sprinkle the remaining 2 Tbls. sugar over peaches and dot with butter. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare the following:

Glaze

- 1 cup cranberries, fresh or frozen
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1 envelope plain gelatin, softened in 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Cook the cranberries and 1/4 cup sugar over medium heat for 25 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in flavoring and gelatin mixture. Strain cranberries and pour over peaches. Sprinkle almonds on top. Chill and serve.

—Robin

MACARONI & CHEESE

3 to 4 cups partially cooked macaroni (bring to a boil for 1 minute, then drain)
 1/4 cup margarine or butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 cups (or more) diced process cheese
 1 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk (or half-and-half)
 Milk to cover

Combine the macaroni, margarine or butter, flavoring, cheese, salt, pepper and evaporated milk (or half-and-half). Spoon into greased 9- by 13-inch casserole dish. Let set for 15 minutes. Pour on enough additional milk to cover. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees.

If this recipe is doubled, 1 10½-oz. can of Cheddar cheese soup may be added for extra cheese. —Hallie

MONKEYBREAD WITH VARIATIONS**Version I**

1 cup granulated sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 4 tubes refrigerator baking powder biscuits, cut into fourths
 Nuts or raisins
 3/4 cup butter
 1/2 cup granulated sugar (can use leftover coating mixture if any is left)
 1/2 cup brown sugar

Combine the 1 cup granulated sugar and cinnamon. Shake biscuit pieces in the sugar-cinnamon mixture. Drop biscuits in a greased bundt pan. Sprinkle with nuts or raisins. (Nuts or raisins may burn if on top.) Mix the butter, 1/2 cup granulated sugar and brown sugar over low heat until it starts to bubble. Pour over biscuits. Bake 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Version II

3/4 cup granulated sugar
 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 4 tubes refrigerator buttermilk biscuits, cut into fourths
 Nuts or raisins
 1 cup granulated sugar (may use leftover coating mixture)
 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup margarine
 1/4 cup evaporated milk

Combine the 3/4 cup granulated sugar and 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon. Shake the biscuit quarters in the mixture. Drop biscuits in a greased bundt pan. Add nuts or raisins. Combine the 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon and brown sugar. Sprinkle over top.

Heat the margarine and evaporated milk just to boiling. Pour over top. Place bundt pan on cooky sheet (for spills) and bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes or so. —Mary Lea

OREGON SPECIAL CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground beef, uncooked
 1 to 2 sliced potatoes
 1 to 2 sliced carrots
 1 can tomato soup or 1 can cream of chicken soup

In a 1-qt. casserole place a layer of ground beef, next a layer of sliced potatoes, then a layer of carrots. Repeat the layers reserving enough meat to place on top. Pour soup over the top. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour in a 350-degree oven or until potatoes test done. Serves 4.

Note: I top with a layer of cheese croutons the last 15 minutes of baking. —Verlene

RAISIN CREAM BARS

2 cups raisins
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 cup butter
 1 1/2 cups unsifted flour
 1 1/2 cups quick rolled oats
 1 tsp. soda
 2 whole eggs, beaten
 1 cup granulated sugar
 2 Tbs. cornstarch
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 cups half-and-half
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Boil and plump the raisins; set aside to cool. For the crust, combine the brown sugar, butter, flour, oats and soda. Work until crumbly. Remove a fourth of the mixture and set aside. Press the remaining portion into a jellyroll pan (11-by 17-inches). Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

While crust is baking, combine the beaten eggs, granulated sugar, cornstarch, salt and half-and-half in a saucepan. Place over low heat and cook, stirring constantly until mixture has thickened.

Remove from heat. Add well drained raisins and flavorings and stir well. Spread over top of baked crust. Sprinkle the reserved crust mixture over top. Return to oven for 20 minutes. Do not overbake. —Dorothy

COLONIAL CHICKEN BOWL

3 cups diced cooked chicken
 1 can (16-oz. size) fancy mixed Chinese vegetables, drained and rinsed
 2 Tbs. chopped onion
 1 cup sliced celery
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 1 tsp. salt
 2 tsp. soy sauce
 1/2 cup mayonnaise

Combine the chicken, vegetables and salt. Mix the soy sauce and mayonnaise together and toss with first mixture. Chill and serve on a bed of greens. —Robin

PEACH COBBLER

1 egg, beaten
 1/3 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
 3 Tbs. melted lard or shortening
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 cup flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 8 fresh peaches, pared and sliced
 2/3 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Combine the beaten egg, milk, flavoring, melted lard or shortening and 1/4 cup sugar. Mix well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and the salt. Add sifted ingredients to creamed mixture and beat thoroughly.

Toss the peaches with the 2/3 cup sugar and the nutmeg. Place the peach mixture in a greased 9- by 9-inch baking pan. Spread the batter over the peaches and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8. —Robin

CHEDDAR CHICKEN SANDWICH SPREAD

2 cups chopped cooked chicken
 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 1/2 cup chopped pitted ripe olives
 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
 1/4 cup finely chopped bell pepper
 1/4 cup chopped onion

Combine all ingredients, stir and refrigerate. Use on sandwich type bread or to stuff a tomato. I served this in pita bread. —Juliana

MEAL-IN-ONE ROAST

A 3 to 5 lb. beef chuck roast
 6 medium potatoes, quartered lengthwise
 6 carrots, peeled, cut in half lengthwise
 1 large onion, sliced
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing or (1/4 cup cooking oil and 1 tsp. seasoned salt)

1/4 cup water
 1/2 tsp. pepper

Brown the roast on hot grill for 15 minutes each side. Remove roast and place on double strength foil. Add the potatoes, carrots, and onion.

Combine the dressing or oil and salt, water, and pepper. Stir well. Pour over roast and vegetables.

Wrap securely and return to grill. Grill 1 to 1 1/2 hours or until done. Turn several times. (Cooking time will depend on the condition of fire.)

If you want to bake this in the oven, prepare according to directions and after wrapping ingredients in foil, place on cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours to 2 hours. —Hallie

APPLESAUCE-RAISIN CAKE

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups chunk-style applesauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups unbleached all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup raisins

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Butter and flour a 10-inch tube pan. Cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Stir in applesauce and flavoring. Mix thoroughly. Sift together the flour, cinnamon, nutmeg and soda. Sift flour mixture over applesauce mixture. Sprinkle the raisins over top. Blend gently, but thoroughly. Place batter in prepared pan. Set pan in middle of rack. Bake for 1 hour and 10 to 15 minutes, or until cake tests done. Cool 15 minutes in pan, turn out and cool completely. Drizzle with the following icing:

Lemon-Orange Icing

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 Tlbs. fresh lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 Tlbs. fresh orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Sift the sugar and cinnamon in a small bowl. Add the lemon flavoring to lemon juice and the orange flavoring to the orange juice. Dribble the juices over the powdered sugar and blend well. Drizzle over cooled cake. —Robin

SPAGHETTI WITH GARLIC & OIL

- 12 garlic cloves, peeled
- 1/4 cup good-quality olive oil
- 4 quarts water
- 1 1/2 Tlbs. salt
- 1 lb. dry spaghetti
- 1 1/2 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup finely chopped fresh parsley
- Freshly ground black pepper
- Grated Parmesan cheese (imported if available)

Mince 6 of the garlic cloves; set aside. Slice the rest.

Heat oil in a small skillet and add the sliced garlic. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until golden brown. Remove from heat.

Bring water to boiling in a large kettle. Add the salt and spaghetti. Cook until spaghetti is tender (do not overcook). Drain. Add the chicken stock, oil and browned garlic. Simmer for about 5 minutes. Add the minced garlic and parsley. Toss. Spoon into shallow soup bowls and pour some of the broth over it. Sprinkle with the pepper and Parmesan cheese. —Katharine Driftmier

CRACKERJACK COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, lightly pressed in cup
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups old-fashioned rolled oats
- 2 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans

Mix all the ingredients in a large bowl. Be sure mixture is mixed well. Drop by heaping teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Bake about 10 minutes or until brown in a 375-degree oven. Makes about 6 dozen. —Verlene

BAKED SPICED APPLES

- 4 large cooking apples (or 8 small ones)
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 2 Tlbs. finely chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavorings
- 3 Tlbs. honey
- 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. ground nutmeg

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Core the apples making sure not to cut all the way through the bottom. Place apples in 8-inch round or square baking dish. Fill centers of the apples with the raisins and nuts. If you have any left over, sprinkle in bottom of dish. Stir remaining ingredients together and pour this mixture over the apples. Cover dish and bake for 35 minutes. Remove cover and baste the apples with the juices. Return to oven and bake, checking them regularly until done. —Mary Lea

RASPBERRY MARINATED CARROTS

- 1/3 cup red wine vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. honey
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 1/2 lbs. carrots
- 1/2 cup (approximately) olive oil
- Freshly ground black pepper

Combine the vinegar, honey and flavoring. Set aside. Peel carrots and slice in 1/8-inch thick coins. Bring a kettle of salted water to boiling, then drop in carrots. Cook until carrots are nearly tender—about 6 minutes. Drain and put into a bowl. While carrots are still hot, pour the vinegar mixture over. Add enough olive oil to cover and toss well. Refrigerate overnight.

Carrots are best served at room temperature. Lift carrots out of marinade with slotted spoon and sprinkle with the black pepper. —Robin

DOUBLE BUTTERSCOTCH CRUNCH (Microwave)

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch bits

In a microwave-proof bowl, melt the butter or margarine on high for 1 minute. Remove from oven and stir in the brown sugar, egg, flavorings, flour, baking powder and nuts. Beat well. Spoon batter into an 8-inch round greased microwave-proof pan. (Batter will be thick.) Place pan on top of an inverted saucer or cup. Microwave on medium power for 7 minutes. Turn twice during baking time. Remove from oven and cover with waxed paper. Place the butterscotch bits in a small bowl and heat for 2 1/2 to 3 minutes, or until melted. Spread over the cooled crunch. (If melted bits seem too thick, a small amount of milk may be added.) Cut in small pieces to serve. —Juliana

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Recently a reader wrote asking that I help her locate a plant called "Oder Eater." She had tried several nurseries but none could help her. She stated that the plant eliminates all odors like onions, fish, cabbage and cigarette smoke from the house. Don't believe it! Any plant with all those attributes could command a high price and surely would be handled by nurseries all over the country. If something is too good to be true, you had better believe it is. I have seen such a plant advertised but no botanical name was given and I suspect it as worthless as the "Gopher Chaser" plant often seen in advertisements. A member of the spurge family, it will not eliminate gophers from a garden any more than a plant will eliminate house odors.

Mrs. L.M. wants information on the fern-leaf peony. "I sent to a firm in Oregon for a fern-leaf peony but the peony sent to me is not the one I want," she writes. "The one I saw in bloom had single, very double, blood-red blooms. By single, I meant only one flower to a stem but there were several blooming stems in the clump. The leaves were very finely cut, almost fern-like. It was in bloom before Decoration Day. Can you give me a source of a true fern-leaf peony and when is the best time to plant one—in the spring or in the fall?"

The only mail-order source that I know of that offers the fern-leaf peony is Farmer Seed & Nursery, Faribault, MN. 55021. Send for their free catalog. September is considered the best month for planting peony roots. You can also plant peonies in early spring while the roots are still dormant but don't attempt it when shoots have appeared on the plants.

Now is the time to divide early-blooming perennials such as phlox, bleeding heart, lily of the valley and of course peonies. Plant lilies and prepare sites for new tulip, narcissus and other spring-flowering bulbs. Dig gladiolus, dahlias and all tender bulb plants before a very hard frost. Put the corms, bulbs and tubers in shallow boxes out of direct sun to dry for several days before storing for winter.

Pleasant September days are good ones to clean all your beds and borders of dead foliage and other debris that could harbor insect pests over winter. Pile leaves and garden refuse into a compost heap to lighten and enrich soil next spring.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

member of my crew any time. A few months ago, a Boston company made a documentary film about Bill and his many accomplishments. I just wish the film could have shown how well he could steer a sailboat with a strong wind blowing.

If you had been sniffing the breezes coming out of New England a few weeks ago, you surely would have been able to catch the aroma of hundreds and hundreds of spring chickens on the charcoal broilers that I supervised at our hospital barbecue. The whole affair was a great success. Actually, there was such a good crew of men working around the barbecue pits, there were no particular problems of any kind. Betty worked at a bread and cake table where she saw how quickly the bread that I had baked went to the early customers. Both of us patronized the "Fried Dough" stand. Did you ever eat fried dough? I had not until I saw it at the hospital barbecue. It is nothing more than raised bread dough fried in deep fat and then rolled in granulated sugar, but it is very, very good. Slightly indigestible perhaps, but crunchy, tasty good! This may be an Italian specialty, because the women who were running that particular stand were all of Italian descent.

I think it was the noted biologist, Charles Darwin, who once called the common earthworm the international plough, one that is found all over the world. Actually, the earthworms of the world do turn over more soil, and convert more dead plants into humus, and mix more nitrogen and organic matter in the soil than any of man's inventions. I certainly am happy to note there are thousands of earthworms in my gardens. Whenever in my cultivating I

happen to dig one up, I carefully put it back.

How sad the earthworm is one of the most persecuted of animals! You know as I do the earth would bear only a fraction of the plants which it now can sustain, if God had not given our planet the earthworm. Not only does it make our life better, it also is a chief source of food for innumerable carnivorous insects, reptiles, small mammals, and birds. In one of my talks to Sunday school teachers, I tell them to be sure to teach the children to thank God for all of his creatures, particularly for the earthworms. When a child has learned to be grateful for a worm, he has taken a big step toward spiritual maturity. Do you agree? I hope so.

Sincerely,

Frederick

ONION ODDITY

by

Evelyn Witter

Long before the Christian era, the onion was being used for food. About 1082 B.C., when the Great Pyramid was being built in Egypt, King Cheops, who was heading the mammoth project, had some 40,000 laborers fed about \$2,000.00 worth of onions.

Cheops believed that onions had the power to build up his workers' strength and enable them to go without rest. He even paid the wages of some in onions. So highly did these early day Egyptians regard the onion, they often took their sacred oaths with their right hands resting on an onion!

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Can you name a small business in which your only equipment is a typewriter, the supplies are paper, envelopes and stamps and the product and market are determined by you?

The answer is free lance writing. The finished product is needed by thousands of newspapers, book and magazine publishers, greeting card manufacturers, plus other media.

There are many "how to" books in this field, but this new one is aimed at the novice writer. It is *The Beginner's Guide to Writing for Profit* (Pilot Books, \$3.50) by Mildred Grenier, a writing instructor. This compact paperback guides people in the fundamentals of writing as a business, and covers nonfiction articles, fillers and featurettes, greeting card verses and puzzles. The book includes a set of professional standards for the writer, such as "Never use writing to the disadvantage of the country or the ideals of religion, democracy and decency." There is fine information about writing the article, as well as ideas for composing a good opening or lead. One chapter is devoted to those creative people who like to work with their hands, and how they can become a "How-To-Make-It" writer. It also covers the mechanics for submitting manuscripts, titling and proper format.

Mildred Grenier writes, "One of the last vital ingredients you need is persistence. No one can promise you that you will become a professional writer and start selling the minute you finish reading this book. But if you have the desire to write and can follow directions, you can begin writing and selling even before you finish the first chapter of instructions. A natural aptitude for writing is sometimes less important than the desire to write, the fortitude to endure disappointments, and the flexibility to learn from your mistakes."

The Beginner's Guide to Writing for Profit is a compact volume full of vital information and would be of immense help to the beginning writer. This is the author's twelfth book. She has had hundreds of stories, articles and poems published in markets all over the world. Her name is well known to *Kitchen-Klatter* readers as she is a long-time, valued contributor. (Check "Little Ads" for information about obtaining the book.)

Stenciling adds a special touch where it is used, be it a wall or stationery. A recent gift from daughter Ann was a box of writing paper, on which she had neatly stenciled hearts and flowers and other

clever patterns. What fun it is to write letters on those pages!

As a project for the nation's bicentennial in 1976, Alice Fjelstul and Patricia Schad set out to study and learn stenciling in the early American manner. For several years they traced patterns from walls in New England and developed their easy method for applying the designs to walls and fabrics. They have now, with Barbara Marhoefer, incorporated all of that experience into a practical guide to the decorative art of stenciling in *Early American Wall Stencils in Color* (E. P. Dutton, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016, \$10.98). Included are more than seventy full-size early American patterns for stenciling walls and fabrics.

The word *stencil* is a French word, derived from the old French word *estenceler*, which means "to cover with sparkle," and which is itself derived from the Latin word *scintilla*, which means a "spark." The stencil is simply a cutout pattern through which one or more colors are applied to a surface, a process used for centuries. Much stenciling was done after 1800, according to the authors, as people became more prosperous and desired color and decoration in their lives.

The book tells where you can see early American stenciling, such as the Stephen Damon House, Amherst, New Hampshire. The bedroom is stenciled with a basket of strawberries centered over a mantel and strawberry vines climbing along the molding. Between the two front windows in the north chamber stenciler Moses Eaton, Jr. put a single willow tree, the Colonial symbol of immortality, thus wishing a long life to the couple.

Early American Wall Stencils in Color preserves many of the old patterns and shows you how to create something in your environment that will be unique. Stenciling is an important part of our heritage.

Readers who have enjoyed Og Mandino's inspirational masterpieces such as *The Greatest Salesman in the World* and *The Greatest Miracle in the World* will appreciate his latest work *The Choice* (Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10103, \$9.95). In it he creates a new way of delivering his message of self-help and happiness that will reach every person's soul.

The story is of Mark Christopher, a man at the top who was enjoying success and the good life. He felt, however, that he had sacrificed family life to his job. After resigning, they moved to a New Hampshire village, and there Mark pursued goals of being a good husband and father. He also achieved his dream of writing a book called *A Better Way to Live*. It was an immediate success. Then Mark Christopher found himself faced with the most agonizing choice that any man could face.

Og Mandino explores in *The Choice* what lies beyond the golden doors of success, fame and wealth. He reveals the freedom of choice to live a freer, richer future—the basic element of which is love. This is his tenth book. For a time president of *Success Unlimited* magazine, he now devotes all his time to writing and lecturing.



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DON'T JUST STAND THERE —

Concluded

The gales of Life we'll weather
If we face 'em with a grin.
Let's help ourselves by helping others.
YOU—grab an oar and join the crew,
Pull together with your brothers—
They'll win the race for you.

—Paraphrased from an old clipping

Closing:

So we greet the club's new year
With strong and courageous heart,
Leaving our mistakes behind,
Resolved to do our part
To overcome all hindrances,
To make all weights our wings,
And our failures steppingstones
To higher, better things. —Anon.

To each member, I say: Look back and
give thanks, look forward and take courage,
look around and serve. Look up and
ask God's help.



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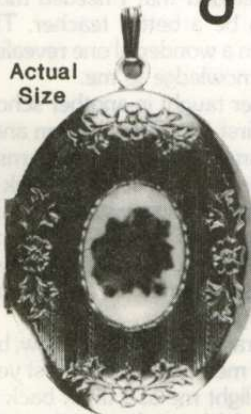
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"SOGGY".....the Salesman!"

by
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

I recently bought a broom....the shock was terrible! I don't often buy brooms, since carpeting came to the country. However, one is needed to sweep down the cobwebs and give the basement a cleaning. When seeing the price of \$8.95, I about panicked and momentarily put it back to catch my second wind. Necessity made me buy it.

After inspecting the broom and discovering how flimsy it was constructed, I thought back to "Soggy" and his handmade brooms. During my childhood, Mama depended on him to keep her in brooms and she gave them quite a workout. On washday, the floors around the linoleums were scrubbed with the leftover suds until white, porches were energetically cleaned, then the broom was set on its handle. Mercy, Mama made sure her brooms NEVER were set on the business end for that would ruin the shape.

Let me tell you about Soggy; he was as unique as men came. My dad used to say, "He wouldn't balance the scales if he was soaking wet!" Yet, Soggy had a handlebar mustache that fascinated

me—and turned my tummy when he strained his buttermilk through it! He was educated and carried the mail, by mule, twice a week to a little town some twenty miles south of his farm. Also, he grew broom grass and made brooms atop his little Ozark hill.

I believe selling brooms was a blind for being able to eat away from home. Soggy often traded brooms for groceries at the country store where he picked up the mail to deliver. Many times he traded his brooms for a meal from the missis where he happened to be at mealtime. Goodness, Mama couldn't have accepted a broom every time Soggy ate at our house. He lived about a mile away and came by on his way home from selling brooms. If he was too late to catch us at the table, Mama stored the leftovers in the warming closet of her wood range. Soggy had a unique way of clearing his throat that could be heard quite a distance. Dad accused him of making sure the Scotts were aware of him going by. Sure enough, Mama yelled for Soggy to stop, and he woofed down grub like one of Dad's foxhounds! Mama was more than tolerant, because Soggy was one of her cousins; twice removed is the way she explained it.

He was seemingly a shy, timid and quiet little fellow but had a reputation for ruling his roost. If I'd been selecting a man who was the epitome of being henpecked, Soggy would have been nominated. Neighbors NEVER saw Soggy at the woodpile or carrying water from a well some mile away; his wife did these menial chores. It was told he threw terrible temper tantrums, but Mama seldom believed grapevine gossip. Dad reasoned she turned a deaf ear to tales about her kin. However, Soggy's wife took their little girl and moved into the city and never came back to their log cabin again.

Those nine bucks I shelled out for a broom sure brought to mind Soggy's durable brooms of long ago. The nostalgic trip was an extra, the broom factory didn't put in. I thought how Soggy was surely born fifty years too soon. He

would be hauling in the moola now with his trade. Tourists would be buying brooms just to know they were getting a genuine handmade item. Soggy wouldn't have to carry the mail in cold, rain and heat....he and his mule could leave that to somebody with a new car!

Door-to-door salesmen have given way to the sales pitch by the news media or by phone. Soggy's product sold itself, he just went along for a free meal! He lies to rest in the family graveyard; Mama wouldn't have it any other way. After all, he was a cousin, twice removed, and that made him special.



DOLLY'S OLD TRUNK

My dolly's old trunk,
Now antiqued in gold,
Is filled with treasures
All it will hold.

My very first dolly,
Now missing some hair,
And old picture books,
And a fat teddy bear.

Lacy old valentines,
Bright postcards too,
A faded hair ribbon
That once was blue.

And other small treasures
Saved through the years
Some that bring laughter,
Some that bring tears.

But the things I cherish
More than any other,
Are wee dolly dresses,
Hand-stitched by Mother.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

RURAL SCHOOL—Concl.

sadness, I decided that I needed more education to be a better teacher. The year had been a wonderful one revealing all kinds of knowledge to me.

I have never taught in another school just like my first one. The children and I were like a family exploring and learning together. Indeed, I was sorry to think of someone else teaching my special group. That problem was solved somewhat when my mother succeeded me so I was able to keep informed of my former students' progress.

My little rural school is closed now, but those special memories of that first year remain to delight me as I think back to those wonderful busy days in that little brick rural schoolhouse.

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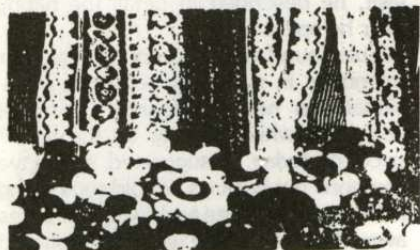
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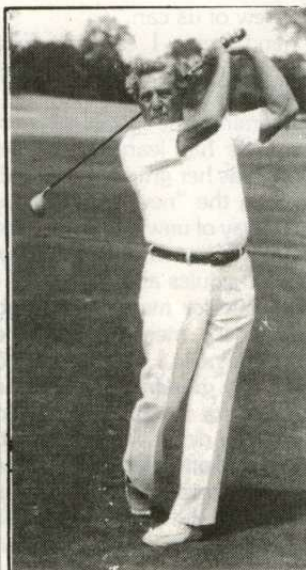
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Jock Hutchison, Jr., Retired Golf Professional
Northfield, Illinois

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ONE CAN REALLY GO HOME!

by
Harold R. Smith

In Missouri author Leonard Hall's book, *Earth's Song*, he wrote of planning for tomorrow because we could never go back to yesterday except in memory. I thought of this recently when friends in the city were having a garage sale that involved six families. They had simply cleared out their basements, homes and garages of unwanted items and held a sale that lasted three days. I went down early one morning to help them, and a lady in a jogging suit stopped by to browse. She looked lovingly at antiques and collectibles, and eventually bought so much that it required four trips by car to pick it up. We offered her coffee, introduced ourselves, and she sat down to visit; thereby hangs a wonderful story.

The lady, whom I'll call Eula, is a busy executive with a major airline. She maintains a lovely home in Missouri and an apartment in Texas. Eula travels constantly and some of the items will find homes in both places as well as a farm in the Ozarks. She spoke of spending much of her childhood on the farm in the Ozarks owned by her grandparents. When they were gone, Eula wanted to buy the farm but the heirs couldn't agree. The farm sat vacant for years, but in time the farm became hers. She couldn't believe she owned 60 acres, a farmhouse that needed complete restoration, and several outbuildings that sagged. Eula drove to the farm, walked on much of the land and explored all her secret childhood places: the farm pond, small clearings in the woods, the musty barn with the odor of long gone cattle still in evidence. She made a wonderful discovery in the smokehouse: a cast-iron cooking stove in its original crate with the \$57.00 invoice still intact from Sears, Roebuck & Company!

Her grandfather had forbidden anyone ever to go in the granary, and Eula recalls how strange it felt when she found the key to the rusted lock. "I felt as if Grandfather was standing behind me and watching me," she said. The creaking door opened; there was only an old oak rocker. This, Eula finally resolved, was her grandfather's "quiet spot" to relax in from the rigors of everyday life, his family and the numerous grandchildren. (I still contend we all need our own "quiet spot.")

In the years to come, Eula had the farmhouse insulated, wired and plumbed. The orchard was pruned severely, grass mown, suitable renters found for the pastures and cropland. She reserved the house for herself and convinced a bewildered young man to include a brick alcove in the kitchen for her cast-iron range. All the furniture,

china, and household items came from garage sales to duplicate what her grandparents had owned.

"Do you think it's foolish of me to maintain a farm that I only visit three times a year?" she asked me.

"I think it's wonderful that you can truly go home in a special sense and recapture yesterday's memories," I replied, "for few of us can."

In my mind's eye, I can see Eula walking down a country road enjoying new vistas around each bend. In the fall I can see her admiring the special colors of the season. She has learned to bake biscuits as well as her grandmother did, she told me, in the "new" range. This farm is Eula's way of unwinding from the great pressures of her work and to relax for the busy schedules ahead.

It is impossible for me to literally go home except in memory for the antebellum farmhouse I was born in no longer exists. My grandmother had the old house razed for it was expensive to maintain, and she didn't want to rent it. The farm was sold after her death, and a new rose-colored brick ranch house sits at the entrance to the old one-half mile driveway. Ancient pine trees still guard the site, and lilacs bloom in profusion on enormous shrubs.

"Lots of memories here," Frances said, as she bent over to pick up some pine cones. "I often used these to kindle fires for the resin produced a very hot fire quickly," she reminisced.

And, we can no longer go back to the Victorian town house that my great-grandmother built and later, we inherited. It was sold, razed and two new houses stand there. We drive by on rare occasions and look at the two sugar

maples that are a legacy from my great-grandmother.

"Sometimes I feel as if we never lived there," Frances says almost wistfully.

"At least the trees are still there," I replied. She nodded her head in agreement as we drove on.

As we round the corner and look up the hill, Greystone awaits us as it has these past twenty-one years. It remains faithful in reality as well as in memory. We can return after a few days absence and the house sits here quietly. Greystone has echoed with the sound of laughter, the sound of tears. Endless footfalls have resounded on the staircase, endless people have walked the lawn as I still do each night. Occasionally, a visitor arrives that also has memories of Greystone. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Grable of Stanbury, Mo., saw a photograph of Greystone with one of my articles in *Kitchen Klatter*. Mr. Grable was sure it was the same house he had lived in over 60 years ago. During their visit, he described in detail the happy year he spent here.

Eula found that she could relive her memories in reality by returning occasionally to her grandparents' farm of yesterday while keeping up the hectic pace of today. I suggested she have someone put back up her old rope swing in the great oak tree and swing her cares away! She suggested we come visit and share a farmer's breakfast with hot biscuits!

Maybe Leonard Hall is only partly right; most of us can only visit yesterday in memory, but I met Eula who can really go home!

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"You can't be serious!" my husband said.

MINK...A BEAUTY AID?

He didn't know about
the complexion secret
I had discovered.



My husband owns and manages a mink ranch. Over the years, he has bred and raised thousands of minks. And yet, I taught him something that even he, one of America's leading mink experts, had never realized. I discovered that locked within the mink is a complexion beauty secret more precious than even the beautiful mink coats.

Keeps skin soft and smooth.

I stumbled upon this marvelous beauty secret because I happened to notice the hands of the men and women who handled and processed the mink pelts. These expert artisans have spent a lifetime developing their skills. Some of them have been working with mink for over 25 years. Many of them are near retirement age. Yet, there was hardly a one whose hands were not soft and smooth.

When the coincidence first struck me, I hardly believed it was possible. So, I decided to look more carefully. Sure enough, to my utter amazement, I observed that every one of the furriers had hands that were unbelievably youthful looking.

That's when I came to the conclusion that some substance in the skin or fur of the mink was being transferred to their hands during handling. I then concluded that if that substance was so good for hands, it should be equally as good, if not better, for the face and neck—areas where most women first notice those dreaded signs of aging.

Realizing its importance I managed to extract a small amount of the mink emollient. I then enlisted the services of a cosmetics chemist who compounded the emollient into a balm base. I proceeded to use it on face and hands for about two weeks.

Keeps face and hands youthful-looking.

Imagine my delight and amazement when my skin responded as I would have never dreamed possible. Yes, my complexion became silky smooth, clear and vital-looking. I felt like a young girl again! In fact, recapturing that wonderful, youthful feeling actually made me feel better all over.

In just a few short weeks I knew I had really uncovered a seeming miracle. My complexion became younger looking and more vibrant with that glow and freshness that every woman desires.

Fabulous FREE BONUS!

Allow me to share my discovery with you and I'll send you this captivating "MUSK" perfume... FREE with your order! It's my way of saying thank you for trying Michelle's Mink Essential Creme.



Even my husband (men are so unperceptive) finally noticed the difference. That's when I had to tell him my fascinating story. And, of course, my envious friends wouldn't let me rest until I shared my secret with them.

So, between the pressures of family and friends, I am surprised to find myself in the beauty business, directing the production of my precious complexion aid and offering it to other women. Now, every woman can know first-hand the excitement I found.

Yes, the secret of the mink workers now can be yours, too. The precious mink that keeps their skin young-looking is the wonder-worker in my fabulous beauty aid... Michelle's Mink Essential Creme.

It must work for you or it costs you nothing.

You can find out for yourself how amazingly effective it is. It's like enjoying an expensive beauty treatment in a posh salon... only without the mess or fuss and in the privacy of your own home. And you won't risk a single penny to make the discovery that took me years to discover and develop.

You, too, can duplicate the fantastic results that my friends and I have enjoyed. I am so positive that my Essential Creme will work for you as it is for thousands of other grateful women, young and old, that if you are not totally delighted, just let me know and I'll promptly refund your full purchase price... including the cost of the postage you incurred.

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DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

assist us with the morning broadcast and a "phone-in" show in the afternoon.

Verlene and I received from the Hy-Vee lovely corsages which were made by the lady who works in the Hy-Vee floral shop. Also, we were Hy-Vee's guests for lunch in their large Deli. All of these things, along with the lovely people we met, contributed to making our day in Muscatine a real pleasure.

Last month, I told you about the bluebird houses that Frank and I put up around the farm to attract some bluebirds. We went out to check the bird houses the other day, and for this year must have gotten them up too late for bluebirds because some little wrens had quickly set up housekeeping in the houses, and were quick to scold us as we came around.

I'm almost afraid to say this, but our area could stand a nice shower about now. It isn't as dry here as in the Shenandoah area; our yard is still green and needs mowing every week, but the yards in Shenandoah are very brown. I have no crop report to give this month, so, until I write again....

Sincerely,

Dorothy

A GOOD BOOK

A chuckling at some funny part,
Perhaps a tugging at the heart.
Sometimes a satisfying sigh,
Maybe a tear escapes the eye;
Though better yet the lot we blend,
The moment that we reach THE END.

—Faye Tanner Cool

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

the games, then he helps with cleanup after the park closes. This means late hours. When school gets in full swing after Labor Day the park will only be open on weekends. This would suit James's schedule to a tee. I hope it all works out.

Speaking of school, as incredible as it seems, I have two high school students this year. James is a junior and Katharine is a freshman. It sounds trite to say "Where did the time go?", but that is the way I feel these days. There is an old television science fiction show in which all the spaceships moved around at the speed of "warp six." I am having a better understanding of the concept of "warp six." I do have it on good authority that if time goes by rapidly for parents, it is even faster for grandparents.

A good friend of mine, Nancy Robinson, has two little granddaughters. One of them lives in Houston, Texas, but the other one lives less than a mile from grandmother Nancy and grandfather Robbie. What absolutely marvelous grandparents these two are! Nancy told me one day that one of the joys of being a grandmother is that she finally has time to do all the things with her granddaughters that she would like to have done with her own children.

Nancy was short on time as a mother due to the fact that she did double duty as a parent. Her husband Robbie was in the Air Force. He was a pilot and spent a great deal of time away from home while their three children were growing up. Now Robbie is retired and at last he and Nancy have the time to do many extra-special things for their granddaughters.

One of the special things was for Robbie to build a charming playhouse complete with carved posts on the front porch, tiled floor and stained glass windows. It was a true labor of love. When the playhouse was all finished, Nancy and Robbie gave a tea party as a house warming. The little granddaughters, Amity and Kelly, presided as hostesses. What fun for everyone!

Onward into school and Fall!

Sincerely,

Juliana

PATIENCE

How many rocks pour into swamps
Before one stone is found
Above the murky waters, yet
Each helped to build firm ground!

What prayers and hours of work must pour
Into an enterprise,
Before we find the first result,
Revealed before our eyes.

—anon.



This is the playhouse built by Mr. Robinson for his granddaughters.

That "children brighten up the home,"
I haven't any doubt;
They put on lights in every room
But never turn them out!

—Thanks to an unknown author

**A TEACHER'S BEATITUDES**

BLESSED is the teacher who knows that character must be changed from the inside, for he will guide his pupils in making right choices, in establishing purposes, in personal experiences.

BLESSED is the teacher who uses the Bible as a guide in his own life, for he will become a better, growing teacher.

BLESSED is the teacher whose aim is not to perform but to guide his pupils in searching, finding and evaluating, for this is real learning.

BLESSED is the teacher who takes advantage of all opportunities to improve his teaching, for he shall see "growing pupils."

BLESSED is the teacher who maintains his pupils' interests through learning itself, for he shall not have to resort to punishment or prizes to bolster attention.

BLESSED is the teacher who adds variety to his class session, for the lessons shall be more stimulating and effective.

BLESSED is the teacher who keeps the classroom neat and attractive, for learning will take place more rapidly.

BLESSED is the teacher who knows that the lesson is not learned until the pupil lives the principles in his daily life.

—Author Unknown

COVER PICTURE

Robin and Manuel Justiz are happy to be in their home part time in New Mexico after living in Washington, D.C., for over a year.

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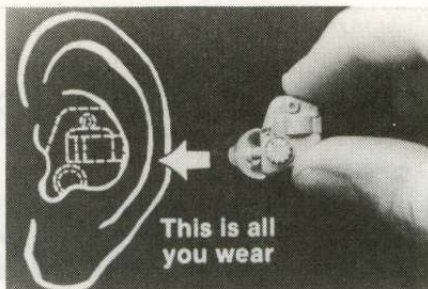
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the fire by gently massaging Good Friend into the sore area. First relief comes in seconds from a cooling warmth. Then it is absorbed quickly and directly into the inflamed area. Within minutes the active pain relieving agent reduces pain and decreases inflammation where pain originates.

In short, Good Friend **really and truly** knocks out pain for hours. You'll be most pleasantly surprised with the results of our unique two-way pain relief formula!

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If you have read this far you probably suffer from arthritis and have tried other products, but PLEASE try just one more time and end your search forever! Clinical tests prove it. Our customers praise it. But, only you can be the judge. Therefore, we offer...

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



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

13th Century castle on the moors in Yorkshire.

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



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

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

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

Then and there I decided I was going to

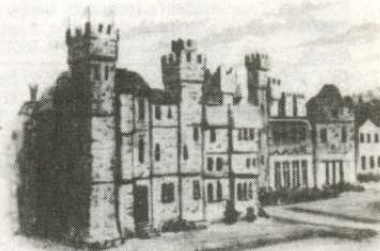
have sheets like that at home. What a great way to save on heating costs at night and still feel rich and special!

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

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

And that's how Agatha's Cozy Corner was born. We talked it over and added heavenly down comforters and some other things as well as the sheets.

And now I'd be happy to send you my catalog. It's printed in color, and gives you the pictures and story of everything we sell. Just use the coupon for your free copy.



*Sincerely,
Agatha*

AGATHA'S COZY CORNER

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