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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 48

OCTOBER, 1984

NUMBER 10



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Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$6.00

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends,

I am writing this between coats of paint. The first coat is drying and the second coat will be done after I type this letter to you. Usually painting is not a favorite project of mine. This particular painting project is one I am delighted to do. The wood I am painting is the framing for an eight foot extension on my little greenhouse.

Jed built the original greenhouse about seven years ago. It has been a source of great pleasure for me. I do love all kinds of plants and it used to distress me when I had to leave pots of geraniums and other summer bloomers outside to be winter-killed. The little greenhouse enabled me to keep most of my favorite plants from year to year.

Last spring we had more than our share of very high winds. The plastic roof on the greenhouse had cracked in places and had become brittle from our intense southwestern sun. The upshot was that the roof blew off in pieces. This Fall, Jed promised to take the remaining plastic off and to replace some of the old wood. He started this project last weekend. Believe me! I was jumping for joy when Jed came into the house after ripping plastic and wood apart and announced that as long as he was "fooling around" with the greenhouse that he might as well make it a little bigger—if I needed more space.

There isn't a gardener alive who doesn't need more space of some kind and more greenhouse space is always at a premium. An extra eight feet will give me an additional sixteen square feet of floor area. By the time I put in "benches" or shelves I'll have enough room to store ALL of my summer patio plants. With all of this in mind, I am more than happy to pick up the paint brush and do my part of this project.

I hope to have the greenhouse completed in the next week or two. There is a definite nip in the air and it is almost pitch dark when the alarm goes



This picture of Juliana's friends, Suzie Berry and Zelma Despensa, was taken on the camping trip they enjoyed when Suzie visited Juliana this summer.

off in the morning. All of this signals that Fall is just around the corner.

Two weeks ago we took our last camping trip of the year. Cold weather comes much sooner to the mountains. We camp in our old tent and depend on a campfire to thaw us out on frosty mornings. I really believe that September and October are the most beautiful months of the year in the mountains, and it is about now that I am envious of folks who own big "R.V.s" or recreational vehicles and can extend the camping season. The end of September is as late as I want to be sleeping on the ground. Crawling out of a sleeping bag into icy air is a shock to my system! It takes several cups of coffee to make me feel human.

There is something special about coffee on a camping trip. We have an old aluminum pot that makes up to eighteen cups of coffee and we always fill it to the brim. If Jed and I are the only people drinking the coffee, the pot will sit around about half full all day. In the evening we'll warm it up for after the evening meal. Now THAT coffee has authority! Jed and I have chuckled more than once wondering if that 10:00 P.M. coffee will eat right through the aluminum pot. Jed puts cream and sugar in his coffee so that tempers it a bit. I am an old die-hard black coffee fan so I get the full brunt of the brew. No matter! I wouldn't trade those cups of coffee around the campfire for anything!

I do want to mention in passing that I put a new wrinkle into our camp cooking this summer. How lucky I felt to find a huge, heavy, cast iron dutch oven with three feet and a recessed lid, since I had been looking for such a cooking pot for several years. I finally found one in Juarez, Mexico while visiting my friend, Chris Crouse in El Paso. Chris and I were spending the day "across the border."

We just happened to go into a little shop and there in the corner was a whole stack of these dutch ovens. I felt like I was looking at a stack of treasure! These pots are hard to come by in our neck of the woods.

Several years ago cousin David Driftmier gave us a book with all kinds of information about camping in general and camp cooking in particular. Quite a few of the recipes call for a footed dutch oven with a recessed lid. I had always wanted to try these recipes but didn't have the right equipment. The recessed lid is necessary to hold coals for even cooking and baking. All the dutch ovens I could find had rounded lids without so much as a lip to hold coals in place.

Armed with the camping book and the proper pot I began experimenting with baking in a campfire. The first recipe I tried was called "Brown Bears in an Apple Orchard." I followed the directions to the letter and amazingly enough they worked! The next effort was cherry cobbler. Biscuits turned out light as a feather. I'm off and running with recipes for dutch oven baking. If you have any recipes or hints along these lines, I would be very happy to get them.

Some of the best cooks in the state of New Mexico are assembled in Albuquerque right now. It is state fair time. Our state fair celebration is one of my favorite events of the Fall. People come from all over the country to attend the rodeo and enter the different competitions. There's keen competition in the area of food preparation. I honestly don't know how the judges ever pick between the different baked goods, canned goods, candy and all the other delicious looking items on display. When I am hungry, I try never to go into the food building. One trip down the cake aisle almost guarantees an irresistible urge to visit one of the food concession booths for a quick snack. I would be better off to stay out of the whole food area—period!

Another sure sign of Fall in Albuquerque is the appearance of hot air balloons floating about in our brilliant blue skies. The summer months are not conducive to flying hot air balloons except during the extra-early morning hours. From now on and through the winter months the hot air balloonists can fly about any time they feel like it....and according to the number of balloons I have seen recently, they feel like it most of the time.

The big, hot air balloon fiesta is about to begin and I am looking forward to seeing *literally* hundreds of hot air balloons. If everything goes according to plan, my mother, Lucile, will be here to enjoy the balloons, too. We have our fingers crossed that Mother and Betty Jane will be coming to visit in a few days. It has been two years since they have

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

It has been very dry in our section of Iowa, but after driving to Shenandoah last week I thought it even looked drier in that area of the state. On July 26th, we had about 1½-inches of rain, and since have had a ½-inch which fell on August 21st. This week we had our hottest days of the summer with only 22 percent humidity along with a brisk wind, so whatever moisture was in the ground is being depleted fast. Yesterday, our renter was here and had just come from looking at the corn and reported that it still looks good. He didn't comment about the beans, but they still look green from the road. If we don't have a real early frost they will probably make something. Our second cutting of hay has been put up and there wasn't much because of the dry weather. I'm glad our cattle can always find shade and water to keep them cool.

Our dear friend, Ruby Treese, who lived with and took care of our parents for so many years, hasn't been very well this summer. Early this summer in her garden Ruby fell and cut her leg. The cut required many stitches and took weeks to heal. Before it was completely healed she had some blood clots in her legs and was hospitalized for two weeks. When released from the hospital, Ruby went to the home of one of her daughters for awhile, and is now back in her own home. We all hope she gets her strength back and is feeling up to par again. It doesn't seem normal to have Ruby down because she is usually up taking care of everyone else.

This summer I attended a 50th anniversary open house in Chariton for our former neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Clothier. I believe the Clothiers had always lived in Lucas County until a few years ago when they sold their farm and decided to retire in Warrensburg, Mo. Clothiers lived on the home place and their children went to Plimpton school. Their daughter, Evelyn, and our daughter, Kristin started to school together and graduated from Chariton High School the same year. It had been a long, long time since I had seen their four children; Edward and his family live in Warrensburg; Mary Ann and family live in Canon City, Colo.; Evelyn and family live in Iowa Falls, Iowa; and Martha and family live in a suburb of Chicago. Since their parents no longer live here, it was nice to be able to see all of them at the open house. When Walter and Madeline moved, it marked the first time there hasn't been a Clothier living on that farm since Walter's grandfather bought it.



We are pleased that Dorothy shared this family picture with us. Their smiles show us how much they enjoyed their time together.

The last of August I made a trip to Torrington to visit our daughter, Kristin, and family. Because I was going alone and didn't want to drive, I decided to take the Amtrak to Denver and the bus to Cheyenne, where Kristin said they would be happy to meet me. My train reservations both ways were made when I decided to call brother Wayne to see if they were going to be home. He said they were leaving the next morning for Germany and would be gone two weeks. Wayne suggested I postpone my trip until September when they would be home, but my whole purpose in going when I did was to see Kristin before her school started. My good friend, Barbara Aiton, from Denver, said she would meet my train at 7:30 in the morning and we would have breakfast together before my bus left for Wyoming. The Union Station was crowded, but Barbara was there to meet me. Since it was four hours before bus time she took me to her house in Englewood and we had a good breakfast and visit.

Kristin, Art, Julian and Elizabeth were in Cheyenne to meet me. I had been given the wrong bus schedule at home, so they had quite a wait. They took the children to the amusement park and Elizabeth had her first ride on a merry-go-round. Kristin said she wished I had seen the look on Elizabeth's face when the horse started going up and down. By the time I got to Cheyenne everyone was very hungry so we stopped at a Chinese restaurant on the way out of town to have a good meal.

When I was in Torrington a year ago, Kristin and Art had just bought a house that needed a lot of work done before they could move in. They had just started with the redecorating then, and now their home is just lovely. There is still a lot to be done but the main floor is finished. Art hasn't finished redecorating the boys rooms and the recreation room in the basement, now he is getting the outside painted. They are really enjoying all the space, and Kristin even has an office which was finished just before I got there.

One of the things I particularly like about this house is all the large windows across the front of the house and across the back of the house which makes it so light and airy. The back yard is very large, completely fenced, and has a lot of old established trees.

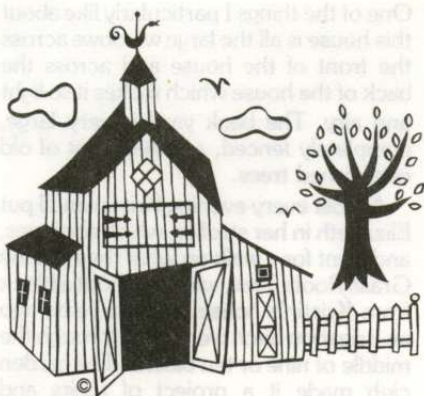
Almost every evening Kristin and I put Elizabeth in her stroller, which she loves, and went for a walk on what they call the Grass Roots Trail, which is about a block from Kristin's house. Several years ago an irrigation ditch went right through the middle of nine or ten blocks. The garden club made it a project of theirs and constructed a paved sidewalk where the ditch was, with grassy areas on both sides. Benches were put up where people could rest. Trees, shrubs and flowers were planted along the way. It is a lovely place for people to walk, ride bicycles, and just enjoy. Elizabeth loved watching the dogs in the fenced-in back yards along the way.

We went to Scottsbluff three times, visited with friends, and spent a very quiet, relaxed week enjoying being together. We very much enjoyed watching the finals of the Drum Corps competition in Georgia even though Andy had called and said the Casper Troopers missed getting into the finals by seven tenths of a point. He was feeling pretty bad about this, but we thought considering there were 65 corps competing at the beginning of the summer, to rank 13th was doing very well.

I could get right on the bus in Torrington and go to Denver which saved Kristin the long trip to Cheyenne. Barbara met me at the Denver bus station again and took me to her house to stay all night and spend the next day until train time in the evening. After lunch, she drove me to the Wilmore Nurseries where we had a short visit with my nephew, Clarke Driftmier, Wayne and Abigail's son. Then she and I went to the Denver Museum where we spent a very short two hours. It seemed short because there is so much to see, but I enjoyed every minute of it.

For dinner that night Barbara had made reservations for us at the Cafe Kandahar and Ski Museum in Littleton, which is owned by Steve Knowlton, well-known as a former member of the U.S. Olympic ski team, a member of the National Ski Hall of Fame and for the many things he has done to promote skiing in Colorado. The building which houses this cafe was built in 1916 and used as the Littleton Public Library. In 1965 the library moved to larger quarters and the property was used by the Littleton Police as a combination headquarters and jail until 1977 when it became a restaurant and discotheque. This lasted a short time then it was

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Goin' Country — Family Style

A Family Night Party

by

Mabel Nair Brown

INVITATIONS

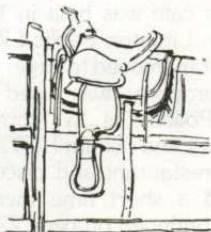
Cut cowboy boots from brown construction paper and from white typing paper. Write the invitation on the white ones, then use a brown boot for the cover. Staple together at top left-hand corner. Glue a knot (or twist) of small rope over the staple. The invitation reads: "Hi, Pardner, we're tellin' you now, you have a date for (date and time). Come to (name location), plan to linger a while, 'cuz there'll be lots goin' on, all done country-style. Bring the whole family and you-all come, dressed country-western, be ready for fun."

DECORATIONS

Bales of hay, lariats looped on the wall, ten-gallon hats (or reasonable fascimile), bandanas, bridles and saddles are some of the items to use to set the atmosphere for your country-western party. Baskets of corn and such tools as shovel, spade and hoe are good decorative accents.

If the family night begins with a pot-luck supper, decorate the tables with horseshoes, lengths of rope, and replicas of branding irons. Centerpieces might be large plastic containers, covered with a bandana (pulled up around it and held in place by a short length of rope), and filled with items suggestive of the theme pliers, horseshoes, rope, ears of corn, etc.

For plenty of family fun, rope off, or board off, one corner as the "Hoosegow" (jail). Make arrangements beforehand for someone to be sheriff and another person to be deputy. They will arrest those who fail to wear western costume and put them into jail until the guilty ones pay the forfeit, set by a "judge." Put a sign over the jail: DODGE COUNTY HOOSEGOW.



ENTERTAINMENT

Roping Contest: Divide into two groups. Each group is given a lariat and an upturned chair. Each player in a group is to take a turn at lassoing a leg of the chair. For each successful effort a point is given. The team which has the most points after all players have tried lassoing the chair is the winner.

Taking the Stage: Again divide into groups. Each team chooses two couples to compete. Have two wheelbarrows ready. One of each couple pushes the partner to a goal line and back, then next couple does likewise. Then they reverse so that the pusher the first time, rides next time. The side which finishes all rides first, wins. Of course more couples may play, if desired.

Country Cuties: Provide each player with a plastic spoon. On tables have a supply of crayons, felt markers, paste, colored paper, felt and fabric scraps. Each player must then costume the spoon into a doll dressed country-western. Have judges decide which is the cleverest, the best western, and the cutest.

Big Blow Out: Line up two teams. First player on each side is given a piece of bubble gum. At leader's signal they run to a goal line, blow a bubble with the gum and then race back to their place. Next player in line gets a piece of gum and does the same. The first team to finish wins.

Rodeo Charades: The players are divided into groups of five to ten persons each. Prior to the game, make up bags, putting in several articles. Each bag should have different articles. Each group is given a bag and allowed ten minutes to prepare a skit which will involve all of the articles in their bag. Skits might be judged on basis of originality, performance, etc.

Art Contest: Have ready sheets of typing paper on which two or three lines have been drawn, perhaps a large dot made. For the contest give each player a paper and pencil. Each person is to draw a picture which incorporates the marks on his or her paper and the picture must be in keeping with the country-western

theme. Have a show-and-tell time when pictures are completed.

Shoe Scramble: Divide into two teams—each team seated in a circle. At signal, each player removes shoe from right foot which one team member piles in the center of the circle. When all shoes are in a pile, the leader gives a signal, then each player runs to the pile, gets his shoe, puts it on and runs back to be seated. The first team to have everyone back in his seat with the correct shoes on, wins.

Music is a great way to end the evening's entertainment. Perhaps a local singing group could entertain with some country-western music having the audience participate in a few numbers. If this isn't possible, have fun with a sing-along, preferably with guitar accompaniment.

OUR BLIND SIDE

We all know things that another should do.

His faults are like books on our shelves;

We can ponder them over and read and review,

But we haven't a book on ourselves. We can settle the other man's troubles each day.

His griefs we can calmly discuss; It is easy to sweep all of his troubles away.

But we can't do the same for us.

The need of another it's easy to see When our own wants are all satisfied.

And bold and courageous it's easy to be When it isn't our souls that are tried. But, oh, it's so hard when we're stumbling along

To keep ourselves steadfast and true;

It is easy to tell someone else to be strong; It's easier to talk than to do.

—Author unknown

OCTOBER

Asters growing by the road, red oak leaves still cling to the tree,

Brown grass standing in the field, birds gathering in flocks, a sight to see!

Brisk breezes blowing, the sun's warmth is less;

Autumn is here, winter will come soon, I guess!

Corn shocks standing in the field, gardens brown and bare,

There's a real chill 'round me, though the day is fair!

October's days are lovely, but forecast what's to come;

Winter's following closely, with winds that make us numb!

So, beautiful October, our hat's off to you,

You end the lovely summer, but bring the winter, too!

—Wilma E. Harthan

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends,

Betty and I have just had a most delightful visit with our granddaughter, Isabel. She flew out from Omaha, all by herself, and was met in New York by the senior Palos who took her to their home in Waterbury, Connecticut, for several days before bringing her to visit us. I think that we did all the things that ten-year-old girls like to do—swimming at the beach, sailing on the boat, visiting relatives, and going out to “fun places” to eat. Isabel was here during the time of the Olympic Games, and being quite a little gymnastic star herself, she spent hours in front of the television set cheering for her favorite contestants. We were amazed and pleased at the amount of information our granddaughter could give us about the Olympic gymnastic competition.

It is hard for me not to brag a bit about Isabel's skill as a sailor. She really was a big help on the boat. Whenever I wanted to go down into the cabin, or go up forward to work on the sails, or do any number of chores, I could just turn the steering over to Isabel with the confidence that she would keep the boat on course. Isabel skillfully steered the boat through heavy boat traffic with boats going very close on both sides of us. She did better than most people twice her age!

So many children at the age of ten years will not eat lobster! Not so with Isabel! She loves lobster, and one of her favorite outings was going to an out-of-doors lobster restaurant where the lobsters are served at picnic tables within ten feet of the water. Some nights, we bought the cooked lobsters and took them home to eat at our own table.

Having a ten-year-old child in the home for several days was an education for Betty and me. We never ceased to be surprised at the wide range of general knowledge Isabel has. If all children are like her, it is no wonder that the game called “Trivia” is so popular. Isabel loves to read, but just the reading could not have given her so much general information. We decided television and radio are giving children a fund of information far greater than many of us adults realize.

In my professional lifetime, I have been a pastor of two churches, big stone structures of the cathedral type, not at all what one thinks of as the typical, New England, colonial church. Now in my retirement, I am conducting services in a



Isabel Palo enjoyed sailing with her grandfather, Frederick Driftmier and grandparents, Greta and Vincent Palo.

“picture postcard” church—a white, spired, clapboard church, so small that three just like it could have been placed side by side in the main sanctuary of the Springfield, Mass. church. Yes, I am well into my part-time, interim ministry at the Mystic, Connecticut, Congregational Church. After being out of the pulpit five years, except for an occasional guest preaching assignment, this business of having to conduct services each Sunday morning is making me realize that I am not as young as I used to be!!

Mystic is only ten miles from our house, and I drive there each Thursday, Friday and Sunday. I am in the church study on Thursday and Friday mornings, and do pastoral calling in the afternoons. It is taking me weeks to get myself oriented to “drawbridge time.” You see, the town of Mystic is cut in two by the Mystic River, and the main street of the town crosses the river via a drawbridge which has to open for the boats at fifteen minutes past each hour, causing monumental traffic jams of automobiles. This means that all necessary driving in the town must be planned to that bridge. One day last week, there were four different times that I forgot about the drawbridge opening time and found myself sweating it out with hundreds of impatient and curious tourists.

Many years ago, when Betty and I lived in Bermuda, we had what is still called “the smallest drawbridge in the world” next to our front lawn. Only the center plank on that bridge was raised on demand to let the masts of sailboats pass through. Many a time, I did the good deed of going out to open the bridge for some passing sailboat, raising that center plank, guiding the masts through the opening, and then lowering the plank so that traffic could use the bridge again.

Lorin and Ann Peterson and their three handsome children paid us a surprise visit near the end of the summer. The Petersons, who live in

Wichita, Kansas, have been coming to New England each summer for the past several years. The Peterson children were so anxious to see in real life the swans that they had been reading about in *Kitchen-Klatter*. They were not disappointed! Clyde just happened to be down in front of the house, and the children got to feed him.

If you had to fight as hard as I did to keep a nice garden this past summer, you are almost ready to give up! Never has gardening been so difficult for me as it was through week after week of bad weather that plagued our summer! First of all, there was the constant battle against the various fungi that blew in on the waves of fog which seemed to hover over our part of the shore day after day. Almost all of my flowers were affected by the fungi, and I spent so much money trying one kind of fungicide spray after another.

1984 should go down in history as the year of the Japanese Beetle. Our part of New England had those pesky insects by the thousands! Sprays, traps, powders, and even trying to catch them by hand did not work well enough to save the situation. Some of the flowers suffered more than others, but for some wonderful and unknown reason, the begonias were untouched. Next year, I shall plant more begonias.

And the weeds!!! Please tell me why it is that weeds can grow luxuriantly where flowers have to struggle? This year, I used more fertilizers than ever before, and how the weeds did appreciate it. The weeds seemed to have a much better reaction to the growth stimulants than did the flowers. Day after day, I spent hours and hours down on my hands and knees in bitter, sometimes even bloody, combat with the weeds. Who was it that once said: “A weed is nothing more than a plant that man has not yet learned to appreciate”? Perhaps the answer to my

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MARY BETH REPORTS



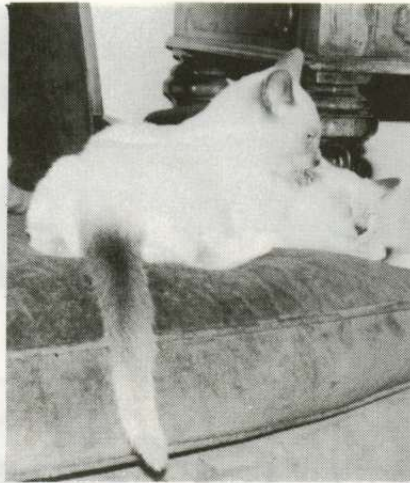
Dear Friends,

After suffering through the inconvenience of having a chilly cat draped across my lap while trying to do my desk work, I finally gave him an unceremonious heave and escorted him outside. What better means of learning how damp or chilly or unpleasant it is outside than to be sought out by a cat and used for warmth. Outside, the sunshine is too great a temptation for the cats to ignore. To return to their winter headquarters in front of the refrigerator is to exchange their wonderful freedom for artificial comforts. Fortunately for my "boys" there have been no winter-time interruptions in their private hot-spot for it seems our refrigerator always chooses to suffer its illnesses during the hot, steamy days of summer. This summer has been no exception, unfortunately.

If I were ever called upon to give my sagest piece of advice to newlyweds, it would be to marry during a season of approaching cold weather because any appliances which they would have been required to purchase would henceforth suffer their complications of old age during a cold season—right on their years' anniversaries. Items from a refrigerator could be put outside to keep cool in God's natural refrigeration during a cold season rather than trying to make do with daily trips to a grocery or by means of a tiny rental unit.

Without any doubt, if I were to go back and reread my Kitchen-Klatter Magazines I would be reminded that this time last year the refrigerator and washer and dryer were having difficulties severe enough to merit mentioning in my letters to you. This summer the only appliance we own which has not suffered expensive problems has been the dryer. Sure does make me appreciate and realize once again how dependent I am upon electricity and its magical spell on my appliances. To begin with, the refrigerator began to act like a stove, and one hot afternoon, it was an uncomfortable seventy degrees inside where the milk, fruit, and veggies were thought to be safe.

What followed was a comedy of errors which would not have been so bad if we had been living in a rustic cabin on the edge of a remote lake. The service man clipped out the offending motor in the freezer section and disappeared for seven days! While he was still in the kitchen, I had asked him to allow enough time on his return visit to peek inside the washing machine to see if he could correct a serious sounding squeak. Before he could return, the washer fell victim to its squeak and refused to



Mary Beth's twin cats resting comfortably.

perform any further. This required two trips and fourteen more days to determine that the reliable appliance was past repairing. Next to make an appearance on the sick list was one of the remaining burners on my counter-top stove. This cooking unit was built-in when we bought the house so when one burner stopped heating we knew it was too old to have a replacement. When the knob to the second burner froze and refused to turn sufficiently to allow it to heat, I knew that we had yet another appliance to replace. Counter-top units are not so expensive to replace but entire oven-stove combinations are incredibly high-priced. When the oven malfunctioned and the top of Don's birthday cake burned, I began to get very distressed.

I complained bitterly to the man of the house about why he could engineer a million dollar automatic bottle filling machine but could not stop the sudden breakdown of everything automatic or electric in his kitchen. Don sympathized but agreed that the best he could do was to foot the bills it would take to get things running again. He confessed that servicing and engineering were not necessarily related.

My grumbly disposition was not improved by the realization that with the hours waiting for the appliance service people, I had to sandwich in a trip to the repair shop for my artificial leg. These are the nicest people in the world but it is a more difficult time to endure than going to dentist for extensive repairs. I had to come to grips with the facts that my immediate success with shedding the weight gained during the past years chemical treatments had come to a halt. Despite my exercise program and close monitoring of what I was eating, I was not managing to chisel off any more weight. As a result, it was imperative that I get my willow leg made larger which is a simple enough procedure but is TIME-CONSUMING. The old adage about

trying to put a quart of pickles in a pint jar was how I felt each morning when I tried to squeeze a quart of me into a pint-sized leg.

Many of these repairs have been accomplished now. There is a fine new washer in the utility room. My lifetime favorite brand is no longer available so it was necessary to switch allegiances and go with a new company...and I confess to not liking to make changes.

The refrigerator is repaired and at a much smaller cost than a new appliance would have been. The information on the counter-top stove is waiting further mulling. This is not a rush deal and we can make a choice without pressure. The oven's problem was corrected with an adjustment to the thermostat.

The silver lining to all of this bundle of bad news, was the acquisition by the man who pays the bills, of a new toy! Don has been getting to and from work in a purely functional automobile claiming as the years passed by that he "had no need for anything better!" However, when Paul's plans for college included selling his precious, much loved silver gray Corvette, a plan began to unfold in Don's mind which would assist Paul financially and give Don a chance to drive a snazzy sports car. Since the length of time before Don retires and the completion of the first leg of Paul's educational plans are identical in length, Don decided to buy Paul's car from him! Now Paul has the money he needed and Don has a neat little automobile to give him incredible joy. Paul was pleased to have his wonderful car kept in the family but the one who is even more pleased is Big Don!

Don has great plans for the restoration of this hot little number to its original beauty. When I can't locate the guy on a Saturday or Sunday, he can usually be found in, under, or behind this low slung buggy. Don reports that females are making advances toward him when he drives down the road and this has added excitement to his trips to and from work each day. He also reports that Corvette owners always wave to one another on the highway and that makes for short-lived but interesting acquaintances. Whoever said that grown men are much different in their enjoyment than small or young boys?

It has even been suggested that we drive out to visit Katharine in Maryland in this lower than the normal car but somehow I don't feel very secure when everything on the road is bigger and taller than I am. We are going out to spend time with Katharine soon but I'll let her tell you about this.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends,

Summer of 1984 will be remembered as the summer that we received visitors and we also were visitors.

Our visitors included cousins James Lowey, age 16, from New Mexico and Johnny Fryco, age 13, from New Jersey, who each worked for Rich as summer interns at Technology Catalysts, Inc. James enjoyed working office machines, such as the photocopier and microfilm reader, but he was happiest at the U.S. Patent Office and the Library of Congress. Johnny has picked up many handyman skills from his father, and he completed many tasks on the office building and grounds.

We learned to think creatively about the many tourist sights that would be appealing to the visiting teenagers and our boys, Stephen, age 4, and Martin, age 1 1/2.

Most memorable was a visit to Williamsburg. It would be hard to find a more patriotic place than Williamsburg for the 4th of July holiday. A fife and drum corps parade preceeded the fireworks display.

After two days in Williamsburg, we headed south to Virginia Beach. Martin turned out to be the real waterbug in the family. In spite of our rather last minute decision to take this trip, we were able to find beautiful accommodations overlooking the water.

The fourth night on our trip we finally figured out how to solve the problem of restaurant meals—the buffet dinner. Buffet food is not gourmet, but with our crew it was promptness of service and quantity of food that counted more than delicate flavors. We also learned an important lesson—if a restaurant does not have high chairs, children are not welcome and the evening will be miserable for everyone.

We never tire of seeing the Smithsonian museums—the Air and Space, the Natural History, the American History, etc. These are on the top of the sightseeing list for our foreign visitors. This summer we welcomed friends from Belgium and Peru. As a result of their visits, Stephen has asked me to teach him Spanish. I told him we'd have to enroll together in French classes someday, or maybe spend a month in Brussels.

Rich's parents have retired and moved to Florida. This summer they stopped at our house several times as they traveled up and down Interstate 95 between Brooklyn and Daytona Beach.



Stephen and Martin DiCicco and Lily Walstad enjoyed playing "dress up" while visiting their grandparents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier in Denver, Colorado.

Colorado was the major destination of our travels this summer. The kids and I flew to Denver for a full week. Rich was able to join us for four days.

Our trip coincided with a visit by my sister, Alison, her husband, Mike, and their two little ones, Lily and Lee. Last Thanksgiving, Lily and Stephen had enjoyed each other's company so much, we decided to try visiting together again. The week was filled with swimming, visiting the zoo and parks and taking long walks.

There were two highlights of the trip—a real train ride on the Georgetown Silver Plume loop, that just recently opened, and an evening at Elitch's amusement garden.

In between our traveling and visitors, my major summer "extracurricular activity" was a vegetable garden. Our house is surrounded by large shade trees, with only one small area receiving enough sunlight to make gardening worthwhile. This limited space meant the demands were limited too.

Tomatoes do wonderfully here, as do peppers. I planted lettuce in the spring, but before long, it turned bitter from the hot weather. In August, I planted lettuce again and now have a nice, cool weather crop. I tried cabbage and cauliflower, but the slugs ate them before we did. However, the Swiss chard did very well; now, I must convert the whole family into greens-lovers. This fall I'm trying green beans, also.

I've found landscaping in northern Virginia quite the opposite of landscaping in the West and Southwest. In an established neighborhood, such as ours, most of the trees are fully mature, and the shubbery is now overgrown. The azaleas and dogwoods are full and beautiful for a few fleeting days in the spring. Wild day lilies bloom in July, and

crape myrtlettes brighten-up August, but, for the most part, the greenery overwhelms any show of flowers. Begonias and impatiens of course do nicely, but petunias and marigolds didn't bloom well even in my sunny spots.

At the end of our first summer here I declared our backyard an extension of the Amazon rainforest. We had focussed our attention on making the interior liveable. When we turned our attention toward the exterior, it was too late for anything short of bulldozing. Weeds had become trees, and poison ivy carpeted the pathway up the hill. I decided to let Mother Nature take care of the situation, and the winter frost thankfully brought it under control.

The second summer, I spent day after day pruning azaleas, rhododendrons and dogwoods, but finally called in the arborist to complete the job.

At the beginning of this, our third, summer, I uncovered railroad ties which delineated a hexagon-shaped area. After stripping away the vines and weeds, I laid bags of bark mulch. I installed a sandbox and a climber gym for the kids and a hammock for mom!

Stephen had his fourth birthday this summer, and is doing very well in preschool. He has made several good friends, and Rich and I have made friends with their parents. This is especially important to us since no other young children live on our street, so we have no other parents with whom to compare notes and share concerns.

Martin seems intent upon demonstrating every ounce of strength that a 1 1/2-year-old can muster. He's into running hard, hitting without regard for the object that is struck, and throwing balls, shoes and tomatoes.

Within the last few days something suddenly clicked in Martin's mind for language comprehension. He seems to understand everything we say. Martin has made the big jump from a baby to a little boy but, of course, wants the best of both worlds.

Fall is my favorite time of year, and this year's has not been a disappointment. I treat the Washington summer heat and humidity like a winter blizzard; I only venture outside my air-conditioned environment on rare occasions. Fall is somehow similar to spring, both provide a chance to breathe fresh air and enjoy bright outdoor color. In fact, I'll close this letter to you friends now and take Stephen and Martin to our backyard park.

Sincerely,

Emily DiCicco



A LETTER FROM LISA

Dear Friends,

Here is the letter my mother promised I would write to you upon my return from Europe. This trip was exciting for me in several different ways. Before leaving for Europe, I had never really been out of the Midwest, had never flown, and had never seen an ocean or a sea. Guess I knocked out a lot of firsts all in one fell swoop.

Flying wasn't as exciting as I had imagined it would be, but taking off is definitely more fun than landing. Our flight out of Omaha had a short layover in Chicago, then we continued on to New York. Our group had decided to spend a night and half of a day in New York before our international flight left for London.

New York was a real experience since I had not been in a large city before; at least, it prepared me for London, Paris, Rome and Athens. After settling into our hotel about 9:30 p.m. on July 17, all of our group went out for dinner. A smaller group of us decided to go out and see New York. We walked past Central Park (a definite no-no as a place to go at night) and on to Lincoln Center. Then we decided to catch a bus to Greenwich Village. It was quite interesting to see people walking about at two in the morning as though it was the middle of the afternoon. A part of our sightseeing was done in the rain.

The next morning one group of students went shopping, another went to tour a TV studio and the group I was with took, what I thought then, quite a lengthy walk to the United Nations building. It was beautiful to see all of the flags flying over the long white U.N. building. After the U.N. we walked to the Empire State building, but decided not to go up in it as visibility was not the best.

Our international flight out of J.F.K. Airport was scheduled to leave at 7:00 p.m. but, due to extremely bad weather, we were delayed two hours. Everyone expected a full night's sleep on the night flight over, but most of us were too excited to even close our eyes. After our arrival at London's Heathrow Airport, all of us proceeded to our hotel, only to find out our rooms were not ready; little did we know the rooms wouldn't be ready for another four and a half hours. Imagine, if you can, twenty students and teachers asleep in a hotel lobby. Having not slept all night and with nothing to do except watch our luggage, we camped out!

The first day in London, our group had a guided tour. The first stop was Westminster Abbey. The high arches and beautiful stained glass make this structure outstanding. Some of the people that are buried in Westminster Abbey make a tourist feel quite



The Tower Bridge, London, England, was one of many sights Lisa Nenneman (daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman) saw during her European trip.

insignificant: Geoffrey Chaucer, Issac Newton, Rudyard Kipling, various British kings, queens and heros. Other sights on the tour were Big Ben, the Parliment building and the changing of the guards. St. Paul's Cathedral was absolutely beautiful. A group of us walked all the way to the balcony on the outside of the dome. We went up spiral stairs till I thought my lungs would collapse. The first set of stairs were wooden and wide; the second set was narrower stone steps enclosed in stone walls, and the third set was extremely narrow and steep wrought iron with no walls. From the top we had a beautiful panorama of the whole city.

The third evening in London we went to an eating establishment called Beef Eaters. Once there, we were conducted to our medieval tables in the court of King Henry the VIII. "Serving wenches" served us a five course dinner. "King Henry the VIII" presented the entertainment, which included jesters and battling knights, and he proposed the toasts.

Two other places of interest where we spent a considerable amount of time were The Tower of London (The Bloody Tower) and the British Museum. The Tower of London is where King Henry the VIIIs' two wives were beheaded, as were many other people. The British Museum was so large that we barely had time to see the things that we were extremely interested in. My two best friends* and I spent time seeing the mummies and mummy cases. The three of us spent considerable time studying Greek statues and friezes from the Parthenon. The museum contained some excellent examples of Mesopotamian sculpture.

On our last morning in England, we took a bus from London to Canterbury to see the famous Canterbury cathedral

where St. Thomas a'Beckett was murdered. The small town of Canterbury was quite charming and the cathedral was exceptionally beautiful. From Canterbury, we continued on our bus ride through the beautiful English countryside to Dover where we crossed the English Channel. Watching the white cliffs of Dover disappear behind us, we continued our adventure on our way to France.

Sincerely,

Lisa Nenneman

SYMBOLS OF HALLOWEEN

by
Virginia Thomas

There seems to be no record of who first carved a grinning face upon a pumpkin, although the jack-o'-lantern is probably the most popular of the Halloween symbols.

Since the dictionary defines the word "jack" as a popular form meaning *man*, one readily sees that jack-o'-lantern means *man of the lantern*. A popular expression is "to play the jack", meaning to *deceive* or go astray. This aptly fits the spirit of the jack-o'-lantern.

Today, Halloween belongs to the children with costume parties, tricks or treats and pranks, but in its beginning it was the grown-ups who had all the fun!

Spooks were no laughing matter in those ancient days for folks really believed that mysterious creatures existed. Many of the traditional customs which we consider typically Halloween go back to the time of the Druids, centuries before Christ was born. The ancient Celts of Britain, France and Belgium (as we know them today) worshiped spirits believed to be found in trees, animals, rocks, etc.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

The August memorial service for my grandmother Crandall was an opportunity for the whole extended family—uncles and aunts, cousins, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren to get together with my grandfather Crandall. I am lucky that, while growing up, each side of my family had great reunions. This is what my grandmother Crandall once wrote about family reunions:

"What an inspiration it is to have families together, to listen to stories of adventures and experiences, to hear about hopes and dreams, accomplishments and, yes, sometimes hear about problems."

While I write specifically about my own grandmother. I am really speaking about some of the good qualities that sets grandmothers apart as a very special group of people.

I would like to share with you what I said on that day, as a tribute to my grandmother:

We are all here today, Mary Hulda Hill Crandall's family and friends, to celebrate the fact that we have known and loved a great lady. She enriched our spirits by sharing with us her great spirit; she made our lives happy by touching us with her zest and joy in living. It is right that this service be held in this church, here in Ashaway, Rhode Island. She sang in the choir here and sometimes helped to direct it until she was eighty years old. Grandmother Crandall was born in Ashaway and loved and served it in many ways all of her life.

She was my grandmother, my Nana, and I am only part of the big, wonderful family here today. Many strong memories come back to me. First, in my mind's eye, I see her together with Grandpa, husband and wife, a loving couple who, for me, will always be an example of how a strong and good marriage should be. Then I think of her as a mother. How all of us grandchildren love to hear stories told by her children of what it was like to grow up in their loving family.

Nana had a special relationship with all of her grandchildren. Thinking of Nana, I remember how, at large family gatherings, she would choose to sit at the "kid's table". She also sat with each one of us and talked to us as individuals, but most of all—and best of all—played and laughed with us. Nana had a real wisdom when it came to children because she never lost a fundamental sense of childlike wonder and enthusiasm. In a letter that she wrote to one great-grandchild not long ago she included this



Out of David's family photograph album comes this treasured picture of his sister Mary Lea, aged four years, and David, aged one year, with their grandmother, Mary Hulda Hill Crandall. In his article, David shares some thoughts about his grandmother who passed away last winter.

memory from her own childhood:

"The first snow that falls is so sparkly and beautiful, right from heaven. We used to walk along the street with a lollipop in our hand, stick it into a snowdrift, and then lick it off. Oh, but it was yummy!"

Well, all of us grandchildren can remember so many times, tagging along next to Nana on a walk, eating an ice cream cone, or playing a game, and thinking, "Oh, this is fun! Oh, are we ever happy!"

As we grew up, our relationship with her remained strong. With love, respect and great interest, she shared our lives. I would often tell people that my grandmother was my best correspondent! And, when we reached our own childbearing years, we watched her eagerly as she played with her great-grandchildren. We all hope that we can bring some of her ways with children into our own homes.

Many things worked together to make Nana the kind of person that she was, but one of the most important sources of her strength was the Bible. She once wrote this:

"I have found the Bible to be a great help in any time of trouble and sorrow, and I have found that it holds the answers to most of life's questions. Read your Bible often."

Today, let us read from the Bible to help us remember her. First, from Mathew 19, 13-15, because of the way that Nana felt about children:

"People brought little children to him, for him to lay his hands on them and say a prayer. The disciples turned them away, but Jesus said, 'Let the little children alone, and do not stop them from coming to me; for it is to such as these that the kingdom of heaven belongs.' Then he laid his hands on them and went on his way."

For the second reading, let us turn to Paul's first letter to the Corinthians and

remember the ways in which Nana always showed strong faith in us, had hope for us, but most of all had love for all of us—the kind of love that is described here:

"Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous; love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish; it does not take offense, and it is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other peoples sins but delights in the truth; it is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope, to endure whatever comes.

In short, there are three things that last: faith, hope, and love; and the greatest of these is love."

....1 Corinthians 13: 4-7, 13

The love that Nana gave to all of us lives with us today and will forever more.

The fact that our memories of our grandparents stay with us forever is certainly true. I was very fortunate while growing up to have two sets of grandparents. The things written here about my grandmother Crandall could also be said about Leanna Field Driftmier, the founder of this magazine, for she, too, was a perfect grandmother. The older we become, and the more faded those old, precious pictures in the photo album are, the closer those memories grow in our hearts.

I hope that by sharing my own personal tribute to my grandmother, you have been able to reflect on and remember those near and dear to you.

With all fond wishes,

David



GIFT OF AUTUMN

Thank you, dear Lord, for the autumn
When leaves begin to change
From the lush green of summer
To the russet and amber range.

When there is a slowing of nature
An expectancy in the air,
A time for reminiscing...
And an invitation to prayer.

—Kay Grayman Parker

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RIDDING AND RIGHTING

by
Erma Reynolds

The other day, when looking at the clutter of unnecessary keepsakes and papers I had been saving, I compared myself with a lady that I have read about. She was a neat person, but saved everything. When she died, and her family made a check of her belongings, they found a carefully wrapped box bearing this printed information: "Pieces of string, too small to be used."

Every so often, when a cleaning mood hits me, I'll go through my mumble and jumble of things and pick out a few to throw away. Then, looking at them, I change my mind, telling myself, "I may need these some day"—back they go to the attic, basement, or closet.

Most of us are great at accumulating things, but very few are skilled in the art of riddance. Like squirrels, with their stash of nuts, we hoard all kinds of papers. Periodically this conglomeration should be checked to avoid accumulation, disposing much of it in the round filing cabinet—the wastebasket.

Besides the important documents that are kept in a bank safe deposit box, a home system should be set up to take care of bills, guarantees, instruction booklets, to name a few. Equipment to store this material doesn't have to be fancy. Lacking a desk with big drawers or a filing cabinet, use cartons, storing them on a handy shelf. Near the base of each box cut a 1-inch by 3-inch horizontal hole to act as a drawer pull, which makes it easy to remove the cartons from the shelf. The cartons can be painted, or covered with self-adhesive plastic covering, if a bit of decoration is desired.

Included in a paper hoard there's likely to be lots of old snapshots. Select the ones you no longer want and send them to persons who are in the pictures. They will be pleased to receive a long-forgotten picture of themselves.

If you're a pushover for books, you've probably got them stashed all about the house. Take a tour of the premises and pick out volumes you no longer read or need. Give these to another book lover, or donate to a library. Before returning the saved volumes to bookcases, wipe the shelves with a cloth dampened with oil of lavender. This discourages book lice. As you dust the books, take care to wipe the leaf edges, working out from the backbone.

Having too many knick-knacks around can clutter a room, and make extra work at cleaning time. Whittle down their number. Keep on display only those you regard as special treasures. The rest put in boxes and store in a closet. If the idea of banishing them from sight bothers you, try this system. Every so often exchange the ones on exhibit



Pictured with their winning cakes are Mrs. Roger (Doris) Swank and her daughter, Becky Swank. Doris and Becky's cakes were winners at the Page County Fair cake decorating contest. This was held on August 2, 1984.

Doris baked a white round cake. She decorated the cake using white frosting as the background for the blue fair ribbon design with white lettering that read 1984 Page County Fair.

Becky's cake was entered in the 14-year-old and under category. Her white cake has white frosting decorated with the figures Ode the dog, and Garfield the cat, two of her favorite cartoon characters. Becky hand drew the figures on the white frosting with a toothpick using a cartoon in the newspaper as her guide. To color Ode, she used yellow and gray frosting; for Garfield, Becky used orange and black frosting. Orange frosting decorated the edge of the cake.

Doris took decorating classes five years ago so she could decorate cakes for her daughter, Becky. Doris has baked and decorated many cakes for friends and says she is now on a cake holiday. Becky took an interest in cake decorating because of her mother's decorating and finds it a challenge and fun too. Both used Kitchen-Klatter flavoring in their cakes. Doris works at the City National Bank in Shenandoah and Becky is in the 8th grade.

with a few that are on hold in storage.

When cleaning clothes closets, remove everything and lay out the items where you can look them over. A good rule to follow for getting rid of some of the collection is to ask yourself about each one, "How long since I've worn this?" If it has not been worn for some time, give it away.

Try ridding and righting. It's a great way to clear out needless keepsakes.



COVER PICTURE

Wayne and Abigail Driftmier enjoyed a visit with their grandchildren, Lily and Lee Walstad, children of Alison and Mike Walstad, Ruidoso, New Mexico. Alison reports in her letter on their family reunion this summer.

PROOF

He found the cake—

No if, no maybe;

The evidence?

One frosted baby!

—L. C. Smith in church paper



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends,

I hope autumn finds each of you enjoying the bounty of this generous and fruitful earth. It always seems, despite the weather's finicky behavior, this nation is still able to produce an amazing quantity of food. Perhaps the ingredient which acts as the great equalizer of it all is the vastness of America's farm lands. Many areas can be affected by flooding while simultaneous droughts devastate other agricultural sectors, and somewhere in the middle is the lucky farmer whose harvest dreams have come true due to the kind and sensitive touch of mother nature. Seldom is she disposed to offer her maximum generosity—that perfect combination of sunshine and rainfall, warm temperatures for germination, and frost free days for maturation.

The topography of the countryside around our home is mostly mountainous. Ranching is the primary agricultural activity, and predictable mountain thundershowers throughout the summer keep local ranchers from worrying too much over weather conditions. The irrigated mountain valleys provide rich productive land for fruit trees, and the Hondo Valley, in which we reside, is a lovely patchwork pattern comprised of hundreds of apple orchards which spread on for miles and miles. The Ruidoso, Bonito, and Hondo rivers wind their way towards the plains providing the lush valley with sustenance.

The vast majority of these orchards are at a mature state, having been planted many years ago. They are certainly a lovely sight during the spring blooming period. However, the saddest time to see these orchards is in the fall, for almost without exception, these fields remain totally unharvested. Year after year the valley's fruit, which must total in the thousands of pounds, is left to eventually fall rotten to the ground.

I have been told that the reason lies purely with dollars and cents. It is simply not economically profitable to harvest these large apple crops. Apparently labor costs have become prohibitive. Also, there is no real market. The lovely apples from Washington state reach the national scene earlier than our local apples. It would seem the country is more or less flooded with apples. There are numerous fruit stands along the highway which sell to the local market as well as the many tourists passing



Lee Walstad, son of Alison and Mike Walstad, Ruidoso, New Mexico, is a happy active 1-year-old toddler.

through, but the bushels sold via this method represent a very tiny portion of the ripe apples in the valley.

It seems such a sad situation to me—not only the thought of food going to waste when so many in the world are hungry, but the fact that nature has been so wonderful in generous bounty, and no one reflects upon this with gratitude. In regards to our family, this over abundance has had its rewards, for we never need to purchase apples. They are available everywhere just for the picking. Simply ask, and generally ye shall receive. The apples are looked upon by most farm owners as a burden. They become a nuisance; leaving a mess upon the ground and by creating a source for colic and tummy aches for overindulgent horses in the valley's large equine population.

Very few new orchards are being planted currently. It is interesting to contemplate the direction in which the contours of the valley will change in future years. Eventually these old orchards will die, and the process is being hastened by another economic trend. The trees are worth more as firewood than as fruit bearers. Industrious young men enter the orchards with chainsaws instead of bushel baskets these days. And I would imagine that within the coming years most of the trees will disappear. This seems so ironic, because mother nature has given this valley the perfect climate for a perfect agricultural crop.

It has certainly been a bountiful summer for the Walstads. The kennel business has been very good; between work and chores, we have had many, many good times with our friends and family. Our children, Lee and Lily, both celebrated summer birthdays—first and fourth, respectively. Mike and I celebrated birthdays too, but we don't count our years anymore—just the

childrens'. I certainly don't feel any older, but have all those new grey hairs which seem to run in my family. One aspect of waiting awhile to have children is that they can actually make one feel younger. At any rate it's always early to bed, early to rise, and run like a hamster on a treadmill all day long.

One of our highlights this past summer was a two week vacation—something we haven't had in several years. The four of us journeyed to Colorado in the front of our pickup. Needless to say, it made for family togetherness (a polite euphemism for cramped quarters). Mike drove the entire way. This was the coward's seat; all he had to contend with was the highway. On the other hand, I was the keeper of the children, a continuous test of maternal fortitude. Perhaps, I deserved the ordeal, since we own a spacious station wagon, and I was the one who insisted we drive the truck. Actually, I had a very good reason, for my father had promised to give me some trees and shrubs which had been damaged by a hail storm at his garden center. For the prospect of some new landscaping in my yard, I was prepared to sacrifice. In a nutshell, the long hours on the highway were barely tolerable, but the visit in Denver was just delightful.

My sister, Emily, and her family were visiting at the same time, and we enjoyed a lovely family reunion. Lily and Stephen were inseparable companions. Martin and Lee, both one-year-old, took turns napping, eating, crying, and being adorable. One afternoon we loaded everybody into two cars and drove to the old mining town of Georgetown, located just west of Denver in the mountains. There we boarded a narrow gauge train which traverses the "Georgetown Loop," a famous line from bygone days, which has recently been restored. This spectacular trip was highlighted by an impressive trestle bridge which spans the canyon over raging Clear Creek below. It was a wonderful family excursion, and I'd recommend it highly. The children loved it, and sang "I think I can, I think I can" while the train chugged its way through the lovely countryside.

After a week in Colorado, Mike, I and our children departed for the final leg of our journey and drove to Hobbs, New Mexico, to visit Mike's family. We left Lily and Lee in Hobbs under the watchful eye of the Walstad clan for the remaining week of vacation. The children spent many happy hours visiting family and swimming. This delights Lily, for it is usually too chilly for pleasant swimming in Ruidoso.

While the children enjoyed family hospitality, Mike and I returned home for a week of camping and fun in historic Lincoln, for the annual Lincoln Days—Billy the Kid celebration. I told you a little

(Continued on page 20)



RECIPES

WILLIAMSBURG PECAN BARS

3/4 cup margarine
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3 cups flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Grease and flour a 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

Cream the margarine and sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift the flour and baking powder together and mix into the creamed mixture. Press in the prepared pan (should have a layer about 1/8 inch thick). Bake for 12 to 15 minutes, or until dough is about half done. Remove from oven and lower temperature to 300 degrees. Prepare the following topping:

1 cup margarine
1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 cup honey
3 cups chopped pecans

Cream the margarine, sugar, flavorings and honey. Add pecans. Spread evenly over partially baked layer. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes at 300 degrees. Cool and cut into 1- by 2-inch bars. —Emily

ITALIAN SAUSAGE

2 lb. well-marbled pork butt, 25-30% fat
1/2 lb. pork fat
2/3 cup Parmesan cheese
1/2 cup minced fresh Italian parsley
2 large cloves garlic, minced
1 Tbls. dried basil
1 tsp. red pepper flakes
1 Tbls. paprika (I used hot Hungarian)
1/2 tsp. dried thyme
1 tsp. fennel seed
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. oregano
1/4 tsp. pepper

Grind pork butt with pork fat—use a semi-course blade in grinder. Add the rest of the ingredients. Mix well. Turn into patties or into casings. —Juliana

KATHARINE'S WALDORF SALAD

1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup sour cream
1 tsp. powdered ginger
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
3 Tbls. fresh-squeezed lemon juice
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/4 cup water
2 cups chopped apples
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup diced celery
1/2 cup raisins
2 cups halved green grapes

Combine the mayonnaise, sour cream, ginger, flavoring and 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Set aside.

Combine the 1/4 cup lemon juice and water. Place the apples in the lemon juice-water mixture so they will not discolor. Prepare the rest of the ingredients. Drain the apples and place in large bowl along with the nuts, celery, raisins and grapes. Pour the dressing over all and stir to coat well.

—Katharine

TORTILLA CASSEROLE

1 large envelope taco seasoning
8 corn tortillas
1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1 onion, chopped
1 can chopped green chilies
2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and drained
1 small carton sour cream
Monterey Jack cheese

Cook taco seasoning according to package directions. Dip 4 of the tortillas in the sauce and layer in bottom and up sides of baking pan.

Brown the ground beef. Drain excess fat. Add the onion, green chilies, 1 pkg. of the spinach, and all but 1/3 cup of the remaining taco sauce. Cook until heated through. Layer on top of the tortillas. Spread on some of the sour cream and sprinkle with some Monterey Jack cheese. Put remaining tortillas on top. Pour the remaining 1/3 cup of taco sauce over all. Follow with layers of the remaining sour cream, package of spinach, and top with more Monterey Jack cheese. Cover and bake for 40 minutes in a moderate oven. —Juliana

CRUNCHY MARSHMALLOW COOKIES

1/2 cup margarine or butter
Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
3/4 cup flour
1/2 cup chopped nutmeats (or 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring)
2 Tbls. cocoa
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
2 cups miniature marshmallows
1 cup chocolate bits or shaved almond bark
1 cup peanut butter
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 1/2 cups crisp rice cereal

Cream margarine or butter, butter flavoring and sugar together. Beat in eggs and vanilla flavoring. Combine the flour, nutmeats, cocoa, baking powder, and salt. Add to creamed mixture. Spread on bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes, or until it tests done. Remove from oven and sprinkle marshmallows evenly over top. Return to oven for 3 more minutes. Cool.

In saucepan, combine chocolate bits or almond bark, peanut butter and burnt sugar flavoring. Stir over low heat until melted and blended. Mix in cereal. Spread over marshmallows and let cool. Cut into bars. —Dorothy

EASY APPLE ROLL

4 medium apples, peeled, cored and thinly sliced
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups water
3 Tbls. sugar
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
2 cups flour
3 Tbls. shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup milk
1/4 tsp. salt
4 tsp. baking powder
Butter

Combine the 1 1/2 cups sugar and the water and cook over low heat to a syrup.

Combine the 3 Tbls. sugar and the cinnamon and set aside.

Combine the flour, shortening, egg, milk, salt, baking powder and 1 Tbls. of the cinnamon mixture. Roll out on a sheet of waxed paper to 1/2 inch thick. Spread with the sliced apples and roll as jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch pieces. Place in a greased 9- by 12-inch baking dish, cut side down. Pour the hot syrup over rolls and sprinkle with remaining cinnamon mixture. Dot with butter. Bake for 30 minutes or until brown in a 375-degree oven. Serve with cream. —Hallie

STOVE-TOP APPLE DUMPLINGS

- 1 1/4 cups water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 apples, peeled, cored and sliced
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

For syrup, combine the above ingredients in a kettle. Bring mixture to boiling. Prepare the following dumplings:

- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg or cinnamon
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/3 cup milk

For the dumplings, combine the dry ingredients. Stir in egg and milk. Drop by spoonfuls into the boiling syrup. Cover and steam for 20 minutes. Do not remove lid. (Syrup mixture may be doubled if desired.) —Hallie

TEMPTING CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 8-oz. jar Cheez Whiz
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 7-oz. box spaghetti, broken in pieces and cooked and drained
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked and drained
- 2 cups chopped cooked chicken
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/4 tsp. onion salt

Put Cheez Whiz and milk in a small pan. Place over low heat and heat until cheese melts and blends with milk. Toss the cooked spaghetti with the margarine. Combine all the ingredients. Place into a greased deep 8-inch square pan or a casserole. Bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees until heated through.

May be prepared ahead, refrigerated and baked later. Cooked turkey could be substituted for chicken. —Dorothy

NO-SUGAR APPLE DESSERT

- 6 cups Golden Delicious apples, sliced and peeled
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups unsweetened apple juice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter liquid sweetener
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

Place apples in a 9- by 13-inch greased baking dish. Add the cornstarch to the water and mix well. Add the remaining ingredients and stir until well blended. Pour over apples. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour. —Verlene

POTATO-CHEESE SOUP

- 3 cups diced raw potatoes
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 3/4 cup diced celery
- 3/4 cup diced carrots
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 tsp. parsley flakes
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 envelope cream of chicken soup (like Cup-of-Soup)
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 lb. process cheese, cubed

Combine the potatoes, water, celery, carrots, onion, parsley flakes and salt and pepper in a large kettle. Cook until all vegetables are tender. Over low heat, stir in the envelope of chicken soup, milk and cheese. Heat and stir frequently until cheese melts. Serve. —Dorothy

HURRY-UP CHERRY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 20-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup nutmeats

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in cherry pie filling, crushed pineapple, flavorings and nutmeats.

Pour into a mold or an 8- by 10-inch dish. Will serve at least eight. —Hallie

QUICK POPPY SEED CAKE

- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 yellow cake mix (2-layer size)
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
- 5 medium eggs
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 2 Tbls. poppy seeds
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Generously butter a bundt or tube cake pan. Combine the granulated sugar and cinnamon; sprinkle in bottom and on sides of buttered pan.

Combine the rest of the ingredients and beat with electric mixer at high speed for 5 minutes. Pour batter into prepared pan. Bake for 45 minutes, or until cake tests done, in the preheated oven. Cool in pan for 5 to 10 minutes. Invert onto platter.

NOTE: The 2 Tbls. almond flavoring is correct. —Robin

PRUNE TEATIME CAKES

- 1 cup uncooked pitted prunes
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 cup oil
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cut prunes into small pieces. Pour the boiling water over them and let stand for 2 hours to absorb moisture and soften. Sift the dry ingredients together in a large mixing bowl. Add the flavoring, prunes, oil, eggs and nuts. Blend thoroughly, then beat for 2 minutes at medium speed with electric mixer. Spoon batter into paper-lined muffin tins. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 12 cupcakes. Could also be baked in a mini cupcake pan, a 9- by 13-inch pan, or in two layer pans. Baking time may have to be adjusted for the different sizes. Delicious plain or frosted with a cream cheese icing, or a streusel topping or dusted with powdered sugar. —Katharine

ITALIAN MEAT MARINADE

- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian Salad Dressing
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. salt

Mix ingredients well and pour over meat. Let meat marinate for at least one hour turning at least once. Several hours will not hurt.

BUTTERSCOTCH BREAD

- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Stir in the brown sugar and pecans. Add the egg, buttermilk, melted butter or margarine and the flavorings. Blend well. Bake in a greased loaf pan at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool before removing from pan. —Juliana

SCRIPTIOUS DATE BARS**First Step**

1 1/2 cups flour
1 tsp. baking powder
Pinch of salt
Sift flour and then measure out the 1 1/2 cups. Add baking powder and salt. Sift again and then blend with:
3/4 cup butter (use butter only)
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 3/4 cups of quick-cooking rolled oats
Combine all of the above ingredients and work together until it resembles cornmeal. (Clean hands for mixing this, work fine!)

Thoroughly grease a 9- by 13-inch pan or spray with non-stick coating. Reserve a third of this mixture, and then press the remainder very firmly into the bottom of the pan. Do not build up any on the sides.

Second Step

1 cup finely chopped dates
1 cup water
1/2 cup white sugar
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In small heavy pan, cook dates, water and sugar together, stirring frequently, until it is very thick. Set aside to cool, then add flavorings. When very cool, spread evenly over the crust layer. Sprinkle the reserved crust mixture over top. (Crumble this into very small pieces with fingers.) Bake in a 375-degree oven until lightly browned. Do not serve until completely cold. Will freeze well.

—Dorothy and Lucile

MOLDED BROCCOLI & EGG SUPREME

2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
2 envelopes plain gelatin
1 can beef bouillon
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
dash tabasco sauce
dash black pepper
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Cook broccoli in boiling water 3 minutes and drain. Soften gelatin in 1/4 cup bouillon. Simmer remaining bouillon and add cooked broccoli, lemon juice, salt, Worcestershire sauce, tabasco and pepper. Mix well. Fold in gelatin mixture and chopped eggs.

Grease mold with some of the mayonnaise. Pour mixture into mold. Chill to firm. Turn on serving plate.

Mix mayonnaise and Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing. Serve with molded salad as a dressing.

—Juliana

APPLESAUCE CUPCAKES

1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
1 1/3 cups sugar
1 cup applesauce
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
2/3 cup shortening
1 tsp. salt
3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
3 eggs
2 Tbls. grated orange rind

Combine the flour, sugar, 1/2 cup applesauce, shortening and salt in a bowl. Beat vigorously for 2 minutes. Stir in baking powder. This will be a thick batter. Add remaining applesauce with flavoring, eggs and orange rind. Beat for 2 additional minutes. Fill muffin tins 1/2 full with the batter. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 10 to 12 minutes. Decorate with creamy icing or whatever you choose.

—Robin

PEAR CHEESECAKE

1 29-oz. can pear halves
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
3 eggs, separated
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. grated orange peel
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 cup whipped cream or whipped topping
1 9-inch graham cracker crust
1/4 cup orange juice
1 tsp. cornstarch

Drain the pears reserving 1 1/4 cups syrup. Finely chop the pears. In a double boiler soften the gelatin in one cup reserved pear syrup. Beat in egg yolks, sugar and salt. Cook and stir until slightly thickened.

In a bowl beat cream cheese until light and fluffy; beat in gelatin mixture, lemon juice, orange peel and flavoring. Set aside, beat egg whites until stiff. Fold egg whites and whipped cream into cream cheese mixture. Fold in chopped pears. Pour into prepared graham cracker crust. Chill overnight.

Next day combine remaining pear syrup and orange juice with the cornstarch. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Cool to room temperature; spoon over cheesecake; chill.

—Verlene

SPECIAL BAKED CHICKEN SANDWICHES

1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
(or 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces)
1 stick margarine or butter, softened
16 slices of bread, crusts trimmed
2 cups chicken, cooked and diced (white meat)
3 hard-boiled eggs, chopped
1/3 cup ripe olives, sliced
3/4 cup mayonnaise
2 Tbls. chopped onion
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
1 cup sour cream
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 Tbls. diced pimiento
Paprika to sprinkle on top

Saute mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter. Butter both sides of bread with remaining butter and place 8 slices in a 9- by 13-inch pan.

Combine mushrooms, chicken, eggs, olives, mayonnaise and onion. Mix well and spread on buttered bread. Arrange the 8 remaining slices of buttered bread on top.

Combine soup, sour cream, lemon juice and pimiento; spread over sandwiches. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Garnish with the paprika. Serves 8.

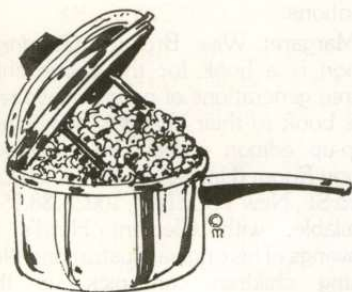
—Hallie

**DESSERT FONDUE**

2 cups chocolate chips
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1/2 cup light corn syrup
Melt all these ingredients together in the top of a double boiler, mixing well.

Let everyone choose pieces of fruit or cake to dip into the fondue. Some popular "dippers" are banana slices, strawberries, grapes, marshmallows, pineapple chunks, angel food or fruitcake. Add some Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar or mint flavoring to the fondue for a different taste.

—Mary Lea



POP...POP...POPCORN

by
Ruth Townsend

What would you do with a house full of popcorn? I doubt if you or I would ever have that to worry about but it did happen to a bear family in a book I was reading to my grandchildren.

We thought it was funny. Also I became curious about how much popcorn expands when it pops. I found that it really puffs itself up. A kernel, when popped, takes 37 times as much room as it did before. If you had enough unpopped kernels to cover the state of Wyoming, they would cover the whole United States when popped!

Popcorn has a long, colorful history. Indians in both the Americas were the first to cultivate it. They used popcorn for decoration as well as for eating. The fact that it was a different kind of kernel from regular corn was probably discovered accidentally. Perhaps a few kernels were dropped into a fire and the discovery was made. After that, corn was usually popped in pottery containers surrounded by hot sand. Popping urns which are undoubtedly several thousand years old have been uncovered by archeologists.

In very early times Indians believed that the popping was caused by an imprisoned demon that lived inside the kernel. This demon threw a tantrum when his "house" was heated up. The true reason is, of course, that popcorn kernels contain a different kind of starch from other corns and the shell is impervious to moisture. When heated, the moisture inside turns to steam and, as the pressure builds up, it eventually explodes the kernel.

The English colonists first encountered popcorn at the original Thanksgiving feast. It soon became a tradition for Indians to bring popcorn as a token of goodwill during peaceful negotiations. Colonial women were glad to receive gifts of popcorn for any reason and often served it for breakfast with sugar and cream. Later on Americans raised popcorn themselves.

Down through the years popcorn has grown in popularity. At present in the United States we eat more than 450 million pounds each year, around 33

quarts per person. For some unknown reason Minneapolis-St. Paul has the honor of being the popcorn capital of the world. The average consumption in the Twin Cities is 64 quarts per person each year.

All types of popcorn are essentially the same, though hybrids have been produced which have special characteristics. Yellow popcorn is the most popular, but white has a strong following also.

Popcorn is not only fun to eat, but is nutritious. It contains protein, vitamins, minerals and carbohydrates. Popcorn has no sugar and contains only around 55 calories per cup, depending on how much oil is used in popping it.

Before you step into the kitchen to fix yourself a bowl full of the delicious, fluffy white treat, here's a popcorn tongue twister to try: "How many cups of popped popcorn does the proper popcorn popper pop if the proper popcorn popper properly pops one pound of unpopped popcorn?"

Now you can go eat!



Line a jack-o-lantern with aluminum foil and fill it with your favorite pop corn or pop corn balls.

Fill plastic bags with a mixture of salted popped corn and candy corn, tie with curled ribbon and presto...trick-or-treat goodies.

—Jolly Time



SALTY SNACKS

4 quarts popped popcorn, seasoned
1 10-oz. box slim pretzel sticks
1 8-oz. pkg. cheese curls

Place in large plastic container. Makes 32 servings.

—Verlene

— — — — —

MICROWAVE CARAMEL CORN

7 quarts popped corn
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
1 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup corn syrup
1 tsp. vinegar
1/2 tsp. soda

Prepare the corn. Combine the butter or margarine, flavoring, brown sugar, corn syrup and vinegar in a 2-quart container. Microwave on full power for 1½ to 2 minutes until syrup comes to a boil. Allow to boil for 2 minutes. Remove from oven and stir in the soda.

Place the popcorn in a clean, large brown paper bag. Pour the syrup over the corn. Close the sack loosely and shake. Microwave at full power for 1½ minutes, shake bag, microwave another 1½ minutes, shake bag and microwave again for 1½ minutes. Pour corn out of paper bag onto waxed paper or large sheets. Spread out to cool. Stir occasionally while cooling. When cool, store in containers with tight-fitting lids.

—Repeat from December 1982

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

The ancient poet Nizami wrote these words, "In the hour of adversity, be not without hope for crystal rain falls from black clouds." How true that something good often comes out of something bad. Skip Westphal, Iowa author, has written a book called *Crystal Rain from Black Clouds*. The stories reflect the title, that great good has resulted from misfortunes.

Mr. Westphal writes that one of man's greatest needs is the ability to face problems and disappointments with a courageous spirit. Regarding the thoughtful words of Nizami, Westphal writes, "Those words have the power to change the attitude of anyone who is experiencing a misfortune or a bitter disappointment."

One true tale is about a minister who contracted tuberculosis, moved to the Ozark Mountains in Missouri to live in seclusion, and later wrote the book *Shepherd of the Hills*, read by millions of people. That person was Harold Bell Wright. Another tale is of Thomas A. Edison, who failed thousands of times before he discovered the right combination for the invention of the alkaline storage battery. A short story proving that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," is about a Scotch Canadian in a hospital ward who cheered others with his happy songs and bright spirit. Also included is the story of Harry Holt, from Creswell, Oregon, who suffered a heart attack and resolved upon his recovery to dedicate himself more earnestly to the Lord's service. He and his wife Bertha became famous because of their desire to help homeless Korean children who lost their mothers and fathers in the war. The Hols began by adopting eight orphans. After moving to Korea to erect shelters for the homeless, they later returned to Oregon. Following Mr. Holt's death, the work of the Holt Adoption Program continued. At the time the book was written, over 33,000 Korean and Vietnamese orphans have been welcomed by adoption in homes all over the world. Mr. and Mrs. Westphal have experienced great happiness from their two adopted Korean daughters, who came to them at age three years. Both girls are now grown and in the nursing profession.

Crystal Rain from Black Clouds contains thirty-three short inspirational stories, thought-provoking and entertaining. Skip Westphal is an author, lecturer, and world traveler. He has been a horseman in the greatest show on earth, a sailor on an ocean-going freighter, and a lumberjack in the Maine



This illustration from *Crystal Rain From Black Clouds* shows five-year-old Susan Phipps, who was adopted through the Holt Orphanage by an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. C. Walter Phipps, of Los Alamitos, CA.

woods. (Write *Crystal Rain from Black Clouds*, RFD 1, Manson, Iowa 50563 for the book. \$3.95 per copy plus \$1.00 for postage—no additional postage on two books. Iowa residents include fifteen cents tax.)

Thanks to Amy, my sister, for sending me Mr. Westphal's book. Certainly the book does encourage one to search out the beauty in discouraging situations.

When our children began their school days, I kept a diary of their sayings. Now we have some good laughs when we read, "Does a brown cow give chocolate milk?" and "Those are nimbus clouds in the sky today." That last statement was made after our son had been in kindergarten for only two weeks! I wish I'd kept a journal as Bob Greene did when his Amanda Sue was born.

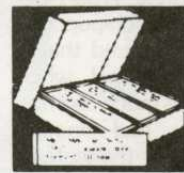
Bob Greene is the syndicated newspaper columnist for the *Chicago Tribune* and contributing correspondent for ABC-TV's *Nightline*. When his wife Susan gave birth to their daughter Amanda Sue, he resolved to record that first year. It is a marvelous account of that time, from the sleepless nights to the first smile, the first tooth, and the first step. The experience of fatherhood is set down with humor and compassion, as it tells of a man and a woman who once couldn't imagine life with a child, and now can't imagine life without one. He made a point to write in the journal each day, feeling at the end of the year he would have a precise account of that first year. *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* (Atheneum, \$14.95) by Bob Greene is a real treasure and may give other new parents the idea they are not alone in having the first year fears, triumphs and

emotions.

Margaret Wise Brown's *Goodnight Moon* is a book for the young child. Three generations of parents have read this book to their children. Now a new pop-up edition called *The Goodnight Moon Room* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$8.95) is available, with Clement Hurd's redrawings of his original illustrations. Now young children can pick up that telephone, pull out the red balloon, and find the cow jumping over the moon. The great green room folds into an enchanting three-dimensional panorama. For ages 3-6 years, a delightful pop-up book.



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AUTUMN

by
Harold R. Smith

Seasonal changes occur according to nature regardless of what the calendar proclaims. We often see the seasons as distinct changes that happen suddenly; at other times the seasons overlap and the dates become blurred.

We enjoy all seasons but are particularly fond of autumn for the hot winds of summer have fled to the South and cool, fresh air drifts downward from the North. When we feel we cannot survive another hot, humid day, the wind shifts during the early-morning hours and I'm forced to get up and drowsily rummage through the closet for another blanket. I'm lulled back to sleep as the breeze stirs the draperies and the stifling air of yesterday flees out the opposite window.

The earthiness that is autumn comes in wafts from damp vegetation, frost-laden plants that will no longer stand erect under the sun. A spiral of blue smoke will drift upward from woodstoves and the wind carelessly plays tag with it. Many people associate autumn with the odor of burning leaves. As a child, I loved to watch the glowing piles of leaves being burned. Great sugar maples at the old town house where we formerly lived loosened their leaves after a spectacular showing of color. The lawn was thick with leaves and we raked laboriously to mound them up in huge piles. The wind was checked and if the air was still, burning began. The great fires glowed and reduced the leaves to a small scattering of ashes. An elderly neighbor once told me that leaves had two colors; one when they were on the tree and admired by all, and another color when they burned to light up the darkness of any autumn evening.

Today, people often have mulching attachments on their mowers and leaves are mulched to add nutrients to lawns. Others in our area rake leaves and place them in huge plastic bags to be hauled away by the trash collector. Conservation-minded people add their leaves to compost piles and, in time, return them to the garden to nourish the earth.

The autumn colors come in great waves of gold, red, russet and oranges. Yellow willows walk along the rivers and streams; each tree compliments the others' hues like a glorious symphony. One can almost hear a particular display north of our area where one drops from a high hill to a low valley. Along the valley's floor are multitudes of trees displaying beautiful coloring. Just before dusk, the setting sun highlights the colors and the trunks are silhouetted in black to create a magical scene.

We still mourn the loss of Greystone's three huge sugar maples. They were damaged in a tornado years ago and sub-

sequent years weakened them further. Frances and I talked at length about cutting them and after a few severe storms, when they creaked and shook, we decided they must be cut before they fell and damaged the house. A family of varied-aged men, known locally as the "tree-cutters," arrived one morning with ropes, axes and chain saws. As the saw bit into the first huge maple, I think I felt a twinge of pain. In due time, all three trees lay in the street. By evening, they were all carted away and three stumps with oozing sap scarred the lawn. We later learned others mourned the loss of these ancient trees; we all felt it most acutely the first autumn when the trees were gone, for no longer did we see their vast canopy of golds and reds tinged with green.

Autumn is a time for making apple butter. Friends who do so make a product that most famous commercial canners would envy. A family recipe is used that included apples, sugar and many spices. A copper kettle must be used, the friends advise, and the fire must be kept low and steady for three days and nights. I've often thought about joining them some night to take turns stirring the apple butter with a wooden paddle. A star-strewn night with a golden

moon waning overhead would make an ideal setting for good conversation along with continuous stirring.

If autumn could be bottled up in one taste treat, I feel it would be this smooth product called apple butter served with hot biscuits. I wonder if the enchantment of an autumn night with a slow-burning fire helps create a taste that is otherwise unobtainable. Other friends make the sweet concoction in slow-cooking pots or open kettles on the stove but the taste is simply not the same.

A faint honking sound is heard overhead one foggy morning in autumn and we call excitedly to our neighbors, "The geese are going over." When the fog lifts, we see the V of the giant Canada geese on a southward course. The line of geese wavers but the leader forages carefully on a predestined route with an instinct that defies human comprehension.

As I close the door to the old house known as Greystone, I feel autumn is drifting by as swiftly as the leaves drift from the trees. If autumn's signature can be written by nature, it is written in the skies with a wavering V, accompanied by the mournful sound of honking geese.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Have you dug your cannas, calla lilies, caladiums, gladiolus, dahlias, tuberous begonias and all other tender bulbs and corms that must be wintered in a frost-free place? If you have an excess of some, a good way to dispose of them is to run an inexpensive ad in the classified section of your local paper offering them for sale. If you still have more than you care to keep over, give them to a beginning gardener. We store all our fall-dug bulbs in plastic bags and pour a little builder's vermiculite over them. The bags are tied shut and placed on a shelf under a greenhouse bench where the temperature hovers around 40 degrees in winter. If you don't have similar storage space, take the bags to a cool basement room. Tuberous and hemerocallis are exceptions and need a warmer storage place during winter. We keep ours in the furnace room where the temperature remains in the fifties.

Two of our visitors to see the Chapel and gardens last August were a retired couple who moved to Minnesota from Iowa some 15 years ago. They said *Kitchen-Klatter* was almost a family member and they read each issue from cover to cover. The couple was delighted to learn from the June issue that the Chapel Gardens were only 40 miles away. They came not only to see the rose gardens but to talk shop—gardening, that is. We talked about covering roses for winter, the best way to freeze sweet corn, what variety of tomato did best this past season, and the advantages of raised beds, to name a few subjects.

When my husband and I switched our sunny annual flower beds over to roses, we were quite apprehensive about keeping them alive over last winter. After the weather turned cold and it was possible for the ground to start freezing, we prepared the 110 rose bushes for their winter nap. First, I cut the canes back to 20 inches from the base and tied them together with old bale twine. This made it easier to pour a mound of soil around the base of each to a depth of 10-12 inches. The soil was borrowed from a shady annual flower bed nearby so it could be returned to the bed in late spring. Because we live on a farm with a marshy area my husband baled material from this area and made a fence of bales around both sides of the rose beds. He filled the center with leaves and then loose hay after he ran out of leaves. To our advantage a deep snowfall came in late November and this remained over the roses until spring, giving added insulation.

The one thing we neglected to do was to spread rodent poison (be sure it is pet safe) around the roses before they were

covered with leaves and hay. Mice did some damage to the canes but not enough to be of any consequence.

If you have had trouble bringing roses through the winter, mound soil around the base first. When the ground starts to freeze hard, apply a good cover of old hay or leaves and anchor the mulch in place with wire mesh, old board or whatever will do the job. Not everyone has hay bales but loose mulch works fine too if held in place. It is the intermittent freezing and thawing that damages roses.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

problem is for me to learn to love weeds! Yesterday morning, while I was working in the garden along the road, four different groups of people stopped by to take photographs. Two ladies from Toronto, Canada, spent most of the morning photographing each different kind of flower, but they were particularly interested in my impatiens plants. I told these Canadians that Canada had the most beautiful gardens on this North American continent, and they agreed.

Many times I heard our National Anthem played during the Olympic Games. I personally prefer the hymn "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and always have wished that it were our national anthem. More and more, churches are using the last verse of "America" as a part of the church service, as a prayer for our country. In Springfield, we always sang that last verse after the morning offering was collected and the people had sung the doxology. We are planning to introduce that pattern in the Mystic church where I am now serving. If your church has never used that last verse as a sung prayer for our country, why don't you ask your pastor to have the people try it. I am quite sure that your church people will love it. That last verse is so meaningful.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Amen.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded
about this event last year, but the details of this year's festival will have to wait until a later time. It was quite an occasion. Mike and I won an award for a frontier category in the parade. I can hardly wait to share the story with you.

Sincerely,

Alison Walstad



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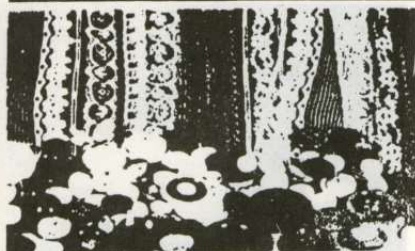
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APPLE PICKIN' TIME

by
Martha E. Shivers

We awakened that morning to see frost all over the ground. The house quivered with the chill of the mid-October morning.

Five children slid into their places around the oak dining table and folded their hands. Daddy gracefully lowered his strong body onto his chair and everyone waited for Momma, Skeeter and me to carry in the plates of hot biscuits, fried sausage, eggs, milk and fruit. When we were neatly assembled Daddy gave thanks in a voice that was low. His words tumbled out one after another, and the only one we ever understood clearly was "amen".

"Do you know what we are going to do today?" Daddy's voice was mellow but directive, and he answered his own question, as usual. "This Saturday we begin picking apples."

Low groans rumbled around the table. "Oh, it's not that bad," Daddy said in his quieting voice. "Boys," he turned to Jim and Mike, the two older brothers, "after you clean out the barn, harness the black team then hitch them to the wagon. Better put some clean straw in the bottom so the apples won't bruise. Beth, you help Momma until I call you, and Skeeter, you are to feed and water the chickens." He paused, pointed his fork at Fred, who is just a year younger than I, and who was giggling, "Young man, I want you to help me with the milking. And no complaining. This is a beautiful day!"

Seven-year-old Bruce cried out, "What can me and Amy do?"

Daddy rubbed his chin, laid his fork carefully on his plate, then answered, "You two will be our go-fers." Not a smile from our father; you had to read his eyes

to see the humor that was ready to burst forth.

"Gophers?" Bruce crinkled up his nose. "They are nasty and make holes in the garden. We don't want to be gophers. No way!"

"Nooo way," five-year-old Amy, the imitator, chanted.

Daddy laughed. "No, I mean you two will run errands, like when I need something I'll have you go for it. That's a real important job." Amy and Bruce chuckled, the brothers winked, while Daddy and Momma smiled.

Daddy clucked his tongue at the horses, and slapped their back sides lightly with the reins as we rode to the east orchard. Oh, we could have walked, it was so close, but we rode.

"Jim and Mike, you take the Strawberry apple tree, and don't bruise any 'cause you know how we like them. Beth and Skeeter climb up in the Jonathan tree. Fred, you and I will work first on the Winesap tree. Anyone who needs them, remember, we have the pull-pole to bring down those top limbs. And do be careful not to break any of the branches. Oh, yes, Amy and Bruce, pick up a bucket of apples from the ground and take them to Momma so she can fix a cobbler for dinner."

Hoots, yells, songs and teasings filled the air as the fruits were gently picked and placed in separate boxes. By noon we had stripped half of the trees in this orchard and started toward the tool shed, an abandoned summer kitchen under which was the cave that kept everything cool in the summer and didn't allow the freezing to enter in the winter. This building had been a part of the big house that had burned one cold December morning when I was less than a year old.

All afternoon we sorted. Mike and Fred carried bucketfuls to the cave, and Jim carefully lowered the fruits into the prepared slat-boxes. The culls and the drops were taken to the basement of our home for Momma to can, make apple butter, jelly, pies and cobblers throughout the fall and winter.

"How come we have two big orchards?" Fred complained as he trudged up the cave steps after the umpteenth trip.

"Well," Daddy liked to take his time answering questions, "my stepfather planted these trees after he and my mother were married. He said that he got so hungry for fresh fruit while living in South Dakota and that if he ever got back to Iowa to live that he was going to plant a big orchard of many kinds of fruits. My stepfather also built the big house that burned."

"What did you live in before that?" Skeeter asked.

"I guess, I was born in a two-room house right here. My father died two

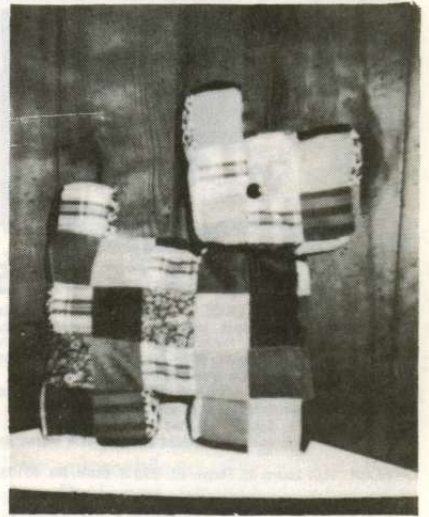
months before I was born," Daddy answered.

"How come?" Fred asked.

"He had pneumonia," Daddy replied. Then continued, "Come on, let's get finished early. You know this is Saturday."

The older brothers talked about plans for an evening of fun in the nearby town. But as all of us worked, I dreamed of those cold nights ahead when we would get large pans of apples, polish them, pop huge bowls of popcorn to eat with melted butter, and mouth-watering fudge with lots of walnut meats in it. Then our family would play games or read.

All of that would come later, but for now, we had just finished our first day of apple pickin'.



PATCHWORK

by
Rita Fay Farnham

In the fall, after the garden has been put to rest, I begin sewing patchwork. Quilts, throws, pillows, and craft articles for a small Ozark gift shop.

An interesting item for young and old alike is the patchwork dog pillow pictured here. For this particular one I used leftover scraps of velvet, corduroy, denim, and heavy cotton. Eighty-four squares two and three-fourths inches each are needed to make the pillow. The squares for one side of the dog are laid out and stitched together. For the other side the squares are laid out with the dog facing in the opposite direction. The remaining squares are sewed together in a long strip. The strip is sewed to one side of the dog, and then to the other, leaving a four-inch opening under the tail. After turning it to the right side, stuff with fiberfill and sew up the opening. Black buttons are used for eyes and a collar of red tying yarn gives the scottie dog a finished look.

Smaller dogs can be made by using smaller sized squares.

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Reatha Segar, a Kitchen-Klatter bookkeeper for more than 25 years, (featured in the February, 1981 issue of Kitchen-Klatter Magazine) and her husband, Edgar (Bo) Segar went last spring to see their granddaughter, Kendra Walling, graduate in Princeton Junction, New Jersey. Reatha and Edgar's daughter, Shirley Chullino and her children, Paulette and Beau Chullino, who live in Council Bluffs, Iowa, went with them.

Pictured above, from left to right are Shirley Chullino, Glenda Walling, Reatha and Edgar's daughters, Skip Walling, a grandson, Kendra, the graduating granddaughter, Edgar Segar, Reatha Segar, Paulette Chullino and in front is Beau Chullino.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

made the trip to Albuquerque, and I know that they will see many changes in our fast-growing city.

There is a specific reason why they are coming at this time. Jed and I are taking a long-planned, dream vacation, and we needed someone to be here at home with James and Katharine. Teen-agers certainly do not need baby sitters. However, as a parent I wouldn't enjoy one second of any vacation unless I knew that my children were in good, loving hands. Having Mother and Betty Jane here means that Jed and I can travel with light hearts.

Unless something unexpected comes up to interrupt these plans, my next letter will be about our vacation.

Until then,

Juliana

AN AUTUMN DAY

Walk softly o'er the faded lawn
There's no more grass to look upon,
It's autumn time and all around
We see it's offering settle down,

Come now, let's gather leaves of gold
Before the days turn dark and cold,
And while we gather often pray
For blessings of an autumn day.

—Verna Sparks

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

closed for a year when Steve Knowlton acquired the building and opened it in 1982. The interior was completely re-modeled and renovated into the restaurant and ski museum it is today.

Barbara said if I liked cheese she wanted me to try the Raclette, which was very different. The waiter brought in an electric gadget which was plugged in at our table. It had a vertical electric tube and in front of it was a large spike holding a big wedge of cheese. As the cheese toasted and melted you scraped it off with a knife and spread it on the food on your plate. On the plate were tiny boiled potatoes, little onions, thin slices of cold meats, tomato slices, apple slices, and I can't remember the other things. At any rate, it was all very delicious and very different. We also had salad and french bread. The cheese we didn't use was wrapped in foil and sent home with us.

It was raining in Denver, in Nebraska, and was still sprinkling when I got off the train in Osceola. Frank and Bernie were there to meet me, and it was good to be home again.

Until next month....

Sincerely,

Dorothy



THANK YOU

by
Annette Lingelbach

Good manners often depend on just two words, "thank you," or even the shorter word, "thanks." For those words express your appreciation for what others do for you.

For example, do you always say, "thank you," when someone opens a store door for you, opens or closes a car door for you, brings you food or a drink at a party or meeting, or gives you a present?

Do you say, "thank you," when someone pays you a compliment?

Do you ever say, "thank you for inviting me, I've enjoyed every minute"?

Do you say, "thanks," when someone provides you with some valuable information, that may improve, enlighten or even change your life?

Do you say, "thanks," for the loan of a book, magazine, newspaper, sheet music or a household appliance or tool?

Do you thank people for picking you up, driving you places, and then bringing you home again?

Do you say, "thanks," to highly helpful and concerned sales clerks, waitresses, cab drivers, public employees or any other strangers, who help make your daily life much easier and brighter?

Do you thank your minister for a very inspiring sermon?

Do you thank the guest speaker for the message he or she has brought your club?

Do you thank your children's teachers in Sunday school, sports and school for helping them grow?

Above all else, do you thank God every day for what you have, especially for your family?

You should. After all, thank you and thanks, are beautiful words and should be used more every day by everyone, including you.

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Decorating milkweed pods found along the roadside can be fun! These feathery little elongated globes can be used alone or with other dried materials for an indoor arrangement for the home or to give as a gift.

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—Vivian M. Preston

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