

TX1
K57x
1.2

Page 29

Kitchen-Klatter

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

50 CENTS

VOL. 49

NOVEMBER, 1985

NUMBER 11



Happy
Thanksgiving

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 \$5.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$7.00

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

Copyright 1985 by The Driftmier Company.

FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM CONNECTICUT

Dear Friends,

How would you like to have several ladies coming to your house for a luncheon, only to find yourself a patient in the hospital emergency room a few hours before your guests were to arrive? That was Betty's situation one day last week!! Let me tell you the story.

Two weeks prior to this bit of excitement, Betty had been bitten by a wood tick. It made just a little red mark on her left leg, nothing to be worried about, or so we thought. However, that red mark did not disappear. It became a bit larger, and a bit redder, and just a bit more sore, but still nothing to cause us any amount of concern. After all, in the woods, we all get tick bites on occasion. At midnight on the day before the luncheon, Betty's leg became very, very sore. There was swelling and a bright red color around the bite. Off to the hospital emergency room we went.

The doctors took some rather radical measures to combat blood poisoning and sent Betty home to take medication and to keep very, very quiet. There was to be as little use of that leg as possible. At first, Betty thought she simply had to call off the luncheon, but I wouldn't hear of that. "Let me prepare and serve your luncheon," I pleaded. "After all, you have most of the food already prepared."

For the past several days, I have been basking in the glory of my success! The party went ahead without a problem of any kind, except for the fact I let the patty shells for the creamed chicken get a bit too brown. The green peas were lovely, and the tossed salad with Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing was just right. For dessert, I served the ladies their choice of cold melon. That was simple, because they all asked for the crenshaw melon.

I am pleased to tell you Betty's leg problem has cleared up in good fashion. Never take a tick bite lightly! Betty has seldom been in the woods this summer, and yet she is the one to have suffered.

On the other hand, I have been in the woods every single day this year, and not once have I been bothered by a tick bite.

We had so much trouble with Japanese beetles this past summer, that I have been seeking the very best advice on how to get rid of those pesky creatures. They were so destructive of my flowers, particularly all of the red flowers. Why they like red more than any other color, I do not know. At one point, I was killing a thousand beetles a day!

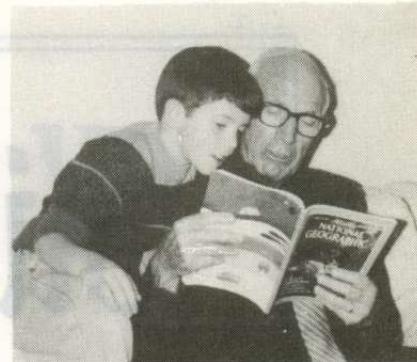
As you know, I am a clergyman and it bothers me to have to kill any living creature. After all, we Christians (and also persons of many other faiths) believe that God loves all that He created, and that means He loves the very insects you and I detest. You and I kill weeds, and yet we know God created the weeds in the same way that He created the flowers and the so-called "good plants" we find essential for our lives. In school and seminary, we never were taught a rationale for handling this problem; and, after all of these years of preaching and teaching, I still do not have what I consider to be a good solution to the dilemma.

Yesterday, a bee flew into my car while I was driving. Since it would not fly out when I opened the window, I killed it. I immediately said, under my breath, "Forgive me God!" It bothers me to think that each living thing, instinctively aware of the uncertainty of its existence, takes fervent steps to keep personally its share of life-span. The little bee I killed in the car lives as we do, according to the rising and setting of the sun. Its momentary share of eternity is measured by the same yardstick which measures ours. The only difference is our share of life has six hundred times more days for living than the bee's.

Right now, as I write this letter to you, it occurs to me that in all creatures the passion to hold onto life is the strongest of instincts. God made us this way, and He made all other living things this way! A snake, a Japanese beetle, a mouse, a duck, an elephant, all have the same violent and irrepressible impulse to keep living, to hold onto its share of life. In this way, they are no different from you and me. And this is where we have the big conflict.

The conflict is chiefly waged between animals of the same species where the competition for food and for sex and for living space is the keenest. This is the explanation for all of our human international and civil conflict, and the same explanation applies to dog fights. The battle for one's share of life is fought between different kinds of beings (that is, between humans and insects, for example) only when one is obviously threatening to steal life-span time from the other.

Confusing as all of this may be to one



Frederick Driftmier enjoys reading to his grandson Chris Palo, son of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo. The Palos moved to Kittery, Maine, and are a short drive from Frederick and Betty's home.

who holds to the faith that God loves all His creatures and loves them equally, the fact remains that if animals did not eat other animals, this would be an entirely different world from the one we are living in now. Yet, how can we justify humans killing other animals just for sport? No other animals treat other animals in that so-called "sporting" way.

If you listen to Betty and me talking on Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts, you have heard our little difference of opinion on the matter of travel. Back in the days when I was an active pastor with regular preaching responsibilities, I was the one in this family who always wanted to travel. Each year, I encouraged the family to go somewhere abroad; and over the years, we went to many, many interesting and exotic places. When I think of the thousands and thousands of dollars we spent travelling, I marvel that we ever managed to afford it. The travel accounts for our having little left in the bank savings.

Since we have retired, it is Betty who suggests every now and then that it is time for us to take a trip abroad. As for me, I am content to stay right here at home. I have had about all of the travelling I want. There are others who agree with me. Perhaps you saw the fascinating article in the *New York Times* in which the author pointed out it is no longer necessary for a person to complete his or her education by travel abroad. She said if we stay at home, read the best travel books, and watch TV selectively, one can have nearly all the pleasures of travel without even having to stand in line at the airplane ticket counter.

Of course, Betty agrees with this, but she always makes her final point in any discussion of the matter by saying: "What Frederick really wants to do is to put our little 'travel savings account' into a special fund set aside for the purchase of a new sailing boat!" Oh my! How she does manage to know my innermost thoughts! Still it is true, I do find much

(Continued on page 22)



**DOROTHY WRITES
FROM
THEIR IOWA FARM**

Dear Friends,

It has been raining off and on for the past week, and we are ready for it to stop any time now. The trees in the timber have just started turning color and I hope all of the rain plus a little wind once in a while won't make the leaves fall off too soon. I'm sure the rain helped those who had winter wheat planted, but the ground is so wet that we may not be able to get the corn and beans harvested before a hard freeze. Our area hasn't had any Indian summer, so it still might get warm enough to dry up the fields. We hope so.

After our grandson, Andy, brought me home from Wyoming, he went on to St. Cloud, Minnesota. He became very sick and had to stay in bed for over a week, and then he had to take it easy for awhile. Andy was very discouraged. He almost gave up and went back to Wyoming to enroll at the University of Wyoming, but he became stronger and began feeling better so he decided to stay in school, at least for awhile. His one goal has always been music. After being accepted in the marching band and concert band, he felt better. He is also taking private lessons on the marimba.

Margery and Oliver were visiting Martin and Eugenie, their son and his wife, in Norwood, Minnesota, at the time Andy left here for St. Cloud. They were hoping he would stop to see all of them on his way, but I think Andy was not feeling well and was looking for the shortest possible route to St. Cloud.

Marge and Oliver report they had a very nice trip. Enroute to Minnesota, they stopped in Spirit Lake to visit friends and also stopped there when they returned home. They also visited good friends in Minneapolis. It rained a lot of the time while Marge and Oliver were at Martin's, but they didn't care. This gave them a good chance to stay home and enjoy each other's company.

My brother, Howard, and his wife, Mae, have been on a trip to visit Frederick and Betty in Connecticut and got in on all the excitement of the big hurricane. Although I have telephoned Frederick, I'm anxious to hear all about it from Howard and Mae on my next trip to Shenandoah. You always get a more detailed report of something like that when you talk firsthand to someone who has experienced it. Frederick and Betty have been through several hurricanes, but this was Howard and Mae's first experience.

Lucile and Betty Jane had a very nice vacation trip to Minnesota to visit all of Betty's relatives. Lucile hadn't been anywhere for such a long time, and she



Dorothy Johnson and her daughter and granddaughter, Kristin and Elizabeth Brase, had a wonderful time together when Dorothy visited the Brase family in Wyoming. Dorothy wrote about her trip to their home in the October issue of the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

enjoyed seeing the countryside on the trip. They went through the northeastern part of Iowa and drove through towns she had never been in before. Betty made another trip to St. Paul later to attend the wedding of her son, Josh. She reports it was a beautiful wedding and a happy occasion since all of her family could be together for the activities before and after the wedding.

We were saddened this past month by the death of Caroline Johnson, the wife of Frank's cousin, Carl. We didn't get to see Caroline very often, but she has always been one of my favorite people. I first met her before Frank and I were married. She had such a happy, cheerful disposition, it was a pleasure to be around her. Seven years ago while she was doing her Christmas shopping, Caroline was mugged by a person who grabbed her purse and knocked her to the paving, injuring her back. She spent many months in the hospital, and the past seven years Caroline had been in a wheelchair. It was such a needless and sad thing to have happen.

Hallie, Verlene and I had a nice trip to Charles City, Iowa, this past month. We put on a program at the Business and Professional Women's annual quilt show, which was held at the Charles City Moose Lodge hall. My friend, Dorothea, took me to Osceola where I met Hallie and Verlene. The three of us left right away for Charles City and were in Mason City by 6:00 p.m., so we stopped at a restaurant there to eat supper. After we were settled in at the motel in Charles City, Mrs. Edna Nott, chairman of the quilt show this year, came to see us and spent a while visiting with us.

We were up bright and early the next morning, because we wanted to drive

back to Mason City to visit Radio Station KLSS. The Kitchen-Klatter Homemaker Program is heard on KLSS in this part of Iowa. The station manager, Daniel Kemnitz, gave us a guided tour of the station and we met the rest of the station personnel.

Hallie, Verlene and I were back at the Moose Lodge by 10:30 a.m. and before lunch we set up everything for the program. Several of the BPW members who had been working at the lodge that morning had brought sandwiches, salad and dessert. We were invited to sit down and have lunch with them. Before the program started, we had time to walk around and see the beautiful quilts on display. Several women had on quilted jackets. After the program, refreshments were served. This gave us time to shake hands and visit with all of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends, some had driven many miles to be there.

Between the afternoon and evening programs, we ate dinner with five of the women at a restaurant next door to the lodge.

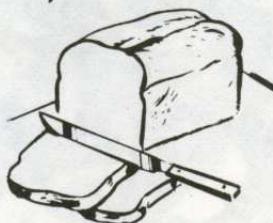
The next morning, Edna Nott came to pick us up for breakfast. Joining us was Pam Schwartz, president of the BPW. Pam had to go to work, but Edna took us to Nashua to see the Little Brown Church. I was glad to have this chance to see it, because the little church was something I had heard about all my life but had never seen. I rode with Edna, but Hallie and Verlene also drove so we could leave for home right from Nashua. We ate lunch in Des Moines, and later they dropped me off at home and went on their way.

Since I knew my friend, Angie Conrad, had been married in the Little Brown (Continued on page 22)

That We May Enrich Our Daily Bread

A Thanksgiving Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: On the altar place a loaf of home-baked bread in a wicker basket lined with fabric in an early American print design. Place a lighted taper and an open Bible beside the basket. If possible make copies of the call to worship and of the hymns which the audience are to participate in. Hand them out before the service begins.

Quiet Music: "We Gather Together"

Call to Worship:

Leader: O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation!

All: Praise the Lord! O give thanks to the Lord for He is good, for His steadfast love endures forever!

Leader: Sing praises to Him, tell of His wonderful works! Make known His deeds among all people!

All: O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In Thy wisdom Thou made them all. Thou O Lord, hast made me glad by Thy work; at the work of Thy hands I sing for joy.

Leader: Praise the Lord! Extol Him all peoples for great is His steadfast love toward us; and the faithfulness of the Lord endures forever.

All: O Lord how manifold are Thy works! The earth has yielded its increase! Our God has blessed us. Praise the Lord! Let everything that breathes praise the Lord!

Hymn: "O Worship The King"

Leader:

So much there is of earth and sky and sea!
We cannot grasp the vast immensity.
So much of air, sunlight and fruited land;
Of beauty showered from God's great opened hand.

What wealth there is of knowledge, wisdom, lore;
We reach and take yet there remains much more.
So many things our hands may find to do
To give us joy the many long years through.

In human hearts abundant kindness grows;
When needs are known and felt, it overflows.
So much there is of God's great love to me,
I cannot grasp its vast immensity.

—from church paper and bulletin

If ever there is a season and a time when we are reminded on every hand "He's Got the Whole World In His Hand," it is at Thanksgiving time.

Song: A solo, or all may sing: "He's Got the Whole World In His Hand"

Leader: "Gratitude is the hardest of all emotions to express," one author writes and how true it is. As we pause at the Thanksgiving season with our thoughts centered on the goodness of God, we are simply overwhelmed. We wonder just where to begin with our thanks and how to begin.

As we begin to count our blessings, we see that God has shown His goodness in very special and different ways. When we think about expressing our thanks, it seems to me that we might think about "living our thanks" in different ways. How often we say thanks for "our daily bread." Let us now think how we can ENRICH OUR DAILY BREAD by the way we live our thanksgiving.

Meditation: I do not thank Thee, Lord, that I may have bread to eat while others starve; nor yet for work to do while empty hands solicit heaven; nor for body strong while other bodies flatten beds of pain. No, not for these do I give thanks.

But I am grateful, Lord, because my meager loaf I may divide; because my doubled strength I may expend to steady one who faints. Yes, for all these I do give thanks!—for heart to share, desire to bear and will to lift! Amen.

Leader: We who have felt God's goodness and mercy in our own family relationships can express our gratitude and "enrich our daily bread" by finding ways to show mercy and goodness to families around us.

If the gift of wonder and beauty has brought joy to our own life, let us pass it on to enrich and brighten the day for others.

In thanksgiving for the smile on the face of someone we meet, the clasp of a friend's hand, the laughter of a child, let's share it all in our thanksLIVING with others.

As we count the blessings of our faith and fellowship of our church, our schools, our hospitals, let us be thinking of ways we can use them to enrich our lives and those around us each day. Blessings are to share!

The delights of music and of reading are wonderful blessings to pass along in

thanksLIVING. Loan a recording or tape, read to the elderly, teach someone a song!

How about the gadgets and the machines that make our daily life easier and more enjoyable? Are we sharing any of these to make life easier for those who have less?

Are you thankful for work to be done and the strength to do it? Can those around you see it by your attitude? Are you an inspiration to anyone?

With all our modern changes and conveniences, we now must enrich our bread, restoring the nutrients and vitamins that were destroyed in the process of modern manufacture. By the same token, we must re-instill ideas, principles, a sense of appreciation, and a mood of gratitude that so many of us have permitted to evaporate and be lost because of easy living and surface thinking. We must enrich our daily living by passing along our thanksgiving. Only then can we say we are truly thankful.

Reading:

I thank Thee, Lord, for house and home

And lands-possessions sweet;
I thank Thee more for friends, who,
Loving, pause to greet
Me, as we, moving onward, meet....

I thank thee, Lord, for work, for
Toil and labor, sweat of brow, and
Well-earned rest, for sleep and
Wakefulness again to here and now:
For Hope of Future Life and—Thou....

For house and home and friends and
Work—gifts from above—
I thank Thee, Lord; but more than all,
Yea, more than all, I thank Thee,
Lord, that I can love.

Yea, love, Lord, that I may
Enjoy and pass along
To others my thanksgiving,
Through loving and enriching
By my very way of living.

—adapted from unknown author

Hymn: "For All the Blessings of the Year"

Benediction:

For all the blessings of the year,
For all the friends we hold so dear,
For peace on earth, both far and near,
We thank Thee, Lord.
For love of Thine, which never tires,
Which all our better thought inspires,
And warms our lives with joyous fires,
We thank Thee, Lord, Amen.



THANKSGIVING

November boasts Thanksgiving Day,
But stop and think a bit.
So much have we to thank God for
That every day is it.

—Flo Montgomery Tidwell



AN AIR FORCE WIFE WRITES FROM MAINE

Dear Friends,

There were two things I was really hoping to write to you about this month, but unfortunately they didn't come about. I have been looking for a part-time job (morning hours) but haven't found one yet. The jobs that are available either don't fit my skills or my family priorities, but I'm still looking! The other thing I was sure I could report on was a camping trip. We had planned one to the White Mountains with Vin's sister Carol's family, but due to illness it had to be cancelled. Now, of course, it's far too cold at night for "soft-living" types like me!

So much for what hasn't happened. What HAS happened is that life is moving right along in a rather pleasant way. We are certainly busy. The Kittery schools begin early in the day. Isabel leaves the house to walk to Frisbee School at 7:15 a.m. I walk Chris to the corner to catch his bus at 7:25 a.m. Vin leaves at 7:00 a.m. to try to find a parking space at the University of New Hampshire where they reportedly have issued twice as many parking permits as there are spaces. By the time I take Cassie to preschool at 8:50 a.m., I feel like I've put in a full day! Isabel is home at 2:00 p.m. and Chris by 2:45 p.m., but I usually don't see Vin till almost 6:00 p.m.

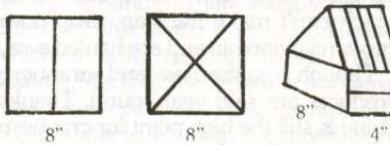
Summer and early fall hold many special occasions for the Palo family so we have done much celebrating. The surprise party Vin threw for me on my birthday really was a surprise. A neighbor had taken me on an errand. When I got back, the house was full of new and old friends. Vin had purchased an attractive tray of cold meats and cheeses along with a lovely cake. I was just as surprised two weeks later when we entered a restaurant to celebrate our anniversary to find four good friends waiting. What a treat! Well, I knew I should do something special for his birthday in September. He did figure out there were people coming over when he had to make 23 hamburgers for the grill! But my real "coup" was to have his parents walk in the door just after we got home from church that morning. Only the night before he had been lamenting, as we sat before the fire, that his parents weren't there for the weekend. How I had to bite my tongue! We had hardly recovered from that occasion, when our youngest, Cassie, turned four. We sandwiched a children's party with hotdogs, cake, and a piñata between Chris' piano lesson and an evening meeting.

For both Vin's and Cassie's birthdays, I made "cut-up" decorated cakes. Those of you who listen to Kitchen-Klatter on the radio may remember I described how



Isabel, daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, Kittery, Maine, enjoys talking on the telephone.

to make a butterfly cake, and those instructions were later printed in the magazine. Cassie chose a clown cake for her daddy's birthday and a house cake for her own. The house couldn't be easier. Just bake a cake in two 8-inch square pans. Cut one cake in half placing one half on top of the other with frosting in between. Cut the other cake in four triangles for the roof. Place on top of the house with long side of triangle down.



Frost completely, then decorate with coconut and candies. I spread frosting in front of the house like a patio, edged it with candies and wrote "Cassie." My oven in this house isn't right because cakes come out terribly uneven; but when they're frosted and decorated no one knows.

One thing that I do bake pretty well, and even the oven doesn't mess up, is pies. Our neighbor is very generous with his fruit and vegetable harvest. I thanked him for his peaches by giving him two jars of jam and a pie. He said it was the best pie he'd ever eaten! Encouraged by that praise, I entered an apple pie in a street fair competition at Strawbery Banke. Strawbery Banke is the historical area of restored houses in downtown Portsmouth, and admission was free that day with a pie. MY admission was free but it cost me \$6 to get the kids in! No, my pie didn't win a prize but the kids couldn't wait to get a piece after the judging. It did have some fans! The kids claimed to be unimpressed by a chance to ride in (and for Isabel to drive) a horse and buggy, the opportunity to throw apples in the hopper and turn a cider press, an exhibition of antique bicycles (which required rider skills), and the other exhibits and activities. Later they decided they did enjoy the street fair activities more than the day's next

activity which was stacking wood!

Do you ever have trouble getting your children motivated to see or do something different? This is a frequent frustration for me. Recently the family accompanied me to Prescott Park for an outdoor exhibition of kendo (Japanese) swordfighting. The children lasted about 15 minutes before they were fidgety and a walk to a trash barrel became more interesting than sitting and viewing the proceedings. I do try to be patient with their lack of curiosity and short attention span, but I have to confess it cramps my style.

There are often unexpected bonuses that go along with having an adventure. While we were sitting in the park watching the swordfighting, a huge freighter went by on the river with its accompanying tugboats. The gleaming white freighter was so big the central span of the drawbridge had to go to the very top of its elevator to accommodate it. This turned out to be the Long Lines which came to load up AT&T's state-of-the-art satellite communication system to be taken to the Canary Islands. A week later we happened to be at Seapoint Beach when the Long Lines steamed out of the river and disappeared over the horizon towards Europe. Many years ago the first trans-Atlantic cable was laid to Europe from Rye, the next town south of Portsmouth. As I stood on the beach, I felt I was watching history being made.

The demonstration of kendo swordfighting was just one of many events (but the only one I could get my family to) connected with Japan Week in Portsmouth. Portsmouth signed a "sister city" pact with Nichinan, a port city with a large tourist industry (like Portsmouth) in Japan. A delegation from Nichinan was in Portsmouth for the festivities. Nichinan has had a great affection for Portsmouth ever since the Baron (can't remember his name), a native son of Nichinan, was in Portsmouth in 1904 for the negotiating of a peace treaty with Russia. If I ever travel to Japan again, I'll be sure to visit Nichinan.

I want to mention how wonderful it is to once more see the colors of New England in the fall. All five of us climbed to the top of Mt. Major with some friends on a lovely Saturday. The views from the top encompassed all of Lake Winnipesaukee and the whole central region of New Hampshire. The gorgeous colors of the foliage was frosting on the cake. What a world! What a life! Thank you, God!

I do miss all my Midwestern friends. May your blessings this Thanksgiving be many!

Sincerely,

Mary Lea

IT'S BITTER-BERRY TIME

by Ruth Townsend

Sassamanesh, ibimi, bitter berry, crane-berry, cranberry—whatever you call those sour red berries of Thanksgiving time, they are a fall specialty and more American than apple pie! Also they are the only berry native to North America and the only berry that has never been grown commercially anywhere else.

The Indians, of course, introduced our Pilgrim fathers to the cranberry. The Pilgrim mothers immediately welcomed them into their meager diet. The berries were also used for dying rugs and blankets but there is no indication that cranberries were used by the Pilgrims as a poultice for wounds, a common practice with the Indian tribes.

Cranberries became a valuable commodity. Only some 40 years after the Pilgrims came to this new land, they sent King Charles II ten barrels of the fruit, mostly in hopes that the bright red berries would appease his wrath over the coining of money in the new world, a practice he did not appreciate. Interestingly, barrels have remained the unit of measure for cranberries to this very day.

In the very early days, cranberries were harvested by hand. Whole families and sometimes whole villages would work together on the harvest. Commercial cultivation and picking of cranberries began in Massachusetts around 1820, 200 years after the first Pilgrim ate his first cranberry. Cranberry cultivation spread to New Jersey, and later Wisconsin began to raise the berry. Eventually Oregon and Washington

became interested in the bitter berries. No other states besides these five grow enough to be considered cranberry producers.

It takes 3 to 5 years for a new plantation (as cranberry farms are called) to bear a crop but, if cared for properly, cranberry vines will produce fruit indefinitely. Some of the present bogs are over 100 years old.

The harvest begins right after Labor Day and extends throughout the entire fall season. When harvesting was done by hand, wooden scoops were used; but nowadays mechanical pickers dry-harvest much of the fruit. Some fields, however, are wet-harvested. This means that the fields are flooded just to the top of the vines. Then a contraption called an "eggbeater" goes through and churns up the water. The berries break off from the vines and float to the surface. Next they are "rafted" to shore, which means they are corralled by two-by-fours hinged together and then gently guided toward the land.

Once harvested, cranberries are sorted electronically by machines that test their "bounce-ability." Good berries bounce high and thus reach the conveyer belt. Soft or spoiled ones, which can't make the leap, drop down into a rejection bin and are hauled away.

Though cranberries and cranberry products are sold year round, Thanksgiving is still the high point for cranberry sales, with 19,000 tons being eaten last year at this time.

Those bitter berries of Indian days have come a long way and are no doubt going to go a long way into the future, too.

FESTIVAL OF THE TREES

Autumn is a lovely time of the year,
There are beautiful colors far and near.
I stopped on the crest of a hill today,
To admire the beauty across the way.

Trees were wearing colors bold and
daring,
For the fall festival they are sharing.
The leaves would whisper and tease,
As they frolicked in the brisk warm
breeze.

They gave no heed of name or to their
color,
As they chatted with one another.
A lesson from the leaves folks could
learn,

As no race or color they should spurn.

—Ruth Harper Jincks



THE JOY IN SHARING

It's true that things always give us more joy when we can share them with others. Take a cup of coffee, for instance. How much more aromatic and enjoyable it is when shared with a friend!

Even our bird friends seem to share this philosophy. Have you ever taken the time to observe the jaunty cedar waxwing? One afternoon some years ago, I had the unique privilege of observing them quite closely. A flock of these sociable birds had settled in a patch of elderberry bushes behind our house. The branches were laden with juicy berries, much to the delight of the birds! I had never been able to observe these unusual birds so closely, so I stood at my kitchen window for quite some time, just watching and waiting.

The birds sat in orderly rows, all facing in one direction, and were perched close together along the branches of the small tree. One of the birds would snatch a berry, and instead of greedily devouring it as I'd expected, he passed it to his nearest neighbor, who in turn passed it on, and so on down the line to the last bird. That bird then passed the berry back along the line until it reached the very first bird, who passed it back down the line again! Finally one of the birds ate the berry, but not until it had been back and forth several times—a perfect example of sharing.

For quite a while, the birds perched there, each politely waiting its turn, passing the tasty tidbit on down the line, repeating the process again and again. Even nature's little creatures seem to find joy in sharing, a good example for us!

—Betty Vriesen

THANK YOU, GOD

A Fingerplay for Children

Thanksgiving is a special time
(Hands outstretched)
For us to pause and say
(Hands folded in prayer)
"Thank you, God, for all the blessings
(Head bowed over folded hands)
You send to us each day."
Tis God who makes the sun to shine
(Hands up to form a big round sun)
And sends the rains, you know;
(Arms out and wiggle fingers for rain falling)
The very things we need to make
Our fields and gardens grow.
(Stretch right arm and hand high for "grow")
For food we eat, the homes we love,
(Motion of eating) (Finger tips together to form roof shape)
And for our loved ones dear
(Arms crossed and clasped in hug)
We bow our heads and thank you, God,
(Head bowed over folded hands)
For blessings of the year.

—Virginia Thomas

Thanksgiving's a good time to give thanks and to live for the mountain of things for which to be thankful.

MARY BETH

REPORTS

FROM WISCONSIN

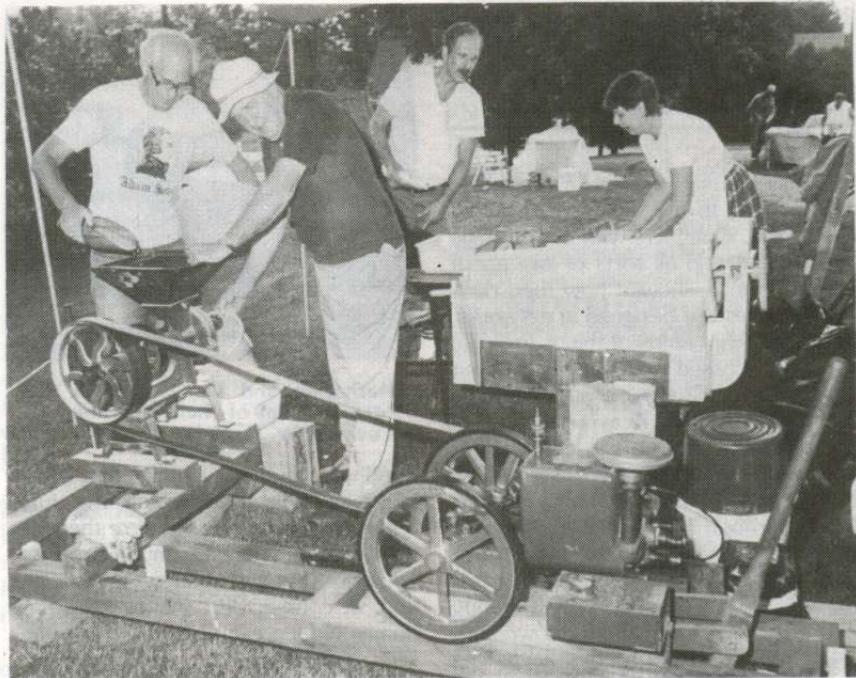


Dear Friends,

I'm all dressed up for a day whose remainder holds nothing more important than going in the car to restock my calcium supplements, doing my day's aerobic workout on my bicycle, and giving the house a quick once-over with a dust cloth. The reason I am dressed up at this early hour of the day is that I had a breakfast meeting with the Downtown Delafield Business Association. Now the social event for the day is over, and it will be necessary to put on rough-and-ready clothes before I "hit the road" so to speak.

Since I last wrote to you, Don has taken me to the bicycle shop near our home and bought me an early Christmas present which you can easily guess was a new bicycle. It is so new that the bicycle and I attract a few envious stares. Because I ride on country roads primarily, it is safer to have a bicycle with wide tires which Adrienne's old bicycle has. There are several features about Adrienne's sturdy old yellow bicycle which are not conducive to an easy ride and the main reason being that I am taller than she was at age thirteen. Therefore, Don and I had in mind several improvements as we looked over the selection of new models. There have been many, many state-of-the-art improvements in bicycles since we last bought a bike for our children. To make a long story short, we came home with a "relative" of the original "dirt bikes" which the younger set took to their hearts when they were doing off-road racing. This Mongoose city bike of mine has big fat tires with deep tread of assorted patterns which will give me a strong hold to any kind of a road. The skinny-tired bicycles are very unreliable in loose gravel or in grass. This Mongoose doesn't give so much as a quiver. It has nice wide handlebars which keep my back and neck upright unlike those athletes who are bent over for aerodynamic speeds. There are twelve speeds which I have managed to operate reasonably well, although in truth I mostly use first, second, or third gear. However, the few remaining hills which I usually had to climb on foot pushing the old bicycle, I can now slowly pedal successfully to the top.

My early meeting with the Downtown Delafield Business Association was a turning point for Don and me. The group is comprised of merchants who are seeking to promote one another's business by various civic enterprises. I was asked to attend this morning in the absence of the woman who usually represents Hawks Inn. After I was there



Don Driftmier and Charlie Gibbs ran the 1913 "Little Jumbo" grinding corn while Dick Deniger and his wife, Velma, sifted and packaged johnnycake mix. This was a fund-raising project for Hawks Inn. The johnnycake mix sold for 75¢ per pound and the cracked corn birdfeed sold for 20¢ per pound.

they urged me to purchase a patrons membership and come to their monthly breakfast general meetings. Don has met most of the golfing community on the nine-hole course connected with St. John's Military Academy. I have, however, had to really work at getting acquainted with the people in whose city we have lived sixteen years this August.

When people work in one city and live in another, one of the major problems is they very often end up not being close friends with either group. This is where Don and I found ourselves when we left teaching, and I particularly. No teaching job to get up for every morning, almost no close friends in town and no household jobs associated with several children suddenly created a cavernous void! I had thought the "empty nest syndrome" was worked through when the last one was safely in an apartment and gainfully employed, but this only widened the hole. This morning's crack-of-dawn breakfast meeting with the merchants was as much benefit to Don and me as it was to them. Now, when I take my daily constitutional on my Mongoose and end up riding half of my miles through the safe streets of downtown Delafield, I shall be recognized by more than the cows, barking dogs, and the ever watchful curtain-peeking cat population.

My cup has now about runneth over with organizations I can properly support. Last week I packed my suitcase and drove to Portage, Wisconsin, where the Wisconsin Society of the DAR owns the last remaining building of what was the original Fort Winnebago. This

fort was built by the U.S. Army to protect the white settlers and keep the Winnebago Indians "in order!" The building the DAR maintains is the Surgeon's Quarters built in 1819 but bought by the army in 1828. One of the members of Milwaukee Chapter of DAR lives on the property and serves daily as the guide to groups wishing to tour the house.

I made the trip to attend the Wisconsin State Fall Workshop. The state officers sponsor a two-day session where individual state chapters may come and iron out any problems or difficulties they may be having with the smooth operation of their chapter for instance the skill the treasurer faces each year collecting 100% of the dues. It was a very helpful two days of meetings and the open house, which was held at the wonderfully restored and magnificently groomed Surgeon's Quarters, was a rare treat. It surely does help to get totally involved in a group's activities if one wishes to get the most benefits from membership.

Milwaukee Chapter in particular and DAR nationally are active supporters of the Veteran's Hospitals and grounds. In Milwaukee we have one of the nation's largest Veteran's Hospitals. This month Milwaukee Chapter was called upon to provide the manpower and the food for the monthly meeting of *all* of the volunteer organizations in the area who lend their support to this hospital in the heart of Milwaukee. The hospital is so large it bears its own post office called Woods, Wisconsin. There were at least 125 indi-

(Continued on page 19)

KATHARINE MILLER WRITES FROM VIRGINIA

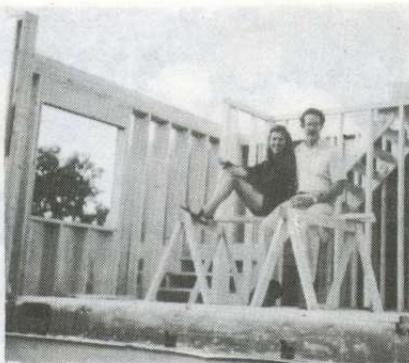
Dear Friends,

Cousin Emily passed a magazine article along to me the other day that she'd read. Complete with double page drawings, it told all sorts of lore about groundhogs. It showed how their dens and burrows are designed in networks, described what kinds of things they like to eat, discussed how they raise their families and told what a nuisance they are to farmers. Well, I was fascinated! Up and down the banks of our creek at our new place in Virginia are the mounded entrances of GROUNDHOG homes. One afternoon I had seen a big heavy patriarch wending his way past our garden to get to his burrow. Stephen and Martin DiCicco spend many happy hours sending wild apples down into their tunnels. I'm sure this keeps the rodents busy down there, sorting and storing them away. So I read the article with amusement. It's nice to understand our new neighbors.

Our ten acres of Virginia hill country lie in the cleft between two mountains. One mountain lies on the Maryland side of the Potomac River, the other on the Virginia side. And the fertile fields and woodlands that lie between them follow the snaking trail of the historic Potomac River. Our piece of land rolls gently, cradling our spring-fed creek with trees and giving us lots of open, cleared pastureland for farming.

We didn't actually break ground for our house till mid-June, so this gave us April, May and June weekends to get our first garden going. While Don was busy engineering a creek crossing and bulldozing a quarter-mile road in to the house site, I couldn't do much to help him; so we tilled up a 50-foot by 85-foot plot and set out our first experimental rows. Very ambitiously, we tried many vegetables just to see what would do well there: beans, okra, snow peas, spinach, Swiss chard, onions, scallions, broccoli, cabbage, Chinese cabbage, bok choy, several kinds of tomatoes, peppers, melons, squash, herbs and three varieties of sweet corn. Though the spring was dry, we were able to keep the garden well watered by carrying our watering cans hundreds of times to a deep pool in the nearby creek; so we very luckily had sprouts coming up just everywhere. It was very exciting to watch our garden grow. But we were not the only ones watching!

The land we're building on has not had anyone living on it since Civil War times and its quiet wildness has been a happy home for all the critters there. There are big, bounding deer. We have seen beautiful birds: bluebirds, indigo



Katharine and Don Miller in the "great" room of their new home in Lovettsville, Virginia.

buntings, orioles, goldfinches, even hummingbirds. Besides all the furry creatures we do see, I'm sure there are many hiding. There are tiny salamanders and crawdads and minnows in the creek and, of course, BIG snakes have their homes hidden everywhere. We haven't seen any venomous ones yet (and I surely hope we never do). The one day I came upon a snake sunning himself on my path I was terrified. I leapt back as rapidly as he sent his big long body shooting into the tall grass to get away from me. Amazed to see a big snake "fly" like that, I stood, heart pounding, listening like a little scared animal to hear if he was coming to get me. Then I raced past the spot and on to Don to report what I'd seen. It was a big blacksnake. Don and his friend Joel tell me they're good snakes to have since they eat critters and exclude dangerous snakes from their territories. Joel and Don like to find these snakes and see if they can catch them, just to play. I keep my distance, thank you.

As our sprouts pushed up, I began to notice carefully placed hoofprints where the deer had curiously nosed their way along the rows. We also could tell that the groundhogs were keeping close tabs on the garden, actually sitting atop the melon mounds from where they could get a better view! I must say I don't think they cared for our fare, because we never lost a plant till the bugs got hungry. We ate lots of good food this summer, what survived our novel first attempts. But I'm glad we didn't have to survive this winter on what we had grown. Only one variety of sweet corn even survived to produce ears, and those ears were barely two-inches long. Someone loved our tomatoes, and if we weren't vigilant to pick the sweet Romas as soon as they were ripe, that "someone" would carry them down to the creek where he would leave the remaining skins and stems. Every imaginable bug that flies, hops, wriggles or crawls made a feast on our virgin garden. Our attempts to keep the weeds down in that area where weeds had thrived hardly for dozens of years were futile. We were too busy by

midsummer building our house to even try to keep up with the daily work of the garden, too. We're not at all disappointed, however, for we ate beans, peas, peppers, onions, chard and zucchini and even put up many quarts of stewed tomatoes (Don's specialty). I have a mental plan for next spring, ready to use all the things we learned this year through our happy experience.

Our house is beautiful! Digging deep into the depths of my worn blue satchel, I found a scratch copy of a letter I wrote home to my family back in mid-May. We were to begin excavation right after Memorial Day and October sounded distant. Now it's October and the days are getting short. Summer slipped past much faster than I've ever known it to, we were so wrapped up in getting a house built. Now we're really scrambling to get insulation up before it is too cold. Thankfully the fall here in Virginia is long and beautiful. Our hills are ablaze with color and the nights are not terribly cold yet. We are very, very fortunate to have Don's parents, Dale and Ramona, to live with while we get our home ready to live in. During the week we work late into the evening at building and then drive the forty miles to our warm beds at their house. It's fun to live with them, and they have been more than generous to us during this time when our needs are so great, sharing their house and dinner table with us and even helping us with some of the construction labor. We subcontracted the basement excavation, the exterior shell of the house and the installation of our well and septic system. Everything else we're trying to do ourselves: wiring, plumbing, interior walls and cabinetry.... There are so many decisions to make in planning a house from scratch, and it takes a long time to put it together when we have full careers from 9 to 5. But it's worth the effort. Much of it is done in the dark with only a lantern for light. I do what I can to help, but Don has made this house building a reality. With torn hands and aching muscles, he has brought the pieces together. He is very resourceful and incredibly hard working. I'm very lucky.

This house building truly is a labor of love. I think Don and I are lucky to have a project like this to work on together. We spend the whole weekend working away. We sleep there, cook our meals over a campfire and get our water from water bottles since our well is not connected yet. Last Saturday night I cooked Chinese stir fry in a wok set over a little pile of hot coals. It was delicious! As we sat quietly in our now fully enclosed "great room" and looked out through the glass front of our house to the woods and creek below we were very happy. There's no phone, no radio, no TV evening news, just the beauty and the

(Continued on page 20)

DAVID
WRITES FROM
CANADA



Dear Friends,

Last summer, Sophie, Johnny and I made a trip to New England and enjoyed one happy reunion after another with friends and family. It is the middle of autumn, and we still talk about the great time we had!

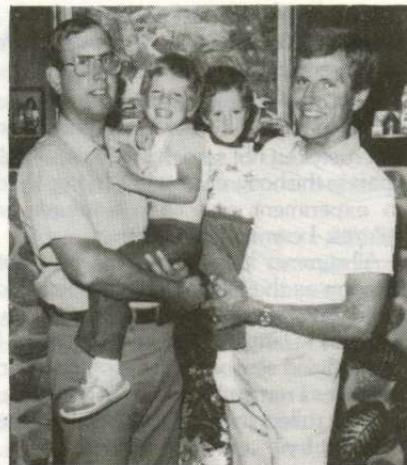
As you *Kitchen-Klatter* readers know, my sister and her family moved to Kittery, Maine, last June. This is very happy news for the Calgary Driftmiers! It means we can visit my sister and her family at the same time we visit my parents! Their home is only a three-hour drive from my parents' home. After a wonderful time with my parents, we drove to my sister's.

We enjoyed every minute of our visit. It has been quite a few years since either Sophie or I have been in northern New England. The area where the Palos live is full of beautifully maintained old homes built on the gorgeous, rugged coastline that juts out into the Atlantic Ocean. Vincent and Mary Lea live within bicycling distance from Portsmouth, a bustling small city that has taken great pride in renovating its brick buildings near the docks. Portsmouth is fun to visit!

Perhaps the highlight of our sightseeing was to take a day trip to Star Island. Star Island is a small, windswept island, owned and operated as a Christian retreat. You do not have to be a member of any special group to spend a day visiting the island. It has a large hotel and there are great places to go walking and climbing on the rocks. The outward side is one of the best places I know to watch the surf roll in off the ocean. Mary Lea spent two summers working there when she was a student, and each summer I would visit her. We never imagined, back then, that years later we would return with our own children!

Our children were the real highlight of the visit! Our son, John Frederick, was introduced to his three first cousins for the first time. I love my two nieces and nephew very much, but it was on this visit that I realized their true value. They make a great set of cousins! Cassie, who is one year older than John, was a good playmate. Isabel took good care of her little cousin, and Christopher became a hero and a role model. What fun the four had together! Trips to visit his cousins will be, I am sure, a very important part of my son's growing up.

John's visit with his Palo cousins got him ready for the big family reunion of which he would be a part the next week. My mother's father, Mr. J.T. Crandall, died last fall. Many of the grandchildren could not attend his funeral, and a big family get-together was held so that all of



David Driftmier (on the right) and son Johnny really had a good time in New England visiting relatives, especially brother-in-law Vincent Palo and his daughter Cassandra.

us could attend and take part in a memorial service. This meant forty-three of us (aunts, uncles, grandchildren, spouses and great-grands) joined together for one weekend. There were supposed to be forty-six, but three couldn't make it.

I feel lucky to have come from two families for whom reunions are important and always big! How well I remember visits to my grandmother Driftmier's in Shenandoah! Similarly, the one day each year that was as special as Christmas was Thanksgiving. All of us on my mother's side of the family would assemble at my grandfather Crandall's house to feast and spend the day together!

Well, all forty-three members of the family came to my parents' house for dinner on the afternoon of the memorial service. My mother and father know how to entertain, and so everyone had a marvellous time. Later, we moved to Aunt Pam's for another meal. As I talked to some of my first cousins, our children (now second cousins) were running from room to room and having a noisy, happy time. Our conversation turned to what it means to be cousins. When we were kids, it meant a large group of us had the day to play and have our own secrets while the grownups were so busy they did not monitor our every move. But we behaved well!! Why? Because all of the grownups who were happily together gave us a warm, secure, loving feeling.

Out of that feeling, we grew close to each other. We formed our own, younger version of the family. I am so happy those bonds we made in the past still hold us first cousins together. And now, as we meet together, our children are having fun and forming their own bonds! Family reunions are happy, positive occasions.

Surely, one of the reasons we loved to come together all of those years was so we could be near my grandfather and grandmother Crandall. I could write a

book about my grandfather and all of the special things he meant to me. He combined both wisdom and down-to-earth practicality. He was in the business of manufacturing fishing lines. His business took him all over the world, fishing in all of the famous and good fishing holes. His concern for clean, pure fishing streams led him to be one of the early pioneers in the ecology movement. During his many travels, he met many people and made good friends from several countries. Grandpa always spoke about the need for brotherly love and the kinds of ties between nations that would foster peace. He was a great friend of Canada. Every year, in this country, the Crandall Award for Conservation is given to the person who has done the most for the preservation of the environment.

For Grandpa, it was very important that he communicate his thoughts, philosophy and ideals to each and every one of his grandchildren. He also loved and enjoyed each and every one of his great-grandchildren. Two of his favorite possessions were ties: one with the names of all of his grandchildren, and one with the names of his great-grands. All of us had a special relationship with him because he took the time to really listen to us and share with us. I am sure anyone who has ever been blessed with a truly loving grandparent knows just how each of us felt with his passing and with our happy memories of him. The following are some of the words I wrote to share with the others at the family service this summer. I share them with you now, for I hope they remind you of someone special in your life.

Grandpa, how much we learned from what you did!

You took the time to show us.

From the time we were small, until we grew big,

You nurtured us as nature does,

Us, your family

With love.

But most of all, with
 Your down-to-earth, considerate best,
 You walked with each one of us
 And listened

When times were both good and rough.
 A strong individual,
 With each of us you shared
 Everything, your all.

Grandpa, we'll never forget you
 And all of the things you saw fit to do.
 Family members will always know
 And have your memory deep in our
 souls...

A memory which ties us close to your
 spirit,
 Close to this our beautiful earth,
 Close to all of the things
 That give each of us worth.

(Continued on page 16)

GRAM'S FRIED DRIED APPLE PIES

by
Jo Burford

I have grandchildren of my own now but even after all these years, I can still taste my grandmother's fried pies. I keep remembering all the delectable home-cooked foods I ate in my grandparents home.

Recently, I learned I am not the only one who remembers. My grown-up son said to me, "Mom, do you know what I have a real yen to taste again? It's Gram's fried pies. Didn't she make them with apples she had dried [herself] and flavor them with spices and sugar?"

"She sure did," I answered, "and I'm surprised that you remember. You couldn't have been more than four or five years old when we used to take you to visit my grandparents."

"Oh, I remember, all right. Sometimes, she'd have spicy brown gingerbread or big round sugar cookies with plump fat raisins on top, but I always hoped it would be fried pies. I liked them best!"

"And so did we all," I smiled at him.

I did not commit myself then, but secretly promised myself, I would try to produce a fried pie comparable to those my grandmother had made. I could only remember the taste and not a thing about how she had made them. One thing I did know was Gram dried her own apples, and commercially dried apples could not touch the flavor of Gram's dried apples.

Although I had never dried apples, I had helped Gram often enough to know her first step was peeling and slicing them. I didn't have a tin roof to dry them on as she had but I did have plenty of apples and an attic (hot as blazes). So, I spread the peeled, sliced apples out to dry on clean white cloths in the attic. The

place was free of dust and insects but I spread a clean cheesecloth over them and in a short time, they dried well.

That was the first step. The next was to make a dough that was rich enough to be crusty but not so rich that it would fall apart in the hot grease when frying. I had to experiment and after a couple of failures, I came up with one.

All summer long I kept my secret, but as soon as the first batch of apples had dried satisfactorily and I learned of my son and family's impending visit, I cooked and seasoned some of the dried apples as I remembered Gram had done. Then I rolled the dough, prepared the deep fat fryer and went to work.

There was just enough time to conceal the finished product when my son burst through the kitchen door with his usual greeting, "What's to eat?" And he was followed by all the rest. This was my big moment and I loved it!

Insisting they sit around the kitchen table and close their eyes, I poured big glasses of apple cider for the grown-ups and mugs of milk for the children, just as Gram used to do. In the center of the table, I set a heaping platter of those golden, crispy fried pies, filled with the apples I had dried, just as I remembered Gram had done.

After the excited oh's and ah's had died down, and one savoring mouthful had been eaten, my son smiled at me across the table.

"Mmmm, Mmm! Tastes just like the ones Gram used to make!" This was my supreme moment! My highest compliment!

GRANDCHILDREN

Hearing sounds of joy
Laughing children thrill the heart
These our grandchildren.

—Bonnie Collier

A New Specialty
Cookbook.

The Best of Kitchen-Klatter Bread, Brunch & Lunch Recipes

is the fourth in a series of our topnotch recipes.

\$3.50, each postpaid (Iowa residents, please add sales tax.)

BREAD, BRUNCH & LUNCH BOOK
KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.)



COVER STORY

Wayne Driftmier was carving the Thanksgiving turkey while his grandchildren, Stephen and Martin DiCicco and Lily Walstad, anxiously watched. Wayne and Abigail Driftmier live in Denver, Colorado. They enjoyed the holiday with their children and families. Emily and Richard DiCicco and their sons, Stephen and Martin, live in Washington, D.C. Alison and Michael Walstad and their children, Lily and Lee, live in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. Clark Driftmier lives in Denver, Colorado.

SURPRISE SOMEBODY!

While thinking of someone who is alone and lonely, I came up with a game that can be amusing or a way to spend some long hours. Instead of writing a card or letter to someone who is a shut-in or is hospitalized, I like to send something that will last a little longer.

Using several sheets of paper, I write a group of several items on each sheet. These can be poems, jokes, family news or remembrances. Clippings of current events from a newspaper or magazine can be pasted on such "letters." Club items or news about mutual friends can be used as well as pieces about history, hobbies or information about the recipient's special interests. Pictures, cartoons or comic strips may be added. Use your imagination.

When all the sheets are finished, fold each one so the inside is hidden and seal them with brightly colored stamps such as bird and animal stamps.

Then, write different directions on each folded sheet such as: Open only the second day after this arrives. Or, you must pay a penalty if opened before the third day. Or, open this the first 3:30 p.m. after it arrives.

A friend in bed with a broken hip said she could hardly keep from cheating, but one tightly sealed page said: "A \$50 fine for opening early," and she couldn't afford that.

These are fun to do for children or anyone bedfast for a long time. After receiving quite a number of sheets, they can be put into a scrapbook. —Illa Mott

WHAT GOOD IS MAKING MISTAKES IF THEY DON'T HELP ANYBODY?

My mistakes are really for the good;
Of that, I have no doubt,
Since they give my children the pleasure
Of always pointing them out.

—Evelyn Witter

UNEXPECTED QUESTIONS

by
Evelyn Birkby

It was not unexpected to have people ask me why I decided to go on a four-week-long journey of England and Scotland alone. What has surprised me are the number of other questions which have come my way since my return.

One of my main reasons for going was to see the places where my family, the Corries and Edmundsons, had come from. Husband Robert's Birkby ancestors had come from near York, England, so that was an area I also wanted to visit. I could not imagine any tour scheduling stops at Kirkcudbright, Pontefract and Kirkpatrick Durham. Each member of my family was asked to go with me but they declined. They felt this was something I had to do myself. In some respects their companionship and assistance would have made the trip easier, but they were right. I would have depended on them instead of my own ingenuity. Being able to go it alone now that I am over sixty did, as they knew it would, give me a sense of accomplishment.

"How did you plan such a trip? How did you know where to go?"

For years I had read everything I could about the British Isles and also read family letters and reports from three American cousins who have gone in search of family roots. When I finally began serious planning, I got a current map and a notebook and made notes on the places I wanted most to visit. The list included Castle Howard where "Brideshead Revisited" was filmed for PBS, to the great York Minster, St. Paul's Cathedral and John Wesley's Chapel. I listed Oxford, Stratford-upon-Avon and Bath as special historical cities to see. I wanted to roam the Scottish Highlands, walk Edinburgh's Royal Mile, ride on a bullet train, a public bus and a ferry.

"Did you have an itinerary?"

I had a schedule of sorts but except for my airline tickets I had only two reservations. My first stop was with two friends of son Bob in London. "They'll help you understand the money system and how to watch for cars on the wrong side of the street," Bob explained. The other reservation was at Culloden House Hotel, a Jacobean castle built in the 1600s near Inverness, Scotland. I did call several days before my planned arrival to confirm my reservation. They were expecting me.

Other than those two places, I traveled on a relaxed plan. With my three-week BritRail pass I could get on and off trains anywhere I wished. One must purchase such train passes in the United States; they are not available once you arrive in the British Isles. I also had an "Open-To-View" pass I'd purchased through my



During Evelyn's trip through England and Scotland, she pulled her two small bags on the wheeled trolley. Down the cobblestone passageway to the right, you can glimpse the 13th century Turf Inn where Evelyn slept during her stay in Oxford, England.

travel agent which got me into special places either with no additional cost or at a reduced price. Both passes seemed to create a situation where people were especially kind to me as well.

"How did you arrange lodging?"

I found my bed-and-breakfast places through each local Tourist Centre (yes, that is the way the British spell it). When I arrived in a city, I'd ask at the railroad station information booth for the local Centre. If it was close, I'd walk. If not, the ever-present taxis were convenient conveyances. I always asked that my accommodations be as near as possible to places of interest and most were within walking distance.

"How did you arrange for your meals?"

I usually had breakfast at the bed-and-breakfast places where I stayed. Even the hotels had such arrangements. Some of the rooming houses also served an evening meal which could be reserved. I learned quickly to carry food with me for a quick lunch in case no restaurant was near when I was hungry. I ate many such lunches sitting on park benches and eating food I'd purchased in the local markets. I loved their markets—small covered shops in old buildings, stalls on the streets, tiny places up narrow alleyways. I had "elevenses" in tea shops and "high tea" in hotels. Once I learned that the best lunches were served in the pubs, I ate hearty Scottish soups, fish and chips, and Plowmen's Lunches in fascinating places with unusual names.

"How did you get around in the cities?"

Most larger places have buses and clean, inexpensive taxis. Many book tours out of the local Tourist Centre to major places of interest. London also has the underground and double decker buses. Outside the cities I traveled mostly by train. I did take one long public

bus ride in Scotland just to get a different view of the countryside. I went on a ferry through the Strait of Sleet (those Scots do know how to name places well).

"Did you see any plays?"

I saw a play in London with Bob's friends, one in Bath and one in Stratford-upon-Avon. The latter two I attended alone, but they were each within five blocks of my rooming houses. When the theatre was out, I walked quickly along the street with the crowds and was soon "home." No problem.

"How did you manage your luggage?"

By traveling light! I took one small suitcase, my carryon bag, a wheeled trolley to put them on, and a small camera to carry in my purse, plus a larger one slung over my shoulder.

I had three outfits: one to wear, one for change and one for concerts and special dinners. My umbrella folded to purse size. The weather was unusually nice but several unexpected showers did dampen a day or two. My coat was ultrasuede which shed water somewhat, dried quickly, contained some warmth and could be folded and used for a pillow. I bought a sweater in Scotland and wore it under my coat when the winds were chilly.

"Weren't you afraid to go alone?"

No. I was never afraid. People were friendly and helpful. Someone I could question was always near at hand and assistance was always available. If I had any fear, it was that of falling. Britain has many old streets and curbs and cobblestones. But, I was careful and nothing ever caused a problem with which I could not cope.

For answers to further questions, see *ADVENTURE AFTER SIXTY Alone Through England and Scotland* ad in this issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.



VETERAN'S DAY

A story to remember, for
all to hear
Is one that's retold this
time of year—
It's a flame in the heart that
continues to burn,
For boys of our land who
did not return
From wars that were fought
across the sea—
To protect our country, to
keep it free.
This day's set aside for
mem'ries to share
Of our dead, for the living—we
remember, and care!

—Marjorie Lundell

GRANDMA'S APPLE TAPIOCA

3/4 cup small pearl tapioca

1 qt. boiling water

1/2 tsp. salt

8 large apples, sliced

Juice of 1 lemon

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1/2 cup sugar

Soak the tapioca in 2 cups water for 2 hours or overnight. Add the boiling water and the salt; cook until the tapioca is clear. Slice the apples into a 2-quart buttered casserole; add the lemon juice, lemon flavoring, and the sugar. Pour tapioca over apples. Cover and bake at 350 degrees until the apples are tender, about 1 hour. Stir once or twice during baking. Serve warm or cold with a mixture of nutmeg, cream and sugar.

—Verlene

CRAB CAKES

1/2 cup plain bread crumbs

1 large egg, beaten

1/4 cup, plus 2 Tbls. mayonnaise

1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

1 tsp. dry mustard

1 tsp. Chesapeake Bay Seafood Seasoning (recipe follows)

1 Tbls. onion, minced

1 Tbls. finely chopped celery

2 Tbls. chopped parsley

1 lb. crab meat

Oil for broiling, microwaving or frying

Mix all ingredients except crab meat and oil together in a medium size bowl. Fold in crab meat gently. Shape into 8 small patties.

To broil: Preheat broiler. Place crab cakes on lightly oiled baking sheet. Broil until lightly browned; turn and broil until other side is lightly browned.

To microwave: Brush 1/2 tablespoon oil on a plate. Heat oil on high for 2 minutes. Place crab cakes on plate and microwave on high for 7 minutes.

To fry: Heat oil in skillet and brown crab cakes on both sides. —Emily

CHESAPEAKE BAY SEAFOOD SEASONING

1 tsp. celery salt

1 tsp. ground black pepper

1 tsp. dry mustard

1/2 tsp. ground coriander

1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg

1/2 tsp. ginger

1/2 tsp. ground cloves

1/2 tsp. paprika

1/2 tsp. thyme

2 tsp. ground bay leaf

1/2 tsp. (or more) ground hot red pepper (cayenne)

Salt to taste (optional)

Mix all ingredients together. Use as a seasoning for seafood or fried chicken. May also use on salads. Store in airtight container.

—Emily

BEEF STEW WITH CUMIN SEED

1 to 2 cups flour

1 Tbls. dried thyme

1 tsp. (or more) salt

1/2 tsp. (or more) freshly ground black pepper

3 lbs. beef stew meat, cut in 1-inch cubes

1/4 cup olive oil

1 cup apple cider

1 1/2 cups beef stock

1 cup canned tomatoes, crushed

2 Tbls. ground cumin seed

1 tsp. (or more) chili powder

1 bay leaf

8 to 12 white pearl onions

6 garlic cloves, minced

1/2 cup chopped fresh parsley

1 1/2 cups green olives

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In a shallow bowl, combine the flour, thyme, salt and pepper. Coat the meat cubes with the flour mixture. Heat olive oil in a heavy kettle or Dutch oven. Brown floured meat cubes a few at a time. Drain cubes on paper towel.

When all the meat has been browned, discard oil but do not wash pan. Add cider, beef stock, and tomatoes. Place over medium heat; bring to boiling while stirring and scraping bottom of pan. Add the meat cubes, cumin seed, chili powder, bay leaf, and more salt and pepper if desired. Cover and place on middle rack in preheated oven. Bake for about 1 hour, stirring occasionally.

Meanwhile, bring to boiling a kettle of water. Cut an X in the root end of the pearl onions. Drop onions into the boiling water for 1 minute. Immediately drain and drop into cold water. Drain cold water and peel onions.

After stew has been in oven about 1 hour, stir in the onions. Continue baking, uncovered, for 15 minutes. Stir in the remaining ingredients, and continue cooking, uncovered, until all is tender and stew has thickened. Remove bay leaf before serving. A little fresh chopped parsley may be sprinkled over top for garnish.

—Robin

Monday morn I made my son

Sandwiches with meat, for fun.

Late that day I heard him sigh,

"...traded them for cheese on rye."

—Doris Clarke

**DATE CAKE**

1/2 cup chopped dates

1/2 tsp. baking soda

1/2 cup hot water

1 cup flour

1/2 cup sugar

1 Tbls. unsweetened cocoa

1/4 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. baking soda

1/2 cup butter, softened

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 egg

1/2 cup milk chocolate chips

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring

In a large bowl combine the dates, 1/2 tsp. baking soda and hot water; cool 5 minutes. Add flour, sugar, cocoa, salt, baking soda, butter, vanilla flavoring, and egg to date mixture; blend well. Stir in the chocolate chips and chocolate flavoring. Pour batter into a greased and floured 8-inch square pan.

Topping

1/2 cup milk chocolate chips

1/4 cup chopped pecans

2 Tbls. sugar

Mix together topping ingredients and sprinkle on top of cake mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 35 minutes or until toothpick comes out clean. May be served warm or cool.

—Verlene

TUNA CASSEROLE

1/3 cup margarine

3 Tbls. cornstarch

1/2 tsp. salt

1/8 tsp. pepper

3 cups milk

1 onion, chopped

2 7-oz. cans tuna, drained and flaked

1 8-oz. pkg. elbow macaroni, cooked and drained

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, thawed

1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

In a saucepan, melt margarine over medium heat. Stir in cornstarch. Remove from heat and slowly stir in milk. Add salt and pepper. Return to heat, bring to a boil and boil for 1 minute. Add onion, tuna, macaroni and cheese. Mix well. Pour into greased 9- by 12-inch baking dish. Bake in 350-degree oven for 25 to 35 minutes.

—Hallie



HOLIDAY SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1/2 cup Dream Whip, unwhipped
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 to 2 cups miniature marshmallows
 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Dissolve the lime gelatin in the 1 cup hot water; add cream cheese, mayonnaise, Dream Whip and vanilla flavoring. Use blender and mix well. Add the crushed pineapple and pineapple flavoring. Pour into an 8- by 8-inch glass dish and place the marshmallows over the top to cover; place in refrigerator until set. Dissolve the strawberry gelatin in the 1 cup hot water and add the strawberry flavoring. Refrigerate until it begins to set, then pour over the lime gelatin mixture. Return to refrigerator until completely set. —Verlene

MICROWAVE SQUASH RING

2 Tbs. butter or margarine
 1/2 cup chopped green onion
 2 12-oz. pkgs. frozen squash, thawed (or 4 cups fresh squash, cooked and mashed)
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 4 eggs

Place butter or margarine and onion in a large casserole dish. Microwave on high for 1 to 1 1/2 minutes until onion is tender. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour mixture into a greased microwave ring. Microwave on high 13 to 18 minutes or until set, turning 1/4 turn every 3 minutes. Let stand 8 minutes. Loosen edges and invert on a serving dish.

—Dorothy

SPECIAL DAYS IN NOVEMBER

Nov. 5 — Election Day
 Nov. 11 — Veteran's Day
 Nov. 28 — Thanksgiving

Menu

*Rolled Pork Roast with Mincemeat
 Microwave Squash Ring
 Holiday Salad
 Orange Cranberry Muffins
 Orange Pumpkin Pie*

ROLLED PORK ROAST WITH MINCEMEAT

5 to 6-lb. lean boneless pork leg or pork loin roast, rolled and tied
 Salt and pepper
 1/2 cup orange marmalade, heated
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 2 Tbs. margarine
 1 cup finely chopped onion
 1 28-oz. jar prepared mincemeat
 2 tart apples, peeled and diced
 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
 1 1/2 tsp. cornstarch
 1 1/2 tsp. water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring

Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper. Place the roast fat side up in a roasting pan. Roast uncovered at 325 degrees until meat thermometer registers 170 degrees; or about 2 1/2 hours for a rolled loin roast or 3 1/2 hours for a rolled leg roast.

During the last hour, mix the marmalade and 1/2 tsp. of cinnamon flavoring and brush the roast with the flavored marmalade.

In a heavy frying pan, melt the margarine over medium-low heat. Add the onion and saute until golden. Stir in the mincemeat, apples and cloves and continue cooking until apples are tender, about 15 minutes.

Arrange roast and mincemeat on a platter. Skim the fat drippings from the pan drippings. Combine the cornstarch, water, and 1/4 tsp. cinnamon flavoring. Add to pan drippings, heat and stir until thickened. Serve as sauce with the roast and mincemeat. —Robin



TURKEY TETRAZZINI

1 1/2 cups spaghetti, uncooked
 1 1/2 cups turkey, cooked and diced
 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1/2 soup can of milk
 1/2 cup chicken broth or chicken bouillon
 1/8 tsp. celery salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1/2 small onion, chopped
 1 1/2 cups grated cheese

Cook spaghetti in salt water, drain. Mix in remaining ingredients except the grated cheese. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Sprinkle cheese over the top. Return to oven and bake, uncovered, 5 more minutes.

—Dorothy



APPLE-CRANBERRY PIE

Pastry for a 2-crust pie
6 cups sliced apples
1 cup cranberries, cut
1 1/4 cups sugar
3 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring

1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 Tbls. margarine

In a large bowl combine apples, cranberries, sugar, flour, cinnamon flavoring and salt; toss lightly. Place mixture into a 9-inch pie shell. Mix the butter flavoring with the margarine and dot on top of the apple mixture. Place top crust on and bake at 425 degrees for 45 minutes or until apples are tender. —Verlene

DOROTHEA'S CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 large stewing chicken
1 18-oz. pkg. medium width noodles
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained

Boil the chicken until tender and drain; reserve broth. Remove the bones and skin and cut chicken into pieces. Layer in a buttered 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Prepare noodles according to package directions, drain; layer over chicken. Thicken reserved chicken broth as you would gravy. Stir in the mushroom soup and the mushroom pieces. Pour broth mixture over the noodles. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 325 degrees for 2 to 2 1/2 hours.

Prepare 9 stewing chickens for approximately 108 servings. Can be prepared a day ahead, refrigerated and baked. —Dorothy

DIABETIC BANANA NUT BREAD

1 Tbls. plus 1 1/2 tsp. liquid sweetener
3 to 4 ripe bananas, mashed

2 eggs, well-beaten

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 3/4 cups flour

3 tsp. baking powder

1/4 tsp. salt

1/4 cup chopped nuts

Sprinkle sweetener over bananas. Blend in eggs and flavorings. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together; stir into banana mixture and blend well. Fold in the chopped nuts. Pour batter into greased 4- by 7-inch loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes; then reduce heat to 300 degrees and continue baking for 35 to 40 minutes, or until tests done. Yields 20 servings. —Verlene

**RICE PUDDING DESSERT**

1/2 cup rice, uncooked
1 dozen large marshmallows
1 cup crushed pineapple with juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1/3 cup whipping cream, whipped (or 1 cup whipped topping)

Cook the rice until tender. Remove from heat and drain. Add marshmallows while rice is hot. Stir until melted. Set aside to cool. Stir in crushed pineapple, flavoring and whipped cream or whipped topping. Chill. —Hallie

COCOA SUNDAE CAKE

1 cup flour
3/4 cup sugar
2 Tbls. cocoa
2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup milk
2 Tbls. vegetable oil
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 cup chopped pecans
1 cup packed brown sugar
1/4 cup cocoa
1 3/4 cups hot tap water

Mix together the flour, sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, baking powder and salt. Add the milk, oil, and flavorings; mix until smooth. Stir in nuts. Spread in an ungreased 9-inch square pan. Sprinkle the brown sugar and 1/4 cup cocoa over the batter. Pour the hot water over the top. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve while warm. Top with a dip of ice cream. This makes a sauce as it bakes; spoon sauce over the ice cream. Serves 8. —Verlene

CINNAMON POPCORN

4 quarts plain popped corn
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. salt

Place popped corn in buttered or greased 9- by 13-inch pan. In heavy saucpan, melt margarine over low heat. Stir in sugar, cinnamon and salt. Stir and heat until sugar is dissolved. Pour over popcorn, tossing to coat. Bake in pre-heated 300-degree oven for 10 minutes. Cool.

**PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE**

2 cups granulated sugar
2/3 cup milk
3 generous cups marshmallows
1 cup smooth peanut butter
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine sugar and milk in a heavy pan. Bring to a boil and cook until it reaches softball stage. Remove from heat and stir in marshmallows. Stir until marshmallows are melted. Add peanut butter and beat thoroughly. Stir in flavorings; beat well. Pour into a well-buttered 8-inch square pan. Cool; cut into squares. —Lucile

CORN & HAM RING**Mold**

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 Tbls. flour
3/4 cup milk
4 eggs, beaten
2 to 3 cups corn
2 Tbls. chopped onion
2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
1 cup grated American cheese
1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter or margarine. Add flavoring, flour, milk and beaten eggs. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into 4- to 6-cup greased ring mold. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 hour or until firm. Remove from mold to serving plate.

Creamed Ham

2 Tbls. butter
3 Tbls. flour
1 cup rich milk (half-and-half or canned milk)
1 4-oz. can mushroom bits and pieces
2 cups diced ham

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Heat to boiling. Add ham and mushrooms. Mix well and cook to thicken; stir to prevent burning. Pour into corn ring mold for serving.

—Hallie

CHILLED CRAB MEAT SPREAD

12 ozs. soft cream cheese
2 Tbls. mayonnaise
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 small onion, grated
1/2 bottle chili sauce
Crab meat or shrimp
Parsley flakes

Combine cream cheese, mayonnaise, lemon juice and onion. Mix well and spread over the bottom of a six-inch bowl. Spread chili sauce over cream cheese layer. Spread crab meat or shrimp over chili sauce layer. Sprinkle parsley flakes over the top. Chill and serve with crackers. —Robin

A SURPRISE THANKSGIVING

by
Delphia Myrl Stubbs

Imagine my surprise when I answered my telephone and a man asked if I was the author of a Thanksgiving poem that had appeared in a local newspaper. The man explained he had called the editor of the paper to get my telephone number. Then he said, "Lady, the last two lines of that poem completely turned my life around and I will soon be going home and back to the life I enjoy. I have been floundering around for the past four years and finally ended up on skid row. I had spent my last dollars on liquor; and, when I left the tavern, I had no place to go. To get out of the cold and snow, I stumbled into an alcove on a vacant building nearby. I found a newspaper there by the door and covered my head and face as the snow was really coming down."

The next morning when I awoke and uncovered my head, I found your poem that made me realize how far from home I was. It was then I decided to make the change that I had longed to do but lacked the courage. Those last two lines of your Thanksgiving poem read, 'Be there old sheep or lambs who are astray, May they return back to the fold Thanksgiving Day."

"I walked to the city mission at Fifth and Walnut. After partaking of a good warm meal, I asked the man sitting next to me if there was a minister there. He took me to the minister's office. I expressed my thanks for the meal, and told the minister how two lines of a poem had awakened me to the realization that I was very lonely, homesick, and in need of a real spiritual blessing."

"He invited me to stay for the evening services and I asked if I could be of any service. The cook had the afternoon off and the minister said someone was needed to help serve the soup and sandwiches for the evening meal. After the worship services, the minister said he had never heard such a beautiful voice singing all the hymns without even looking at the hymnal. The minister told me I was entitled to a bed for the night."

The next day, the custodian called in to say he was sick with the flu, so the stranger was given the job for the time being. After conversing with the minister one evening, the stranger told the mission minister that his father was a minister and that he had written to his parents after four years of silence.

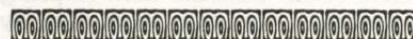
A few days later, a long-distance call came for the mission minister from the stranger's father telling him a check was being sent in appreciation of what he was doing for their only son. The minister said, "Why not take that money and come visit your son, who is doing so well at this time?"

As the stranger was cleaning the snow off the sidewalk early one morning, he heard a familiar voice call his name. It was his father! After much rejoicing, the father and son left for the day and returned that evening to get the son's belongings. The son was most happy to be going home.

While the three of them were talking, the mission minister said, "I am glad you are going home, and I will not only miss you but your wonderful help in leading the singing at our worship service."

The father said, "I don't imagine my son ever told you that he was choir director at the largest church in our state?"—which, of course, he hadn't.

The stranger said as soon as he got back on his feet, he intended to start a mission of his own.



INDIAN SUMMER

Indian summer, warm and bright,
Has stealthily crept off into the night,
Taking the warm breeze from its play,
Hurrying the south birds on their way.
Leaving uncovered the frozen brown
Of nature's perennial burying ground.
Leaving the elm trees stiff and high
Etched in coldness against the sky,
Waiting for nature's warming glow,
Waiting for the clean white snow.
Last night it came, quick and light,
Covering the ground with a blanket of
white.

As cozy log fires crackle and leap
Mother Nature snuggles down to sleep.

—Dorothy LaBelle

TRY SOMETHING DIFFERENT FOR NOVEMBER

by
Mabel Nair Brown

"Thank You" Centerpiece: Why not let the children help with this one? First, make a pattern of your hand, drawing around it on brown paper (grocery bag). Use the pattern to draw two hands on heavy cardboard, leaving a rectangle of the cardboard attached to the wrist of each hand which becomes the base to help the hands stand up. Use a bit of tape to attach two pairs of fingers together so when hands are stood up on the table they are held up in an attitude of prayer. In large letters print the words "Thank you, Lord" on the outside of the rectangle base of each hand (to be seen from each side of the table). Place the praying hands in the center of the table and surround them with fruits and vegetables for a very appropriate Thanksgiving centerpiece.

Make An Advent Calendar: Cut a large pine tree shape from dark green posterboard, or use a green fabric such as corduroy or velour. This is to be fastened to a wall. Each day of advent, a Christmas tree ornament you have made can be glued or pinned to the tree. Make the ornaments of construction paper decorated with scraps of lace, ribbon, braids, yarn, sequins and beads to resemble the pretty ball ornaments. On each ornament print a Christmas Bible verse or the title of a Christmas carol. Make the placing of the ornament on the tree a part of your daily advent family worship, having the Bible verse read or the carol sung.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS



Be sure to have the Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings for holiday baking and order some for Christmas gifts.

Vanilla (clear) Burnt Sugar
Raspberry Black Walnut
Orange Almond
Maple Butterscotch
Cherry Coconut

Butter Strawberry
Blueberry Pineapple
Banana Mint
Peach Lemon
Cinnamon Chocolate

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)

Send check or money order for the offers of your choice to:
KITCHEN-KLATTER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

Three 3-oz. bottles of flavorings of your choice \$5.00 ppd.
 Number ordered _____

Twenty-one 3-oz. bottles of flavorings, one of each \$27.50 ppd.
 (includes clear vanilla)
 Number ordered _____

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____
 (Subject to price change.)

SUCCESSFUL GRANDPARENTING

by
Elinor Swartz

"Bye, Grandma. Bye, Grandpa. I love you!"

That is music to the ears of a lot of lucky people. Being a successful grandparent is both an art, which the dictionary says is an expression of what is beautiful or of more than ordinary significance; and a science, which is defined as skill, proficiency. Successful grandparenting is a combination of *instinctive nurturing* and *thoughtful consideration*.

Instinctive nurturing is discussed in an interesting book by Arthur Kornhaber and Kenneth L. Woodward, *GRANDPARENTS—The Vital Connection—GRANDCHILDREN*. They state, "On becoming a grandparent, the impulse to nurture is reawakened and earlier experiences of motherhood and fatherhood are relived."

The authors identify some of the grandparental roles as "historian . . . mentor . . . role model . . . wizard . . . primary caretakers when parents are absent . . . chief adjuncts to parents at all times." However, without *thoughtful consideration* grandparents may forfeit the chance to play those roles.

Don't use your grandchildren to extend quarrels, differences and battles that you have with your own children. Inquire about the parents' philosophy about discipline, toilet training, bedtime, mealtime. Follow their rules on thumb-sucking, pacifier, blanket, or teddy bear. There is more than one path to adulthood and the parents have the right to choose that path for their children. Of course there are times when as a grand-

parent you have to use your own judgment, but *thoughtful consideration* will help you do your best.

It takes a lot of careful planning and vigilance, for example, to assure the safety of those precious little visitors. A house for **ADULTS ONLY** is full of potential health and safety hazards for babies and young children.

- Beg, borrow, buy or rent necessary equipment. If your grandchildren will be at your house often, pick up some used equipment—bed, highchair, toys. Or arrange for the parents to bring along stroller, playpen, and a favorite blanket if the visits are short or infrequent.

- Check porch and basement stairs. If an additional handrail is needed for little hands, add it. It can be removed later and could prevent a headlong plunge to concrete below. Eliminate worn carpeting from steps. Temporary barricades may be necessary, depending upon the age of the youngsters.

- Inventory medicine cabinets, laundry areas, and home workshops. Gather everything that is potentially dangerous, place in one hard-to-reach cabinet, and add a lock for good measure.

- Set rules and guidelines and enforce them. "You can't play near the street," "Don't push your little brother," "Keep away from the dog when he is eating." That shouldn't be too hard to do. After all you had plenty of experience telling their mommy or daddy what to do.

- Plan for emergencies while praying that they don't happen. Post emergency telephone numbers—poison control, paramedic, police, fire station, where to reach the parents, and a doctor with whom prior arrangements have been made for emergency treatment.

- When going for a ride in a car, use an infant seat for babies and small children

and a lap belt for older children. Turn a deaf ear to pleas to sit on Grandma's lap even for a short ride.

- Above all else, recognize the difficulties of concentrating on your driving when there is the unaccustomed noise of grandchildren in the car. A recent headline reflected the anguish of an Arkansas grandfather. "Tragedy brings silence to a grandfather's home.... Man's wife and six grandchildren killed in car-train wreck.... Coroner stated that he could not understand how it happened as there was a clear line of vision down the track."

Take time to enjoy your grandchildren, but don't neglect to take time to keep them safe!!

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

About this time of year, all of us begin to anticipate and look forward to Thanksgiving and Christmas. Any of us who is fortunate will be able to spend it with members of family who are both near and dear. Have fun in your preparations for both holidays! Have a great time sharing with those who mean the most to you. At the same time, let us pray we may be able to share with those with less fortune.

With all of the best from the three Calgary Driftmiers.

Sincerely,
David

WINDING ROAD

What a winding, twisting road!
Just where all does it go?
Guess if I keep following
Eventually I'll know!
It takes me through a valley
And then I head uphill;
One more curve and then a twist—
This road is winding still!
Now it takes me through a woods,
Then 'round another bend;
It makes me almost dizzy!
Where will this winding end?

—Roy J. Wilkins

WHICH BREAD?

Can you identify each "bread" term?

1. Usually fast
2. Made of dried grapes
3. A certain member of a family
4. Made with cornmeal
5. A staple dessert
6. A major food-producing region
7. Dough is kneaded on it
8. Thin sliced
9. A cake using molasses and spices
10. Used as toppings or in dressings

ANSWERS: 1. Quick bread; 2. Raisin bread; 3. Breadwinner; 4. Corn bread; 5. Bread pudding; 6. Breadbasket; 7. Breadboard; 8. Sandwich bread; 9. Gingerbread; 10. Bread cubes, or crumbs.

— Norma Tisher

NOW IS THE TIME

For a perfect Christmas gift, send in your order today. If requested, a gift card will be sent at the proper time.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

\$5.50, 12 months \$7.00, foreign countries

(Iowa residents, please add sales tax. Subject to price change.)

Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

As the Thanksgiving holiday approaches, we find we have much for which to be thankful, including our two darling grandchildren, Sarah Elizabeth, age 2½, and her new baby sister, Laura Ann, born August 25. They are the precious children of our daughter, Ann, and her husband, David Grosenheider. What delight they bring to our lives!

This year, Children's Book Week is November 11-17, and the theme is "Good Books, Good Times." However, it is book week at our home every time Sarah visits. It is very evident her parents spend much time reading to her. She loves her stack of books, and G'ampa Frank and G'andma Mada (the "r" sound doesn't come too good yet) and Sarah read—and read—and read. Joy!

If you have traveled along Interstate 80 in Iowa near Iowa City, perhaps you've had the pleasure of visiting the Amana Colonies. They were founded in 1854 by a group of German immigrants seeking religious freedom. They are a large tourist attraction because of their hospitality and food, interesting history and continuing Old World charm.

The settlers practiced communal ownership until 1932. Individuals did not own their homes or receive wages. Everyone ate together in community dining halls. In 1932 the system changed and everyone began to work for wages, buy their own homes and cook in their own kitchens.

A new book edited by Sue Roemig, a native of the Amana Colonies, is *Recipes from the Amana Colonies Including the Best Old World German Specialties* (Penfield Press, \$3.25). Featured are traditional German and German-American dishes. Passed down from several generations, these luscious recipes are contributions of Amana families and restaurants. Many photos of early 20th century communal Amana and colorful present-day photos add a visual delight to the book. Included are 80 traditional dishes and family favorites. Nearly half of the recipes, never before published, are from the kitchens of Florence Rettig Schuerer and her daughter, Madelin Schuerer Schults. Penfield Press is known for publishing fine ethnic cookbooks. Add this Amana book to your collection. (See ad on page 23 for information about obtaining the book.) If you have the chance, stop at one of the famous Amana restaurants and enjoy superb dining.

It was like stepping back into my childhood when I opened the book *Cooking With KMA/Featuring 60 Years of Radio Homemakers* by Evelyn Birkby. My

mother was a busy farm wife and she enjoyed listening to the KMA homemakers with their inspirational and homey visits. We grew to know and care about their families. *Cooking With KMA/Featuring 60 Years of Radio Homemakers* became a reading project that held my attention with great satisfaction.

"Sincerity, neighborliness and an interest in the simple things of life, those were the qualities which would make the radio homemakers successful. Evident even in the earliest days of KMA, those traits were also at the center of the lives of Earl and Gertrude May," writes Evelyn Birkby.

Then chapters follow on the radio homemakers, their special philosophy of life, family background, various favorite recipes, precious photos of the homemakers, and interesting happenings.

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine readers will especially appreciate the chapter on Leanna Driftmier and the Kitchen-Klatter family. The author writes, "For

over a decade, Leanna busied herself with the chores of keeping her family fed and clothed, and the pleasure of imparting to them the simple pioneer strengths her parents had instilled in her. Little did she know that with the development of radio in the Midwest, her name would become familiar in almost every home." How proud she would be of the manner in which the business is being managed.

I like what Billie Oakley, radio homemaker heard each weekday on KMA, has to say about the future of the radio homemaker. She says the kitchen is still the heart of the home and the homemaker is still an important ingredient in that home. I agree.

Cooking With KMA is sure to please. It will provide a feeling of genuine importance for all who manage a household and added incentive to know there are those available to help, with real warmth, at the flick of a switch on the radio. (See ad on this page for information on how to obtain *Cooking With KMA*.)



PLEASE EVERYBODY ON YOUR HOLIDAY LIST WITH KMA BOOKS



Three exceptional books are ready for you to get for yourself and for every person on your gift list. They will be mailed promptly.

Check list for orders:

COOKING WITH KMA **Featuring 60 Years of Radio Homemakers** A large coffee-table-size book with pictures, stories and recipes from KMA radio homemakers. Written by Evelyn Birkby. \$10.80 each, ppd. Number ordered _____

KMA RADIO: The First Sixty Years A fascinating look into the past; an absorbing sharing of the present in the life of the Midwest and KMA radio. Written by Robert Birkby. \$11.85 each, ppd. Number ordered _____

FESTIVAL COOKIE BOOK A special collection of over 500 choice recipes from Billie Oakley's annual KMA Cookie Festivals. \$6.70 each, ppd. Number ordered _____

Be sure to include your name and address with your order and send to:

**KMA RADIO
BOX 500
SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51603**



RELAXING MOMENTS

Insects form a chorus as I walk down to the river. The air has a chill of autumn in it. Fish are swimming noiselessly near the river bank. A tree stump looks inviting and I sit down. I feel the sun's warmth on my back and hear a woodpecker, busily at work. The river is quiet except for the flop of a fish now and then. The birds call to one another, each singing his own familiar song. White butterfly moths fly to and fro. A small bird with a white breast and gray back flies to the river bank and pokes among the rocks with his long narrow beak. A dragonfly flutters, perches on a piece of driftwood at the water's edge, then moves to a blade of grass, searching.

I relax here, searching, too—what is it that draws me here? A boat rounds the far bend and almost at once is near. Then it is gone again downstream, with a skier hanging onto the extended rope. The waves wash upon the bank, making a noisy sound in their rush. All is still again except for the call of a bird until the boat reappears with its loud motor—causing the rushing waves to lap at the stones along the bank and, then in contrast, peaceful silence returns.

It is near the river I can sit and meditate, nature's peaceful harmony renewing my inner spirit until...at last refreshed, I reluctantly head up to the house to start supper.

—BernaDean Kofoot

ADVENTURE AFTER SIXTY Alone Through England and Scotland

by Evelyn Birkby

This book takes you on an interesting and fun trip with Evelyn as she roams around the British Isles alone. A special gift for everyone on your list.

\$5.70 each postage paid

Send orders to: Evelyn Birkby
Box 387
Sidney, Iowa 51652

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty
BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.
BOX 779

IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244

Ph: 319-354-4048, 319-338-7194, 319-351-7507

BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS



FULL COLOR
20 FOR \$2.50
NO LIMIT
FAST
SERVICE

2 1/2" x 3 1/2" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied
(11 x 14 or smaller) Silk color photo, 5x7 or slide. One
print per order. Your original returned. Add 60¢ for first
class service. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. F-49

543 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50302

THE SHY GUY

by
Abby Sherman

Jeremy Lenz was
a very fine boy
a sweet little child
his mom's pride and joy.

But poor little Jeremy
that sweetest of boys
had no one to play with
only his toys.

So one day his mom
a concerned modern wife
who knew a few things
about the good side of life.

The value of friendship
and sharing your toys
with all of the nice
little girls and boys.

Told sweet little Jeremy
to venture outside
"get on your bike
and go for a ride.

Find someone to play with
and you can have fun
swimming and biking
and learning to run."

But the poor little thing
was so painfully shy
he just clung to his momma
and started to cry.

"Don't cry my sweet darling
and don't be so shy
you can have friends
if you just say Hi!"

We will go out together
and find something to do
something that is suited
just for you."

So she took little Jeremy
by his small little hand
and outside she showed him
the box filled with sand.

He approached it with caution
and even some fear.
Then all of a sudden
he went into third gear.

He built houses and buildings
villages and towns
octagons, hexagons
some square and some round.

All over the sandbox
that kid just went nuts
erecting and building
he really had guts.

He kept right on going
into the night
working on his city
constructing his site.

At last he was finished
there was his creation
a wondrous, fabulous,
gigantic sensation.

Twinkling and sparkling
the whole thing lit up
A fantasy world
that he had thought up.

Then out of nowhere
and crowding around
kids were coming
from all over town.

Kids and kids and
kids galore
then another and another
and even one more.

"Hi" came a voice
so forceful and loud
excited and jubilant
from inside the crowd.

"Can I play in your sandbox?"
The little kid said.
"I'll bring over my trucks
and my cars that are red."

"Me too," said a voice
"I want to play
I'll go ask my mom
how long I can stay."

Then little Jeremy
that sweet little boy
happy all over
his heart filled with joy,

Just stood there beaming
the happiest of boys
because now he had friends
and a bunch of new toys!

THIS THANKSGIVING SEASON

Thank You, God,
For all the lovely things,
Of this Thanksgiving season.

The food I share with others,
The joy of thanks for what I have,
The visits of my family and my friends,
And the faith that all Your love and
goodness,
Will always be with me.

O, God, I thank You,
For all the lovely things,
Of this Thanksgiving season.

—Annette Lingelbach

My son took my young grandson for enrollment in nursery school. The teacher brought out a long, detailed enrollment form and started to ask questions.

"Does the boy have any older brothers?"

"No."

"Does he have any younger brothers or sisters?"

"No."

Finally Danny couldn't stand it any longer and blurted out, "But I've lots of friends!"

—Evelyn Witter

* * * *



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Last winter we spent hours going over seed and nursery catalogs endeavoring to select the best varieties of tasty, productive vegetables and the most beautiful, easiest-to-grow flowers. Spring started with the wonderful feeling of anticipation as the seeds were being sown. The excitement continued as we watched the plants emerge and begin to grow. Then came the climax—seeing the beds and borders filled with flowers and harvesting fresh vegetables to eat and preserve for winter use.

After all the spring-flowering bulbs have been planted, beds and borders have been cleaned off and mulched and garden tools have been stored for winter, outdoor gardening draws to a close. Now is a good time to go over gardening notes and evaluate the past season of gardening. Which vegetables were the tastiest and good performers? What flower was outstanding and how did the new varieties of strawberries do in the garden? I have a dog-eared notebook with a pencil fastened on a leash that accompanies me wherever I go in the garden. In it I jot down observations made on just about everything—plants, birds, bees, weather, soil condition, rainfall, maturity dates of vegetables and which flowers enhanced the garden the most. This information is later transcribed to my garden diary where, on a dreary November day, I can glean helpful information for future gardens.

Move over "Happy Face" marigold to make room next year for the early blooming, spectacular "Inca" marigolds that come in Inca Yellow, Inca Orange and Inca Gold. The big, fully double blooms were born in great profusion on compact 14-inch high bushes. The Incas bloomed after other marigolds were finished and one could see their mass of color long before approaching the beds. If you haven't tried the Incas, I hope you will put them on next spring's "must" list.

The new (in our garden) "Better Bush" VFN Hybrid tomato combined the best features of big vine tomatoes and patio type tomatoes. The compact, sturdy stemmed plants required less space yet bore big sandwich sized fruits continuously until killed by frost. We planted a few in our flower beds where they were decorative and practical. This is a fine vegetable to add to your list.

What is the easiest way to make a fire with two sticks?

Make sure one of them is a match.

—Joy Terzich

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

Individual representatives of groups in attendance; and because refreshments were served after their meeting, I was able to hear the individual hospital departments' reports. Just as an example of the magnitude of the hospital's operation, they served meals to 900 in bed patients daily. I left the meeting with a new appreciation for all of the volunteer work which has to accompany an operation of this size.

At each of our chapter meetings, we pass a small box around to each member asking for a money donation which is sent to help support the veterans who make their permanent home at Woods, Wisconsin. There are four or five very old buildings which remain of the original Old Soldiers Home built following the Civil War. These men, and now women are included, have no means of support and are provided a bed and food for the remainder of their lives if they wish it. The money we collect at our meetings goes toward the purchase of tickets which these veterans can use in exchange for toothpaste, shaving needs, an ice cream cone, or some other human need. There was an ice cream social held on the grounds in late August on the porch of the Ward Memorial Theater which is being restored to its original beauty. Many of the veterans wandered over and spent the day buying little cookies and listening to the music being performed on the porch.

The greatest gift we could give these men in addition to the monetary sums we give them each month would be four hours a week spent talking with them. There were several older gentlemen who stayed at my elbow the entire six hours I was there, wanting little else than to tell me about themselves. I didn't have to be

much more than a smiling listener. It made me hurt inside to realize how little it took to bring a smile to one of these men who served in the protection of my country.

The major way Milwaukee Chapter earns the moneys they donate to nationally supported schools and local philanthropies such as the Domiciliary at Woods is with a selling booth at the International Folk Fair held in November each year. We make many of the items at work sessions held during the summer and fall. We try to primarily appeal with toys for children and items which would relate to early American heritage for adults. This year we have done crewel-embroidery stitches known as "Deerfield Blue and White" on tea towels, pincushions and a tablecloth. This "Deerfield Blue and White" originated in 1700, was found to be used again in 1800, and now we are showing it as early American handwork examples. This folk fair brings together all the ethnic groups in Milwaukee and they each bring their specialties. Milwaukee Chapter is the only group who concentrates on what is genuine American and we surely have good demand for our wares.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

IN, LOOKING OUT

My compact car is really cute, And saves me gas as it travels far. It's also shown me how it feels, To be a peach in a canning jar.

—Rhoda Pellor

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOKS

Order extra copies for Christmas gifts.

Best of Desserts \$3.00 ea. ppd.

Number ordered _____

Best of Main Dishes \$3.50 ea. ppd.

Number ordered _____

Best of Salads \$3.25 ea. ppd.

Number ordered _____

Best of Bread, Brunch and Lunch \$3.50 ea. ppd.

Number ordered _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Send order to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Iowa residents please add Sales Tax.)
(Subject to price change.)

NOVEMBER GARDENING TIPS

Spring flowering shrubs such as forsythia, lilac and spirea should be planted now. Various hedges may be planted now but redbud, dogwood, wisteria, althea and flowering almond should be set out in the spring.

Deciduous trees can be safely moved as soon as their leaves fall though roots need protection from the sun and wind while they are exposed.

Spring flowering shrubs will appreciate some feeding at this time.

An annual which has escaped frost injury such as a pansy or petunia can be potted for indoor bloom.

One cutting from a begonia, sultana, geranium, etc., will grow in water during the winter months. In the spring when ready to replant outdoors, the cutting can be cut again and root in about 10 days for more plants. This saves giving space to several cuttings during the winter months.

—Marjorie Misch Fuller



WHY DO WE GUARANTEE THAT Michelle's Mink X-TRA Dramatically Diminishes Harsh Facial Lines when Ordinary Face Cremes Won't?

If you are embarrassed by "crow's feet" or "prune lips" you probably have tried numerous face cremes in your quest for a more youthful appearance.

So how dare we attempt to entice *Michelle's Mink X-TRA Penetrates* you into trying yet another? Mink rates *Deep into the Sub-oil* isn't new. You may already *Dermal Areas* . . . where ordinary hand cremes can't reach. 24 years ago when it was That's why we guarantee that noted that the hands of mink fur *Michelle's Mink X-TRA* will processors remained extra-smooth away those unsightly ordinarily soft and youthful even creases around eyes and mouth better though most were well up in years. than any product you've ever "True", you say, "but I've tried used or your money back! How creme with mink oil and I didn't see much improvement".

And in that statement is the reason **MAKE THIS EASY TEST:**

why *Michelle's Mink X-TRA* helps when others fail! Like the fur itself, mink oil is expensive. Therefore store-bought cremes that "CONTAIN MINK OIL" contain only a small percent. The rest is mink oil is absorbed. That's why ordinary hand creme that you could buy for a small fraction of the cost. Not true with *Mink X-TRA*!

MICHELLE'S MINK X-TRA

IS 99.99% PURE MINK OIL! HOW TO ORDER:

"Well", you say, "that does make sense, but exactly why is mink oil the better than the dozens of other products on the market that I've already tried?"

The Answer is Absorbency!

As we age our skin becomes drier and will readily attempt to absorb any lotion rubbed on its surface.

There isn't enough space in this ad to fully explain the reasons but mink oil in its pure form is many, many times more absorbable than other emollients. That's why . . .

CONTINENTAL QUEST RESEARCH CORP.

Department 630K
6100 N. Keystone
Indianapolis, IN 46220



KATHARINE'S LETTER — Concluded

work and each other. We know the work will never be finished, for our plans keep getting bigger and bigger. After the house is done there are fences to put up, animals to raise, hay to cut, trees to plant, gardens and flower beds to establish, a pond to dig...and hopefully a family to start, too! We are very, very thankful for these wonderful opportunities.

Before I finish this letter to you all, I want you to know how much I love the letters I have received. A Kitchen-Klatter friend in Minnesota, Bernice Herman, wrote to ask me for the recipe for our zucchini wedding cake. She wanted a large-scale recipe to serve to all her guests at their Golden Wedding Anniversary. So my baker, Paul Tidymann, shares it with you this month. I really love the way my circle of family and friends continues to expand. It's wonderful to get married and suddenly have a whole new group to love. My very best to you all during this beautiful autumn.

Love,
Katharine

ZUCCHINI CAKE

To make 31 lbs. or 27½ dozen muffins at 1½ ozs. each.

5 lbs., 12 ozs. all-purpose flour
1 1/2 ozs. baking powder (double acting)

Sift flour with baking powder; set aside.

2 qts. eggs

Whip eggs till frothy.

8 lbs., 12 ozs. granulated sugar

1 1/4 ozs. salt

Gradually add sugar and salt to eggs.

2 qts., 1 pt. vegetable oil

1 oz. vanilla

1 oz. ground cinnamon

1/2 oz. ground nutmeg

Blend in oil, vanilla, cinnamon and nutmeg.

5 lbs. grated or chopped zucchini

Blend in zucchini. Gradually add flour mixture, beat until smooth.

2 lbs., 8 ozs. chopped walnuts

Stir in walnuts. Portion into lightly greased or paper-lined molds. Place in preheated 350-degree oven. Bake until firm to the touch. Bake muffins for 20 minutes. Bake sheet cakes until a tester comes out clean, about 1 hour.



CATS

Cats creep.

Cats sleep.

And in the darkness...

Their silent padded feet,

Look for a mouse to eat.

Cats creep.

Cats sleep.

Good-night.

—Erica Snider
(Ten years old)



Dorothy displays her embroidered and appliqued sweat shirts at the programs she presents throughout the Midwest.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
pleasure in staying at home to feed the ducks and the swans, to care for my many flower gardens, and to go sailing. Every time we go away for a few weeks, we return to find the lawn and gardens in shambles.

Lately, an old hobby of mine has taken on an increased interest. I refer to my love of maps. I learned I could order from the National Mapping Division of the U.S. Department of the Interior wonderful maps of every county and township in the United States. First, I sent for their catalogue and was so pleased to see how little I would have to pay to obtain the maps I wanted of this part of New England. My big problem right now is finding a place to display the maps. My present intention is to put several of them on the walls on either side of our basement stairs. Friends who have seen my maps have now ordered their own, and we spend hours discussing them.

Like most men, I do not like scrubbing floors, but for me, there is one exception—I do like to clean the decks of my boat. Twice a season, I take the boat down to a beach where I can bring it in very close to shore, at least close enough so I can stand on the sand to scrub the outside of the boat. Using a brush with a very long handle, I stand up to my shoulders in the water and scrub the bottom of the boat. This has to be done to keep the barnacles from sticking to the boat's surface. Once the bottom of the boat has been cleaned, I spend several hours scrubbing the decks. It is a job I simply must do at the close of the summer, and this year, I had the good sense to pay a husky young man to help me. Never, never, never have I been in such cold, cold water! At least I shall have a clean boat when the time comes to put it away for the winter.

Sincerely,

Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Church 57 years ago, I called to tell her about our trip to Nashua. She told me a couple of interesting things about her wedding. When they went into the church to be married, there was a lady who introduced herself as the daughter of Dr. Wm. S. Pitts, the writer of the hymn "The Church in the Wildwood." She asked if they would mind her staying for their wedding. Of course, they didn't mind. Angie also said that the newlyweds were asked to pull the rope together to ring the bell in the belfry. Angie wondered if they still ask the bride and groom to ring the bell together.

Frank and I went into the timber recently to fix a short stretch of fence. I found an Indian relic which pleased me very much. It is only the second thing I have ever found and he has found so many. My other find was a tomahawk. This one was a tool you dig with, a real nice one.

Kristin called us the other night. When I answered the phone, Elizabeth was on the other end. It is so much fun to talk to her now, because I can understand almost everything she says. After she talked a little bit, Kristin took the phone. I heard Elizabeth start to cry and say, "But I still had some things to tell Grandma." Kristin put her back on for a little bit. Kristin says Elizabeth talks to me all the time on her play phone. One night when we called, Elizabeth just talked to Grandpa.

Aaron is so busy with all of his activities at school I seldom get to talk to him. Once in a while I catch Julian at home and we visit.

If I'm going to get this into the mail this afternoon, I had better close for now. Until next month.....

Sincerely,

Dorothy

THANKS GIVING THOUGHTS

I thank Thee, Lord, for keeping me
Continuously in Thy care,
I thank Thee for Your watchfulness,
And for Your house of prayer.
I thank Thee for the beauty
Every season of the year,
Letting me enjoy and keep
All those I hold so dear.
I thank Thee for the sunset,
The moonlight on the sea,
But, most of all I thank Thee for
The love You give to me.

—Susan M. Walter

A LONE BIRD'S CALL

A lone bird's call awakened me today.
It seemed so very far away
Until I realized that autumn's chill
Had sent it shivering to my windowsill.

Beyond its shivery form, I saw the hills,
Resplendent in their shades of orange
and red

And I'm so thankful to you, little bird
For coaxing me to leave my snuggly bed.

Because of you, I'm privileged to view
A new day in the ecstasy of birth—
An almost sudden transformation when
The sun's resplendent rays bring life to
earth.

I breathe deep draughts of morning air
and then,

I say a prayer and breathe and breathe
again

I'm thankful for the joy this moment
brings,

When everything on earth is hushed and
still,

But thankful most am I, for this small bird
Who chose to perch upon my windowsill.

—Jo Burford

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2,
1946 and JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE
OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF
Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah,
Iowa, for October, 1985.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor: Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Co-Editor: Julian Verness Lowey, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Managing Editor: Hallie E. Blackman, Shenandoah, Iowa.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa

Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa

Margery Driftmier Strom Shenandoah, Iowa

Hallie E. Kite Blackman Shenandoah, Iowa

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If none, so state.)

None

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of the publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960, to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.)

56,549

Hallie E. Blackman, Managing Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1985.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell, try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

January ads due November 10
February ads due December 10
March ads due January 10

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

FREE CATALOG!! Excellent Selection Personalized Gifts. Something For Everyone. Rush \$1.00 Postage/Handling (Refundable First Order). Stannar, 372-KK Ninth, Fairview, NJ 07022.

56 EASY WAYS to slash high electricity bills! Send \$2.00 plus stamp to: Joe Davis-KK, 112 Bates, Steele, MO 63877.

AMBITIOUS INDIVIDUALS—Start your own home business. Nominal investment in time, money, and effort. Free information and cassette. SP-2, 69 Nield Road, Springfield, PA 19064.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine," plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$2.50. Leman Publications, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

CROSS STITCH KIT perfect for the church or home nursery. We will not all sleep, But we will all be changed. 1 Corinthians 15:51. \$4.00 plus \$1.00 for postage/handling (MN add 24¢ for tax). An Original Stitch, Box 261, Trimont, MN 56176.

"STAR HOMEMAKER," Klemme, IA 50449-0251. Stationery frigies, bookmarks, quilting, recipes, pot holders. Sample \$1.50, year \$6.00.

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder. 2035 KK Everding, Eureka, CA 95501. Send Wants.

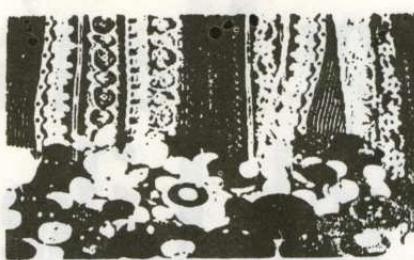
PRairie FIELD BONNETS. Authentic design, can be worn, or used for home decorating. Made of 100% cotton print. Washable. Specify color: rose, green, beige, blue. Baby \$15.00, girls \$17.00, adult \$19.00. Please add \$1.00 each for shipping. Jeanne Burns, Heart 'N Country, Route 3, Brookfield, MO 64628.

FASHION DOLLS. All kinds. Brochures for stamp. Write: Masek, 170 San Mateo Circle, Hemet, Calif. 92343.

ATTENTION Tole and Folk Artists! Over 350 woodcraft items. Send \$3.00 for catalog and price list to: Heitz Woodworking, 113 E. Main, P.O. Box 28, Smithville, MO 64089.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS: 130 page, wire-spiral bound, microwave cookbook, tested recipes and numerous microhints, \$5.00. Also natural, cotton, coordinating apron, silk-screened in blue or brown with message, "I Love My Microwave," \$8.00. Postage/handling, \$1.00 each to MOSTLY MICROWAVE, Rt. 1, Gibbon, NE 68840.



40 YARDS LACE \$1.75

LACE — LACE — LACE . . . 40 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length—none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing. Only \$1.75 or double orders \$3.35. 3 orders just \$4.95. Pls. include 50¢ pstd. and hding with EACH set of 40 yards you buy. Satisfaction guaranteed! FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS! 50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes and shapes. Sent FREE with each lace order. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery.

LACE LADY 1602 Locust St. DEPT. BL-587 St. Louis, Mo. 63103

Recipes from the Amana Colonies including the Best Old World German Specialties.

88 family favorites. Stories and photos of the Amanas. \$3.25; 2 for \$5.50; 3 for \$7, postpaid.

Penfield Press, 215 Brown St.
Iowa City, IA 52240

40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. **BRAND NEW** — NOT Seconds — 40 Towels for \$1.75 or 80 for only \$3.35. 120 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstd. and hding. with EACH set of 40 Towels you buy. We Know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

40 TOWEL CO. Dept. D-167,
1602 Locust St. St. Louis, Mo. 63103

You can hear the daily

KITCHEN-KLATTER HOMEMAKER PROGRAM

on these

RADIO STATIONS:

KMA Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.

KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.

KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.

KLSS Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.

KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)

KFAL Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.

KGGF Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:04 a.m.

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.

DIAMOND EARRINGS AND NECKLACE



What a trio! Genuine diamond earrings with 14 kt. gold posts and a matching diamond pendant (chain included). All three in a beautiful clear case. Send \$9.95 plus 95¢ for postage and handling and receive FREE LCD wrist watch with flexible band. Send to:

Shenandoah Closeouts
P.O. Box 451
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY STATE _____
NUMBER OF UNITS _____



All-in-Ear Aid - Save \$200+

Improve your hearing! Name brand aid helps you understand words you miss. If you hear but don't understand, this aid amplifies the sounds you need. Enjoy comfortable, attractive aid in your own home. FREE 30-day home trial. We promise no salesmen! Write today for free catalog! J & M, Dept. 143-N, 329 N. Third Street, DeKalb, IL 60115

Stained Glass Butterflies

for your plants



Choice of blue, red, yellow, or red-orange stained glass fashioned into a butterfly to highlight your plants in the sun or shade of your home. Perfect gift idea for you and yours.

**\$6.00 each plus \$1.00 for handling
Please state color desired.**

K. Carlson, P.O. Box 20134
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55420

NO-SUGAR COOKBOOK

Cut calories and still enjoy delicious cakes, cookies, pies, desserts sweetened with Equal low calorie sweetener. \$5.99 each. Ideal gifts. 2 books \$10.99. (Add \$1.00 shipping)—(30 day guarantee). AD DEF. PUBLISHERS, Lincoln Street, Box 5426 3KK Eugene, Oregon 97405. (Over 30,000 sold).



The Lazy Man's Way to Catch Fish Like Crazy!

How many times have you gone fishing and not even gotten a bite; plenty, I'll bet. What's more, not getting a bite can be maddening and just plain hard work and that's no fun!

Well, one day about five years ago, I discovered "Catch Fish Like Crazy" and found out that fishing could be fun every time I went out.

It's really so simple, that when you give "Catch Fish Like Crazy" a try, you too will discover the real pleasure of great fishing.

Here's how it works.

It doesn't matter whether you drop a line in the water every chance you get, or you've never fished in your life. It doesn't matter what kind of fish you're after. It doesn't matter if it's live or artificial bait! It doesn't matter whether you fish in fresh or salt water . . . just spray a little "Catch Fish Like Crazy" on your bait, and you'll catch more fish, bigger fish, easier than you ever have in your life!

No Risk Money Back Guarantee

Hard to believe? It's not. Because if "Catch Fish Like Crazy" doesn't work for you, just drop me a line telling me so and I'll promptly refund your money with no questions asked. What could be fairer than that?

Discover the lazy man's way to Catch Fish Like Crazy. Give "Catch Fish Like Crazy" a try. A long-lasting spray can is only \$6.00. Just fill out and mail this coupon today.

HERE'S WHAT FISHERMEN SAY ABOUT MY SPRAY:

"I first learned of your remarkable product during a bass tournament, while fishing with a partner using "Catch Fish". Well, he did just that, Catch Fish all day long! After that day he gave me a container of 'Catch Fish' and my success increased 100%." C.L., Granite Quarry, NC.

"I used it and my husband didn't. I caught three times as many fish as he did and the ones I caught were bigger!" Mrs. G.A., McKenzie, TN.

"I caught 9 big strippers in Lake Mead and I used your 'Catch Fish Like Crazy' and it really works!" C.M., Las Vegas, NV.



"I used your spray and caught all these fish"
J. Hannon, Chicago

FREE BONUS OFFER!

Fisherman's Almanac . . . Tells Best Days and Times To Fish . . . FREE with Orders of Two or More Cans.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
I will send you my "CATCH FISH LIKE CRAZY" spray. If you don't CATCH FISH LIKE CRAZY—don't even bother to return it—just send me your name and address and I'll return your money immediately.

Send Coupon Today!

CONTINENTAL QUEST RESEARCH CORP. Dept. 630KK
6100 N. Keystone, Indianapolis, IN 46220

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ spray cans. If I don't CATCH FISH LIKE CRAZY you will refund my money at once.

2 cans \$10 (SAVE \$2) plus \$1.50 post. & hdlg. — **FREE BONUS GIFT!**
 1 can \$5.95 plus \$1 post. & hdlg.
 4 cans \$16 (SAVE \$8) POSTAGE FREE— **FREE BONUS GIFT!**
Ill. Res. add 6% sales tax.

Charge my VISA MASTER CARD

Card #_____ Expiration Date _____

PRINT NAME

Address

City _____ © Continental Quest Research Corp. State _____

Zip _____



"I couldn't believe it worked until I pulled in this one." H.B. Grand Rapids, Mich.