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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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—Photo by Barton's Studio

*Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson
and Hallie Blackman*

Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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Juliana Lowey, Steve Crouse, John Baldwin, Zelma Despensa, Jed Lowey and Chris Crouse enjoyed seeing the ruins of ancient Greece.

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends,

Have you ever wondered how some words become part of our vocabulary? Names of places account for many interesting words that we commonly use. One of my mother Lucile's favorite words is "meander." When I was a child, frequently she would tell me, "Now come straight home from school, no meandering along the way." I understood this to mean, take the short way home, not the long through-the-park-and-around-the-water-tower route. I have given my own children the "meander" lecture more than once. Where did the word "meander" come from???? Now I know. It is the name of a river in the country of Turkey.

As you might guess, the Meander River does just what you would expect. It twists and turns, changes course, and generally just *meanders* down to the sea. We visited the Meander valley on our trip last October. This valley is extremely fertile. Most of the agriculture is carried on by hand. While we were there, the cotton crop was being picked and it was ALL being done by hand by women. The only mechanical conveniences we saw were a few tractors and a lot of three-wheeled carts powered by small motors.

Overlooking many of these cotton fields were ruins of ancient Greek and Roman towns. We were particularly interested in the remains of the city of Priene. This is the first planned city. In other words, the city was designed on paper and then built. Most cities just grew so it was very unusual to have such an organized plan. Even in the ruin state it is easy to see how the different areas of the metropolis fit together in an orderly fashion. No meandering needs to be done in Priene.

Just an incidental note about Turkish food—the pizza in Kusadasi is delicious! The last night there we found a little hole-in-the-wall spot that served Italian food. One of the members of our group, Steve Crouse, is a pizza fanatic. All over the

world he has had pizza and was determined to try the Turkish variety. Steve talked all of us into joining him for a feta cheese pizza. We were happily surprised with the results and the fact that a six-inch pizza cost all of a quarter in U.S. currency. I hope that someday Steve will write a book about his pizza eating experiences. He has only found one pizza that he just couldn't eat, but that is another story.

From Turkey we hopped another ferry to the Greek island of Rhodes. Don't go to Rhodes to "get away from it all." Rhodes is one of the favorite vacation spots for people from northern Europe and it is a very busy place indeed! Our hotel was right on the beach. The sun was out and the weather was warm so it didn't take us long to take a dip in the ocean. On the way out to the water's edge, I couldn't help but notice the swimsuits that other women were wearing. I have a very old, one-piece suit that has stood me in good stead for years. On this beach I felt positively overdressed. Without exception, the other swimsuits that I saw were very brief bikinis. Women of all ages and shapes were wearing suits that even teenagers in this country might hesitate to don. I must add that all of this exposed skin was lobster red. I don't think any of these sun worshipers had ever heard of sun screen.

I didn't particularly worry about the sunburn aspect of being at the beach because I spent most of my time under water. This was one of the most thrilling parts of the trip for me. I have always been interested in what goes on under the ocean. The very first grownup book I read was *The Silent World* by Jacques Cousteau. I was ten at the time and it instilled in me a burning desire to explore under water. For me the problem of trying to observe any kind of underwater world has been lack of living by an ocean and then being extremely nearsighted. I have joked more than once that I need a keeper when going into the ocean. I

actually did lose track of Emily and Rich DiCicco when we went to the beach in Maryland. Emily had to lead me back to our umbrella.

On this Greek island, we were at a beautiful beach and I just knew that "the silent world" was out there in that crystalline water. I had just gotten a new pair of contact lenses so my vision was as good as it was going to get. A shop next to the hotel had face masks and snorkel sets for sale. Put it all together and for the first time ever I was able to see the ocean bottom, seaweed and the glories of the brilliantly-colored, tropical ocean fish in their natural habitat. I know that some of the fish I saw have relatives for sale at pet stores in Albuquerque, N.M. Saltwater aquariums are all well and good, but seeing those gorgeous fish zooming around in the seaweed off the coast of Rhodes was an experience I'll never forget.

The six of us did more than just go to the beach. We visited the archeological sites at Lindos and at Kamieros. In the actual town of Rhodes we spent an afternoon in the "Old Town" area. This is a triple-walled city of about five thousand people. It was established by the Order of St. John in conjunction with the crusades in 1309 A.D. The crusaders built a fantastic palace which now houses many antiques from the period. The floors are covered with mosaics. Many have religious themes. Old pews line the walls in many rooms. One set of pews had angels carved into the armrests for decoration. At first glance all of the angels looked the same, but upon closer inspection I found that the woodcarver must have used models for the faces. They were all different and one angel even had very prominent front teeth.

Mentioning those prominent teeth definitely brings me back to reality! I just checked my calendar and, sure enough, my daughter Katharine has an orthodontist appointment this afternoon. Like
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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

We are now into winter and certainly can't complain about the weather in our area. We have had bad forecasts occasionally. There isn't any ice on the creek or bayou yet. I may be tempting fate with all this good weather talk, and there might be inches of snow on the ground by morning. Deer season is open and the boys can usually expect a day or two of rain or snow when they want to hunt.

Two possums still come every afternoon and eat the food that our cats have left. It doesn't seem to bother the cats because they just sit and watch the possums. One of the kittens went up to a possum the other day but nothing happened.

Last month was a busy one for all of us. Our renter finished picking the corn and got some of the plowing done. Frank mended some fence. Between trips to Shenandoah to broadcast, I traveled with Hallie and Verlene to present some programs.

Our first trip was to West Point, Nebraska, where we presented an afternoon and an evening program for the Cuming County Extension Clubs. Since we planned to leave Shenandoah early in the morning, I had to be there the day before. Bernie and her friend, Belvah Baker, took me to Shenandoah, because I was not going to need my car. From West Point Hallie, Verlene and I were going to Newton, Iowa, and they were going to take me home on their way back to Shenandoah.

I stayed all night at Hallie's and we had the car packed and were on our way by 7:00 A.M. We had a short coffee break in Fremont, Nebraska, and reached our motel in West Point shortly after 10:00 A.M. Hallie, Verlene and I were luncheon guests at the home of Debra Schroeder, the Home Economics Extension Agent. The very delicious food had been prepared by the past presidents of the Cuming County Extension Clubs. This gave us the opportunity to become better acquainted with everyone who had worked to make this Christmas tea a big success.

When we returned to the auditorium, women were waiting outside for the doors to open. Christmas decorations and a lovely lighted tree adorned the stage, and on the main floor, tables had been set where the cookies, punch and coffee were served after the program. As the crowd gathered, it was apparent that more chairs were needed so the ladies scurried around and brought chairs up from the basement. Hallie, Verlene and I were happy the extension club had far



Dorothy, Hallie and Verlene enjoyed lunch in Debra Schroeder's beautiful dining room while they were in West Point, Nebraska.

more guests than they had anticipated.

Hallie and Verlene demonstrated how to make several good things for Christmas entertaining. I showed twelve sweat shirts Margery had embroidered for herself and for me. I had described the embroidered shirts on the radio visits and the women were glad to see them.

Many letters have come from friends wanting to know where to get the embroidery-design transfers for shirts. Since I cannot answer each of them, I am including the address. The transfers we used were from the large book *Keepsake Transfer Collection* which has over 1000 designs. If you can't purchase this book in a local fabric shop, it can be ordered from Craftways, 1465 Fourth Street, Berkeley, California 94710. I want to thank Jan Mitchell from Norfolk, Nebraska, for sending one to me.

Between the afternoon and evening programs, Hallie, Verlene and I were dinner guests of the extension ladies at the Veteran's Club. Another large crowd came to the evening program and we were happy to be able to visit with so many of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends.

The next morning after we had breakfast with three extension members, we started on our way to Newton in the rain. When we reached the Nebraska border the rain had stopped and the weather was lovely for the rest of our trip to Newton. We spent the next day as guests of Radio Station KCOB at the mall in Newton, Iowa. KCOB was sponsoring its annual home show. In the KCOB booth, Hallie, Verlene and I met and visited with our many friends from the Newton area. In spite of the fact that it was snowing that morning, hundreds of our friends came and there wasn't a dull moment. The three of us had a nice break at noon when we had lunch with the station manager, John Carl, his wife Nancy and daughter Christine. On the way back to the mall, we stopped at the radio station for a tour and met some of

the personnel. The snow had stopped by noon, so the roads were clear when we left Newton at 5:00 P.M. to drive home.

Two days later, I drove to Boone, Iowa. My friend, Dorothea Polser, went with me since I was driving alone and would meet Hallie and Verlene at a motel in Boone. Radio Station KWBG was sponsoring a program in the large 4-H community building where we presented our program and demonstrations. Preceding our part of the program was a style show. The stage was beautifully decorated with Christmas decorations and plants. The front of the stage was lined with many poinsettias.

Before the program started I was called off the stage by Lois Hensel of Lake City, Iowa, who presented me with a beautiful, decorated sheet cake which had the following verse written in fine-line with dark frosting:

Favorite Everyday Bars

Cream 1 cup of Kindness

1 1/2 cup of Good Luck

Add 4 lightly beaten Sunbeams

Mix together 2 cups of Happiness

3 tablespoons Success

Pinch of Prosperity

Add alternately with 1 1/2 cups of Love

Bake until golden brown. Serve warm

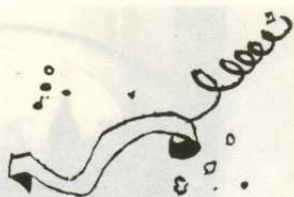
with a Bit o' Fun 'n a Broad Smile.

Taste better if eaten while listening to

Kitchen Klatter!

In 1976 Lois brought Mother a similar cake in honor of her 50th year of Kitchen-Klatter on the radio. A picture of Mother with the cake appeared on the May 1976 cover of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. It was very thoughtful of Lois to drive so far to bring me the cake. I shared it with the Kitchen-Klatter staff, Lucile and Betty Jane.

(Continued on page 22)



Top Hat New Year's Eve Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Take your next New Year's Eve party out-on-the-town by creating your theme around the top hat.

INVITATIONS

Paste a small, black paper top hat in the upper right-hand corner of a white correspondence card. The invitation is lettered in black to read: "Step out-on-the-town New Year's Eve at 8:00 P.M. and come to my home to welcome in 1985," (name and location).

DECORATIONS

Make a front door swag by tying a cluster of party noisemakers and new year souvenir favors with loops and streamers of pastel ribbons.

Other festive touches could brighten ceiling light fixtures, windows and mirrors when they are draped with swirls of confetti ribbon streamers in pastel colors. To make it more sophisticated use black and white streamers sweeping out from a paper top hat fastened in the center of a window, on the wall or over a mirror.

For a TOP HAT CENTERPIECE, place a plastic container or vase inside an inverted black posterboard hat and arrange flowers in it. Or, fill the hat with inexpensive party favors or noisemakers. These might be attached to pastel ribbons and your guests can be invited to pull on a ribbon to get a noisemaker at the stroke of midnight.

To further carry out the sophisticated look in keeping with the top hat idea, use a black and white color scheme on the tables: white paper napkins with black numerals glued on to read "1985;" white tablecloths with black place mats on bridge tables and small paper top hats in the center of each table could hold a single white taper. If party favors are not to be drawn from the large hat centerpiece, then one might be used at each place setting (or on each tray, if trays are used instead).

NUTCUPS: Make miniature paper top hats which will set down over the top of the cup. Then add a cane made by cutting black chenille-covered wire into short lengths. Bend each length into a cane shape and stick one cane into each nutcup, or place beside the hat which sets over the cup.

The use of many swirls of paper pastel ribbon and confetti will add to the gala party look.

ENTERTAINMENT

Match the Year: Each guest fills in the correct year beside the event.

1906	1929	1951	1974
1912	1932	1961	1976
1917	1933	1963	1980
1920	1934	1966	1981
1927	1945	1973	1983

1. President Franklin Roosevelt took office.

2. United States entered World War I.

3. The ship the Titanic wrecked by iceberg.

4. The Dionne quintuplets were born.

5. Senate committee aired Watergate scandal.

6. Lindberg flew from New York to Paris non-stop.

7. Medicare began.

8. Mount St. Helens' eruptions began making headlines.

9. Women of U.S. won right to vote.

10. U.S. hostages released from Iran.

11. Earthquake and fire destroyed San Francisco.

12. First A-bomb dropped and World War II ended.

13. Shepard became the first American in space.

14. President Truman fired MacArthur.

15. President John F. Kennedy was assassinated.

16. Charles Lindberg, Jr. was kidnapped.

17. President Nixon resigned.

18. United States celebrated its Bicentennial.

19. The great stockmarket crash was on October 29.

20. Americans lost their sailing cup to Australians.

ANSWERS: 1. (1933), 2. (1917), 3. (1912), 4. (1934), 5. (1973), 6. (1927), 7. (1966), 8. (1980), 9. (1920), 10. (1981), 11. (1906), 12. (1945), 13. (1961), 14. (1951), 15. (1963), 16. (1932), 17. (1974), 18. (1976), 19. (1929), 20. (1983)

Human Numbers: Beforehand make two sets of numbers from 0 to 9 on large pieces of cardboard. Make two holes in the top corners of each card and run a string through so that the numbers can be hung around each players neck.

Divide players into two teams and each team gets a set of the numbers. The leader may then call certain numbers in mathematics, as "3 times 3" or "4 plus 2" or the leader may ask a question for a date as "In what year did Columbus discover America?" The first team to have the player or players standing in line with the correct answer scores a point. At the end of the game total the points to find the team winner.

Color Our World: Have the players play the game in couples. Each couple receives paper and pencil. Allow a certain time limit (10 or 15 minutes) for players to write down as many song titles as they can which include a color or are associated with a color. For example: "Red Sails in the Sunset," "I Dream of Jeanie" (brown), "Silver Threads Among the Gold" or "When You Wore a Tulip" (yellow and red).

Give Me a Word: Players sit in a circle. Each person whispers a single word in the ear of the person to the left. When everyone has been given a word, the first player begins the game by asking a question to the neighbor on the right. This player must answer the question using the word given him in a sentence, trying to fit the word in as cleverly as possible. The one who asked the question tries to guess the given word. If he doesn't guess it correctly he must pay a forfeit. The next player in line asks his neighbor a question and so on. The fun comes if the words given out are not too easy to introduce into a sentence.

These are just a few ideas for a New Year's Eve party. You can add your own individual touches or adaptations.



WINTER'S ON THE WAY!

Can't say I'm thrilled about it,
But Winter's on the way!
Winds will blow, the snow will fall—
No matter what I say!

Iceicles will hang from roofs,
Cold winds will penetrate;
I'll turn the heat up higher—
Dream of a warmer state!

Won't venture out too often—
Just when it has to be;
Look out the window often,
Read books and watch T.V.

"Old Man Winter's" coming soon!
It's nice to be inside;
Spring will be a welcome guest
And that can't be denied!

—Roy J. Wilkins

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends,

How often we have occasions to say: "God works in strange and mysterious ways!" I said it when I took my boat out for the last sail of the season. It happened on a chilly, dark, misty day with a rather sharp, winter breeze blowing. I had employed a young lad in our church to help me unload the boat in preparation for taking it out of the water for the winter. (There always are so many things to take off the boat—tools, sails, life-jackets, food supplies, cushions, etc.) As we boarded the boat to begin our unloading, the boy mentioned it was his first time to set foot on a sailboat, and he would love to take a little sail before we began the work. Against my better judgment, I decided to grant his wish even though the weather was thickening up a bit. In a short time, we were off the coast, sailing along at a good clip with the spray dashing up over the bow, but I decided to sail home before an approaching weather front reached us. As I turned toward home, I spotted three men in a small rowboat drifting out to sea. I thought to myself, "They are either crazy or in some kind of trouble."

Immediately I turned my boat off course and toward the small boat. How glad those three men were to see me coming toward them in the gathering darkness. They were in big trouble! Their outboard motor had broken, they had no oars and no lifejackets, and if I had not come to their rescue, they might have been lost. I took down the sails, started the motor on my boat and towed their little boat six miles to shore.

Even now I sometimes wonder, "What if that lad working for me had not asked to go sailing?" I can well imagine those three rescued men must sometimes ask: "What if they had not spotted us and come to our aid?"

When I was reading a recent issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, I was mortified to see a grammatical error in one of the last lines of my letter to you! None of us are perfect, but that grammatical error was one that I never, never make. How could that error be explained? It had to be a simple matter of a typographical error, that is, a mistake in the typing or in the printing. Such errors frequently happen in the printing of newspapers and magazines, but they seldom happen in *Kitchen-Klatter*, and I guess that is why I became so upset. I beg you—before you permit an obvious grammatical error to lead you to judge the writer a complete moron—always give the benefit of the



Mary Lea, Cassie and Christopher Palo enjoy living in the Midwest and making a snowman.

doubt. Keep in mind that most such errors are typographical.

The ladies of the church where I am now helping out until the church can get a new pastor had a most successful "Holiday Sale and Tea." On the morning of the affair, I happened to be listening to some public announcements on the radio and was amazed to learn of all the organizations that were having holiday bazaars, dinners and teas. How any group can have a successful money-making affair when there is so much good competition is astounding. Betty said that one of the reasons our little church did so well was the quality of the effort. She said the tea was a perfectly lovely one, and the food and the handicrafts sold were of a most superior quality.

The ladies told me the food I contributed sold out almost immediately. I have told you how I make a very delightful cinnamon crisp with the paper-thin Mideastern bread shipped to me from Chossain's Mid-East Bakery in Youngstown, Ohio. The eighteen bags of the cinnamon crisp, with twenty-five pieces in each, sold for \$1.50 a bag, and the ladies could have sold fifty more.

Did you ever eat Labrador toasting bread? Not many people around here have, so I made up four loaves of the bread for the food table. That batch of bread did not turn out as well as I thought it should have, but Betty thought it was good, so I went ahead and contributed it. The Labrador toasting bread is quite similar to Nova Scotia brown bread, but it has a little more egg and molasses in it.

The Missions Committee of our church is quite interested in the Back Bay Mission of Biloxi, Mississippi, and a few days ago the committee raised some money for the mission in a most unusual way. That is, it was an unusual way for

this part of the country. The Committee put on a Mississippi-style shrimp boil dinner. Have you ever heard of such? Each year, the director of the mission and his wife put on several of these shrimp boil dinners, going to a different part of the country from one year to the next. They bring the freshly frozen shrimp with them from Mississippi, and they prepare and serve the shrimp. The church ladies prepare the hot garlic bread, steamed rice, a tossed salad and a light and fluffy dessert.

Betty and I took some guests with us, and we went not knowing for sure just how successful a meal it would be. We had no need to fear! That shrimp boil was simply great!! Everyone present had all of the delicious shrimp they could eat! I ate at least thirty-five shrimps and could have had as many more if I had wanted them. After the dinner, the director and his wife spoke to us about the Back Bay Mission and showed some pictures of the work.

In the little, white, colonial, New England church building where I preach each Sunday, there is a big bell high in the steeple. That bell is rung for every church service, and for every wedding. At a recent wedding, the young man ringing the bell rang it so gloriously, and so enthusiastically that something happened. All of a sudden, the bell stopped ringing. The bell ringer was puzzled, so was I. I asked the church sexton to climb up into the steeple and to find out what had happened to the bell. When he came down, he was almost trembling.

The church sexton said, "Dr. Driftmier! A miracle has happened! If that bell had not stopped ringing when it did, it would most surely have crashed down through the steeple and right through our new pipe organ, and probably killed the organist!"

It seems that over the years, as the bell had been rung hundreds and hundreds of times, the big bolts holding the bell in place had gradually worn out. If the bell had not stopped ringing when it did, there would have been a disaster. It stopped because the boy had pulled the rope to the bell so hard that the rope had gotten tangled up. When the sexton discovered the tangled rope, he also discovered that the bell was sure to fall on its very next peal.

The steeple of the church where I served so many years in Springfield, Massachusetts did not have bell trouble but did have bat trouble and did have pigeon trouble. What a job it was to keep the pigeons out of the big room at the top of the steeple, and what a job it was to keep the bats out of the steeple and the rest of the church. Bats have a way of being able to slide through the tiniest crack, and once a bat is loose in the main

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

Unaccustomed as I am to having too much to write to you good friends, this month's letter has required long hours of trimming. There are volumes which could be written about our daughter's wedding so perhaps I'll have to make this a continued two-part letter! For the first time this family has enjoyed our own wedding and the gathering of the families.

The wedding was a memorable, wonderful affair. I can speak generously of the fun which was had because we arrived two days before the bride walked down the aisle. The time when the bride's mother would have had any weighty responsibilities was long past.

Don and I drove our car to Washington, D.C. Adrienne, the maid of honor, rode with us and the trunk was full of presents, food, and necessary clothing. Probably the largest item in the trunk was the Bride's Quilt. Because the quilt was completed just two days before we left, I could not get a detailed photo of it.

We arrived safely in Bethesda, Maryland, a northwest suburb of Washington, D.C. While turning into Katharine's driveway, we were alerted by Adrienne to avoid the pair of legs sticking out from under a car parked at the curb. As we soon discovered, it was Katharine's fiance putting the finishing touches on the automobile which they would take on their honeymoon.

Before we had the car unloaded, Dale and Ramona Miller, Don's parents, arrived from their home in Falls Church, Virginia, to join us for dinner and a chance to get acquainted before things grew too busy. I have come to the conclusion that Katharine is a very fortunate young bride to have, in addition to a sterling husband, two very wonderful parents-in-law.

The day following our arrival Katharine and Don were expected in Clifton, Virginia, for a rehearsal with their minister. Don Driftmier and I were responsible for delivering the bride, Katharine, and her sister Adrienne to the church while the groom finished some item of business on his list. After being on the road about ten minutes, it occurred to us that we would be late and, after surveying the endless traffic, both Don and I mentally considered how the situation might be on the actual morning of the wedding. However, in spite of its size and number, the traffic did inch along and the bride arrived to meet her groom and the Reverend Howard Caviness, Pastor Emeritus of the Clifton Baptist Church. This church is located in the same general part of Virginia that Don



Don Miller, Katharine, and Mary Beth are admiring the Bridal Quilt.

Miller grew up in.

Clifton is a sleepy, beautiful town and looks like a restored historical town from the 1870's but it hasn't been restored at all. It is a real, live town whose 1870's houses are being lived in and kept up. The church is even located on Chapel Street, and is wonderfully picturesque.

Reverend Caviness was most gracious in welcoming us to his church. After an hour of lessons for the bride, groom and maid of honor, we piled into the car and returned to the #495 Beltway to slowly creep back toward Bethesda. The minutes were ticking away, and we just had enough time for a shower and a quick change of clothes before we, once again, hit the beltway.

All of us were due at the bridal dinner at the opposite end of the beltway, and it was the height of the Friday going-home traffic. We weren't very late for this event which was hosted by Don Miller's parents. It was at this dinner that Adrienne met her cousins Emily Driftmier DiCicco and Alison Driftmier Walstad for the first time. The groom's brother Doug was introduced as were the groomsmen who had been Don's grade-school pals. After a hasty taxi ride from Washington International Airport, our son Paul arrived just as the salad was being served. On our way back to the motel, we were finally able to see the concrete which had been hidden beneath the traffic of the daylight hours. The trip took fifteen minutes compared to the hour needed earlier in the day.

I have to brag on my wonderfully organized daughter. While working forty hours a week at the laboratory, Katharine not only engineered this entire wedding by herself, but was also her own caterer. She and her Don located a beautiful, old mill in the town of Centerville, Virginia, which was, thankfully, only seven miles from the

church. Around this beautiful little mill, Katharine planned her entire wedding and reception. One of her friends accepted the job of arranging all of the flowers for the church, the wedding party, and the mill. However, the loops of greenery, the large satin bows decorating the church and the mill's entrance, and the window-size baskets of dried flowers and seedpods had been lovingly created by Katharine in her little basement.

Katharine had prepared eight sheets of directions for the various ladies who were helping her. Katharine had planned every detail including the trash barrel and broom which she remembered to load into our car. There were diagrams for the placement of the food which she planned to have served at the reception. Because the mill dated back to the eighteenth century, she decided to have old-fashioned food. There was a wonderfully hearty soup, sliced Virginia apples, homemade loaves of bread with whipped butter, cheese and sausages from Mapleton, Wisconsin, raw vegetables and dip, freshly pressed cider, spiced nuts, and an old-fashioned, delectable, carrot-raisin wedding cake. Everything had been considered, so as Katharine dressed at the church she was as carefree as a child.

We had allowed too much time to get to the church and, as a result, Katharine and Adrienne were able to hike around Clifton and buy their breakfast soft drinks from the General Store. The wedding was scheduled for half past twelve, and on that particular morning normal cold temperatures descended upon Virginia. Katharine bundled up in her father's big overcoat. As she perched on the steps of the locked church, she applied a shiny coat of polish to her fingernails—the only job she hadn't completed. Before long, wedding

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THE WINTER VISITOR

by
Harold R. Smith

Many years ago, an elderly couple moved into our rural area and began housekeeping in a small farmhouse that the owner offered rent-free in exchange for a few duties around the farm. No one knew where this couple came from or why they moved into our area. They simply arrived with their worldly goods in a wagon pulled by a team of grey horses. Immediately they became known to their neighbors as Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim.

Within a short time, the farmhouse was cleaned thoroughly and their simple furniture placed in the rooms. The yard was raked and a rosebush was planted near the front porch. The old weather-beaten house was softened by the greening grass and later, masses of red roses covered one side. Wild violets grew near the gate and competed with hollyhocks and sweet Williams. Honeysuckle weighed heavily upon the picket fence; its sweet odor perfumed the air. A garden grew sturdy in the warm days and a few chickens scratched around the barnyard. Later, a cow was bought and stabled in a little, leaning barn.

Neighbors who passed by the house on their way to the village stopped briefly at the gate and visited with Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim. The weather, crop conditions and inquiries about their health were discussed. Everyone seemed to like the couple but when comparing information, neighbors decided they knew little about them. All agreed Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim apparently had no family and no one knew where the couple had lived previously.

Uncle Jim worked to earn extra money by doing simple tasks for neighbors but, due to his advanced age, he was unable to do heavy work in the fields.

Every few weeks, Uncle Jim and Aunt Sally would drive by in their wagon on the way to the village for staples the farm didn't produce. Although courteous and friendly to all, they didn't visit anyone or attend social functions.

In the long summer, Aunt Sally canned vegetables that were later stored in the old cellar. The cow provided milk, and neighbors passing by often saw Aunt Sally churning or hanging a dripping sack on the clothesline indicating cottage cheese was being made. Occasionally, a neighbor gave them a runt pig or a calf to raise for meat.

My great-grandparents lived nearby and would often take food or small gifts and briefly visit the couple. On these occasions, Aunt Sally and Uncle Jim received their guests on the front porch or in their small kitchen, seating them in rockers or oak chairs. The old granite-ware coffeepot that rested on the back of the stove would be brought forth filled

with dark, strong coffee. The pot of coffee always contained two eggshells that Aunt Sally said *cleared* the coffee.

During these times, Uncle Jim would often run his fingers through his thick shock of white hair as he talked; Aunt Sally would run her fingertips over a strand of blue beads she wore constantly. The conversation was light, pleasant and always in the present tense; a reference to the past was never mentioned.

That fall, Uncle Jim came to my great-grandparent's home to tell them Aunt Sally had passed away in the night and he had waited until morning's light so they wouldn't be disturbed. Aunt Sally was buried in a simple ceremony the same day with a minister from the nearby village reading a few brief passages of scripture and closing with the Lord's Prayer. Uncle Jim returned to the farmhouse and sat on the front porch contemplating what life would be like without his beloved Sally.

My great-grandparents worried about Uncle Jim and they often went to see him. His health had deteriorated and, since there was obviously no one to care for him, they insisted he visit them for the winter. (This was done in a carefully rehearsed conversation.) Uncle Jim finally consented but added it was just for the winter.

Uncle Jim was absorbed into the household and treated as another member. He watched the smaller children from a vantage spot in his rocker, entertained them with stories, helped with minor household chores, and gave advice only when asked. Occasionally he would watch the evening sun set and would bring out the blue beads that had belonged to his beloved Sally and rub his fingertips over the cool polished surfaces—a definite link to the past.

Winter slowly drifted by. One morning, Uncle Jim did not appear at breakfast. After great-grandmother peeked at the biscuits browning in the oven, she went to call Uncle Jim in the little bedroom at the rear of the house and found he had peacefully passed on in his sleep.

Uncle Jim was buried next to Aunt Sally in a quiet ceremony where the only noise heard was the ice cracking in the river below the cemetery.

Memories are renewed as I see those blue beads reposing in a small box in my dresser. I shall always be grateful to my great-grandparents for making life more pleasant for this elderly couple and for adding immeasurable happiness to the remainder of Uncle Jim's life.

The mystery was never revealed why this couple was reluctant to discuss their past nor do I feel it is important. It is important to remember that people in those days were concerned enough to

offer love and protection within the family circle.

Generations later, the family still speaks fondly of this couple and remembers the gentle man called Uncle Jim who lived with them for a brief period of time; but, I prefer to remember him as the winter visitor.



SOUP AND PIE SUPPER

by
Evelyn Lyon

Want something interesting and unusual to add spark and variety to your church social or community organization? Why not have a soup and pie supper? Our group had one for our church fellowship night and it was an immediate success. Everyone had lots of fun; the fellowship was wonderful, and all of us enjoyed an excellent meal.

There were five different kinds of soup—potato, vegetable, chicken rice, bean and chilli. Five ladies were asked to contribute a large kettle of soup. Everyone else was asked to bring a pie and some kind of homemade bread—crackers were also provided. We had cornbread, biscuits, hot rolls, homemade loaves of bread, date bread and pumpkin bread. Butter, jelly, jam and honey were also provided as well as plenty of good, steaming hot coffee.

The committee selected a country motif in decorating. We used bright paper tablecloths in red and white checks. Antique articles such as kerosene lamps, flat irons, wooden bowls, butter molds and stone crocks were used on the table for decorations. As much of the food as possible was served in primitive ware—baskets, crocks and wooden bowls. The soup was served in antique or ceramic tureens with matching ladles. All the food was served on a long serving table, electric crock pots kept the soup hot until it could be dipped into the tureens. The coffee was served from a large blue and white granite coffeepot.

To add fun to the occasion and in keeping with the country theme, the ladies wore long gingham or calico dresses. The men wore overalls or jeans with plaid shirts and bandana neckerchiefs.

Our program consisted of group singing of old songs such as "Down By the Old Mill Stream," "Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet" and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

It was a lovely evening, long to be remembered, with good food, warm fellowship and pleasant memories. Perhaps you would like to plan a similar event for your group's next social gathering.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

I want to wish each and every one of you a very happy new year! I have always liked the holiday we all celebrate on January first every year. For one thing, New Year's Day is an international holiday. As our planet begins another trip around the sun, we remember all of us are in this life together. Whatever history is made in this new year, 1985, will be ours to share together. New Year's Day is like everyone's birthday. All of us are one year older and, hopefully, one year wiser!

Another reason why I like this time of year is because, for many people, it is the time when new things and ways of doing them are planned. After all, isn't that what new year's resolutions are all about? And isn't it true that, no matter how much those resolutions are later tampered with or, even worse, totally forgotten, we are at our best while making them? As each of us sit down with pen and paper and jot down what we would like to do to improve our lives, we are at our optimistic best!

Now, some of you who have been reading my letters will be very surprised to hear what my first resolution is this year. It goes like this:

"I promise that I will continue practicing on the computers in my school and learning the many different applications of the computer."

Do you remember in my letter last spring I angrily denounced the widespread use of the computer in our schools? I said just because students are typing their work into a computer does not mean that they are producing work with any depth or thought. At that time, I asked if the computer would really, in the long run, be any better than a pen and paper. None of our greatest thinkers and writers had exposure to the computer. Shakespeare and Einstein had no computers in their back rooms, (or, if Einstein did, it was not until late in his life) so why should we need them? Why would anyone, just because they have a computer, think for a minute that they could produce better work? The computer is just a gimmick, just a toy! Or, at least, that is how I felt then.

It is healthy to have some skepticism of every new thing that comes along. It is not good to see every new innovation offered by science as a panacea and an answer to all of our problems. It is not right, though, to just dismiss new ideas with no or little knowledge of those ideas. So now I feel that I made a big mistake! Computers do have their place, and they are fun!

What made me change my mind is that



David and his son Johnny play together on the floor. The reports are that Johnny is a healthy two-year-old boy, growing fast and keeping his parents very busy!

our provincial government has decreed that every teacher should have some basic knowledge of computers within the next two years. The University of Calgary is offering many courses in computer literacy, and I was fortunate enough to have a course offered in my own school and have computers placed there to practice on. The course is offered on Thursday afternoons but the time for practice is at noon. Students practice there at the same time, and I practice with kids as young as ten years old who give me help and extra tips on how to best use the machine. They are delighted to see any adult trying to learn how to use "those newfangled things." The kids know that it isn't easy for adults and they are 100% behind us. Now I've really thought about it and realize that in order for us to be 100% behind them, we should be familiar with the fast changing world they are going into.

Once I let myself get introduced to their new electronic-information age world, I realized, there are many good things to be said about the computer. They are better typewriters than the old kind that I am using right now for writing to you. In education, every student working on a computer has immediate feedback as to whether his answers are right or wrong. A teacher, once he knows how to "write programs," is able to set up a computer to give his students practice in most of the skills taught. There can be as many programs written into a computer as a teacher has the imagination to make (or money enough to buy).

It is a fact that computers do take away some jobs; they replace men and women who used to do certain types of work. At the same time, computers change many other jobs. But they do not, and can not, take away or replace many of us. Take a teacher's job, for instance. The other day (it was one of those very hard days that we all have that leaves you feeling very tired), three things happened to me, or, I should say that I was actively engaged in

three exchanges with students, all within ten minutes. First, on the playground, I was consoling a little boy whose father had recently passed away. Upon entering the school, I stopped two boys from finishing a fist fight. Then, I went into my classroom and taught a lesson in which I had to ask students for their opinions as part of their social studies curriculum. Later that afternoon, while drinking coffee in the staffroom with another teacher, I joked that I felt like a computer that has to run three programs in rapid succession.

"First," I said, "there was the 'Consoling youngster on death in the family' program, then the 'Break up that fight right now!' program, and finally 'The sensitive sharing of opinions' program."

"Three programs like those," my computer-whiz friend declared, "are things that no computer will ever be able to process. Those are jobs for humans, not computers!"

It is good to maintain the curiosity and open mind of a child, to keep learning new things, and not to condemn them until you know them. Right now, my little two-year-old John Frederick is running all around the room while I type this letter. He stops and sometimes brings things to me. I answer his questions. Shouldn't I have questions, at least some, the way that he does? Shouldn't I have bigger and better questions? Shouldn't I, too, be learning new things?

And so, maybe it is because my son is at this inquisitive age of two, that I am making this second new year's resolution:

"I promise to keep on practicing on the new classical guitar that I have bought."

All of my life, it seems that I have started on instruments and later given them up. That is, until I bought my autoharp two years ago. I persevered with that instrument and took a course in it that helped me develop a basic understanding of the chords that are used when playing the guitar. My new ambition to play the guitar will help me, I hope, eventually to get to the point where I can play classical guitar.

With these resolutions, I am trying to tell myself that you can teach an old dog new tricks, and that it is never too late to start learning new things!

Of course, not only do I have my son Johnny to inspire me but also my wife Sophie who demonstrates how the act of learning never stops. She has been a teacher of the LaMaze method of childbirth for over a year now. She is always looking for new information on the subject. Often when I am at home, the telephone rings and there is a message from the library that a new book on the subject is ready for her to pick up. As you know, the science of how to best

(Continued on page 17)

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends,

It hardly seems possible 1984 has rolled to an end. This last year seems to have gone exceptionally fast, perhaps because it had been such a busy year. For us, 1984 encompassed everything from Natalie's graduation and our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary to getting Lisa off to Europe for a summer tour and Natalie packed and off to Arizona State University.

Lisa had a marvelous time in Europe and is already planning for a return visit; but, she plans to write another letter for you, so I won't steal her "thunder." Lisa has changed jobs since she returned from her trip. This was a move she had talked about for some time. Lisa was working too many hours with the class-load she was carrying. However, things haven't worked out quite the way she had intended. Lisa was told she would probably work about 18 hours a week in her new job. So far, she hasn't worked less than 28 hours, and several weeks it has been 38 hours. Needless to say, she has not had a lot of time to study.

While Lisa was in Europe, Natalie spent much of that time getting ready to leave for her first year of college at Arizona State University in Tempe, Arizona. She had visited the campus last April with three friends and decided that was where she would like to pursue a degree in business. There are several other graduates from the Millard School District going to school in Tempe, which makes the distance a little easier to handle.

It is quite a task to get a teenager ready to go away to college; but when one is going 1500 miles, it takes a great deal of planning. Originally, the girls had planned to have their dads load up the cars and everyone set out for Arizona in a caravan. After a lot of thought and figuring, they decided traveling by plane would probably be cheaper and a lot less time-consuming. With the decision on how to get there behind us, Natalie started packing boxes to be shipped. Meanwhile, I started shopping for some of the essentials of college life, such as a laundry bag, iron, hair dryer, curling iron and popcorn popper. She found that shipping an item such as her stereo was somewhat of a problem. It had to be packed properly, but she did manage and everything got there safely.

On a Saturday afternoon in mid-August, we put two girls and their fathers on a plane for an experience that will probably change two teenagers into two young adults.



Lisa Nenneman, daughter of Tom and Donna Nenneman, is busy going to school and working.

Natalie was the first of her group of friends to leave for college, so I had lots of company at the airport. One friend, who was leaving the following Saturday for New Mexico State, made a statement as we were returning from the airport that made me realize just what an awesome step it was to part from all those lifelong friends.

She said, "This is just like a funeral, and I have one every day this week."

However, according to my telephone bill, these friends are still very much a part of each other's lives. I'm sure during Christmas vacation all of these girls will see many very late nights while they trade college stories.

This fall, in one of my weaker moments, I decided the wallpaper in the family room had to go. It had been up for 14 years, which put it back in the era of flocked wallpaper. People had told me what a job taking off flocked paper was and, believe me, it was indeed a chore. When I replace the entryway paper, I'm not doing it myself. But regardless, I got my new paper hung and it really gave the room a lift.

Earlier this fall, we had installed a heat exchange and glass doors on the fireplace. The gas log had been used for years and didn't provide us with the heat we desired. We had tried to burn wood our first couple of years in this house and always had a terrible time with it smoking. The smoke always bothered Lisa's allergies so we installed the gas log. The distance from the top of the arch to the roof of the fire box should be at least eight inches and this fireplace had only two inches. A six-inch plate was installed, hoping to eliminate at least part of the smoke. This season with all the fireplace problems solved, our family will be able to enjoy a roaring fire.

This is the first year I've been at a total loss as to what to get the girls for Christmas. In the past, they have always wanted clothes. But this year, I refuse to

buy any clothes for Lisa because her closet can't accommodate what she already has. Natalie could probably use a few things, but how do you shop in Nebraska in the midst of winter for clothes suitable for the sunny southwest? It seems ridiculous to even try. So, this year, I'm really struggling to come up with some ideas that are both different and useful. I used to always have my Christmas shopping out of the way by Thanksgiving and my cards in the mail by the first of December, but something certainly went wrong this season.

By the time you this all of my cards will have been sent and the shopping will have been completed.

I hope you all have a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,

Donna



NOT TO-DAY

My phone rang to-day
An old friend was in town
She said she had an hour
And she'd come right down!
O give me a week
A month or one day!
Even an hour
But not right away!
My sink is full of dishes
My house is a mess
I'm not even prepared
To have only one guest.
The cookie jar is empty,
Leftovers will have to do
Perhaps I could make
An old-fashioned stew!
I stand here quietly;
Simply coming apart,
I really don't know
Where to even start!
O give me a week,
Even part of a day,
But don't say you're coming
RIGHT AWAY!

—Janis J. Lingenfelter

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TIPS ABOUT PAPERWEIGHTS

by

Marjorie Pettiner Howard

Early day paperweights are truly beautiful works of art. Many modern ones are also unusual and pleasing to the eye.

When I was a child, there was a paperweight on the library table. I recall being attracted to it and playing with it. Once I tried to crack pecans with the heavy paperweight, much to my mother's horror for she appreciated its beauty and value. The paperweight is flat on the bottom and is made of lovely clear crystal and inside are five sky blue lily leaf rods dividing the rounded top into sections. On the top center is a pearl-like bubble of glass, the size of a pea. Inside are blazing pink, blue, white, orchid, red and yellow flowers and other tiny forms. This early day paperweight was made in Ravenna, Ohio, by the Ravenna Glass Company at the turn of the century.

Similar paperweights were made in France, Germany, England, Bohemia and the eastern United States. These paperweights that show a profusion of flowers are called by the Italian name "millefiori" paperweights. The name means a thousand flowers.

There have been imitations of the expensive millefiori paperweights but the glass used in them is of a poorer quality. Some people have been fooled by the Japanese reproductions which sell for much less.

Paperweights with the marking "SL" were made in St. Louis, France about 1850. A small "B" dated, means that the paperweight was made in Baccarat glass houses. Factories at Baccarat and Clichy, France, as well as St. Louis, France, were famous for their fine quality.

In America, some especially fine paperweights were made in Sandwich, Massachusetts. Sandwich paperweights had flecks of gold in them and featured a pink poinsettia, sometimes with drops of dew on the petals. It is sometimes hard to tell Sandwich paperweights from those of Bristol, England, because so many Sandwich workmen came from Bristol. There were no distinguishing marks used on the Sandwich paperweights. They were sold by early day peddlers going about the country.

American factories making fine paperweights include the Whitall Tatum Company of Millville, New Jersey. This company made the Jersey rose paperweight. It is one of the most famous of all American paperweights. The Ravenna Glass Company, Ravenna, Ohio, is famous for its Lily design paperweights. Louis C. Tiffany paperweights are also highly prized.

Old paperweights have flat bases, are heavy and are two- to three-inches in

diameter. The design inside is very clear and distinguishable. If you look on the bottom of the paperweight you will discover a round unfinished mark in the center of the paperweight. This mark is made when the paperweight is broken off the punty, the iron rod used for handling hot glass.

Inexpensive scenic paperweights as well as those having a greeting were also made. Egg-shaped paperweights were made when it was the fashion for a gentleman to kiss a ladies' hand. She held the paperweight in her hand to keep it cool, so the story goes. Later the glass egg-shaped paperweights were used to darn stockings, no doubt after the gentleman was "caught."

Paperweights showing views of popular resorts and commemorative scenes were made during the last half of the 19th century. Many paperweights were made with advertising slogans. The National Lead Company paperweights picture a Dutch boy with brush in hand and his bucket beside him. It weighs almost two pounds and sold at one time for \$28. Brass and bronze paperweights were also made. The Prudential Life Insurance Company celebrated its 50th anniversary in 1925 with a paperweight made of pure bronze. At that time this anniversary paperweight sold for \$20.50.

Most early day Baccarat paperweights sell for over \$1000. Others showing pictures of United States presidents are much less expensive but still sell for hundreds of dollars.

Dating paperweights is difficult. In the middle of the 19th century a wheel was invented for cutting the surface of paperweights. Since then surfaces have been smoother and more attractive. Early paperweights were almost never duplicated. A workman never made exactly the same paperweight a second time.

Clues to good paperweights are clear glass, not too yellow or uneven, and few air bubbles and swirls. Fine paperweights of lead glass are heavy, should not show too many scratches and should have a pontil mark on the bottom or base that might have been smoothed off. Paperweights must be turned and examined from all sides to fully appreciate their fine coloring and exquisite workmanship.

The frosted base is modern. Any paperweight having the signature "SL" is valuable. Sometimes the date is also given. "SL" is sometimes found in the millefiori designs and is hard to see. Dancing figures in the St. Louis paperweights identify them. The old St. Louis, France factory is now operated as a part or branch of the Baccarat, France factory.

The famous Clichy paperweight is distinguishable if it has a white or pink rose somewhere in its design. This is an individual factory symbol. A few Clichy paperweights were signed with a "C" in a

color in the center of the design. They were never dated.

The old Corning, Massachusetts factory produced some of the finest of the American paperweights, including the beautiful Corning Magnolia. Likenesses of celebrated people, religious subjects and animals were used in paperweights. Some were made for merchants and signed with the merchant's name or monogram.

English paperweights are often large and less delicate and attractive than the French. They sometimes have a conspicuous date in the center. The Stourbridge glass company made the finest English paperweights. A high crown is a distinguishing English trademark.

"I CAN DO IT MYSELF, MOM!"

"I'm almost six, I can take my own bath!" said my dear little son with a touch of wrath in his sweet young voice usually so meek. (We'd been having this "discussion" for over a week.)

It's true he's grown older, he's no longer a tot,

He's improving in several skills a lot,
Like cleaning his room and hanging up clothes—

He even remembers (sometimes!) to blow his nose!

But he still buttons crooked, loses his shoes,

Forgets his hat—I nearly blow a fuse!
Gives his teeth a mere glancing blow,
Will he ever be responsible, I want to know?

So if you happen to notice the dirt in his ear,

You'll know my resolution for the New Year—

Loosen my hold, let him do what he can,
And maybe someday he'll grow to be a fine young man!

—Rita Kayser

JOHN HENRYS

by

Eileen Larson

The "John Henrys" of these famous people all start with the name John, and they are well known by all three of their names. Can you name them?

1. American composer and bandmaster.
2. United States president.
3. American naval officer.
4. United States poet.
5. American ornithologist and painter.
6. American actor and playwright.
7. Wealthy merchant.
8. United States vice-president.
9. American actor and assassin.
10. Beloved American singer.

(Answers on page 17)

ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT JOYS

by
Evelyn Birkby

One of life's great joys surfaces around holiday time: being together with as many members of the family as possible. In a world where fragmentation, broken and scattered families and demands outside the home seem to require an inordinate amount of time and attention, the ability to gather physically and/or mentally as a family is a treasure.

A quality which Robert and I consciously developed with our children as they were growing up was a sense of unity, caring and consideration for one another. We hoped it would continue as our three sons moved into adulthood and, in ways far beyond our expectations, it happened. This feeling also includes our extended family of relatives and friends. It has become so much a part of our lives that this sense of oneness is a sturdy, tangible, continually strengthening part of all our lives. The festive get-togethers all year, especially in November and December, are "the outward signs of an inward and abiding love."

For example, take one of our recent opportunities to be with some of the "Birkby Bunch." One weekend in November Robert and I were celebrating our wedding anniversary—incredibly, the 38th! Several circumstances came together which provided us with a long weekend so Robert and I decided to drive to Iowa City, some 300 miles away, to son Craig's home.

Bob was also in Iowa City for a surge (his word) of research work for his writing project on the history of radio station KMA. This gave the two brothers four weeks together and was an added incentive for us to go visit.

We always enjoy the drive across Iowa. It is a beautiful state anytime of year but in late fall it exudes a quiet sense of relaxation. Most of the harvest is finished, the machinery is put away and the fields and gardens are tucked in for the winter. Many of the leaves had fallen by the time we started our journey, but enough were still on the trees to give a variety of hues across the rolling hills of southern Iowa.

Craig owns a fine little house on a quiet residential street just a short distance from the University of Iowa Medical Center where he is a doctor specializing in dermatology. Our car turned into his driveway about 4:00 P.M. that Thursday afternoon. As we walked through the yard, our feet crunched the fallen leaves and Robert opined that they would make a fine start for a compost heap (which, before we left, Robert had created for Craig).

Bob had already started the evening



The Birkby Bunch: Jeff, Craig, Bob, Evelyn, Robert and Attu.

meal and by the time Craig arrived, the table was set and chili and a large tossed salad were ready for our undivided attention. As we ate, Bob told us of his trip east to interview people whose memories he needed to include in his book and Craig shared recent experiences in the hospital. Later we all went to see the movie, "Country."

Since Friday was a day of work for both our sons, Robert and I went roaming around town. Iowa City has a couple of malls, an entirely rebuilt downtown area and bookstores to delight anyone who enjoys rummaging around such places as much as we do.

When we returned to Craig's house, it was time to get ready for our anniversary dinner. Craig and Bob had made reservations at the Ox Yoke Inn at the nearby Amana Colonies. This was the same place where we had celebrated almost three years ago when Craig graduated from medical school. We missed the other members of the family who had shared that special event—Grandma Dulcy, Aunt Ruthella and Jeff.

Getting from his home in Helena, Montana, for Craig's graduation was one thing; for Jeff to come for an anniversary so close to Christmas was just not practical. However, as we ate, Robert, Bob, Craig and I did talk a lot about Jeff.

It was late when we left the restaurant and headed back toward Iowa City. A cold wind was blowing, a harbinger of winter to come, but it did not chill our spirits. We laughed about incidents on anniversaries long-gone, remembered family jokes and laughed again.

"May your next year be as fine as the 38th," Craig remarked as we arrived at his front door.

"If this celebration is any indication, it will be," Robert assured him.

Robert and I started our 39th year together on Saturday with a football game which was "almost" a tailgate

party. (Such carryings on football fans do at these big universities on game days!) Craig had packed sandwiches and hot tea for the four of us to take to the stadium in preparation for the 11:00 A.M. kickoff. Walking up the street toward the sports complex we were engulfed in black and gold-garbed men, women and children. As we moved through the parking lot and viewed the masses of tailgaters, we were swept up in the football fever which pervades the university. The tailgaters, as you undoubtedly know, arrive in station wagons, vans and cars. After parking as near to the football field as possible, they bring out huge quantities of food and drink. Spread out on card tables, car hoods and tailgates, the food was as simple as sandwiches and fruit and as elaborate as fried chicken and casseroles. One group we saw even had a fine tablecloth and china dishes as the setting for their feast.

During the football game, Craig kept us warm with the blankets he'd brought along, informed us who was doing what down on the field and observed every time the life-line helicopter landed on the roof of the nearby hospital. It was good to have our very own local commentator.

The weekend went all too fast. A dinner at the home of one of Craig's fellow dermatologists fed and entertained us Saturday evening. Church Sunday morning was followed by a fried chicken picnic at Johnson County Park. The weather was still windy but the sun was shining and we did take a short walk near the lake until time to return to Hancher Auditorium for a cello and piano concert presented by YoYo Ma and Emmanuel Ax, world-renowned musicians. It was music designed to feed our souls for months to come.

One more event was squeezed into a crowded weekend. After a light supper, we went across the street to the home of

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes

SOMBRERO DIP

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 1-lb. can kidney beans, mashed or whirled in a blender
- 8 slices American cheese, cut into small pieces
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. chili powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- Sliced ripe olives, for garnish

In a skillet, cook ground beef and onion. Drain well. Combine the meat with the beans, cheese, catsup, chili powder and salt. Garnish with the ripe olives. Serve with warm tortilla chips or flour tortillas. —Robin

MUSHROOM PIROSHKI APPETIZERS

- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/4 cup margarine or butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. fresh mushrooms, finely chopped
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 hard-cooked egg yolk, chopped
- 1 pkg. pie crust mix or 2 pie crust sticks, crumbled
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream

In skillet, saute onions in margarine and flavoring just until tender. Add mushrooms, saute 3 minutes. Stir in salt, pepper and egg yolk; cool. Heat oven to 400 degrees.

In medium bowl, combine pie crust mix and sour cream; mix until ball forms. Divide in half; roll half on lightly floured surface to 1/8-inch thickness. Cut into 3-inch rounds. Spoon about 1 teaspoon of filling onto half of circle. Moisten edges of pastry with water; fold half circle over and press edges with fork. Repeat with remaining pastry and filling.

Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 400 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes or until light golden brown. Serve hot. Makes 40 appetizers.

These can be frozen on a cookie sheet before baking; then placed in plastic bags. Just before serving place on cookie sheet and bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 18 minutes. —Verlene

SPINACH-RICOTTA CREPES

(Make-ahead hors d'oeuvres)

Crepe batter

- 1 cup milk
- 3 eggs
- 2/3 cup unsifted flour
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine

Combine milk and eggs and beat well. Blend in flour. Place some of the butter in a crepe pan or hot griddle. Melt. Put about 1 Tbls. of the batter in the pan for each crepe. Cook until bubbles appear, then turn over and cook on other side. Add more butter or margarine to pan or griddle as needed. Prepare the following:

Filling

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- 1 pkg. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and drained
- 1/2 cup ricotta cheese
- 1/2 cup grated fresh Parmesan cheese
- 2 Tbls. fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
- Salt and pepper

Melt butter in pan. Add the onion and garlic and saute lightly. Add the spinach and cook for 2 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in the remaining ingredients.

Place about 1 tsp. of the mixture on each crepe. Fold the crepe around the filling, using toothpicks to hold in place. Place seam down on sheet and freeze. When frozen, remove from sheet and place in covered container or sealed bag.

When ready to use, bake in 375-degree oven for about 12 minutes. —Robin



BACON HORSE RADISH DIP

- 1/2 cup crumbled cooked bacon
- 1 Tbls. horseradish
- 1 8-oz. carton yogurt
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- 6 ozs. cream cheese, softened

Mix all ingredients together well in a food processor or blender. This will be thin after mixing. Refrigerate until well chilled and set. —Juliana

SWEET BOUREKIAS

- 1/4 lb. filo pastry (6 sheets)
- 1 4-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. honey (rounded)
- 1 tsp. granulated sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- Unsalted butter, melted
- Confectioner's sugar

Bring filo to room temperature about 2 hours before beginning to make the bourekias. Use a rubber spatula to mix cream cheese with honey and granulated sugar. Stir in flavoring and cinnamon, scraping mixture from sides of bowl until all is well mixed.

Cut six sheets of filo pastry into four rectangular strips about 3 inches wide. Brush the strips, one at a time, with melted butter. Put a teaspoon of filling near one end of a strip. Fold one corner over the filling, making a triangle, then fold the triangle over and over again, maintaining the three-cornered shape, until the strip is folded into a single triangular bundle. Repeat with each strip. Brush each bundle with melted butter, then sprinkle with confectioner's sugar and a little cinnamon.

Butter a baking sheet and arrange bourekias on it. Bake about 30 minutes at 375 degrees, or until crisp and golden. Makes up to 2 dozen. Filo (or phyllo) pastry can be found in the frozen foods section of the supermarket. When working with filo pastry, keep the sheets covered with a damp towel so they won't dry out and become brittle.

—Mary Lea



SWEDISH WEDDING BALLS

- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 2/3 cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 lb. dates, diced
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3/4 cup pecans
- 2 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup flaked coconut

Combine the butter, sugar, salt, egg, dates and flavorings and cook 7 to 10 minutes or until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and add the cereal and nuts. Cool until you can form into balls. Then roll in flaked coconut.

—Verlene

VEGETABLE DIP

- 1 pkg. dry vegetable soup mix
- 2 cups sour cream
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Mix all ingredients together. Chill overnight. Serve with raw vegetables or crackers. —Verlene

ITALIAN GREEN BEANS

1 medium onion
 2 Tbls. margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
 1 small bay leaf
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. sugar
 1/4 tsp. black pepper
 2 cups cooked green beans
 2 Tbls. beef stock
 2 Tbls. flour

Chop onion; brown in margarine and butter flavoring. Add tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, sugar and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove bay leaf. Add green beans. Make a paste of the beef stock and flour. Add to vegetables. Stir until thickened. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

—Robin

CRANBERRY LUNCHEON SALAD

1 lb. raw cranberries, washed and drained
 3 red apples, cored, do not peel
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1 cup whipped cream or whipped topping
 1 cup chopped pecans
 1 10-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows

Grind the cranberries and apples, stir in sugar; let stand 30 minutes. Add the flavorings to the whipped cream or whipped topping. Stir in the fruit mixture, nuts and marshmallows. Spoon into a 9-inch square pan, cover and freeze. Remove from freezer 15 minutes before serving, cut into squares. Serves 10 to 12.

—Verlene

PIGS IN A BLANKET

2 lbs. tenderized round steak
 1/2 lb. bacon
 Salt, pepper, flour, garlic salt
 Oil for browning
 1 4-oz. can mushroom bits and pieces
 1 Tbls. Kitchen Bouquet

Cut steak into strips 1" wide and 3" long. Cut bacon strips into thirds and place a third of a strip of bacon on each piece of steak. Roll and secure with a toothpick. Combine salt, pepper, flour and garlic salt and use to dredge meat rolls. Brown in hot oil, adding oil as needed. Remove meat to baking dish. Add to leftover oil any remaining dredging mixture, the mushrooms, Kitchen Bouquet and some water to make a gravy. Pour gravy over meat rolls. Cover. Bake 3 hours in slow oven (275 to 300 degrees). Serve with boiled potatoes or cooked rice. A nest of rice or mashed potatoes could be made for the meat rolls and gravy. Leftover meat rolls can be wrapped in plastic wrap and warmed in microwave.

—Hallie

POTLUCK CASSEROLE

1 cup sour cream
 1/4 cup chopped onions
 2 tsp. prepared mustard
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup
 2 cups ham, cut into bite-size pieces
 1 8-oz. pkg. mixed frozen vegetables (bite-size, no potatoes but including zucchini, cauliflower, etc.)
 1 4-oz. can chopped mushrooms, drained
 1/4 cup chopped toasted almonds
 2 Tbls. melted margarine
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 1/2 tsp. paprika

Combine and mix thoroughly the sour cream, onions, mustard and the soup. Stir in the ham, frozen vegetables, mushrooms, and the almonds. Spread the mixture in a greased casserole. Melt the margarine and mix with the bread crumbs and paprika. Sprinkle the buttered bread crumbs over the vegetable mixture in the casserole. Cover tightly and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

—Dorothy

HOT QUICK SOUP

1 lb. ground beef, browned and drained
 1 medium-size onion, chopped
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
 1 48-oz. can V-8 juice
 3/4 cup instant rice
 Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ground beef, onion, vegetables and juice and bring to a boil. Simmer 5 to 10 minutes (vegetables should be cooked until tender). Add rice, stir, bring to a boil and cover. Turn off burner and let set for 15 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

(NOTE: Canned or fresh vegetables may be substituted for the frozen ones.)

—Hallie

OATMEAL CHOCOLATE BARS

1 cup chocolate chips
 1 can sweetened condensed milk
 1 Tbls. margarine or butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring or 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Blend over low heat, stirring constantly. Set aside to cool.

1 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. baking soda
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 egg, beaten
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 1/2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats

Mix the flour, soda, brown sugar, egg, burnt sugar flavoring and oats together until well blended. Pack 2/3 of the flour mixture into a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Carefully spoon chocolate mixture over packed flour mixture. Sprinkle remaining flour mixture over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE

6 large eggs
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup flour, sifted
 1/2 cup sweet butter, melted and clarified
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

Set oven at 350 degrees. Grease and lightly flour pans.

In a large mixing bowl combine eggs and sugar. Stir for one minute or until mixed. Set bowl over a saucepan containing 1 or 2 inches of hot water. Water in pan should not touch bowl. Hold over low heat for 5 to 10 minutes or until eggs are lukewarm. Stir several times. (Heating the eggs helps them whip to greater volume.) Beat with an electric mixer at high speed for 10 to 15 minutes, scraping sides of bowl. The egg and sugar mixture will look like whipped cream.

Sprinkle flour, a little at a time, on top of the whipped eggs. Fold in gently, adding slightly cooled butter and flavorings. Do not overmix.

Pour batter into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from pans immediately; place on rack to cool.

Pan size suggestions:

- 2 - 9-inch layer cake tins
- 3 - 7-inch layer cake tins
- 1 - 11- by 16-inch jellyroll pan
- 2 - shallow 10-inch layer cake tins

—Lucile

SAUCY SURPRISE MEATLOAVES

1 beaten egg
 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 1 to 1 1/3 lb. ground beef
 4 or 5 hard-cooked eggs
 1/2 cup catsup
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
 Grated Cheddar, mozzarella or American cheese (optional)

In a mixing bowl, combine the beaten egg, bread crumbs, onion, green pepper, salt, pepper and ground beef. Mix well. Shape part of the meat mixture around each hard-cooked egg, completely enclosing the egg. Arrange meatloaves in an 8-inch square baking dish.

Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Drain off excess fat. Combine catsup and Italian dressing to make a sauce.

Spoon sauce over the meatloaves and bake for an additional 15 minutes, spooning the sauce over the top occasionally if necessary. Upon removing from the oven, immediately sprinkle grated cheese over the top if desired.

—Mary Lea

CURRIED PORK STEW

- 1 1/2 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 2 lbs. boneless pork loin, cut into 1 1/2-inch cubes
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 4 carrots, cut into 1/4-inch pieces
- 3 stalks celery, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
- 2 medium potatoes, peeled and cut into 1-inch cubes
- 1 green pepper, cut into 1-inch squares
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 Tbls. curry powder
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 3/4 cup chicken broth
- 2 cloves garlic, pressed

Heat oil and brown pork on all sides. Add onion and continue to brown. Stir in carrots, celery, potatoes and pepper; then add remaining above ingredients. Bring to boiling, then reduce heat to medium low. Cover and simmer for 1 hour.

- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 tsp. water
- 1/2 tsp. sesame oil

Stir together the cornstarch and the water. Mix into stew and stir to thicken. Drizzle with 1/2 teaspoon of sesame oil. Serve at once with cooked rice.

—Juliana

DOROTHY'S SUCCOTASH

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen baby lima beans
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen corn
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. pepper
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 cup heavy cream

Cook baby lima beans and corn slightly; drain. Heat butter in large skillet or medium sauce pan. Add onions and saute until transparent. Stir in all of the remaining ingredients except cream. Cook covered over medium heat for 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Stir in the cream and continue cooking for 5 to 8 minutes. Pour into a bowl and serve.

TUNA NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 2 to 4 cups partially cooked noodles, drained (may use rice or macaroni)
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. diced onion
- 1 can tuna, do not drain
- 1 can chicken broth
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 cup diced cheese (any kind)
- Diced pepper and pimento (optional)

Combine all ingredients; mix well. Pour into buttered casserole. Bake 45 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees, uncovered.

Can also prepare in microwave on high 6 to 8 minutes, covered. Stir after 4 minutes.

—Hallie



Isabel and Cassie Palo and friends are having fun making cookies.

**PASTITSIO
(Greek Dish)**

- 1 lb. ground lamb
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 large clove garlic, minced
- 2 medium onions, finely chopped
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1 8- or 12-oz. box ziti pasta (rigatoni or mostaccioli can be substituted)
- 1 lb. feta or ricotta cheese
- 6 eggs
- 1/2 cup Parmesan cheese, grated
- 3 cups milk

Brown the ground lamb in the oil. Add garlic, onions, and seasonings. Boil ziti to *tough al dente* stage. Line a deep baking dish with ziti, cover with a layer of meat and crumbled feta. (Feta cheese gives the authentic Greek flavor, but my family prefers ricotta so that's what I use.) Repeat layers three times. Be sure to leave at least 2 inches more depth in the pan. Beat together eggs, Parmesan cheese, and milk, and pour over entire contents of casserole. Bake at 375 degrees for 45 minutes, setting the casserole in one inch of water in a large pan.

—Mary Lea

TOFFEE BARS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped almonds

Combine the butter, 1/2 cup brown sugar and 1 cup flour and press into a 9-by 13-inch baking pan. Bake for 10 minutes in oven preheated to 350 degrees.

Beat the eggs, then beat in the 1 cup brown sugar. Add the remaining ingredients and stir. Spread mixture over the baked crust and return to oven for 25 more minutes. Cool 10 minutes or longer, then cut into bars.

—Dorothy

FRIDAY CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 tsp. grated onion
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3 cups milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. egg noodles, cooked
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, cooked
- 1 6-oz. pkg. frozen cooked shrimp, thawed and drained

- 5 hard-cooked eggs, peeled
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash pepper
- 2 Tbls. sour cream
- 1 tsp. vinegar

Melt butter. Stir in flour, onion, Worcestershire, dry mustard, salt, and pepper. Cook and stir until smooth. Gradually stir in milk. Bring to a boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Boil and stir one minute. Reserve 1/2 cup of sauce.

Combine remaining sauce, noodles, peas, and shrimp in a 3-quart round glass casserole.

Cut eggs in half lengthwise. Carefully lift out yolks. In a bowl, mash yolks with a fork and add remaining ingredients; mix until light and fluffy. Fill egg whites with yolk mixture. Press deviled egg halves into mixture around outside edges and in center of casserole. Drizzle reserved sauce over egg halves.

You can refrigerate, covered, overnight. To heat, microwave, covered, on high, about 12 minutes, rotating a half turn every 3 minutes, until hot and bubbly. Let stand, covered, 5 minutes before serving.

To heat in a conventional oven, place casserole, uncovered, in preheated 350-degree oven about 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

—Dorothy

PEANUT BUTTER MUFFINS

- 2/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/3 cup crunchy peanut butter
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup rolled oats, uncooked
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup wheat germ
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon

Beat the brown sugar, peanut butter, egg and flavoring together until well mixed. Blend in milk. Mix remaining ingredients together; add to peanut butter mixture and blend only until moistened.

Fill greased or paper-lined muffin tin cups 2/3 full; then bake for 18-20 minutes in 400-degree oven.

—Emily

SIMPLE CHERRY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. black raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 15-oz. can bing cherries
- 1 15-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cherries, crushed pineapple and flavorings. Stir and mix well.

Pour into a 5- by 7-inch dish and when set cut into squares. A mold or individual molds may be used. —Hallie

MEXICAN MEATBALL SOUP

- 2 lb. round steak
- 1 lb. pork shoulder
- 3 eggs
- 1 green chili pepper (fresh or canned)
- 3 bunches of green onions
- 1/2 garlic clove
- 1 1/2 cups cornmeal
- 1/4 cup chopped parsley
- 3/4 tsp. sage
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/3 cup solid packed tomatoes (drained)

Grind meat together. Chop the vegetables and mix ingredients together in order given. When well mixed, pinch off and form into tiny marble-size balls. This makes 150 or more. Put aside.

- 1 green chili pepper (fresh or canned)
- 1 Tbls. (large pinch) chopped parsley
- 3 cans beef bouillon
- 1 cup tomato juice
- 1 pinch thyme
- Salt and pepper

Chop chili pepper and parsley. Add bouillon, tomato juice, chili pepper, parsley and seasonings to 6 quarts of water. Bring to boil; drop in a few meatballs at a time so they will not stick together.

Cover and simmer for about 1 hour. Add water as needed while cooking to keep water level up. —Robin

CHOP-CHOP SALAD

- 1 bunch fresh broccoli
- 1 medium head cauliflower, broken into flowerets
- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped celery
- 6 green onions, finely chopped
- 3/4 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup whipping cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Remove large leaves from broccoli, and cut off tough ends of lower stalks and discard. Wash broccoli thoroughly and cut into 1-inch pieces. Mix vegetables together in large bowl.

Combine remaining ingredients, mixing well. Pour over vegetables; toss lightly to coat. Cover and chill thoroughly. Serves 8 to 10. —Verlene

**PORK CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. ground pork
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 1 small pkg. noodles
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 can cream corn
- 1 cup grated cheese

Brown the pork and onion; salt and pepper to taste. Cook noodles according to package directions. Drain well. Mix meat mixture with noodles. Add the tomato soup and cream corn; mix well. Place in a 2-quart casserole; sprinkle with cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. —Verlene

CHOCOLATE CARAMEL BARS

- 1 14-oz. pkg. light caramels
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1 2-layer size German chocolate cake mix
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate bits

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Melt the caramels with 1/3 cup of milk in a pan over low heat. (Watch carefully so it won't scorch.) Keep warm.

Combine the remaining ingredients except the chocolate bits. Mix the dough until it holds together. Press half the dough into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Reserve the other half for topping.

Bake 6 minutes, then sprinkle the chocolate bits over the top of the crust. Spread the caramel mixture over the chocolate. Crumble the reserved dough over the top.

Return to the oven and bake 15 to 20 minutes. Cool completely before cutting. —Dorothy



HINT: If the top layer of dough is hard to spread, try putting a sheet of plastic on the cover to the 9- by 13-inch pan. Pat the layer of dough evenly over the plastic and place it in the freezer a few minutes to harden. When ready to put the top layer on, remove the sheet of dough from the freezer and it will be easier to turn over on top of the other layer.

Also try dipping your fingers in water before patting the dough.

W.T., Iowa Falls, Iowa

KITCHEN-KLATTER VANILLA SOUR CREAM CAKE

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups butter or margarine, room temperature (If margarine is used add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sour cream
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 3/4 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring mixed with 2 Tbls. water

Powdered sugar (for garnish)

Sift flour, baking powder, baking soda and salt; set aside. Combine butter and sugar in a large bowl and beat until fluffy and light. Add eggs one at a time and beat well after adding each egg. Mix in sour cream, 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla, and the black walnut flavoring; beat well.

Gradually add flour mixture and beat well. In small bowl combine brown sugar, walnuts and cinnamon. Put 1/3 of the batter in a greased 10-inch tube pan. Sprinkle 1/2 of brown sugar mixture on top of the batter then spoon in 1/2 of the remaining batter. Sprinkle with the last 1/2 of the brown sugar mixture then spoon the last of the batter into the pan. Spoon diluted vanilla flavoring over top.

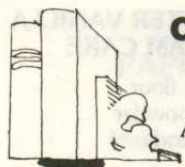
Place in a preheated 325-degree oven and bake 60 to 70 minutes. Cool 10 minutes and turn from pan. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. —Robin

PARMESAN FETTUCCINE

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 6 ozs. fettuccine noodles
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 4 slices ham, cut in strips
- 1 cup frozen peas
- 2 green onions, finely chopped
- Salt and pepper to taste

Bring the milk, water and 1/2 tsp. salt to a gentle boil in a large heavy pot. Add the fettuccine noodles, partially cover and cook, stirring often until pasta is tender and most of the liquid has been absorbed. There should be about one cup of liquid left or less. Stir in the Parmesan cheese, ham, peas, green onions, salt and pepper and heat through.

Garnish with additional grated Parmesan cheese as desired. My family liked this. Isabel thought it would also be good with bits of cooked beef or chicken instead of the ham. —Mary Lea



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

So here it is the new year. We look forward with anticipation to a good year and all that can be accomplished. Andy Rooney writes about the New Year, "Beginnings are exciting because we never learn. Every time we start something new, we think it's going to be better than it was last time. Fortunately, we're all optimists. We forget everything that can go wrong and concentrate on how it will be if everything goes right. We look forward to a pleasant experience. Our optimism makes beginnings a happy time."

In his new book *Pieces of My Mind* (Atheneum Publishers, 597-5th Ave. New York, N.Y. 10017, \$12.95) Andy Rooney listed some resolutions he resolved not to make, including this, "I'm not going to smoke cigarettes this year. This is the best kind of resolution for me. I can absolutely promise this is a resolution I'll keep. I've never smoked cigarettes and it isn't likely I'll start now."

The 132 essays in *Pieces of My Mind* offer witty, wise and true commentaries on a wide variety of thoughts.

Andy Rooney has been known through his books, syndicated column and appearances on TV's "60 Minutes," to strike a universal chord with us all. He says he tries to put down on paper some of the thoughts that have crossed his mind because he's average enough so they've probably crossed the mind of the reader, too. He draws from what he sees around him.

Mr. Rooney realizes that he's not the best-dressed man in the world. The only thing he can do is take the position that clothes don't make the man.

Having to do with diets he writes, "This morning I made the final decision to lose some weight and being a basically unselfish person, I'm going to share my foolproof weight loss plan with you. It's so simple I can't believe I never thought of it before. I'm going to give up food as a hobby. A hobby is defined as being an interest or pursuit outside one's regular occupation that is engaged in for relaxation. That's what food is for me."

Pieces of My Mind can be read as you wish; the whole book or just a few essays at a time. From his thoughts on working, to money, to familiar things, to opinions, he makes it difficult to put down the book. You'll be agreeing with him on many subjects.

It has been ten years since the first *Wallace-Homestead Price Guide to Antiques and Pattern Glass* was published. It has been enjoyed each year by thousands of collectors and dealers in the antique trade. Hundreds of new



Armada and Frank Swanson wish you a year filled with good health, much happiness, and peace in your life and in the world.

categories have been added, and this special tenth anniversary edition has a top-rated section on pattern glass. You will especially enjoy the clear photographs and easy-to-read print. The prices are obtained by participating in major shows, studying auction catalogs and talking to museum personnel, dealers and professional writers. They also use common sense. It is reported that the antique business is picking up again and auctions are crowded.

There is a fine article on appraising, insuring and protecting your antiques, with the advice to *always* photograph each antique item.

Some antiques listed in the price guide are:

Autographs: Dwight D. Eisenhower, note of thanks during World War II—\$245 to \$265

Big Little Books: good to mint condition—*Black Beauty*—\$12 to \$17

Calendar Plates: God Bless Our

House, 1966—\$24 to \$29

Flow Blue China: plate, 11-inch diameter, flowers/leaves—\$57 to \$66

RS Prussia hair receiver: pink flowers, scalloped base, green mark—\$77 to \$88

Wallace-Homestead Price Guide to Antiques (10th edition, edited by Robert W. Miller) is available from Wallace-Homestead Book Co., 1912 Grand Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa 50305, \$11.95.

If you can't be thankful for what you receive, be thankful for what you escape.



THE PERFECT SHOT

Just after New Year's, the snow fluttered down,

A soft, white blanket for our peaceful, little town,

A clear, blue sky with a sun so bright,
A winter wonderland, a photographer's delight!

I donned high boots, and a warm snow suit,

Sneaked out the door and selected a route

That marked, nor marred, the scene so white,

Nature's picture, pleasing, proper and right!

My camera set for distance and light—
The scene in focus, a magnificent sight,
The shutter clicked and I smiled to see
The neighbor's dog leap, from behind a pine tree,

Then I laughed out loud for it mattered not,

I had just snapped, an unmarred picture,
a perfect shot!

—Wilma L. Fisher

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

January is the forerunner of a bright new year full of hope and promise. The slate is clean and what we write upon it is up to us. January is also the advent of new seed and nursery catalogs equally full of hope and promise. There is no better winter pastime than to sit near a cozy fire and pursue their contents. Nothing has enriched our gardening scope so much as our easy access to plants and seeds by mail. Mail-order houses offer a wealth of gardening aids in addition to infinite varieties of seeds, plants, shrubs and trees that few local garden centers can afford to stock.

Most catalogs are colorful, informative books loaded with excellent cultural directions and many are free for the asking. If a firm does charge for a catalog (many plant specialists do) the cost will be refunded with your first order. It is claimed that the mail-order industry supplies more than 100 million seed and nursery catalogs to consumers each year in America. If you want a list of reliable mail-order seed and nursery firms write to the Mail-order Association of Nurserymen, 210 Cartwright Boulevard, Massapequa Park, N.Y. 11742, and ask for one. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed 4½" by 9½" inch envelope for a reply.

Occasionally a letter comes from a reader who has been disappointed with an order received from a mail-order firm. Mrs. K. G. writes, "Please warn your readers not to order from this firm (name deleted) as the plant material I received did not grow." She explained that she wrote to the firm last fall and they requested a copy of her order plus proof of payment. Mrs. G. said she had neither so her order was a complete loss. Most firms ask that you report damaged shipments or unsatisfactory merchandise upon arrival. Also keep a copy of your order and cancelled check. Use good judgment when ordering from a mail-order firm. Avoid any that make preposterous claims for their merchandise such as "strawberries that climb a trellis or wall," or "shade trees that soar 30-feet high in one season." Strawberries do not climb as they have no tendrils nor will any shade tree reach such phenomenal heights in one season.

Patronize your local garden centers, seed and plant providers first and when they can't supply you with some of the new and interesting plant materials you crave, don't hesitate to try a reliable mail-order firm.

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

facilitate childbirth is constantly getting new input from many sources, and Sophie stays on top of every development!

As a father, I am very glad that our son is able to be home with his mother all week. One or two evenings a week, he is with me while Sophie teaches. On the weekend, Sophie usually works one "shift" at the hospital as a nurse, while Johnny and Daddy have their day together. Sophie and I feel happy, and also lucky, that Johnny doesn't have to spend his days at a daycare center. There are probably family situations where daycare centers are a big help, but it is our belief that the home is still the best place for a young child. What do you think?

My best as always,

David

Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you see it again.

PLEASE REMEMBER

Please remember in the winter
When the snow lies on the ground,
When you are putting food out
For birds that stay around.
Be sure to place some sand or grit
Where they are apt to feed,
For grit's an essential item
That all birds always need.
It's needed to grind their food,
They have no teeth, you know;
Birds can starve amid the food
If sand's covered with snow.

—Inez Baker

ANSWERS TO JOHN HENRYS

1. John Philip Sousa
2. John Quincy Adams or
John Fitzgerald Kennedy
3. John Paul Jones
4. John Greenleaf Whittier
5. John James Audubon
6. John Howard Payne
7. John Jacob Astor
8. John Nance Garner
9. John Wilkes Booth
10. John Charles Thomas

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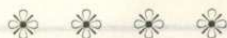
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MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

slippers were taken out of boxes and the bride and her sister were overseeing one another's dressing.

On one of my trips through the still empty church, I met Rich DiCicco slowly walking Stephen through his paces as ring bearer. Stephen had been under the weather during the hours of the rehearsal, and he was acutely aware of his eleventh hour lessons. All the while he was still not feeling quite like himself. Lily Walstad, on the other hand, who is exactly Stephen's age, sized up the situation in her four-year-old going on eighteen-year-old manner and decided coolly that being a flower girl was easy.

Emily arrived with the children's special wedding clothes only minutes before the wedding was to begin. Stephen's pin-striped suit and Lily's beautiful dress had been lost with Emily in the Virginia countryside. Without the wonderful maps which Katharine had thought to include with the wedding invitations, many, if not all of us from scattered states, would never have found this hidden little town just minutes off of that dreadful beltway!

Before Clark's "Trumpet Voluntary" began, the church had filled with many of Katharine and Don's friends, but the incredible part was the many relatives who lined the pews. Weddings are such unusually happy occasions and having relatives there enhances the joyous atmosphere.

Adrienne attended her sister and since she was wearing an off-white, street-length dress, many for a few minutes mistook her for the bride. Doug Miller attended his brother as best man in a matching grey tuxedo, with Paul Driftmier standing handsomely at attention at the front of the church. On her father's arm, our bride entered the church in a beautiful, floor-length, white gown having enormous, exaggerated puffy sleeves. I have never seen her look more beautiful nor more happy. She appeared to be having a relaxed, joyous time at her own wedding. And she deserved it.

Abigail Driftmier checked with me several times to be certain I was enjoying that really special feeling that a parent experiences when something so wonderful happens to one of their children. Katharine's groom, Don, complimented her by saying it was the best wedding he had ever attended!

After the reception had peaked in excitement and subsided, Emily DiCicco invited dozens of people to her home in Arlington, Virginia, for a hearty Italian pasta supper and a quieter opportunity to get acquainted and visit. With Rich DiCicco to co-host, they provided many hours of pleasure for all of us. At this point in the day, little Marty DiCicco joined the gathering with Eppie, their

gentle, old dog.

A couple of fine families have united. Emily's house bulged with gifts and good fellowship.

If Katharine's wedding pictures arrive on schedule, we will have one for the February cover.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

CLIPPETY-CLAP

by
Evelyn Witter

Clippety-Clap is fun for a group to play. It goes fast so everyone gets a turn quickly. To play the game, toss a handful of paper clips into a tub of water. Make a fishing line from a stick and a string. Tie a wire hook on the end of the string.

Take turns trying to hook the clips from the tub. At the beginning of each person's turn the group must begin to clap. Each one's turn lasts for twelve slow claps. The one who has the most clips when everyone has had a turn wins the game.

PROJECTS

You are the one who has to know
If you will do it or let it go.

You are the one who has to decide
If you will push or let it slide.

It's up to you to do your best
And not let brainstorm go to rest.
—Barbara Bennett

COVER STORY

Tressa Kite and David Henderson were married on October 20, 1984 in Shenandoah, Iowa. Tressa is Hallie Blackman's granddaughter. Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson live in Manhattan, Kansas.

HAPPINESS ON HOLD

Happiness comes with the sharing of The fireside warmth; some TV fare, Often neglected, while you work Crossword puzzles from corner chair.

I read or cat-nap from divan,
While at my feet or on the floor
In sheer contentment lies the dog—
How could one ever ask for more?

Such calm at close of busy day,
More precious far than wealth of gold,
Inspires a prayer—an earnest plea—
"Dear God, please keep this gift on hold!"
—Eula Smith Zimmann

GREAT JOYS — Concluded

Craig's neighbors, Dale and Helen Heck and their family. Bob and Craig showed slides of their raft trip which they had taken down the Green River in Utah in August with their brother Jeff. It proved to be another way to feel close to Jeff. Helen served us a delicate white cake, ice cream and coffee—a fitting conclusion to a great celebration.

Following the long drive home on Monday, our first project was to telephone Craig and Bob to tell them we arrived home safely. Then we called Jeff and told him all about our holiday.

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HOW TO BE A GOOD CLUB MEMBER

by
Elaine Koenig

Another meeting has come and gone. As meetings go it was a pretty good one. The business was interesting and taken care of in thirty minutes. The speaker was excellent and had the gift of involving everyone personally in her subject. Actually the whole thing was worth going to and that in itself is a rarity.

It seems too often we find ourselves at meetings where nothing is ever decided, where they bicker over trifles or, worse yet, the meeting is held for no apparent purpose.

If you are a club member or president you may recognize a familiar situation. The following hints include how to be a good club member and how to make the meeting more interesting.

Be on time. Late-comers *always* get more attention than the business at hand.

Pay attention at the meetings. Don't carry on a conversation with your neighbor while the president is trying to direct the discussion on whether or not to make a float for the St. Patrick's Day parade.

Respect other people's points of view even if you do not agree. Discuss it politely and reasonably, presenting your view in a logical manner. Don't become annoyed if they're not wild about your suggestion.

Be willing to help. Every member should consider it her responsibility to do *something* sometime during the year. Remember those who seem to be doing everything would probably just as soon turn it over to someone else once in a while. Be willing to help if you're called on. It is hard enough organizing things without members refusing to do their part to help with club activities. Besides, a group of women working together can have a lot of fun, even if it is just scrubbing down the walls of the parish hall.

If you have some earth-shaking message for the club, it is a good idea to let the president know before the meeting so she will at least notice your hand waving in the back row. Be sure to have the facts straight, and the important details jotted down. The mind has been known to go blank as you stand with thirty rapt faces staring at you while you're frantically trying to find the estimate of the cost of printing the club cookbook.

If you're the program chairman, seek out gifted people locally. They are usually willing to speak on their pet causes or area of expertise. Be sure to ask if they charge a fee for speaking, even if they are related to the club president. If they are willing to speak and charge you nothing,

at least give them gas mileage. It's no small item these days.

Don't decline an office without a valid reason. If you are due to deliver your ninth baby next week, they might let you decline **THIS** year! If you belong, you should be willing to take your turn. Don't say you can't. Most people *can* and you might find it is fun and satisfying to be a chairman or president. You should be especially willing to serve if you don't like the way things are being run and feel you could do a better job. It's more productive to work to make things better than to sit back and criticize. Don't be afraid to try. Most people have the skills necessary to run an organization. It's not much different from juggling a dental appointment, music lesson, shopping and your turn for the car pool.

If by some chance, you are elected to an office, especially the presidency, do make it a point to inform yourself. Go back over the secretary's book and make a note of the things that are done traditionally during the year. You don't want to forget to get the corsage for the oldest mother at the May meeting. Work with the other officers and remember you're not the only one with good ideas. You must be responsible, though, so keep track of what's going on.

It's a good idea to keep your own minutes of the meeting. If you have a copy of your own, you can go back over it before the meeting and make sure everything was done and you won't be surprised when the secretary reads the minutes. It could be embarrassing to find that you were supposed to have brought the gift for the minister's birthday to be presented at the meeting.

Make a phone list with first names and husband's names along with addresses of all your club members and keep it handy. It eliminates looking them up every time.

Have a published agenda and follow it as closely as possible. It helps keep you on track and clues the club members in if they are going to vote on whether or not the club will sponsor the combination

farmer's market, talent show and national turtle races.

Keep the meetings short. Don't let the discussion wander away from the subject. Ask for motions and seconds and be sure to vote on things. One or two persuasive people can give the impression that the whole group approves when a vote might prove otherwise.

Don't try to do everything yourself. Delegate as many jobs to others as possible. Keep track of who is responsible for getting things done and double check before it's needed. Don't ever assume that all is well. It is better to check than to be minus the raffle tickets at the fall festival. Remember you're not the boss but the director.

Enjoy your job. You have the opportunity to get to know people better, to meet others, to grow as a person and to expand your circle of friends. This is the perfect time to develop your leadership and organizational skills. Where could you find a better place to spend an afternoon?



IDEAS FOR ROLL CALL

- January—For the New Year I wish.....
- February—My exercise and physical fitness program
- March—An Irish tradition observed
- April—Spring is here when.....
- May—Name and identify a flower or plant.
- June—A good neighbor is.....
- July—I'm proud to be an American because.....
- August—My special vacation spot
- September—A favorite magazine or book I read
- October—My most useful antique
- November—A short verse about Thanksgiving
- December—My favorite doll is.....

—Norma Tisher

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AN EASY CRAFT

by
Velma E. Zimmerman

If you would like to learn an easy craft that is simple enough for any home-maker, try decoupage. This is an 18th century French word meaning paper cut-outs.

Decoupage is an art one may learn, providing he has sufficient practice and much patience! It will lend beauty to the home and pride in creation. Your artistic ability will develop as you design and make arrangements of cutouts. With curiosity, you will try other cutouts to create something new and exciting.

Decoupage is an inexpensive craft requiring a list of equipment usually found in most households. Supplies needed are: a pair of sharp scissors, a bottle of good craft glue, a roller or small glass, clean rags, pumice, oil, paint, varnish, a supply of old magazines or greeting cards, and a piece of wood or metal for background.

Begin the craft by cutting out colorful pictures of interest—flowers, butterflies, leaves, plants, fruits, birds, cats, dogs, etc. Collect all sorts as you desire, but be sure they are printed on glossy paper.

Pictures should be filed or kept in boxes or envelopes ready to use according to color, size, or subject matter. Your interest will determine the kind of cutouts you intend to use.

Small pictures or plaques that do not require much time or effort will give you an idea as to your creative ability. On paper lay out the cutouts in a design or picture which will then be transferred onto a wood or metal background.

All wood or metal background material should be sanded, and a coat of paint applied before any of the cutouts are glued on. A satiny smooth finish is obtained if the background is rubbed with pumice and oil between each coat of paint. Be sure each coat of paint is dry before adding another coat.

When the background is dry, the cutouts may be glued on as previously arranged. They are rolled into place with the little roller (or small glass) to be sure there are no air bubbles and the edges are firmly glued. Extra glue is pressed out and must be wiped off with a clean rag before any varnish can be applied or it will "boil up."

As many as ten coats of varnish may be applied to your picture or plaque when completed. At least two days must be allowed for drying in a dust-free area between coats. When absolutely dry, it should have a final pumicing and oil rubbing.

Perhaps the easiest decoupage for the beginner to try is a vase of flowers. A variety of colorful flowers cut out of glossy smooth paper is easily found on greeting cards. Such do not absorb glue

as would newspaper-type paper.

You don't have to be an artist to produce a decoupage. Just follow the directions, it is easy!



SEND A CARD

by
Donna Ashworth Thompson

Some people send cards to friends on holidays, birthdays and when they are ill or in the hospital. Others are always going to, but never get around to it. I never thought much about this until recently. While in the hospital I received many cards which I appreciated very much.

After leaving the hospital I was talking to a friend of mine about how nice people had been. She had been quite ill at home for several months with tooth surgery, not the kind of illness requiring a nurse and constant attention.

"I have gone to Sunday school and worked in my Sunday school class for a lifetime, but only one of them sent a card, and the teacher telephoned me once."

"But that is a big class," I answered.

"I know," she said, "but they didn't take the trouble to bother about me."

Later, I heard of another woman who was in the hospital for six weeks. When she recovered and attended a meeting, she asked for the floor. The disappointed woman said, "I was in the hospital for six weeks and was very ill, not one of you sent me a card or a note. My feelings are really hurt. As long as I have been a member of this club, it seems to me somebody could have remembered. I thought you were my friends."

That took a great deal of courage. There were many apologies, but she will not forget, nor will they.

I was not conscious of the importance of notes or cards before, but I am now. If you have a friend who is ill, take time to send a get well card, or a short note to let them know you are thinking of them. It probably doesn't seem of very much importance to you, but to the person who is ill, it means a great deal. They are lonely, perhaps discouraged, and that piece of mail will cheer them up. They need to know that friends are thinking of them.

After hearing of these two experiences, I made up my mind not to be too busy to let my friends know that I was thinking about them. Take time to write a note or send a card. It will be your good deed for the day and will give your friend a lift which is often badly needed.

Take time. Write a note or send a card today.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
sanctuary of a church, there is big trouble. Have you ever tried to preach to a large congregation while a bat flies around and around just over the heads of the people? If you haven't, don't try.

There is no way a preacher can make the people listen when a bat is flying around in the church!

A military funeral gave me an experience I never had before. Many, many times I have conducted military burials with the use of an honor guard and a firing squad, but in all of my experience, I never had a female firing squad at a funeral until last week. The funeral was for a retired naval officer. How surprised I was to observe that the officer in charge of the men in the honor guard was a woman and was even more surprised to observe that the firing squad was made up of women.

Oh, many changes are taking place in every aspect of society! I wonder what changes this new year of 1985 will bring. Whatever comes to you and to your family, I hope it will be for the better. Certainly none of us can afford to have any changes for the worse.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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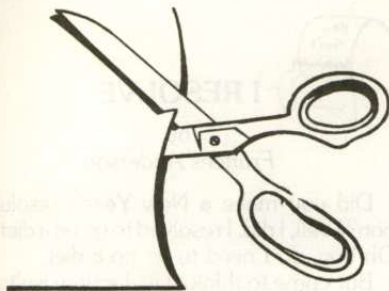
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KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
KGGF	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:04 a.m.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.



SCISSORS OR SHEARS?

by
Ruth Townsend

Scissors or shears—whichever you call them—are a very important part of any household. I remember back in the thirties when my sister was planning to get married and one of the things she wanted most was a pair of good shears. She decided to earn the money for them by raising ducks. It was one of the very dry summers and she had to carry a lot of water to her flock but she did get enough money to buy the shears she wanted. I still think of ducks every time I see shears!

You will notice my sister wanted shears. The terms "scissors" and "shears" are often used interchangeably, but they are not exactly the same. Scissors are defined as a cutting instrument smaller than shears. They are usually three to six inches long and have identical handles. Shears are larger and longer than scissors and have one small oval handle and the other one elongated. Shears have more force and can be used for cutting heavier things.

Before buying either scissors or shears, make sure you know what is needed. If you are wanting shears for sewing, take along some pieces of fabric so you can test each pair. Check for quality features, such as blades that don't overlap at the points and handles that seem comfortable in your hand. Getting a pair of scissors or shears of high quality is usually best in the long run. Cheap ones often are uncomfortable and sometimes do not hold up.

Both scissors and shears should be cared for properly. Researchers at Iowa State University have studied the subject and offer us these tips: Keep your scissors or shears in a dry place so they won't rust and occasionally wipe the inside of the blades with sewing machine oil. Of course, you should always wipe off any excess oil and cut a few pieces of scrap fabric after oiling to be sure the oil will not come off on the fabric. Also remove accumulated lint and dust from the blades at regular intervals. Little threads can get caught near the pivot and make the scissors or shears hard to use. Last, but certainly not least, avoid using your scissors or shears to cut something they are not designed for. Trying to cut heavy flower stems with a pair of light scissors

can ruin them.

There are sixty-two kinds of scissors and shears according to information from Iowa State University. I never would have dreamed there were so many. How many kinds do you have? I have two pairs of sewing shears, a pair of kitchen shears, a pair of barber scissors (leftover from when our five children got "home-style" haircuts), a pair of little fingernail scissors, two pairs of children's safety scissors (for my grandchildren), and a pair of tiny scissors in a darling little silk case that my aunt sent to me years ago after she visited China. I imagine many of you can make a much longer list than mine.

No matter what we call them—scissors or shears—it would be hard to keep house without them, wouldn't it?

WHEN TROUBLE COMES

When trouble comes as it does to us all, Remember that God is waiting for your call.

May your faith in Him keep your courage high

He is just a prayer away; He is always nigh.

With the love of God in your heart every day,

Your cares and troubles will soon fade away.

—Irene Van Dame

JANUARY JELLY

by
Charlotte Cleveland

January jelly is one of my favorite things. There is a special bit of anticipation I save for January. When the snow is blowing, the temperature is *way down*, and the outside work of gardening and the canning and preserving is long past, I thoroughly enjoy the January jelly making. The bigger, heavy jelly pan and the pretty jelly jars are brought up from the basement. Then the pectin, sugar and the utensils are assembled.

The summer and early fall are so busy with buckets and baskets of fruit and berries to be taken care of immediately. By freezing the juices and the fruits when they are ripe in the rush times, they are ready for the jelly making at your leisure, on January days. The crab apple, grape and other juices taste so good and are appreciated as jelly on hot biscuits, muffins or homemade bread in January. The peaches, apricots and, of course, strawberries are good with the pulp left in and made into preserves. So don't forget these choices. If you have never tried postponing the fun job of jelly and jam making, do it this year, for sure.

The trouble I've found with doing nothing is that you can't stop and rest.

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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

most mothers, I try to schedule as many appointments as possible during the holiday season while the kids are out of school. James and Katharine are very accommodating about this, but they do request, "Please, Mom! not before nine in the morning."

My inclination is to say, "Wait a minute! You children are the ones who trained me to get up at 5:30 A.M. Now you want to sleep until eight!" I wonder how many mothers have made that observation.

Other things to do today include watering and pruning in my little greenhouse. It does pain me to prune happily growing plants, but I must do so to be able to walk from one end to the other without ducking. My hanging basket ivy geraniums are just too luxuriant for their own good. Even with the added area, space is a problem when plants outgrow their territories. Jed has mumbled something about me needing an astrodome for a greenhouse. Thank goodness, he chuckles when he says this!

New Year's resolutions! Now is the time for me to make a list. All of the usual things will be included—dieting, cleaning my desk, answering letters more promptly, making a concerted effort to be a positive-frame-of-mind person, finishing craft projects that have been uncompleted for years, etc. Do you have any new resolutions you are going to tackle in 1985? I do admire anyone resolving to do something earthshaking! Somehow my resolutions seem to center around day-to-day living. People have told me these resolutions sometimes are the hardest to keep.

May 1985 have all the good things that we missed in 1984!

Sincerely,

Juliana

WINTER NOTES

The snow has fallen all the night
So pure and white where e'er I look;
It's left the world so glistening white
Like clean, new pages in a book.

But soon the lambs' small hooves will
leave

Their happy marks, row upon row;
The birds will hop and peck for seed,
And bunny tracks around will go.

So as the winter day goes on,
Before the big red sun sinks low,
The birds and animals will write
Their daily diaries in the snow.

—M. B. Grenier



Elizabeth Brase, daughter of Kristin and Art Brase, enjoys playing outdoors in their yard in Torrington, Wyoming.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

The next morning Hallie, Verlene and I had breakfast with Dennis and Kim Borwick, who are from the radio station, at a very interesting restaurant, Hickory Haus. We visited the station. While we were in the studio, a Kitchen-Klatter friend, Betty Johnson, brought some cake and sandwiches so we could have lunch before starting home. This was very thoughtful of her.

I have never been interested in having a microwave oven, therefore, all my friends were very surprised when I got one. I'm having a lot of fun with my microwave oven and have used it in some way every day. I mainly use it to warm food but plan to do a lot of experimenting.

Dorothea and I entertained the Birthday Club with a Christmas luncheon. The table looked pretty with a white cloth, Christmas centerpiece with candles, and little green Christmas trees that I had made for each place, also red nut cups with candies and a small candy cane. The trees were made by frosting sugar cones with green icing and decorating with cake and cooky decorations. Verlene did these as a demonstration in our program. They are real simple and very effective.

Kristin's family members are busy. Their weekends are now occupied by attending basketball games since Aaron was one of the four sophomores who made the varsity team. Andy is working but may decide to go back to school second semester. Julian is taking piano lessons, and Elizabeth is probably the busiest of all, just getting into things.

Frank and I hope you have a Happy New Year, and a prosperous one.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

**I RESOLVE**

by

Frances Anderson

Did you make a New Year's resolution? Well, I did. I resolved to go on a diet. Oh boy, do I need to go on a diet.

But come to think of it, January isn't a good time to start a diet. My husband's and daughter's birthdays are in January, and it is a long, cold month and I'll need all the food I can get for body heat, so my diet will start in February.

On second thought, February isn't a good time either. It is such a short month that it wouldn't pay to start any new projects. I'll just wait till March.

But then, March is such a blustery, windy month, that a person is going to be uncomfortable enough without dieting. April would be a better month to start a diet.

Oh, how did I forget? My son's and my granddaughter's birthdays are in April, and we always get together for a big feed then, so April wouldn't be a good time to start either. Well, I'll start my diet in May.

Oh shucks! I can't diet in May either. I'll be working so hard finishing up the housecleaning and planting the garden and flowers that I will need all the strength I can get. It would be unreasonable to expect me to diet under those conditions. I guess June is the month to start.

Well, that won't work either. In June I will have to hoe and weed all my garden and flowers, so I will need food for energy. It would be better to wait until July.

Oh, for heaven's sake! Who ever heard of starting a diet in July? It is a hot, miserable month, I will need plenty of ice cream and lemonade and things like that to keep cool, and there is the 4th of July and picnics, and my grandson's birthday. No, that's out. I'll just wait till August.

Oops! I just remembered. The month of August is my daughter's and granddaughter's birthdays and our wedding anniversary, and we usually take a trip somewhere, so August would be absolutely impossible. September should be a better time to start.

Well, what in the world am I thinking of? Our family reunion and my birthday are in September, so starting a diet in September would be utterly unthinkable. That means I will have to wait till October.

But there is no point of starting a diet in October when Thanksgiving is only a month away, and I would just fall off my diet in November anyway. So that brings me back to December and Christmas. And everybody knows that nobody starts a diet in December, so I resolve to start next year.

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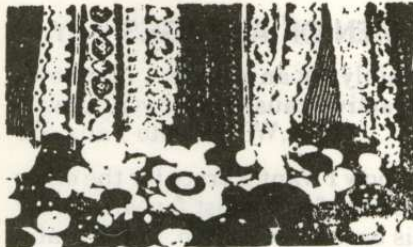
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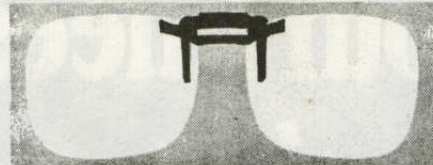
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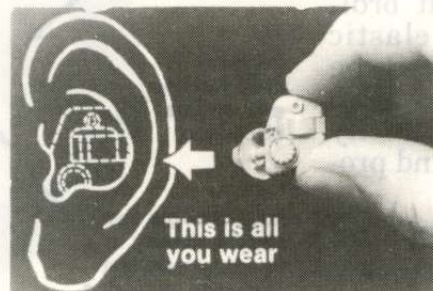
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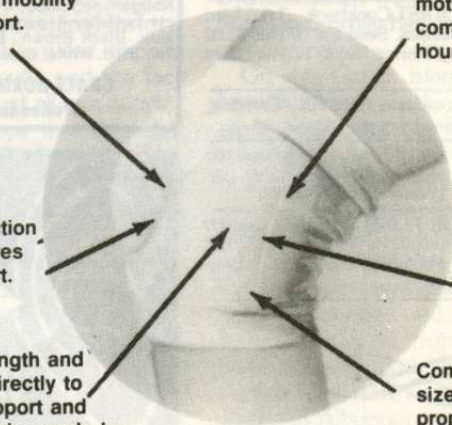
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