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Kitchen-Klatter

Magazine

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MISS HELEN SEAVERN
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Walstad's Buggy Ride

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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had to eat dorm food for breakfast and dinner. I thought the dorm food would be awful, but I was pleasantly surprised. Most of the meals were all you could eat except on Fridays when we had our choice of steak, fish or some other treat. Luckily, fresh, sweet, juicy pineapple was served at every meal. We all ate mounds of it.

The first whole day in Hawaii was spent going to the Kodak Hula Show, Waikiki beach and shopping in Waikiki. I knew a little about Waikiki, because my dorm room had a great view of Waikiki and the campus.

At the beach, I rented a boogie board which is like a surfboard but smaller with no fin on the bottom. There were lots of people surfing in the beautiful Pacific waters. In spite of putting on lots of sunblock, I did get a painful sunburn on my back.

The next day we went to Sea Life Park, the Hawaiian version of Sea World here on the mainland. There was a wonderful dolphin show and a million gallon aquarium to walk around by means of a spiral walkway. We saw many interesting sea creatures and learned about them.

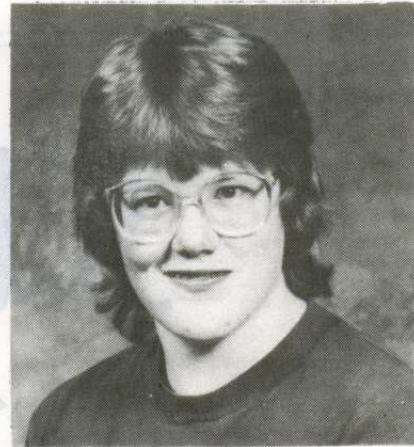
After visiting Sea Life Park, we all went to Makapu Beach, home of an international surfing contest in the colder part of the year. The waves were huge. We were pretty intimidated by the waves and ended up spending only about twenty minutes in the water.

The next day was our first day of snorkeling. We went to a wildlife preserve so the fish were very tame, and we could get very close to them. It was like swimming in a huge saltwater fish-tank. The fish were beautiful. We saw a moray eel and a blow-fish along with dozens of other brightly colored tropical fish. All of these creatures are protected by law, so we were only allowed to look at them. I think this is a good idea, because if everyone caught just one fish, there soon wouldn't be any left for other people to see.

Our next destination was the island of Maui. It was a twenty-seven minute flight which seemed very short after our other long flights. We stayed at a place called Camp Pecusa which was right on the beach. The beaches on Maui have black sand which is due to the volcanic nature of the island. It is very pretty because of the black sand, the bright blue water and the blue sky.

I really liked Maui. We visited the old whaling port of Lahaina which was very interesting. We also went snorkeling off one of the many beaches. The coral formations there were especially gorgeous. Even though we admired them, it was pointed out to us that the coral reefs were responsible for many of the whaling ships being wrecked.

One day we took a windjammer cruise to the island of Lanai. Lanai is famous for



Katharine Lowey is the 15-year-old daughter of Juliana and Jed Lowey.

growing pineapples. There a few courageous souls tried body surfing. I tried it, too and decided it was fun, but very sandy and sometimes painful. Body surfing is just what it sounds like. You ride the waves with your body and no surfboard. You don't stand up, but lie flat on the wave. The sandy, painful part comes when the wave eventually breaks on the beach. When it hits the beach, you do, too.

After body surfing, we had a cookout on the beach with the crew of the windjammer. We had marinated hamburgers and, of course, Lanai pineapple. Speaking of hamburgers, we discovered the McDonald's hamburger chain in Hawaii also has native Hawaiian foods on the menu in addition to the regular hamburgers we get here on the mainland.

It was back to Waikiki where we spent the remaining time of the trip. We had two days left to do with as we pleased. A small group of us went to Pearl Harbor one day to see the Arizona Memorial. When I was there, I remembered my grandmother, Lucile, telling about the day the ship was sunk and the beginning of World War II. It made history seem more real to be at the actual spot.

The last day was spent getting ready to leave. We had to check out of our rooms by eleven in the morning and the plane didn't leave until the evening. My roommate, Andrea Nash and I volunteered to stay with the luggage. We talked over the experiences of our last two weeks while we were waiting. We couldn't believe the time had gone so fast. Waiting for the plane made the time go slowly and the plane was late. When we finally left, we found ourselves missing Hawaii but anxious to get home to see our families.

It was a wonderful trip. We learned a lot and had fun doing it. I would go back in a minute. Next year I am hoping to go on the trip to learn about the biology of the coast of Mexico.

Sincerely,
Katharine Lowey

KATHARINE'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

My name is Katharine Lowey. I am Juliana Lowey's daughter and Lucile Verness' granddaughter. I am fifteen years old. My mother and my grandmother have asked me to tell you about an adventure I had this last summer. For two weeks I was in our 50th state, Hawaii.

I had this great opportunity because of a program called "The Sea of Cortez Institute" which is operated by a biology teacher with the Albuquerque Public Schools. The institute offers trips for high school students to Mexico and Hawaii every summer. The trips are for snorkeling and for studying the plants and animals of the place you visit. It is like a classroom in the great out-of-doors. We saw a lot of things students only read about in biology classes.

The trip started at the Albuquerque International Airport at 5:30 AM. There were excited kids and sleepy-eyed parents standing around waiting for the leader of the group, Mr. Lavendoski the biology teacher. Everyone was ready to experience Hawaii, even the parents who wished they were going with their children. There were fourteen students standing in line with suitcases and duffle bags full of swimming and snorkeling gear. As soon as our leader arrived, we checked our bags and headed for our plane amid tearful goodbyes and last minute instructions from our parents.

The flight to Los Angeles was uneventful. As soon as we left Los Angeles on the long flight to Hawaii, the trip seemed to be actually happening. We arrived at the Honolulu International Airport in Hawaii. The first thing we noticed was the sticky, humid air. The next thing we noticed was how amazingly green and beautiful everything was. All of us received flower leis before we got on the rented school bus that would take us to our home away from home, the University of Hawaii at Waikiki. Our group stayed in the dormitories at the University. We also



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

We had a period of nice cool weather in August, and now school has started and we are having some hot weather again. I feel so sorry for the children trying to keep their minds on schoolwork when the temperatures and humidity are so high.

This has been a wonderful growing year in our section of Iowa. I have never seen gardens and fruit trees bear so abundantly. Last year there was a real scarcity of apples, and this year every apple tree I have seen has had so many large apples hanging on the limbs they were almost touching the ground. There were also a lot of wild plums. Our pastor, Sara Palmer, said she would love to have some wild plums. When she was with a church in Sioux City, one of the ladies brought her a glass of delicious wild plum jelly and Sara wanted to make some, as the lady had also given her the recipe. We set a date when she and her husband, Jack, could come out to pick the plums and stay for a picnic supper on the porch. While we were driving down the road on the tractor, Jack saw a hen turkey and several young ones, and it just made his day. When the wild turkey season is open, Jack hunts for them out here. Now he has proof there are some turkeys left in the timber.

One afternoon not long ago, we were happily surprised when our friends, George and Colleen Beukema, from Kanawha drove up in their motor home. They were on their way (they didn't know for sure where) for a little vacation. We had a nice visit. After a dish of homemade ice cream, they went on their way. George says the crops look real good in southern Iowa. They have been very dry in their section of the state, which will cut the yield.

When I wrote to you last month, I was planning to leave in a few days for Wyoming to visit Kristin and her family for a week. At the last minute, I postponed my trip for a couple of weeks, because Frank wasn't feeling very well, and I didn't want to leave him. He wanted me to go ahead with my plans, but I didn't want to. I wouldn't have had an easy moment. When I called Kristin to tell her, she said it was probably all for the best. They had been to Denver to consult the eye surgeon about Art's cornea transplant on his left eye (he had one on his right eye seven years ago). The doctor said they would be calling Art any time within the next two weeks. Kristin and Art would have to go immediately to Denver.

While they were in Denver to see the doctor, they spent the night with my



Dorothy Johnson visited Art and Kristin Brase and family after Art's eye surgery. The Brase family lives in Torrington, Wyoming.

brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail, and had a good visit with them. They also saw Clarke and met his fiancee. Wayne and Abigail were leaving in a few days for a trip to the Scandinavian countries. They told Kristin and Art to plan to stay at their house even if he got his call before they got back to Denver. Kristin thought this was very nice since Julian and Elizabeth would be with them.

Kristin said they never left the house for one week without someone there to answer the phone; and wouldn't you know, the call from the doctor came while she was out of the house for just a few minutes to grab Elizabeth before she crossed the street to see the little neighbor girl. They had to call Art at work. Art, Kristin, Julian and Elizabeth left right away for Denver, and I am happy to report the surgery went very well. Art is so thrilled with the results and his terrible headaches have gone away.

Frank, Bernie and Belvah took me to Osceola on a Wednesday night to board the Amtrak for Denver. A lot of people got on the train there. Early in the morning, I went to the lounge to freshen up before we arrived in Denver, and I met two of the ladies that had gotten on in Osceola. One was from Diagonal, Iowa. When I said I was from Lucas, she said, "I listen to a lady on the radio who lives in Lucas." I smiled and said I was the lady. We were visiting when another lady came in. She had come all the way from Garnett, Kansas, a four-hour drive, to take the train to Nevada. Both of them were going to the same small town in Nevada. The lady from Kansas also knew about Kitchen-Klatter and had seen the magazine. I went to the diner with them to have coffee but didn't get to linger, because I had to get off in Denver.

Wayne and Abigail had planned to meet me for breakfast if I had made my trip earlier; but since they were out of the

country, my very dear friend, Barbara Aiton, met me and took me out to her house for a lovely breakfast. A mutual friend of ours, whom I hadn't seen since she graduated from high school and moved to West Virginia, was visiting Barbara, and I was happy to get to see her also. I tried to call my nephew, Clarke Driftmier, but he was out of the office. Barbara took me back downtown to take the bus to Cheyenne. Andy and a friend were waiting for me in Cheyenne; and when we arrived in Torrington, Kristin had a very good dinner ready and waiting for us.

The next morning, we were up bright and early. All of us except Aaron piled into the van to go to Douglas, Wyoming. Aaron had to go in the school bus. The reason for going was to see Aaron compete in the first cross-country race of the season, which was held at the Douglas Country Club. It was a long way to go but was the first time Art had been able to see Aaron compete, because he usually is working. After it was over, Aaron got permission to ride back with us. Since the Wyoming State Fair was in progress, we decided to see the fair before returning home.

Right away I discovered my granddaughter, Elizabeth, is absolutely fearless. There were several big bulls in pens outside. There was a huge red one named Charley that weighed 2500 pounds. The owner was standing there and asked Elizabeth if she would like to go in and pet Charley. He opened the gate and she walked right up to Charley and talked to him while petting his side and head. Art had his camera with him but no film. By the time we found film, Elizabeth had lost interest in Charley and was begging to ride a pony.

After her pony ride, she got to pet a llama. Then she went inside the (Continued on page 22)



GROWING IN WISDOM AND STATURE

A Program for the International Year of the Youth

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make a pleasing arrangement of three articles which bring to mind our youth—guitar, ball and bat, doll and buggy, book of Bible stories, Scout badges, 4-H emblem, etc. It would also be appropriate to display the flags of the United States and the United Nations.

Leader: October brings United Nations Day. The United Nations—the dream is that people learn to live with one another. Nations learning to live together? Yes, but it all begins with people. It all begins at home, with you and me, with our children. This year has been designated as "The International Year of the Youth," thus our program today will center on the thought of how we, as homemakers and citizens of the world, have a responsibility to help them grow in "wisdom and stature."

Each day of youth is like a golden link,
The chain unfinished while the heart is
young.

Each hour recorded in deepest ink...
For these with aspirations yet unsung.

Like buds that come to blossom in the
night,
May youth find hope deep hidden in
each hour,
And learn to walk within his soul's own
light
That life may blossom like a budding
flower.

My prayer for them is this: that we be
kind,
For each tomorrow holds its youthful
mind. —author unknown

Song: "America," by all.

Pledge of Allegiance.

Leader: I have asked five friends to share thoughts on what our youth should be learning from us in our homes and our lives today to help them grow to be better world citizens of tomorrow.

(Each helper holds up the large letter, or banner with letter upon it, as she gives brief meditation for that letter.)

"Y"—First and foremost the "Y" focuses on YOUTH. The dictionary speaks of youth as the early stage of development. Our part is important in how they develop at this early stage. We must give them the YARDSTICK, their measuring tool for life. By precept and example, we must teach them morals, virtues, and values. Let us look to our own YARDSTICK of life. Is it worthy of being used to guide our youth? Will it help them in learning to live happily, peacefully and meaningfully with others?

"O"—For me, the "O" must stand for OBSERVANT. I would teach our youth to be always observant, to look about, to be perceptive and alert to the needs of others. But it is not enough to be observant, one must follow up with a response, with action to meet that need, whether it be smiles and cheer, a helping hand, or some special knowledge you can provide or join with others to provide. Be OBSERVANT to where you can serve, then do it. Let every youth grow in an awareness, an alertness to others and to the world about him.

Lend a hand to one another.

In the daily toil of life;

When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.

There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's lot today
May become our own tomorrow.

—anon.

"U"—The "U" represents UNDERSTANDING. The old Indian saying is a wise one—"do not judge a person until you have walked a mile in his moccasins." Oh, the aches and ills of this old world that would be cured if all of us were more instilled with greater UNDERSTANDING! If only we could teach our youth to be always builder up-ers, never tearer down-ers; to always seek to find the good in all peoples and in all situations; and to be always seeking for UNDERSTANDING.

Who walks the world with soul awake
Finds beauty everywhere!
Though labor be his portion,
Though sorrow be his share,
He looks beyond obscuring clouds,
Sure that the light is there! —anon.

"T"—TEAMWORK is one of the most valuable lessons we can give our youth. It should be taught from earliest childhood for it is the lubricant that keeps the wheels of homelife turning smoothly. TEAMWORK can keep community life going and growing. Learning to live together, TEAMWORK is the very essence of the dreams of the United Nations, the means by which its projects succeed. TEAMWORK in the family, TEAMWORK in the school, TEAMWORK in the community, TEAMWORK in our nation and in our world is a most vital ingredient if we are to have world brotherhood. TEAMWORK is one of the greatest lessons youth can learn.

"H"—HONESTY is an old virtue, one as precious today as it ever was in years

and ages past. Be honest with yourself, trying to see yourself as you really are and always striving for a better you. Be honest in all of your undertakings, in every task that you do, giving each one your very best, never shortchanging in any way, never shirking or seeking the easy way out of any task. Let our youth come to know that HONESTY is one of our finest virtues, that HONESTY must go with us all of the days of our lives.

Leader: We salute you, YOUTH of today. We believe in you, pray for you—the world citizens of tomorrow. May yours be an undaunted youth, in the quest for truth, enjoying the journey you are on. The roads run east and run west, the roads that your vagrant feet will explore, and may you know no haste and no rest, but every mile have joy and zest, more than the mile before.

HEREDITY

I am the substance of many people past
A father's merry laugh and smiling eyes
A mother's gentleness.

A distant ancestor stern and ruthless in
his quest for fame and fortune.
A name crossed from the family Bible
because of long forgotten
transgression.

A girl of the long ago that was untamed in
spirit—as willful as the March wind.
They live in me still. —Clara Saunders

DON'T TAKE LIFE FOR GRANTED

Life is never simple,
it keeps us on our toes.
It's always so deceiving,
like the thorns upon a rose.

We must be ever cautious,
and a constant vigil keep,
or life, with all its cunning,
will catch us half asleep.

For everytime we are certain,
that we have the upper hand,
and things are going smoothly,
exactly the way we planned.

Then life will show its colors,
and down, again, we go.
Life will not be outsmarted,
and it loves to tell us so.

I have learned a weary lesson,
and I'll pass it on to you,
don't take life for granted,
no matter what you do.

For with each year that's passing,
and the older that you grow,
there's one thing that is certain,
the less about life you will know.

—Helen Sleeth



FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends,

This past summer was one that we shall hold very dear in our memories. It was a summer of visits with our children, grandchildren, nephews and nieces, and dozens of friends, including some of you. It was a summer of good sailing, picnics on the beach, and many barbecued suppers on the back lawn. It was a summer of glorious flower gardens. I hate to think of it in the past tense! I would just love to have summers go on and on and on.

A big part of the joy of this past summer was the wonderful visit we had with David, Sophie and Johnny. We had not seen Johnny for a year and a half, and it was a delight to see how much he had grown. He really is an amazing little boy—handsome, intelligent, and full of fun. Yes, he is full of mischief, too. He loved to sail on our boat, and I think he set a new record for the number of times anyone could move from the cockpit to the cabin and from the cabin to the cockpit in any given minute. Up and down, and down and up he went, time after time after time. All of the children who ride on our boat do that, but no child ever found more joy in it than did Johnny. You can be assured he was wearing a lifejacket.

Betty and I are so very pleased both of our children love to sail as much as we do. We bought a small sailboat for Mary Lea and David back in the days when we were spending our summers on the lake in Rhode Island. Mary Lea was twelve years of age, and David was nine when they learned to sail, and the love of the sport has stayed with them through the years. Whenever they come for a visit, they are here only a few hours before asking for a sail on the ocean. They both sail very well, and I would let them take the boat out by themselves if only they were more familiar with the local navigational hazards.

A few days ago, a sixteen-year-old boy visiting this area with his parents had a very narrow escape. He took a canoe ride on a part of the bay where the water can be very rough at times. At that same hour, two of our neighbors were out sailing on their large sailboat and saw the young boy floundering in the water and shouting for help. They quickly steered in his direction, shouting to him to hold onto the canoe. With great skill and considerable daring, our neighbors were able to pull the boy out of the rough water and onto their boat. There were no other boats nearby, and had they not rescued the boy when they did, he surely would have been lost. You who have your own sailboats know just how



David Driftmier enjoyed sailing while visiting his parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier.

difficult it is to pick up people who are bouncing around in rough seas. It is a hazardous business!

The next time you learn that it is raining in New England, you will know that I am busy making bread. When I cannot go sailing or work in the garden, I take over the kitchen. Lately, I have specialized in raisin bread. Betty would tell you that my raisin bread is some of the best bread I ever bake. To a regular white bread recipe I add an extra egg, some extra sugar, some cinnamon, and more raisins than I am sure you would think necessary. When I am asked how I manage to keep my trim figure and at the same time be famous for my home-baked breads, I point out that Betty and I only eat bread for breakfast. We never eat bread for lunch or dinner unless I need some sandwiches on the boat. What this means is I seldom eat bread in any other form than breakfast toast. Raisin bread makes excellent toast!

It is at this time of the year that I plant most of my spring flowers. Every year, I plant a few more daffodils; and no matter how many I plant, it never seems to be enough. Daffodils now come in so many lovely forms that I never seem to tire of experimenting with them, putting one variety along the road, another along the front bank, and several varieties on our back slope near the swamp. If you plant daffodils, I hope you have discovered how much better the bulbs do when bone meal is mixed in with the planting soil. A few years ago, my daffodils were not doing very well, and then I learned about bone meal and about not planting the bulbs too deep into the ground. Bulbs which are planted more than four inches beneath the surface—that is, four inches from the top of the bulb to the surface—have to exert too much of their energy just to get out into the sunlight, leaving them in a spindly, weakened condition.

Before all of my dahlias had lost their

blooms, I put a little stake by each plant giving its color and size of blossom. For example, some were marked "Large dark red," and others were marked "Tall white" or "Red and white" or "Pink" or "Blue," etc. Next week, when I dig the bulbs and put them away for the winter, I shall be able to sort them by size and color, and when I plant again in the spring, I shall be able to follow a good color scheme. People tell me that one of the nice things about my flower gardens is the way I alternate colors and sizes of flowers, particularly dahlias.

I probably dig up all of my dahlias and canna before most gardeners do because I need the garden space for my fall flowers. In September, I usually buy seventy-five or one hundred big, flowering chrysanthemum plants to add color to the gardens through the fall season. Most of my neighbors grow their own mum plants; but I do not have the room, nor do I have the patience to do that. My way may be more expensive, but I find it much more satisfactory. When my summer gardens are breathing their last, it is just as though I waved a magic wand, bringing back magnificent color to what had become dingy garden plots.

I hope you are remembering to give your lawn lots of fertilizer this fall. I have read that, all over the United States, lawns have had a tough summer with drought and insects. That certainly was true of our New England lawns. Here at the house, our lawns were a disaster. What the drought and the insects did not kill, the skunks and the opossums mutilated. Within the next few days, I am purchasing many pounds of fertilizer to be used on the lawn, on the trees, and on the shrubs. Betty and I have considered employing a firm which specializes in fertilizing lawns and shrubs; but when we get right down to the point of signing the contract, we procrastinate. We are going to use our own efforts for one more year; but if things are not better next summer, we shall admit defeat and let the professionals take over.

This is the time of the year when country fairs are to be found all over New England. Sometimes the fairs last for several days, and always there are competitions of all kinds. Our little town of Stonington (we live in the Pawcatuck section of Stonington) had a fair this week which lasted for one day. Did you ever hear of such a thing—a one day fair? How different that fair was from the Eastern States Exposition in West Springfield, Massachusetts, which lasts for ten days. I have heard this year the Exposition may last for two weeks with an expected attendance of at least seventy-five thousand persons a day. While living in Springfield, Massachusetts, Betty and I could almost see the Exposition grounds on the opposite side

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MARY BETH
REPORTS


Dear Friends,

Since last writing to you, I have come to the most amazing discovery—one which I have read about for years but scarcely believed because I had never really pushed myself that far. Strenuous exercise has a profound effect upon both one's body and mind! My frequent bicycle rides to the post office and bank have been growing more and more enjoyable and endurable. Finally I determined that my head was clearing from a pretty consistently low level. I changed my schedule enough so I would leave the house almost at the same minute that Don left in his car for work. I took a path which could end up at the bank if needed. Much to my amazement, I noticed, after seven or eight days of repeated mileage, I was no longer stretched out with fatigue. So I lengthened my route just within Delafield proper, and the results have been delightful.

For the first time in my life I can eat what I please, restricting myself to a sensible limit, naturally, and I am not gaining weight. My knee joint which usually complains about sedentary activities has responded by growing stronger. As I mentioned, my mental health has improved immeasurably and my overall body feels relaxed and wonderfully calm! I have managed to stretch my endurance to seven miles as of this morning.

My route keeps me off of the most busy street and the hours which I ride eliminate that problem almost entirely. I have made the acquaintance of a herd of dairy cows that are usually out for their morning munch. The dogs I meet are usually dozing in the early morning warmth of the sunshine, but the bird and chipmunk-squirrel life I meet are still a bit skitterish and uncommunicative.

Last summer, when I was first coming down out of the drug world of chemotherapy, I managed to drag myself around the block across from our house which is six tenths of a mile; and it was really hard to bicycle around enough times to equal two miles. As I look back at my slow start, I am sure my success today is due in large part to this limited beginning. I thoroughly recommend that those of you in similar circumstances try this before too much cold weather shuts us inside our houses. My oncologist told me I could exercise as much as I wanted because my body would tell me when to stop. The benefit of the healthier mental outlook is certainly pleasant. It is an aerobic exercise for me because, by the time I get home, I have to head right for a tepid shower to cool myself off—much the same as a horse gets cooled down.



Mary Beth Driftmier enjoyed the ride on this antique airliner, the Stinson Trimotor. She tells about the flight and describes this 1931 airplane in her letter.

This reminds me of one of the things Don put in our bathroom for me which is proving to be worth passing along to you (since the newspapers tell me those of us in the late forties, fifties, and mid sixties are the majority age group in the United States). It is a support bar to help me hop in and out of the shower. The shower door does not entirely close the shower entrance so he hung a strong chrome bar parallel to the ceiling and about two hand grips below the tiled door frame. Now I literally hop in and out of the shower quite safely because of the sturdy grab bar over my head. This type of grab bar is usually shown in advertisements perpendicularly to the floor but the one Don installed can be used for weight bearing. It reminds me of a trapeze bar when I use it...which is every morning after my aerobic bike ride. This much exercise lasts all day and I feel limber and great until bedtime.

Speaking of those of us in the mid-point of life reminds me of the fun we had with the Moroneys, my sister Marjorie and brother-in-law Bill. Last weekend, we went to Hartford, Wisconsin, for their Annual Old Car Show-Auction-Swap Meet and "old" airplane show! Hartford is about thirty-five miles north of Delafield so it was just a pleasant Sunday afternoon ride. We saw the biggest collection of old automobiles that I had ever seen parked in the farm fields surrounding the Hartford airport. Brother-in-law Bill said it was the biggest collection he had seen, and he makes it a habit of going to almost any show where there are cars, old or new. We had expected to see a formal show, but this was everybody's pet old automobile brought out for Show-and-Tell-Time. There were many, many expensive beauties available for viewing if the legs held out long enough for the miles and

miles of farm fields to be trekked across to view them.

Tucked under cover, protected from moisture and sun were the real treasures! The Kissel Motor Car, founded in 1906, was produced in Hartford until 1931. Twelve of the Kissel Kars were expected to return to their birthplace for the show. Those twelve were thought to be 10 percent of the known restored Kissels. These beauties were touring cars, and they must have been the ultimate in luxury autos. A copy of the vehicle registration form showed that Amelia Earhart owned a Kissel Roadster in 1928. There was a 1924 "Gold Bug" on display, an open Speedster originally listing at \$1795 and a wooden spoked Standard Brougham Sedan originally listing at \$1995 in 1925. Gosh, they were pretty!

The highlight of the day came for me when droning onto the runway lumbered the biggest, old airplane I had ever seen. It was younger than I by one year and in excellent condition. At first glance, I thought it was a copy of the plane flown by Charles Lindbergh. As it came closer to the hangar door, I could see it was carrying passengers, which meant it could not have been as small as Lindy's plane and it also had three propellers. This airplane was there to thrill aviation buffs. It was the Stinson Trimotor! Don and Bill knew immediately why it was so special but I was yet to be impressed by its uniqueness and notoriety.

The Neenah, Wisconsin, men who rebuilt this 1931 vintage aircraft are now barnstorming the country to give everyone a chance to see and ride in this one-of-a-kind craft. The plane is painted in the simple black and gold of Century Airlines (a forerunner of American Airlines). It has won awards such as the reserve

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ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends,

Since a picture of my dear carriage horse, Alpine Leo, appears on the cover of this issue, I thought it might be nice to share his story with you on this lovely autumn day.

I don't quite know what is so magical about the equine family, but it seems there are certain people on this earth who are simply captivated heart and soul by horses. I must be one of these people. Ever since I can remember I have been obsessed with horses. It wasn't a particularly conscious choice on my part and certainly not on the part of my family members. My parents were not equestrians, nor my grandparents, nor my siblings. We were never a "horsey" family. I can only assume the affliction known as "horse crazy" must be akin to a magical spell.

When I was a young girl, I possessed all the classic symptoms. I never collected dolls, yet I had an elaborate assembly of plastic and glass horse figurines. My best girlfriends were also "horse crazy." Perhaps that quality was a prerequisite to gaining my friendship. One friend in particular, Marilyn Fentress Morrow, and I spent countless hours devoted to our horse collections. We built elaborate cardboard corrals and barns and made exquisite miniature tack for our miniature horses. The Arabians had tiny, show saddles decked with silver (aluminum foil) conchos. The jumpers had realistic miniature courses over which to traverse in our make-believe horse shows. Neither of our parents had provided us with a horse of our own as of yet, and so we were in constant scheming as to how we might acquire one.

We read only horse books, from glossy pictorial albums to adventure stories. Marilyn and I didn't dare miss an episode of "Fury" or "My Friend Flicka" which appeared on Saturday morning television.

By the time we reached our teenage years our parents were optimistically hoping we would finally forsake our horses in favor of school activities. But on the contrary, our horse passions were more intense than ever. After years of constant badgering and nagging, Marilyn's parents had given in; and she had acquired a horse which she was training and showing successfully. I had been taking instruction for years at a local riding academy, and likewise had the opportunity to train, show, and teach on a limited basis. We were both in rigorous riding programs which required daily dedication. We found our horses to



In the Lincoln, New Mexico, parade, Alison and Mike Walstad won an award for their 1870's period costumes.

be far more rewarding to us than the teenage high school scene. We had no need of boyfriends, dances, or football games—we had our horses! They were brushed, fed, photographed, and ridden. Marilyn and I loved them as dearly as it is possible to love any creature.

I suppose most childhood hobbies are gradually left behind as one matures to adulthood. Some passions, however, are endured for a lifetime. Horse passions are of that kind. I don't know what person remarked, "The best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse." He must have had my girlfriends and me in mind when he wrote that statement.

Marilyn is now a farm wife in Tekamah, Nebraska. She teaches 4-H horsemanship, owns several horses, and occasionally rides to the hounds in Omaha.

As for myself, I took a brief respite from horses when I attended college. And woe to me—I fell in love with and married a man who had no previous horse interests. Needless to say, he was mildly perplexed by the fact that I was totally consumed with them. I set out to win him over, and it didn't take long to accomplish the task. Although he had no fondness for equestrian competition, he was quite taken with the prospect of wilderness travel by horseback. I quickly adapted to his interests, and we have spent many happy years aboard our horses in the remote wilderness areas of New Mexico. This type of riding is very challenging, very rewarding, and creates an amazing bond between horse and rider.

I still have other horse interests as well. Although I now lack the courage for riding jumpers, I play occasionally with the local polo club and have recently found a new interest in driving carriages.

Of the three horses we own, my pleasure horse, Peaches, and my driving horse, Leo, are my two favorites. I call

them my grand old gentlemen. Both are stately, well mannered, and dignified for men of older years. Peaches I have often mentioned with great affection, and now Leo has likewise captured my heart. I met his former owner quite by chance one day in the rugged mountains of Colorado. Mike and I were traveling to an educational seminar and were lamenting the fact we had to see this lovely country by truck instead of horseback. Finally, we could tolerate it no longer. Mike played hooky from his classes, and we engaged a lady wrangler named Donna to take us into the high country for the day. The three of us had a very scenic trip to the top of a 12,000 foot peak amidst clouds and lightning. After several hours of rain ponchos and trail talk, we returned to base camp better friends than when we departed.

With a fondness for the creatures and the land she cares for, Donna is a fine horsewoman molded out of true western character. Besides her summer guide service, she runs a winter sleigh outfit in the mountain ski town of Breckenridge. She is a woman of true grit—a woman under the magic spell of horses. We had discussed my interest in learning to drive, and one day last spring she phoned and asked if I would be interested in providing a retirement home for one of her favorite horses who was getting too elderly to withstand the severe Colorado winters. Leo was the horse, and he had had a wonderful lifetime career pulling the sleigh in winters and a carriage in Denver in the summer. He was quiet and steady and needed a home where he might still pull a buggy and feel useful on occasion, yet spend most of his time grazing in peaceful retirement. It seemed to be the answer for both of us, and hence, Alpine Leo has become a member of our family.

This year at the historic Lincoln pageant, Leo pulled our carriage in several scenes for the drama, and Mike and I in our 1870's period costumes won an award in the parade. Alpine Leo has given rides for family members and friends and even an exchange student from England. Leo always puts on an air of dignity when we harness him up, and his frisky hoofbeats seldom give a hint to his aging years. Perhaps Alpine Leo knows he is following footsteps down the very same dirt roads once traveled by the legendary Lew Wallace, Pat Garrett, and Billy the Kid!

Alison

COVER STORY

Alison Walstad and her daughter, Lily, and a friend, Caleb, are enjoying a ride in a buggy pulled by their faithful horse Leo.



THE CIDER-SPOOK BALL

by
Virginia Thomas

Take a Hallowe'en theme, with plenty of spooks and black cats, and top it off with cider and doughnuts and you have the makings of a rollicking, happy October party.

INVITATION

Cut the cover from light brown construction paper in the shape of a cider jug and a matching jug of white paper. Cut out the silhouette of a ghost from white paper and glue to the front cover. Type the following invitation on the white paper jug then tie the two together with a bow or orange yarn:

"You're invited to a Cider-Spook Ball;
A spooky time is planned for all.

It's Hallowe'en, so need you ask?
Yes, wear a weird-o costume and

mask.

October ____ is the date,
____ is the time. Now don't be late!
(signed)

DECORATIONS

DOOR WITCH SWAG: For head and body, use a large white plastic garbage bag, stuffing it with enough old rags or cotton to form a large round head. Tie a cord around the "neck" to hold stuffing in place. Using a wide, black felt marker, draw grotesque facial features on the "head." For arms, stuff old hose and tie in place at neckline. Drape a piece of an old sheet around the witch for a dress and sew or pin into place. (If you want arms to stay stretched out, or bend in a certain way, insert a piece of a wire coathanger into the arms when stuffing them.) Use an old wide-brimmed black hat on the witch's head, pinning it in place. Attach a string to the neck and hang the witch on the front door. Place a large lighted jack-o-lantern on either side of the door.

For a really eerie welcome (?), make a tape recording ahead of time of ghostly sounds—moans, groans, wild laughter, shrieks and yells—and play it on a tape recorder concealed beside the door as guests are arriving.

THE GHOSTLY SPOOK GUEST: To make a life-size spook to sit in an easy

chair in the party room, simply stuff a long-sleeved dress or coat (button front of coat) with some old clothes. Stuff gloves and fasten to sleeves as hands. Drape the whole figure in a sheet, folding and pinning to make sleeves, etc. Arrange arms on chair arms or place hands in the figure's lap. For a head, set a large papier-mâché' jack-o-lantern on top of the shoulders; or, perhaps you would prefer to have a headless ghost! Another idea would be to have this spook holding some bones in the glove hands.

THREE-HEADED CIDER JUG BEASTIE: You will need three, empty plastic gallon jugs for the heads, and a long broomstick. A short length of broomstick or dowel is needed to nail to the broomstick as a crosspiece, about three inches from one end. This end becomes the top of the beastie's body and a jug is glued to each end of the crosspiece and the third jug to upright end of broomstick. To make the beastie stand upright, nail crosspieces of narrow board to the bottom of broomstick, or set the broomstick in a pail which you fill with rocks to hold beastie in place. Draw horrid faces on each jug. Glue on scraggly lengths of yarn for hair, if desired. Cut a cape from a wild print material, or from crepe paper, and fasten at the neck of your three-headed beastie. This monster might be placed beside a big black pot from which the guests each draw out a fortune slip.

FAVOR SIPPERS: Make a party sippier for each guest. You will need drinking straws, permanent felt markers and some of the foam egg cartons. From the egg cartons cut out the egg cup, shaping it into a cat or owl's face and add ears. Or, leave some round egg cups for ghosts, witches or jack-o-lantern faces. Decorate each face with the felt markers. Make a hole through top and bottom of head so the straw can be inserted and pulled through so head is at upper end. You can put a hat on the witch, making a hole so straw goes through pointed end of hat. Give one to each guest for sipping cider at refreshment time.

ENTERTAINMENT

Unconventionality is the keynote for a Hallowe'en party. As guests step to the door, let them be met by a "ghost" who holds a flashlight directed to a sign which might read, "Go to the back door and follow the rope." Have a rope leading from back door to basement (down one side of steps and back up the other), to upstairs, perhaps an attic, or out to a garage and eventually back to party room. At some point, another witch might designate room where wraps may be left. Let the lights be dim along the rope walk with jack-o-lanterns, ghosts and cats at strategic points along the way and some strange, unearthly noises

heard from time to time.

RING THE SPOOK: Cover pop bottles to look like spooks. Place them in a row, or in ten-pin formation. Players toss rubber jar rings, attempting to "ring a spook," being allowed as many tries as bottles. Anyone ringing all bottles wins a double score, otherwise, each spook ringed is worth one point.

CIDER JUG DROP: Place an empty cider jug in the middle of the room. Give players five beans each. Players try to drop the beans into the jug opening while kneeling on a chair placed two feet away from jug. The player's hand and arm must never be lower than top of chair back as the bean is dropped. Allow each player five turns. Score a point for each bean the player drops into the jug.

HOSTLY REPORT: Each guest is given paper and pencil. On the paper is a chart. The chart will be marked off to have six spaces across the sheet of paper and six spaces down. Across the top in the spaces, write "class" in the first space and then a letter of the word "ghost" in each of the other top spaces. Below "class," in each of five spaces, in order, write "vegetables," "cities," "rivers," "boys' names," "girls' names." The object of the game is for each player to fill empty spaces with words beginning with the letter at the top of the column and in the class (category) listed at the side. Thus the first line for "G-H-O-S-T" might read: "garlic," "head lettuce," "okra," "spinach," "tomato." One point is given for each entry and five points is given for an entry which no one else has.

OBITUARY FACTS: Provide each player with paper and pencil. Each player prints her initials at top of the page. Papers are then passed to the third person to the right. The leader reads a list of questions to which the player writes the answers, numbering each in order. The answers must begin with the initial letters in proper order. Below are the questions and sample answers:

H. B. B.

1. To whom does this paper belong? (Harry B. Black)
2. What is his or her character? (Horrid but bearable)
3. What kind of hair does this person have? (Heavy burnished brown)
4. How would you describe the person's eyes? (Heavenly bright blue)
5. What is person's preference in books? (Handsome bound biographies)
6. What is person's occupation? (Hauling big boxes)
7. What is person's favorite food? (Herbed baked beans)
8. How does he or she see the world situation? (Helplessly becoming bewildered)
9. What is person's preference in pets? (Happy bouncing bears)

(Continued on page 17)

INDIAN SUMMER AT GREYSTONE

by
Harold R. Smith

Mankind has followed the four seasons since time eternal. Newly leafed trees and a reawakening of the earth signified spring; deepening mature colors ushered in what is now known as summer. When autumn came, mankind noted the glowing colors of foliage and a quickening of pace. And when heavy frosts warned of impending cold weather and snows, mankind eventually referred to this season as winter.

Somewhere along the path of history a term was used for a between season that we call Indian summer. The term has been lost in history and I seriously doubt if the Indians had anything to do with it.

Wherever the term came from it holds special meaning to all of us for it is one final fling of nature before the advent of cold weather. Indian summer creeps silently upon the land usually after a hard frost. The frost crystals melt in hidden shadows and by afternoon the air grows almost tropical. Sunlight seems softer and golden and a warmth permeates us as we go about our tasks of raking leaves and gathering fallen branches. I often pause and lean on the rake handle and observe this rare season of respite from the inevitable cold that will surely follow. I note the Virginia creeper that clothes our house has lost its brilliant scarlet color and now a deeper color threads its way to herald this temporal season. Birds trill short songs and traipse about the lawn as if they, too, are confused by this climatic change. The female birds seem to chatter and say to their mates, "It's time to leave for other climes," but the males seem reluctant to leave and continue to forage for food. And I wonder what intuitive urging decides the exact moment they must fly southward.

Mornings are cool and the furnace cycles off and on briefly but by midday, the air is again warm and fresh air flows in the windows. People often wander about their garden plots and find ripened tomatoes hidden under dense foliage that has escaped the previous frost. We find there are two schools of thought about late tomatoes; some like them, others do not care for the mature taste. To us, they are colorful reminders of summer hidden away that will be used in soups and stews and if not too ripe, they may be sliced for table use or in salads. And we think a truly dedicated gardener will salvage all that is still left in the garden. I thought of this recently as my neighbor, Mike, salvaged some miniature okra that the frost had spared. We find okra delicious when cut in small circles, rolled in cornmeal and briefly sauteed in butter. And from our Southern heritage, we enjoy okra and

tomatoes that have been seasoned properly and simmered on the back burner to add to any meal.

Our farmer friends scan the skies and hope this transitory season will linger for there are many tasks that should be done. Those who burn wood calculate the height and breadth of their woodpiles and decide when the first few frosty days approach more wood must be cut and stacked. Meanwhile, they pass these sunny days with other tasks and seemingly move slower as they relish the pace of these golden days.

If rains come during this time, we note minute growth often takes place. The old day-lily bed often throws up new shoots as if welcoming spring and the sudden burst of growth will eventually die and require another raking. We would like to think they are saluting this between season by unfurling slender green leaves in a burst of enthusiasm before going dormant for the cold months ahead.

Elderberry sags by the roadside and a purpling of raspberry canes stand silent in a garden nearby. If one walks slowly in a rural area, they will notice bits of greenery still holding court in woods not yet covered by dense leaves; ditches and roadsides often have a potpourri of vegetation passed over by recent frosts.

I read recently that squirrels often bury nuts and then cannot remember where they buried them! I suppose this is why many fine nut trees spring up at random in unlikely places. I, for one, am delighted to read that some species other than mankind is absentminded!

These days call for short afternoon drives in the countryside for there are sights to savor that will become memories as colder weather comes. I like to think the sights and smells of each season are deposited like money in a bank to be withdrawn at will.

There comes a morning when frost is laden upon the dark green roof of Greystone and plants hang limp in the early rays of the sun. The air is chilled and remains so even at early afternoon. A sharp wind shifts to the east and I shiver as I walk to the post office. Warmer jackets must be brought out from storage for Indian summer has slipped away as quietly as it appeared.

Perhaps people of long ago noted the quiet tread of Indians. Perhaps they were reminded of this as they awoke one morning to find a golden haze of warmth hanging over the earth and were awed it came so silently. Later, they noticed it left as quietly as if to walk southward to delight other people in other areas. And, I would like to add my voice to theirs as they surely said, "Farewell Indian summer; may your reign be longer when you return next year."

The man whose heart sings while he works is richer than any millionaire.

FIELDS OF INTEREST

The harvest is ready.
The soil is its tether.
The take could be heady.
God, send your best weather.

—Claire Puneky



THE PASTOR'S CAKE OF MANY COLORS

We didn't know until the day before that there had been a change of plans. The new pastor and his wife were arriving the next day! Who could bake a big cake for the whole congregation for the welcoming coffee?

One of the members of our church came up with the perfect solution. There was a committee who called all church members and asked them to "please bake an eight-inch square cake using a favorite recipe and frosting to their taste. Yours and others will be put together to make a larger cake. It will be the pastor's cake of many colors."

The grand cake was assembled in the church parlor as the small ones arrived and became a beautiful centerpiece for the table. When it was cut and served everyone said it was not only unique, but was tasty as well. No one enjoyed the cake more than our new pastor and his wife.

—Evelyn Witter

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COOKIE GRANDMA

by Pat Miles

Every child should have a grandmother like mine. My earliest memories are wrapped up in "warm fuzzies" she provided.

Hers was not an easy life but I was not aware if she ever complained. Her married life started out well enough. Grandpa was a good provider who worked in the oil fields. One day he was in a horrible accident at work that left him disabled for the remainder of his life. This was years before workmen's compensation and his employer did not even help with the medical bills. Today, he would have been in intensive care with long hospitalization. Then, he was carried home in a blanket, a mess of broken bones, to be nursed by Grandma.

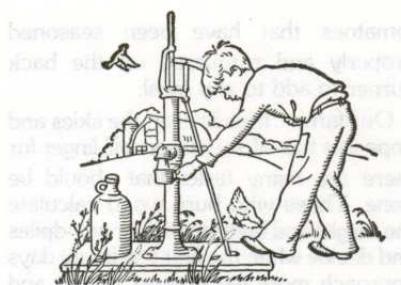
They lost their nice home and moved to a larger town where she could find employment. It was fortunate she had only four children instead of the ten or twelve which was so common then. My mother was the oldest and had married. Grandma finished raising the three youngest, supporting the family with her washboard and iron. Her back yard was a maze of clotheslines strung over her garden, and we kids knew we'd better not touch those spotless rows of starched and blued laundry. I remember her standing long hours turning out huge baskets of perfectly ironed clothes and linens to be picked up by people driving big cars who could afford this service. Is it any wonder her feet were so painful?

Grandma's cookie jar contained wonderful treats. Her gingerbread boys were my favorites. When our first son was small and found his four grandmothers' titles confusing, it was only natural we labeled her "Cookie Grandma." This affectionate name stuck and was used by her other grandchildren.

My lifelong love affair with flowers was born in her yard. There were always zinnias, sweet peas, nasturtiums and most of all pansies which she let us pick by the fistfuls. In later years I see "pansies are for remembrance" and I think how true! I never see one without remembering her.

THE FALL SEASON ARRIVES

Wild geese make a vee as they wend their southbound way
Across the sky.
I wonder where they go, and how they
know tis time for them to go,
And why.
I am sure the very same God that charts
them on their
Natural way,
Will surely guide my uncertain path along
life's road,
From day to day. —Margaret Stout



THE OLD FAMILY PUMP

by
Ruth Townsend

While leafing through a catalogue of sewing and craft items the other day, I saw several that featured an old-fashioned pump. I especially noticed them because I had just returned from a visit "over home," and was thinking about the old family pump south of the house.

We did have some water piped into the house from a cistern near the back door; but for drinking water, for wash water, and for water whenever the cistern went dry, we used the old pump. The water from the well was so clear, cold and good-tasting that I always found it hard to drink water anywhere else. Whenever I visited my girlfriend in town, I would ask her how she could stand city water.

Though I liked the water very much, I didn't always like fetching a pailful, particularly at night. When it was near bedtime and I wanted a fresh drink, I would try to talk someone else into going out to the pump or at least try to talk my sister or one of my parents into going with me. I was especially happy if Papa said "yes," because he knew all the constellations and would take time to point them out to me. Sometimes when my sister went with me, we would race each other down the path, one of us swinging the bucket as we ran. The loser usually had to carry the bucket back. The winner did the pumping, because that was considered more fun.

Mama always said there was no better water anywhere for washing clothes. There was no iron in it or at least not enough to stain our clothes, and there weren't enough other minerals in the water to eventually turn everything gray.

Even after I was married and living quite a distance away, I would sometimes send a batch of white things in an old laundry bag to my mother. She would wash the kids' shirts, blouses and socks for me. The water where we lived was terrible and the laundry never stayed sparkly white. I was rather embarrassed one rainy day when our mailman brought the mail up to the house. The laundry bag was one of the pieces of mail, and he said it was so nice of me to do laundry for my elderly mother. I didn't have the heart to tell him it was the other way around.

The old pump provided one other

happy memory and that was its role in our 4th of July celebrations. The pump had a wooden trough about six or seven feet long which caught most of the runoff water and channeled it toward the garden. On the night of the 4th, my uncle and aunt and their family would come to our place. Papa and Uncle Frank would take the trough and set it up against the spout of the pump. Once they got it at just the right angle, they would wire it in place. Then they would shoot off skyrockets and Roman candles (this was before home fireworks were banned), and we would watch and "ooh" and "aah" from a safe distance. I can still recall seeing those beautiful bursts of color in the sky.

I wouldn't want to give up the dependable electric pump we have now, but I fondly recall the old family pump that stood south of the house.

PERKY PUPPETS

Children love puppets and can easily create their own fun with a bit of help from Mom or Grandma. This is an excellent way to recycle old socks!

Usually the toes and heels of Dad's socks wear out first, leaving a perfectly good cuff. To make the puppet, turn a sock inside out. Then machine stitch across the bottom of the cuff part, curving the stitching if you want the puppet's head to be rounded. Cut off the foot portion of the sock and discard. Turn the cuff right side out. (The top of the sock will be the bottom of the puppet.) Now the fun begins!

Assemble colorful scraps of felt, buttons, rick-rack, yarn, pom-poms, needle, thread and quick-drying glue. You will also need scissors and perhaps a pencil and paper to make patterns for ears, etc.

Let the children use their imaginations making their puppets. They might like to sew on the felt ears and other features or may prefer the quicker glue method. Let them choose. Long, floppy ears, button eyes and a pom-pom nose make a friendly little puppy. You can create a clown using rick-rack for his mouth, funny felt eyes, a big red nose and fuzzy yarn hair. They could create a whole circus or zoo!

When the glue has dried, the children will have lots of fun acting out their own dramas. Several years ago, I made a number of these little puppets for my own grandchildren, and they have spent many hours playing with them!

—Betty Vriesen

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN

Daughter's at the awkward age—
Mere thought gives me a chill—
Old enough for her own phone;
Too young to pay the bill. —Kris Lee

MY TIMBER

by
Elaine Prunty

Golden leaves were slowly filtering down from the trees. Some of them were falling on my head and shoulders. I felt like I was walking in a cathedral, God's Cathedral, yet I was walking in my timber. We were here to pick up a load of firewood for the approaching cool fall days. I felt like I had something special and my timber wood will provide us with a little bit warmer heat than others.

Even today my memory reminded me of another sunny fall afternoon spent with my mother, father, and brother picking up walnuts and hickory nuts. These were cracked and picked out on long winter evenings. We knew the nuts would be used in our mother's cakes, cookies, and salads.

It always seemed the timber was beckoning me. On winter Saturday afternoons when there was enough snow or ice, my brother and I would pick up our sled and go there and find just the right hill for the best sledding or slide on the ice-covered pond. We had the most fun on the afternoons when our schoolmates joined us for sledding.

In warm weather, I enjoyed walking in the timber and listening for the sound of water trickling over the rocks in the creeks. I'd check to see if the water was warm enough and shallow enough to go wading. Then I'd remove my shoes and stockings and go wading for part of an afternoon.

Other times my mother would take me for walks in the timber to search for and pick a bouquet of wild flowers. If we found enough of the colorful little flowers with fascinating names like "Sweet William," "Jack-In-The-Pulpit," and "Dutchman's Britches," it was a sure sign that spring was here.

Shortly after this time, our family went back to the timber to look for the mushrooms that are a delicacy to eat. These are the ones that look like a sponge. Now my husband, who is from another part of the country, has learned to search for and enjoy eating them.

Sometimes I fear my timber. One spring, after several heavy rains, I volunteered to walk the ditches to check on cows with newborn calves, while my husband was away at work. Before I left the house, I called my sister-in-law, telling her I would need her to get someone to help me if I didn't call her after a certain period of time.

The mud was shoe-top deep. I noticed a place that indicated several cattle had crossed a creek. I checked this place and found a little calf stuck in the mud. His bright eyes seemed to plead for help. I checked the area around him for solid footing. Suddenly I had one leg caught in the deep mud. Finally after several

minutes I freed myself and summoned help to free the calf. My timber had released me from its strong grip.

I never bother the wild animals or insects there. They have their own domain. One Sunday afternoon my husband and I were riding horseback. The horses came to an abrupt halt. I asked John why they had stopped.

He said, "They smell snake." We waited a few seconds, and a large bull snake slithered across in front of us. Then we resumed our ride.

Another time I decided it was the right year to try a recipe for making gourmet violet jelly. I pushed the basket of ironing aside, picked up a pint fruit jar and also a small trowel and bucket, in case there might be something I'd like to dig up and try to transplant. Then I headed for the timber. I hadn't realized how much time it would take to find and pick a pint of violet heads. I'll always remember the fun I had making that jelly. It was good to eat but didn't turn out to be the color of violets.

Springtime is still my favorite time of the year in my timber. On these walks in the timber, I will see and hear more colorful birds than I will see at any other time of the year. Their songs are something that no human choir has ever been able to equal.

If only in memory, walk with me and stroll with me in my timber.

A LITTLE SEED OF KINDNESS

I dropped a little seed of kindness,
When passing by one day.
It slowly grew into a tree,
So very tall and fair.

Others passing by that way,
Dropped their little seeds of kindness,
Today there is a forest,
Where none had been before.

—Annette Lingelbach

SANSEVIERIA

by
Marjorie Misch Fuller



A drafty corner with no light presents no challenge to the sansevieria. Also known as snake plant or mother-in-law's tongue, it grows with abandon wherever it stands. This common plant thrives in crowded quarters for years with minimal care.

Interesting varieties have developed, but I prefer the tall spike-like type with grayish lines patterning the green leaf. The golden-edged leaf is attractive but must be multiplied by root division because a leaf cutting will grow but revert back to the original without the colorful edge.

To propagate the original variety, cut a leaf into several sections and place in water or damp sand until a root develops. Each section will root. Sparingly watered, a mature plant will occasionally send forth a flower spike with small fragrant white flowers along the stem.

At one time my sansevieria appeared worn out and I discarded it as I had more pretentious plants. Soon I missed my snake plant and my plant collection seemed lacking. So, I "borrowed" a leaf from a friend and was on my way to another lovely spiky plant. I'll not let this one get away. Now it is the focal point of a subdued light in the far corner of the living room.

Don't sell this plant short. It is a must in any collection.



KMA 60TH ANNIVERSARY HOLIDAY COOKIE FESTIVAL

Hosted by Billie Oakley

Featuring Past and Present KMA Homemakers

October 12, 1985—Saturday

Door opens 11:30 a.m.—Program starts 12:30 p.m.

Shenandoah High School

Mustang Drive

Shenandoah, Iowa

Admission—1 dozen cookies

Everyone Welcome!



RECIPES

PEANUT BUTTERED POPCORN

3 qts. popped popcorn (1/2 cup unpopped)
 1 1/2 cups nuts; almonds, cashews, etc.
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup honey
 1/2 cup light corn syrup
 1 cup smooth peanut butter
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

In large pan combine popcorn and nuts. Keep warm in a 250-degree oven. Butter sides of 1 1/2-quart saucepan. Combine sugar, honey and corn syrup. Bring to a boil. Stir and cook for 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Add peanut butter and flavorings. Pour over popcorn mixture. Stir to coat well. —Juliana

ORANGE FROSTED COOKIE

1 cup shortening (part butter)
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 egg
 2 Tbs. fresh orange juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 2 1/2 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup chopped nuts (or 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring)

Cream the shortening, sugar and brown sugar. Beat in the egg, orange juice and orange flavoring. Sift the flour, soda and salt together; add to the creamed mixture. Mix well. Stir in the nuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 11 to 12 minutes or until lightly brown. Makes 6 dozen.

Frosting

2 cups powdered sugar
 2 Tbs. melted butter
 2 Tbs. orange juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 Blend frosting ingredients together. Frost cool cookies. —Dorothy

SPECIAL DAYS IN OCTOBER

October 14 — Columbus Day
 October 24 — United Nation's Day
 October 31 — Halloween

PUMPKIN NUT PIE

Crust

1/2 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 1/4 cups flour
 1/2 cup chopped pecans
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix margarine, butter flavoring and brown sugar in a large bowl. Stir in remaining ingredients until crumbly. Press into a 9- by 1 1/2-inch pie tin, up the sides and flute if desired.

Filling

2 eggs, slightly beaten
 1 cup canned pumpkin
 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. cloves
 1/4 tsp. ginger
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk

Combine filling ingredients and mix well; pour in crust. Cover edge of crust with foil. Bake 15 minutes at 425 degrees. Reduce to 350 degrees; bake 60 minutes longer. Cool completely. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Refrigerate leftovers. —Dorothy

SAUSAGE AND RICE BAKE

1 lb. pork sausage
 3 cups hot cooked rice
 2 cups grated sharp Cheddar cheese
 3 eggs, slightly beaten
 1/2 cup milk
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 2 tsp. prepared mustard
 1/4 tsp. onion powder

Cook sausage in skillet until well done, stir to crumble. Drain. Combine rice and 1 1/2 cups cheese. Spread evenly in a buttered 8-inch casserole. Sprinkle sausage over rice mixture. Combine eggs, milk, soup, mustard and onion powder; pour over sausage. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings. —Verlene

INDIAN EGGPLANT

1 large eggplant (cut cross-wise into 1-inch slices)

Salt

1 to 2 Tbs. olive oil

1 cup plain yogurt

1 Tbs. fresh parsley, minced

Sprinkle eggplant lightly with salt and let stand 15 minutes (If using Japanese eggplant omit this step.). Rinse with cold water and pat dry.

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Lightly oil a 10- by 15-inch baking pan and arrange eggplant in single layer in bottom. Bake 30 minutes or until tender.

Ginger Tomato Sauce

2 Tbs. margarine

1 medium onion, finely chopped

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/3 cup tomato paste

1 12-oz. can tomatoes

1/4 tsp. ground ginger

Salt and pepper to taste

Melt margarine in large skillet over medium heat; add onion and saute until brown. Add butter flavoring, tomato paste, tomatoes, and ground ginger. Simmer 20 minutes. Put in food processor or blender and mix until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Put mound of sauce on each slice of eggplant. Mix yogurt and parsley together and put on top of the ginger sauce. —Juliana

DOUGHNUT MUFFINS

2 1/2 Tbs. shortening

1/2 cup sugar

2 eggs

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

2 cups flour

2 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. nutmeg

6 Tbs. milk

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, add unbeaten eggs one at a time; combine thoroughly. Beat in the flavorings. Sift flour and add baking powder, salt and nutmeg; sift again. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Spoon batter into small greased muffin tins. Bake 15 minutes in a preheated 400-degree oven. Remove from pans; while hot dip in 1/3 cup melted butter and roll in a mixture of 1/2 cup sugar and 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

—Hallie



MICROWAVE DESSERT FRUIT SALAD

1 15-oz. can pineapple tidbits
 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
 1 cup reserved juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 3-oz. pkg. vanilla regular pudding mix (or can use vanilla tapioca pudding mix)
 1 4-oz. carton whipped topping
 2 bananas, diced
 Drain pineapple and oranges reserving 1 cup of combined liquid. Add the flavorings to liquid. Stir into pudding mix. Cook 3 minutes on high, stir a couple of times. Cool slightly. Add oranges and pineapple. Chill. Stir in whipped topping. Just before serving add diced bananas.

—Dorothy

OYSTER BEEF WITH RICE

1 8-oz. can oysters
 1 lb. boneless chuck steak
 2 Tbls. oil
 3/4 cup water
 2 tsp. cornstarch
 4 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Ole' salad dressing
 1/4 cup diced celery
 4 green onions, cut in strips
 Hot fluffy rice

Drain oysters, reserve liquid. Cut steak into thin strips. Brown steak in oil. Combine reserved oyster liquid, water, cornstarch, salad dressing, celery and onion. Cook until sauce is thickened. Remove from heat. Stir in oysters and beef. Return to medium heat until ingredients are very hot. Serve over fluffy rice.

OR, brown the steak strips and partially cook the rice. Add remaining ingredients; mix well and pour into casserole. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour.

Serves 4 to 6. —Hallie

GROUND BEEF CASSEROLE

2 lbs. lean ground beef (80%), brown and drain
 1 can cream of chicken soup
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 4 ozs. noodles, broken into small pieces and cooked
 1 onion, chopped
 1 cup diced celery
 1/4 cup diced green pepper
 Grated Cheddar cheese

Mix all ingredients together, except cheese. Place in a greased casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Remove; top with cheese and return to oven; bake for 30 minutes longer. This casserole freezes well.

—Dorothy

ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground beef
 1 onion, chopped
 2 cups tomato juice or 2 cups tomatoes and juice
 3/4 cup water
 1 envelope dry spaghetti sauce mix
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 cup Minute rice
 4 cups zucchini, cubed
 Parmesan cheese for topping
 Brown beef and onion; drain. Combine tomato juice or tomatoes and juice, water, sauce mix, salt, pepper, rice and zucchini. Bring mixture to a boil and boil to thicken. Add ground beef and onion. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Top with Parmesan cheese before serving. This is a good recipe to cook on top of the stove. —Hallie

APRICOT BREAD

3 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 tsp. soda
 3 cups sugar
 1 cup Mazola oil
 4 eggs
 2/3 cup water
 2 jars apricot with tapioca junior baby food
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup chopped black walnuts
 Sift the flour, salt, soda; set aside. Cream the sugar and oil; add one egg at a time alternating with the water, baby food and flavoring. Beat well. Add part of the dry ingredients, repeating until all is thoroughly mixed. Stir in nuts. Pour into greased and floured loaf pans. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees. Remove from pans and cool upside down on racks.

NOTE: Can be baked in 1-pound coffee cans or small foil pans. Fill coffee cans 2/3 full and pans 1/2 full.

—Verlene

RED OR YELLOW TOMATO SAUTE'

1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1 Tbls. olive oil
 2 cloves garlic, finely minced
 4 cups fresh, ripe yellow pear tomatoes or red cherry tomatoes, stemmed

Salt and freshly ground pepper
 2 Tbls. finely chopped parsley
 Heat butter or margarine and olive oil in a heavy saucepan over low heat. Add garlic and tomatoes; increase heat to medium. Cook until mixture is heated through. Add salt and pepper to taste and parsley; toss. This is especially good served with beef or ham. May use a combination of the yellow pear tomatoes and the red cherry tomatoes. —Robin

GERMAN APPLE CAKE

2 eggs
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 cup white sugar
 1 cup salad oil
 2 cups flour
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts (optional)
 4 cups sliced apples (can leave the peels on)

Mix first four ingredients together by hand. Add dry ingredients and mix. Then add the flavorings, nuts and apples. Mix by hand until blended.

Spread into a 9- by 13-inch greased pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes or until done. For a very moist cake, cover while cake is still warm. Serve warm or cool with whipped cream that has been flavored with a few drops of cinnamon flavoring. —Mary Lea

IMPOSSIBLE SOUR CREAM APPLE PIE

5 cups pared and sliced apples
 1 cup raisins
 1 cup sugar
 2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 1 cup half-and-half
 1/2 cup biscuit mix
 2 eggs
 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Grease a deep-dish pie plate. Mix the apples, raisins, sugar, cinnamon and cinnamon flavoring; turn into pie plate. Combine the remaining ingredients and beat until well mixed. Pour over apple mixture, sprinkle with additional cinnamon. Bake at 350 degrees until apples are tender and a knife inserted in center comes clean, approximately 50 to 60 minutes. Serve warm. —Hallie

TOMATO STUFFED WITH CHICKEN SALAD

4 cups cubed, cooked chicken
 1 cup chopped celery
 1 cup seedless green grapes, cut in half
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 3/4 cup mayonnaise
 1/4 cup sour cream
 1 cup unsalted mixed nuts, chopped

Tomatoes
 Combine chicken, celery and grapes in large bowl; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add the mayonnaise and sour cream; mix well. Toss in mixed nuts; chill. Before serving, stuff the individual tomatoes. Serves 8. —Verlene

LIMA BEANS AND BACON

1 large onion, chopped
 3 10-oz. pkgs. frozen lima beans
 8 slices bacon, cooked crisp and crumbled
 1/2 lb. mozzarella cheese
 1 1/2 to 2 cups medium white sauce
 1/2 tsp. oregano
 Salt and pepper to taste

Saute' onion until brown, drain. Place lima beans in boiling water; return to boiling and cook approximately 2 minutes. Butter a 2- or 3- quart baking dish. Layer one half of each ingredient in the following order: lima beans, onion, bacon, cheese and white sauce. Repeat layers. Sprinkle with oregano, salt and pepper.

May top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for at least 45 minutes.

May be made the day before and refrigerated. This casserole freezes well.

—Hallie

HAM-APPLE ASPIC

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
 1 cup cold water
 2 cups mixed vegetable juice
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 tsp. prepared horseradish
 1/8 tsp. ground pepper
 6 ozs. boiled ham, diced
 1 small apple, pared, cored and grated

In small saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over 1/2 cup water; let stand 1 minute. Stir over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Pour mixture into a metal bowl; stir in the remaining 1/2 cup water, the vegetable juice, lemon flavoring, horseradish and pepper. Chill, stirring occasionally, until mixture is partially set. Fold in ham and apple; pour into a 4-cup loaf pan that has been sprayed with a nonstick coating. Cover and chill until firm. Serves 4.

—Verlene

CURRY-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

6 double pork loin chops
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 lemon
 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
 1/2 cup ground peanuts
 1 tsp. minced onion
 1 Tbls. chopped, tart apples
 Dash cayenne
 Pinch thyme
 1 tsp. curry powder
 Salt to taste
 Milk

Salt and pepper pork chops inside and out. Rub lemon juice generously on the outside of each. Combine the remaining ingredients using just enough milk to moisten. Stuff each pork chop with the mixture. Bake the stuffed pork chops in a covered pan for 1 hour at 350 degrees. If the pork chops are not brown after baking 1 hour, remove cover, increase the heat and bake until brown. Serve with chutney or chili salsa. —Robin

PORK-BUTTERNUT SQUASH STEW

About 2 Tbls. margarine
 2 1/2 lbs. pork, cut into 1-inch pieces
 1 large onion, chopped
 1 clove garlic
 1 Tbls. curry powder
 1/2 tsp. ginger
 1/2 tsp. red pepper
 1 10-oz. can beef broth
 3/4 cup water
 3/4 cup orange juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 1 medium butternut squash
 2 apples
 1 Tbls. brown sugar
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 Tbls. water

Melt margarine in Dutch oven and fry meat until brown. Remove meat. Fry onion and garlic until limp. Add curry powder, ginger and red pepper; cook till bubbly. Stir in broth, water, juice and flavoring. Return meat to pan and simmer until pork is tender. Peel squash and cut into 1/2-inch cubes. Add to stew. Cut apples into 1/2-inch slices. Add apples and brown sugar to stew. Cook till squash is done, about 10 minutes. Use cornstarch mixed with water to thicken if the stew is too thin. —Juliana

PEANUT BUTTER DROPS

2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup butter (or margarine and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
 1/2 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 3 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
 5 Tbls. peanut butter
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 1 cup chopped dates

Boil sugar, butter or margarine and butter flavoring, milk, and vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Boil 1 minute. Combine oats and peanut butter in a mixing bowl. Pour boiling mixture over oat and peanut butter mixture. Mix in nuts and dates. Drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered wax paper. Let set until firm. Store in covered container. —Dorothy

SOUR CREAM PINEAPPLE PIE

2 cups sour cream
 1 large package vanilla instant pudding mix, dry
 2 tsp. sugar (optional)
 1 15-oz. can crushed pineapple, undrained
 1 9-inch baked crust

Combine sour cream, instant pudding mix, sugar and undrained pineapple; mix well. Pour into baked crust. May top with chopped nuts or toasted coconut. Refrigerate. —Hallie

HAM STUFFED PEPPERS

1 10 1/2-oz. can beef broth
 1 soup can water
 1 cup wild rice
 6 large green peppers
 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
 1/4 cup chopped celery
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1 1/2 cups chopped, fully cooked ham
 3/4 cup seasoned croutons
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
 In a saucepan bring the beef broth, water and rice to a boil. Cover and cook slowly until rice is done, about 15 to 20 minutes. Cut tops off peppers and remove seeds and membranes. Cook peppers in boiling salted water for 5 minutes; drain. Arrange in a 12- by 7-inch dish. Cook onion and celery in the 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; stir in ham. Toss with rice; spoon into peppers. Mix crumbs and the melted butter or margarine; sprinkle atop peppers. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Serves 6. —Verlene

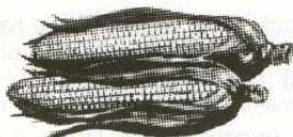
**BUTTERSCOTCH DATE COOKIES**

2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 1/2 cup margarine
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 2 eggs
 1 cup chopped dates

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease cooky sheets. Combine all ingredients except the dates. With an electric mixer blend on low speed until moistened. Beat on medium speed one minute. Stir in dates by hand. Drop by rounded teaspoonfuls on greased cooky sheet. Bake 10 to 15 minutes; cool for 1 minute before removing from cooky sheet. Frost, if you wish.

Frosting

1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/4 cup margarine
 2 to 3 Tbls. milk
 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
 Combine brown sugar, margarine and milk in a large saucepan and place over low heat. Bring to boil; remove from heat. Add powdered sugar. Stir in the flavorings. —Dorothy



POPCORN: A POPular Food

by

Dianne L. Beetler

Hear the thud of kernels against the lid. Smell the delicious aroma. What's cooking? America's favorite snack—popcorn.

Popcorn has been around a long time. Many scientists believe it was the earliest form of maize and native to the Americas. Indians used it for food and decoration. Besides eating it as we do, they made popcorn soup and a fermented popcorn beverage. They wore popcorn necklaces, and maidens adorned their hair with strands of popcorn.

Archaeologists have found popcorn believed to be 5,600 years old in some caves in New Mexico. The ears ranged in size from two inches in length to smaller than a penny. A tomb in Peru held popcorn kernels more than 1,000 years old, and they still popped.

Columbus found natives wearing popcorn jewelry when he discovered the New World. Legend says that the brother of Chief Massassoit brought a deerskin bag of popped popcorn to the first Thanksgiving dinner, and the Indians continued to use popcorn as a goodwill gift in the meetings with the colonists.

The English settlers quickly acquired a taste for popcorn. They covered it with cream, sprinkled it with sugar and ate it for breakfast. Years later, pioneers decorated their Christmas trees with garlands of popcorn.

Indians had several methods of popping popcorn. Some Indians threw the kernels into the fire and caught them when they popped out. Others skewered the ear on a stick and held it over the fire. Many Indian tribes used clay pots filled with hot sand as popcorn poppers.

Indians believed that a demon inside the kernel became angry when it was heated and jumped out, causing the popcorn to pop. Today, scientists know that the center of the kernel is composed of a moist, starchy material. When heated, the moisture turns to steam, which causes the kernel to explode, forcing out the starch.

Besides being a delicious snack, popcorn is easy to prepare. When using a popcorn popper, follow the manufacturer's instructions for best results. When popping popcorn on the stovetop, use a heavy-duty skillet or pan. Heat 1/4 cup oil in the pan. Do not use butter because it burns at high temperatures, and don't add salt which makes popcorn

tough. Put two or three kernels of popcorn in the heated oil. When they spin, add enough popcorn to cover the bottom of the pan. Usually two tablespoons of kernels will produce one quart of popped popcorn. Cover the pan and shake gently. When the popcorn finishes popping, remove the pan from the stove and empty the contents into a large bowl.

If your popcorn does not pop well, it may be too dry. To prevent this, after opening a bag of popcorn, transfer the kernels to an airtight container and store it in a cupboard or a refrigerator. To restore moisture to popcorn, add one tablespoon of water to a quart jar three-fourths full of kernels. Shake until all the water is absorbed and let set for two to four days. Then test-pop a few kernels. If they still do not pop, repeat the moisturizing process.

Today, many varieties of popcorn are available. The two most popular types are yellow kernels and white kernels. Other varieties are black popcorn, rainbow popcorn—with red, white, blue and yellow kernels—and strawberry popcorn with red kernels on a strawberry-shaped ear. No matter what color the kernel, the popped corn is always white or yellow.

Yellow popcorn explodes into two basic shapes—butterfly and mushroom. The butterfly, or snowflake, is popular in theaters and homes. Candy corn manufacturers use the mushroom kernel.

Popcorn ranks high on the list of nutritious foods. It contains energy-producing carbohydrates and fiber as well as vitamins, minerals and protein. One cup of un buttered popcorn has only 25 to 55

calories. The American Dental Association, the American Diabetes Association, and the American Dietetic Association recommend popcorn as an excellent snack because it contains no sugar. Americans eat more than 9 billion quarts of popped popcorn annually. October is National Popcorn Month.

Popcorn is delicious, inexpensive, nutritious, and easy to fix. At any time of the day or night, it's a poppin' good food.

TOGETHER AGAIN

Two fun-loving children

Once lived far across the sea.

Their friendship started so long ago

In their homeland of Germany.

He fell in love with her little smile

And the twinkle in her eye, And when he sailed for the U.S.A.

It was hard to say goodbye.

But soon they were reunited
In a fairy-story way;
Just how this could have happened

Is really hard to say.

Now side by side on a corner shelf

They're happy as can be.
And these precious little figurines

Bring endless joy to me.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS



Use Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings when baking Halloween treats. Order some for Christmas Gifts.

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

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)

Butter
Blueberry
Banana
Peach
Cinnamon

Strawberry
Pineapple
Mint
Lemon
Chocolate

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

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

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

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

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



GRANDMOTHER'S WASH DAYS

by
Dorothy Rieke

Monday was always "wash day" for Grandmother. Unlike today's homemaker, who may wash clothes every day, Grandmother washed once a week or during bad weather less frequently. She spent other weekdays cleaning the house, baking bread, sewing for the family and preparing meals.

Throughout the years, Grandmother experienced different methods of washing. Luckily, because of modern inventions, the process of washing clothes became much easier and less time-consuming. As a bride, Grandmother washed in two tubs using a washboard which enabled her to rub the dirt loose. Later she used an old hand-operated machine. This hand-operated machine was sometimes manned by Grandfather or one of the boys. Cranking the machine was hard work especially when there were many articles in the washer. If Grandfather could work in the field and the boys were busy helping him, Grandmother had the job.

Later, the family members appreciated the gasoline motor that was attached to the washer to provide the power to churn the clothing. However, even this engine had its drawbacks because sometimes the motor refused to start.

When electricity was brought to the house, Grandmother used an electric round-tub washer complete with an attached wringer. Even with this washer, Grandmother needed her two large tubs. One contained the first rinse water for the soapy clothes; the other contained cold rinse water. Sometimes a small amount of bluing would be added to whiten the clothes.

People during those days, as they do now, placed much value in having a white wash. Grandmother boiled some white clothing in a big boiler on the cookstove in order to keep it white.

Washing clothes in the early times consisted of many steps. The first step was to accumulate the dirty clothes. Some people used boxes as clothes hampers; others just piled dirty clothes in a corner of the house.

Grandmother was fortunate as her two-story frame house had a clothes chute. The clothes chute was a square

opening with a small door built in the west wall of the bathroom. This square opening which led to the basement had a sliding door at the bottom so the clothes which had accumulated in the chute could be dropped into a bushel basket or a wicker clothes basket.

This clothes chute did cause some concern, though; as the children in the family were always intrigued with it and were tempted to try it as a slide to the basement. Luckily, this never happened.

After Grandmother released the clothes from the chute, she started sorting the table linens, the bed clothes, the white clothing, the colored clothing, the bath towels and washcloths, and the men's work clothes. She washed them in that order because the soapy water was not replaced during the entire wash. Grandmother usually made her own washday soup using a combination of lye and leftover grease. The soap was hard on clothing, but it did a fair job of cleaning. The wash water was heated in a large dish-shaped vat.

Grandmother carried buckets of cool water to the vat and built a fire before breakfast. After eating breakfast and washing the dishes, she carried buckets of hot water to the washer and to one tub. The other tub would be filled with cold water.

Soon Grandmother was ready to drop in the first load of laundry—the white table linens. While these were churning, she inspected the remaining clothing for any heavily soiled areas. These areas, including shirt collars, were dampened with soap and water and given a "workout" on the washboard.

In about ten minutes, Grandmother lifted the washer lid and removed the clean clothes with a wooden stick to the "lip" of the wringer. The wringer pressed out the soapy water so it ran back into the washer, and the damp washing dropped into the first tub.

She loaded the bed linens in the washer and then used the wringer to place the first rinsed articles in the second cold rinse water that contained bluing. After the bluing water was pressed from the clothes, Grandmother carried the clean articles out to the clothesline where the sun helped to bleach out any stains, and the wind dried and softened the clothing.

The family of years ago did not have as many changes of clothing to wash. A towel was used for several days and sometimes the same clothing was worn for a week or more. Grandmother wore the same dress for several days, but she changed her apron each day. During the week, Grandmother rinsed out sweaty work clothes and hung them out to dry so the men could wear them the next day.

Yes, Grandmother worked hard on those Mondays years ago. There were

compensations, though. While hanging out the wash on the line, she found time to hear the bobwhite whistle and see the wren making a nest in a tree. She felt the gentle breezes on her face and could take deep breaths of fresh air. And, oh, the scent and feel of the clothing dried in the hot sun amounted to pure luxury!



FRIENDS

Sometimes the days grow long and dreary;
And in the daily routines we struggle and become weary.
But God our Father looks down from above,
And gives us strength and hope, and love.

We love our friends and neighbors so dear;
And our loved ones who are not so near;
And we wish to see them more often,
But time and distance interfere.

Sometimes we feel lonely,
And wonder if others do too;
But deep inside we acknowledge
That they also have times to be blue.

Good friends, faithful friends,
Loving friends and all;
How can one survive in this world
Without them to hear our call?

Each of us can be a friend
To those in need of us;
We must give of ourselves
To encourage them in life;
And our love and concern will return to us
In ways without strife.

There are many ways to console our souls;
We can keep busy with work,
And set out to meet goals;
But there still are times
When we need just a friend;
To talk with and laugh with
And share problems to mend.

—Julia Ann Bagby

AT PRAYER

My kitchen is where I pray,
It's here I'm busy every day.
God guides my hands as I cook,
And when I take time to read His book.
It was here our family gathered each day,
Around the table to eat and pray.
Too soon they scattered far and wide,
And now their father and I, at eventide
Sit at the table and are glad
For each daughter and son we've had.
They're God's blessings we know,
And the seeds that we sow
While on earth. Thank you God!
—Lois Lesher



THE GHOST IN THE GRAVEYARD

by
Jean Calvert

This is a true story that my grandfather told. It happened long before I was born but is written just as he described the events.

When my mother was just a little girl, her family lived many miles from the nearest town. My grandfather sometimes rode Old Bess, his gentle mare, to the General Store for supplies. After an early breakfast, Grandfather took Grandmother's shopping list and set out on Old Bess. By midmorning he was near the store. He tied Old Bess to the hitching post and went inside. The smell of coffee beans and molasses filled the air. Bolts of bright material lined one shelf. He selected the groceries on Grandmother's list and carefully chose four yards of brilliant blue calico for a dress for his little girl. As he paid for the provisions, the storekeeper gave him a small sack of peppermints to take home to the children. Grandfather began the long journey home.

The sun sank behind a cloud when Grandfather was still several miles from home. He patted the sack of candy in his pocket and thought how much the boys would enjoy it and how his little girl's eyes would shine when she saw the beautiful calico.

Now around the last curve and he would be nearly home. On the right was a little country cemetery. As Grandfather clucked softly to Old Bess, urging her on, he glimpsed something white in the graveyard. He reined in sharply and looked again. Yes, there it was. Something white was moving among the graves! The pale figure wandered this way and that. Grandfather was not easily frightened, and he sat quietly, watching and wondering. Was it a ghost? Would it let him pass by safely? His heart beat faster as he peered into the darkness. The white shape moved closer and closer to where he sat on Old Bess. Now it was only a few feet away! Suddenly the clouds parted and the moon shone through. Grandfather laughed aloud to see the ghost for it was only a sheep that had strayed from its pen. "Tomorrow I must mend that fence," he said, as he urged the sheep through a nearby gate.

As they neared home, Old Bess quickened her pace, covering the last mile quickly. What an exciting tale Grandfather had to tell his family, all about the ghost in the graveyard.

THE CIDER-SPOOK BALL—Concluded

GOBLIN'S BROOM: All players are numbered as game begins. Players form a circle around a goblin who stands in the center of the circle with index finger on top of a broomstick, which is perpendicular to the floor. The "goblin" lifts the finger off the broomstick, at the same time calls the number of some player. The player called must catch the broom before it falls to the floor. If player fails to catch the broom, then player must be "it" in the center.

SPOOK WALK-ABOUT: Pin a number on each masked guest. Guests are given pencil and paper and as all walk about, guests try to identify each other, writing down the number and the name beside it. When enough time has elapsed, call the numbers in order and have each guest unmask when his number is called. Everyone corrects his own list.

REFRESHMENTS

Set up a pretty Hallowe'en buffet table and let the guests serve themselves. How about a scarecrow doll for the centerpiece? Have a large basket of weiner buns and a crockpot of weiners with small bowls of chopped onion, pickle relish, mustard and other "fixins," a basket of chips and a punch bowl of cider. For the punch bowl scrape out the inside of a large pumpkin, and place a large mixing bowl or other container inside the pumpkin. Fill with cider. With the cider serve doughnuts which have been slipped over the handle of a child's toy broom.



FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

of the river; but in all of our years there, we attended that truly great New England fair only twice—once to see the horse show and once to hear the Lawrence Welk band.

The older I get (I am now sixty-eight), the less I like to be with crowds of people. How often I have said: "The only place I like to see a crowd of people is in church!" My friends know this well enough to make allowance for my peculiarity. They will invite Betty and me to a party by saying: "It will be just a small party with very few invited guests." In the past few months, we have sent our regrets to a dozen or more wedding receptions, and always it has been because I don't like to be with big groups of people. Perhaps it has something to do with my hearing difficulty, or maybe it is because I like people too much to have to divide my attention between them. Who was it that said: "The sure way to avoid complaining about your neighbor's crowded, noisy party is to be a part of it?" How true it is.

Sincerely,

Fredrick

KINDNESS

Kindness is a special gift

If you treat it well,
Keep it always with you
No matter where you dwell,

Pour it out in sunshine
Pour it out in rain,
Kindness will come back to you
Time and time again.

—Verna Sparks

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KLSS	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
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KGGF	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:04 a.m.
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COME READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

The Picture and the Pen is a paperback book that uses prose and poetry to describe life as you may have experienced it. Nearly 85 photos complete the description of the irreplaceable qualities of small town life. Edna M. Pike, a retired English teacher, and Stan Nielsen, Lutheran pastor, have teamed up using the two mediums, poetry and pictures, to "show and tell" about life in the western Iowa town of Shelby.

Using both free verse and metered rhyme, Edna Pike says, "I like words. I like their sounds and meanings and incredible power." In one verse titled "Without Vision the People Perish," she writes:

Life is right here
every hour, every minute
And what you get from it
is what you put in it.
You need not go far
over land, over sea
Just open your eyes
live adventurously.

Another verse is called "Contradiction":

The sound of yield is very sweet
It speaks of winning, not defeat—
Of courtesy to stranger
Of friendliness to friend
Of blessed interaction
Of which there is no end
We gain, not lose, our strength
through love

By yielding to our great God above.
The photo with this verse shows a closeup of a yield sign, and in the background, a church with spire.

The Picture and the Pen has humor, general observations, and philosophical reflections. The local arts and crafts council is making available copies of this anthology. All profits will benefit the arts through this organization. Order *The Picture and the Pen* from The Corner Attic, Box 112, Shelby, Iowa 51570, \$7.95, postage and handling \$1.00, Iowa tax 32¢.

It is October and Christmas will soon be here. With this in mind, it isn't too early to think of books for the children in your life. Some suggestions—

Although the title says *First Comes Spring* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$6.95) by Anne Rockwell, this book pictures a whole year full of fun. A new set of activities accompanies the appearance of fall, winter, summer, and spring. Anne Rockwell creates a bustling village young children will want to visit again and again, in any season. There are 32 pictures in full color, size 8 in. by 10 in., suitable for preschool to grade 1.

Meet the Computer (Crowell Jr. Books, \$11.50 hardcover; Trophy Let's-Read-and-Find-Out paperback, \$3.50) by Seymour Simon, with pictures by Barbara and Ed Emberley, gives a simple introduction to parts of a computer and how they work. The author describes how you input information with a keyboard or a joystick and then takes you inside the computer where the input is processed. A perfect choice for the youngster using a computer, as well as the one who wants to get started. *How to Talk to Your Computer* (Crowell Jr. Books, \$11.50 hardcover; Trophy Let's-Read-and-Find-Out paperback, \$3.50) by the same author tells all the things a computer can help you do, once you know how to talk to it. Using BASIC and Logo as examples, the author gives a lively introduction to computer languages. He explains what programs are and how to write and run some simple ones. An easy-to-read computer book that makes learning to talk to your computer an adventure. Suggested ages are 5-9.

From *The Faith of Helen Keller* (Hallmark publication) comes this thought, "Your success and happiness lie in you. External conditions are the accidents of life, its outer trappings. The great, enduring qualities are love and service."

TRIVIA ABOUT WOMEN

Can you name the famous woman in the form of a question?

1. A director of a renowned house and famous for her accomplishments of care, love, and help for the small children
2. A founder of Jazzercise
3. The first woman doctor
4. The author of Peter Rabbit
5. World-wide known as a Christian fighter for temperance and Women's Rights
6. An American suffragist
7. A born slave who ran an underground railroad through which hundreds of runaway slaves were smuggled safely to freedom
8. A founder of American Red Cross
9. The founder of modern nursing
10. America's first valentine publisher

ANSWERS: 1. Who is Mother Clara Hale? 2. Who is Judi Sheppard Missett? 3. Who was Elizabeth Blackwell? 4. Who was Beatrix Potter? 5. Who was Frances Willard? 6. Who was Susan B. Anthony? 7. Who was Harriet Tubman (nickname Moses)? 8. Who was Clara Barton? 9. Who was Florence Nightingale? 10. Who was Esther A. Howland?

—Norma Tisher

What's a cross between a dog and a chicken?

A poached egg.

—Joy Terzich

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

grand champion Lindy Award at the International Experimental Aircraft Association Convention at Oshkosh and the grand champion trophy at the Fly-In in Lakeland, Florida. Because of the fine detail with which the Stinson has been rebuilt and the role it played in air transportation history, it is one of the most valuable antique airplanes flying today. When we learned rides were being sold on this beautiful antique, Don and I went! Gosh, it was just like stepping back in history to climb inside that plane and truly breathtaking to ride in it. We took a twenty minute spin, and for an extra five dollars Mary Beth got to be copilot!

The fellow doing the flying was a retired airline pilot and he was almost as thrilled to tell us about his plane's history as Don and I were to be there taking a ride. It carried eleven passengers, flew at 85 miles an hour although it could cruise at 100 miles per hour, and cost \$25,900 to buy new in March of 1931. There are two remaining planes from the 52 first built. Its original operating route was Cleveland to Toledo, to Detroit, South Bend, Chicago, Springfield and St. Louis. The plane has an all metal fabric cover and can carry 140 gallons of fuel and burns 35 gallons every hour. It is 43 feet long, 11 feet high and has a wing span of 60 feet and weighs 8600 pounds. The three engines are Lycoming R680 with 225 horsepower each!

I could touch all of the dials which reported important facts to the pilot beside me. He insisted that I help fly the plane by putting my hand on the polished wood grain steering wheel, and it was thrilling. The view from my seat was spectacular. I could not only see the Milwaukee skyline but I could also see the insides of the engine right in front of my feet. One peach-faced youth on the ground within my earshot said he was scared he might die in that thing if he went up in it...and I thought I had already come to grips with tougher situations. I think I had more fun because of that realization. Don and I both received registered certificates bearing the date upon which we took a ride in the Stinson Trimotor! What a day!

Until next month,

Mary Beth

AUTUMN FLOWERS

Autumn flowers precede winter
When most plants will be at rest;
On crisp days their brilliant colors
Make them seem the very best.
They seem brighter than in summer,
Dearer than the blooms of spring
For we know their days are numbered
'Til winter quenches autumn's fling.

—Inez Baker

**HALLOWE'EN TRADITION**

Does your family have an Hallowe'en tradition other than trick or treating? Well, ours didn't either until we had been married for 35 years.

Our anniversary is on October 15. For our 35th, our two children and families met us at a resort and we celebrated with a family dinner. We received some lovely gifts which I have forgotten for the moment except one.

Instead of footwarmers or a footed candy dish, our five-year-old grandson Chris gave us what he thought would be a treasured possession. A big jack-o'-lantern lighted with a small electric bulb.

Each Hallowe'en since (some 18) the big pumpkin has done a month's stint in our front window. As the children pass by on their way to school, they usually stop for a second glance. He intrigues even the adults. It is never too late to start a tradition. —Marjorie Fuller

BITTERSWEET

Did you know that according to the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, the bittersweet you use to decorate your home has poisonous properties?

Bittersweet is beautiful after frost with its showy clusters of orange-yellow berry-like capsules which split and curl back showing the crimson covering which encloses the seed. Bittersweet is easily accessible because it grows in a variety of areas such as on dumps, along fence walls, and generally in moist, rich soil conditions. It is a common weed growing in many gardens, near dwellings, or in fields.

Since bittersweet is common and so beautiful, it is hard to believe it is poisonous! Bittersweet is related to the black and deadly nightshades. The poisonous parts of bittersweet are chiefly the leaves and unripe fruits. The plants contain *solanine*, *dulcamarin* which are related to the alkaloids of the deadly nightshade.

How does a person react when poisoned by bittersweet? One experiences burning in the throat, nausea, dizziness, convulsions, and general muscular weakness and needs physician's care. Bittersweet is beautiful as a fall decoration, but must be respected as a poison hazard. —Evelyn Witter

Bibliography: "Typical Poisonous Plants" HEW Publ. No. (FDA) 76-7002 *The American Encyclopedia*

MY MOTHER

Her heart is spirited with love,
Her hands no work deny.
Her lips embrace a loving smile,
Her face turns toward the sky.
Her tasks are ever done with joy,
Her neighbor is her brother.
No one so described lives—
Except my mother. —Elizabeth Myhr

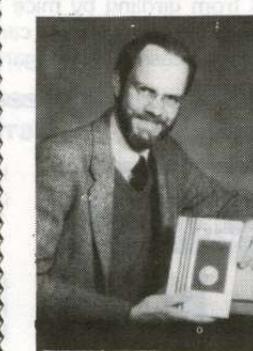
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**THE JOY
OF
GARDENING**

by
Eva M. Schroeder

October is a busy month for the gardener. A nongardening friend remarked, "Why don't you put that old rake away and take a trip?"

"What, and let all those good leaves go to waste?" my husband replied, as he continued to pick up trash bags filled with leaves our friend had given him. The bags of leaves are brought home and stashed in a huge pile behind the greenhouses where they prove to be a veritable goldmine. Some are spread to a depth of 3 inches over recently dug vegetable gardens, some are spread over the beds and borders that have been worked up for annual flower beds come spring. When the ground starts to freeze, leaves are distributed around perennials and shrubs. As soon as baled hay trenches have been made around the rose gardens, leaves are dumped over the bushes. This method of winterizing our roses has brought them safely through some severe Minnesota winters. Any remaining leaves, old plants and other garden litter is piled on the compost pile where it decays over winter and is ready to help nourish plants in the season ahead.

Most of our tender bulbs and corms have been dug, dried off and placed in storage for the winter. The last bag of tulips and daffodils have been scattered and planted in the border which is getting much too crowded. If you don't mark last fall's bulb sites, you will run into trouble. I've learned to dig carefully with a trowel so I will not disturb a bulb planting made the previous year.

Transplanting of trees and shrubs may be done this month and into December even, if the ground isn't frozen and weather permits. If rodents are pests as they are in our area, protect the trunks of young trees from girdling by mice and rabbits. A roll of stretch tree wrap can be purchased very reasonably at garden

centers and greenhouses that sell shrubs. Wrap it tightly around the trunk of apple and ornamental trees and up and around the first branches. We use masking tape to anchor the ends firmly. The wrap prevents the trunks of young trees from splitting if the sun's rays cause sap to run, followed by freezing.

If you have tulip, daffodil, narcissus and crocus that didn't get planted outdoors for some reason, plant them in pots for winter forcing. Invert a pot over the top of each planted container and store in a cool place for roots to form. Check frequently for moisture and root development. When white roots show in the soil and fill the pot, the bulbs can be brought up to a light location to bloom.

WHITE HOUSE BIRTHDAY

Did you know that October 13, 1985, will mark the 193rd birthday of the White House, the home of our president in Washington, D.C.?

A contest was held earlier in that year of 1792 for the best design for the "president's mansion." The architect, James Hoban, submitted his plans for the Italian Renaissance-style mansion which is said was modeled after the Duke of Leinster's mansion in Dublin, Ireland.

The cornerstone for the building was laid October 13, 1792, but it was not ready for occupancy until John Adams and his wife, Abigail, moved there in 1800, near the close of Adams' term. The home was not complete even then and Abigail wrote in her letters complaining about the big drafty rooms. She hung the laundry to dry in what is now the Blue Room!

At this time the house was most often referred to as the President's Mansion. Then during the War of 1812, the British burned much of Washington and the mansion was seriously damaged. In repairing it, the stone walls were painted white to cover the smoke stains. Soon after, reporters and others began referring to it as the White House, a name that has since become its' official name.

—Mabel Nair Brown

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AUTUMN RAIN

Have you noticed an autumn rain?
 Falling on the field and plain,
 It washes dust from a wilted flower
 And brings to earth a welcomed shower,
 Sometimes I hear it in the night
 While all around is calm and quiet.
 Autumn rain is not always still
 Very often it brings a chill,
 It splashes through the wind tossed trees
 And says goodbye to summer's breeze—
 It's then I'm pleased to be near the fire
 Dreaming away a drowsy hour.
 Autumn rain is sometimes slow,
 And sometimes swift with winds that
 blow,
 It often turns to mist and then—
 It's very nice for walking in,
 So I pull on old sweater sleeves
 While raindrops fall on brown curled
 leaves.
 Strange how fall with skies of gray
 Can be as bright as any May,
 Can make a heart so warm and glad
 And yet at times be cold and sad—
 There's a melancholy I can't explain
 It always comes with an autumn rain.

—Rita Farnham

LOST AGAIN

Why do all things
 We so carefully put away,
 Continue to hide from us
 Day after day after day?

—Sallie Bristow

MANUSCRIPTS:

Unsolicited original manuscripts for the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine (Shenandoah, Iowa 51601) are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

We would appreciate some craft ideas.

THE ANGELS ARE JANET'S FRIENDS

by
 Mrs. Edward Sharp

When supper was over, the family had worship. Daddy had read from the Bible about the angels watching over us. Janet and Timmy were playing with the game Grandma had given them when Mommy told Janet and Timmy that it was time for bed. Janet started to frown, but remembered how naughty she had been that morning. She smiled and said, "Alright Mommy, I'll come."

Janet got her bath, put on her nice clean jammies, and climbed in between her nice clean sheets. She gave Mommy a big hug and kiss then Mommy started to turn out the light.

"Oh, can't you leave the light on, Mommy?" asked Janet.

"Why Janet?" Mommy questioned, "Are you afraid?"

"Last night I heard a funny noise outside my window," Janet replied.

Mommy went and looked out the window. "Janet, turn out the light and come here, I want to show you something," Mommy said.

When Janet got to the window, Mommy put her arm around her little girl. "Look at the tree. Do you see that branch? It is so long that it touches the house. Last night the wind was blowing and the branch must have scratched on the house. Tonight there isn't any wind so it won't scratch."

"Look up into the sky. Do you see all the bright stars? God is up there behind them and He has sent His lovely angel down here to watch over you. Don't you remember what Daddy read for worship tonight?" Mommy asked.

"God sends the lovely stars and the beautiful moon to show us that He hasn't forgotten us," Mommy said as she tucked Janet into bed.

Before Janet went to sleep they sang about her beautiful angel friend.

After the song, Janet snuggled down under her covers. She closed her eyes and went to sleep.

NO COBWEBS

As I push the vacuum down paths
 familiar,
 My mind explores the new;
 I plan a party, write a poem,
 Make lists of things to do.
 I don't get bored while the house gets
 clean,
 For I've solved my new mystery book
 plot.
 Dirt and dust may be trapped in a
 vacuum,
 But my mind is not! —Bunny Schulle

Listen to Him with your heart, not with your ears.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

children's petting pen. There was everything you could imagine in this pen from baby burros to ducks, all running loose. I don't think she missed a one, but the baby animal that she seemed the most attracted to was the white baby pig. She wanted to pick it up and take it with her. We walked through all the big barns. When we were in the sheep barn, one of the 4-H boys had his big ram on a platform in the center of the aisle grooming him and getting him ready to show. Elizabeth wanted to get up there with the ram and the boy said it would be alright. I think Art got a picture of that.

A pioneer museum is located inside the state fair grounds in a large brick building. All of us enjoyed going through this. Art was particularly interested in the western paintings on display, because several of them had been painted by the art instructor he had when he was at the University of Wyoming.

When we got back to Torrington, Art happened to remember he had two tickets to a country western program sponsored by the Policemen's Benevolent Society that was being held at the college auditorium. Andy and I went to hear it. This was the first time I had ever attended a country western concert.

Saturday was Kristin and Art's wedding anniversary. They had invited some of their friends, and some of Andy and Aaron's friends and their parents in for a little party. Kristin and I spent the day getting the house and the food ready. Andy had asked the country western group he has been playing with this summer to come and furnish the entertainment. The boys moved furniture in the recreation room around so the band could set up their equipment at one end. Everyone seemed to have a good time. I enjoyed meeting a lot of their friends.

Monday evening we drove out to the Kent Williams ranch. The Williams family and the Brase family have been friends ever since they moved to Torrington. Andy and Aaron put up hay for Mr. Williams this summer. Andy said they moved and stacked 2700 bales, and that is a lot of hay. Andy killed three rattlesnakes and Aaron killed one while they were haying.

I rode back to Iowa with Andy, and he stayed a couple of days with us before going to St. Cloud, Minnesota. He hopes to go to school there if everything works out for him.

Until next month....

Sincerely,

Dorothy



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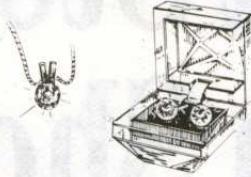
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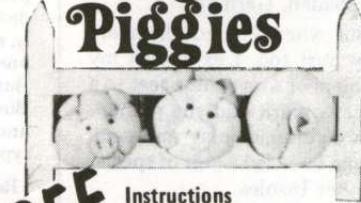
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But when I tried them on, they hurt too. I explained my problem of sore aching feet to a friendly clerk and she pointed to a counter display and said, maybe I needed a pair of special Leather Insoles.

I took her advice and was I glad I did . . . the instant I slipped them into my shoes, my foot pain vanished! I've worn them ever since and my painful foot problems are a thing of the past."

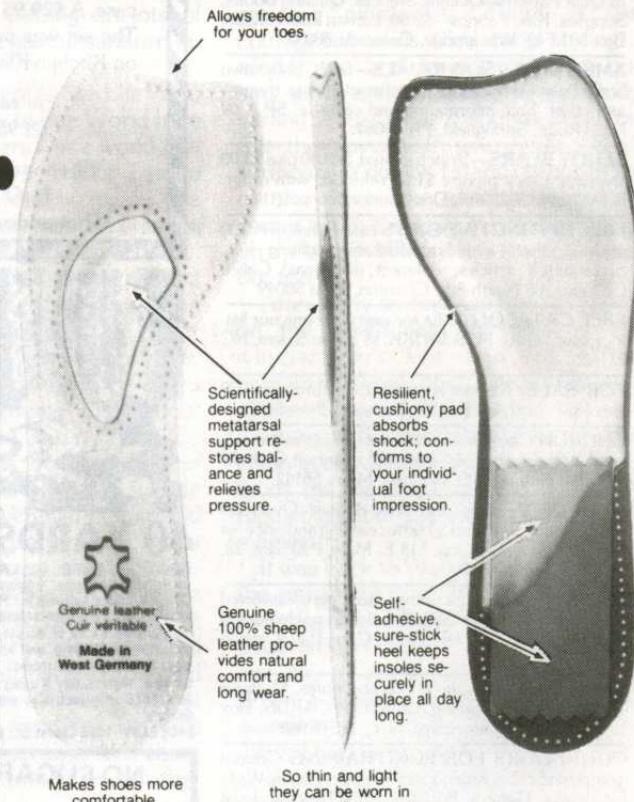
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We brought them to America and call them Luxis Leather Insoles. Wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund. What could be fairer?

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