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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

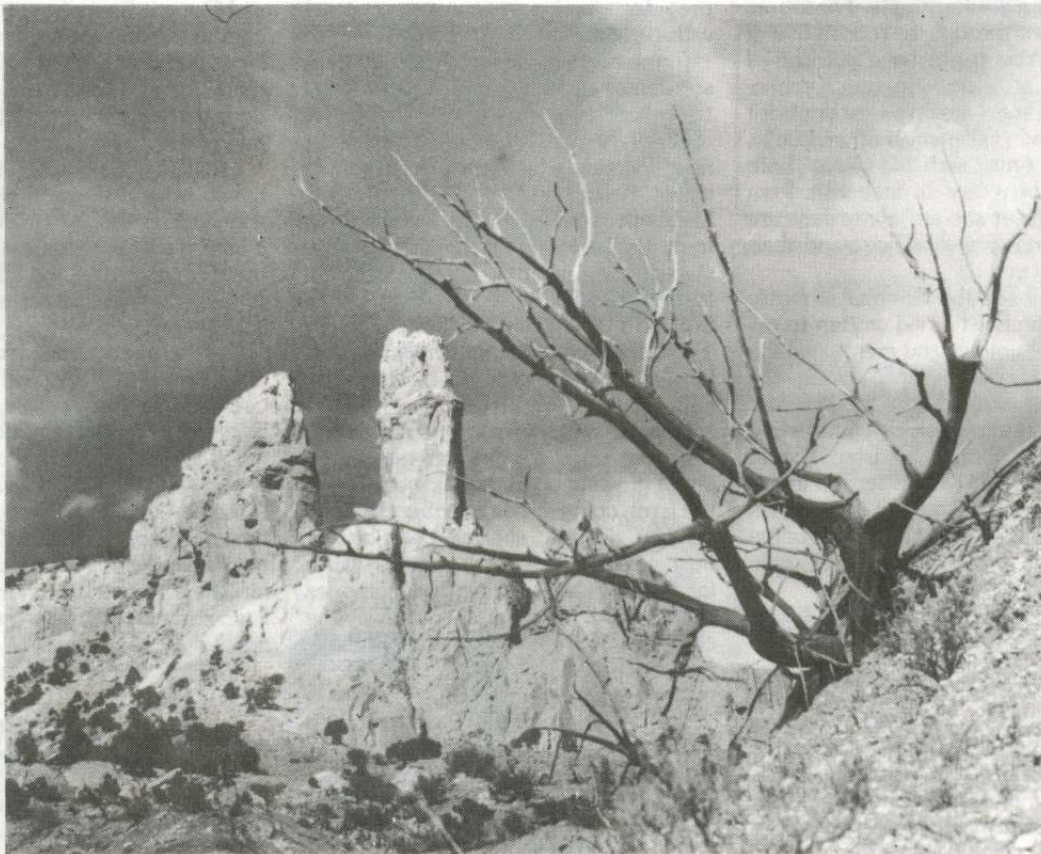
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Rock Spires at Ghost Ranch, New Mexico

Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

As I write this to you, I am hearing the clatter of machines that are NOT my washer and dryer—the usual accompaniment to the typewriter. The machines I am hearing are other typewriters and a printing press. The aroma that is wafting through the room is that of blueberry. You might have guessed—I am sitting at a desk in our Kitchen-Klatter building. I am on a very brief visit to Iowa. I hadn't seen my mother, Lucile, for some time and we were both lonesome for a face to face visit. I am happy to report she and Betty Jane are both reasonably well. They send their greetings to you all.

This has been the summer of family visits. Cousin Kristin had written to me early in the summer and mentioned the Brase family just MIGHT be in the Albuquerque area during the summer months. I was absolutely delighted when I received a phone call from Kristin saying the "MIGHT" had turned into a "for sure" visit. It had been many years since Kristin had been in my neck of the woods and I had never met little Elizabeth.

I was prepared for the fact that Aaron and Julian would have changed in the years since I had seen them, but was truly amazed to have to look up to six feet six inches to see the top of Aaron's head. Julian is still what I would call a "reasonable" size, but Kristin informed me that the indicators are he'll be almost as tall as his brothers who are both over six-feet tall. I didn't have a chance to see Andy who was left at home in Torrington, Wyoming, to take care of things and do Aaron's lawn jobs for the time he was gone.

As soon as I found out the Brases were coming, I started to plan menus. As long as I can remember, Kristin has had a "thing" about shrimp, so the day they were to arrive I made up a huge seafood

casserole filled out with lots of shrimp. I made the casserole in a ceramic container so it could be popped into the microwave oven and warmed whenever the Brase's van pulled into the driveway.

I will share this casserole recipe with you, because it got the greatest rave reviews I have ever received about any casserole I have ever made. With it I had hot rolls and a big green salad. After dinner we sat around the dining room table and started to get caught up on several years of conversation.

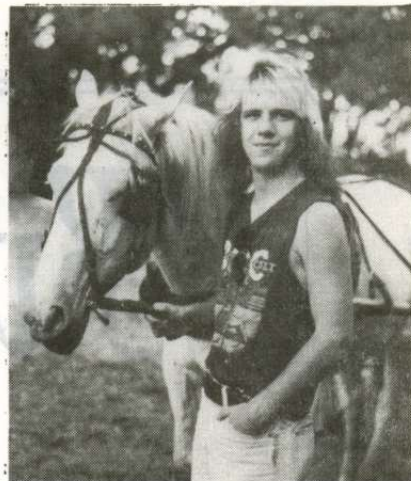
The next morning we got up early and headed for the Albuquerque zoo. This is one place that would appeal to all ages from two-year-old Elizabeth, to teenagers, to parents. We had a great time. Even though a trip around the whole zoo requires a lot of walking, Elizabeth held up very well. Julian enjoyed a chance to use his mother's Polaroid camera, and took several pictures to take home for a remembrance of his trip. Art was particularly interested in the new, great ape exhibit. One of the features of this exhibit is a very thick pane of glass which makes the viewer feel that he can reach out and touch the huge primates. It provides a real nose to nose encounter with these fascinating animals.

In the evening, Aaron, Julian, Art, my son James and daughter Katharine went to our local amusement park. I think they rode every ride available including the new, log ride which ends in a pond of water. Kristin and I stayed home with Elizabeth as she was pretty well worn-out from the zoo trip. Husband Jed also stayed home so that he could see his favorite baseball team, the Boston Red Sox, on TV. The Red Sox are not on our TV stations very often and it is an event for Jed when he gets to see them play ball.

It was a lovely evening, and Kristin and I sat out on the patio and reminisced about growing up in the Midwest, life on the farm, doing dishes after Sunday fried chicken dinners, shelling peas by the bushel, digging potatoes, pumping water for the cows and all the other memories of childhood. Kristin and I shall always be close friends even though our lives have prevented us from being close neighbors.

The next morning the Brases piled into their van for the long drive back to Torrington. I hated to see them go, but I was looking forward to an overnight trip to Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. It had been over two years since I had seen Cousin Alison Walstad and her family.

The drive to Ruidoso Downs is through some spectacular country. The route I took went through the Valley of Fires State Park. This is located in a large lava flow and I found the formations of solidified, black lava to be very interesting. The mountains around Ruidoso are high and cool which was a relief from the



James Lowey, son of Juliana and Jed Lowey, visited the Walstad family in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. Juliana writes about their visit and Leo, the Denver buggy horse.

heat of the plains which started the trip. Alison was ready and waiting when James and I arrived. (Katharine had decided to stay home to keep Jed company.) We had a tour of Alison's new addition to her kennel facility and as soon as Mike got home from work, we drove over to the Walstad's acres near Lincoln, New Mexico. Alison had everything ready for a hot dog roast. While the hot dogs were cooking, we took time for a buggy ride.

I told Alison I could get "hooked" on buggy rides with good old steady Leo, the Denver buggy horse, pulling the buggy. It was such fun just ambling along the dirt roads near the little river which runs by the Walstad acres. The scenery is beautiful.

Getting reacquainted with five-year-old Lily was a treat, and meeting two-year-old Lee was a delight. He is all little boy and managed to find and play in every available spot of mud.

The next day it was back to Albuquerque, and shortly after it was time to catch the plane to Omaha and on to Shenandoah. There are times when I feel like a perpetual motion machine, but I wouldn't trade these family visits for anything!

Until later,

Juliana

COVER STORY

Juliana took this beautiful scenic photograph while she was on a summer weekend retreat. She was taking a photography class with the community college in Albuquerque.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

I am sitting at my desk this afternoon, and just outside the window is a beautiful splash of color. Late last spring Frank planted a row of bright red, and red and white variegated impatiens plants. They have been beautiful all summer. He has watered the impatiens faithfully and they have been the one bright spot in our yard. Mowing the yard is a partnership job at our house. I mow what I can with the riding mower and Frank goes where I can't with the little mower. Would you believe it is well into the month of August and we have mowed the yard only three times? It has been so dry the grass didn't grow, and if it hadn't been for the unsightly buckhorn, the lawn wouldn't have needed mown that often.

We have continued to be fortunate in our area to have had a few nice showers when we needed it, but the rains were very spotty. For instance, the other night an area a few miles south of us had torrential rains which brought the Chariton River out of its banks flooding about 5000 acres of farmland. While they were getting five and six inches, we got a little over an inch, so we really did luck out that time.

Our corn and beans look good, but our worst problem has been the grasshoppers. We are going to have a very light hay crop. Frank doubts there will even be a third cutting, and the second cutting was skimpy. I guess we can't have everything.

Frank has been trying to spend a little time each day checking the fences and mending places. A lot of our pasture is bordered by timber, and once in a while a tree or a big limb will fall across the fence and break it down. It is surprising how many top wires on our fences are broken by deer.

Margery and Oliver spent two days with us enroute to Rockford, Illinois, to visit Oliver's sister, Nina Lester. We enjoyed all of our meals on the porch except breakfasts. The four of us sat out there and talked until news time every night, and listened to the whippoorwills and the bullfrogs. I was hoping the coyotes would put on their vocal choruses for the Stroms, but they didn't. Of course, they have every night since.

Almost every evening just before dark, Frank and I have seen five or six large blue herons. They come from the direction of one of our ponds and fly north, but they must have nests close by. They have a loud squawk, and it sounds very close. Late one night, I was awakened by this loud squawk and couldn't imagine what in the world it was, later I found out a heron made the loud sound.



The baby is Margery. Dorothy writes about it in her letter.

Marge wanted us to name a little calf after her, so we did. Whenever she calls she wants to know how little Margery is doing.

Margery and Oliver were sure I would have some homemade ice cream in the freezer. When they came I told her I hadn't found any good country cream yet. They were planning to stop here on their return trip home from Rockford, and I told Frank I was going to have some made before they came back. The ice cream was prepared for them and I was surprised when Marge telephoned that they were home. Marge's tooth had been giving her trouble so they hurried home to their own dentist. I told her about the ice cream and she said they would be back.

Whenever I am in Shenandoah, I go to see our dear friend Ruby Treese, who lived with and took care of Mother and Dad for many years until they were both gone. Mother's grandchildren always go to see Ruby when they are in town. Ruby is now retired and able to enjoy taking trips with her family. She was telling about the two trips she took this summer. When her daughter and husband went to Indiana to see their daughter, they took Ruby along; and later, she attended a family reunion in Dallas, Texas. Ruby says she is ready to stay home for awhile.

Many of you longtime readers of the magazine will remember hearing about and seeing pictures of Ruby's granddaughter, Amy Nicholas. Amy was born while Ruby lived with Mother, and they baby-sat Amy from the time she was born until she started to school while Amy's mother worked. Amy is now a lovely, high school girl.

We tried something new this year when we had our vacation Bible school at the church. We had it in the evening from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m., in the hopes that families would come together. Light suppers were served at 6:00 p.m.—beefburgers, the first night; hot dogs, the second night; chicken and noodle casserole, the third night (this was my night to help); and spaghetti and meat

sauce casserole, the fourth night. The last night's meal was to be potluck, but there were enough leftovers to serve so we used them. Salad and cookies were served every night along with milk and other cold drinks. Three women could easily prepare the main dish and others brought salads, cookies and drinks; and the suppers were a success. It was too early for the farmers to attend, because at that time most of them were combining oats. Enough women were there to enjoy the Bible study the pastor, Sara Palmer, had for us, while classes were held for the children.

I was asked to judge the pies and decorated cakes at the Adair County Fair this year. My good friend, Dorothea Polser, went with me. Neither one of us had attended a county fair for a long time, and we thoroughly enjoyed walking around and seeing all of the exhibits. I owe Mrs. Norma Tanner a very big apology. She contacted me last April about being a judge and had asked me to bring some of my sweatshirts so the ladies could see them. I didn't write it down and, wouldn't you know, I forgot. She was disappointed and, if it is any consolation to her, I feel very badly about it.

One of the men who had lived in this neighborhood as long as the Johnsons moved to town several years ago. He still comes here to fish once or twice a month in the summer. The other day he caught a great big turtle on his hook, bigger around than a very large dinner plate. He brought it up to the house to show us. Since he didn't want it, we called another friend whose family loves turtle meat and he came right away to get it. I should have taken a picture of it to send to Julian so he could see how big turtles grow in the bayou.

Dorothea and I entertained our Birthday Club this month, and all of us made plans to entertain our friends of the O.D.O. Club in Milo at an ice cream social. We have been wanting to do something for them ever since they entertained us at a lovely breakfast last summer. We decided to have the social at East Park in Osceola. This park is east of town on Highway 34, and the Clarke County Conservation Board has really been doing lots of things in the way of improvements in the park. They have built new shelter houses overlooking the lake and new play equipment for children. We were surprised to see that the shelter houses are equipped with lights and have electric outlets. We thought it was a lovely place to have our party.

Another member and I took a freezer of ice cream, and three others brought cakes. We also had iced tea and coffee. Everyone had a real nice time.

Kristin and family, all except Andy, spent a couple of days with Juliana and
(Continued on page 22)



LET'S MAKE THIS YEAR A "HONEY"

by
Mabel Nair Brown

September brings the beginning of a new program year for many clubs and church societies. If you are looking for a short skit to put a bit of spark in that first meeting, use this "honey bee" skit.

Setting: From posterboard cut out 10 large honey-bee shapes with approximately a 12-inch wingspread. Paint body dark brown and wings pale yellow. In large letters print one of these words across the width of each bee: FAITHFUL, ALERT, KIND, PATIENT, ENTHUSIASTIC, HAPPY, FRIENDLY, CONCERNED, WILLING, ACTIVE. If your group is a large one, each honey bee may be fastened to a length of a dowel stick and carried on stage by a helper at the appropriate time. One person may give the narration for each word then, with a snap clothespin, fasten the bee to a line strung across the stage. Another suggestion is to make smaller bees of construction paper and tack to a bulletin board as narration is given. If helpers carry in bees as a banner, add a whimsical touch and have each person wear a little yellow crepe paper cap with black chenille antennae attached at the top.

Narrator: Members of (name your organization):

We stand here at the threshold,
Let us step forth boldly, without
fear,

To broaden horizons, meet
challenges,

Make this a GROWING year.

By the united effort of all of us

We can do it, never fear—

If we all become the B's I mention,

We'll have a "honey" of a year!

(As each of the B's are mentioned, the banner or placard is brought forward.)

Be faithful that's the first "B,"

I'm here to lay it on the line—

Don't be a "hit-or-miss-er,"

Be here every time!

There's no time for you to be
indifferent,

Thinking, "I'm just one little squirt."

No, ma'am, it's important that you

Be up and at 'em—*be alert!*

Be kind if you don't understand or like

What we're doing or getting at.

Remember, you may need our kind
tolerance

When it's your turn up to bat!

Above all, friends, *be patient*

When things sometimes go wrong—

Can't win 'em all, you know, and

Tough goin' can make us strong.

Be enthusiastic, a booster, a "lifter-
upper,"

Don't go 'round belittling, and tearing
down—

It's the ones with a smile and get-up-
and-go

Who are fun to have around.

Be happy! A "happy face"

Can truly make our day,

And your cheerfulness and joy

Will brighten all our way.

I'd have each one of us *be friendly*,

For friendship is the goodwill corner-
stone

Upon which to build a good club,

Our community, our world, our home.

To each and every member—listen!

This challenge to YOU is hurled:

Reach out, help, *be concerned*,

Be a compassionate citizen of the
world.

Be willing at every opportunity

To do your special part

In all our club meetings, plans and
projects,

Give your best with all your heart.

Summing it all up, *be active!*

Be a see-er, a hear-er, a give-er, a
do-er,

Be a truly active member and we'll
have

A "honey" of a year for sure!

There we see our ten honey B's all

lined up. Let us say all of them

together in unison. (All join) Faith-

ful, Alert, Kind, Patient, Enthusias-

tic, Happy, Friendly, Concerned,

Willing, Active.

Club President: If all of us go through
this year as the industrious "honey
bees," as we have been challenged, each
of us might come to the end of this year
with the knowledge that...and I quote:

My mind has gone adventuring
around the globe, explored strange
places, accepted new ideas, learned
to know some friends among stran-
gers' faces. My soul has taken new
dimensions; the upward stretch, the
outward reach—a new awareness
of my life's true purpose, the calling
of each heart to each. My heart has
known great enlarging, a surge of
warmth for every human soul; Lord,
keep it now from too much shrink-
ing, and make my life one perfect
Whole.

Let's make this a HONEY OF A
YEAR, indeed!



A THOUGHT ON LEARNING

Someday they'll learn

The things I've learned,

My children, now all grown,

And they'll be glad

The things they've learned

Are things I once have known,

And I can rest in peace

Knowing they too have found the way

Of happiness with heartfelt thanks

And patience for each day.

—Verna Sparks

THIRTY-NINE SEPTEMBERS

by
Susan M. Walter

When I hear the sound of duck calls in
the basement of our home, I needn't look
at the calendar to know it's September.
When autumn is becoming a kaleido-
scope of color, the clumps of brush are
donning their fall wardrobes.

Norm, my husband, is preparing for
one of the many joys in his life—duck
hunting. I have felt his enthusiasm for
thirty-nine years. Every year, for many
years, the children would hear me say
the same thing, "Daddy has gone hunting
to shoot a duck."

A few days before the season opens,
Norm and his hunting partner would
drive up north to their favorite spot along
the Missouri River to build the duck blind
and to position the duck decoys. The
weather has varied through the years but
that would have no hindrance in pre-
paring and enjoying the season.

The first day of the season, I'm sure, is
very exciting for the outdoorsman. The
expectations are high; the enthusiasm is
great. Norm has had no difficulty arising
at 4 a.m. The first few years I would pre-
pare a nourishing breakfast for him, but
the first time he said, "Honey, there's no
need for you to get up so early; I can fix
my own breakfast," I never again moved
out of my warm bed so early in the
morning!

The hunters start out with warm
clothing, guns, plenty of shells, duck
calls, a thermos of hot coffee, a package
of donuts, lunch, and the anticipation of a
good day. If the day is cold, the old
charcoal stove gets a workout. It also
does a good job heating the wieners for
lunch.

It is difficult for me to believe that days
in September and November could be
called "good days" when the hunter's
imaginary promise of their limit in game is
sometimes zero. But, I suppose a
hunter's day is flawless simply because
he is out where the action could be. Even
though some days are birdless, a
hunter's zest for the outdoors would not
fade away—unless the time comes when
the old bones can no longer take the cold
weather.

During this time of the year, I have
never really felt like the neglected wife.
However, getting up at 4 a.m. and driving
for an hour then sitting in a duck blind all
day is not my cup of tea. But then, on the
other hand, Norm would not enjoy oil
painting with me all day or helping me
peck out stories all day on my typewriter.
He would definitely not enjoy helping me
cut and sew a few garments.

I am looking forward to another
September—not because it will be
another hunting season, but because it
was the Lord's will that we are together
forty Septembers.

FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

A few weeks ago, the little dog that I take for a walk each day bit me on my right hand. He was in great pain, and I was carrying him to a doctor when he suddenly panicked and bit me. Of course, I forgave him. Yesterday, he bit me on the left hand, and it is only with great difficulty I am able to write this letter. I have one finger in a splint! The dog was not in any pain when he bit me this time! He was angry!! He had given me fair warning he would bite me if I tried to take a wood tick off of his back. I paid no attention to his warning, started to get the tick and, quick as a flash, he bit right through my middle finger. For the second time this summer I had to go to the doctor with a dog bite. This time, the doctor asked: "Why don't you get rid of the dog?"

My answer was simple: "He is not my dog. He belongs to the neighbors."

You should see what I received in the mail today! Mrs. T. Czerwinski of Omaha sent me two boxes of the finest black walnut meats I have ever eaten. I don't know where she got them, but whoever grew those walnuts really has something special. How I do wish we could grow black walnuts in New England. Having grown up in Iowa, I don't think there is any nut in the world—not even the macadamia nut—that is as good as a black walnut.

This morning, while I was taking my daily walk in the woods, I found a big swan egg. Swans *never* lay eggs in the woods away from the water and that means some animal had to have carried that egg all the way from the river in front of our house to that spot in the woods. But what animal? How would any animal carry a swan egg so far without breaking it? I am quite sure we do not have any bears around here, and only a bear could manage to carry a swan egg, and he would not. A bear, if he had a swan egg, would eat it right on the spot! He would not carry it back into the woods.

What fun we are having watching an osprey family fishing in our little cove. How grateful we are that the osprey is making a slow comeback from near extinction. They are such magnificent birds of prey, very much like an eagle. That awful insecticide, DDT, just about finished the ospreys a few years ago. The DDT got into the water, was absorbed by the fish, and the ospreys ate the fish and died.

My nephew, Rev. Martin Strom, and his wife, Eugenie, are here for a visit. What a good time Betty and I are having showing them this part of New England. They like to sail, and before they had been in our house ten minutes, I had them getting dressed to go sailing. We sailed down to the beach to take a dip, and then we went on down the coast a



Martin and Eugenie Strom enjoyed visiting Frederick and Betty this summer.

ways. Martin is a natural when it comes to handling a boat. He reminded me that I taught him to sail when he came to visit us in Nova Scotia several years ago.

Since Martin and I are both clergymen, we never lack for conversation topics. For a young clergyman, Martin has quite an impressive background. Few young men his age have travelled abroad as much as Martin has, and he always has travelled with a purpose. He is very observant, and his observations about other lands and other people in other cultures are so interesting.

Yesterday, we took the Stroms to some of the places where on other occasions we had taken Martin's parents. Of course, we went to Newport, Rhode Island (only a forty-five minute ride from our house) and with all the other tourists, we visited the home of Cornelius Vanderbilt. If you are ever in the state of Rhode Island, you be sure to visit that magnificent home overlooking the ocean. I have seen beautiful homes all over this world, but I don't think I ever saw any home the equal of The Breakers. Our visit there yesterday was my seventh or eighth time to go through the grand old mansion.

We have had so many lovely picnics the past few weeks. On what must have been the most beautiful evening of the entire summer, we were the guests of Captain and Mrs. Stanley Smith for a picnic supper on the grounds of the Mason's Island Yacht Club. Never had I seen an ocean more sparkling, and all the way to the horizon there were sailboats with their colorful sails catching the fading sunlight. We had a picnic table right at the edge of water where little children were splashing about. It was the ideal spot and time to enjoy fresh lobster salad, crab salad, stuffed eggs and a dozen other delicious foods.

Sad but true, there has been another boating tragedy in the waters off our shores. I have told you about so many boating accidents since we moved here that you must think boating is a terribly dangerous sport. Well, it can be dangerous if one is not very, very careful. This most recent accident happened when

two grown men, driving a very safe boat in good weather and calm seas had the misfortune to have their boat tangle with a rope connecting a marker buoy to a lobster pot. The lobster pot was obviously caught in some rocks beneath the surface of the water, and when the rope to the pot failed to break, something had to give, and incredibly, it was the boat. It was flipped onto its side, and both men were thrown into the water. One of the men was able to swim to a rock ledge and wait there for help, but the other man drowned. How tragic!

On a very stormy day last week, I thought we were going to see some young men signaling for me to take my boat to their rescue. For almost an hour, Betty had been watching this particular sailboat going up and down the river in front of our house, and finally, she called to me and said: "Come here and take a look at that boat off the point! I think those boys are in some kind of trouble." She handed me the binoculars, and I studied the situation. It appeared to me that the boys were struggling to repair a broken rudder while attempting to go downstream against the wind and against a very strong tide. Eventually, they made it safely to shore a short distance below our house, but it took them at least a full hour and a half to do what under most normal circumstances could have been done in ten minutes. People who live by the water never lack for something interesting to watch.

We had a most unusual experience two weeks ago when we had as our guest overnight a young man from India who presently is walking around the world. I had received a telephone call from an old friend in the eastern part of Massachusetts who asked me to give the young Indian some help. The young man was a disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, very intelligent, very dedicated to non-violence, and just overflowing with interesting conversation. He spoke constantly of the many adventures he had had walking thousands of miles through many different countries. After he walks across the United States, he will fly to Japan to continue his walk. He said with a smile: "While flying the oceans, I walk up and down the aisle of the plane!"

My flowers have been the talk of the neighborhood this past summer. They really were some of the most beautiful flowers I have ever had, but oh how hard I had to work!! Before another summer, I simply must find some better and easier way to combat the Japanese beetles. Those pesky critters ruined hundreds of my flowers! I spent so much money buying traps to catch the beetles and sprays to discourage them, but it was a losing fight! Do you suppose that God really loves Japanese beetles?

Sincerely,
Frederick

MISS LIBERTY'S LOOK-ALIKES

by Ruth Townsend

The Statue of Liberty is often in the news but did you know there are four large replicas that are worth seeing as well? They are located in Des Moines, Iowa; Loveland, Colorado; Birmingham, Alabama; and Buffalo, New York.

The Iowa replica stands on the east approach to the State Capitol Building. According to the State Historical Society, it was presented to the people of Iowa in March of 1950 by the Boy Scouts of America as a part of a service and fund-raising project sponsored by the Tall Corn Area Council. It is one of two dozen or so monuments scattered around the Capitol grounds but draws the special attention of many visitors because it is a "hometown Miss Liberty."

The Boy Scouts are also responsible for the statue in Loveland, Colorado. The dedication of this replica took place on July 4, 1950, soon after Iowa received its statue. Just before the dedication ceremony, the Scouts (supposedly) buried a time capsule at the foot of the statue. This capsule contained Scout equipment, a list of city employees, and a description of Loveland at that time. Plans were made to open the capsule 25 years later.

When July 4, 1975, rolled around, several prominent citizens went to unearth the capsule and have it ready for the day's activities. However, no sign of the capsule could be found. Digging and more digging brought no results. Later, city officials searched the Municipal Building, thinking perhaps the capsule had been taken back to some office there but nothing turned up. And nothing has been found since! Every 4th of July, the people of Loveland talk of the "lost capsule" and wonder where it is, but so far it remains a mystery. The statue of Miss Liberty still stands, serene and beautiful, on the shore of Lake Loveland, but if she knows the whereabouts of the capsule, she isn't telling!

The other two large replicas are privately owned. One is in Birmingham, Alabama. It sits atop the Liberty National Life Insurance Building. This Miss Liberty is the world's largest replica of New York City's famous statue. It stands 31 feet high, which is one-fifth the size of the original, and is made of solid bronze on a steel frame. She's a heavy lady, weighing over 10 tons.

The Birmingham statue came into being because of the long-time dream of Frank P. Samford who was president of the Liberty Insurance Company in 1952. He had a model made in America but decided to have the casting done in France. The trip from France to America, made in 1958, was uneventful but Miss Liberty's journey to the top of



Iowa's Own Miss Liberty. (Photo courtesy of Iowa State Historical Dept.)

the twelve-story Liberty Insurance Building was not!

To get the statue in place, a steel cable was hooked to a ring in the top of Miss Liberty's head and stretched over the top of the building, then down to a winch in the parking lot behind the building. As the statue was being raised, the winch motor stopped. The brake holding the cable began to slip. It looked as though the \$100,000 statue was going to drop to the ground and be destroyed. Fortunately the workmen got the motor started in the nick of time and Miss Liberty finally completed her journey unharmed.

At the present time the Liberty Insurance Building is being expanded to 25 stories. When it is completed, Miss Liberty will go to the top again, without trouble this time, we hope.

In Buffalo, New York, Miss Liberty is more than just a statue. She is twins! There is one statue at each end of the former Liberty National Bank and Trust Company Building. These two ladies have been beloved landmarks for the people of Buffalo since 1924.

Both statues were made by sculptor Leo Lentelli of Bologna, Italy. Each is 30 feet high, just one foot shorter than the Birmingham Miss Liberty. These two replicas are not exact copies of the original but there are only small differences around the head, arms and torch.

The torches of both statues have been lighted at night ever since the beginning. Thus they have served as beacons for both lake freighters and air traffic. In recent years powerful floodlights have been turned on the statues so the entire statue, not just the torch, is now a beacon.

If you are ever in Des Moines, Loveland, Birmingham, or Buffalo, you might want to take time to look up—and look up to—the replicas of our famous Statue of Liberty.

GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE

Some time ago, I drove to a nearby farm to visit one of my favorite trees. The owners of the tree had called and said their sugar maple was turning colors. I could never remember when any tree changed color in late August, but there the tree stood as if a giant paintbrush had tipped the leaves. The owners and I discussed this strange turn of affairs and simply decided it was a *prevue* of autumn. A naturalist could explain this unusual phenomenon, we decided, but often a minor miracle is lost in a technical explanation. The tree, tipped in magnificent color, was accepted by us as we admired its glory.

As I picked up the morning paper recently, a great yellow bus came down the hill and stopped at the corner to pick up schoolchildren. Dressed in colorful shirts, blouses and blue jeans and their feet encased in new shoes, they chattered and laughed as they swung aboard. I marveled at the new adventures awaiting them and prayed silently that a dedicated teacher would be waiting to instruct, encourage and guide them as they traveled down the long path of education. I hope the teacher had a ready smile as the children entered strange classrooms that smelled of new paint, chalk dust and books.

August brought the Sturgeon moon when saltwater varieties of this fish came up streams to spawn, yet the Indians called the last full moon of summer the Riding Moon for it lighted their trails as they migrated to other areas.

When I look upward on my nightly walk around the old house, I see the moon is riding high, attended by one sparkling star. As the door is closed to the house, the clock chimes midnight. The sound dies away and it seems to prophecy that summer is nearing the end.

—Harold R. Smith



MEADOWLARKS AND MEMORIES

From a cedar post perch comes the sweetest call

A brown bird singing his message to all,

That summer is here and for a while he'll stay

Close in our meadow just over the way,

His song rings clear like a silver bell—

And of him truly my heart can tell
That each day lived is one to keep,
Here inside where my thoughts run deep

All too soon each lovely summer goes,
But not the memory of a wild pink rose.

—Rita Fay Farnham

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

I've just wiped the dew and grass clippings from the soles of my shoes after a first-aid trip through the flower beds which we have planted around our deck. Most of our *real* flowers are growing in the planters which were put out on top of the deck as soon as frost danger was past. However, we did nestle in geraniums and moss roses as an edger below the deck and they have proven to be very pretty. The silver mound and moss roses have suffered from repeated stomplings by the dear, little raccoon we have been feeding. As a result, I went out to view clearly in daylight what I had witnessed after dark last night and decided things were not quite as bad as I had anticipated.

Many, many of you farm folk must consider anyone who would encourage a raccoon to come calling by deliberately providing food and beverages to have a slightly addled brain. Bear me no ill will! To a city girl living amongst the lakes where there are pitifully few farms left, a raccoon takes on an entirely different mystique. After feeding her all winter to the point where she would come up and eat from our hands, last evening she rewarded our efforts by bringing her dear tiny offsprings for their first selection of Brownberry Outlet Store "Bird Bread." Those cute little nippers took a greater liking to the tender moss rose tips despite their mother's repeated trips back to the ice cream bucket bearing the mound of relatively stale goodies.

My greatest concern as I watched the young ones' cute antics last night was for my moonflower vine. It is almost to the top of the trellis and should be showing a bloom soon but its one slender stem is entirely unprotected from investigative teeth. Before this day's sun sets, there shall be some kind of armor plate around the base of this much pampered plant. My gardening neighbor, Marilyn, planted two packets of seeds and only two seeds sprouted. Marilyn planted one of the moonflower plants and gave me the other. So, if anything happens to my plant, I shall be a sorry loser in our competition to get the first moonflower to grace our gardens.

Don and I watched the raccoons romping around in the garden last night from inside the house because of the mosquitoes, but other evenings we have sat quietly and listened to the raccoons' claws scratching as they come down from the tree tops. It is just like another life is taking over in the dark. One by one they will come *almost* silently across the back stretches of our mutually shared back yards and dip into the ice cream bucket for their evening's portion of



Mary Beth Driftmier tells about the restoration of Hawks Inn. Beside Mary Beth is Ellen Buckner who demonstrates many of the old-fashioned cooking utensils in the buttry.

bread. Then they race pell-mell across Marilyn's grass, race through her thick carpet of impatiens, and make a well-practiced dive under *her* deck where they can eat with impunity!

Our cautious little mother raccoon and her three furry babies do not come with the "gang," but arrive later. She taught them where the freshly filled buckets of water are waiting for them to slake their thirsts. It is little wonder our cats step *very* warily out the door in the morning and spend minutes sniffing before they will drink out of these water containers.

Life for our cats has become less pleasant lately because the crows have taken up nighttime nesting in the trees in our yard and do not appreciate the presence of any cats under *their* trees. As a result, the crows set up an awful ruckus and drop ominously from limb to limb until finally our comparatively small white cats come dashing from the back lot line to the safety of the hedges around our house. To picture how swiftly they are moving you need only imagine a Siamese, who always carries his tail straight up, racing so fast that his tail has leveled out behind him with a reverse loop pulled into it.

Before I leave the subject of life in our back yard, I must tell you the finches and nuthatches have returned to our thistle feeder just as mysteriously as they defected during the winter. The feeder hangs not ten inches from our bedroom window and they begin arriving at dawn and there are dozens and dozens of them. As a result, growing in the semi-shaded protection of the impatiens in the window box is a bumper crop of Niger seeds. It is a pity I don't know how to grow them and harvest my own thistle seeds.

This has been a busy four weeks since I last wrote to you. The Delafield Postmaster must think I am the most popular person in town—mailwise. The response from many of you to the Lady Liberty pins has been very heartwarming. Not ever having been connected with the mail-order business at Kitchen-Klatter, I have been absolutely astounded with the letters I have received. It has been great fun reading each of them, learning the best way to get the pins to you by mail, and most of all seeing the country-wide range of addresses. There have been requests, and usually a letter, from Oregon, California, Florida, and Michigan to mention just those states I never expected to hear from. One gentleman said he was going to send the pins to Australia because finding an exchange item so uniquely American was sometimes difficult. Fascinating! I do thank each of you who has ordered the Lady Liberty pins.

In addition to the orders, the dues have begun to come in the mail for the 1985-1986 year from my DAR chapter and I am beginning my third and final year as treasurer. This is the largest chapter in the state, therefore you can imagine why the postmaster thinks I am a popular lady. My mailbox runneth over!

Since there are bank deposits to make for DAR, or Lady Liberty checks to deposit daily, or DAR membership cards to mail daily, I have had good cause to get out my trusty two wheeler even more frequently for the quick trips to "Greater Downtown Delafield!" Believe it or not, I am now logging four miles a day on Adrienne's dependable old bicycle. Since four miles began to make my bones ache, the bike has been upgraded, and this was accomplished by buying a padded

(Continued on page 19)

GOLDEN GEMS

by Dorothy Enke

In the seventh grade, we had a teacher who was determined to teach us more than arithmetic and geography. Each Monday morning when we straggled into the schoolroom, we would find what Miss Truelock euphemistically called a Golden Gem, written with bright yellow chalk on the north blackboard.

Many of Miss Truelock's Golden Gems were old friends, but one Monday morning she had a new one for us:

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way." —Lewishon

After carefully dusting the yellow chalk from her hands, Miss Truelock read the couplet to us. Then she had the class read it. We liked it. It had a certain swing and rhythm, and we knew that it was going to be easy to memorize.

Miss Truelock aroused our interest by telling us that knowing these words and practicing their advice was like having our own special magic. It was a sort of abracadabra that could help you and save you much trouble and unhappiness. It was particularly helpful in times of frustration and embarrassment. Acting kindly always turned the focus away from yourself to someone else. Automatically people forgot about you and thought of the other person. There was the extra bonus, too, of making others more comfortable and relaxed.

We meet people who are thoughtlessly rude and careless, but very few act this way deliberately. The pressures of daily stress make it woefully easy to forget that courtesy is the lubricant that makes our human relationships bearable.

The charm of courtesy becomes evident when you see it in action. No one knows how many quarrels have been averted, nor how many serious conflicts have been resolved harmoniously because someone knew how to say and do the kindest thing in the kindest way. This was probably what Miss Truelock was trying to teach us those long years ago. We were not eager to be taught the discipline of courtesy, but how well she knew we needed to learn the restraining force of love and kindness!

Golden Gems are no longer a part of any schoolroom curriculum. Today if we saw such a message we would probably read it as it twinkled in an electric sign above an advertisement. People would probably sigh with a bit of nostalgia, and smile, if they were to read:

"Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way."

No matter how we react to the words, the impetus toward a happier approach to life is still hidden in these lines. The magic is still there, the magic of love and self-forgetfulness.



Peterton School: Two-room, rural school—Osage County, Kansas.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

If you learned your reading and arithmetic

And your writing and spelling, too,
In a pleasant little country school,
Then this poem is for you.

The lonely little country school;
Its doors swing out no more;
No row of coats hangs in the hall,
No chalk dust on the floor.

It waits there on the hill so high,
Or in the valley low
With nothing but its memories left
Of days so long ago.

Scrubbed children trudging down the road
With lunch pails swinging free.
Groups eating picnic style at noon
Beneath each shady tree.

The folks at home and in the fields
Could hear the school bell ring
As it called the lively children in
To study and to sing.

Homeward bound down the autumn road,
All nature there to see,—
Goldenrod and shocks of corn,
Red leaves beneath a tree.

The walk in winter meant drifts of snow;
In spring 'twas pleasant, too,
With fragrant blossoms of wild plum
And roadside violets blue.

Pie socials, track meets, baseball games,
No wish for a trip to the moon;
Spelling down to see who's best
On Friday afternoon.

Party fun on Hallowe'en;
A Christmas program, too.
Proud parents each time came to see
What their cute kids could do.

Last day of school meant basket feast,
New clothes in bright array;
Report cards, baseball games, awards,
All marked the closing day.

So good-by, little desk in the country school;
The children will never return.
But you were a part of their childhood days,
Holding books for them to learn.

And now your work is all done, country school;
They say you are needed no more.
But all of your friends feel saddened today
As they close and lock the door.

For progress says, "No country schools."
To town now is the rule,
Where much is gained and much is lost
With the close of the country school.

Even a four-leaf-clover wilts;
And bluebirds fly away.
Our school is closed, but its memories
In our hearts will always stay.

—Harriet Christesen Moore

A SPECIAL GIFT FOR GRANDMA

If Grandma lives far away, she's sure to love an extra special little gift from her grandchildren. Even if she doesn't live very far away, she'll appreciate a personalized gift, made especially for her.

Why not personalize a gift for Grandma, using the child's own handprint? Simply trace around your youngster's hand and cut out the shape for a pattern. Using a water-soluble marker, trace around the handprint pattern onto a dish towel, hand towel or a potholder. Then embroider around the handprint, using bright colored floss. Add the child's name and date, if you wish. Older children might enjoy doing their own embroidery. Wouldn't a matching kitchen ensemble be nice?

If you don't care to embroider, try

stenciling the child's handprint for a delightful effect. After cutting out the pattern, trace it onto stencil paper. Then cut out the hand shape with a stencil knife. Use masking tape to secure the stencils in place on the fabric. Following the manufacturer's directions, using special stencil paints and brush, carefully dab paint onto the fabric, taking care not to use too much paint. Gently lift the stencil straight up and off of the fabric to prevent smearing.

Another variation of this idea is to cut the child's handprint from a piece of colorful calico, and machine applique' it to the towel or potholder.

With just a little effort, you can create a very precious gift for Grandma—a gift she'll surely treasure for years!

—Betty Vriesen



DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

It is now the middle of summer. For us, the season really got underway when my cousin Steve Crandall visited town to be present at an international badminton tournament. For Steve, who is the vice president of a company that manufactures badminton string, it was a business trip. Happily, it gave us a chance to have a reunion. It also gave me the chance to watch the game that I have not played since I was a kid. Badminton is a great spectator sport even for the uninitiated like myself.

Badminton is truly an international sport. Did you know it is considered to be the national sport of Denmark? Players were in Calgary from countries all over the world. The games gave a feeling of brotherhood and good will to participants and spectators alike.

During those games, the hijacking of the American plane took place, followed shortly by the bombing of an Air Canada flight to India. Talk about a terrible contrast!

Shortly after these horrifying events, I heard two men on the street muttering to each other that "these dark skinned people, who are nothing but terrorists, should be all sent back (out of the country) to where they came from." To me, these two men represented the worst that could come from news stories of evil deeds. Of course, blaming a whole group for the errors of a few is dead wrong! And yet, we all know there is a tendency to do it, especially when the group in question is a *minority* and a visible one. What about the terrorists in Northern Ireland? They are Caucasian and Christian! It would not be right to think for a minute that a whole ethnic group of people of any color is to blame for the crimes of a few.

But this summer most of my news is happy! Let me begin by saying I heard a report on CBC Radio today about a farm in Ireland. There, unemployed young people of both Protestant and Catholic descent live and work together as a living symbol for the whole country. Isn't that a grand idea?

Now let me share with you something of the way that Sophie and I work in the summer. She is a nurse working at the hospital several days a week, while I stay at home and work as a full-time house-husband! This is certainly good for both of us! Today, as I was scurrying around to get the chores done, I developed a new admiration for the many skills and good organization of my wife! When Sophie got home, she told me that she knew what it was like to return home tired and then set about playing with and attending



John Frederick Driftmier, son of David and Sophie Driftmier, Calgary, Alberta, enjoys outdoor activities.

to a child. It's good we each have a chance to walk in the other's shoes.

This year, I am finding it more fun than ever to be with John. At age two and a half, he has become a good companion on fishing trips to a nearby river and lake. He enjoys summer activities more than ever such as trips to the local swimming pool. We have had some fun participating in a few of the celebrations and attractions here in Calgary, Alberta.

If you ever visit Canada in the summer, be sure to be here for our July 1st, or Canada Day celebrations. On July 1st, 1867, Canada's founding fathers signed the Articles of Confederation that made Canada a separate country, independent of Britain and yet still a member of the Commonwealth of Nations. Calgary hosts many festive events on that day, the biggest being an all-day picnic at our downtown park with music, children's theater and displays by community organizations—all culminating in a great fireworks display. It is Canada's version of the Fourth of July! Sophie was working that afternoon, but Johnny and I had a good time!

Calgary has a big, annual parade to usher in the beginning of the Calgary Stampede. No doubt you have heard of this great outdoor exposition, that really is the biggest rodeo on earth, as well as a big midway, and a trade and country fair. This was our first time to actually brave getting out hours early to get a place by the street for a good view of all two and a half hours of the parade. It's a spectacle complete with floats of all descriptions, many marching bands, clowns, and celebrities like Sir Edmund Hillary (of Mt. Everest fame) and Mohammed Ali (a boxer) as parade marshalls. The Indian costumes and horses are beautiful! Johnny loved the whole thing, though perhaps the highlight was getting his first piece of bubble gum from his friend Ethan who sat next to us!

Whether or not you come through Calgary during the Stampede, Heritage Park, a historical replica pioneer village and museum, is open all summer long. It

is situated in my favorite part of Calgary, right on the big Glenmore Reservoir, on a hill overlooking the mountains. We have a family season pass, and on top of John's list of favorite outings is to ride on the old steam train at the park and stop at the miniature farm in the park to see all of the animals. Heritage Park is something that you *must* see in this part of the world.

Just a moment ago, we received a telephone call from my mother and father. We began to talk about our fond memories of summer. It was always the happiest time of the year for my family while I was growing up. Now that I have a family of my own, I try to recreate some of my happiest memories for John and Sophie. That is what we all try to do and is what makes having children such a pleasure.

For many years, when I was a child and adolescent, my family went to stay at my grandfather Crandall's large summer place located near the small village of Argyle Head in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia. All of my family love the southern part of Nova Scotia, with its gorgeous countryside close to the ocean. But the best thing about growing up there was getting to know the fine people who live near there.

You can imagine my delight when, several weeks ago, I received a letter from Mrs. Willetta Raynard. I knew her family very well, for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chesley Roberts, were good friends of my grandparents, and I used to play with her son Warren.

Mrs. Raynard writes that her parents will soon be celebrating their 70th wedding anniversary! When I think of those good people, I think of the whole way of life they lead, a hard life that was much different from the one we know today! Mr. Roberts would tell stories of how he was a lobster fisherman before the days when most boats had engines, and how he would row his dory out every day to pull up the lobster traps. He would tell us these stories as he knitted fish nets in their warm kitchen, while Mrs. Roberts always seemed to be pulling hot bread and cookies (some of the best in this world!) out of her wood burning stove. That way of life gave them something special. Many of the good values I learned as a child came from knowing people like them. Mrs. Raynard writes that they still do much for themselves, though they are not in the best of health. Let me share with you her description of her parents:

They were of the generation that didn't give up when things got rough and they still want to wait on themselves as much as possible.

When I think of my grandparents' generation, I reflect on the thought that it is usually not the easy and luxurious
(Continued on page 19)



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends,

I just cut an article from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire newspaper to send to my cousin, Juliana Lowey. The article is about an archeological dig, employing many local volunteers, in the back yard of a restored colonial house. The purpose of the dig is to learn more about the "Georgianization" process that took place at the time the house was built and involved land use and lifestyle as well as architecture. I knew Juliana would be interested because she has been involved in similar projects for many years.

This dig is taking place at a house located in Strawberry Banke, an area of restored buildings near the river in downtown Portsmouth where they demonstrate what life was like in colonial times. It's hard to tell where Strawberry Banke ends because most of Portsmouth is made up of narrow streets and old buildings that have been charmingly restored. Between Strawberry Banke and the Piscataqua River lies Prescott Park with its lovely gardens and outdoor stage. All summer long there has been a production of the musical "Oliver!" on that stage four nights a week at 8:30 p.m. It is preceded by local entertainment, so people come early with their picnics and lawn chairs. The production is free, with a hat being passed and the suggestion of a \$3 contribution per person. Can you imagine what a lovely evening that makes?

To me, the most wonderful aspect of all this is I can be there on my bicycle in less than 10 minutes. The key word here is "bicycle." Half of the bridge to that part of town has been closed for construction, so it actually is faster to get into Portsmouth by bike than by car.

I have made my peace with the fact we just aren't going to be able to buy a canoe this summer, although I'm jealous every time I see a car with a canoe on top, and around here that's very common. Instead, biking has been our most enjoyable family activity. It's the last time for a couple of years that we'll all be on 2-wheeled bikes (Cassie is about to outgrow her seat on Dad's bike) so we've made the most of the situation. The area is more-or-less flat (in contrast to the great hills of Bellevue, Nebraska) so we can cover a lot of ground. We love being at the drawbridge when it is raised to let tall boats pass under. In fact, I never get tired of watching the boat traffic on the river, and here it is commercial traffic as often as pleasure craft.

Kittery, where we live, is the oldest and southernmost town in Maine. Like Portsmouth, but much smaller, it is steeped in history. Our house is only 10



Mary Lea Palo has plenty of help making candy. Christopher and Cassandra have their spoons full.

years old (Vin appreciates history but does not have the restoration bug), in an established neighborhood and close to everything. We love it!

Moving at the beginning of the summer was hard on the kids because they have not been able to meet many children. However, they each have at least one new friend and we have enjoyed many visits with old friends and with family. Hopefully, when school starts the kids will feel established and will expand their acquaintance. Isabel will be going to a school that is just a few houses away. It contains grades 4 through 8 for the whole town. As of this writing, I don't know which of 2 other schools Chris will be attending for grade 3. The town hasn't finalized its bus routes. Cassie is on a waiting list for pre-school.

Speaking of visits from family, we had a really nice weekend with Martin and Eugenie Strom. We took them to the annual blessing of the Portsmouth fishing fleet. We were too far away to hear the actual blessing (on one of summer's hottest days we chose to remain in the shade rather than approach closer) but we enjoyed the spectacle of all the boats

decorated with balloons and flags. We ate our fill of lobster and were impressed by Martin's ability at "Trivial Pursuit." Eugenie says he remembers everything! It was a great visit.

We have been to the beach many times (including once with Eugenie and Martin). Vin, Chris and Isabel all love to body surf in the waves. Cassie is a digger-of-sand and a liar-on-towels. Everyone likes to explore tide pools. On the porch by the front door is a growing pile of rocks, shells and driftwood to which "treasures" are added after every expedition.

I love the rhythm of the waves and the tides. Nothing makes me happier than to sit on a rock at the water's edge and lose myself in its movement. The view out over a watery horizon is as spirit-stretching and uplifting as the vast Western landscape views. It is good to be humbled by the awesomeness of creation and challenged by its beauty. May we find a way to preserve this fragile heaven: our earth!

Best wishes for a full harvest of dreams as well as food....

Mary Lea

TREASURE THIS DAY

Treasure this day as your last one
For it is the Lord's own gift;
Savor its minutes as jewels,
Gems for your heart's uplift.
Share your content with a neighbor,
Shower your love on a friend;
Help others value these hours
Before this precious day's end.

—Inez Baker

MEMORIES OF A GRANDDAUGHTER

How well I remember my Grandmother dear,
Her love and concern, her warmth and her cheer.
Though her family was large and some far away,
Each one felt her love in a wonderful way!

How well I remember my Grandmother's eyes;
They always inspired us to tell her no lies.
In the planning of fun or the shedding of tears,
Her eyes mirrored love for us all through the years.

How well I remember my Grandmother's smile,
As she came to her door with her usual style.
Her smile said, "Come in; you are special to me."
And its warmth was felt by the whole family.

How well I remember my Grandmother's hands;
They so tirelessly met all her family's demands.
Each labor of love was cheerfully done,
As her hands worked so hard both in work and in fun.

How well I remember my Grandmother's feet,
And the speed that she went as she walked down the street.
Though the years between us numbered more than a few,
Keeping up with her pace was all I could do.

Yes, how well I remember my Grandmother dear.
And though she's been gone for many a year,
The memories she left will never depart;
For her place in my life will remain in my heart.
—Janet Manz

GRANDPARENTS' DAY

A Day of Remembering

by
Virginia Thomas

I'm glad I had an old-fashioned childhood. Maybe I didn't have a home with running water and electricity, didn't even know there were such things as pizza, chips and cokes, and my wildest imaginings wouldn't have dreamed up anything as far-out as TV or video games, let alone a space shuttle. But I had something very special—grandparents who lived near by, who were a very important part of my childhood, and their sons and daughters and "dozens of cousins."

Since the doctor was in a town miles away on a blustery March day, it was Grandma who ushered me into the world, wrapped me in blankets and tucked me into a large shoebox and placed me to "toast" on the oven door of the old kitchen range. The doctor's horse and buggy came up the long country lane hours later and he checked me out.

Grandma was as small, wiry and pert as Grandpa was big, bluff and hearty. Grandma was "little but mighty," Grandpa always said and, indeed, so she always seemed to her family. She always knew just what to do in any emergency be it a stubbed toe, injured feelings, a frightening case of croup in the night, or a doll's broken leg to be mended. One look from her snapping dark eyes brought out-of-hand roughhousing among her four sons to an instant halt.

She always had a big garden and canned hundreds of quarts of fruit and vegetables for her family of ten, for "when the snow flies," she always said. There was the big strawberry bed and the raspberry patch to be cared for and she always had a large flock of turkeys and geese in addition to her chickens.

Grandpa, of course, was kept busy with all of the farm activities necessary to provide a living for their large family. But he found time to care for the big orchard—which was Grandma's delight, to fix a swing in the big elm tree for the grandchildren, and to fly kites in the pasture with them on a windy spring day, and he even loved to join them squishing around barefoot in the puddles after a heavy summer rain.

"Pa, you are pretty old for that," Grandma would half scold, but there was a deep down chuckle in her voice as she said it.

Every summer all during those childhood years, the high light was my two week vacation at Grandpa's. What wonderful times we had together. Grandma was never too busy to show me how to do things—to crochet, to make doll clothes, to mix up a ginger water drink for the men in the harvest

field, or to cut up my first chicken! Best of all we visited! She'd tell me of her days as a child on the Dakota prairies, of the things that happened when my mother was a child at home. Grandma always wanted to hear what I did at school, what I wanted to be when I grew up, and about my friends in our rural neighborhood. And always, while I was on vacation at my grandparents' farm, Grandma would make me a new "Sunday" dress. I always got to choose the color and my dress always had lots of ruffles edged in lace—that lace was all sewed on painstakingly by hand as Grandma sat in her little sewing rocker near the big bay window.

It was during these vacations that Grandpa allowed me to drive the team on the hayfork, as they put the hay into the haymow. Of course, the gentle old team probably could have done it on their own, but I never knew that—I felt so big "helping" Grandpa! Then in the evenings Grandpa would get out the checkerboard, for our evening game of checkers before bedtime.

Sundays always found my grandparents in their pew at the little country church. They took it for granted that everyone in their household would be there, too. Grandma always said she couldn't carry a tune in a basket but one of my fondest memories is seeing her standing there beside Grandpa, sharing the hymn book, her hair done up in a knot on top of her head (I always imagined the topknot kept time to the music) and singing away so happily, truly "making a joyful noise unto the Lord!"

I could go on and on about the joys shared with these beloved grandparents—reunions when the children and grandchildren all came home, the memorable Christmases, the Easter egg hunt on their big front lawn, the Fourth of July fireworks. Grandparents' Day for me is truly a day of "precious memories."

THANKS, MOTHER

Where are my shoes and where's my hat?

Where's my ball and where's my bat?

We lose our stuff like countless others
And the finders are no one but Mothers.

—Flo M. Tidgwell

LADIES' DRESS UP

by
Evelyn Witter

My "younger set" of 4-Hers wanted to do something special for the new nursing home in our town. It was voted to bring a basket of "demonstration" cookies and visit the patients at an appointed time.

It was easy to arrange a time. "We'll be delighted to greet the youngsters," I was told.

"What should we wear?" the girls asked.

"I don't believe blue jeans are the thing," I said.

"Why don't we dress up like we did for our Victorian skit?" one of the girls asked. Everyone agreed to this and the girls collected high heels, hats, dresses, gloves and jewelry gleaned from their Mom's and from yard sales, etc.

On the appointed day, the patients were waiting for us in the sun room. When they saw the girls, their faces lit up like they were seeing something wonderful. The girls paraded in their finery. Some showed off without a single inhibition. With flourishes prompted by their get-ups, they passed out the cookies they had baked.

The patients played along with the girls. They laughed. They reached out to touch the finery. Some patients had tears in their eyes. They told us over and over again how "simply wonderful" we were.

As we waved good-bye, the dressed-up "ladies" threw kisses and the patients threw kisses back. We will always remember that day when we went to the new nursing home.



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!



FRESH APPLE-PEAR PIE

Pastry for 9-inch 2-crust pie
 3 cups thinly sliced, pared ripe pears
 4 cups thinly sliced, pared apples
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/8 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Prepare pastry and line a 9-inch pie pan.

In a large bowl, combine fruit and sprinkle with lemon juice. Toss to coat.

In a small bowl, combine sugars, salt, flour and nutmeg. Add to fruit and toss again. Sprinkle with butterscotch flavoring and toss again. Turn into bottom crust, mounding filling in center. Dot with butter or margarine. Cover with top crust then make steam vents in crust. Seal edges and bake at 400 degrees for 1 hour.

—Juliana

TURKEY HAM AND ZUCCHINI

3 Tbls. dry bread cubes
 3 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing
 3 medium sliced zucchini (or 2 10-oz. packages frozen and drained)
 3 ozs. extra sharp Cheddar cheese, diced
 1 16-oz. can chopped tomatoes
 1 lb. cubed turkey ham (ham made from turkey meat)
 Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 8- by 10-inch baking dish.

Toss the dry bread cubes and Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing. Set aside.

Layer the zucchini, cheese, tomatoes and turkey ham. Making two layers of each. Sprinkle bread cubes over top.

Bake for 20 to 30 minutes, until tender and bubbly. Makes 6 servings.

This is a low calorie recipe. 205 calories per serving.

—Hallie

LEFTOVER SALAD

Curry Dressing

1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1/2 cup plain yogurt
 2 Tbls. lemon juice (about 1 lemon)
 1 tsp. curry powder
 1/2 tsp. dry basil
 Combine dressing ingredients and chill.

Salad

1 cup cooked rice, cooled
 1 cup sliced celery
 1/2 cup sliced green onions
 8 ozs. grilled leftover meat (3 chicken thighs, 1 salmon steak or pork, etc.)

Tomatoes

Combine the rice, celery, onions and meat; mix well. Add 1/2 cup curry dressing and refrigerate overnight. (May refrigerate only 3 hours, if you are in a hurry.)

Open a tomato and fill with chilled salad. Top with some of the remaining curry dressing. I serve the remaining curry dressing as an accompaniment.

—Emily

SUMMER VEGETABLE SOUP

1 cup water
 1 small carrot, sliced
 1 small potato, cubed
 1/2 cup fresh or frozen green beans
 1/3 cup fresh or frozen peas
 1 cup cauliflower flowerets
 1 cup spinach, cut up
 1 cup milk
 1 Tbls. flour
 2 Tbls. cream, (heavy whipping cream)
 3/4 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper

Heat water, carrot, potato, beans, peas and cauliflower to boiling. Turn heat down and simmer for 10 to 15 minutes. Add the spinach and cook uncovered for 1 minute. Mix 1/4 cup of the milk and the flour. Stir into vegetable mixture slowly. Boil and stir for 1 minute. Add the remaining milk, cream, salt and pepper. Serve hot.

—Verlene

CHUNKY APPLE-WALNUT CAKE

1 1/2 cups vegetable oil
 2 cups granulated sugar
 3 eggs
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 cups unbleached all-purpose flour, sifted
 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
 1 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. ground mace
 1 tsp. soda
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup whole wheat flour, sifted
 1 1/4 cups coarsely chopped walnuts
 3 1/4 cups coarsely chopped, peeled apples (Rome Beauty apples preferred)
 3 Tbls. apple cider

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease a 10-inch round cake pan. In a large bowl, beat the oil and sugar together until thick. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each is added. Stir in flavorings. Sift the all-purpose flour, spices, soda and salt together. Stir the wheat flour into the dry mixture. Add to the creamed mixture and mix well. Stir in the walnuts, apples and cider. Pour into prepared pan. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes. Cool for 10 minutes, then turn out of pan. Pour the following glaze over warm cake:

4 Tbls. sweet butter
 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 6 Tbls. granulated sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 7 Tbls. apple cider
 2 Tbls. fresh orange juice
 2 Tbls. heavy cream

Melt butter. Add sugars and mix well. Stir in the remaining glaze ingredients. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and cook, stirring, for 4 minutes. Cool slightly, then pour over cake.

—Robin

1-3-9 DILL PICKLES

1 cup pickling salt
 3 cups cider vinegar
 9 cups water
 4 heads of dill
 Cucumbers

Stir and bring to a boil the salt, vinegar and water; boil until salt is dissolved. Sterilize two 2-quart fruit jars and place 1 head of dill in each. Pack clean, fresh pickling-size cucumbers in the jars and place a head of dill on top. Pour the boiling liquid over cucumbers. Use zinc lids with rubbers and seal tight. Let stand in a warm place about 10 days until fermentation ceases. Then store in cool place. Makes 4 quarts.

—Verlene

SIMA'S EGGPLANT AFGHAN

3 medium eggplants, peeled and sliced into 1/2-inch thick slices
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup oil
 1 onion, finely diced
 Salt as desired
 1/2 cup tomato sauce
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 1/4 cup water
 1 cup plain yogurt
 1 cup sour cream
 3 to 6 cloves garlic, chopped fine
 Slices of fresh tomato (optional)
 Chopped mint (fresh or dry)
 Score eggplant and spread on flat pan. Sprinkle with the 1/2 tsp. salt and let set 10 to 15 minutes. Wipe dry with paper towel.

Heat oil in skillet. Fry eggplant slices until light brown on both sides. Set aside on paper towels.

In remaining oil, fry onion (if necessary add more oil). Combine salt as desired, tomato sauce, pepper, green pepper and water and add to fried onion in skillet. Add eggplant slices. Cook slowly until eggplant is tender (10 to 15 minutes). Sauce should be thick.

Mix yogurt, sour cream and garlic together. Put half of yogurt mixture in bottom of baking dish. Arrange eggplant slices, and fresh tomato slices over this. (Reserve sauce in which eggplant was cooked.) Top with the remaining yogurt mixture. Spoon sauce from cooked eggplant over top. Sprinkle with mint. Place in 375-degree oven until bubbly and tomatoes are cooked. —Emily DiCicco

MUSTARD PORK SALAD

1 lb. lean pork, cooked and thinly sliced
 2 Tbls. olive oil
 1/4 cup wine vinegar
 2 green onions, minced
 2 large potatoes, cooked and diced
 1/4 cup wine vinegar
 4 Tbls. olive oil
 1/4 cup chopped red onion
 1 tsp. Dijon mustard
 Salt
 Freshly ground black pepper
 2 red or green peppers, roasted and julienne
 1 head Romaine lettuce
 2 green onions, thinly sliced
 Combine pork, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1/4 cup wine vinegar and minced green onions. Refrigerate for one or two days.
 Combine the potatoes, 1/4 cup wine vinegar, 4 tablespoons olive oil, chopped red onion, mustard, salt and pepper. Toss; refrigerate overnight. Add red or green peppers.
 Arrange lettuce leaves. Spoon the potato mixture over the lettuce; mound pork in the center. Garnish with sliced green onions. Serves 4 to 6. —Robin

CINNAMON APPLESAUCE

10 cups peeled and sliced apples
 1 cup water
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
 Place apples, water, lemon juice and salt in a large Dutch oven and bring to a boil. Simmer until apples are soft, about 20 to 30 minutes. When apples are soft, mash until fairly smooth but still chunky. Stir in the flavorings and the nutmeg. If too moist, may cook longer. Store in the refrigerator or freezer. —Juliana

DOROTHEA'S CREAM PUFFS

1/2 cup butter (or margarine and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup boiling water
 1 cup flour
 4 eggs
 Combine butter or margarine and flavoring, salt and water; heat to boiling. Add flour to boiling mixture. Beat vigorously until mixture leaves side of pan. Cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time; beat thoroughly after each addition, until smooth. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto well-oiled cookie sheet, about 2 inches apart. (An ice cream dipper may be used to drop batter onto cookie sheet.) Shape into rounds and pile slightly in center.

Bake in 400-degree oven for 30 minutes. Lower heat to 350 degrees and continue to bake 10 minutes or until firm and dry. Remove from oven and cool. Cut slit in side, fill with filling and sprinkle top with powdered sugar.

Raisin Cream Filling

1 1/2 cups water
 1/4 cup margarine
 1 cup raisins
 1/8 tsp. salt
 1 12-oz. can evaporated milk
 3 egg yolks, well-beaten
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 3 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping
 1 cup chopped pecans
 Combine the water, 1/4 cup margarine, raisins and salt; boil until raisins are soft. Add evaporated milk and egg yolks to raisin mixture. Combine brown sugar and cornstarch; stir into raisin mixture and cook until thickened. Add flavoring; cool completely and fold in the whipped topping and pecans. Makes enough filling for two batches of cream puffs. —Dorothy

SKILLET SUPPER

1 lb. smoked sausage links
 3/4 cup rice, uncooked
 1 can condensed cream of celery soup
 3/4 cup water
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 3-oz. or 4-oz. can mushroom bits and pieces
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
 Cut sausage into bite-size chunks. Combine with rice, soup, water, butter or margarine, flavoring, mushrooms, and salt in a heavy skillet or an electric skillet. Set electric skillet at 300 or 350 degrees or place heavy skillet over low heat. Cover, bring to a boil; reduce heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Stir in frozen peas. Sprinkle with cheese. Simmer, covered, for 15 minutes or until rice is done.

MICROWAVE: Combine 1 cup instant rice, soup, water, butter or margarine, flavoring, mushrooms, and salt in a 2-quart microwave casserole. Microwave, covered on HIGH 5 minutes. Cut sausage into bite-size pieces and combine with rice mixture; add peas. Stir, cover and microwave for 6 to 8 minutes. Stir once. Remove from microwave, stir in 1/2 cup cheese and sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Cover and let stand for 2 to 3 minutes.

—Hallie

DATE BARS

1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 Pinch of salt
 3/4 cup butter
 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 1 3/4 cups quick rolled oats
 Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Combine the butter, brown sugar and oats. Work the butter mixture into the flour mixture. Spread 2/3 of this on the bottom of an 8- by 10-inch glass pan.
 1 cup chopped dates
 1 cup water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/2 cup white sugar
 In a saucepan bring to a boil the dates, water, flavoring and sugar. Cook until thick. Spread over the crust. Pat remaining rolled oat mixture over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until slightly brown. These bars freeze well. —Dorothy

SPECIAL DAYS IN SEPTEMBER

Sept. 2 — Labor Day
 Sept. 8 — Grandparents' Day
 Sept. 17 — Citizenship Day
 Sept. 22 — 1st Day of Autumn

HONEY-APPLESAUCE CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup applesauce

Sift 2 cups flour with soda, salt and cloves. Mix remaining flour with the raisins and nuts; set aside.

Cream shortening and honey. Beat in egg and flavorings. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with applesauce; beat well after each addition. Stir in raisins and nuts. Pour in a greased and floured 9-by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. May frost the cake or serve with ice cream or whipped topping on top. —Dorothy

SHRIMP-STUFFED ARTICHOKEs

- 2 artichokes
- Lemon Dip
- Shrimp Salad
- Lettuce leaves
- 10 cherry tomatoes (or 2 medium tomatoes, cut in wedges)
- 1/2 cucumber, peeled and sliced
- 2 lemon wedges

Remove center from artichokes and refrigerate. Prepare Lemon Dip and Shrimp Salad.

Lemon Dip

- 3 Tbls. dairy sour cream
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Mix the sour cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice, and salt together. Refrigerate.

Shrimp Salad

- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. Dijon-style mustard
- 2 Tbls. well-drained pickle relish (or finely chopped pickles)
- 2 green onions, minced
- 1/2 cup finely minced celery
- 4 to 6 ozs. cooked cocktail shrimp

Seasoned salt

Combine mayonnaise, mustard, pickle relish or chopped pickles, onions, celery, shrimp and salt; mix well. Spoon into chilled artichokes. Place stuffed artichokes on lettuce leaves and arrange tomatoes, cucumber slices and lemon wedges around each. Serve with Lemon Dip. Makes 2 servings. —Robin

GLAZED APPLE PIE

- 1 1/2 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 7 cups tart apples; peeled, cored and cut in wedges
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled (or a graham cracker crust)

In large saucepan, combine 1 1/4 cups pineapple juice, pineapple flavoring and the sugar. Bring to boiling; add apple wedges. Cover and simmer 3 to 4 minutes or till apples are tender but not soft. Drain, reserving the liquid. Set apples aside. Blend the remaining 1/4 cup pineapple juice with cornstarch and add to the hot pineapple liquid. Cook and stir until mixture thickens and bubbles. Remove from heat and stir in the margarine, butter and vanilla flavorings, and salt. Cover and cool 30 minutes without stirring. Pour half the pineapple mixture into the pie shell, covering the bottom. Arrange the cooked apples on top. Spoon remaining mixture over apples. Cover and refrigerate until chilled. —Verlene

SPINACH-CHEESE QUICHE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 4 ozs. cream cheese
- 1 cup flour
- 1 lb. fresh spinach, washed and trimmed (or 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen spinach)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese (or 1 cup flaked salmon)
- 1 cup grated Swiss cheese
- 3 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup milk
- 8 ozs. fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1 bunch green onions, trimmed and sliced

Combine butter, cream cheese and the 1 cup flour in small bowl. With a fork cut butter and cream cheese in the flour until crumbly. Place in a 9-inch pie plate or quiche pan; press to form crust, refrigerate.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place spinach in covered kettle and cook until just tender; drain well and chop, drain again on paper towel. In a large bowl combine spinach with the 2 tablespoons flour and the remaining ingredients. Mix well. Pour into chilled pie shell; bake 1 hour or until set. —Mary Lea

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup ice water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 bananas, sliced
- 1 cup marshmallows
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 8 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup whipped topping
- 6 ozs. cheese, shredded

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water, add the ice water and let set until slightly thickened. Fold in the flavoring, bananas and marshmallows. Stir gently and pour into an 8-inch square dish or pan. Chill until set.

Combine sugar, cornstarch and pineapple and cook on medium heat until thickened. Cool. Stir in the pineapple flavoring, whipped topping and half of the cheese. Pour over set gelatin. Sprinkle top with remaining cheese. Serves 6 to 8. —Hallie

LIME MELON

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 8-oz. carton lowfat plain yogurt
- 3 medium cantaloupes

In a large bowl, dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; stir in yogurt. Chill until thickened but not set. Beat until doubled in volume. Cut melons in half; remove seeds and pat dry with paper towels. Spoon whipped mixture into melon halves. Chill until firm. When ready to serve, cut melon halves into wedges. Makes 12 servings. —Verlene

PEANUT BUTTER PIE

- 2 cups milk
- 2/3 cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup chunky (or smooth) peanut butter
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell

In the top of a double boiler, combine the milk, sugar, salt and cornstarch; cook to thicken. Beat in eggs and continue cooking. Remove from heat and add flavorings and peanut butter; mix to blend. Pour into pie shell; refrigerate. Top with meringue or whipped topping. —Dorothy

Have a nice tomorrow...Save today.

MICROWAVE CABBAGE AND CHEESE BAKE

- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 large (about 2 lbs.) cabbage wedges
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 stalks celery, finely diced
- 6 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled (or 6 sausages, steamed)

Place water and salt in a glass casserole. Arrange cabbage wedges spoke fashion with core at outside edge in the casserole. Cover tightly and microwave on HIGH 6 minutes. Rotate one half a turn; microwave until crisp tender. Drain off all but two tablespoons of the liquid. Mix the two tablespoons of liquid with the cheese soup, celery and dry mustard. Pour over cabbage. Cover tightly and microwave on HIGH 3 to 5 minutes or until hot; turn once. Place sausage or bacon on top when ready to serve.

—Dorothy

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 3/4 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 cup cold water

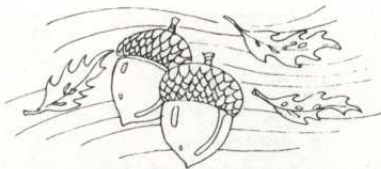
Set oven to 350 degrees. Grease and lightly flour a bundt pan. Stir together the flour, soda and salt. In a large mixing bowl, cream the margarine, sugar and flavorings. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the cooled chocolate and the sour cream. Add the cold water and dry ingredients alternately. Beat well. Turn batter into prepared bundt pan. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until tests done. Cool for 10 minutes on a wire rack before removing from the pan. Cool completely before frosting.

Sour Cream Chocolate Frosting

- 1 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar

In a saucepan melt chocolate and margarine over low heat, stirring constantly. Cool 10 minutes. Stir in sour cream and flavorings. Beat in powdered sugar until smooth.

—Emily



CORN-PORK CHOP BAKE

- 2 Tbls. oil
- 4 pork chops
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- 2 medium potatoes, thinly sliced
- 4 ears of corn, cleaned
- 1 tsp. dill weed
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 16- by 12-inch rectangles heavy-duty foil

Heat oven to 350 degrees. In large skillet heat the oil and brown the pork chops. Season with the salt and pepper. Place 1 pork chop in the center of each foil piece and place 1/4 of the onion slices and potato slices on top of each chop. Place 1 ear of corn next to the pork chop; sprinkle with the dill weed. Blend margarine and butter flavoring and top each pork chop with 1 tablespoon of margarine mixture. Fold foil around the pork chops and vegetables; seal securely. Place on a jelly roll pan and bake 1 hour. If grilling, follow same procedure except grill until pork chops are tender.

—Verlene

APPLE DUMPLINGS

Pastry

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 Tbls. vinegar

Sift the dry ingredients together. Cut in the shortening. Slowly add egg, water and vinegar; mix. Set aside.

Filling

- 6 large Granny Smith apples, peeled and cored
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 6 Tbls. butter

Place an apple in the center of a 6-inch square piece of dough. Fill the center of the apple with the spice mixture; wrap dough around each apple and seal edges. Bake at 450 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

—Katherine

What did the fish say when it was put in the frying pan?

Golly, this burns me up.

—Joy Terzich

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Vanilla (clear)	Raspberry
Orange	Maple
Cherry	Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut	Almond
Butterscotch	Coconut
Butter	Blueberry
Banana	Peach
Cinnamon	Strawberry
Pineapple	Mint
Lemon	Chocolate

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)



Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings were attractive table decorations for an appreciation coffee for volunteers. Each honored volunteer was delighted to receive a flavoring as a gift—all 51 bottles were taken home. Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings please everyone.

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 _____

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

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



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The story of a one-room country school, be it Puckerbrush School in Lucas County, Iowa, or Willow School and North Maple Grove School in Humboldt County, Iowa, provides a fascinating part of American history.

As September arrives, our thoughts often turn to yesteryear and the rural school. Andrew Gulliford has written *America's Country Schools* (The Preservation Press, National Trust for Historic Preservation) in which he discusses the legacy, architecture and preservation of such schools. He advises that for almost 250 years this type of school was the backbone of American education, and to this day it remains a cultural symbol to many.

Gulliford started photographing and researching country schools after reading an article in *Historic Preservation*, the magazine of the National Trust for the Historic Preservation. As he began his first teaching job in Silt, Colorado, he spent his spare hours photographing and interviewing old-timers in the northwest corner of Colorado. People often spoke about their country school education, and it seemed to be a common thread that ran throughout their lives.

In the part about country school legacy, he writes that the framework of a school day varied from region to region and from the different periods of time in history. A description of a school day taken from the 1842 records of Norlands School, District No. 7, Livermore Falls, Maine, shows the beginning school session at 8:00 A.M. with the ringing of the bell. After the teacher's greetings, the students began morning exercises, sometimes Bible readings or moral instructions. Assignments were made, using textbooks, slates and slate pencils. The younger students were called to the front of the room to recite their lessons, while the older students worked on their assignments. The situation then reversed, with older students reciting. Recitation, memorization, copying and reading went on at the same time. Time out for recess at midmorning, then back to the classroom for arithmetic assignments. Next came the writing lesson where students copied maxims and thought about their meaning. At noon, it was lunch time and then games such as kick-the-can were played. Often the next session began with the reading of a story with a moral and discussion of same. Then grammar, geography, and history were studied. The last lesson was spelling and was often anticipated because of the weekly spell-down. Then,



This picture is precious to the writer of "Come Read With Me" because it shows her mother (Anna Carlson) and her aunt (Elizabeth Vought) as students at their country school, North Maple Grove, Rutland Township, Humboldt County, Iowa, 1908. Her mother has carefully listed the names—left to right: Ray Hansen, Walter Jensen, Miss Hannah Jensen (teacher), Anna (Jacobsen) Carlson, Elizabeth (Jacobsen) Vought, and Hannah Hansen. Small building to the left is the coal shed, and in the distance (between shed and school) is the farmstead where the Jacobsen family lived.

students helped clean slates, put away books, sweep the schoolroom floor and gather up tin dippers, and were dismissed.

Country school students received a broader vision of life through literature. "They stood with Horatio at the bridge, were snowbound with Whittier, learned political tolerance from Jefferson and sought the soldier's rest with Sir Walter Scott." During the 1890s and early 1900s some literature collections gave the children a chance to read, or attempt to read, Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" in fourth grade and William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis" in fifth grade. Memorization and public speaking was practiced, learning to enunciate properly.

Teachers' lives on the western frontier are a part of the book that will interest many. One reference letter written in 1923 for a teacher concerned itself entirely with the young woman's morality and made no mention of her teaching ability! Robert L. Conger recalled duties of his teachers in western Nebraska, "The teacher, aside from being teacher, was counselor, mediator, nurse, judge, jury, disciplinarian and jack-of-all-trades."

The country school served as a community center, holding literary debates, ice cream socials, and elections. And who can forget the school program where the students entertained their families with recitations and plays.

In *America's Country Schools*, the assimilation process of immigrant students and native Americans is discussed, as well as rural schools of

today, which are now the exception rather than the norm. Sections on architecture and preservation prove interesting, using the new three R's: restoration, rehabilitation, and reuse. Case studies are cited. Country schools are listed state by state, as still being used, or as museums and community centers. It was delightful to see Willow School listed, since it was restored partly through the good works of my mother, sister and her husband.

Andrew Gulliford has done a remarkable job in recalling country schools, and this should encourage many to preserve their. The some 400 illustrations add a most historic touch to a truly artistic and nostalgic piece of work. Gulliford says we can learn from these schools, because they "have been practicing for more than a century what the most sophisticated education systems now encourage—smaller classrooms, programs that allow students to progress at their own rate and students who help each other learn...."

As both a student and teacher, I have been a part of country schools during my life and I agree, they always have been important.

(To order *America's Country School*, send \$18.95, plus \$2.50 postage and handling, to: Preservation Bookshop, 1600 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006. Residents of California, Massachusetts, New York and South Carolina, please add applicable sales tax.)





THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A reader wants the description of the true fernleaf peony. "Two years ago I sent for a root of what was advertised as a 'fern-leaved peony.' The description said it would be the first to bloom in the spring and it did, but the foliage was just like that of my regular peonies. I wrote to the firm that sold the root to me but my letter was returned because of wrong address. Where can I get a start of the true fernleaf peony and how should I care for it?"

September is peony planting time and especially for the dormant fernleaf, *P. tenuifolia*. The only firm to my knowledge that offers a true fernleaf is The Farmer Seed & Nursery, Division of Plantation, Inc., Faribault, MN 55021. Roots are offered on page 56 of their spring catalog which is free. But the peony is far from free—\$18.95 each. The Fern Leaf peony is one of the earliest to bloom and was much used for cemetery decoration. The flowers are double, crimson-red blooms born one to a 15-inch stalk with bright green, finely cut foliage. The leaves very much resemble those of cosmos, an annual garden flower. After you have had a plant growing for three years, you can safely dig up the whole plant in September. Wash off all the soil and divide the tubers which resemble those of small dahlias. Set each tuber with an eye at the top no deeper than two inches below the surface. Mark the site so it is not disturbed. Like many oldtime favorites, this species of peony has been relegated to the compost pile in favor of larger, more spectacular kinds.

A clump of this delightful old peony makes an eye-catching display in a perennial border. Cut off the seedpods that form and let the clump grow during June and July after which it dies back naturally and virtually disappears from the scene. That is why the site should be well marked so the shallow-planted tubers are not disturbed. Disease and plant pests are not a problem with the Fern Leaf peony.

"I have an old row of peonies that bloom very poorly," writes Grace R. "They have been in the same location for many years and I'd like to divide and reset in a sunny location where they won't be shaded by a shrub border as they are now. Please tell me how to go about the job."

First dig and prepare the planting site. Your peonies should do splendidly in a new, sunny situation where shrubs will not be snitching nutrients from them. Dig holes 15 inches deep and equally wide. Replace the bottom 10 inches of soil with

compost or old well-rotted manure if available. Cover this with good top soil and seat your peony root on a cone of soil so the "eyes" are only 2 inches below the soil. Each peony root division should have 2 or 3 "eyes" and a well-attached piece of root, to develop quick blooming new clumps. Mulch this fall to prevent frost from heaving the plantings and disturbing the newly formed roots.

A LOOK IN MY REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Kids who don't get to walk down a country road to school really miss a lot! My sister and I usually walked unless the weather was bad. Mother insists it was only a mile, but we thought it was at least three!

Mornings found us moving right along, no truants in our family. But after school, there was time to enjoy the sights. Country roadsides provide fascinating nature lessons. There were all kinds of beautiful rocks to collect and wildflowers to pick. That's where I discovered how sticky hedge apples can be.

My sister and I had been warned about skunks. "If you don't bother a skunk it will leave you alone." So, one day when we detected a skunk odor, the two of us planned strategy in whispers. We felt it important for Mr. Skunk to know we really liked him. We would not offend him by referring to his awful odor.

In our loudest voices, we conversed, knowing he would overhear and be favorably impressed. "I just love skunks, don't you?"

"Oh yes, they are so pretty," etc.

It worked. The skunk left us alone.

—Pat Miles

REJECTION

He was my fellow for five beautiful years
We shared laughter, we shared tears
We dined, we danced, we talked for hours

Never was there another love like ours!

I was his gal and he was my guy
Quickly the joy-filled days went by!
His jokes, his songs, the notes he'd send
We vowed our love would never end!

Suddenly he's gone, he has someone new

She's younger, blonde, with eyes of blue.
My heart is broken, tears won't go away
My dear little son started kindergarten today!

—Rita Kayser

VEGETABLE PUZZLE

Put the correct letters in the blanks to make the names of vegetables. For example, put "acorn" in number 1 and you have the vegetable "corn."

1. Big oaks from little (a) _ _ _ _ grow.
2. I will _ _ _ _ (ach) the top.
3. Help John _ _ _ _ (kin) the water.
4. Will you _ _ (an) staying home?
5. May I drive the _ _ _ (rot)?
6. Boil the beans in the _ _ _ (ato).
7. Joe named his cat _ _ _ (ato).
8. Put the kettle _ _ (ion) the stove.
9. Will you _ _ _ (tuce) me milk the cow?
10. Too high heat will _ _ _ _ (d) the meat.

ANSWERS: 1. Corn; 2. Spinach; 3. Pumpkin; 4. Bean; 5. Carrot; 6. Potato; 7. Tomato; 8. Onion; 9. Lettuce; 10. Chard.

—Mildred Grenier

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AN EVENT-FILLED SUMMER

by
Evelyn Birkby

Our garden was late this year and it was Robert's fault.

To be honest, it was his appendix that caused the garden to be late, so I suppose Robert really shouldn't be blamed for the situation. Now, an appendix normally doesn't have much to do with gardening but in this case it did.

The soil was wonderful last spring, friable. The weather had moderated through March and enough rain had fallen to provide adequate subsoil moisture. Robert had the ground prepared and his seeds purchased. He happily sowed the early lettuce, radishes and spinach. He pushed the little onion sets into the ground, then his right side began to hurt. He displayed none of the other classic symptoms of appendicitis, but when he developed a temperature we called the doctor. At his direction we went off to the hospital where the surgeon decided to operate despite the lack of some of the usual symptoms.

It was an excellent choice of action. Robert's appendix had ruptured and gangrene had started. With a fine surgeon, excellent nursing care and a passel of antibiotics, Robert was home again in four days. He was not ready to immediately go back into the garden, mind you, but home and safe.

Craig came from his doctoring in Iowa City to check on his father a few days after he was released from the hospital. While Craig was here, he planted the snow peas (under Robert's watchful eye, naturally), but subsequent plantings had to wait until Robert could bend and hoe and rake. Eventually, albeit late, almost everything was put into the ground as planned.

By the time you read this Robert will have retired from his position as executive director for the Fremont County ASCS. Since he has worked in this capacity for over 31 years, it is going to be quite an adjustment. He has loved the work and the people so he leaves with regret. Fortunately, Robert has many hobbies and projects awaiting his attention, of which gardening is only one.

We had a family reunion this summer which was especially joyous because all three of our sons were home at the same time. This usually only happens at Christmas time, so it was an added bonus for 1985. Jeff took a week's vacation from his work in the Montana Natural Resources Department and drove back to Sidney from his home in Helena. Bob was already in Sidney completing the work on his KMA history book and Craig came home for the weekend.

Relatives converged—some from



Evelyn's book about the KMA radio homemakers came off the press the middle of August.

(Photo by Mark Jewell.)

Omaha, some from Sidney. We put leaves in the table on the porch and spread out a feast. It was all impromptu; it was great fun.

Jeff returned to Montana and a busy summer filled with workshops and demonstrations around the state. Many a county fair—and the state fair as well—has seen his display of renewable energy sources and energy-saving suggestions. He is supervising all of the publications for the department so will probably be spending more of his time in Helena than he has for a number of years.

After Craig's return to Iowa City, he packed up his little old car and headed east. He spent the month of July in Boston doing a special surgical rotation at the Tufts New England Medical Center. He stayed in a room just one mile from the hospital so while he was in the city he did not use his car much. The traffic, he reported, was not to his liking.

Probably the most exciting day of the year in Boston occurred soon after he arrived. It was July 4th and Craig spent the day on and near the Boston Commons. The Boston Pops concert in the evening and the big fireworks display over the harbor were high points of the celebration. Good timing, we told him when he called to tell us about his arrival. It isn't everyone who is greeted by the Boston symphony orchestra.

About the time Craig went to Boston, Bob returned to his home base in Seattle. Soon after, Billie Oakley (of KMA) took a tour group to the Northwest. The bus was trundling down the Seattle street when Billie suddenly called out, "There is Bob Birkby!"

A voice echoed from the back of the bus. It was Bill Penn, a Sidney, Iowa resident who was on the tour. "That's Bob, that's Bob Birkby." Sure enough, down the street for all on the bus to see, strode Bob. Unfortunately, Bob did not realize that the tour bus driving beside him was filled with his friends from the Midwest. What a coincidence!

Bob works with two wilderness groups

and his assignments this year have been especially interesting and adventurous. However, those are his stories to tell.

Jeff isn't the only one who has enjoyed fairs this summer. I attended the local Fremont County Fair, went to the Shelby County Fair at Harlan and did a remote control broadcast and judged apple pies while Billie was still in Washington and Oregon. As I'm writing this, I am scheduled to be a judge for the third year at the Iowa State Fair in Des Moines in the cookie section of the foods competition. There goes my diet again!

With all the activities connected with radio station KMA's 60th anniversary, I've been hard-pressed to find time to can all those good vegetables and fruits which Robert has brought in for my attention. (Any first-time readers have certainly reached the conclusion that Robert does all the gardening in this family. It is a long story, but my first efforts were so disastrous, he has barely allowed me in the garden since.)

Back to KMA's anniversary—in July the station sponsored a pickers and fiddlers contest and Shenandoah was bustling with players and listeners from near and far. We even had a flea market in the KMA parking lot that day. It was followed by a special KMA anniversary edition published by the Shenandoah *Evening Sentinel*. Then, on August 12th (the date in 1925 when KMA was actually heard on the air for the first time), anniversary programs were aired all day long. "Kitchen-Klatter" had a special broadcast, Billie planned her program around tapes and recorded segments from the early homemakers, and it was the kick-off day for my new book.

Cooking With KMA/Featuring 60 Years of Radio Homemakers is a book full of stories, pictures and the favorite recipes of the women whose voices and influence reached into the lives of the KMA listeners through these years. It includes a chapter on Leanna Driftmier and the Kitchen-Klatter family which will be of special interest to the readers of this magazine.

Other big events in this celebration year are coming rapidly. On September 27th, Shenandoah will hold a Town and Country Day patterned after the old jubilees. KMA's 60th anniversary will be a featured part in that event. Then, on October 12th, Billie will be the hostess for KMA's Annual Cookie Festival in the Shenandoah high school gymnasium. The occasion will honor all the past KMA homemakers so it promises to be a gala event.

Oh, good grief! Here comes Robert with a bucketful of tomatoes. I wonder what kind of garden he would have had if he'd gotten it in on time.





Oliver and Margery Strom have been busy this summer enjoying visitors and traveling.

DAVID'S LETTER — Concluded

experiences that are most memorable or that teach us the most. During the last week of school this year, I, along with two other teachers, took a group of school students on a field trip into the mountains. The weather looked fine as we first made our way down the Johnston River Canyon near Banff and then started up to the high mountain valley known as the Ink Pots. The weather was still good as we sat down to eat our lunch looking into these deep, fresh water springs that send up crystal water. (This too is a spot to see when you are here in Alberta.) Then, very suddenly, a huge hailstorm swept in over the snowcapped mountains. Slipping and sliding in the cold mud we made our way down. Of course, I was worried, but all of the kids seemed so resilient! We sometimes forget the fortitude of youth! And all of us *did* make it safely back to the bus, where we handed out some dry socks that we had brought just in case.

Well, during the next few days at school, it was apparent the kids had had a great time. In their essays on the subject of their field trip, they indicated it was an experience they would never forget.

While I read their stories about the day, I had to smile because I suddenly remembered I had gone on a very similar mountain expedition with my parents on Teddy's Teeth, a mountain in Colorado. When we reached the top, we were caught in a hailstorm and had to run all of the way down. I was nine years old when I took that trip with my family across the states. I had many adventures that summer and remember only some of them well. The day of Teddy's Teeth is my most exciting and favorite memory!

Until the next time, I remain yours.

Very sincerely,

David

—WHAT'S IN YOUR SMILE—

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
seat from a bicycle shop. It fits right on top of the original seat and it is wonderfully comfortable. The padded seat is manufactured of BioSoft Polymer for recreational and stationary exercise bicycles.

Yesterday, I rolled the bike out early to go to a meeting at the local bank where they were introducing a special Tour Program for depositors over 60 years of age. Although I am not qualified, I am nonetheless married to someone who is, and I am ready to TRAVEL! Because I knew I would arrive a little short of breath and moist around the hairline, I allowed plenty of time for arrival. Matter of fact, I was there first, before they had the sweet rolls out and the room opened, so I caught my breath by sitting in the lobby daintily mopping the moisture from my brow...and guess what! I got the door-prize of a silver dollar for being the first to arrive! That really made my day!

My bicycle rides are so beautiful that I cannot begin to do justice with any description for you. I can take the back route to my Hawks Inn Board Meetings. The route takes me down Mill Road, crosses the split in the Bark River where the stream is diverted to run the mill wheel that generates electricity for one of the Hawks Inn families. This mill was the original one operated by Nelson Hawks when he ran the mill and hosted the inn for travelers in 1846. The inn is growing more historically accurate with each passing season. The money we make from ice cream socials and Christmas walks is being used to restore the inn.

During our ice cream social, my new neighbor from beautiful St. John's Military Academy, Ellen Buckner, formerly from Atlantic, Iowa, was in the buttery demonstrating some of the kitchen utensils which she has a special interest in. She even has a collection of antique kitchen equipment of her own. The buttery is one of the rooms at the inn which we have just recently restored. I've enclosed a picture of Ellen Buckner. She was wearing her period costume with the large apron to cover her dress.

If any of you are ever in Delafield, don't drive past our inn without stopping for a tour, and if possible stop on a Sunday afternoon when the guides are ready to conduct a tour. Otherwise, you must schedule a tour which requires a bit of preplanning.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

Sometimes

Grief and sorrow

Travel to every corner of our being

Shutting out the light

Deadening happy sounds

Leaving a cold and sterile view
from our window on life

Then is the time to

STOP

Review the past

Reach deeply within

Draw from our own special source of
strength

And step firmly into today.

—Clara Saunders

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MORE ABOUT MARK

by
Ula Hoffer

(We introduced you to Mark in the April 1985 issue.)

When Mark came to live with us, there were many changes and adjustments to be made in our household. Mark had been badly burned a few months before and had spent many weeks in the hospital. He was badly scarred and still very weak when he was brought to our home by a worker from the county welfare department. Though he was almost three years old, he could barely stand alone.

Because our daughter, Pam, had helped care for him in the hospital, he felt more secure with her close while he was settling in our home. We decided he should sleep in Pam's bed, the lower bunk, and she would take the upper bunk which had been unused since our older daughter had entered nurses' training the previous fall.

The first few nights Mark had to be assured over and over that Pam was sleeping above him. "You up there, Pan?" he would ask, using one of his names for her.

"Yes," she would answer, "I'm here."

"OK," Mark would say, "I think I'll take a sleep now." This conversation would be repeated several times until he fell asleep. In a short time, he felt very much at home and didn't miss Pam when she went to work.

He loved everything about the farm. When haying season began he liked standing at the fence to watch the activities with our two little foster girls, who are 6 and 7 years old. When Pam had time, she helped at home by driving the tractor pulling the hay baler. When she would come around the field, Mark would become very excited when he could see her and shout, "There's my Buddy Pan."

Most of the time Mark was a happy little boy, but there were some bad times too. Often he would waken and cry during the night when he was unable to sleep. One of us would gently rub baby lotion on his little shoulders and arm to relieve the itching and discomfort from the skin grafts.

The days grew into weeks and the weeks into months. The thin little body began to fill out and color came to his cheeks. His legs grew strong as he ran and played with the girls. What a joy to see the change in him!

Mark loved watching the cows, swinging in the swings, petting the cats and romping with the dogs. One dog had given birth to five puppies, and they became a real challenge to Mark. When he would go outside, all five would attack him, wanting to play but he soon found out how to handle them. When Mark had

enough of their roughness, he would lie down on one until it cried; then the others would all run away, and he would release the last one.

Mark's mind developed almost faster than his body. He surprised us with his keen interest in maps. One of his prize possessions was a small notebook that someone had discarded. The notebook had two maps of the central states of the U.S.A., each state a different color. Over and over, Mark would point to a state and ask, "Mommy, what is that?" Soon he knew all of them and was hungry for more. I found other maps containing all of the states. When Mark was only four, he could identify each state just by seeing the shape of it. Next he learned the capitals.

He provided us with many laughs and, at times some embarrassment, with his innocent but humorous remarks. When he and the little girls got too noisy, my husband or I would say, "Not so loud." One time at a church service, the minister raised his voice and hit the pulpit with his fist to drive home a point. Mark, casually turning the pages of a picture book, looked up and said loudly enough for everyone to hear, "Not so loud."

Sometimes when the girls were at school, he liked to walk a short distance to a neighbor's place and visit with her. One day when he asked to go, I said, "No, not now. It's almost dinner time."

"I know," he said, "she'd probably ask me to eat."

One day as he was playing in the yard a jet flew overhead, breaking the sound barrier with a terrific bang. Mark ran to the barn where my husband was working and said, "Daddy, Daddy, did you hear that jet break the wheelbarrow?"

We had one dog that did not like strangers. She took a nap under the front steps. Mark was sitting on the steps one day when a salesman drove into the yard and casually walked toward the house. He nodded toward the dog far out in the yard and asked, "Will your dog bite?"

"Naw," Mark told him. Then, when the salesman was almost to the house Mark added, "But the one under the steps will." The salesman made a hasty retreat to his car.

In preparation for adoption the welfare department made arrangements for Mark to be evaluated at the mental health center. On the appointed day we left the house and were surrounded as usual by the three overly friendly, jumping dogs, each one trying to outdo the barking of the other two. At the health center the man who was to do the testing asked me to sit and listen, which I was happy to do. He tested Mark in various ways, by having him count and sort objects of different colors and shapes. Finally he asked Mark, "If you could have three wishes, what would you wish for first?"

I was shocked when I heard him answer, "A dog."

"That's all we need," I thought, "another dog."

Mark lived with us until he was six and a half years old. He loved us, and we all loved him. It was a sad day when his new parents came for him, and we had to say goodbye.

A KITCHEN-KLATTER KID

by
E. Jean Kosch

Are you a Kitchen-Klatter Kid? Kitchen-Klatter helped my Midwestern parents raise me. I was born on a farm in Nebraska and almost my first recollection is the Kitchen-Klatter program that my mother and I listened to ever so faithfully. I learned to read the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* before I read Dick and Jane books. My inquiring mind grew with the travels and lives of the Driftmier family.

After Mother taught me the basics, I learned my culinary skills from the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. The magazine provided inspiration for themes in grade school, high school and college. Social lives came alive with the games, party ideas and programs we found in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. When I became a teacher away from home, the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* travelled the road with me.

My married life began on a farm. I appreciated something in the mailbox, especially the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, and I needed the help. The desserts, salads, main dishes and the hints to live a better life were relished by me. Mary Beth's meat loaf was a family favorite and that page is well worn. My sorority and club desserts are Kitchen-Klatter tested.

Lucile always said it my way; Doctor Frederick's words have guided me through the years; now we follow the Denver Driftmier's travel paths; and in 1987, we can begin to go on Margery's guided tours. We relive our farm lives with Dorothy; she makes it better than some days really are. Much needed are the garden columns as we grow tasty foods. Mary Beth inspired my life as a young mother. The Driftmier grandchildren now give us a view of life on our continent from many locations.

We enjoyed *The Story of An American Family*. We loved Leanna.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

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Amy Nicholas is the granddaughter of Ruby Treese. She lives with her parents, Jim and Margene Nicholas, near Imogene, Iowa.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Autumn leaves are gypsy girls,
Rustling scarlet skirts;
How they tease the wooing winds—
Scampering little flirts!

Autumn leaves are college girls,
Bronzed and full of grace;
Wondering whether they should yield
To Autumn's strong embrace.

Autumn leaves are withered folks,
Brown and parched and thin,
Limply rustling down the lane,
Searching for their kin.

—Gertrude Perlis Kagan



HINTS

FROM THE



When wrapping a cake with foil, spray the foil with a non-stick cooking spray so the icing will not stick to the foil.

Plastic wrap will cling better if you moisten the rim of the bowl or pan you are covering.

When cooking whole onions, pierce each with a fork so they will hold their shape and not fall apart.

—Mrs. B.H., Appleton City, Mo.

Fold a paper towel or a Kleenex and wrap around the neck of the salad oil bottle with a rubber band to catch all the drips.

—H. F., Hastings, IA

If you wash a woolen item accidentally, soak it in warm water to which you have added a good hair shampoo. Sometimes this will soften the wool fibers enough for reshaping. Anyway, it is worth a try.

To eliminate the "ouch" when removing adhesive tape from your child's skin, just saturate a cotton ball with baby oil and rub over the tape. No more "ouch."

To remove gum from hair, rub ordinary cold cream or peanut butter into hair. Pull down on the strands of hair several times with a dry towel.

—S. T., Bakersfield, CA

GLASS CLEANER

1 pint rubbing alcohol
1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner
1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops
Put ingredients into a gallon container. Fill with water. Makes an excellent window and glass cleaner. —Iowa

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

family in Albuquerque recently. I'm sure Juliana will give you a full report of their visit in her letter. When they got home, Art and Andy drove Aaron and some of the boys on the basketball team to Salina, Kansas, where they attended a basketball camp for a week.

Julian is taking swimming lessons, and Elizabeth is just busy chasing her ducks. I guess that accounts for things on the Wyoming front. I'm leaving in a few days to spend a week with them, and I'll have a report on that visit next month. Until then....

Sincerely,

Dorothy



REVEREND, FAREWELL

On Sunday morning Reverend came
And parked his car beside the lane.

His cheerfulness and tactful ways
Brought happy thoughts throughout the day.

He spoke kind words when hearts were sore
Though not aware of calm they bore.

As he left church, he must have heard
The thanks we felt not said in word.

At board meetings he would explain,
"Dee's facts and mine just aren't the same."

So here from each and every heart
We know now that we soon shall part?

Perhaps when we've reached four score
We'll be inspired by dreams once more.

We wish you joy in your new charge
And hope your fold will grow quite large.

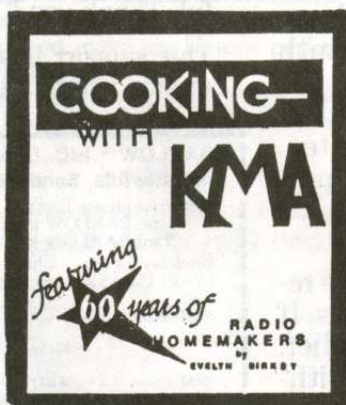
—Barbara Bennett

FROM NOSE PAPER TO KLEENEX

When the rest of the world was still wiping its nose on its sleeve, the Japanese were sneezing into a paper tissue, according to historians. In writing of the Japanese in 1637, the Englishman, Peter Mundy, wrote: "They blow their Noses with a certain soft and tough kind of paper which they carry about them in small peeces, which having used, they Fling away as a Filthy thing."

In the early 1600's Hasekura Rokuemon, a Japanese envoy, visited France and amazed the French people by using hanagami (nose paper). It is said that in some places the local people would rush to pick up Rokuemon's used nose papers, even fighting over them! One account in a French paper telling of the envoy's visit wrote of Rokuemon's diplomacy. Amused at the people's quarreling over his handkerchiefs, the envoy used more than was really necessary so there would be more to go around to the souvenir seekers.

It wasn't until 1924 that the first paper tissues, "Kleenex," appeared in the United States. —Mabel Nair Brown



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We would appreciate some craft ideas.

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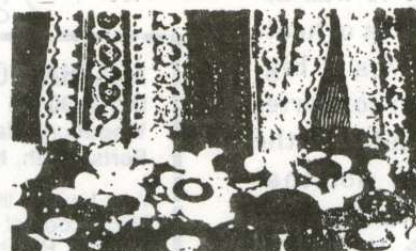
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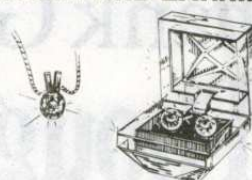


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Thank Goodness for Flannel Sheets! I Thought I'd "Freeze to Death"



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

13th Century castle on the moors in Yorkshire.

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

to be in an old, drafty castle.

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

There was a big, puffy down comforter

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

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

Then and there I decided I was going to

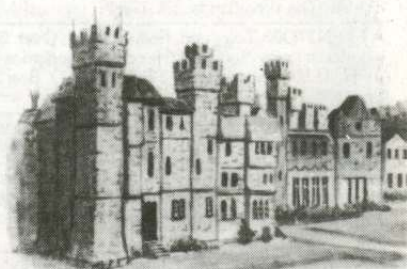
have sheets like that at home. What a great way to save on heating costs at night and still feel rich and special!

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

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

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

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



*Sincerely,
Agatha*

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