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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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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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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

First things first! And the very first thing to tell you this month is that Stephen Louis DiCicco, the son of Emily and Rich DiCicco of Arlington, Virginia, has arrived safely into this turbulent world.

You have no idea how happy I am to share this news with you because we've been constantly on the alert for the past two weeks waiting for word about the newest member of our family. Every time I heard the phone ring I thought instantly: "Maybe this is the call!" And finally the call came.

Stephen Louis was born at 11:22 A.M. on the morning of August 2, and weighed in at 6 lbs., 8 ozs. Emily reported to Juliana by phone on the following day that he had lots of curly black hair and looked like the baby pictures she had seen of her father (my brother, Wayne) when he was first photographed. This is the first grandchild for Abigail and Wayne, and as I write this letter to you I know that Abigail is in Arlington—and I can well imagine how overjoyed she is.

The baby's name, Stephen Louis, is for his Grandfather Driftmier and Grandfather DiCicco. Wayne's full name is Stephen Wayne, but from the very beginning he was called Wayne because Dad abhorred any name that was abbreviated, and he knew that Stephen would inevitably become Steve. World War II brought this to pass, and for many years his friends all over the country have called him Steve. Only his brothers and sisters still stick to Wayne.

This letter is being written on a sweltering August dog day, and I have put it off until the very last second because I hoped to tell you about the arrival of Alison and Mike Walstad's baby. I hated to have this letter go to the printers without last-second news from their home in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, so this morning I picked up the phone and called Alison. Their baby was due the same week that Stephen Louis arrived, but no news from them—and thus my call.

Alison answered the phone and said: "I'm sorry, Aunt Lucile, but there just

isn't anything to tell you yet about our baby. We're on needles and pins waiting for something to happen because I know you're eager to hear before you write to our Kitchen-Klatter friends for the September issue. It looks as if you'll have to go ahead without a report from us, unless the phone rings while you're writing your letter."

Well, the phone hasn't rung, so I guess we'll just have to put Alison's and Mike's news in the October issue. I do know one thing for certain: Abigail had been in a froth trying to figure out how she could manage to be in Arlington, Virginia, and Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, for the arrival of two grandbabies at one and the same time, but as things have worked out, she flew to Arlington first, and now will be able to fly from there to Ruidoso Downs.

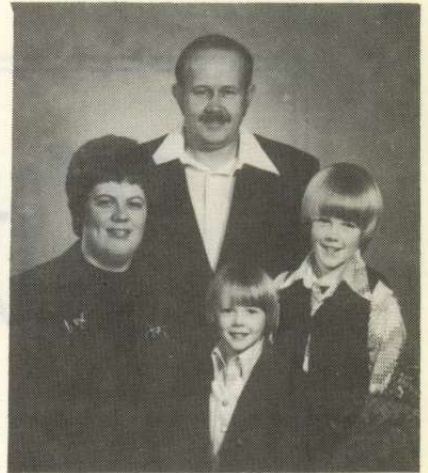
Emily's and Alison's babies are the first new members of our family since Christopher Palo arrived on the scene three years ago, and all of us are eagerly awaiting the first pictures. Just as soon as we have some we will share them with you. All of us are hopeful that we'll be able to see these babies by some hook or crook before they're up and tearing around.

In my letter last month, I told you the plans involving the arrival of my two grandchildren, James and Katharine Lowey. Well, everything worked out right on schedule, and when their plane from Albuquerque landed in Omaha, they found Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, plus Isabel and Christopher, waiting for them. They spent the night with the Palos and the following morning Betty Jane and I got up early to make the drive to their home in Bellevue, Nebraska, where Offutt Air Force Base is located.

I hadn't been in Bellevue for many, many years and if Mary Lea hadn't sent us a carefully detailed map, I'm sure that we would have had some trouble locating them. As it was, we turned into the right street without a hitch and when we saw a red van with a Maine license plate we knew that we had the right place.

When I set eyes on James and Katharine, I thought instantly: Why, they've grown amazingly! And so they have. I hadn't seen them since last November, and in the months since then they have grown taller and seemed much more mature. It was the first trip back here they had ever made without their mother (or "unescorted" as James put it) but they didn't have a second of difficulty and managed the change of planes in Stapleton Airport in Denver like old veterans. It's plain to be seen that from this point on they can go practically anywhere unescorted.

It so happens that they missed their Aunt Dorothy and her little grandson, Kristin Brase, plus Julian's mother, Kristin, by only a few hours. Kristin and Julian had to head out for their home in



Hallie Blackman is well known to those who read the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, listen to the radio program or stop by the office in Shenandoah. This lovely photograph is of Hallie's daughter, son-in-law and two grandsons. On the left is Jocelyn Hopkins with her husband, Max Hopkins, standing behind her. Four-year-old Brad, who attends nursery school, is shown in the center. Their other fine son is Chris who is nine years old, attends the Norman Rockwell School and has soccer and a paper route to keep him busy. The Hopkins family lives in Millard, Nebraska, where both Jocelyn and Max are active in P.T.A. The highlights of their summer were visits to the farm of the children's grandparents—the Roy Hopkins—and to the Blackmans, all of the Shenandoah area.

Chadron, Nebraska, and there was no way to mesh departures and arrivals.

We had a perfectly wonderful visit with Kristin and Julian—the first genuine visit I had had with Kristin for far too many years. Many of you, who heard her on the radio program with her mother, wrote to say that Kristin reminded you very vividly of her Grandmother Driftmier. These letters have been sent on to her because she will appreciate them as much as we did.

I've seen a good many children in my life, but I've never seen a child like Julian and I enjoyed him tremendously. He is a quiet little boy and studies everyone and everything very carefully; after he has sized up the whole situation he expresses warm affection and offers his own opinions. I was overjoyed when we located an old, old bicycle in the basement (a small size equipped with training wheels) that had been passed on to younger cousins by Lisa and Natalie Nenneman.

I should add that the training wheels had been removed, but Julian persisted in learning to ride and once back on the farm with his Grandma and Grandpa Johnson, he triumphed and then rode that bike constantly.

I've had a perfectly wonderful time with James and Katharine. They enjoyed many happy trips to the swimming pool

(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It's mighty quiet around this house the last few days. We have just had a wonderful 2½ week visit from Kristin and her youngest son, Julian. They have now returned home so it is rather lonesome around here.

Before I tell you all about their visit, I wish to correct an error that appeared in my letter last month. The Cinder Path I told you about is 13½ miles long instead of 3½. It is actually 9 miles long from Chariton to Derby, and this much of the path is completed. The 4½ miles south from there to the county line is still being developed.

Kristin's visit was the longest we have had since she has been married. Julian was the only one who could come with her. As Kristin reported in her letter, her oldest boy, Andy, had a part-time job this summer so couldn't get away and Aaron, her middle son, was mowing lawns, playing baseball, and in summer band, so Kristin thought it would be best for him to stay home with his dad and Andy this time.

Kristin thought it would be good for the boys, now that they are older, to spend this time with their dad and shift for themselves. She was amused when she phoned them one evening for they wanted to know if she could come home for a couple of days and do up the housework, then she could return to Lucas and continue her visit here.

When Kristin and Julian arrived, Dorothea Polser went with me to Des Moines to meet their bus. We decided to make a day of it and go early to shop a little and just look around. It was a very hot day and when Kristin got off the air-conditioned bus the heat rising up off the pavement almost made her ill. In fact, her visit here coincided with the worst heat wave we had this summer, so we spent a great deal of time in the house. Kristin says it gets this hot in Chadron but the humidity in Iowa is so much higher than Nebraska's that she feels it more.

Kristin had told me to make a list of projects I would like to have her help me with while she was here and we would see how many of them we could get done. I said her first priority was to spend as much time with Frank as she could, helping him with things he had been anxious to get done. As it turned out, Frank didn't want any of us outside in the extreme heat, so we did get things accomplished inside. Kristin still had a lot of her own possessions here that needed to be sorted and either discarded or saved. She remarked that 17 years was



What is dearer to a young boy's heart than his first bicycle? Julian was delighted when he visited his Aunt Lucile in Shenandoah and she gave him this sidewalk bike.

long enough for me to store her belongings especially since her house is bigger than mine.

We had a lot of fun sorting through boxes and finding long-forgotten treasures. One of the "jewels" in the bottom of a chest was the little blanket Mother had made before Kristin was born. It originally was a soft blue blanket with three stuffed, appliqued bunnies on it. This was Kristin's security blanket and it is now the most faded and bedraggled blanket I have ever seen. I don't think it will stand a washing. Kristin didn't even know why she had saved it, or what to do with it now.

One of the items in the chest was a cup-saucer-spoon shelf to hang on the wall. Kristin said her Aunt Edna had given it to her but we couldn't find the cups and saucers and spoons. On another day, when we were cleaning out the "cubbyhole", a closed area high above the refrigerator in the pantry, we found a box which contained these items, along with some goblets and sherbets, all carefully wrapped in paper. To get into this attic-like cubbyhole necessitates moving the freezer and climbing a stepladder, so getting anything in or out of the space requires two people—one to hand the boxes down to someone else. Consequently, the things stored there are items we don't need very often.

Julian enjoyed our box-cleaning, also. We found all the doll furniture that occupied Kristin's doll house. The house itself had been given away years ago. He played with this stuff all the time he was here. We also found two boxes of Kristin's childhood books. Of course, I knew all these things were up in the storage space, but until she wanted them they were out of the way.

Kristin did get some porch furniture painted for us, and mowed the yard a couple of times. She learned how to operate the riding mower and thought it

was a lot of fun.

The weather was too hot for the wiener roast Julian had looked forward to, but every evening when we burned the trash we let him take a long fork and marshmallow to toast so he was satisfied. He found many kittens to play with and, when chore time came morning and evening, he put on his little red gloves and went along to help. He said when he got home he was going to teach his brothers and all his friends how to be farmers.

We had such a nice visit in Shenandoah. We stayed with Lucile, and spent some time with Margery and Oliver, Howard and Mae, and Ruby. We ate lunch one day with two of my friends who Kristin knows. Also, Kristin and Billie Oakley were anxious to meet each other, so this was accomplished at a dinner and an evening spent at Lucile's.

The highlight of the trip for Julian was when Lucile told him she was going to give him a sidewalk bike. We brought it back to the farm with us, and although he didn't know how to ride it at first, in three days he was riding it all around our yard without training wheels. Our big problem now is how to get it to Chadron before Julian outgrows it.

When we got back from Shenandoah, Kristin's Aunt Ruth McDermott came from her home in Kansas City to spend a few days. Ruth had never seen Julian, and it had been seven years since she had seen Kristin. She and Bernie were here for several meals on the porch, and we had a real good visit.

One evening, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pettinger came over and brought ice cream and cookies, which we thought was very nice of them. The Pettingers were old neighbors of the Johnsons, and the kids all went to Plimpton school together. Robert and Ruth were in the same grade all through school and graduated from high school in the same class. Robert and his wife, Erville, brought with them a lot of old photograph albums and we spent the evening "remembering when".

At this writing, our corn and beans look wonderful, and the second cutting of hay has been put up. After Kristin and Julian left, the days were cooler and Frank said he was sorry the weather couldn't have been that way earlier for he had a lot of things he wanted to show them and do with them. Hopefully, there will be another time. I must stop and get dinner, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Adv.— Your Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent is so superb—above all other such products.
—Mrs. E.O.

A NEW DECADE

(Devotions for a New Club Year)

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a Bible and a large calendar open to the month of September, 1980, on the altar. Have a bulletin board near the altar.

Prelude of Quiet Music: "Breathe on Me Breath of Life", "Fill My Cup Lord" or "Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart".

Call to Worship: Solo or duet, "Spirit of the Living God".

Scripture: Ephesians 4:1b-3 (New English Translation).

Hymn: "Morning Has Broken" or "Open My Eyes That I May See".

Prayer: Dear God, create in us clean hearts for this new year and may we find new visions, new ways of service, new depths of love and kindness and new courage to do the tasks which need doing. Amen.

Leader: *Behold, I make all things new.* (Rev. 21:5, K.J.V.) These words from Revelation are the theme for our meditation today. September marks the beginning of a new year for our (name of organization), the first year into the decade of the '80s. The old year is behind us and it is time to look ahead. We may think of dreams that failed to materialize and plans that faltered or failed, but let us enter this new decade with high expectations and enthusiasm. *New* is our theme word. Let us hear some thoughts on the positive synonyms for the word *new*, and how they can help us toward a banner year in 1980 and the decade ahead.

Speaker 1: The dictionary gives the word **NOVEL** as the first synonym for *new*. (Places a placard labeled **NOVEL** on bulletin board.) Anything *novel* is something a bit unusual, out of the ordinary—anything to add zip and spice to the meetings this year. Let us find joy in the *novelties* which arise and accept as pleasant surprises whatever life offers. Be imaginative; be willing to adventure.

Speaker 2: The second synonym for *new* is **RESTORED**. (Places placard labeled **RESTORED** on board.) If something is *restored*, it is brought back to its former or normal state, or given back something that is taken. For us in this new year, it means to *restore* the original enthusiasm, pride and loyalty which the founders of our organization had. Think a moment—would this group have been started if its charter members had had only your enthusiasm, energy and willingness to carry on? Let us *restore* the energy and enthusiasm to make a force to be felt in the betterment of this place in which we work and live.

Speaker 3: The third synonym is **FRESH**. (Puts sign marked **FRESH** on board.) *Fresh*, for our new year, is for growth, "that which is recently made,



This snapshot of the Birthday Club was taken during one of their recent summer outings. Dorothy Johnson is at far left.

that which is not tired—lively." May each of us grow spiritually and mentally in the year ahead, stimulated by *fresh* ideas, *fresh* meanings, *fresh* visions brought about through our programs and our projects. The *fresh* approach is the one we want.

Speaker 4: The fourth key word is **RENEWED**, which is "to make new again; to put in a fresh supply; to reestablish." (Places word **RENEWED** on board.) We need to evaluate our organization—its place in the community, its goals for being, its programs for the coming year. The original intentions were for it to be an active, lively force in the lives of the members and in the community. Let this then be a time for a *renewal* of our pledge to support and try to achieve these goals with each member doing her part.

Speaker 5: I bring you the word **RECENT**. (Fastens word **RECENT** on board.) *Recent* is that "just made, just done or just before the present." That means that, in this new year, we must continue to hold onto those things which were good in the time past, and use them as steppingstones to the future. As the Bible says, *Hold fast to that which is good, but then move ahead.*

Speaker 6: Our next key word is **DIFFERENT**. (Places word on board.) Life gets so monotonous if we are satisfied to stay in the same old ruts. Sure, you know what's coming at every turn and it is easier than blazing new trails, but how boring! How strange our lives would be now if no one had ever been willing to experiment. Let us revive the spirit of adventure and try *different* projects, ways to reach out to those in need and be willing to stretch our talents and our minds and grow as an organization and as persons.

Speaker 7: Our last key word is **UP-TO-DATE** which is "to be current, to be

in the present or to be modern, keeping up with what is new." (Place **UP-TO-DATE** sign on board.) Keeping up with the times in which we are living is important to us all. We must constantly keep alert as to what is needed in our own lives and that of our community right now. This doesn't mean to always adopt the latest fad or fashion, but to recognize those current values which are important and sort them out of today's confusion and uncertainties. We must find the courage to make our own place in today's world according to the standards we have set for ourselves and for our families.

Leader: In the beginning we quoted from Revelation: *Behold, I make all things new.* Note that God promises his help. We can rest on that promise, knowing that if we seek to do our best we can trust in God to help us in the pressing crisis of this new decade. We can begin by asking ourselves: What am I bringing new into my life and into the life of the group? What newness have I contributed to the life of my family, this organization, my community, this past year? What difference will this club (organization) make as a new world is being shaped in the decade ahead? Have I a renewal of my mind because of the studies of the past year and will this be a part of the new me in the new decade?

The way in which our organization will meet the challenges of the next decade will depend on our answers to those questions.

Solo: "My Task".

Benediction:

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our striving cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace. Amen.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

Planning for School

by
Lennie Shelton



The anxiously awaited day had finally arrived! Mother announced it was time for us to start planning for the first day of school. She had the Sears-Roebuck catalog in her hand, and we would spend many hours poring over each page of dresses to learn the latest styles. School dresses would then be made from the printed feed sacks that were already washed, ironed, and folded. Maybe one would be fashioned from a store-bought piece of material. This day each year heralded the end of loneliness for me.

Farm life on a small acreage in the Missouri Ozarks, twenty miles southwest of Springfield, was a good one. But for an energetic young girl full of dreams, the beginning of the school year was entry into a world not unlike that of Alice in Wonderland. There would be new places to learn about, and playmates my age with whom to share experiences and dreams. Going to church, an occasional visit with close friends or relatives, and sometimes a Saturday night band concert in Clever, Missouri, were the primary outside contacts for me during the summer months.

Much of the summer's work was yet to be finished. Wild greens, garden vegetables and fruits had to be canned in glass jars for our winter's food. Chickens were canned for later table fare. Potatoes were stored and onions were hung in bunches. Dried apples and peaches would become the ever-delightful treat of Mother's fried pies. Some of these would become lunch box favorites for school. If our meat supply ran short during the summer, we butchered and canned a hog. Lard was rendered, and a supply of lye soap was made that washed our clothes surprisingly white.

All shopping for the school year was done in one day several weeks after our planning for school started.

Dad was always in a light mood. Even my younger brother, who quite often was an annoying tease, was a charming companion on this trip. When we arrived in Springfield, Mother would make sketches of dresses displayed in the shop windows. These sketches, plus the ones we had already chosen from the catalog, would become creations at the treadle of her sewing machine. A couple of ribbons for my hair were always bought to go with the new dresses. Even the note-

book and pencils were carefully picked out to match the first day's school dress.

New shoes replaced the now well-worn summer sandals: they had to be sturdy enough to withstand one-and-a-half miles of walking to and from school for many months, they had to be stylish enough for a proper young lady, galoshes had to fit over them for winter use. A supply of underwear and long cotton stockings was purchased. (My winter coat had already been obtained from an older cousin who had outgrown it.)

Buying the lunch box was the highlight of the shopping day. Each box displayed in the store was looked at and examined before the final purchase. My choice was always a very bright color with pictures on it of either flowers or birds. The right lunch box was almost a status symbol during the first several years of school. It would be carried to and from school each day and carefully protected. If it was left at school, the alternate container for lunches would be a half-gallon syrup bucket.

The trip home from Springfield seemed very long. Sleep would inevitably overtake my brother and me. When we did get home, we gathered our school treasures and took them into the house. Since the opening day of school was still a few weeks away, the new ribbons were placed on a shelf in my dressing table. The table had been constructed by Dad from orange crates. It had a smooth, painted, wooden top and a printed cotton, feed-sack skirt around it. Notebook, crayons and pencils were placed on the other shelf. The pencils would not be sharpened until we arrived at school for the first day.

Lunch box foods for the beginning day of school were worked out to the most minute detail. The biggest treat was getting peanut butter and crackers for school lunches. This was not a part of our regular menu—only for school. Thickly sliced homemade bread, fried chicken, a small jar of peaches, and the special treat were the usual choices for that first day's noon meal.

Just a few days before classes began, Dad would mow a path through one of our pastures which cut our walking distance by one-quarter mile. Later in the year, during rains and snows, we would walk the long way on dirt roads. My

brother and I were carefully instructed on proper behavior at school and our responsibility for learning and the time limit for us to arrive home from school was established. We were now ready for the first day of school.

There have been many special days for me since those school-planning days—my daughters' first school days and the click of the camera shutter to record my young grandson's venture into formal education. None of them, however, have exceeded the thrill and anticipation of Mother's announcement that it was time for our planning. The colored ribbons, the few extra pennies spent for just the right kind of notebook, and the long hours of talking with me about school, the little frills given at a sacrifice, showed the kind of love in action which said, "I care."

SCHOOL SAFETY

It's your responsibility—not the school's—to see that your child knows:

- What is the best way home from school.
 - Which are the best places for crossing streets.
 - What the signs and signals mean.
 - How to understand the crossing guard's directions.
 - Warn children to avoid talking to strangers.
 - Tell him to walk directly home from school.
 - Advise him not to play in streets or driveways.
-

COVER STORY

Through the years we've snapped many pictures of different people in my garden, but never before have we had a chance to photograph these five. The opportunity came when they were seated at my old "soda fountain" table and chairs.

At the left is Mary Leanna Driftmier Palo (Frederick's and Betty's daughter). She is holding her three-year-old son, Christopher Palo. Behind the table is Mary Lea's daughter, five-year-old Isabel. To the right are the children's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Palo of Waterbury, Connecticut.

During the course of our good visit, Mrs. Palo said to me: "I've been reading your *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for years, but I never, never dreamed that someday I'd be right here in Shenandoah, Iowa, where all the business is carried on."

When she picks up this issue back in Waterbury, Connecticut, she'll probably exclaim: "Well! I certainly never dreamed that I'd ever be on the COVER of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*."

It was a delight to have them come, and a delight to have such a fine picture to share with you readers. —Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

This letter is being written on a beautiful Sunday morning before leaving for church. Our church-going experience is the biggest adjustment we have had to make since our retirement. We are so accustomed to getting up at five o'clock on a Sunday morning, having an early breakfast, and then dashing off to the church to make certain that all is in readiness for the conduct of two church services, each with its own sermon content. Now, on a Sunday morning, we can sleep until a more reasonable hour, have a leisurely breakfast, and then drive to a little nearby country church. For the first time in thirty-five years, Betty and I are sitting together in church on a Sunday morning. We love it!

Once in a while, we attend a church in Rhode Island where the congregation is considerably larger than that of the nearby church, but still much smaller than the one in which I preached before retirement. Whichever church we attend, we always find ourselves seated at least one pew ahead of all the rest of the congregation. During all of my ministry, I served in only two churches, and in both of those churches the congregation always filled the pews right to the very front of the sanctuary. In the churches we presently attend, the Driftmiers are usually the only ones seated near the front. It really baffles me why people who take their worship seriously don't rush to get the pews nearest the front of the church. At the theater, or at a concert of some kind, people most often have to pay a much higher price for seats near the front, but in a church where people do not have to pay more for the front seats, people seem to prefer the back seats. Strange, isn't it?

I wish that you could go to church with us today. We would love to show you the perfectly beautiful woods through which we drive, the wildflowers, and the blue lagoons, coves, inlets, and bays.

We have a new acquisition which is the delight of my present life: a new sailboat, one larger and more comfortable than the small, racing boat I bought last summer. The new boat has living space for two persons. The accommodations are quite crowded, so we never intend to spend an entire night aboard, but at the same time, it is convenient to have a boat equipped with bunks. A few night ago, I almost had to use those bunks when a neighbor boy and I were caught offshore in a thick, thick fog. Had we not been able to find our way home, we would



Frederick's and Betty's house as photographed from the boat.

have had to drop the anchor and just wait until the fog lifted the following day. Since it was the first time I ever have been caught in such a fog, it gave me a few minutes of considerable apprehension. Hopefully, such an experience will not happen again!!

A friend by the name of Douglas L. Welch has the responsibility of editing *The Wright Way*, the sales and marketing newsletter of the William E. Wright Company. Chances are that every single one of you has purchased Wright Co. products. The next time you buy packaged sewing materials or party wrappings and Christmas paper and ribbons, just look and see if the Wright Co. label is on the package. The firm is one of the largest manufacturers for that type of product. Mr. John T. Wright, the Chairman of the Board of the Wright Company, is also a very dear friend of ours.

In the publication Doug Welch edits, he often quotes some interesting and entertaining material. You may have heard Betty and me talking on the Kitchen-Klatter radio broadcast about Doug and his wife, Jane, and you may have heard us read the quotation from *The Wright Way* entitled "In Praise of Grandfathers". Since some of you asked for copies of that delightful bit of humor, here it is:

1. Grandfather is the man who reads you stories before bedtime while Mommy and Daddy are drinking coffee with Grandma.
2. He tells you funny stories at supper that you don't always understand.
3. He gets mad at Grandma when she lets us stay up late watching TV.
4. He buys you ice cream cones, but won't let you eat them in his car.
5. He swallows different colored pills before supper, and when you ask him what the pills are for, he tells you they keep his arms and legs from falling off.
6. Grandfather tells you to eat your carrots because "you never saw a rabbit wearing glasses."
7. He tells you to eat your salad because "it'll give you naturally curly hair."

8. Sometimes he's crabby, but you know he really loves you because he's always sad when you have to go home.

I don't know where Doug Welch gets all of his clever material, but he certainly does a great job. Yesterday, I received a copy of *The Wright Way* in which Doug has something about grandmothers:

1. Grandmother is the lady who always comes to your birthday parties, recitals, and graduations.
2. She lets you sleep on Grandpa's side of her bed when he's out of town on business.
3. She has time to listen to what you want to talk about.
4. She never gets cross like Mommy and Daddy when you don't eat all your supper.
5. She takes you places in her car because everybody else is too busy.
6. She makes you take a bath every night whether you need it or not.
7. She never tells on you.
8. She must love you, because she always gets a little "weepy" when you have to go home.

A very dear friend down in Stockbridge, Georgia, is a frequent correspondent whom I never have met. She has become a great inspiration. Her name is Maude Duke Evans, the author of *Oh Please, Let Me Dream*. A few years ago, when Maude was within hours of death, her life was saved with the use of very strong drugs, but the medication utterly destroyed her hearing. In her book, she speaks of the trauma of sudden deafness, her fight to overcome deep depression resulting from the deafness, and her victorious return to faith and love of God.

When I read *Oh Please, Let Me Dream*, it was delightful to find that Maude had quoted a poem from the book which I wrote entitled, *Never Lose Hope*. She also discussed a wonderful organization with headquarters in Council Bluffs, Iowa, called DEAF MISSIONS. It was this organization for deaf persons which published Maude Duke Evans' book. If you know of someone

(Continued on page 20)

A VISIT WITH KATHARINE DRIFTMIER

Dear Friends:

Dripping through the leaves of the trees around home is the quiet rain that has made this Saturday afternoon so special. It's a grey Wisconsin day. The windows are open although the air outside is dark and cool and damp so the rainy day sounds and smells have come inside. I love days like this. Now I can do some of those busy things indoors that all the outdoor activities of late summer often deny. And OH! I can think of so many projects to occupy this quiet afternoon!

From time to time I shift into a creative mood and am motivated into beginning some new form of handwork, but this initial impetus doesn't always carry all the way through to completion. A rainy day allows me time from routine activity to settle again upon a half-completed effort. I'm working away at sewing a mountain parka which I'd like to wear this fall. It's a beautiful forest green, polyester-cotton blend, lined with beige fabric, with a hood and many, many big and little pockets. It's been great fun working on it but such a challenge—all those little details of the pockets and flaps and zippers and snaps and cuffs! I'm still enough of a novice seamstress to be easily frustrated, so the progress has been slow, but the jacket is almost finished.

When I moved to Madison, I needed to furnish my apartment and had little cash, so I began building some of the necessities—a chair, a wall full of floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, and a worktable. This table is long enough to occupy one wall of the main room of my apartment and its "all purpose" design means it's constantly covered with my current projects. The organization of the work space is easy to recognize: the paints and inks and crayons have their box, the drawing pads and reams of colored paper and painting boards lie neatly stacked on their shelf, tools, blades, brushes and colored pencils are easily accessible from their cups where they stand along the wall and, below the table, my large twenty-pound bags of earthenware and porcelain clay are nearly invisible. It's a long table with shelves and drawers below, and at one end of its nine-foot length is my sewing area with my sewing machine (an old "Famous" brand model, shiny black and scrolled with leafy golden vines) and flowered tins to store thread and notions. The table is a drawing board, a ceramist's bench, a painting table, a sewing area—a work space where each accessory has its ordered place.

To the untrained eye, I've come to realize, the craft organization often goes unappreciated. I'm afraid to some this may look like a mess. Someday I'd really



Katharine Driftmier in her Madison, Wisconsin, apartment.

like to have a room to set apart as a studio, for creating projects do deserve a place of their own.

In past weeks, in one of my church classes, we've been discussing the vital importance of physical education to the development of our stewardship in this, God's world. Our responsibility involves maintenance of strong healthy bodies, toned for efficient work and thought by regular exercise. It includes the continual sharpening of our minds through learning and mental calisthenics, and the development of our individual talents.

Each individual has incredible potential which needs to be consciously pursued, but it's so easy to be defeated by such self-imposed barriers as lack of confidence. Believing that we don't have the time, the tools, or the creative ideas can keep us from ever attempting to learn a new skill, but we can! In handcrafts, for instance, many people don't believe that they are really "creative". But the tools can be found at our own workbenches or in our kitchens. Ideas are bountifully supplied through the magazines we read and the crafts we see displayed in shops and shows. The time to try new projects can be found on rainy afternoons and during the lengthening evenings of fall and winter.

For example, last year I saw beautiful wind chimes in a shop in Madison and I knew they wouldn't be difficult to reproduce. So I decided to try a little mimicry. Purchasing porcelain clay and time in the kiln at the craft shop on the University of Wisconsin campus, I got underway. Little by little, step by step, through trial and error, I soon was turning out beautiful gifts for my family and friends. My workshop was my living room, and my tools were right out of my kitchen. I used a rolling pin and a pastry board to roll the clay out very thin, and used cookie cutters to cut the shapes. Bottle tops and jar lids were used as guides for

other shapes. Soda straws were the right "tool" to punch a hole in each piece through which, after firing, I tied long bits of scrap yarn or piping from my sewing notions tin. I was delighted after the first batch of tiny porcelain stars, hearts and bells were removed from the final firing in the kiln. When hung up by the yarn and piping lengths, they rang with beautiful tones that were sweeter to my ears than the sound of the chimes at the store. It had been an easy project and I'd done it myself!

I'm really thankful that my parents encouraged us into pursuing the development of our talents and I'm sure I'll be just as firm when I have a family of my own. I know many families who have decided to limit the time their children watch TV and I hear their children moan and groan. I smile to recall how my parents set such limits too, and how we wailed. Now I'm so glad that they did, for this gave me time to explore, learn to entertain myself and find enjoyment in being alone. My parents helped us learn to cultivate our minds and coordinate our hands: What Fun!

Sincerely,

Katharine

FOOTBALL FUN

Which college teams have these nicknames?

1. Badgers (Wisconsin)
2. Mustangs (Southern Methodist)
3. Cornhuskers (Nebraska)
4. Buckeyes (Ohio State)
5. Sooners (Oklahoma)
6. Golden Bears (California)
7. Crimson (Harvard)
8. Razorbacks (Arkansas)

What bowl games are held at the following places?

1. Pasadena, California (Rose Bowl)
2. New Orleans, Louisiana (Sugar Bowl)
3. Miami, Florida (Orange Bowl)
4. Dallas, Texas (Cotton Bowl)

What Indian player is known as one of the greatest backs of all time? (Jim Thorpe)

What are the dimensions of a football field? (160 feet wide and 360 feet long)

What football position makes you think of fishing gear? (tackle)

What famous football coach died in a plane crash and became a legend? (Knute Rockne) —Virginia Thomas

I have been very ill recently and lacking new reading material, I got out bundles of old *Kitchen-Klatter Magazines*. They were like new again. Not a discouraging word and always inspiring. Thanks for the many years of my favorite magazine and program. Best wishes . . .

—Fallbrook, Calif.



—Photo Courtesy Beatrice, Nebr., *Daily Sun*
Sybil Behrens works among her many African violets.

"VIOLET FEVER"

by
Sybil Behrens

All of my married life I have had flowers—mostly outdoor varieties. When my folks moved to a small place in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1964, my father gave me a 48-inch, 2-bulb fluorescent light fixture that he had tried to use for growing tomato plants, etc. That spring, with the help of the light, my plants did very well.

When it came time to start seeds the following spring, I bought a 4-shelf setup. It was expensive but I sure did enjoy myself as I began working with it.

In March of 1966, my husband, George, gave me an African violet plant. I didn't like the dumb thing, but appreciated his gift so worked to keep it healthy. I also decided to try to start some new plants from the leaves to use the following December when I was to be hostess to our extension club. The little new plants did come up from the leaves I put down and made nice favors.

That fall, a lady who had grown violets commercially in Sterling, Nebraska, went out of business and I bought a bunch at very low prices. The upshot was that, by the fall of 1967, I had a new stand built of wood all of three shelves high, and soon had it full of plants.

This is just to show how fast a person can come down with "African Violet Fever". At the present time—14 years later—I have 400 varieties with approximately 1,600 plants, not counting those still on the propagating leaves. I say this should be the end, but I doubt it, for my case of "Violet Fever" is a bad one. (This is the name we give to what ails all of us violet nuts. There has to be some explanation for a rather normally rational

person who would continue to buy more and more varieties of violets. As for a cure—I know of none.)

Florescent lights are the best way to grow violets. Use a 48-inch, 2-bulb fixture set so the light is 8 to 10 inches above your plant tops. Allow 12 hours of light and 12 hours of darkness. My shelves are built with 19½ inches between them and this seems to work very well.

Any windows can be used to grow violets if you modify them a bit. A north window with no obstruction and no curtain does nicely. An east window generally works very well but when the sun is shining directly from the east in the spring and the fall, the leaves might get burned. A south and west window *always* needs to be shaded—sheer curtains, a tall tree outside or taller plants next to the window can do the trick.

Violets like the same temperature that people do—they decline in amount of bloom when the thermometer drops below 60 degrees and when it gets over 85 degrees.

As my violets increased, so did the amount of time required to care for them. On my crowded shelves a plant could be missed easily during watering. Letting a violet get bone-dry is awfully hard on them and should never happen. There isn't a plant growing that can be taken from a Florida swamp one day and out to Death Valley a few days later, and yet we often do this with our violets—overwatering (causing root-rot and crown-rot) and then letting the root ball dry out. Many people say, "If I take an African violet home it will be dead within a month." I am usually too polite to tell them why, but it is often due to "yo-yo" watering habits.

About the time poor George lost his patience about the length of time I was

spending watering my violets, I discovered wick-watering. I took a whipped topping container and cut a hole in the lid about the size of a quarter (a paring knife or fingernail scissors are good for this) near one side of the lid. Then I cut another smaller hole on the other side. I filled the container with water, put on the lid and set my violet pot on top with its wick going through the little hole and down into the water. The larger hole I used to add more water as needed. Margarine tubs, cottage cheese tubs, anything available works just as well.

When I pot a plant, I make a wick by doubling a 15-inch synthetic yarn (cotton or wool rots) or use a strip of old nylon stocking 7 or 8 inches long. I put the wick through one of the holes in the pot being certain it is all covered with potting soil, then pot the violet as usual. The soil is then soaked by setting pot in a pan with water and putting some water in the top. After it sets about 15 to 20 minutes, I place the pot on top of prepared tub, slipping the wick through the hole. As water is absorbed and evaporates, I add more to the tub through the second hole. This method keeps the plant roots moist at all times.

Larger containers, such as trays or flat planters, can be used to hold several plants just so some method is arranged to hold the pots up out of the water. The wicks dangle down into water and the water level is kept so the plant soil can stay moist. (I even heard of a bathroom setup with a planter set on top of the water tank. The African violet wicks were made long enough to dangle down into the water below, a perfect, constant moisture supply.)

Our potting soil evolved as the result of a club lesson given on soils. We live on a farm and, before retirement, had a small dairy herd. We start with the loose soil which works to the edge of the now empty cow lot. To this we add ground eggshells, moisten with water and bake at 325 degrees for one hour to sterilize. A baking pan or 3-lb. coffee can works great. Set the soil aside to cool for at least 24 hours before using as the heat forms a gas which can be toxic to plants if used right away. We add "Ferbam", an old low-toxic fungicide, to our soil mix. I use an attic insulation (like Zonalite) to mix with the soil. It is cheap and keeps the soil light. Add a little more insulation than soil. Sometimes I add some potash, sulphur and bone meal and mix well. I keep my sterile supply of potting soil in bread wrappers until needed.

Be certain to sterilize all pots before using by washing in a solution of water and chlorine bleach.

One caution—look out for "Violet Fever", it is an affliction that sneaks up on a person and is very difficult to cure.



NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

Golden summer days are slipping by, and I hope you are enjoying them as much as I am. Right now I am especially appreciating the freedom from the school year routine because I have had a chance to rest, relax, and do many things which are put aside or neglected from September to June.

One of my first summer projects was a garage sale, preceded by a few days of closet- and drawer-cleaning. Being rather inexperienced in organizing such sales, I enlisted the aid of a friend and fellow teacher, Shelia Powell. Fortunately, she was willing and able to serve. I say, "fortunately," because I knew that the first thing I needed to do was to take the car out of the garage, but beyond that it was Shelia's knowledge and skill that pulled me through. What we didn't sell, we boxed up to be loaded on a truck headed for Grand Island along with the many donations from caring citizens around Chadron.

On the morning after the tornadoes struck Grand Island, Mary Brase called about six o'clock to let us know that she and Don were safe. We are still marveling that her call got through, because for two or three days thereafter, there was little or no communication in or out of Grand Island. How grateful we were for that phone call as we watched news reports on television those days following the storm. Our hearts reach out to those who suffered losses, great or small, in this Nebraska community and surrounding area.

After only a few days of summer vacation, Julian began missing his friends from the Child Development Center at Chadron State College. He started attending the Center in January, and his wonderful experiences there have caused me to revise some of my opinions of day-care facilities. When Andy was quite small, we had unpleasant experiences with an overcrowded, understaffed nursery. In less than a week, we made other arrangements for his care, relying heavily upon baby sitters we knew and trusted, usually getting ones who would come to our home (not the easiest task, by any means). So, it was with certain feelings of apprehension that I enrolled Julian in the CSC Center.

I soon found that I need not have worried. The Center, under the capable direction of Cindy Kautzsch, is very ade-

quately staffed. The children receive a morning snack, noon meal, and afternoon snack, all planned to promote better nutrition. Parents receive copies of the snack and meal menus for the coming week, as well as mimeographed pages describing the activities, books, records, filmstrips, and any visitors or field trips scheduled for the week ahead. Once a month, a potluck supper is organized for parents and this is followed by a program on some topic relevant to parental concerns.

Along with his enjoyment of day-care activities, Julian had a special treat when he and I were the audience for a very unique puppet show presented at the home of Cynthia Gilman by her mother-in-law, Nora (Mrs. Gordon) Gilman. Mrs. Gilman lives in Mexico, Missouri. She is a retired teacher and uses her puppet friend, "Dopey", for volunteer work with children in hospitals.

Aaron started the summer by being sick, which is hardly the way to begin a vacation, especially for a boy who was eager to pitch for a baseball team. A bad strep infection kept him in bed and caused him to miss the first week's baseball practices. The following week, however, he was back on his feet, and he soon had some big news to relate to Grandma Johnson over the telephone. He hit a home run with the bases loaded!

Another activity on Aaron's schedule is beginning band. The choice between drums, tuba, and trumpet was a difficult one for him to make, but he is starting with the trumpet. So far, he has been quite faithful about practicing. Summer band provides a valuable setting for getting acquainted with an instrument and learning the coordination of effort

and discipline that are required to be part of a band.

As school budgets are being trimmed across the state, one item often considered for dropping is the driver education program. Art and I both took drivers' ed. when we were in high school, and now Andy has taken it as well. Our insurance rates are lower because he participated in the training. Whether or not the school should be the agency responsible for providing the program is probably debatable, but I wouldn't like to see it slip out of existence entirely. Driving is a skill that our young people will depend upon most of their lives, and their lives may well depend upon their skill in driving.

After a long and arduous wrestling season last winter, Andy turned his attention this summer toward getting a part-time job. He was pleased to find employment two evenings a week plus Saturdays at a local restaurant. He learned quickly that a worker doesn't bring home all he earns, and that if he wanted to do something else on a work night, he couldn't unless he was lucky enough to get another worker to trade hours with him. Andy hopes to save enough of his earnings to buy a long-desired drum set of his own.

Beside the garage sale, I've been doing some private tutoring during the mornings this summer. Also, I've finally found time to write an article on dreams. I have a keen interest in dreams, and since the fall of 1976, I have studied the subject extensively. I've conducted classes in Dream Interpretation for interested persons and groups, and for the Department of Adult and Continuing Ed.

(Continued on page 15)



It is difficult to realize that Kristin and Art Brase's three sons are as grown up as this picture shows. Andy, on the left, is sixteen and now a junior at the Chadron high school. Julian, in the center, is five and will be beginning kindergarten about the time our readers receive this issue of the magazine. Aaron, on the right, will be twelve years old this coming November and is now a sixth grader.

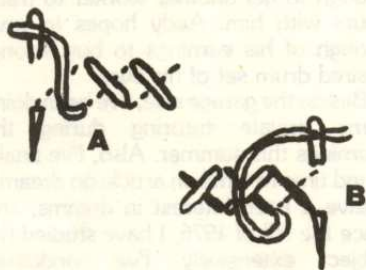
Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

September! The children are back in school, the weather's beginning to cool down a little, and after a long summer we can finally take a few moments out for ourselves. Many of us are busy putting up jars of food from our garden so this is a good time to think about canning up some gifts—gifts for Christmas, birthdays, housewarmings, and gifts to just say, "Thank you for being such a good friend."

Wait a minute, this is only September and too early to talk about Christmas. Besides, this is the "Needle Notes" column, not the food page. Dear friends, I'm not really going to get involved in cooking, but I am going to suggest that while you are canning, you can extra jars of your best pickle or your special jam recipe to give as gifts.

To make this special gift even more personal, work a design of counted cross-stitch on woven fabric to make a fancy lid.



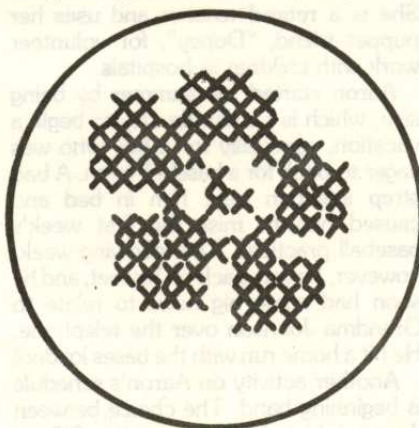
To Cross-Stitch: Bring the needle through on the lower right line of the cross and insert at the top of the same line, taking a stitch through the fabric to lower left line (A). Continue to the end of the row in this way; on the return journey, complete the other half of the cross (B). It is important that the top strands of all the stitches point in one direction.

For best results, designs in cross-stitch should be worked over counted threads of canvas or an even-weave fabric. This will insure the uniformity in size and spacing that is essential to the design. Huck toweling, medium and heavy linen, even gingham, are appropriate fabrics for cross-stitch designs. Depending upon the size of the crosses, you can use anywhere from two to six strands of embroidery floss. And like any embroidery, for best results you should use a hoop to hold the fabric firm. To use with jar lids, do not cut the fabric before stitching; embroider several designs spaced apart and cut them out when all of them are finished.

Almost any design can be transferred into a cross-stitch pattern. The easiest to adapt are graphed designs. You can use charted designs originally prepared for

needlepoint, rug hooking, etc. If you wish to use an idea from a drawing or picture that is not graphed, simply trace the major outlines onto graph paper that has the same size squares as the crosses you intend to make. You can then fill in the outline by placing crosses in the appropriate squares with a set of colored pencils or markers. Not only do you have a guide as to where to place your stitches and where to leave spaces, you have a color guide as well. One advantage to this method is that you can decide whether you do or don't like a color combination before making a single stitch!

Cross-stitching is easy and quick. It can also be put down or picked up with a minimum of fuss, no worries about dropping stitches or forgetting which row you are on. Once your design is completed you can create your jar lid.



The first of two methods is to trace the inside open circle of a screw band with your completed design in the center. Do not make your cross-stitch design larger than this circle. With the design in the center, cut the fabric one inch larger than the traced circle. Cut out a piece of lightweight cardboard $\frac{1}{4}$ inch larger than the traced circle. Place a bit of fiber fill or a few cotton balls on the cardboard to pad the cloth. Cover the padding with the embroidered cloth and glue the overlapping edges to the back of the cardboard circle. Place it under the screw band and you have the lovely puffed embroidery showing through the top.

The second method is to cut the cloth $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches larger than the outside edge of the screw band. For an attractive edge, use pinking shears to cut the fabric. One inch in from the edge, run a basting thread in a complete circle. Leaving the lid in place, put a little cotton on top, then cover the entire lid with the cloth. Pull the basting thread to gather the fullness snugly about the jar. Tie the ends of the thread together and snip any loose ends short. Tie a pretty ribbon around the cloth to cover the basting thread.

Now you have a simple, but very special gift; in giving something you've made, you are giving a part of yourself too, and that is so much more precious than anything found in a store.

HINTS FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

This was served recently at our local rest home: Peel and slice apples $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Cook in a can of imitation strawberry pop. (We assume the pop is poured over the apples in a saucepan and simmered until apples are tender.) I liked this very much.

—Miss A.G., North Mankato, Minn.

Generously spray dried flower arrangements with inexpensive hair spray to keep them clean and prevent the petals from falling and the fluff from milkweed pods from popping out.

—Mrs. D.C., Menlo, Iowa

I like to stew pears and add cinnamon candies, red food coloring and sugar to taste. Makes a nice dessert. Good for apples, too.

—Listener from Kansas

Carrots can be kept in sand for a long time. Keep them in a cool place and be sure the sand and carrots are both PERFECTLY DRY—real dry—if there is a bit of moisture in either, the carrots will start to grow and sometimes rot. We put carrots down this way every fall.

—H.B., Iowa City, Iowa

Cut off the tip or point of one corner of an envelope. Use to fill salt and pepper shakers.

Keep a plastic bag handy when cooking. If the telephone rings, slip your messy hands into the bag and answer the phone.

—A Reader

To keep plants watered while on vacation, moisten soil well with water. Then place the entire pot in a plastic bag. Bring the plastic up around the plant and tie with a twister. Place where it won't get too much sun. It will stay nice for weeks this way.

Place marshmallows at four corners and in the center of a freshly frosted cake or dessert to keep plastic wrap from sticking. Children love the marshmallows, too.

—M.C., Osceola, Mo.

Keep a favorite recipe file for each of your children. Whenever a child likes a certain food, copy the recipe and put in his file. The file will make a nice housewarming gift when each child establishes his own home.

Fresh peaches will not turn dark if you peel them into a syrup which includes a little of the powdered fruit drink mix. Use the orange-flavored powder and put about $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. in for each pint of syrup. You can even do this when canning them.

WHAT VACATION?

by Evelyn Birkby

To date, every vacation plan which has surfaced for Robert and me this year has failed to materialize.

We had hoped to gather our three sons and trek down to Arizona the end of May. The plan was to meet my sister, Ruth, her husband, Paul Gerhardt and her son, Larry Bricker. The men would go hiking across the Grand Canyon and Ruth and I would be the transportation crew and visit happily until time to meet the men.

Flaws began to surface in our plans when the needed reservations to hike across the canyon could not be made. It is very difficult to get such permission because of the tremendous demand, the fragile environment which limits the number who can use the trails, plus the small number of facilities for camping.

Timing was essential for so many people, all of whom had schedules to dovetail. May was chosen for it signaled the end of Craig's spring term, but suddenly, this youngest son's two-week break was shortened to one, making it impossible to have enough time for the Grand Canyon project. Next, Jeff discovered that he was scheduled for a geothermal conference in New Mexico the very week the hike was planned. Bob, the oldest of our three, was in Seattle counting his travel expense funds and decided the expenditure would only be feasible if everybody could make the trip. Then Robert's schedule was clobbered by winds, tornadoes, hail and drought so he could not get away from his ASCS work. It was incredible.

Ruth and Paul packed up and went on a Caribbean cruise (much like the one Frederick and Betty took). Craig came home for his few days between classes and summer rotation hospital work in medical school. He and Robert drove the fifty miles to Indian Caves State Park south of Brownville, Nebraska, where they camped, hiked and enjoyed the natural beauty of the area which is along the Missouri River. The rest of Craig's time he helped his dad with some work on the inside of the garage. Bob took a bus to Helena, Montana, where he and Jeff joined forces and hiked up into the Bob Marshall Wilderness for a ten-day backpacking trip.

At this point in time, I was scheduled to go to Nashville, Tennessee, for a one-day meeting of a Methodist communication's education committee. I extended the trip into a second day for sightseeing, plus another day with cousins in Collinsville, Illinois.

Would you believe that I arrived in St. Louis, where I was to change planes for Nashville, only to discover that the pilot hadn't shown up who was supposed to take the flight? The airline had to send

out for another one. When I finally got to Nashville, the committee meeting was already underway. I told the concerned members what had happened—the pilot didn't show up! It was, they assured me, the most imaginative excuse they had ever heard.

The meeting concluded late that afternoon. I stayed over so I could go out to the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's home, which I had never seen. Unfortunately, none of the commercial tours went at the time I could go, so I traveled by cab.

The land on which the Hermitage stands was purchased in 1804 by Jackson. His first home was a log house. In 1818, by now a prosperous cotton farmer, he decided to build a larger home for himself and his wife, Rachel. It is this beautiful mansion, now expanded and restored, which can be viewed by the tourists. The early Hermitage log house has been reconstructed, along with other outbuildings of the plantation.



Evelyn took this photograph of Andrew Jackson's "Necessary House" at the Hermitage near Nashville.

I particularly enjoyed the walk through the formal garden area. It was created in 1819 by William Frost, an English gardener. The same type of old-fashioned flowers and shrubs which grew in the garden when Rachel was alive, are still in bloom today: honeysuckle, peonies, pink roses, spirea, hardy lilies, sunflowers and asters, were among the plantings I recognized. Several herbs were clustered in one area near the "necessary house". (This was a new terminology—I always heard the little buildings called "outhouses".) Trees of various kinds grace the garden: hickory, weeping willow and linden. Near the tomb of Andrew Jackson and his wife, Rachel, stands a large magnolia tree. It was laden with blooms the day of my visit, a beautiful and fragrant addition to the setting for the last resting place of the seventh president of the United States.

While talking with some of the other visitors to the Hermitage, I made friends with a couple from Muncie, Indiana, who graciously let me ride with them across the road to Tulip Grove where I viewed

the mansion of Emily and Andrew Jackson Donelson, the fine old church building and cemetery. Then, fortunately for me, another lovely couple arrived from Raleigh, North Carolina. They were headed for Opryland and took me with them to that unusual entertainment section in Nashville.

By the time I had looked at many of the shops, show settings and ridden on the train around the park, it was time to get a cab and return to the airport. It was a happy sampling of one of the great amusement areas of our country.

My return to St. Louis and a short stay with my cousins, Carl, Laura and John Clay in nearby Collinsville, was marred only by the extreme heat. We ate much good food, visited a lot and saw one particularly interesting place among the many located in St. Louis—the Missouri Botanical Gardens.

Since 1859, this 79 acres of landscaped gardens has been a place of beauty. It is the oldest botanical garden in the United States. From the greenhouse built in 1881 (which is gorgeous during the winter months when thousands of camellias are in bloom) to the newly created Japanese display garden, I found every section filled with surprises, ideas for our home garden and the artistic settings which only creative masters can develop. The desert house, with its many cacti and succulents, reminded me of the Arizona which we could not visit; the ClimaTron transported me to the far-off tropics with its orchids, banana trees and bird of paradise plants; the English garden included large shade trees, azaleas, hostas, columbines and the promise of quiet walks; and the Lehmann rose garden had a gazebo shelter and hundreds of roses which I wanted to bring home—that gazebo and those roses would fit beautifully in our yard.

True to form, my plane was late arriving in St. Louis and therefore, late taking off and landing in Omaha. No explanation this time, no "the pilot didn't show up", no "we ran out of gas" or "had a flat tire." Just late. However, it was a period of travel when so many people were being transported, I have great sympathy for the airlines. They really do a great job. Besides, I think back to Andrew Jackson's time, and the early life of the Botanical Gardens, and I wonder at the speed travelers of today can go from one place to another.

Yesterday I was telling my good neighbor, Dorothy, about the trip to Tennessee and St. Louis. She stated that it did sound like I had had an interesting vacation.

"Oh, Dorothy," I moaned, "What vacation? Two crammed full weekend days do not a vacation make—but I'll treasure the experience no matter what it is called."



RECIPES for September



PEANUT BUTTER & JELLY BARS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine (chilled)
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine the above ingredients and mix until crumbly. Reserve 1 cup for topping. Press remainder in ungreased 9-inch square or 7- by 11-inch baking pan. Prepare the following:

- 1/2 cup chopped peanuts
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 3/4 cup peanut butter
- 1 egg white
- 3/4 cup jelly

Combine the peanuts, sugar, peanut butter and egg white and blend well. Spread over the crust in pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven. Spread with the jelly and sprinkle the reserved 1 cup crust mixture over top. Return to oven for an additional 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Betty Jane

PEAR & PINEAPPLE HONEY

- 5 1/2 to 6 cups ground pears
- 1 cup crushed pineapple and juice
- 5 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 to 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1 fresh lime
- 3 Tbls. water

Wash, peel and core pears. Use fine blade to grind pears, then measure. Combine in a large kettle with pineapple and juice, sugar, lemon juice and flavoring. Start cooking. Meanwhile, slice lime into thin slices and combine in a small saucepan with water. Cook over moderate heat until lime is soft and water almost evaporated. Add to pear mixture. Continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until mixture thickens. Add food coloring if desired. Ladle into hot, sterilized jars and seal. This thickens up and is about the consistency of honey. It makes an elegant marmalade-type spread for bread or toast.

—Evelyn

APPLE CAKE

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1/2 cups oil
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 3 cups chopped peeled apples

Beat together the eggs, oil, sugar and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients and add to first mixture, blending well. Stir in the nuts and apples. Bake in greased 9- by 13-inch pan for about 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with whipped topping.

—Dorothy

GREEN TOMATO-CUCUMBER RELISH

- 2 medium cucumbers
- 3 medium tart apples
- 4 or 5 medium green tomatoes
- 4 medium onions
- 2 small red bell peppers or pimiento
- 4 cups water
- 1 1/2 Tbls. salt
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups cider vinegar
- 1 Tbls. mustard seed
- 6 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. turmeric

Peel cucumbers and cut in chunks. Peel and quarter apples. Cut tomatoes, onions and peppers in chunks. Use food grinder, blender or food processor to finely chop vegetables. Place vegetables in large container. Add water and salt; stir to blend. Cover and let stand in refrigerator for 24 hours. Drain well. Add sugar and 1 1/2 cups of the vinegar. Bring to a boil. Combine the mustard seed, flour, dry mustard, turmeric and remaining vinegar and stir into the boiling mixture. Reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, for 1 1/2 hours. Ladle into hot jars, put on lids and process in hot water bath for 10 minutes. This could be spooned into containers and frozen if desired. Serve as a relish for hamburgers, hot dogs, etc.

—Betty Jane

RAISIN BARS

- 1 box (2-layer size) white cake mix
- 3 eggs
- 1 can raisin pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the above ingredients and beat well. Spread in greased 9- by 13- or 11- by 15-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool and frost with the following:

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 to 4 Tbls. milk, half-and-half or evaporated milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar or maple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups powdered sugar

Heat the margarine and brown sugar until sugar is dissolved. Do not allow to boil. Add the milk, flavorings and powdered sugar, blending well. Frost bars.

—Dorothy

CUCUMBER-LEMON SALAD

- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 lemon
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. oregano leaves
- 2 medium cucumbers, sliced
- 1 small sweet onion, sliced

Combine oil, juice from lemon, sugar, salt and oregano. Stir until sugar dissolves. Stir in cucumbers and onion rings. Chill well. Serve on salad greens. Serves 5 or 6.

—Evelyn

CHICKEN AND PEPPER CHOW MEIN

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 2 Tbls. soy sauce
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 2 cups cooked chicken, sliced into thin strips
- 3 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 cup sliced onion (separated into rings)
- 1 medium-size green pepper, sliced in rings
- 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
- 1 8 1/2-oz. can bamboo shoots, drained
- Chow mein noodles

In a small bowl, combine cornstarch, chicken broth, soy sauce and Italian dressing. Add chicken slices and stir with spoon until they are coated with the mixture. Allow to marinate. Meanwhile, heat oil in large frying pan or wok. Add garlic and ginger. Stir-fry briskly for about one minute. Add sliced onion, green pepper and mushrooms. Cook for two minutes. Add chicken, marinade mixture and bamboo shoots; heat until bubbling and hot thru. Serve hot on chow mein noodles.

—Betty Jane

OVERNIGHT CHERRY SALAD

2 eggs
 1/4 cup white vinegar
 1/4 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
 1 20-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained
 2 cups canned sweet pitted cherries, drained
 2 cups Mandarin orange sections
 2 cups miniature marshmallows
 In heavy pan, beat eggs until frothy. Mix in vinegar. Add sugar and butter and beat well. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Cool completely. Fold in the whipped cream, pineapple, cherries, oranges and marshmallows. Chill 24 hours or overnight. —Lucile

ZUCCHINI RELISH

5 lbs. zucchini (about 20 medium size)
 6 large onions
 Ice cold water
 1/2 cup salt
 2 cups white vinegar
 1 cup sugar
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 2 tsp. celery seed
 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 2 4-oz. jars sliced pimientos, drained
 Cut zucchini and onions in chunks. Process in food processor or finely chop with food grinder. Place in 6-quart pan. Cover with ice cold water and stir in the salt. Let set four hours or overnight. Drain and rinse. Combine mixture with rest of ingredients. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Ladle into hot jars, seal. Process in hot water bath for about 15 minutes. Makes 6 pints.

—Betty Jane

HAM-SQUASH COMBINATION

1 medium-size raw sweet potato, halved lengthwise and cut into 1/4-inch slices
 1 cup water
 1 lb. cooked smoked ham, cut in 3/4-inch cubes (about 3 1/2 cups)
 1 yellow squash, cut in 3/4-inch cubes (about 1 1/2 cups)
 1 Tbls. snipped fresh parsley
 1/4 tsp. ground coriander or curry powder
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 medium-size ripe banana
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 2 tsp. cornstarch
 1 green onion, chopped
 Place sweet potato and water in large skillet. Cover and cook for seven minutes. Add ham, squash, parsley and seasonings. Cook for 15 minutes. Mash banana in bowl and add lemon juice and cornstarch. Blend into cooked mixture and cook for three or four minutes. Add onion and cook slowly for 15 minutes. —Betty Jane

CANDI'S CHICKEN LICKIN' PORK CHOPS

6 to 8 lean pork chops (1 inch thick)
 1/2 cup flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
 2 Tbls. oil
 1 can chicken-rice soup
 Mix the flour, salt, dry mustard and garlic powder. Coat pork chops with the flour mixture. Place the oil in a large skillet and brown chops. Put the browned chops in a slow-cooking pot. Pour the soup over the top, cover and cook at a low temperature for 6 to 8 hours. —Verlene

CRACKER PIE

3 egg whites
 1 cup sugar
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 3/4 cup chopped nuts (I prefer pecans.)
 1 cup rich, buttery cracker crumbs (Ritz, Waverly, etc., crackers)
 Vanilla ice cream
 Beat egg whites until stiff. Add sugar, baking powder and flavoring. Beat very well. Fold in nuts and crumbs. Mix carefully. Spoon into greased 8-inch pie tin. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Cool. Cut into wedges and top with ice cream. —Robin

SCANDINAVIAN MEATBALL TOPPERS

4 baking potatoes
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1 medium onion, chopped
 1/2 lb. ground beef
 1/2 lb. ground pork
 1 10-oz. can condensed beef broth
 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 1 tsp. dried dill weed
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 Tbls. water
 1/2 cup sour cream
 Bake potatoes until done. While potatoes are baking, melt butter or margarine in large skillet. Saute onion until tender. Remove onion from skillet. Mix half the onion with the meats and shape into about 20 small meatballs. Brown balls in same skillet. When browned, remove from skillet and keep warm. In same skillet, add remaining sauteed onion, broth, Worcestershire sauce and dill weed. Heat. Combine cornstarch and water and blend into skillet. Bring to boiling again and cook for one minute. Reduce heat to low and add cream. Do not allow to boil after adding cream. Add meatballs. Slash baked potatoes. Spoon sauce and meatballs over potatoes and serve.

A combination of 1/3 lb. ground beef, 1/3 lb. ground pork and 1/3 lb. ground veal can also be used. —Betty Jane

TUNA PUFF

1 cup packaged-biscuit mix
 1 cup milk
 2 eggs
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1-lb. can peas, drained
 1 6-oz. can tuna, drained
 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
 Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease a souffle pan or a 1 1/2-quart casserole. In bowl, beat biscuit mix, milk, eggs and salt until smooth. Stir in the drained peas, tuna and cheese. Pour into prepared baking pan. Bake for about one hour, or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Serve immediately. —Dorothy

FROZEN CUCUMBERS

3 quarts prepared cucumbers
 2 cups sugar
 2 cups vinegar
 1/4 cup salt
 Prepare syrup first. Combine sugar, vinegar and salt and bring to a boil, stirring. When ingredients are dissolved and blended, remove from heat and cool—then put in refrigerator to chill. While the syrup is chilling, peel and slice cucumbers. Put into a large bowl. Pour chilled syrup over sliced cucumbers immediately. Place in refrigerator and chill overnight. Next day, spoon cucumbers into freezer containers and cover with the syrup. Freeze. —Evelyn

FRESH PEACH UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

1/2 cup butter
 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 1 1/2 lbs. peaches
 4 eggs, separated
 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
 1 tsp. lemon peel
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 cup cake flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
 Place 5 Tbls. of the butter in 10-inch skillet or baking dish, melt. Brush butter up sides of pan. Sprinkle brown sugar in bottom of pan. Scald and peel peaches. Slice peaches. Set aside.
 Melt remaining butter. Beat egg yolks with 1/2 cup of the granulated sugar. Add lemon peel, flavoring and melted butter; beat until fluffy. Sift flour, after measuring, along with salt, baking powder and spices. Beat egg whites until frothy. Gradually beat in remaining sugar and continue beating until stiff peaks form. Fold into egg mixture, then into flour mixture, gently. Arrange peaches in bottom of pan over brown sugar. Spoon cake mixture over. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes or until well done. Turn out immediately when removed from oven. Serve with whipped cream. —Juliana

ONION SUPPER BREAD

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 pkg. corn muffin or cornbread mix
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp American cheese

Cook onion until tender in the butter or margarine. **DO NOT BROWN ONION.** Prepare mix according to package directions. Put batter in greased 8-inch square pan. Sprinkle onion over top of batter. Combine the sour cream and cheese and spoon over top. Place pan on a cooky sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until done. Let cool a few minutes before cutting into squares and serving. —Robin

FRIED TOMATOES AND GRAVY

- 2 strips bacon
- 1 green or red tomato for each serving
- Flour, cornmeal, salt, pepper
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup water or tomato juice
- Biscuits

Fry bacon. (More may be used if desired.) Remove bacon from skillet. Slice green or firm, ripe tomatoes in 1/3- to 1/2-inch slices. Dip into a mixture of equal parts of flour and cornmeal. Fry in bacon drippings until brown. Season with salt and pepper. Remove to platter. Stir the 2 Tbls. flour into drippings in pan and stir until smooth. Add water or tomato juice, continuing to stir until thick. Have hot biscuits ready to serve. Serve biscuit with gravy over top, the cooked tomato slices and bacon on the side.

The browned tomato slices can be frozen after frying... then heat in oven when ready to serve. —Evelyn

EGGS IN TOMATO SHELLS

- 4 medium-size firm tomatoes
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 tsp. crushed dry basil leaves
- 1/4 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. melted butter
- 4 eggs

Cut thin slice from top of each tomato and scoop out pulp. Drain for about ten minutes upside down on paper towel. Salt and pepper tomatoes and sprinkle in the dry basil leaves. Arrange in a baking dish, cover and refrigerate. Combine cheese, bread crumbs, butter flavoring and melted butter. Cover and refrigerate. When ready to prepare, break one egg into each tomato shell. Sprinkle with a little more salt. Bake at 350 degrees until egg whites are set—about 35 minutes. Sprinkle crumb mixture over top and return to oven and bake until cheese melts. These are so pretty and can be made ahead ready to assemble just before baking. —Robin

SPINACH CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup margarine
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach, slightly cooked and well drained
- 1 lb. (1 pint) small-curd cottage cheese
- 1/4 lb. Monterey Jack cheese, cubed
- 1/4 lb. Cheddar cheese, cubed
- Salt and pepper

Melt butter; remove from heat. Stir in flour. Beat in eggs. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour into buttered flat casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Freezes well.

JIFFY PEACH DESSERT

- 1 can peach pie filling
 - 1 small-size white or yellow cake mix
 - 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
 - Ice cream or whipped topping
- Spread pie filling in bottom of greased 8-inch square pan. Sprinkle dry cake mix over top of filling. Pour melted butter or margarine over all. Bake at 350 degrees until cake tests done. Serve warm with ice cream or topping. —Dorothy

APRICOT BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut
- 1 6-oz. pkg. dried apricots, finely chopped
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Combine the butter or margarine, sugar, 1 cup of the flour and the vanilla flavoring. Mix until coarse crumbs form. Press mixture into bottom of a buttered 9- by 12-inch baking pan. Bake for 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Remove from oven. Combine the remaining 1/3 cup flour, baking powder, salt, eggs, condensed milk, coconut, apricots and coconut flavoring; mix well. Spread mixture over the baked crust. Bake for an additional 35 to 40 minutes or until top is firm when touched. —Verlene

ORANGE-GLAZED APPLE PIE

- Pastry for 2-crust, 9-inch pie
- 5 cups peeled, thinly sliced apples
- 2 tsp. flour
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. grated orange peel
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Line pie pan with pastry. Toss apples with flour, brown sugar, flavoring, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt and orange peel. Put mixture in pastry-lined pan. Dot with butter or margarine. Cover with pastry. Seal edges and slash crust to make air vents. Bake at 425 degrees for 45 minutes. Cool pie for ten minutes, then pour the following glaze over top:

- 3/4 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. grated orange peel
- 4 tsp. orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Blend glaze ingredients together. Pour over top crust of pie after cooling for ten minutes. Allow to finish cooling.

—Betty Jane

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LUNCHES FOR KIDS

by
Ruth Townsend

Do you remember when you took your lunch to school? Was it in a black metal dinner bucket? (Mine was.) Nowadays, the dinner pails are more colorful but a lot of children still carry lunches, in spite of the good hot lunch programs in most schools. Some boys and girls bring their lunch regularly and some do it on an occasional basis when they do not like the particular menu for that day. I have taught third grade for fifteen years in a school that has a fine hot lunch program but I have never had a day when every child in the room has raised his or her hand during the hot lunch count.

With the price of lunch tickets going up each year, more and more children may be taking lunches all or part of the time. If your child will be one of them, think before you pack!

Here are a few hints I have gleaned from packing lunches for my own five children and from watching hundreds of children in the lunchroom at our school.

To start off, I would say not to put any candy in with the lunch. Candy bars are very often eaten right away, even if the child knows he should eat the other things first. If there's no candy in the lunch pail or sack, it can't be eaten before the healthful things you have included.

Make the sandwiches as nutritious as possible for they are the backbone of the meal. If your child likes a jelly sandwich, try putting peanut butter with the jelly to provide the nutrients needed. Use whole-wheat bread as much as possible. When preparing a meat sandwich, freeze it the night before. It will thaw during the morning and you won't have to worry about spoilage if the weather is warm.

Use the thermos for a fruit drink if it's hot weather or for soup if the day is cold.

Send lots of finger foods. Kids like things they can eat easily—it's certainly not hard to wrap up a few carrot sticks and some celery in waxed paper. Put in fresh fruit too; an apple, banana, or peeled orange is usually well received. If you don't have time to peel the orange, at least start it because lots of children won't take time to peel and eat an orange if the other kids around them are finishing their lunches and getting ready to go outside. Fresh fruit can be rather expensive but it usually isn't any more costly than a candy bar and the fruit has greater nutritional value.

Make healthful cookies for a sweet treat. Check your cookbooks for recipes that include rolled oats, honey, raisins, nuts, etc. Then your cookies will be nutritious as well as good-tasting.

Once you have the foods to include in mind, see if you can make the lunches fun as well as edible.



If there were ever two healthy, well-fed children in the universe, they are Christopher and Isabel Palo, children of Mary Lea (Driftmier) and Vincent Palo. Their parents see that they have the right food (at home and at school), plenty of rest and, as you can see in this photograph, a chance to get out-of-doors and play on the excellent playground equipment available in one of the parks.

When you have time, write little notes. Here are some samples of ones I've used: "Be a good eater/You'll be a world beater." "Have a good afternoon/I'll see you soon." "The soup is hot/Because the weather's not." Such little messages often can get children eating, even if they thought they weren't hungry.

On special days, try to recognize the occasion. One St. Patrick's Day I was watching a little girl from my room as she opened her lunch box. She had some green gelatin in a little cup, an oatmeal

cookie with a dab of green icing on top, a lettuce sandwich, celery, and a thermos of green lemonade. On top of it all, there was a little shamrock and underneath, a note that said, "Happy St. Patrick's Day, Pam." You can be sure that lunch was eaten.

You'll find that most children know about the basic food groups and why they should eat different kinds of foods, but often they don't actually do it unless they get a little "push" from home. School lunches are a good place to give your child that extra shove toward good eating habits.

KRISTIN'S LETTER — Concluded
ucation at Chadron State College. In addition to this, I counsel privately with individuals who are interested in this field and I enjoy it very much. If you are interested in dreams and want to write to me, just address me (Mrs. Art Brase) at Box 134, Chadron, Nebraska 69337.

I would have had time to plant a garden this year, but the past three summers have taught me that I'm not much of a gardener. I decided instead to devote more time to writing. I send this letter along to you in the spirit of friendship and am looking forward to sharing with you other experiences in the future. God bless each of you.

Sincerely,
Kristin Brase

It's not the hours you put into your work that counts as much as the work you put into your hours.



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SWEET DREAMS

by
Doris McGhee

I read recently that memories are fibers from which sweet dreams are woven. If this be true, life during the 1920's and 30's provided enough of the rainbow-colored threads to furnish our family with sweet dreams for a lifetime.

We belonged to a special breed—we were "Oil Field People". To us who thrilled to the pounding of the engines, the smell of crude oil and loved it, those were truly golden, glamorous days. We were proud of our profession. Judged by today's standards, ours was a life of hardship, only we didn't know that. Our contemporaries were living as we were, the typical life of an oil field family.

Twenty-four hours a day the BOOM, BOOM, BOOM of the huge St. Mary's two-cycle engine was music to our ears as it powered the wells scattered over half a section of land, pulling the rich, dark crude from the ground and emptying it into rows of storage tanks. The powerhouse with its throbbing monster was the thrilling, mysterious nerve center of an industry we loved.

Our home was a typical three-room oil field house located fifty yards from the powerhouse, set flat on the wind-swept prairie without benefit of foundations, made of 1x12's, cracks covered by 1x4's. Beaverboard was nailed inside directly to the rough boards, ceilings were seven feet high. We broiled in summer and shivered in winter. In zero or below weather, there was frost on the nail-heads, goldfish froze in their bowl and we stayed up all night to shovel coal into the potbellied stove. The company furnished housing rent-free to their pumpers and coal to keep us warm.

At times, certain wells would produce enough gas to heat the house, but have you ever burned wet gas? Besides burning with a sickening, smoky smell, it deposited a greasy, sooty film over everything. In the coldest weather, the well furnishing the gas usually went off, leaving us with no heat.

We had electric lights years before a power line came thru; direct current from the huge engine furnished power for several bulbs and lights were left on to blaze day and night. Woe be unto him who turned off a light, for bulbs turned off caused remaining bulbs to burn out. A six-volt generator from an old car hooked to the big engine furnished power to recharge radio batteries for all the families on the lease. As a weekend neared there was always a line of batteries waiting to be put on to charge. How we schemed to be certain our own battery was not left until last when there might not be enough time to charge it up. We couldn't live without "Our Miss Brooks" and several other radio



Children still enjoy the simple pleasures of life. The Johnson farm near Lucas, Iowa, provides happy activities for both young and old. Katharine Lowey and Julian Brase are riding while Andy Brase leads the little pony around the farmyard. (Katharine is Lucile's granddaughter and Julian and Andy are Dorothy's grandsons.)

programs on Saturday night.

Though our house was humble, it was a real home. We surrounded it with flowers and planted trees and raised a garden. We covered our rough floors with bright rugs, our windows with pretty curtains and we painted our Beaverboard walls. We even made our own floor wax with paraffin shaved into gasoline and the whole set into a pan of boiling water to melt the wax. We had to wait for a warm day to crawl around on our knees, spreading the wax, so that we could let the fires burn out and open the doors and thus avoid blowing the house and ourselves into the next county.

Our lives were lived in the midst of the beautiful, magical bluestem prairie where wildflowers bloomed and cattle grazed. In winter the wind roared, wild and furious over the prairie, chilled our bodies and whipped the snow into drifts that isolated us for days. That same prairie wind cooled our brows in summer and whispered softly to croon us to sleep at night. There was also the occasional excitement of a wind-whipped prairie fire roaring down on us, sometimes bringing us out of our beds at night when all hands would turn out to create a backfire around our buildings.

We made our own entertainment: community meetings once a month in the country school where our children studied, picnics and basket suppers among those who lived on the lease, Fourth of July fireworks around a huge bonfire to celebrate our Yankee Doodle daughter's July 4th birthday, spelling bees when children from over the countryside gathered at our home in the

evening with their parents, taffy pulls and card games in the winter, books to read, and trips to town on Saturday evenings.

Our children roamed free over the prairie and learned firsthand the beauty of God's creation. They were surrounded by animals to teach responsibility, puppies with which to play, a horse to ride, cows to milk. We raised our own beef, pork, and chickens, gathered the eggs and churned cream into butter. Our son often remarks that mention of the Great Depression of his childhood brings to his mind memories of the thick, juicy steaks, fried chicken and good food we enjoyed.

We knew the beauty of a Kansas sunrise over wide-open spaces, the unforgettable thrill of sunset on the prairie. Our children sat under the stars and watched a full moon rise as they played their guitar and sang a cowboy's sad song, and knew "the heavens declare the glory of God." Years later, a homesick daughter, living in far-off Turkey, watched a foreign moon climb the sky and dreamed of the prairie moon of her childhood.

Nostalgic, sentimental you say? I plead guilty. These memories are truly the fabric from which sweet dreams are made and I thank God for them.

CLEANER WORLD

When the great poet, Goethe, lay on his deathbed, an old friend asked him what farewell message he had for the world. Replied Goethe: "Let every man keep his own household clean and soon the whole world will be clean."

HOW TO SIT AT THE HEAD TABLE

by
Evelyn Witter

The fact that you have been placed at the Head Table is assurance that you are an important person at the affair. Even if protocol has placed you down the line, as far down as second from the end, you are still a notable in the eyes of all those who were not singled out to sit up front. Therefore, you can't afford even one unguarded moment.

Prepare for this honored appearance in advance. Check over the outfit you're going to wear, coordinate accessories, decide on hair style and makeup. With assurance in your appearance, your entrance to a social gathering will approach that of a princess in grace and poise. Good beginning! Then what?

You sit. But how do you sit? Sitting IS important because that table skirt is never as long as you think it is. And then there are frequently tables without a cloth. Some speakers' tables are raised several feet above audience level giving a complete under-table view. Women too often present bent ankles, pigeon toes, crossed legs and tight receding skirts! So, when you are seated at the "display table", remember to be sure your feet, ankles, legs and knees are prudently arranged.

Your part in the drama of the Celebrity Table continues through all the introductions and speeches even if you are not called upon to say a single word. By the importance of the seating arrangement, you are a center to public scrutiny. The eyes of the audience are magnifying glasses picking up every speck of movement at the Head Table. Someone out there will see a doodle made on the napkin or tablecloth, a note passed, a furtive reach for a slipping strap, a quick renewing of lipstick, a pick at a peeling bit of nail polish, a stifled yawn, a shoe kicked off, and a wandering of attention.

Not only do all these quirks downgrade you from a V.I.P., but they also antagonize your Sisters and Brothers of the Head Table, for every one of your telltale motions can be scene stealers, taking attention from the other "players" at your table.

You can easily overdo the full-attention bit if you are a chin-propper. (Definition of chin-propper: one whose head is so heavy it must be propped on a fist in order that the person can stare better to show absolute attention, but is in reality a device by which a person can take an open-eyed nap.) On the other hand, sincere attention to the central performers points up their parts of the program and shows that you are alert.

The point is, from the time you first sit down at the Head Table until



Frederick and Betty Driftmier attend many special functions and are frequently called upon to sit at the Head Table. It would be interesting to know how many speeches, invocations, table graces and benedictions Frederick has given and how many talks, programs, devotionals and receptions Betty has presented through the years.

adjournment, you have been on as many cameras as there are eyes in the room. They are not all focused on you at once, of course; but be assured that they have all glimpsed you at some time during the meeting. This undisputable truth should give you the emotional buzz of being called by a director, "On Stage!"

The image of you that is carried away by the individuals attending the meeting depends on your understanding of the drama of the Head Table.

THE ART OF LISTENING

by
Lois H. Sargent

Have you ever had the experience of talking to a person who appears to listen, but from responses betrays that he or she did not really hear what you said?

Here is an example of this lack of attention. The other day I told a neighbor about going to a shopping mall that morning and unexpectedly meeting a mutual friend. The friend had inquired about my neighbor. Later on in the conversation my neighbor asked, "What did you do this morning?" The question startled me. "But I've already told you," I said, and repeated my report about meeting our friend. She looked embarrassed, but we laughed off the the mis-

take. Obviously, she had listened to my words, but what I said had not registered.

As a contrast I can tell about a friend who always gives a speaker full attention. His attitude says, "I am all ears"; you know he absorbs what you say by the responses or comments he makes. Listening is with the mind as well as with the ears.

One of the biggest compliments you can pay a person is to listen carefully to what he or she says. The conversation may be trivial and boring to you, but it often can provide insight into the other person's thinking and personality and may help you to understand that person. Through the give-and-take of conversation you explore the minds of other personalities, discover kindred spirits and develop friendships. Sometimes a person you privately adjudged unintelligent may present a thought that is worth considering.

Some people who like to talk have a habit of interrupting. You may start to discuss a matter of common interest and your listener begins to nod in agreement (or shake the head in disagreement), and before you complete your observations, he will interrupt to present his own views. These individuals do not intend to be rude; they simply have not learned the importance of listening. They hear a few words which stir their minds and they cannot wait to expound ideas bubbling up. The interruption can create a digression and communication can be lost.

Good listening requires concentration. You cannot really hear what a person says if your mind is wandering. That applies especially to a public talk or lecture. And certainly, if you are listening for instruction or information, you need to hear every word said. Attentive listening can also be good discipline for the mind. It aids assimilation of ideas and improves memory.

One reason for lack of communication between parents and their children is their failure to listen to each other. When parents complain that their children do not listen to them, it may be that those same parents are not listening to their children.

One of the most pleasing courtesies you can pay another person is to give attention to what he is saying. That in itself is good reason to cultivate the art of listening.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

If you are interested in learning about modern China, *A Peking Diary* (St. Martin's Press, \$10.95) by Lois Fisher will hold your attention. She lived in Peking for three-and-a-half years, where she learned about the ordinary people—about families, their clothes, their children, and work. During her stay in Peking, she witnessed several historical events, including the great earthquake of 1976. Her book details the individual behavior of the people, and the particular Chinese way of doing and reacting to

things. After her return to America, she felt people here all moved with determination and purpose, "as though everyone was late for an appointment." She felt she should go into training to keep up with the pace of life! The book is illustrated with many photographs showing the Chinese going about their daily business.

It pleases me when a certain book mentioned in this column strikes a responsive chord with many people. One such book is *A Book Of Hugs* (Thomas Y. Crowell, publisher, \$5.95), mentioned in the May, 1980, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. A regular reader of the magazine, who is quite a hugger herself, said, "That one is for me!" Another commented, "My daughter gave me a gift

certificate to the bookstore, and I'm getting *A Book Of Hugs*." After leafing through the pages, the director of a retirement home said, "Hugs are special at our house; I've got to get that book!" All ages can enjoy *A Book Of Hugs*. Here are a few more quotes from the book:

"The whole family can get into a sandwich hug. Baby hugs are given with a little tickle. (Sometimes they can get you a little wet.) Hug someone at least once a day and twice on a rainy day. Bedtime hugs help chase away bad dreams."

Each time I see my nice mother, who lives 120 miles from me, I give her a big hug. Author Dave Ross describes the word "huggable" as "Possessing an affectionate nature or qualities desirable to hug." And that she is!

A reader in Topeka, Kansas, is "so very grateful for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*." She likes book ideas for her granddaughters.

Friends Are Like That is a collection of stories youngsters can read to themselves, selected by the Child Study Children's Book Committee at Bank Street. This is a non-profit organization composed of volunteer parents, librarians, and educators who review over 2,500 children's books. *Friends Are Like That* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$7.95) has stories concerning imaginary friends, making new friends and losing your best one, and the comforts and problems of true friendships. Outstanding writers have contributed their works, which form an anthology of rich experiences for readers, ages 8-11.

Author Roma Gans has called children "enlightened, excited citizens." She believes in the fundamental theory that children are eager to learn and will whet their own intellectual curiosity if they have stimulating teachers and books. *When Birds Change Their Feathers* (Crowell Jr. Books, \$7.95) is a *Let's-Read-and-Find-Out* science book by Roma Gans. Dogs and cats shed their hair and birds change their feathers. Every year, all birds—from the tiny hummingbird to the stubby-winged, flightless penguin—shed their old worn-out feathers for bright and shiny new ones. The author describes different kinds of feathers, and the how, why, and when birds do this. Did you know the big wing and tail feathers on birds are called flight feathers? Much basic science information is in this book.

GREETINGS, TEACHER

Greetings, Teacher, I'd like to say
How much you meant to me
In other days when you helped me learn
To listen, to think, to see.
You taught me there's joy in knowledge,
Showed that reading is fun,
So here, for you, are fervent thanks
For all you've said and done.

—Inez Baker

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LISTEN TODAY!

ENGLISH IN ENGLAND

by
Harriet A. Buttry

I thought I spoke and understood the English language—until I lived in England.

We had been off the ship slightly more than twenty-four hours when we arrived in Flitwick, the little village which was to be our home for the next three years. Darkness had fallen and the children were tired. A note on our door told us to check with a neighbor for the key.

As soon as Mrs. Shaw greeted us, we knew we had found a friend. A hot meal was ready and so were soft, warm beds. But baby Donald was fussy and Mrs. Shaw stretched her arms toward him.

"Let me nurse him," she suggested.

I was amazed and shocked. Surely she didn't mean what I thought she meant! No, she merely wanted to cuddle him and, hopefully, rock him to sleep.

A few days later, four-year-old Dan corrected me as I started to put Donald in the baby buggy for his morning airing. "Mother-r-r-r, we're in England now. You should call it a *pram*!"

The next lesson came when Steve, our middle boy, became ill. That was when I found out that surgery was the doctor's office.

It didn't take long to discover that a *tart* was a dessert pastry regardless of size. A *pie* was meat-filled pastry. A paper napkin was a *serviette*, while diapers were *napkins* or *nappies*. It was easy to learn to say *petrol* for gas and *lorry* for truck. It took a bit longer to remember *boot* for the trunk of the car, and *bonnet* for the hood. We put our trash in *dustbins* rather than garbage cans. For entertainment, we went to the *cinema*, or more commonly, the *flicks*. An English *grammar school* was comparable to an American high school; an English *public school* comparable to an American private school. The local village school which Dan attended was the *council school*, and the principal was called a *headmaster*. When the maid said she'd "arrive at oppest noin", I looked for her at 9:30.

After a couple of months, I thought I had all these variances mastered. As I contemplated my Christmas shopping, I decided on just the right gift for Luke. It was *THE* measure of a well-dressed man. I went to Mrs. Shaw for advice. "Where would be the best place to shop for a bright tartan vest for Luke?"

Her British reserve and sense of propriety were shaken. "Why would you want such a thing as that?"

It took us only a few minutes to straighten out our problem. She thought I wanted a loud plaid *undershirt* for my dignified clergyman husband. In reality, I was hoping to give him a colorful *waistcoat*!



We were delighted when Kristin Brase, daughter of Dorothy and Frank Johnson, was able to spend a few days in Shenandoah.

We all learned eventually. One morning at breakfast, Steve said something that sounded perfectly normal to my ear. Then Dan spoke up: " 'E is a bloke, ine't 'e? 'E talks just loik 'e was an Englishman!"

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South-of-the-Border Party

Decorations: Set several large cacti around the recreation room to give it an authentic Mexican air. Round up several large baskets, pieces of pottery, sombreros and blankets to further the Mexican atmosphere. If enough sombreros are available, give each guest one to wear throughout the evening; also a *rebozo* (shawl) for the girls. For further decoration, draw and cut out a large burro from brown cardboard. Or, if you are really ambitious, make a life-sized burro by rolling up newspapers and tying them together to make the legs, body, neck, head, then covering all over with papier-mache; when dry, paint brown, glue on brown or black yarn for mane and tail.

Entertainment: The Mexican people love to dance, so round up all the Mexican records you can find and line them up on the record player. Teach your guests the lively *jarabe* or another Mexican dance. Engage some roving troubadours to mingle among the guests—either singing Mexican songs or playing musical instruments—a bongo drum, for instance!

Refreshments: Make this party really unique and add spice to the party by serving the refreshment open market style, a la Mexico! On tables, heap fresh fruits (apples, bananas, oranges), vegetables (celery, radishes, carrot sticks—all ready to eat), burritos, hot tamales, tacos or other Mexican foods. These foods may all be purchased either canned or frozen at your supermarket. Have a punch bowl handy filled with Mexican *pulque*—which, in English, means fruit punch. Provide your guests with paper plates, silverware and cups—then they are on their own! They select the foods they wish to “buy”. Have forfeits such as “Sing a song”, “Say a poem”, “Do a dance”, etc., written on small slips of paper. For each food the guest selects, he must take a slip of paper and, after he has eaten his dinner, do what the directions tell him to do. This “singing for your supper” adds much to the hilarity of the evening.

—Mildred Grenier



Adv.—During cold weather, my kitchen carpet is so nice and warm and keeps the floor warmer. It is easy to care for if you have a vacuum cleaner. When I really need to clean (once or twice a year), I use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. I take a brush and scrub a bit at a time, then rub as dry as I can with a turkish towel.

—A Reader from Chapman, Kans.



From Our Family Album

On a very hot summer day, during a summer when it seemed as if all the days were very hot, I was looking through boxes of old family photographs for the purpose of choosing one for this September “Family Album”. When I spotted this particular picture, it instantly made me feel cooler. So, just in case you are looking at this page of *Kitchen-Klatter* on an especially scalding late summer day, just remember that winter and snow are bound to come.

The five little cousins shown enjoying a happy slide down the alley behind our old Driftmier family home are now scattered far and wide. Starting at the bottom and going up in order are Alison Driftmier Walstad (Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico), Emily Driftmier DiCicco (Arlington, Virginia), Kristin Johnson Brase (Chadron, Nebraska), Juliana Verness Lowey (Albuquerque, New Mexico) and Martin Erik Strom (Maple Lake, Minnesota). —Lucile

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
who is depressed because of a hearing problem, I suggest that you write to DEAF MISSIONS, RR 2, Box 26, Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501, and ask for Maude Evans' beautifully illustrated paperback book. I do not know the cost because my copy was a gift.

If we are going to get to church on time, we must dash. Betty and I shall remember all of you in our prayers.

Sincerely,

Frederick



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Marie J. writes that she is tired of the old familiar perennials in her border. "We have iris, delphinium, gaillardia, peonies, and Shasta daisies. I would like to add some new kinds and have looked through several seed and nursery catalogs. You can't buy any root division for less than \$1.25 each and most cost more. Are there any I can grow from seed and should the seed be planted now? What perennials are easy to grow from seed?"

There are any number of perennial plants that can be grown successfully from seed by the amateur gardener. However, if you do not have a greenhouse, it is best to plant seeds in early spring and summer, putting the seedlings in a nursery row in the garden. From there they may be transplanted to permanent positions in the border, either in the fall or the following spring. Now is a good time to study seed catalogs and think about the kinds you wish to grow from seed.

The following are quite easy to grow from seeds and will give you several plants for a small cash outlay: baby's breath, balloon flower, bee balm, Chinese lantern, coralbells, columbine, coreopsis, globe thistle, feverfew, leopard's bane, obedient plant, penstemon, lupines, sweet pea, and perennial dianthus.

If you have a greenhouse or growing light, you probably won't plant perennial seeds until in February. It would be wise, however, to select the seeds and a planting medium now. Start saving lightweight aluminum pans that frozen baked goods come in as they make fine seed pans. You will need to punch drainage holes in the bottom of each and also save plastic bags (bread wrappers do nicely) to pop the planted seed pans in while germination takes place. Perennial seeds take much longer to begin growing than do annual flower seeds. Also, the seeds will germinate better if stored in the refrigerator for a period of time to break the dormancy of some. Follow the directions carefully for preparing the planting mix, sow the perennial seeds according to packet directions and behold!—you will be blessed with an abundance of different perennials for your borders at a minimal cost. Be patient, though, as most will not bloom until the following season.



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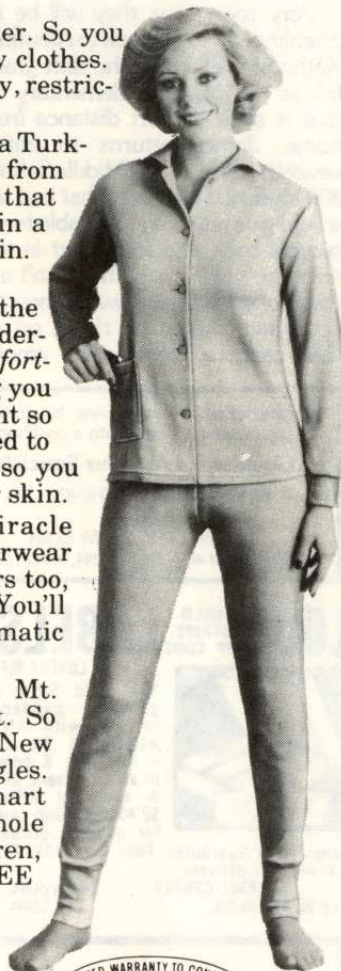
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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

(that's ONE thing our terribly hot August was good for!), and also treks down to the library. And once again, they've expressed their sheer delight at being able to get where they want to go without driving "miles and miles" (as they put it). A number of times they've said very firmly that they wished they lived in a small town rather than a big and sprawling city where every place they want to go is so far away.

Very soon now, they will be leaving Shenandoah to go back to Albuquerque. Katharine will enter the fifth grade this fall at the Mission Elementary School that is such a short distance from her home. James returns to enter the seventh grade at Taft Middle School with 800 students! He hates that bus trip and would give anything to be able to ride his bicycle back and forth, but in the five miles he must travel there isn't a single patch of sidewalk and we all know that no youngster should be riding on streets that carry a tremendous amount of

heavy industrial traffic.

As I write this, the children are over in Nebraska City to achieve one of their dreams: a visit to John Brown's Cave. They left here with soaring spirits. Betty Jane has courageously braved the scorching heat to take them.

Both of the children have tremendous appetites and I really should be headed for the kitchen to see what I can stir up for supper. For many years I've said "dinner" at night because lunch has been pretty much bypassed, but with the children here we've had big meals at noon and consequently I've slipped back in years and have found myself saying "supper" when referring to our evening meal.

Tomorrow is tomato-canning day at this house. I can't plunge them in or out of a big kettle that holds boiling water, but I can certainly sit at the kitchen table and remove the skins. We felt very fortunate to be able to get these home-grown tomatoes because our prolonged heat and drought has wrecked many vegetable gardens that were planted with such high hopes. I've had my mind very much on you friends who have had to look at devastated fields, and the inevitable consequence of sending cattle and hogs to market far earlier than you had planned. It's a hard, hard time for many people and I'm acutely aware of your problems.

Tomorrow, Juliana and Jed start out from Albuquerque to make the drive to Shenandoah so they can pick up James and Katharine. The details of their trip must wait for the October letter.

Always devotedly,
Lucile

P.S. The phone call has arrived! Lily Florence Walstad was born at 9:00 a.m. on August 11, 1980, to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex.

THE MORNING GLORY OF SPENCER SQUARE

(A Story)

Once there was a beautiful flower. Her name was Morning Glory. Morning Glory lived in Spencer Square Park. She lived on a vine with her sisters and brothers. The vine trailed on the ground. I near the curved walk and the red brick wall.

From where she grew, Morning Glory could see shoes walking by on the sidewalk. She could see worms on the ground and bees buzzing among the flowers. But Morning Glory wished she could see more than shoes, worms and bees.

Every night she folded herself all up and went to sleep, but one night she could not sleep.

"Why are you not sleeping, Morning Glory?" asked the vine.

"I cannot sleep," replied Morning Glory, "because I keep thinking about seeing more of the world than shoes, worms, and bees."

The next morning Morning Glory tried to put one of her leaves on the wall.

"Maybe I can climb the wall by stretching my leaves," she said. "If we could all climb the red brick wall, we could see many, many, many new things."

"I'll try to climb with you!" cried the vine.

"We'll all help!" cried her sisters and brothers.

They all worked and worked and worked. Finally, the vine and all the leaves and flowers climbed the wall.

"Oh, oh, oh," cried Morning Glory. "How beautiful the world is!"

"Yes," her brothers and sisters said. "We can see flowers different from ourselves. We see birds and squirrels and little rabbits."

"Best of all," said Morning Glory, "we can see the smiling faces of boys and girls at play."

"Boys and girls at play are beautiful," the vine and all the flowers agreed.

And from that time on all the Morning Glories at Spencer Square have climbed high up on the red brick wall so they can see how beautiful the world is from the top of the wall.

—Evelyn Witter

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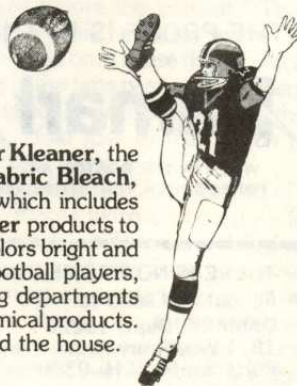
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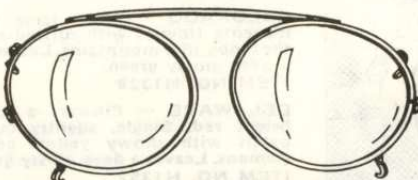
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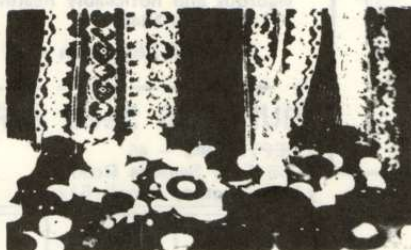
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