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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

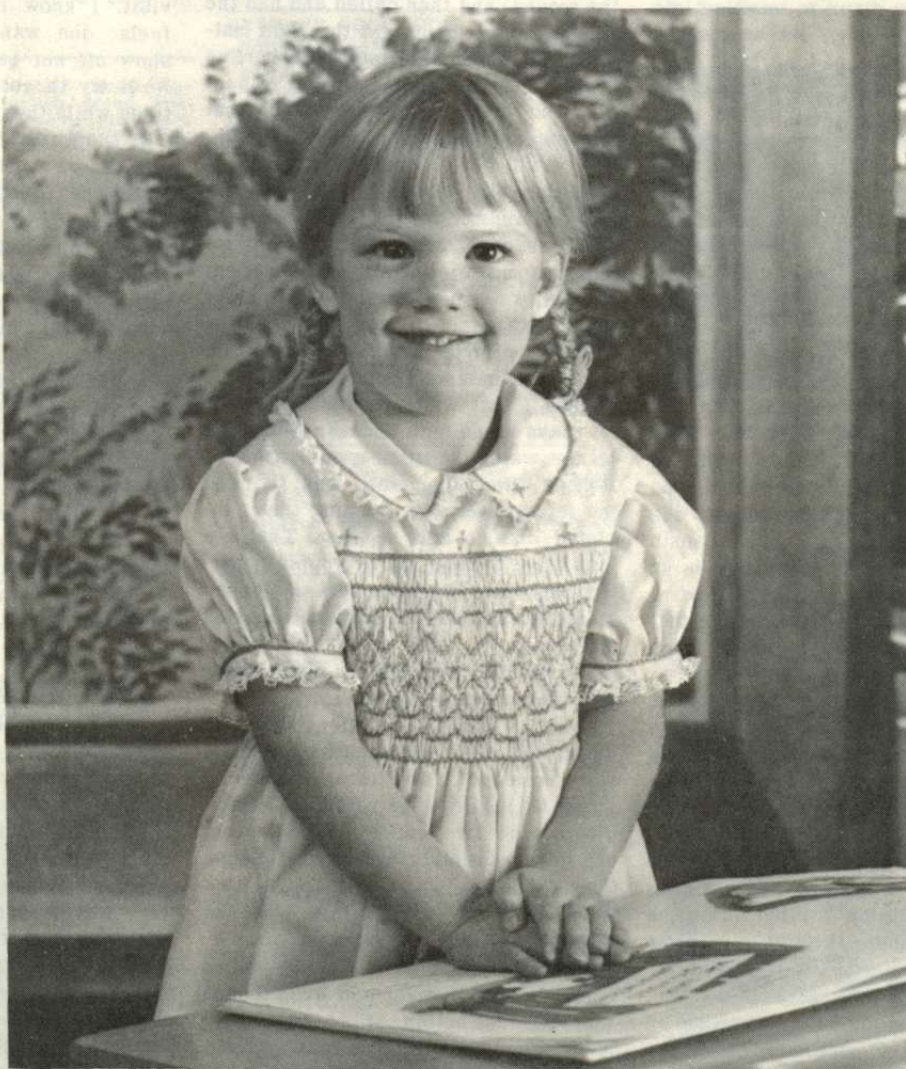
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Do you remember the stirring song from the musical "Oklahoma!" that begins: "Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, what a beautiful day!"?

Well, if I were given to bursting into song (which I'm not), I'd be singing that this morning for at long, long, long, long last we have Spring with us and the world is a very beautiful place. You realize, I'm sure, that we read letters from all over the country, and even though countless people wrote from areas that didn't suffer some of the devastating blizzards that slammed into other sections, they said that it had been the longest, dreariest winter they could ever remember. I can surely say "Amen" to that.

This year our two magnolia trees put on a spectacular show for us, one that made up for last year when they were positively worthless. Our redbud and Hopa crab were a sight to behold, and right now the trillium that Russell dug at his grandfather's farm in Wisconsin and brought home 29 years ago is in full bloom. How those lovely flowers survived the massive construction that went on in that area is surely more than I'll ever know.

Every year Shenandoah has what is called "Clean-Up Week" and, as I've always wondered what in the world someone unfamiliar with such an event would think of the sights to be seen. It's truly a real experience to drive around town and see the piles and piles of trash — in some cases almost miniature mountains — piled up on the curbing waiting for the trucks to come by and grab it up.

This year we had a narrow escape. I'd been intending for a long time to get rid of an old mattress, so on the day Clarinda Avenue was scheduled for the pick-up I called and had two men go upstairs to get it. Through one of these easily misunderstood situations they got the wrong mattress, and

when Betty returned from town it was just in time to see the truck in front and a good mattress only two years old being pitched in by what looked like a swarm of men.

She rescued it just in the nick of time (simply had them pitch it back on the ground) and then called and had the two men come back, get the right mattress and chase the truck with it. I've heard since then that a number of people who drove down our street that morning spied the mattress and said they would have stopped and picked it up if they hadn't been in a big hurry to keep appointments, etc. It was a mighty narrow escape and if Betty hadn't returned from town exactly at the moment she did, we would have been out a very good mattress. (I was broadcasting when all of this happened and missed out on all the excitement.)

Since I last wrote to you I spent a few days alone here because Betty and Marge were in Minneapolis. One of Betty's three daughters was ill, and the reports were so alarming that I insisted she go and see her. That's a long drive to make all by yourself, particularly when you're upset, so I asked Marge if she could help out in this emergency by going along, and fortunately she had her work in such condition that she could get away.

When I'm alone I get along just fine during the day, but when night falls I want someone in the house with me. I guess there are some people in wheelchairs who live entirely alone, night and day, but Mother and I aren't among them. We always have someone with us at night if our companions must be gone for one reason or another.

Fortunately, Betty's daughter is coming along all right now even though that big collection of doctors could never diagnose what was really wrong. So Betty and Marge are both home again and things are going along at their usual clip. Incidentally, Marge had a chance to visit Martin but I'll let her fill you in on details next month.

Even though our time with Dorothy, Kristin, Frank and Julian was so brief it surely seemed wonderfully good to see them. Julian was exactly one month old and is a very, very pretty baby . . . and a very good baby. If Kristin hadn't been able to fly home with him I'm sure I don't know when we'd ever get to see him because Montana seems so far, far away. In response to her statement that no one ever went to see them I said that I had a guaranteed remedy for this condition: just move to any point on U.S. 66 and sooner or later the whole outfit will get there.

If things work out on schedule we'll have Juliana, James, Katharine and Mary Lea and Isabel with us for a visit in July. They are all driving back together and I wish them luck! At least Juliana and Mary Lea can share the driving and that means a lot. We've lined up a crib that we can borrow for Isabel and I bought a used high chair, so by and large we're set for their visit. I know exactly how Mary Lea feels: she wants to come back and show off her baby to the home folks! We'll try to get some good sharp pictures while they are in town.

By the way, a number of people wrote after they saw the picture of James and Katharine together in a recent issue and asked where they could get a smocking transfer just like the lovely one she was wearing — same dress she has on in our cover picture this month.

To the very best of our knowledge it is no longer possible to buy those beautiful and intricate transfers. That particular dress was made by our dear old friend, Mabel Schoff of Stewartsville, Mo., and is a hand-me-down from Lisa and Natalie. Katharine has grown up in their hand-me-downs and now they are being saved for Isabel! Certainly you don't part with such a dress as that masterpiece Mabel turned out. She made many, many beautiful things for the children in our family and we've treasured all of them.

Juliana and Jed are doing something together that they are both enjoying immensely — attending classes in archeology two nights a week. The man who is teaching this course is intimately familiar with areas that most people never get to see, so they are much anticipating their first field trip when they will be gone four days. Mary Lea will stay with the children part of the time, and a very trusted sitter will be with them the rest of the time. It's the first trip that Juliana and Jed have ever made without the children.

And speaking of going someplace . . . I've said before what a fantastic collection of knowledge children of today have. A lot of you friends have made

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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank and I have just returned from Des Moines, where we took Kristin and little Julian to the airport to board the plane for home. They had spent just a few days with us, and what a wonderful time we had! Kristin was so anxious to see for herself exactly how her dad is and relieve her own mind about his condition since his accident. Flying is the only way to travel with a tiny baby. It is the first time she has ever come back to the farm without Andy and Aaron, but with their Grandmother Brase and their daddy to look after them, she thought it best just to bring the baby.

Julian was one month old the day they came, and proved a good little traveler, sleeping all the way. In fact, he didn't wake up until our car stopped in our own yard. Of course we think he is beautiful. He has blue eyes, like the other two boys, and blond hair, and to me he looks just like Andy when he was a baby. Aaron was six months old before I saw him, but I think all three boys look enough alike you would know they are brothers.

Kristin took over my job of doing the chores with Frank, something she always looks forward to when she comes home, and I took over the baby sitting duties. I got to hold and cuddle Julian to my heart's content.

They were here only from Sunday until Friday, and the days went by all too fast, but fortunately the weather cooperated with their visit. Kristin has always loved springtime on the farm, and since she graduated from high school and left home for college and then marriage, this was her first visit back here at this time of year. She thoroughly enjoyed it.

We took one day to drive to Shenandoah so Mother and all the rest of the family could see them. We were there long enough to eat one of Ruby's good dinners, and for Margery to take some pictures. We made a brief stop at the *Kitchen-Klatter* office so I could show off our beautiful grandchild, and of course we had good visits with Howard and Mae, Margery and Oliver, Lucile and Betty, and Mother and Ruby.

It has been so cold and wet in Iowa this spring that all field work is way behind schedule, but we noticed on



The first pictures we received of the new baby were the two we are sharing with you here. Julian was only three days old when his father took them.

this trip to Shenandoah there has been a lot more done in that area than has been done here. We have rented out all of our crop land this year except for the hay ground. Frank and I are going to try to take care of this ourselves.

I don't believe I have ever told you about our wild turkeys. A friend of ours who has a license to raise them brought us a pair last fall. He told us to keep them shut up for awhile until they were a little bigger, then to turn them loose, and they would go into the timber and we could get some started here. Frank was afraid to turn them loose in the winter for fear they wouldn't be able to survive, but he finally did anyway. We didn't need to worry, because they didn't go anywhere but stayed right in the yard where they were well fed, and grew and grew.

The tom got enormous, and he didn't like me. Every time I came out the back door he would try to sneak up behind me to flog me. Of course I carried a big stick around with me, which made him act all the worse. We thought maybe when spring came he and the hen would both take off for the timber, but instead the hen found a place in one of our old sheds to lay her eggs and began to set. One day the tom left, but came back home at night. The next day he left again and we haven't seen him since. This happened just a day before Kristin arrived, and we were sorry she missed the show — her mother being chased around the yard by a big wild turkey. The old Muscovy duck that came here a year ago is also setting, so if all of these eggs hatch we will have a lot of baby wild fowl around here.

We have a lot of wood ducks back again this year, plus a beautiful mal-

lard duck that either lost its way, lost its mate, or has a mate setting somewhere nearby, but we see him with the wood ducks all day.

Frank is getting better and better at using his left hand. It must be terribly frustrating to someone who is right-handed to suddenly have to use his left hand for everything. We had some fence that had to be fixed, and why we didn't think of it when Kristin was home I don't know, because she is the one who used to help her dad so much with fence building and mending, and she would have known just how to go about it. I helped after we got home today, and we got it done, Frank was very patient with me, but I know he must have wanted to grab those fencing tools in the worst way and do it himself. I was so awkward and had to be told every move to make. I'll bet by the end of the summer I'm an old hand at doing a lot of things I've never done before. He amazes me at some of the ingenious methods he has come up with for accomplishing jobs with one hand that normally would take two.

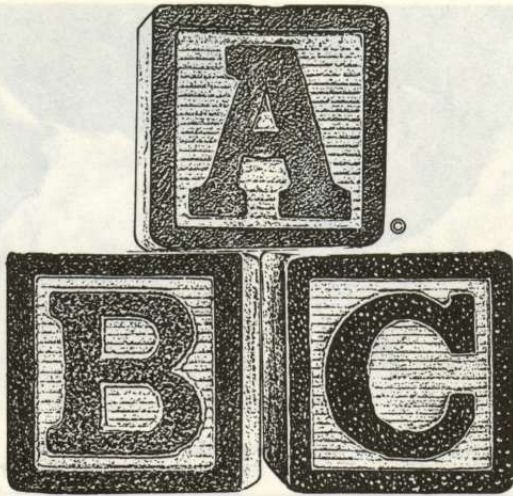
When Frank was in the hospital in Des Moines and I was staying with our dear friends Peggy and Glenn Dyer, Peggy was making the cutest overalls out of colorful print denims for her two teenage nieces. I made the comment that I would have to get myself some material and make some to work in this summer because they would be so serviceable. The next night when I came home from the hospital Peggy had a pair all made for me. It certainly was a nice surprise, but I surely didn't want her to take all that time to make something for me that I could do for myself. Peggy loves to sew, and while I was there she made, besides the overalls, several cute shirts for her nieces, and plaid flannel shirts for the little neighbor boys, plus a plaid wool pants suit and a knit jumpsuit for herself. In fact, Peggy has so many hobbies I'll have to

(Continued on page 22)

## COVER PICTURE

This is Katharine Lowey's first school picture and she is very pleased with it. See Lucile's letter for further details.





## Building Together

### A CHILDREN'S DAY PLAYLET

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Staging:** The parts designated for the different age groups may be spoken by that group in unison, or as a choral reading, or may be read by a narrator as the group comes on stage. One from each group is chosen to hand a "building block" to the church school superintendent (or the children's coordinator in some churches). The superintendent places each block as received upon a low table at the right front of the stage in such a manner that when completed there is a small pyramid formed with a base of three blocks, then two, then one. The blocks are cardboard boxes of a uniform size which have been covered with pale green paper. One of the following words is written on one side of each box (that side turned toward the audience): LOVE, HOPE, TRUTH, FAITH, SERVICE, GOD. The block marked *God* is brought in by the last group of children, and thus placed at the top of the pyramid.

Vases might be placed around the table on the floor and the children all carry flowers which they place in a vase before leaving the stage after their part. Each group sings a song they have learned in church school, or as indicated.

**Music:** "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus" as a prelude, and then softly as the narrator speaks.

**Narrator:**

A mighty task is ours — to build our church school  
And make it firm and strong,  
Remembering that all may join  
To help the task along.  
Tots and youth each have a part,  
The older ones and the small,  
For in the kingdom of our Lord  
There is a place for all.

**Enter Church School Superintendent:** (He speaks.)

We'll build together side by side.

Each one will make it clear

That he is glad to serve the Lord,

To worship and study here.

(He steps over to the table.)

**Enter Nursery Class:** (One hands first block to superintendent.)

**Narrator:**

The Savior bade the children come

In days of long ago,

And we would welcome them today;

His loving call we know.

(Children sing "Jesus Loves Me", place their flowers in vases and leave stage.)

**Enter Kindergartners:** (Hand block.)

**Narrator:**

"Let the little children come unto me,"

The gentle Jesus said:

Within God's house they'll learn His truth

And by His love be led.

(Children sing "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam", then leave.)

**Enter First and Second Graders (lower elementary):** (Hand block.)

**Narrator:**

So the children older grown,

May also hear the Christ

And learn to love and serve Him here  
With loyalty unpriced.

(Children sing one verse of "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus". Leave.)

**Enter Third and Fourth Graders (middle elementary):** (Present block.)

**Narrator:**

These children also help us build

On God's foundation sure.

And if rightly founded upon God's word,  
Our temple is secure.

(Children sing "Jesus Loves Even Me" or "O, How I Love Jesus". Leave.)

**Enter Fifth and Sixth Graders (upper elementary):** (Present block.)

**Narrator:**

Willing older boys and girls, all may greatly help

To serve the Lord above,

And build with us a church school

In the name of Him they love.

As they learn of heroes brave,

How they met each daily test,

Following Him who came to be

An example, the true, the blest.

(Sing "In My Heart There Rings a Melody", "Kumbaya", or other contemporary song. They leave.)

**Enter Juniors:** (Hand block.)

**Narrator:**

Youth must bring its ardor and zeal,  
Its strength and eagerness

To help us build for Christ the Lord

A place of righteousness,

A place where youth may find the best

This life can afford

In concern for others, learning to walk in service

With Christ, their Friend and Lord.

(They sing "You May Have the Joy-bells", or perhaps a favorite contemporary hymn with guitar accompaniment. They leave.)

**Enter the Church School Teachers of Above Classes:** (Form a semicircle at the back of the stage.)

**Narrator:**

'Tis not just the children small

And the sturdy youth we need,

But loyal teachers — there are tasks for all;

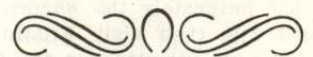
Each one must serve indeed.

We build for Christ; God needs our help  
Within this sin-torn world.

His challenge comes, will you give aid,  
Keep His banners bright unfurled?

(All of the children may file on stage at this point with one of the older children carrying the Christian flag.)

**Hymn: (by all)** "Onward Christian Soldiers".



### NEW BABY

We have a way of talking

But our words are different things;

His are like the soft sounds

Made by little wings,

Or the stir of crickets

In the secret grass,

Or the sounds of field mice

Chattering as they pass.

We have a way of talking;

You'd hardly call it speech,

It's not at all the sort of thing

That staid professors teach.

But punctuated with a smile

And kisses in between

It's very clear to each of us

Precisely what we mean!

—Eleanor Alletta Chaffee



## ADVENTURE VIA THE ALLEY

by  
Marie L. Stratman

I feel sorry for children today whose lives are so cluttered with shiny toys and structured games that they miss the challenge and fun of using their imaginations.

It was a provocative question from my small grandson that triggered a flashback to the alley of my childhood.

"Grandma, were you *really* a little girl once upon a time?"

"Oh, yes indeed, Steven. I still have the scars on my knees and shins to prove it."

"Did you have toys like mine?" he asked as he assembled the intricate parts of his new Erector set.

"No," I answered smiling, "I had very few toys but I had the alley and my imagination."

In my pigtail days, the alley behind our house was the neighborhood playground and was often the setting for high adventure. Adults on the block recognized this as "kid-restricted" area and entered the alley at their own risk. It was lined with sumac bushes, trash cans and a few telephone poles.

In summer, that strip came alive early each morning with noisy episodes and was subdued only when mothers called loudly from their back doors, "It's bedtime . . . come in now!"

If all of those exciting adventures could have been captured on film, there would have been enough scenario plots to make 4th-rate movies for a year.

The one I recall most vividly was my "Back to God's Country" adventure . . . probably because I nearly collapsed from exhaustion en route.

It all began when my brother and I sat spellbound in a Saturday movie matinee watching a thrilling saga of the frozen North, "Back to God's Country". We left the theatre with our imaginations sparked and our minds clicking. We decided that we, too, could experience that great adventure . . . right down our alley.

Plans came fast. The more we talked, the more we could envision the stark, cold, snowy whiteness of the alley . . . even though it was summer.

"It will be bitter cold," I said, "and we'll need lots of warm clothes . . . fur things like they wore in the movies."

"Fur? This hot day?" My brother, Ray, started to laugh.

"We have to pretend. We can't do it if you won't pretend. We'll need a sled and some Alaskan huskies to pull it. You can be the driver, Ray."

Ray began to catch the excitement. "My two collies will be the sled dogs. They will do anything I want them to do."

"Good! Go to the junk yard and hunt



No! there is nothing like good old imagination for truly satisfying play! Martin Strom, standing beside a ticket office he constructed, was director of a play staged in the basement many years ago.

for something to use for a sled. I'll start collecting the provisions we will need. We can use that old fur lap robe in the basement."

"Don't forget food . . . we'll need plenty of food," called Ray as he headed for the junk yard.

My brother spent a rewarding day searching for the makings of an Alaskan dog sled. He came home proudly pushing the stripped, wobbly chassis of an old baby buggy. In his hand he waved a broken whip.

"This is a dog sled?" I asked.

"Sure! Where's your imagination?"

I sat carefully in the buggy and closed my eyes. Immediately it became a dog sled waiting to carry me across the frozen north land. I quivered with excitement.

We worked perspiringly the next day. Ray made harnesses for the dogs out of pieces of rope while I collected blankets, parkas and supplies. Adm. Byrd would have been proud of our intense preparations.

On a hot summer afternoon, our adventure began. The two dogs were impatient in their twisted harnesses. Ray, dressed in an old mackinaw and gloves, took the driver's place . . . whip poised. I was bedded down in the buggy beneath the smelly, fur robe. My legs dangled over the end of the buggy.

"Do I look like the lady in the movies?"

Ray ignored my question. "Let's get started. I'm smothering already."

"Go up and down the alley two times," I ordered. "Then we'll pretend we are at God's Country."

The dogs stood up but became tangled in their ropes. When Ray had them both headed in the same direction, he cracked his whip and shouted, "Mush!"

The whip went limp and the dogs turned around and looked at him. "Mush! Mush!" he yelled and flipped them with the whip. This startled them. They gave a jerk which started the buggy moving. The driver pushed with all his strength and shouted, "Keep goin', you dumb dogs!"

I peeped out from under the robe and pleaded dramatically, "Please, please take me back to God's Country. Save me! Don't let me die in this frozen land!"

We reached the end of the alley. Ray worked to get the dogs and buggy turned around. The dogs sat down with their tongues hanging out.

"Keep going," I urged. "I'm suffocating in all these clothes. Go on! We're almost there."

We traveled slowly down the bumpy alley . . . fighting the cold and snow . . . living every moment with exhilaration. But by now, the dogs had enough of this game.

"Mush! Mush!" shouted Ray but it was too late. The back wheels rolled off and the buggy turned over, collapsing on top of me. The dogs freed themselves and I crawled out from under the wreckage.

We had arrived at last at God's Country . . . exhausted and perspiring. Our adventuresome souls were satisfied.

## RECIPROCATATION

I'll teach you, Son, how to start a task and see it through until it's done!

Now you teach me, Son.

Teach me how to be — serenely, gloriously, un-busy.

—Marcia Schwartz



## SHORT CUTS AND HELPS FOR HOME FREEZING

by  
Cecile Moore

Now that the season for the freezing of fruits and vegetables is upon us, I would like to share with you some hints and methods of preparation that have proven to be time and work savers, and insures a much more flavorful, edible product as well. And what is equally important at this time, saves fuel.

We would begin with an admonition. Never let anyone convince you that ANY vegetable is "just as good unblanched"! Most of us at one time or another do and learn the hard way that it is positively not so!

Now, the secret of a quality product in freezing, is in the quick handling from garden to the freezer. Therefore it is of the utmost importance that we streamline our efforts, and get the job done as quickly as possible.

First, while preparing my vegetables, I put on a large kettle of water to boil. When vegetables are washed and ready to blanch, instead of doing a small amount at a time, I place vegetables in a large dishpan, pour rapidly boiling water to cover them; then set pan on heat and blanch the required amount of time. Remove from heat and drain by holding a large cloth over all. Rinse and cool through two waters, still in same pan, and lastly add water and ice to cover and allow to chill thoroughly. This chilling is as important in sealing the flavor and freshness, as the blanching. So chill well.

Now drain well, in same pan as before, fill freezer bags from pan, and you have a minimum of mess and cleaning up to do.

We've heard so many complaints from friends and acquaintances about their inability to successfully freeze green beans or okra so that they are edible. We have been unable to determine what they are doing wrong. But we have excellent results with ours. So we pass our methods on to you.

First of all, both green beans and okra are delicate vegetables. I handle the green beans as the other vegetables, except I allow them to heat a bit longer than would seem necessary. There being air pockets inside of the beans, you will think they are simmering, when in reality they are just expelling air. These I watch for change of color.

For the okra, I pour the boiling water over all, then gently push all of the pods under and continue till all have changed to a bright green. The very minute they change, quickly rinse and chill thoroughly; then drain completely



This picture of Margery Strom was taken in a grocery market by one of our radio listeners.

on paper towels and slice for packing.

Now, when you are ready to cook your okra, remove from package into bowl, and allow to thaw only until pieces can be forced apart; never thaw completely. The cornmeal will adhere to the frozen parts alright. Start cooking in hot fat until ready to turn, then reduce heat bit by bit as it cooks. All other vegetables should also be cooked immediately from freezer, and started in cold water. Hope this helps some of those who still can their green beans.

I always freeze bags of hot peppers, bell peppers, cucumbers and such for seasonings. Firm tomatoes partially thawed and used in salads are fairly good quality. These are well chilled only, drained on paper towels before packing. A pod of hot pepper added to a pot of peas, vegetable soup, etc., imparts a special flavor and freshness on a cold winter day. Once recently, when I needed some pepper sauce and found I had run out completely, I made some from frozen peppers and it was excellent.

Have trouble keeping insects out of your bean, pea, and other garden seeds? Store them in your freezer. They seem to germinate even better after freezing. I also store dried vegetables such as beans, rice, etc., for eating to protect from insects.

### AN OLD ENGLISH PRAYER

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,  
A bit o' work and a bit o' fun;  
Give us in all the struggle and sputter  
Our daily bread and a bit o' butter;  
Give us health, our keep to make,  
An' a bit to spare for others' sake;  
Give us, too, a bit of song  
And a tale, and a book to help us along.  
Give us, Lord, a chance to be  
Our goodly best, brave, wise and free,  
Our goodly best for ourself, and others,  
Till all men learn to live as brothers.

Still can your vegetable soup mix? Don't. Cook vegetable mix to blanch, except tomatoes, allow to cool completely, pack into bags and freeze. Much better than the canned, and can be used for making stews and other casseroles. The tomatoes are best added when ready to cook.

When preparing corn-on-the-cob, have water boiling in your deepest kettle. It is better to blanch six or eight ears at a time. A good pair of tongs is essential here. Have a pan of ice and water close to place corn into as it is blanched. Allow the corn to blanch well, scalding the cob well to prevent that cob taste later. Now add more corn to kettle, placing it into another pan of ice and water as it cools. Lastly pack all into sink or large pan, cover with ice and water, and allow to chill thoroughly, being sure the cob also is well chilled. Drain well by placing a heavy bath towel down and covering with paper towels. I freeze these in large turkey bags, and remove the amount I want when needed. Easier to pack, and easier to remove.

It is essential that corn be handled as speedily as possible from moment of gathering to insure a superb product later on. The results more than justify the extra efforts.

Another simple hint for corn, that saves work and tempers, use a stiff brush to remove silks, brushing from top to bottom. I find a short bristle brush works best.

Dumplings or noodles made ahead of time, placed on a cooky sheet till frozen, then put into bags, are ideal, and so much easier to handle when ready to cook.

Another time saver. When I purchase meat for boiling with the vegetables, I purchase a large portion, wash and cut into the proper sizes I want, then wrap individual portions separately, place all in a large bag and freeze. When I am ready for it, all I do is unwrap and drop into pot.

I do the same with chicken and other meats since there are only the two of us at home now.

Always place a large pan or several containers of water in your freezer well ahead of time, to insure plenty of ice for your chilling purposes.

You will find these methods so much quicker and easier than doing a small pan full at a time. And soon you will be able to judge the blanching time so accurately you will not have to refer to your freezer book.

After all of the work that has gone into the making and preparing of all those good vegetables, I can't see putting them up in a haphazard manner now, and risk having them turn out second rate, or unfit for use, can you?



## FREDERICK AND BETTY GET A SURPRISE

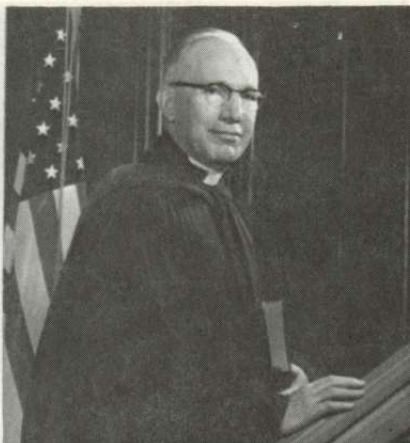
Dear Friends:

At each annual meeting of our church for the past twenty years, I have had the fun of making a surprise presentation to some unsuspecting church member. Each year we have presented beautifully engraved silver trays to certain persons who have served the church beyond the call of duty. I just love to surprise people with things that make them happy, but seldom in all of my life have I been so surprised. That is, not until this most recent annual meeting. Our annual meetings are always very efficiently run according to a pre-arranged agenda, and for twenty years we never have had anything to interrupt our proceedings. At this last annual meeting held a few days ago, there was an interruption when — right in the middle of the meeting — Betty and I were escorted out of the room by the Senior Deacon and the Senior Deaconess.

We were stunned! Neither one of us had expected any such action, and we could not imagine what was happening. In a few minutes we were ushered back into the room to the sound of applause, and then we were presented with a perfectly magnificent engrossed and illuminated plaque speaking of the appreciation of the church for our twenty years of ministry. We then were presented with a large watercolor painting in a beautiful frame. When we saw the painting, we could not believe our eyes! It was the very painting we had admired and hoped that we might someday own, but since it was terribly expensive, we had put it out of our minds. Just how it came about that the church presented it to us can best be explained by quoting to you a part of the speech that was given to the persons present at the annual meeting while Betty and I were out of the room. We have since been given a copy of the speech as it was given by Mrs. Lawrence H. King. She said:

"I have been asked by the Committee to share with you the background story of the gift to be presented to Dr. and Mrs. Driftmier. Like all good stories, it has a beginning and, we hope, a happy ending. And as in all good South Church sermons, there are three points for consideration — Selection, Acquisition, and Presentation.

"The selection began inadvertently at the opening of the 26th Annual Spring Show of the Academic Artists Association which took place at the Museum of Fine Arts three weeks ago yesterday. Ted and Betty Driftmier have always enjoyed good art, and they made it a point to take an hour



Frederick has completed 20 years of ministry at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass.

out of their busy Sunday afternoon to see the exhibit. They were not alone in this, and among the thousand people in attendance, there were several other South Church people.

"Looking at one fine entry after another, Betty came upon one painting that so impressed and delighted her, she immediately called to Ted, who found it equally moving. It was a watercolor of the coast of Maine, and for them, captured their deep inner feelings about the ocean and the rough, but beautiful New England shoreline. Called "Coastal Road", it was painted by Gene Klebe. With their spontaneous enthusiasm for the picture and their natural desire to share all things beautiful, they urged the friends they met to be sure and see it — and unknowingly aided the committee.

"The Committee, considering various ideas for the proper recognition gift for this occasion, wanted something that would provide equal pleasure to both Ted and Betty. The possibility of purchasing this picture was offered as a suggestion, and later on it was selected as a most appropriate expression of the church's appreciation and affection for both of the Driftmiers.

"The second part of the story concerns the acquisition. Removing a picture from a museum show still in progress is impossible. Removing a piece of art work from a museum that is not your own is illegal! But for a gift for Ted and Betty, 'impossible' translates into 'inconvenient', and 'illegal' becomes 'allowable'.

"The artist seemed the logical place to start. He was reached by phone at his home in Bristol, Maine, a small town near Boothbay Harbor. A brief long distance description of our centennial, of tonight's annual meeting and Dr. Driftmier's twentieth anniversary as our minister was interrupted by Mr. Klebe, who said, 'I had a warm note from Dr. Driftmier last week com-

plimenting me on my painting. It was written on the notepaper with a picture of the church on the front and a short history of the church on the back. I have already responded to it.' He was delighted to be a part of this commemoration, and he gave immediate approval for the picture's removal from the museum. The original idea had been to 'borrow' the painting for tonight's meeting, and then to return it to the show, until it closed next month when the Driftmier's could then take possession, but with the artist's enthusiastic interest, a logical question seemed to be 'Why wait?' His answer — 'I should think if you give it to them at the meeting, they ought to be allowed to keep it from then on.'

"Before we proceed to the third part of the story, tonight's presentation, let me give you a few details of the artist's background. For the past thirty years, Mr. Klebe has been a permanent resident of Maine, painting the New England scene in all seasons and in various media. Since 1960 he has covered various aspects of the United States Naval operations as a naval combat artist. He spent two seasons with 'Operation Deep Freeze' in Antarctica, had assignments in Pakistan and Saudi Arabia, on naval operations in Vietnam and the Gemini XI launch and recovery. He created the Maine mural for the Maine Pavilion at 'Expo '67' in Montreal, and he designed and donated the Sesquicentennial Seal to the State of Maine. His paintings are to be found throughout the world in museums and in private collections, including the collections of the Ambassador to France and the former Premier of Japan."

Well, there you have it. I simply cannot put into words the delightful surprise and gratitude Betty and I felt on that occasion. It is the first time we ever have owned a very noted work of original art, a true art collector's item. We are still so thrilled about it, that it is just about our only subject of conversation. The big mystery is how they managed to surprise us! How could so many people know about something and manage to keep it a secret from us? We cannot get over it! We have hung the picture in our big living room, and each day after breakfast we stand there in front of it soaking up the beauty. How happy we are! How grateful we are! How humble we feel!

As in all our years here, the annual meeting was a very successful affair. The tickets for the dinner were sold out weeks in advance. The people were so pleased to learn that our \$210,000 budget for the next church year was fully underwritten and that our mission-

(Continued on page 22)



## FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS IN JUNE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

An Anniversary coming up? Perhaps your family celebrates several anniversaries this month with a family reunion. Instead of the traditional tiered and decorated cake, try this easy "double wedding ring" idea. Simply bake two of your favorite bundt cakes in bundt pans. Why not one chocolate and one a light one, such as orange or pecan? Then you can be sure to suit everyone's taste. Ice the one with chocolate icing and the other with white. You can put a few frills, or flutings, around the base if you like, using the same frosting as used for the icing. Place the cakes side-by-side on a long serving tray (or cover a heavy piece of cardboard with foil). Place a small container of water down in the center hole of each just before you are ready to display them on the serving table, and arrange a nosegay of rosebuds or sweet peas — whatever you have — in the center of each cake. Place a few choice blossoms along side the "double wedding ring", and what centerpiece could be prettier? And edible, too!

Honoring a bride at a luncheon, or having an anniversary dinner where you will be using a relish tray? Make it a special relish tray by filling the center compartment (or place a small bowl in the center) with small garden flowers and greenery. I'm thinking how pretty daisies would look, or sweet peas, with little nosegays of the same flowers placed at each place setting. For the nosegays, make a small hole in the center of a small lace paper doily and draw the stems through. Add a tiny spray of baby's breath (*gypsophila*) if you have it. Lovely!

*Love In a Rose-covered Cottage:* Make a simple paper house of rosy pink poster board, or use white cardboard and cover with rose construction paper. Cover the roof with lace paper place mats (thus you get straight edges), letting a scalloped edge come down over the edges of the roof for a lacy effect. Use scraps of the doilies or mats to outline window frames in the house and for the door. Take apart some sprays of plastic rosebuds in a deep rose shade and staple some of the buds and leaves around the windows and up the side of the house to make it truly a "rose-covered cottage". This will make a pretty centerpiece for a bridal luncheon table. If you have roses in your garden, why not make the honoree a rose corsage, and also place a single rosebud beside each guest's plate?



James Lowey celebrated his birthday this year while visiting his "Granny Wheels" in Shenandoah. Watching him blow out the candles on his cake are Natalie Nenneman, Katharine Lowey and Lisa Nenneman. Natalie and Lisa are granddaughters of Howard and Mae Driftmier.

*A Graduation Party:* Make a graduation doll's head to fit over the nut cup. For the basis of the head use one of the paper tubes such as comes in waxed paper. Cut the tube into sections, each section the width of the height of the small size nut cups. (You want to be able to place the tube down over the cup.) Cover each length of tube with pale pink or flesh color tissue paper. Glue on blue eyes, a red mouth and brown or gold eyebrows, all cut from paper. Use brown or yellow tissue paper to cut a strip slightly narrower than the width you cut the tube, and long enough to go around the head. Cut this strip into fringe. Glue the uncut edge around the top of the head, cutting away the front section to make a "bangs" effect. You can curl the ends of the fringe into a "flip", by pulling over the edge of a knife, or rolling on a pencil. Make a mortar board hat for each head from black construction paper, with a yarn tassel. Fasten to the head. For a boy's head add a strip of striped or designed paper around the bottom of the tube, ends meeting at the front. Turn back top corners to form collar points. For girl heads, tie a narrow ribbon around the "neck" with a bow at the front. One of these graduation doll heads can be placed over each nut cup.

*Cake Server Favor:* For a bridal shower cut small cake servers from construction paper, either white or in one of the bride's colors. To make a trim on the handle glue on a band of

narrow lace, or a piece of pretty braid to resemble a design in the handle. On the server part write the name of the bride and groom and the wedding date. Tie a narrow ribbon bow at the point where the handle joins the serving section. This can be in one of the bride's colors also.

*Wedding Ring Rolls* are delicious and so pretty if you are having a brunch for the bride. These are simply your favorite sweet orange rolls which you roll out and cut with a doughnut cutter. Ice with orange icing when cool, and decorate with tiny flowers with your cake decorator to get a wedding ring effect, the flowers being the "engraving" on the ring.

*Wedding Veil Centerpiece* for a bridal party: Cover a pair of embroidery hoops with white ribbon. Tack small artificial lily-of-the-valley or other small white flowers to the outside hoop. Buy a length of tulle or illusion net and place one end between the hoops. Tack down the edges, which stick up through the hoop, to the inside. Place on the table, perhaps with a white Bible or prayer book, or with a small bride's bouquet. (By the way, this same method works very well for making the bridal veil which the bride wears to the wedding, and is much less expensive than to buy one. Judge the amount of tulle or illusion needed by the length and fullness desired in the veil. Real flowers may be attached by sewing or pinning to the hoop at the last moment, if desired.)

✕ ✕ ✕



## TRIBUTE TO DAD

by  
Grace V. Schillinger

During the days when I was trying to think up a suitable quotation to use in my tribute to you, Dad, a friend said to me, "But your father's still living."

And I answered, "Sure. Why not *now* while he's here to know?"

So I thought some more — about your birthplace in Grayson County, Virginia, and how you've told me so much about your beloved Blue Ridge Mountains. I remembered how you've always loved the whole outdoors — birds, flowers, and all kinds of trees, all kinds of fruit trees to the kind that gave only beauty, such as the redbud. You always said, "Fruit is fine, but I like to plant some trees just because they look pretty. And a redbud tree is a mighty pretty sight in the spring."

But I still hadn't found a good quotation to work into the tribute I planned to write. Then I thought of a few words I heard once, "He who plants a tree lives not for himself alone."

Those words describe your philosophy perfectly. On all the places you've lived and moved away from, you've left behind a trail of trees for others to remember you by. Not only trees, but shrubs, flowers, a lovely lawn, and birdhouses galore.

"Why do you bother?" the neighbors would ask. "You'll probably not live here long enough to eat the fruit."

"Someone else will," you said. "And it costs so little to plant a tree. Just a few cents and a bit of work." Sure, it took a little money, a little time and work, but what else? A lot of love for other folks. An unselfish person who thought of someone besides himself.

The stories you told me about your life in the log house with your three sisters and seven brothers gave me material for many stories to tell our children. They could hardly believe that your mother washed your clothes down by the mountain stream, and that snow often sifted in on your covers through the chinks on winter nights.

I recall that you taught me lots of life's lessons, talking to me about trees. Remember that big walnut tree in our front yard, how the trunk divided about three feet from the ground and it looked almost like two separate trees from there on up? That crotch made a fine place to sit and read.

"See how this walnut holds up its branches?" you asked me once.

"Yes, I see."

"Well — " you went on in that slow quiet way of yours, "don't ever do anything that'll keep you from holding your head up just like that tree — proud-like."

You always liked to work with trees.

You learned the right way to prune and trim them so they'd not break in a hard wind. You taught yourself from a book how to graft branches of a better fruit strain onto an inferior kind. And when I watched you in our back yard, you told a lesson, and I knew it applied to little girls as well as to trees.

"This little tree," you said and pointed to the apple tree that wasn't a heavy bearing variety. "If I let this tree grow up like it is, it'd have little wizened-up apples on it." You went on working with the grafting wax and making the proper cuts on the tree. "But when I graft this branch on right," you went on, "and sort of tell it to grow up to be a better tree, then all the branches from it will grow big fine red apples."

At that time I thought it was a special kind of magic that only you knew. Other girls' dads worked in offices, or owned stores or big farms, or were even rich enough that they needn't work at all. But my dad — YOU knew how to make old trees over into new ones. To this day I believe it *was* a kind of magic — the magic of having faith, and working with the Great Gardener and nature. But unlike most magic, it lasted.

Today I'm remembering that big oak tree in our back yard that had been struck by lightning years before we moved there. I don't suppose you know that in my heart I've always likened you to that tree — strong through storms, dependable year after year, and now in your later Grandpa years, since your heart's been acting up, you're even more like it. Your heart trouble is your own bolt of lightning, and like the oak you haven't given up.

When folks ask how you feel after you've spent another long night in your big chair, because you can't breathe lying down, you always say, "Fine! Pretty good! Things will *all* be better some day," and then change the subject suddenly to the weather, or the birds that are building in your birdhouses, or maybe something that happened in your long-ago Virginia boyhood. Like the oak tree, you're going on, making the most of your days.

When I got married the first thing you gave us was a bunch of apple trees. Then peaches and plums, and a redbud — just because it's pretty.

"A man and wife should start out being married by planting some trees," you said. I see now that it was a good idea. We've been planting some each year.

Because you've always been close to outdoor living things, it's affected your personality and habits. It made you love all children. It made your voice soft and low to match a creek's ripple, and it made your heart tender so you always sniffle at sad stories and



## SATISFACTION

There is no thrill in easy sailing  
When the skies are clear and blue;  
There is no fun in doing  
Things most anyone can do.

But there is one satisfaction  
That is mighty sweet to take  
When you've reached the destination  
That you thought you couldn't make.

—Author unknown

## KITCHEN-KLATTER CASSEROLES

On my cabinet you will find  
Casseroles all in line.  
Chicken, meat, cheese or fish  
Every kind that you may wish.  
Each was tested once or twice  
To find if any needed spice.  
Some for parties I'm sure you'll see,  
Others common as can be  
Each one sent from a friend,  
Happy, her recipe she'll lend.  
Some will freeze for use days later.  
To me, these seem to be the greater.  
It's nice to store some food away  
To bring out on a busy day.  
Casseroles have stood our test,  
It's up to you, which is best.

—Inez M. Warren

## LOST AND FOUND

I tucked away a thought the other day  
Somewhere in the dark niches of my  
mind,  
Thinking I'd need it soon to light my  
way.

It's lost. I cannot even find a clue  
Though it fit beautifully into what I  
felt,  
And so again my oft-said prayer I must  
renew.

Father, forgive me when I do not act  
Upon my thoughts but tuck them safe  
away.

So splendid plans do not become a fact  
And the good impulse fades away.

Please help me keep my eyes upon a  
goal;

Please keep my heart attuned to Thee;  
Please guide the progress of my inmost  
soul,

From selfishness please set me free.

—Adaline Lincoln Lush

songs. For the rest of my life, Dad, each time I look at an oak tree, I'll think of your hope and faith. And in these days so filled with uncertainty, I'll remember your words, "Things will all be better some day."

Note: I'm glad I gave him this tribute . . . because a few months after that Father's Day, he died. —G.V.S.



## TRIP SOUTH A WELCOME BREAK FROM SCHOOL ROUTINE

Dear Friends:

It's finally happened! The time of year has arrived, albeit late, when I can sit at the desk with the window open and hear the late evening noises and the birds' goodnight songs. We here in the southerly fringe of what might be considered the "North" are blessed with big Lake Michigan, which cools us in the summer but also keeps us cool long into the normal period when one could expect springlike weather. The standard joke up here is that summer begins July third and autumn on July fifth.

Regardless of the open window, I have not put my warm, flannel-type nightie away for the season. It is still chilly, and in some respects I am just as happy it remained unwelcome outside for a long time. It is difficult enough for me to exercise self-control and stay put at my desk, grading papers and preparing my week's school work, but for little children to develop this control is asking quite a lot. Adrienne has been writing a term paper about Sir Francis Bacon and every weekend that it was too unpleasant to be outside having fun she counted as a left-handed bonus. No decision was needed as to work or play.

We had a sneak preview of spring since the last time I wrote to you. Our school gave the children a brief vacation between grading periods, and during that time our family decided to make a quick trip to Houston, Texas, to see our Katharine. We have never seen Texas nor, more specifically, the campus at Rice University, where our number one child is busy at the books.

The sneak preview of spring was the slow change in the land as we drove south. We determined to go down the eastern side of the Mississippi and see the scenic and historic sights along that path. Then on the return trip we came back up through Arkansas, made fewer stops, and hence made a faster return trip. Paul thoroughly enjoyed the four-hour stopover at Vicksburg, where he climbed out of the car to examine every important battle site connected with the Civil War battles there.

The weather was simply awful when we started out. It was one of those between season days when the thermometer was below freezing and the snow had been falling after what we all thought was a prelude to spring. All through Illinois the roads were slippery, and our precious traveling time was slowed further by the unexpected surprise from the weatherman. About the time we arrived at the bridge at Cairo, Illinois, the snow was over and



It is a special treat for Mother (Leanna Driftmier) when great-grandchildren come to visit. Pictured with her are Katharine and James Lowey of Albuquerque, N. Mex., and Lisa and Natalie Nenneman of Omaha, Nebr.

the outside air was as pleasant as the artificial climate we had created inside the car with the heater. The farther south we drove, by the literal hour, things began to look like a hazy shade of lavender and palest green. You would have thought we had never seen spring before. Every single one of us was so weary of the chill and greyness of winter that we kept pointing out a particular tree or other sign of Mother Nature's awakening that we saw along the way.

The National Cemetery at Vicksburg was almost entirely leafed out and the azaleas and wisteria in Natchez were in the complete height of their blooming. We managed to squeeze in one tour of a restored plantation in Natchez which Adrienne, especially, found interesting. She noted that many of the period pieces were not much earlier in vintage than the furnishings in the Tallman House in Janesville, Wis.

We drove along the levee road all the way south through Mississippi, and at one point we discovered that automobiles were allowed to drive right on the one-lane road on the top of the levee. At this time the Mississippi River itself was not at flood level; however, when we returned, Cairo had been closed to through traffic and the Ohio River bridge was closed.

We drove south as far as Louisiana, and then headed west across the Gulf road to Texas. It was genuinely hot by then, and against all our better instincts we decided to turn on the air conditioning. We had had to have the

windows open, and the air rushing in against our ears became tiresome and monotonous after many hours. So we switched on the air conditioner and at that point we discovered we were in the middle of a brief vacation with an inoperative condenser. It made no effect upon the operation of the car, so we determined to waste no time in a car dealership trying to run down the trouble. And as conditions would have it, we hadn't been in Houston more than 24 hours before the weather changed radically, and there was no further need of any air conditioning.

We found Katharine tanned and happy. She took us all around the campus, which we all thought was beautiful. She also took us very expertly around town and even directed us to Galveston where the college kids go for swimming during the winter.

The campus at Rice is simply dense with foliage. No wonder they have a bird problem in the winter! If I had wings I would head out for Rice, too. The walks through the campus are made of semi-crushed seashells, and when it rains its daily rain, the seashells fairly gleam with their moist pearliness. The new buildings that have been constructed there have been faithfully blended in with the Spanish flavor of the original buildings that were put up when William Marsh Rice started the school in the early nineteenth hundreds.

I was tremendously impressed with the campus and the buildings and the  
(Continued on page 15)



## DRESSING UP IS FOR EVERYONE

by  
Evelyn Birkby

A bit of make-believe must surely lurk in the heart of each person, no matter how *grown-up* that person may be. How else can the frequency with which adults play *dress-up* be explained?

Using any excuse from the Bicentennial observance to an artist ball, people enthusiastically dust off costumes, buy patterns and fabrics to create new styles, and *make believe* on every occasion possible.

Camping, fishing and recreation each present opportunities to dress up. Where else can an over-forty executive pull on ragged jeans and an ancient hat except along a mountain stream with a fishing rod in his hands? A look at a local golf course displays golfers in strikingly patterned slacks and bright-colored Hawaiian shirts. Camping areas across the country display not only a variety of tents, campers and cooking gear, but a wide array of costumes ranging from the extremely casual to the best dressed camper of the year garbed in the finest of outdoor styles.

Square dancing would certainly come into the *dress-up* category. Any girl from seventeen to seventy can appear fitting and proper in a dress with frilly puffed sleeves, ruffled neckline, full gathered skirt, layers of petticoats, frilly pettipants and bright-colored flat ballerina slippers. Her escort usually wears the smartest of Western shirts, a jewel-trimmed bow tie, cowboy trousers and the fanciest high-topped pointed boots his billfold can afford.

To find the group that should be awarded first prize in knowing how to seriously dress the part, my vote would go to those who participate in a Muzzleloaders Meet. Our first experience with this colorful recreational event came about accidentally at the Spring Festival held annually at Brownville, Nebraska.

Robert and I had driven across the Missouri bottom land to Nebraska City and then turned south until we reached Brownville. We went early enough in the day to enjoy the various displays, flea market, the tour of historic homes and the old mill where we stopped to buy stone ground flour. As we drove west along main street Robert saw a sign that read "SHOOT". Underneath the word was an arrow pointing south toward a country road.

Being of curious nature, Robert suggested we drive along the road in the direction pointed out by the arrow and see what the shooting was all about.



Mollie Mannon, four-year-old grand-niece of Robert and Evelyn Birkby, enjoys coming to visit her aunt and uncle. Jeff snapped this picture of Mollie one day as she listened intently to a little radio given to her recently. —Photo by Jeff Birkby

Up and down the hills and around the corners of the winding road we went until we came out at a clearing where the Muzzleloaders were busily engaged in competition.

Now this is a group that *really* knows how to dress the part! Every participant was dressed in his individual version of historical American costume. Several represented early, *early* American with buckskin vests, pants, boots, (all deeply fringed) and coonskin caps that made them look like reincarnations of Daniel Boone. These woodsmen seriously poured powder into their firearms, tamped in the shot and fired at the appropriate moment at a target placed nearby.

One man was costumed in an interesting hybrid costume which included bits of cowboy garb, early pioneer, Indian beading and a hat of old shapeless felt from which dangled several pheasant feathers for a final woodsman touch. Since each man's costume seemed to reflect his personality, it would be interesting to know what this conglomerate collection of clothes represented.

The noise produced by the muskets, gun and whatever, was tremendous. Some of the weapons were small, almost toy-like mortars which were set up in a row along the ground. This weapon got its name from the bell-shaped or bowl-shaped vessel which the old-time druggist used in pounding out his medicine, namely, a mortar! Small as they were, when gunpowder and a weighted pop can was put inside the mortar and the fuse lit, those

weapons went off with a powerful roar. The pop cans flew high into the air and the yells of the competitors resounded to add to the noise.

It was the big Civil War cannon that really put out the highest level of sound at the meet. The amount of powder placed behind the cannon ball must have made the difference in the amount of noise produced. It became apparent that each Civil War-garbed contestant, some dressed in blue and some in gray, was trying to outdo the previous participant in the amount of powder he placed in that old cannon. At any rate, the noise grew louder and the swirls of gray smoke which billowed from the mouth of the cannon increased as the afternoon progressed.

Signs on the bulletin board gave information as to the events of the day. Announcements of future meets in various parts of the Midwest showed the widespread interest in this activity. It gave us a short glimpse into an exciting recreation we'd never seen before. It seemed to transport us back into a distant past when life was more simple and keeping the powder dry was a matter of survival.

As we drove back into Brownville I complimented Robert on his sharpness of eye. If he had not seen that sign "SHOOT" and been curious enough to follow the arrow, we would never have known of the world of the Muzzleloader.

Unfortunately, the weather was overcast and drizzly, not at all a good day to take pictures. Someday we hope to return when the sun is shining and get snapshots of some of those wonderfully costumed competitors.

Speaking of dressing the part, Robert just came in the house from the garden. His informal style of dress when he is out working among the plants is another fine example of casual rural costuming. He pulls on his worn jeans and faded shirt, gets out his ragged work jacket and tops it off with a bright-colored seed corn company cap.

Robert has a helper in the garden today. (Two, if you count Attu.) Four-year-old Mollie Mannon, Robert's grand-niece from Omaha, is here to spend a day and night with us. Mollie is one of the three daughters of niece, Luanne Mannon and her husband Duane. The girls love to come during the spring and summer when they can get out into the yard and garden. When the produce is ready they delight in picking something to take home for their own eating.

Mollie looks like a good farmer in bright green slacks and a white pull-over shirt. On her head, ten sizes too large, is one of Robert's bright caps. She is thoroughly enjoying the *dressing up* for the action which Robert is directing.

### NEW HOPE DAILY

Tired?

Disappointed?

Think!

There's a whole day tomorrow that hasn't been lived yet.



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### OVERNIGHT STRAWBERRY ICEBOX CAKE OR DESSERT

- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1/4 lb. marshmallows, cut fine or use miniature ones
- 1 pint sliced strawberries
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 pint cream, whipped (or topping)
- Nuts, if desired
- 1/2 lb. vanilla wafers, crushed

Make gelatin according to package directions. Add marshmallows and chill. Whip fluffy before it sets firm. Mix together strawberries, sugar, whipped cream or topping and nuts. Add to gelatin mixture. Line a 9- by 13-inch pan with half the vanilla wafer crumbs. Then add layer of strawberry mixture, layer of crumbs, then strawberry mixture. Can sprinkle lightly with few crumbs or can be topped with additional whipped cream and a whole strawberry after cutting in squares. Should set *overnight* before serving.

—Margery

### STRAWBERRY-NUT BREAD

- 1 cup margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup frozen strawberries, thawed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour cream or buttermilk
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream margarine and sugar; stir in vanilla, lemon and butter flavorings. Add eggs one at a time. Sift together the flour, salt, cream of tartar and soda. Add to first mixture. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into two greased and floured 5- by 9-inch loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees until done.

—Dorothy

### FROZEN BUTTER BRICKLE DESSERT

- 2 1/2 cups crushed "Rice Chex" type cereal
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup finely chopped cashew nuts
- 1 cup flaked coconut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 gallon softened butter brickle ice cream

Mix together all except ice cream. Press half of this mixture in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Spread softened ice cream over top of first layer of crust. Sprinkle rest of mixture over the top. Freeze. Cut in squares to serve.

### HONEY CONGO BARS

- 1/4 lb. honey graham crackers, crushed
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 Tbls. honey
- 2 Tbls. fresh orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate bits

Crush graham crackers into crumbs. Combine sweetened condensed milk with honey, orange juice and flavoring. Stir in cracker crumbs and chocolate bits. Press into a greased 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Mark into bars while warm. Remove from pan before entirely cool to prevent sticking. These freeze very well.

—Evelyn

### PORKABOBS ITALIENNE

- 2 lbs. boneless pork shoulder, cut in 1- to 1 1/2-inch cubes
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 2 small zucchini squash
- 12 cherry tomatoes

Marinate pork cubes in salad dressing, refrigerated, 4 hours or overnight. Cut squares in 1-inch diagonal pieces. Alternating, thread four 12-inch metal skewers with pork cubes, pieces of zucchini and cherry tomatoes. Brush with marinade and place kabobs on grill 5 inches or as far as possible from heat. Broil at low to moderate temperature, brushing with marinade and turning occasionally for 30 minutes or until well done.

Small onions, green pepper cut into pieces, large mushrooms halved vertically, or carrots can be used. If using carrots, cut medium-sized carrot into four pieces and cook in boiling salted water until just tender, drain.

—Courtesy of

Missouri Pork Producers Assn.

### POPPY SEED FORM CAKE

- 1 12-oz. can Solo Poppy Filling
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add poppy seed filling. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Blend in flavoring and sour cream. Sift together flour, soda and salt, add gradually to poppy seed mixture, beating well after each addition. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased 9- or 10-inch tube pan, which has the bottom lined with waxed paper.

Bake in 350-degree oven about 1 hour and 15 to 20 minutes or until done. Allow cake to cool about 5 minutes. Remove from pan and peel off paper. Decorate by sifting powdered sugar through a paper doily or a cut-out on the top of the cake.

Variations: Bake two 9-inch round layers and reduce baking time to 45 minutes, or until done. Cool layers and put together with a cream filling.

—Lucile

### TEXAS SALAD

- Head lettuce
- 2 diced tomatoes
- 2 Tbls dried minced onion
- 1 15-oz. can Ranch Style beans
- 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style and French dressing, mixed
- 1 10-oz. pkg. Fritos corn chips, broken

Mix all but Fritos. Add them just before serving so they stay crisp.

—Margery

### FRIED CAULIFLOWER

- 1 medium head cauliflower
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of black pepper
- Dry bread crumbs
- 4 Tbls. cooking oil
- Paprika

Separate the cauliflower into flowerets and cook in boiling water until tender; drain. In a small deep bowl combine the eggs, parsley, garlic salt, salt, and pepper. Dip flowerets in the mixture and coat with bread crumbs. Fry in the hot oil until nicely browned. Drain on paper towels. When ready to serve dust lightly with paprika. Six servings.

—Mae Driftmier



**FROSTY STRAWBERRY SQUARES**

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 cup light brown sugar
- 1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen strawberries
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream

Stir first four ingredients together and spread 2/3rds of crumbs in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Stir every five minutes. Cool completely! Put lemon juice, egg whites, sugar, strawberries and flavoring in large bowl and beat until very stiff, about 25 minutes. Whip cream and fold in by hand. Pour on top of cold crumbs and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Freeze at least 6 hours. Cut in squares and serve. May be frozen for two weeks. Serves 18.

—Margery

**HAWAIIAN LEMONADE**

- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate
- 1 1/2 cups apricot nectar
- 1 1/2 cups pineapple juice
- 2 cups ginger ale or 7-Up

Empty lemonade concentrate into cold vacuum jug and add 1 can water; mix in fruit juices. Add ginger ale or 7-Up and ice cubes; seal jug tightly. Makes 8 servings.

You can add Kitchen-Klatter flavorings to suit yourself.

—Margery

**MOLDED TOMATO SALAD**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/3 cup water or tomato juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cider vinegar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 small onion, grated
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1 1/2 cups tomatoes (fresh or canned)
- Peas and cucumbers, if desired

Combine gelatin and heated water or tomato juice. (If canned tomatoes are used, drain juice and measure 1/3 cup for this liquid.) Stir until dissolved. Add salt, vinegar, flavoring and cream cheese. Use a beater and mix until cream cheese is blended into the mixture. Heat slightly if necessary to get the cheese to mix in well. Remove from heat, add dressing. Cut tomatoes into small pieces. Add remaining ingredients to gelatin mixture. Spoon into flat baking dish or into mold. Refrigerate. Turn out on lettuce leaves or cut into squares and serve on lettuce. —Evelyn

**STEAKS**

- 6 cube steaks
  - Meat tenderizer
  - 1/2 tsp. instant minced onion
  - 3 Tbls. wine vinegar
  - 1/2 cup salad oil
  - 1 tsp. seasoned salt
  - Dash freshly ground pepper
  - 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Sprinkle meat tenderizer on cube steak and let stand a while. Soak onion in vinegar a few minutes; add oil and seasonings, mixing well. Place meat in container and pour the marinade over the steaks, coating all. Cover and let stand an hour or so — spoon marinade over meat once or twice and keep it cool. Grill over very hot coals or broil in the broiler.

—Margery

**PINEAPPLE BEETS**

- 1 cup crushed pineapple
  - 2 Tbls. vinegar
  - 2 Tbls. sugar
  - 2 tsp. cornstarch
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
  - 2 cups diced beets, drained
  - 2 Tbls. butter
  - Salt and pepper
- Combine pineapple and vinegar and heat to boiling point. Mix sugar and cornstarch and add to heated first mixture. Add flavoring, beets and butter. Season. Heat slowly.

—Margery

**REFRIGERATOR PANCAKES**

- 4 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. baking powder
- 2 Tbls. soda
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 6 eggs, beaten
- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 cup milk
- 1 quart buttermilk

Sift dry ingredients together. Beat eggs with mixer until blended. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Add to eggs. Stir in remaining liquid ingredients. Beat at low to medium speed until well mixed. Add dry ingredients, stirring just enough to blend. Store in covered jar in refrigerator. Batter will keep nicely up to 10 days.

When ready to use, stir batter. Take out portion desired and allow to stand at room temperature at least 30 minutes before pouring gently onto hot griddle.

The plain pancakes are excellent but many variations are possible: drained blueberries plus Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring; drained crushed pineapple and Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring; coconut and Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring to suggest a few.

**ELEGANT SHALLOT SAUCE**

- 2 egg yolks
- 1/3 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups salad oil
- 2 Tbls. shallots, finely chopped
- 1 Tbls. chopped pickle
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- Dash of salt and pepper

Combine in bowl the egg yolks, mustard and lemon juice. Turn mixer to low and blend ingredients. Keeping mixer turning, add salad oil a drop at a time until all is blended and mixture looks like mayonnaise. Be sure to add oil slowly so mixture does not separate. Without stopping mixer, add remaining ingredients. Keep refrigerated in covered jar.

This is a delicious sauce to serve with any hot or cold meat, to top tomatoes or add to vegetables. Mild onions may be substituted for shallots.

**ELTORA'S FROZEN STRAWBERRY SALAD**

- 16 large marshmallows
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup crushed strawberries
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 cup whipping cream, whipped
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Place marshmallows and the water in top of double boiler. Melt marshmallows and let cool. Blend cream cheese and mayonnaise. Add to cooled marshmallows along with strawberries and pineapple. Whip cream; add flavorings and fold into rest of mixture. Place in pan and freeze.

—Margery

**SALMON DELIGHT**

- 1 1-lb. can pink salmon
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. grated green pepper
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/2 cup fine, dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Beat egg and milk together; add soft bread crumbs. Flake salmon, remove skin and bones. Combine with the egg and milk mixture. Add cheese, pepper, lemon juice, celery salt and garlic salt. Pour into a 9-inch square baking pan and top with the dry bread crumbs mixed with the melted butter. Bake for about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. This is very good alone or may be served with a white sauce and garnished with sliced hard-cooked eggs. Serves four.

—Mae Driftmier



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### RUTH'S SUPER BUTTERSCOTCH CAKE

3 cups sifted cake flour  
3 tsp. baking powder  
1 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 cups brown sugar  
1/2 cup shortening  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1 cup milk  
2 eggs  
Sift flour, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add brown sugar, shortening, flavorings and 2/3 cup of the milk. Beat 2 minutes. Add remaining 1/3 cup milk and eggs. Beat 2 more minutes. Pour into 2 greased and floured 8-inch layer pans. Bake at 350 degrees 25 to 30 minutes. Be careful not to overbake or cake will be dry. Remove from oven. Cool in pans. Turn out and fill with butterscotch pudding (refrigerate until time to serve) or the following elegant caramel frosting.

#### Elegant Caramel Frosting

1 1/2 cups brown sugar  
1/4 cup half-and-half  
2 Tbls. butter  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine over medium heat. Cook, stirring, until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Boil three minutes. Remove from heat. Beat until creamy. If needed, add a little cream to make of spreading consistency. Spread between layers and on top of cake. —Evelyn

### MRS. LEATHERMAN'S HOT FUDGE SAUCE

1/2 cup cocoa  
1 cup sugar  
1 cup light corn syrup  
1/2 cup light cream or evaporated milk  
1/4 tsp. salt  
3 Tbls. butter  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a full rolling boil. Boil briskly for 3 minutes, stirring. Remove from heat and serve over ice cream, sponge cake, etc. This keeps very well and does not sugar. It may be reheated. Store in covered jar in refrigerator.

Mrs. Leatherman and her husband have an unusual restaurant, the "Peru Seasons" in Peru, Nebraska. They specialize in foods in season, many from their own farm and garden.

—Evelyn

### VERY SPECIAL HAMBURGERS

1 egg  
Salt and pepper to taste  
1 lb. ground beef  
Grated cheese  
Soya sauce

Add egg, salt and pepper to hamburger. Shape into very, very thin patties. Sprinkle grated cheese on half of them; then top with another patty in sandwich style. Press edges together so cheese won't run out when cooked. Pour a tablespoon soya sauce over each and refrigerate overnight. Or fix early in the morning if to be used that evening. Cook over charcoal grill or broiler — good either way. —Margery

### MOLASSES GINGERBREAD

1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 cup molasses  
1 egg, beaten  
2 cups flour  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1 1/2 tsp. soda  
1 tsp. cinnamon  
1 tsp. ginger  
1/2 tsp. cloves  
1 cup hot water

Mix shortening, sugar, molasses, and egg. Sift dry ingredients, and add to first mixture. Then add hot water and stir until smooth. Bake in a greased cake pan in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 35 minutes.—Mary Beth

### OVEN BARBECUED CHICKEN

1 fryer, cut up  
3 Tbls. butter  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1 large onion, diced  
1 cup water  
2/3 cup catsup or chili sauce  
1/2 tsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
1 tsp. vinegar  
3 Tbls. brown sugar  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
1 tsp. dry mustard  
1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
1/2 cup sweet pickle juice

Flour chicken. Place in 9- by 13-inch pan which has a little salad oil in the bottom. Cook in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Saute onion in butter and butter flavoring. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer 5 minutes. At the end of 30 minutes baking time, pour sauce over chicken. Return to oven and bake until tender, about 30 or 40 minutes.

This may also be used with a stewing or roasting chicken but the baking time would need to be longer. Just bake, as directed, until the chicken is tender. This is a delicious way to prepare chicken in the oven.





What an exciting day it was for the Brase family when Kristin came home from the hospital in Billings, Montana, with a new baby brother for Aaron and Andrew! Kristin's husband Art had his camera ready to take pictures of this special occasion.

#### NINTH-BIRTHDAY REMINISCENCE

I remember when you were an infant  
And had to be diapered and fed.  
I remember when you were a toddler  
And walked only where you were led.  
I recall when you needed assistance  
To don your pajamas at night  
And when you could not tie your shoe-  
lace  
And when you could not read or write.  
But today you are *nine*, dear Theresa,  
And can do all these things and much  
more.  
But when do you think you'll be able  
To pick up your clothes off the floor?  
—Unknown

**MARY BETH'S LETTER – Concluded**  
students. Where the northern colleges seem to be plagued with unruly students and/or social unrest, whatever that is, there is no evidence of it in this university. I must presume that this is due in large part to the fact that the students are there to study. I didn't see anybody around who looked idle even on a weekend when the classes were dismissed for a holiday. The library was literally filled with students who, like Katharine, were too far from home to afford a weekend trip.

Katharine's room is on the seventh floor of the newest women's dormitory, which faces the skyline of Houston. She is fortunate enough to have an end room with broad windows across one wall, and orange grainy bricks across the other. She and her roommate have decorated this textured brick with many pretty pictures, while the deep sill beneath the wide expanse of windows was filled with huge, healthy, green plants — many of which I have never

seen in our northern climate. In addition to loving biology, this gal of ours seems to be pretty handy in the botany line — her green thumb attested to this truth.

After church on Sunday we drove downtown and had a never-to-be-forgot-

ten breakfast at Brennan's. I'll tell you more about that unforgettable gourmet treat next month.

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth



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- KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
- WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.



## GARDENING WITH STUMPS

by

Grace V. Schillinger

Since I began stump gardening an entire new concept of growing plants was opened to me. I'm always on the lookout for odd wood formations along roadsides, in the timber, and along the banks of the Rock River where we live in western Illinois.

Do you have a stump that's decayed in the center? Use it to hold a five-foot length of log on which you'll mount a

rustic house for bluebirds. These beautiful birds that symbolize happiness prefer homes placed rather close to the ground, and among shrubs. Sometimes bluebirds raise more than one brood of babies in one summer and, as most of us know, bluebirds at one time were almost extinct in some sections of our country. Providing them homes will help bring them back.

At the front of your home is a good place to put an odd-shaped stump. It will look well at the base of a tree with a small flower bed nearby. A few



stones, some extra humus for the soil beneath the tree, and you're all set for a conversation-piece garden. I planted miniature orange and red marigolds and some grayish-green succulents in this tiny stump-beneath-a-tree garden. Pansies would grow well here, too.

Use your imagination with stumps! At a rummage sale I bought the slatted, white metal bucket. I used heavy blue plastic to line it so I could fill it with rich compost and loam in which I planted several wax begonias. The blue lining contrasted nicely with the pink begonias, and the slatted pail made the background of this small stump arrangement on our patio. On the stump are a small Crown-of-thorns plant, a vining type begonia called Indra, a rounded stone that looks like pink, green, and blue marble, and behind the stone is a small succulent called Moses-in-the-Cradle.

One advantage of stump arrangements, they can be moved to new locations when the whim strikes.

They needn't all be used outdoors. A four-foot-high piece of wood that I found in the timber pasture sits on the television. The off-white wall behind it displays its interesting form. Two tiny green elves perch in crevices, and flower arrangements, fresh or dried to suit the season, soften its lines. When friends first saw this on our television they seemed a little shocked, but when they'd examined it and become used to it, they asked me, "Where can I hunt for something like it?"

All gardening is creative . . . so go hunting as soon as you can for materials to use in a stump-gardening project. You'll enjoy it.

*The wise one profits by his own experience.*

*The wiser one profits as much by the experience of others.*

## Ice Cream Next Summer

Elaine Govern

Photographs by

Lawrence J. Pitzenberger



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After reading *In No Time At All*, Armada Swanson's mother remembered this picture she took in the early 1920's. It shows Carl W. Carlson, Armada's father, with a load of corn husked by hand. Armada's sister Amy rode in the little box each day as Mrs. Carlson helped her husband pick corn. The dog Chink was a faithful friend. After a full day's work, Mr. Carlson then scooped the load off into the corn crib.

## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Anyone who grew up in the Midwest from 1910 to 1940 remembers and shares the hundreds of recollections Carl Hamilton compiled in *In No Time At All* (Iowa State University Press, Press Bldg., Ames, Iowa 50010, \$4.95). Mr. Hamilton first began writing for his children and grandchildren because "I found my children remarkably interested in some of my mother's commentaries of another time and it occurred to me that recording some of these observations might be worthwhile." It is written as a thumbnail sketch of four families and their appearance on the Midwestern scene. He suggests that if we change the names it might be the story of your family. I find this statement very true. We have recaptured many sights and scenes from our family life by reading *In No Time At All*.

Mr. Hamilton is now vice president of information and development at Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa. His career includes editing and publishing the *Iowa Falls Citizen*, assisting a cabinet officer during Roosevelt's presidency, heading the journalism department at Iowa State University, and, of course, growing up on an Iowa farm.

The Hamilton family lived on a farm north of Ralston, then to St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin (in 1918), then to a farm 12 miles west of Spencer, Iowa, and then back to the Glidden area. His parents farmed a lifetime and retired at age 60. During the depression years, "Mother would never buy a thing she could bake, make, sew, or raise. Dad would rebuild a barn and use the nails

he saved and straightened as he went along.

"But hard times were the best thing that ever happened to me. Nothing has ever really been difficult since then. And actually," he writes, "I had a lot of fun during those times, particularly in college. Even so, hard times are better in retrospect than in actuality."

Do you remember when washday was Monday, never any other? And you didn't push a button! And what happened to carpet beaters, curtain stretchers, soapstones, flatirons, and the kitchen range that was the heart of the house. He reminds us, "It was for cooking. It was hot water. It was for drying wet mittens and soggy overshoes. It was for baking. It was for souring milk that would turn into cottage cheese. It was for warming the shivering, newborn lamb or pig. It was for sitting around, with feet ranged around the open oven door." Oh, does that ring a bell with me!

Those were the days of the Raleigh man and the Watkins man. They came to the door and sold spices, salves, patent medicines, and cough syrup. And the "cow salve" was standard hand lotion for cracked hands and wrists.

The article on horsepower tells how horses were a definite part of farm life. Plows were pulled by horses. They were used for planting corn, cutting hay, and husking corn, that dreaded fall occupation. Farmers didn't need to jog for exercise after a day of walking behind a harrow in freshly plowed ground.

*In No Time At All* records the fun of the "wish books" or catalogs, and phone service meant party lines and ringing for Central. It was a time of

hired men, shocking oats, and the community effort of threshing oats. It was the days of trains and a new Chevrolet and a white country schoolhouse. It was going to Chicago to sell fat cattle, and wearing long underwear during winter, which was not an ego builder.

The author wonders about the astonishing rate of change in the last few decades and what exciting new experiences are ahead for the bubble-gum-popping ten-year-old boy on the jet plane.

*In No Time At All* is a book you can pick up and open to any page for recollections of farm life in Iowa and Wisconsin during the twenties and thirties.



## And Now For The MAGIC

Up to now it's just a salad. Oh, you've chilled the lettuce and other salad greens. You've selected and washed the other ingredients, according to your taste and your family's. But it's still rabbit food, so far.

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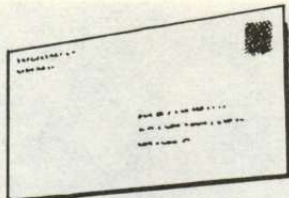


A radio personality (not one of ours) recently advocated using dry cleaning compounds rather than liquids. One reason was the package: a cardboard box will eventually burn or decompose and get back to nature. But a plastic jug remains a plastic jug. The second reason: economy. It stands to reason that it's cheaper to package a powder; it costs less to transport it; and, best of all, the consumer adds the water when the time comes.

It's nice to hear somebody agreeing with what we've been saying all along: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is economical, practical, easy to use and it works like a charm (fast, too). Doesn't leave foam or froth to rinse away, yet cleans away dirt and grime the first time.

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### AFTER ALL, WHO WRITES LETTERS ANY MORE?

by  
Margaret E. Wilkes

That was a limbo question; part of a disconnected query buried in a box of tattered yellowed clippings, but it made the perfect lead into mentioning my just-past-year's pleasure.

Of all the changes I would make in myself if it weren't more than sixty years too late, not keeping my friendships and super acquaintanceships in good repair is not among my lamentable vices. I seem to be in a minority, liking to write letters, negating the frequent declaration, "I love to get letters but surely hate to write them."

In recent years my life style has lent itself to what became a hobby in 1974, when I kept a record of all the letters I wrote, and to whom. While not expecting to rate a paragraph in *Guinness' Book of Records*, I do wonder if I may not have established one of a modest nature. On the last day of the recently faded year the total number of letters written by me was 304.

These communications were practically all social as compared to business letters. I felt it denoted some inner growth to realize how many new people were on this list of correspondents, along with the old and cherished friends. A completely new segment of correspondents came into the picture with people from Prince Edward Island, Canada, the smallest of the ten Canadian provinces. This was in reply to a

plea from me for assistance in realizing a half century dream in the rather near future. This request was published in two of the Island newspapers, thereby yielding a generous new field of interested people from this land of my dreams. Among this special group from whom I anticipate some lasting friendships is a twelve-year-old boy, interested in an elderly woman's dream.

Even in correspondence it is impossible to please everyone; yet I try! For those candid family members who cannot stand my, as they say, going-around-you-know-whose barn to tell anything, I condense my often lengthy tomes into two or three terse sentences for their benefit, leaving the two or three pages of elaboration to those who can bear (and often commend) my loquaciousness.

Some exceptions to strictly personal letters in 1974 were those of commendation and "why-don't-you" to designated public servants. And some anonymous letters. The latter were not the "poison pen" variety, nor anything the postal authorities would frown upon, but were actually unsigned messages of praise or encouragement to people in varying states of mind, triumphant, discouraged, relaxed, or at their wit's end, on mountaintops or deep in personal valleys; people whom I respect even though they can't stand me.

The anonymity continued even though my signature graced the end of the letters written to people whom a national newspaper magazine, in its weekly plea, mentioned as desirous of receiving mail, which could mean the difference between prolonged despair and rising joy as they lie ill, often hopelessly crippled or damaged in some area. I have replied to these accounts of unhappiness and pain. Writing these particular letters creates an especially warm inner glow, inasmuch as you expect nothing in return. The response to these newspaper suggestions is overwhelming; sometimes as many as 40,000 pieces of mail to one person. I have never known one of these pleas to be disregarded.

Among life's tragedies are fractured friendships, so among my 304 letters were efforts to gather back some of mine that had "got away".

From this combination of typewriter, pen, paper and ink, stamps were licked to carry their loads to West Africa, Prince Edward Island, Canada, Washington, D.C., Germany, and twenty-six of the United States, including the four "New" ones — Hampshire, Jersey, Mexico and York.

No accounting for tastes, of course, but for me the corresponding habit is firmly entrenched, and having had an encouraging and friendly response, I will continue this project.



### Help the new bride start out right.

Any young bride would welcome a gift subscription to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine.

\$2.50 per year — 12 issues  
\$3.00, foreign subscriptions

**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



## KITCHEN CHATTER

by  
Mildred Grenier

**SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher and read the verse.

TOU ROF YRRAC EW ROLWD WE TI  
DNA GOUTRB SIHT GOINTHN SI TOIN  
NECAITR HOINTGN.

\*\*\*\*\*

Most of the big ones that got away were caught by the tale only.

\*\*\*\*\*

Even the littlest one in your family can come up with a welcome handmade gift for his dad. On your walks with him along country lanes or city parks, be on the lookout for the odd and interesting shaped rocks and pebbles that you can find. When you get them home, wash and dry thoroughly your collection. Next, have fun seeing how many animals or other objects the child can make by putting the rocks together. For example, a larger stone will make an animal's body, a smaller rock will make the head, and smaller pebbles may be used for ears, features, small legs and feet.

Buttons, shells, and discarded jewelry may also be used for more realistic effects. Or pieces of discarded felt may be used for ears, manes, features, etc. Yarn may be used for tails and manes. After the animal or animals are satisfactorily assembled, glue all in place with a good quality glue and allow to dry thoroughly. Features and other markings may be drawn in with felt-tipped markers. A coat of clear shellac may go over the outside, then the completed and very original paperweight is all ready to gladden Dad's heart on his big day.

If your child has only one original and interesting stone to use for a paperweight for Dad, he can decorate it in a variety of ways. Does he have a school picture of himself that he can glue to the top of the stone and cover with a coat of shellac? Perhaps he can find a short favorite poem, or proverb, or just a picture cut from a discarded card or a magazine — pictures of dogs or other animals, automobiles, or anything pertaining to a hobby of Dad's would be appropriate. Some children glue pretty colored marbles, coins, small flags, baseballs, bats, golf clubs or other trinkets to the top of the stones to make personalized gifts for their dads on Father's Day.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bottles and daubers from liquid shoe polish make good paint sets for the tiny tots. Wash bottles and daubers, fill bottles with water colors. The dauber is



James concentrates on his birthday wish while his mother, Juliana Lowey, and sister Katharine wait for him to blow out the candles.

easier to use than a slender brush, and less messy than finger painting.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** I Timothy 6:7: For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we carry nothing out.

\*\*\*\*\*



**PICKLES  
AND HOW TO MAKE THEM**  
Complete book tells you how to make your own pickles, sweets, dills, sweet & sour and more. Plus recipes for sauerkraut, mincemeat, and relishes. Everyone loves crisp delicious pickles.  
SEND \$1.00 TO: STREKLOF KITCHENS  
BOX 43  
BLACKWOOD, N.J. 08012

### FREE CATALOG!

Make \$25 to \$50 per hour selling our jewelry. Sell our exquisite lady's and men's jewelry that will make **BIG MONEY** for you! Write today for **FREE** full color catalog and **FREE** starting outfit. Heritage House, Dept. M1, 103 Goodhue Building, Beaumont, Tx. 77701



## Do You Live with the Ache and Pain of Arthritis, Soreness?

Hardly a day goes by that you don't see an ad to relieve the pain of arthritis, rheumatism, neuralgia, bursitis or soreness. Some are expensive drugs, some are simple ointments. Some are new, some are old. One thing they all have in common is that few of them help and that is sad!

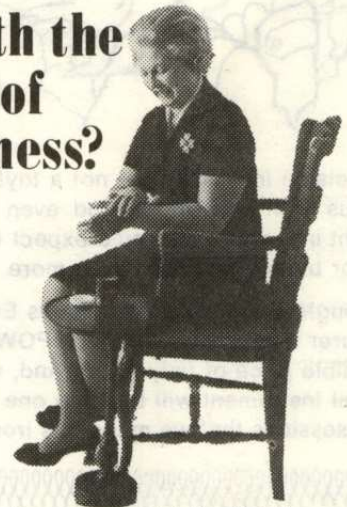
Let me tell you about the J. W. Gibson Co. For over 50 years we have been selling home products. Among these is one called "Icy-Hot". It was a good seller but it really didn't fit in with our other items so we tried to drop it from our line.

Arthritis sufferers from around the country wrote in begging us to continue selling "Icy-Hot". One lady sent us a blank check pleading that we send her a case! We were amazed and naturally decided to keep it in the line. If it is that good, we reasoned, we should make it available to more people. So, that's why we are running this ad.

Just what is "Icy-Hot"? Is it a pill? No! Is it a salve? Yes! So what makes it different?

Well, it contains an ingredient imported from South America. Without it, "Icy-Hot" won't do a thing!

Will it work for you? It is helping thousands of other arthritis suf-



ferers, so we think it will help you, too! Proof is in our high re-order rate!

If you will send us \$3.00 we will rush to you a 3½ oz. jar of "Icy-Hot" to try. If it doesn't help your arthritis or other aches and pains don't bother sending the unused portion back . . . that's too much trouble for you. Just drop us a note and we will return your \$3.00 by return mail. It's that simple! If "Icy-Hot" doesn't help your suffering, we don't want your money! Send \$3.00 for a large 3½-oz. jar or \$5.00 for a giant 7-oz. jar to:

**J. W. GIBSON COMPANY**  
Dept. K-21  
2000 N. Illinois St.  
Indianapolis, Ind. 46202



**Startling price break in scientific European optics!**

# ULTRA-POWER 50<sub>mm</sub> BINOCULARS

ONLY  
**\$5<sup>98</sup>**

USE THEM  
A FULL YEAR  
WITHOUT  
RISKING A  
PENNY!

## JUST CHECK ALL THESE PRECISION FEATURES:

- ✓ Distortion-free precision ground crystal lenses
- ✓ Wide field of view
- ✓ One finger focusing control
- ✓ Individual lens focus
- ✓ Instant eye-width adjustment
- ✓ Lightweight, rugged high-impact case
- ✓ Knurled controls
- ✓ Each bench-tested individually

### Just Great For:

football, baseball, horse racing — all sporting events. Perfect, too for the theatre, hunting, girl watching!

It is a precision instrument — not a toy! Just bring them to your eyes, focus with one finger, and even the most distant action jumps right into your lap. You'd expect to pay \$50, \$75, as much as \$100 for binoculars that do no more.

But we bought the output of a famous European precision optics manufacturer and offer the ULTRA-POWER 50mm binoculars for the incredible price of only \$5.98! And, we're so certain that this fine optical instrument will become one of your most prized personal possessions that we make this iron-clad *double guarantee*:

### DOUBLE GUARANTEE

**WITHIN 1 FULL YEAR**, if you don't agree that your ULTRA-POWER 50mm binoculars don't do what \$100 binoculars do, simply return them and we'll give you back your \$5.98, no-questions-asked.

**WITHIN 5 YEARS**, if anything whatsoever should go wrong with your ULTRA-POWER 50mm binoculars because of manufacturing defect, we'll give you a new one free of charge. That's how good they are!

### FREE if you act now:

Place your order right away and we'll include, free of extra charge, a set of 4 custom lens dust covers.

© 1975 ACI

**LIMIT: ONE TO AN ADDRESS**  
at this low price we expect thousands of orders. So, to avoid disappointing others, we can send only one to an address.

### MAIL NO-RISK COUPON

**AMERICAN CONSUMER Inc., Dept. BI-43**  
Caroline Road  
Philadelphia, PA 19176

Please send me one pair only (BI) ULTRA-POWER binoculars . . . \$5.98. I understand that if I am not delighted, I may return my order for a full refund of the purchase price (except postage and handling). Add 75¢ to partially cover postage and handling.

Total amount enclosed \$\_\_\_\_\_ (add sales tax where applicable)

Check or money order. No CODs please.

**CHARGE IT.** Fill in credit card information.

Master Charge ☐ BANK NUMBER

Credit card expiration date

Master Charge #  Bank

Charge #  Americard #

Name

Address

City  State  Zip

For Canadian Customers: T. P. Products, Box 1600 Station A  
Please send orders to Toronto, Ontario M5W1Y1  
(Ontario Residents Add Sales Tax).





It is doubtful that James Lowey could have been given a more exciting gift than this back-hoe tractor. His favorite playtime is digging and building in the backyard. Before he was three years old he could identify many machines and explain how they were used.

### THE PARENT'S PRAYER

I have a boy to bring up. Help me to perform my task with wisdom, and kindness, and good cheer. Help me always to see him clearly, as he is. Let not my pride in him hide his faults. Let not my fear for him magnify my doubts and fears, until I make him doubting and fearful in his turn. Quicken my judgment, so that I shall know to train him to think as a child; to be in all things pure and simple as a child.

I have a boy to bring up. Give me great patience and a long memory. Let me remember the hard places in my own youth, so that I may help when I see him struggling as I struggled then. Let me remember the things that made me glad, lest I, sweating in the toil and strain of life, forget that a little child's laughter is the light of life.

I have a boy to bring up. Teach me that love that understandeth all things; the love that knows no weakness, tolerates no selfishness. Keep me from weakening my son through granting him pleasures that end in pain; ease of body that must bring sickness of soul; a vision of life that must end in death. Grant that I love my son wisely.

I have a son to bring up. Give him the values, and beauty, and just rewards of industry. Give him an understanding brain, and hands that are cunning, to work out his happiness.

I have a boy to bring up. Help me to send him into the world with a mission of service. Strengthen my mind and heart, that I may teach him that he is his brother's keeper. Grant that he may serve those who know not the need of service, and not knowing, need it the most.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

There is an area west of our house that used to be an old hog lot when we bought the farm some 35 years ago. Not wanting a "hog wallow" that close to the house, the lot was allowed to fend for itself those first busy years. It produced thistles, milkweeds, great clumps of grass, many seedling box elder trees with a willow clump here and there.

When the children became old enough to join a 4-H club we urged them to take the home beautification project (I believe it is now called "Home Yard Improvement"). They enrolled and I think we must have, too, because we became as involved as they did in doing something with that old hog lot.

First, the woven wire fence and partially rotted posts were removed from around the lot. Then the volunteer trees and willows were removed with a great deal of work and the help of the farm tractor. A temporary electric fence was made around the lot and horses turned in to pasture. By early July the ground was bare and we plowed it, disked and harrowed the soil to a reasonably smooth surface. The 4-H'ers sowed the whole lot to grass. Each youngster chose a box elder seedling at the south end of the lot and these were allowed to grow for shade purposes.

Two years later, when the grass was well established and had been mowed innumerable times during the growing season, flower beds were laid out. Rectangular beds 2½ feet wide were dug up with a tiller. They were made along the east and west sides of the lot.

Toward the south end a large circle bed was marked out by placing a stick in the center and making a circle twenty feet out. Again the tiller worked up a 2½-foot strip leaving a horseshoe-like opening at the south end of the circle. Gradually, as the children grew older and were able to do the work, the lot was marked out with more beds and these were planted with annual flowers of many varieties.

The children are long gone from home now, but we maintain the beds each year. When any of them return for a summer vacation, they head for the old hog lot, happy that their 4-H club project is still thriving. Visitors from all over stop to view the garden, and local organizations — flower clubs, 4-H clubs, homemaker groups, senior citizens and study groups — come each year. If any of you readers ever come

through Eagle Bend, Minn., make it a point to stop by and see the flowers, chat a moment, and share refreshments with us. We'd be delighted!



### THE SMOKE HOUSE

Complete book tells you how to cure and smoke your own meats. Chicken, ham, bacon, sausage, fish and much more. Even shows you how to build your own smoker from an old refrigerator.

SEND \$1.00 TO: STREKLOF KITCHENS  
BOX 43  
Blackwood, N.J. 08012



## TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER

I don't have to tell you how much clothes cost these days. And that you'd better protect them and take care of them as never before.

But maybe I can give you some help on clothes care.

Like: keep 'em clean! Dirt wears out fabrics, provides abrasive action which chews up the fibers.

Keep 'em safe. Don't trust fine things to harsh chlorine bleaches. "Bleach rot" and discoloration can wreck a wardrobe (and a budget!).

Depend on Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Detergent and Kitchen-Klatter All-Fabric Bleach. The washday combination that's rough on dirt, gentle on clothes. And they're right . . . and safe . . . for any washable fabric.

### KITCHEN-KLATTER

Blue Drops Detergent

&

All-Fabric Bleach



## OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16", tall \$11.70 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$19.30 P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$25.80 P.P.

Catalogue 35¢

**EVA MAE** Doll Co., Box 331K  
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**  
ary and charitable expenditures for the year would be in the neighborhood of \$50,000. I showed bigger-than-life-size colored slides of all of the activities of the church over the past twelve months. The auditorium was packed to capacity for the affair, and there was a great feeling of Christian fellowship and good will. When it was all over, I went alone into our little prayer chapel and thanked God for the way He has blessed our witness in this place. Betty and I work as a team, and so much of the credit is hers. The Lord was good when He gave me such a Christian wife. I hope that all of you can meet her someday. I know she would love to meet you.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**  
tell you about them sometime when I have more space.

I'm glad I had this letter to write today because the emptiness and silence in this house is horrible. It's time to get supper now, and then I'll find something else to do this evening. In the morning we'll be back on our old routine. Until next month . . . .

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

## LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

the same observation, so I'm certainly not alone in my impression based on my two grandchildren.

What brings this back to my mind is something that happened on the morning when Juliana and the children left for Omaha to pick up their plane to Denver. Juliana said: "All right, kids, I've got my hands full, so James, you are to take full responsibility for your new birthday back-hoe and Katharine, you are to take full responsibility for your new tractor. If you arrive in Albuquerque without them it will be just too bad."

Katharine brought her tractor over and said: "Mother, is this metal or plastic?"

Juliana said that it was metal, and then Katharine said: "It means it has to go on the conveyor belt then, doesn't it, and I'll have to claim it at the other end." Juliana assured her that this was true since she would have to go through the metal detector. Well, both kids got to Albuquerque with their toys, but imagine a four-year-old knowing all about metal detectors, conveyor belts, etc. It boggles my mind just to think about it.

Mother is well and much looking forward to our summer company. In fact, all of us seem to be getting out of the woods after our various long sieges. I surely realize now that I'm a bona fide senior citizen that if you have your health you have just about everything. This is an old and trite expression, but it's the absolute truth.

I could write pages more but I'm just plain out of space, and so until next month . . .

Faithfully yours,

*Lucile*

## Where Rheumatism Pain Strikes



Rheumatic and Arthritic Pain can strike the joints in any of the indicated areas. (see arrows on chart)



## Puts Pain To SLEEP

Now for the first time, overnight blessed temporary relief from the pain of arthritis, bursitis, rheumatism, soreness, stiffness. Just rub

Icy-Hot's creamy balm over the affected joints or muscles, and you can actually feel the pain start lessening. Begin to sleep peacefully again. If you don't have relief in 24 hours we'll refund your money. Not available in stores. Send \$3.00 for 3½ oz. jar or \$5.00 for 7 oz. jar.

SEND ME ICY-HOT QUICK!

J. W. Gibson Co., Dept. 206  
2000 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Please rush ICY-HOT to me. I must be completely satisfied with the results or I will send you a note for a full refund. (I won't bother returning the unused portion.)

☐ I enclose \$3.00 for the 3½ oz. jar.  
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☐ Cash ☐ Check  
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"It is not the number of books you read . . . nor the amount of . . . conversation in which you mix, but it is the frequency and earnestness with which you meditate on these things till the truth in them becomes your own and part of your being that ensures growth."



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 25¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

August ads due June 10  
September ads due July 10  
October ads due August 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

### NOTE:

Effective, July 1, 1975  
Rate will be 25¢ per word.

**MANUSCRIPTS:** Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

**ZUCCHINI PINEAPPLE CAKE:** Moist, luscious; Plus Zucchini relish, bread, jam, salads, pickles, casseroles, pancakes. \$1.25. Addie's, 2670-ZKK Jackson, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

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**CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD . . .** gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

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**STUTTERING REVEALED!** Free fascinating details! Self-Betterment Publications, 1737-110-KK Whitley, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

**BOOKFINDER:** Van Treuren, 1950 Post-KK, Apt. 108. Send stamps for catalog. San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

**SAVE TIME AND TROUBLE.** The Comet Cutter replaces scissors. It glides through fabrics, vinyls, leathers, cardboard, aluminum foil, and paper . . . \$1.75. Kenneth Jenkins Gift Shop, 2340 West O, Lot 26, Lincoln, Ne. 68528.

**PATTERNS FOR FRUITS** and vegetable cloth potholders. 2 sets \$1.00. Pressed Flowers \$1.00 per packet. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, W. Va. 26624.

**COOKWARE — CUTLERY — WOODENWARE.** Send for free Catalog. Rex London, 232K Whitley Drive, Palo Alto, California 94306.

**DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT MAIN DISH RECIPES.** Grits Au Gratin from New Mexico. Surprisingly delicious and different and my own state winning scrumptious Town and Country Chicken recipe. Bonus coconut dessert recipe. Send \$1.00. Mary, Jay Gee Farm, Rte. 1, Box 61, Albany, Georgia 31705.

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**GRANOLA RECIPES** — Cereal, cookies, pies, bread and more. \$1.00 and stamp to Doris Prieto, Dept. KK9, Box 52C, Mohawk Star Rt., Springfield, Oregon 97477.

**GARDENERS** — grow the largest watermelon or cantaloupe you've ever grown, take it to the FAIR. Easy and fun. Also tips to rid garden of insects the natural way. Mail \$5.00 (cash or money order only) to: D. P. Gosney, 1625 B N.W., Miami, Oklahoma 74354, for immediate mailing.

**COOKBOOKS . . .** Sip and Chat, 500 recipes, plastic bound. \$3.75 postpaid. Mrs. Delores Muller, Wausa, Nebr. 68786.

**COLLECTOR'S PLATES:** Danish, Gorham, Hummel, Haviland, Imperial, Carnival, Others. Stamp for prices. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Ks. 66112.

**BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT FEATHER PINS** \$1.10; Pheasant Feather Neck Ties — \$6.50; corn-cob dolls — \$1.45. George Hohnstein, 137 East 4th St., Hastings, Nebr. 68901.

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**MAPLE APPLE PIE.** Requires no sugar. Easy to make. Delicious. 25¢ plus stamped envelope. Al's Mail Service, Atalissa, Iowa 52720.

**SECOND PRINTING OF CREIGHTON UCC and UMC Centennial Cookbook,** \$4.25 postpaid. United Methodist Women, P.O. Box 81, Creighton, Nebr. 68729.

**FREE CB RADIO CATALOG.** Pete's Radio Shack, 605 Jackson Street, Chillicothe, Mo. 64601.

**THE BREAD BOOK,** all kinds of bread recipes. Whole wheat, rye, oatmeal, black bread, just to mention a few. Also chapters on quick breads, and buns and rolls. Send \$1.00 to: Streklof Kitchens, Box 43, Blackwood, N. J. 08012.

**SAUCES AND DRESSINGS,** never a book like this before. Nothing but sauces, dressings, and toppings. All kinds of salad dressings that you make at home, barbecue sauces, ham glazes, even ice cream toppings. Send \$1.00 to: Streklof Kitchens, Box 43, Blackwood, N.J. 08012.

**LEARN HOW BOXTOPS BRING DOLLARS!!!** 60¢ sample; \$5 — 12 issues. TREASURE CHEST, Box 1132(KK5), New Brunswick, N.J. 08903.

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**FREE Guided Group Tours. AMISH FARMLANDS.** Cedarwood Restaurant, Jamesport, Missouri 64648.

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**MEDITATIONS MAKE LIFE EASIER.** Learn to tap your inner wisdom. Complete instructions. \$1.00 and stamp to Pete Prieto, Dept. KKM, Box 52C, Mohawk Star Route, Springfield, Oregon 97477.

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## 50 YARDS LACE \$1.25

**LACE-LACE-LACE . . .** 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, braids, insertions, etc. All beautiful colors, full widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double knit fabrics. Only \$1.25 plus 25¢ pstg., double order \$2.39 plus 35¢ pstg.

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NAME, ADDRESS, GOLD STRIPE, ZIP CODE  
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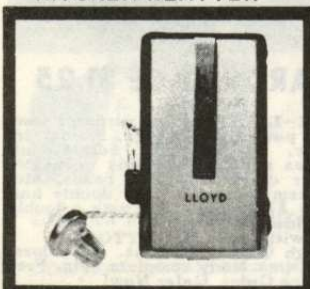


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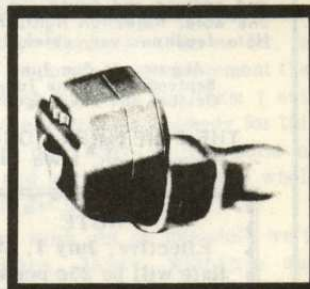
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