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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

These summer mornings the birds and I run a race as to who gets up first and starts the day. I'm not given to boasting, but I'm compelled to say that I beat the birds!

We have two tenants in our garden this year that we are enjoying tremendously — a pair of brown thrashers that built their nest in our Weeping Crab; it's supposed to be a shrub, but due to lack of proper pruning at the proper time it looks like a small tree. Anyway, we've had great pleasure observing them since we haven't had brown thrashers right at hand for many years.

I'm sure that my great interest in birds stems from dear Aunt Anna Driftmier. Long before people paid much attention to them she had a pair of excellent binoculars and good books devoted to the subject, so it was inevitable that we children took a lively interest. Brother Howard says that our back garden is the most wonderful place in this world to enjoy birds, and I guess he is right. Isn't this a tremendous blessing for someone wheelchair bound who gets out on only rare occasions?

Since I last wrote to you we have had a grand visit with Clark Driftmier, Abigail's and Wayne's only son. He was on his road back to Denver from the University of Illinois — Champaign-Urbana, and the reason for his trip there was to attend a tuba convention held at the magnificent Crannart Center for the Performing Arts. (I'm not a bit sure that I've spelled "Crannart" correctly because all of this was said in conversation.)

I told Clark that it was a blessing his father let him borrow the family car to make the trip because otherwise he would have had to buy two plane seats, one for himself and one for his tuba! The only instrument I can imagine more unwieldy to travel with is a harp — you'd have to buy THREE seats for a

harp. Fine and expensive instruments are carried in person and not shot down to the cargo section.

How much I enjoy my nieces and nephews! They give me a picture of the world today that I could never get otherwise. In view of the fact that Clark is an only son I asked him if his father had made his peace with the fact that in the forthcoming school year he would be entering Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio, to major in music — and specifically majoring in tuba.

Clark said with what seemed to me surprising maturity: "Well, he wants me to do what I want the most to do, and his only great worry is that I can't make a living with my tuba." And then: "With the world so terribly uncertain it may be that I can't make my living with the tuba and will be very glad to go back to Denver and help him with his nursery business."

When you have a family business it is the most natural thing in the world to hope that one of your children will have to and keep it going, but I've looked around me and seen many and many a family business where this simply didn't happen, so we just do the best we can when circumstances make us forego our dreams and expectations.

The next couple of months will be a period of coming and going for our family. As I told you last month, Juliana, James, Katharine, Isabel and Mary Lea are driving through to spend a few days with us, and of course I'm all geared up for this. I hope that on this trip Juliana will be in much better health and we can do some radio visiting with friends within the range of our voices. I asked Mother if she could come down and participate in a four-generation program because that will surely be something to save for the family archives.

Katharine Lowey (my only little granddaughter) was virtually mute when she looked at the microphones the last time she was here, but she has had her fifth birthday since then and seems very

much "grown up" when I've talked to her on the telephone.

That fifth birthday was quite an event! I called quite early in the morning just as she was beginning to open the big "birthday box" that I'd shipped out a week earlier, and thus hadn't gotten to the real jewel of a gift that she much admired in my house and said: "OH! It is more valubaler than anything else!"

Mother called her at a time when she figured the hamburgers cooked outside on the grill were going full force and everyone (about a dozen people) would be on hand but not yet eating. Juliana answered the phone and screamed: "Katharine, come quick, come fast. It's a long distance call for you!" Mother said she came "quick and fast" and they had a fine conversation. Katharine kept saying: "Oh, Granny Nanny it's been such a happy, happy birthday and now I'm five years old!"

One big project is underway at Juliana's and Jed's home and that is a major kitchen remodeling job. (I'm just so glad that I'm not there to fight my way around it!) I've wished for a long time that Juliana had a dishwasher since she does so much cooking and spends endless hours with her huge garden, so once they were hooked on to the city water system this became possible.

Well, when the contractor (someone Jed is well acquainted with professionally) came out and studied the situation he warned them that he didn't believe there was a single dishwasher on the market that would fit into the one and only area where it could be used efficiently. This was sobering news! A portable dishwasher was totally out of the question because of plumbing complications.

The upshot of the whole thing was that they had to tear out some of the existing cupboards and counter space and simply build an entire new section that would accommodate the dishwasher, and right now they are in the process of doing this. One thing struck me as peculiar. I'd always been under the impression that the counter space in Juliana's kitchen was very high and I found it difficult to work in it. The single greatest complication the contractor found was that the counter space was 3½ inches lower than the normal height, and thus the dishwasher couldn't be installed at all given such conditions.

Betty (my good friend and companion) had a wonderful day very recently when she boarded a chartered bus out of Shenandoah to see the Chinese exhibit in Kansas City at the Nelson Gallery. This fabulous exhibition was shown in only three cities in our country: Wash-

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## FREDERICK ANSWERS QUESTIONS

Dear Friends:

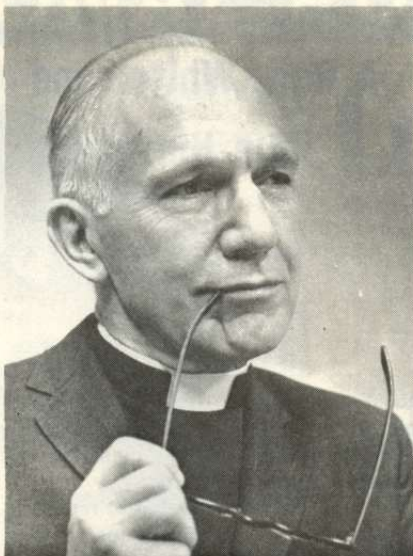
Talk about distractions! As I am trying to write this letter to you, an enormous helicopter is flying back and forth over the parsonage. It is making a terrible racket, and it is so low that it is blowing the branches of the trees in the back yard. I keep dashing out onto the balcony porch to see what it is all about, but I learn nothing. Just when I think it is gone for good, it returns and circles the house again. It could be from the air base a few miles distant, or it could be a commercial helicopter working on one of the new apartment houses downtown. Have you had an opportunity to notice how they use helicopters in the construction industry? It really is amazing how many tons of steel or concrete a big helicopter can lift with ease.

Yesterday Betty and I drove down to Rhode Island to visit her mother and father. They live in Florida all winter, and they do not come north to New England until the end of May. Although they have been home for several weeks, we have not had a day when we could both get away to visit them. Since church activities are now slowing down for the summer months, we finally did have a free day, and we chose one of the most beautiful days of the summer thus far. We took the back roads down through Connecticut, driving through miles and miles of apple orchards and forests. It was the kind of day and the kind of drive that prompted me to say more than once, "How could anyone ever move from New England to Florida with the idea of staying there the year 'round'?"

Mr. Julian T. Crandall, Betty's father, had just returned from a quick trip to Winnipeg, Manitoba, in Canada, where he had gone to receive a big award and tribute from the Canadian people. He was effervescent with enthusiastic descriptions of his trip and the warm welcome he was given. He was the guest of honor at a banquet where hundreds of people saw him receive the award that cited him as the man who had done more to encourage tourism in Canada than any other person.

It was Mr. Crandall who taught Betty and me and our children to love the beauties of Canada. You will recall that we spent fourteen summers at the Crandall summer home in Nova Scotia, and we are going to be traveling in British Columbia this present summer. A newspaper article quoted a part of the speech that my father-in-law gave in Winnipeg, and I want to quote here just a few lines of it. He said in part:

"Your Canada is Canada the beautiful. She needs no gilding of the lilies,



Dr. Frederick Driftmier, pastor of South Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts.

no padding of her testimonials . . . her rivers, lakes and ocean playgrounds have a natural scenic grandeur matched only by the volume and the variety of the pleasures they provide. Your majestic forests, plains and mountains are natural shrines that no man-made edifice . . . that no human endeavor can ever hope to duplicate. By any logical measurement, your cathedral of the great outdoors is the feature attraction that brings the visitors from near and far to worship at your shrine. You Canadians owe it to yourselves to be the guardian angels of that shrine. So please keep it clean and green."

In a few weeks we shall be flying to Vancouver and then on up to the Queen Charlotte Islands to luxuriate in some of that Canadian beauty. David will go with us, because this is a part of the world that he loves. These islands are forty miles south of Alaska and fifty miles west of British Columbia. They were discovered by Juan Perez in 1774 when the Spanish were trying to scare the Russians out of what is now Alaska, and this discovery actually made Perez the first white man ever to set foot on what is now property of British Columbia. I was surprised to learn this, for I had assumed that British Columbia was discovered by trappers and explorers going west across the mainland of Canada. We shall tell you

### COVER PICTURE

This is the newest member of our family, Julian Brase, Kristin's and Art's third son, and Dorothy's and Frank's third grandchild. He was exactly one month and three days old when Marge snapped this picture on the day they spent such a short, short time with us — and we were lucky to see him at all!

all about it when we get back in September. After crossing the Atlantic eighteen times on summer holidays I think it is about time for us to do a little more traveling on this continent.

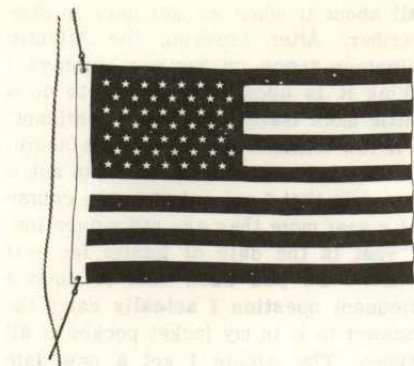
A few minutes ago one of the secretaries at the church called me to ask a question that I get asked in the course of a year more than any other question. "What is the date of Easter for next year?" Do you know that is such a frequent question I actually carry the answer to it in my jacket pocket at all times. The minute I get a new date book, I write in the date of Easter. You probably know how it is arrived at in the calendar computations. It always is the Sunday nearest the first full moon following the spring equinox. You recall that this year Easter came on March 30, and it will not come on that date again until the year 1986. From the year 1901 to the year 2000 Easter will occur twenty-two times in March, and seventy-eight times in April. The earliest it can be is March 23, and the latest it ever can be is April 25. Oh, yes! What is the date next year? Easter will come on Sunday, April 18 in the year 1976. I am happy about that, for I would much rather have Easter in April than in March.

Recently I received a letter from one of our friends in Lincoln, Nebraska, in which she asked a rather unusual question. She wanted to know what bit of verse or philosophy I most often used at funerals in addition to the usual readings from Holy Scripture. That was an easy question to answer, for I do have one quote that I use at many funerals. Actually, I keep a file of several dozen bits of poetry and philosophy upon which I draw for additions to my personal comments at funerals, but there are some that I use more than others. Here is one of my favorites. It was written by Rabbi Josha Liebmann of Boston.

"I often feel that death is not the enemy of life, but its friend, for it is the knowledge that our years are limited which makes them so precious. We are like children privileged to spend a day in a great park, a park filled with many gardens and playgrounds and azure-tinted lakes with white boats sailing upon the tranquil waves. True, the day allotted to each one of us is not the same in length, in light, in beauty. But whether our life is a long summery day or a shorter wintry afternoon, we know that there is enough beauty and joy and gaiety in the hours if we will but treasure them. Then for each one of us the moment comes when the great nurse, Death, takes man, the child, by the hand and quietly says: 'It is time to go home. Night is coming. It

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## A Red, White, and Blue Hurrah

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

Why not kick off your own little Bicentennial year celebration by planning a party cued to an American patriotic theme? It may be a patio or porch party, or perhaps you will round up some beach umbrellas to place among the lawn chairs in a spacious back yard. Any way you do it, it can be relaxing on a lazy summer afternoon or evening.

**Invitation:** You may prefer to telephone, but written invitations give a special touch, whether delivered by hand or through the mail. For each invitation, cut duplicates from white paper of an outline of a small map of the United States. Tie together with narrow red, white, and blue ribbon or yarn. On the front page inscribe the words "America, land that I love", or you may use a favorite patriotic quote. On the inside write the invitation in red ink: On July (day), this is the day we'll honor in our own special way America, the land we hold dear, now observing its Bicentennial year. Come and help us celebrate. (Time), now don't be late. (signed)

**Decorations:** If you have a porch with pillars or a railing, wrap with red, white, and blue streamers. Of course you will want to be lavish in the use of flags flying on top of the umbrellas, on top of a flower trellis, from every available improvised standard.

If in need of a *centerpiece*, use a flag (anchored with clay or to a needle point holder) in the center of a low arrangement of flowers in the patriotic colors. Another centerpiece idea is to use the American shield emblem (have two back to back). Swirl ribbons of red, white, and blue about the base of the shield to conceal the holder. Red candles in star-shaped holders would be pretty with this.

The American eagle has become a popular decorative item, so perhaps you have, or can borrow, one to use as part of your decorations. Another appropriate decoration would be a gay red drum with drumsticks. A child's drum would work fine, or perhaps you can make one from a round carton covered with crepe paper. Use a child's "Tinker Toy" stick for the drumstick.

Would you like to give favors? How

about tea wrapped in squares of clear plastic wrap and tied with patriotic colored ribbon to remind guests of the famous Boston Tea Party?

**Nutcaps** can be decorated to resemble miniature Uncle Sam hats, using construction paper for crown and brim, and gluing stripes on the crown.

**Entertainment:** If you have a record player, have patriotic background music or some stirring marches playing as the guests arrive.

**Sculpturing George:** This is a stunt to break the ice as the party begins. On a table have stretched a large piece of black material or paper upon which the profile of George Washington has been traced. Beforehand you will draw the same outline of the profile on a large sheet of posterboard and cut it into many pieces of all sizes and shapes. Hide the pieces around the party area. The guests are instructed to search the areas for the pieces of Washington's "missing statue". When a player finds a piece she brings it to the table where the outline is (after having written her name on the piece) and tries to fit it into position in the outlined profile. Often a player will have to wait until others have placed some pieces before she can find where hers belongs. She cannot find another piece until the first is in its proper place. When all the pieces are in place, the person who has her name on the most pieces wins the prize — a small bust or picture of George Washington.

**Inventors of America:** Did you ever think how strange our conversations would be if the inventions of famous American inventors had been named for the person who invented them? See if you can guess what the capitalized inventions were.

1. Mary would get more housework done in a day if she weren't spending so much time on the BELL.

2. The pretty new secretary complained that the boss's son had kissed her in the OTIS.

3. When John was told that Jane had been unable to contact him in person, he replied, "I was trying out my new WRIGHT."

4. I do think that one of the most

pleasant trips a person could have would be a FULTON trip.

5. One of our presidents was fond of relaxing in a BEN FRANKLIN.

6. When Jim asked Mary to the ball, she told her mother, "Thanks to my HOWE, I intend to be the belle of the ball."

7. Hoover is quoted as wanting a "chicken in every pot", but the younger generation today all want an EDISON at hand.

8. At most summer lawn parties lemonade or punch are the thirst quenchers, but now and again someone may say, "Down in the WHITNEY country we like mint juleps."

Answers: 1. Telephone — Alexander Graham Bell; 2. Elevator — Elisha G. Otis; 3. Airplane — Wright Bros.; 4. Steamboat — Robert Fulton; 5. Rocking chair — Ben Franklin; 6. Sewing machine — Elias Howe; 7. Phonograph — Thomas A. Edison; 8. Cotton gin — Eli Whitney.

**History in the Bag:** Divide the guests into several small groups. Give each group a paper bag in which are several articles, each bag having a different assortment. Ask each group to work out a skit, using the assortment of articles in their bag, each assortment being made up with some historic American event in mind. For example: a bag with a man's hat, a coat, a toy horse, and toy lanterns would help dramatize "Paul Revere's Ride". Make up assortments for "Betsy Ross's being assigned to make the American Flag"; "The Boston Tea Party"; "Signing of the Declaration of Independence"; "Astronauts Walking on the Moon" (this will challenge your imagination! — maybe you provide spaceships and rockets made of cardboard cartons, space helmets of foil, etc.); for the "Battle of Lexington" you might provide the paper cockade Minutemen hats and red ones for British soldiers, and some pieces of boards to make a miniature bridge for the mock battle. This can be loads of fun if imagination is given free reign.

**Who?** Hold up various objects and have guest guess what famous American they call to mind:

1. Apple — Johnny Appleseed. 2. Rail fence — Abraham Lincoln. 3. Phonograph record — Edison. 4. United States Flag — Betsy Ross. 5. Lantern — Paul Revere. 6. Cigarette holder — F. D. Roosevelt. 7. Feather quill (pen) and paper — Jefferson, author of Declaration of Independence. 8. Pillbox hat — Jacqueline Kennedy. 9. Kite — Ben Franklin. 10. Hatchet — Washington. 11. Picture of George Washington — Dolley Madison, who saved a famous portrait from burning in the White House during

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# A Bouquet of Roses

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson



There used to be a fictional character called Pollyanna. She was a little girl who always looked at life through rose-colored glasses, and came to be known as "The Glad Girl". No matter how bad the situation she could see the bright side of it, and always insisted that nothing was as bad as it appeared to be.

Today we need a great many Pollyannas — or else we need a great many pairs of rose-colored glasses. No matter which way we look, people about us are wearing dark glasses to protect their eyes from the glare. But let's not put on mental dark glasses as well, so that we see the world we live in as a shadowy and gloomy place.

All of us have a different outlook. It comes from the way we have been brought up, our background, the trials and troubles we have had and how we have met them. Some people are always gay; some are always sour faced and miserable. Things are never right. But Pollyanna had a way of making the most terrible things that happened seem not so bad after all.

It's that thing called viewpoint. I suppose we see what we are looking for both in people, circumstances and events.

I have a friend who grows very beautiful roses. She told me that not too long ago she went to visit a friend of hers who was ill. The friend never felt too well, and thought that life had treated her unfairly because she had such poor health.

Sue went out early in the morning and picked her most beautiful roses, fresh and still covered with drops of dew to take to her friend, thinking they would help brighten her day.

She said she went into the house expectantly, thinking how much her friend would enjoy the lovely bouquet of roses, and handing them to her, said, "Aren't they beautiful?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but they have so many thorns."

Sue said she didn't know what to say in answer to that. She couldn't understand how anyone could look at that

lovely bouquet and ignore its beauty because of the thorns.

Too many of us are like that. We don't appreciate the good and the beautiful, because we see the ugly side of everything. Too often we are blinded by our thinking only of ourselves and our own selfishness, so that we do not see the good in anyone or anything. We feel sorry for ourselves and are unhappy because we don't have as much as our neighbors, as much money, as good a house, or as nice a car. We can't go on trips and see the world with all its marvelous cities, mountains and places of historical interest. We read in the magazines about people who have gone here and there and are resentful. We are tied at home with responsibilities, lack of money, or perhaps ill health so that we cannot make those trips, even if we had the money or the time. Maybe we can't do all the walking that is required, or don't have the endurance to travel far, or have the good eyesight to see all the things with which we might come in contact. But there is much at home, in our own back yard, if we would just look for it.

If we would try being Pollyannas for a little while we might be amazed at what we can find at our own doorstep. Instead of being like the woman who couldn't see the glorious beauty of the bouquet of roses because of the thorns, we might find life very different.

And certainly our friends would find us different, too. This thing called outlook is so important in life. We are here. We don't know how long we have to live. We don't know the troubles which may befall us or those we love. The thing to do is to put away our mental dark glasses which see only the bad and unpleasant things. They make us fear the unknown and expect the worst. And when we stop looking through them, things will be different. We will have a more cheerful outlook.

A pair of rose-colored glasses will work a miracle in your life. And you will be like that little girl who walked through the stories with her glad smile and expectancy of happiness. The cre-

## THE SONG OF THE DIAL

The Dial faced the summer sun,  
The garden blossomed all around;  
If happiness could bless the scene,  
I felt that here was holy ground.  
After I heard the chime of bells  
And caught a glimpse of gleaming  
towers,

And all the while the Dial sang,  
Until the dell with echoes rang,  
"I only count the shining hours."

And as the years go fleeting by  
And locks of brown are flecked with  
gray,

And shadows loom across the rim  
Of what was once a perfect day,  
There swings a cadence through my  
brain,

A cadence born of sun and flowers,  
When all the dell enchanted rang  
With that dear song the Dial sang:  
"I only count the shining hours."  
—Anonymous

## MY FAMILY

I have a great big family,  
It's such a dreadful care!  
From early morn to evening,  
I have no time to spare.

Now there's my boy doll, Charlie,  
He always runs away.  
An hour, at least, I hunted  
For Charlie Boy, today.

The twins, Marie and Mary,  
Black Joe, and Sailor Jack,  
Are sure to get in mischief,  
If I but turn my back!  
Mabelle, my Paris dolly,  
Is such a vain young girl;  
She always wants new dresses  
And her hair kept all in curl.

Here's Pearl, my poor lame dolly,  
Now since she had that fall,  
I have to tell her stories —  
I get no rest at all.

Then Aramina's nervous,  
And little baby Ruth  
Just cries and frets and fusses,  
She must be cutting a tooth!

Sometimes I really wonder,  
Oh, will my hair turn gray!  
But still, I love my children,  
I couldn't give one away! —Unknown

ator of Pollyanna gave a wonderful character to the world. The little "Glad Girl" found life was wonderful. She believed people were gracious and loving, and the world a shining place.

I'm bringing you a bouquet of roses to put on your table, and please, please, look at the beauty of the pink, yellow, red and white blossoms, inhale their fragrance, and do not look for the thorns down underneath.

It is a beautiful bouquet to brighten your day.



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It is such a wonderful feeling to sit down at the typewriter and be able to start my letter with the fact that all of the corn on our farm was planted before the 20th of May, something that hasn't happened for several years. We were afraid it would be June again this year because of the long wet spring, so maybe this will be a good year for those of us with bottom ground. We surely hope so.

Frank is getting along very well. Of course his arm is still in a cast, but since his tractor has power steering he was able to disc and harrow one field and get it ready for reseeding. I help him grease the machinery and hitch it to the tractor, and he can do the rest. When he gets ready to mow hay, one of the men will come over to help him put the mower on and change the sickles when they get dull, but I really enjoy working with him around the machinery.

When I was a young girl it was unheard of for a woman to be a mechanic so this kind of work never entered my head, but if I were young today, I think I would truly enjoy it. Whenever my car has to go into a garage for repairs I must drive the mechanics crazy because I like to watch what they are doing, and ask a million questions.

We had such a nice weekend visit from Mother, Margery, and Oliver when they came up to help celebrate my birthday. It was warm enough that we could eat our first meal of the season on the porch, which Mother really enjoyed. It was her first trip to the farm in two years, but she couldn't believe it. I keep a diary, so it was easy for me to prove it. She is so comfortable in her own home where everything is convenient for her, that we can understand why it is simpler for her not to make the effort, but it is good for her to find out once in a while that she is still able to spend a couple or three days away from home, and good for her to get away for a change of pace. The 125 miles to our house is just far enough for her to ride without tiring, so we hope she will do it again sometime this summer.

As many times as Oliver and Marge have visited us for weekends, we have never taken the time to drive around some of the lovely country roads in our



We couldn't miss an opportunity to get a four-generation picture when Kristin arrived with her baby Julian last month. With her are her mother, Dorothy Johnson, and her grandmother, Leanna Driftmier.

neighborhood, that wind around through beautiful timberland. Through the years Mother has ridden over these roads at all seasons, and she said she would rather stay at home with Frank while we took our drive. The two roads we took were beautiful this spring, and are always spectacular in the fall. I love their names — Rabbit Ridge and Swede Hollow.

In my last letter I mentioned that our wild turkey hen was setting. We don't know how many eggs she has under her and we don't dare disturb her, and Frank has never been able to catch her off the nest. I think she must get off to eat and drink very early in the morning, probably about daybreak. The eggs have begun to hatch, at least we have seen one little turkey poult. Frank would love to get her and the babies into a pen of some kind so she would have a fighting chance of raising her babies without some animal's killing them, but we haven't figured out how we are going to get this accomplished. Her nest is in a most inaccessible place.

Our Muscovy duck has her nest in the chicken house, and she really hisses at anyone who comes too near. Our white duck, one of a pair our friend Gerald Griffiths gave us last summer, is setting in the wash house. Every evening before dark these two ducks come off the nest and make a beeline through the air for the bayou. They make lots of racket diving, splashing, and swimming around for five or ten minutes, and then they walk slowly back to their nests. It is fun to watch them.

Marge took some pictures of the front porch with my wind chime collection,

and if she got anything worth showing, we'll try to have some in the magazine next month. The newest addition to my collection was a birthday gift from my friend Peggy Dyer. It is a large ceramic owl, very heavy, and I told her husband he is going to have to be responsible for hanging it for me since Frank can't, and I don't have any hooks strong enough to hold it. He promised the next time they came down from Des Moines for the weekend he will bring all the necessary equipment to do the job. Marge got a picture of this wind chime, too.

Juliana and Jed are taking a course in archeology this year, and she told me over the phone the other day she is anxious to come to the farm this summer and take some close-up pictures of some of Frank's Indian artifacts to show their instructor. I told her we had some she hasn't seen yet. Peggy went hunting the other day and found some perfect points like nothing we ever found, and hopefully Juliana's teacher will be able to give us some information about them.

Frank got out a couple of times to hunt for morel mushrooms, and found enough to have a few good meals while they were fresh, and freeze a few. Our friends Walt and Iola Grimm from Kanawha, Iowa, wanted to come and hunt for some this year, since they have neither seen nor tasted them, but when it was time for mushroom hunting, the men were finally able to get into the fields, and were working day and night getting the crops in, so they didn't get to come. I promised Iola that if we found any I would freeze enough so they could have a good taste whenever

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## A BUSY SUMMER SCHEDULE FOR THE STROMS

Dear Friends:

What a surprise it was when Lucile called me at the office one day last month and asked, "Marge, could you line up your work so you could leave town for a few days?" I thought for a second or two and replied, "If I can have the afternoon to finish the project I'm working on, it would be possible. What's come up?" She went on to tell me that Betty had just received a phone call from one of her daughters. There was illness in the family and she was needed in Minneapolis. Lucile knew Betty shouldn't start out on such a long drive with an uneasy mind, and it would be a tremendous help if I went along to do the driving.

Since many of my departures are made on short notice, I have developed a habit of keeping clothing *always* ready to go. It doesn't take long to pack my suitcase and be on my way. I've been able to leave in a half hour on occasion! And one blessing I have that many *don't* have is family at hand to look after my husband. When I called Mother about the unexpected trip, she said Oliver could eat his meals at her house, and with other members of the family living close by, he certainly would be well fed in my absence.

I was unsuccessful in reaching our son Martin in Maple Lake, Minnesota, but did contact our friends in New Brighton, a suburb north of Minneapolis. I knew I could land there if they didn't have other company in their guest room. The Hausers are very close friends of the three of us, and their home is almost a second home to Martin.

Betty and I arrived in the Twin Cities in late afternoon. I finally located Martin at the church and he said he'd be driving into the city on Friday so could pick me up then. This gave me a day with the Hausers before I left for Maple Lake for the weekend.

As you'll recall, Oliver and I had been there only two weeks before to attend our son's installation and ordination service. There was so much going on those few days that our time with Martin was very short. A return visit gave me an opportunity to visit, get a better look at his situation, to chat with his new friends and to attend one of his worship services again.

Not knowing how long I'd be there, we didn't make plans ahead — just took a day at a time. Betty kept me posted on how things were going at her end, and when there was an improvement in her daughter's condition, we struck out for home.

We stopped in Faribault on the return



Martin Strom, studying at the desk in his temporary living quarters (a mobile home) will be moving into his new parsonage by the end of summer.

trip to look at the woolen mills and buy a few "seconds" in blankets at the factory store. This is something I've wanted to do for years. There are other towns on this Shenandoah-Minneapolis run that I'd like to see, so perhaps I can take in another one on the next drive north. I don't know when that will be, but hopefully Oliver and I can go up later in the summer or early fall after Martin's new parsonage is completed.

We're going to be in the midst of some construction on our own home this summer. I think I mentioned about a year ago that we hoped to build a new garage, but couldn't decide where to build it. We don't have an easy situation as our lot is a triangular one. The front of the house faces one street, and the rear faces another. The large yard runs out to a point where several streets merge.

The first plans we worked on had a breezeway and garage in the big side yard, but now we've decided to build on the other side of the house. Besides putting up a new garage, the kitchen will be lengthened, and the back porch will be removed and replaced with a new larger one.

Before arriving at these plans, we gave serious consideration to moving into a different house — one that already had a nice garage, a more convenient kitchen and a pleasant, roomy back porch. But when it came right down to leaving our home of almost 25 years, we couldn't bring ourselves to make a change! In spite of the fact that this house is a very old one (built in 1898), and still has some undesirable features, we decided to continue work-

ing away at remodeling and STAY PUT! It's HOME!

One of the organizations I belong to had a club trip to wind up the year's meetings. The committee made advance reservations for a luncheon at The Lodge in Steinhart Park in Nebraska City, and a tour of "Wildwood", an interesting old home located nearby. This home, built around 1870, has been beautifully restored and refurnished with items of the period. It is now a registered historic landmark. You might jot this down as a place to visit, along with Arbor Lodge, the J. Sterling Morton home, when you visit Nebraska City, Nebraska. And be sure to check on arrival to see if Steinhart Lodge is serving luncheon that day.

Dorothy will be telling you about our weekend at the farm, but I'd like to mention that Mother, Oliver and I thought it was one of the most delightful weekends we'd had this spring. The weather was beautiful and the temperature just right for eating on their lovely screened-in porch — not too cool and not too warm.

Wayne and Abigail have been working long hours in their nursery. Denver had late storms which delayed the planting season, but when it started it made up for lost time. Only a shorter planting season did mean longer hours, so son Clark and daughter Alison pitched in to help their parents in the frenzy of waiting on lines of customers as quickly as possible. I believe Wayne said Alison's husband Mike had been helping out, too, after work and on weekends.

As soon as things eased up, Clark  
(Continued on page 18)





## Flowers Are for Arranging

by

*Fern Christian Miller*

If you enjoy growing flowers, you will soon find yourself cutting blossoms for colorful bouquets to add beauty to your house interior. The art of flower arrangement is many centuries old. The Chinese and Japanese, especially, are known for their simple classic designs made with stems, leaves, and flowers. It is wise to start with the simplest arrangements.

Personally, I arrange flowers for my own and my family's enjoyment rather than for ribbons at flower shows. But, I must admit, I love to wander through a big flower show and study the works of art these hard-working garden club women, and men, have created with the bounty from their gardens. You can easily see that specific fundamentals of art have been followed. Harmony of line, of color, and a suitable container all play a part. Read all you can find about this art, but don't allow all the rules to spoil your fun in the gathering and arranging of your flowers. Be inspired by all the beauty in the world about you, and use this joyous experience as a new way to express yourself. Once started, you will learn by doing. Then, if you wish, study all those magazine articles and books about this fascinating art. The authors may not completely agree, but you can learn from each, and, after some practice, settle on your own specific style.

First grow long-stemmed annuals and perennials suitable for cutting. Flowering shrubs and trees are delightful also. But if, for any reason, you can't have your own flower garden, take a walk in the country or woods and gather suitable material for arrangements —

flowers, branches of leaves, seed pods, berries, cones, bits of evergreens. What you gather will depend on the season. Also gather interesting lichens, moss, shells, bits of bark or weathered wood, interesting stones, twisted twigs, etc. Learn to study things with a seeing eye, and create beauty for different seasons and occasions. Sometimes fruit and leaves make an attractive late summer arrangement. Autumn leaves, nuts, acorns, and gourds make an autumn centerpiece.

Since I love to garden, I grow many blossoms suited to cutting for arrangements. Sometimes I even use stems of ground-cover plants, such as vinca, sedums, and ivy for greenery. Some of the hardy ferns are lovely in bouquets. Maidenhair fern is delightful with roses. Flowering shrub branches are always lovely in spring. The hardy bulbs of spring have blossoms that need other greenery with them. Choose a simple vase, and try your hand with daffodils and forsythia.

If you have neither a garden, nor an opportunity for a country walk, what then? The greenery of some house plants can be used, and there is always the florist if you can afford it. (I refuse to consider the plastic flower arrangements we see so abundantly in the florist shops, in the big dime stores and other places in the same category, with arrangements of living material. I agree they are colorful, and some quite artistic and pretty. But I love change, and of course these are not true living arrangements.)

Collect your vases and other interesting containers, and various types of holders, such as crushed chicken wire, pin holders of different sizes, florist's clay oases, tape, a sharp knife, sharp knife, sharp scissors, small pruners, fine wire, etc. Mechanical aids should always be hidden by the arrangement, but almost anything that will hold your flowers and foliage in place to achieve the harmony of line you are working to achieve can be used. Sometimes with a tall wide-mouthed vase you can best use live plants to hold the long-stemmed flowers in place, such as bunches of shrub twigs and leaves, evergreen sprigs, ivy or ferns. Fill the vase with these. Add your water; then place the tall blossoms in the most graceful positions. They will stand where you wish, and won't tumble over and lean on the edge of the vase.

Color is important in flower arranging. Use the magic of color to create an interesting harmony that fits the decor of the room in which this bouquet is to be used. Color should be used as a spur to the imagination. It should cause you to have a more "seeing" view of the rich, living forms of nature. We all know the beauty of

holly sprays at Christmas, or bouquets of sweet-scented purple lilacs with their own heart-shaped leaves in May, or the brilliant gaiety of a country woman's large bouquet of zinnias in August. A bowl of forced hyacinths in pastel shades on a lace paper doily with red candles and a big red heart makes a valentine table charmer. A big old brown crockery cookie jar filled with brilliant marigolds is a reminder of the abundance of August. Use your own imagination, and start simple.

When you gather flowers or foliage for arrangements, plunge them into a shallow container of water, and, if possible, keep in the shade out of the wind until they can be arranged. Early morning is the best time to gather flowers; late evening is second best time. If possible, gather them freshly opened or half open, or in buds showing color. As you arrange them, clip off bits of the stems slantwise with a sharp knife. Woody stems should be split up half an inch or so to help them absorb more water. A bit of charcoal in the water, and if you wish, a little tablet of commercial "no-wilt" preservative, will retard bacterial action for a little longer. Add a little fresh water each day if you do not wish to disturb your arrangement by changing the water completely. Take out any blossom or bit of foliage that wilts. Now, get busy and have a gay time arranging flowers for your home!



### GARDENER'S QUIZ

1. What vegetable is named like a national holiday? (Fourth of July sweet corn)
2. What vegetable is known by the name Tiny Tim? (Tomato)
3. What vegetable has the same name as an Indian tribe? (Cherokee beans)
4. What vegetable is named like a holy city? (Jerusalem artichoke)
5. What two varieties of squash are named like royalty? (Table Queen and Table King)
6. What vegetable reminds you of winter? (White Icicle radish)
7. What vegetable is named like the largest state? (Alaska peas)
8. What vegetable is named like a garment worn in summer? (Bermuda onions)
9. Name a rose that all people hope for. (Peace)
10. What late president has a rose named as a memorial to him? (John F. Kennedy)
11. What flower reminds you of a well-known sport? (Football mums)
12. What flower is mentioned in a well-known hymn? (Lily of the Valley)

—Mrs. Howard Dean



## Flowers Are for Sharing

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

A lovely green lawn, accented with the bright color of blooming flowers in borders and beds, is truly a vision of loveliness and a joy to the beholder. But I'm not content to leave all my posies "on the bush" just to look at; I like to pick 'em, too! Of course that means I have to raise more so that I have enough to pick to my heart's content, and still have a beautiful garden; but aren't flowers to enjoy?

I enjoy them best when I'm picking them to bring indoors to grace a particular nook or table, or to try in some unusual container, or to enhance my choicest heirloom; or, when I give them away to my friends, share a choice rose with a neighbor, use them on the altar of my Sunday school classroom or carry to a friend's sickroom to bring cheer and color.

I think it all started back with my earliest memories of Mother, whose greatest delight of the summertime was her flower garden corner of the big farm garden. There, each spring, she hoed and raked the plowed soil to almost velvet smoothness, gently marked the shallow rows with the hoe handle and planted her annuals. Then carefully, with her fingers, she covered them, lightly patting the soil around the tiny seeds. You knew she did it with love because her hands were as gentle as they were with her babies. In deeper furrows went the rows and rows of "glads", and there were great clumps of dahlias in her garden, too.

Then when they bloomed! She literally gathered them by the basketful to carry to the little country church to make of it a bower on Children's Day, for Homecoming, or just for the regular Sunday service. She even thought the boards used in the "stand" for the ice cream social needed the decorative touch of some of her garden bouquets. New babies in the neighborhood were given her special welcome of a dainty nosegay of sweetpeas, or forget-me-nots, baby's breath, and bachelor's buttons. Old friends called to their Heavenly Home rested easier because of Mother's "pillow" arrangement of moss roses, larkspur, and sprays of maidenhair fern on the casket, or so their families thought.

If she called on a sick friend, or visited a neighbor, always she carried a bouquet in her hand. When her friends called to see her, they were sure to leave with their arms full of posies. No use to remonstrate, to say, "Oh, you



This interesting arrangement of Bird of Paradise and Anthurium came by air from Hawaii. Lucile enjoyed their long-lasting blooms for several weeks.

shouldn't pick so many," or "But that is your only orchid dahlia!" "The more you pick them, the more they bloom," Mother would say. "That's what flowers are for — to share, so people can enjoy them wherever they are."

So I go snipping among my blossoms, always looking for a striking color combination, or something special for Mother Brown's Wedgewood pitcher, or a half-open rosebud for my favorite crystal bud vase.

What a delightful challenge it is to try to find "just the thing" to show off the century-old brown stoneware apple butter jar! You can't imagine what an eye-stopper it is to see the big pitcher of Grandmother's white china bowl and pitcher set filled with tall spikes of pink "Rose Spire" glads. The florets are the exact shade of the pink in the dainty floral spray on the pitcher and bowl.

The old-fashioned annuals — zinnias, asters, marigolds, petunias, and larkspur, to mention a few — are never prettier, I think, then when arranged in containers right off the kitchen shelves. The dark green china tea pot, the brass tea kettle, the deep yellow mixing bowl, a "bronzy" brown casserole — they make my fingers itch to get that certain flower combination in them! With so many container possibilities and just "loads" of posies, I can have a new arrangement every day.

Yes, flowers are for picking and sharing. Excuse me now, please. There goes my little neighbor lad, home from the park. He loves to pick a bouquet to take to "Mummy", so I must go and help him. Come along to the garden. Wouldn't you like a bouquet of these new powder puff asters?

Happiness does not come from external things. It has to come from within, from doing whatever you can to the fullest extent of your ability for the benefit of your fellow man.

## Class Reunions -- They Can Be Fun

by  
Virginia Thomas

The following ideas are offered to take a big worry off your mind if you are on an alumni or class reunion committee — or, if plans haven't been started already, to inspire you to rustle a group together and get such an event underway. My, but they can be such memorable events, and so much fun!

Of course you won't want to follow every suggestion, but choose the ones you think will appeal to your group, get some committees busy, dig out old annuals and school papers, and you're set for a wonderful time.

Class reunions are certainly "memory time", when we love to recall the past and live again in "those days of yore". Of course one of the first things to do, after rounding up names and addresses (the school records, the local paper, relatives and friends will help on this), is to decide if (in the event this is to be a class reunion) it will be a picnic, an evening dinner served by some organization, or a dinner held at some restaurant. Some groups even make such an event a weekend affair, especially if it has been many years since they were together. In the latter case, some meals may be picnics, perhaps a breakfast in some local person's home, and a formal dinner.

Nothing will get a reunion off to such a hilarious start as to haul out copies of the old school paper, the school annual of your particular high school days, old photograph albums, trophies, autograph books.

The planning committee can use these to get ideas for entertainment decorations — in fact most people think they have more fun poring over these old books and reminiscing as they plan than in the actual event itself.

How about secretly rounding up the original members of a school quartette or other music group, garb them in costumes appropriate to their day, and have them do some numbers on the program? The old memory books will give you ideas for vocal soloists, instrumentalists, and others who can help turn back the clock to those bygone days.

Perhaps you have several cheerleaders in your group. Could they do a few yells (in costume) to liven up the party? Is it an "oldie" class when the girl basketball players wore the old black bloomer outfits? Think of the laughs if some of those appeared on

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## HAPPY 200TH BIRTHDAY

by  
Evelyn Birkby

"Occupational hazards" are inherent in any job we may have, both volunteer or professional. One I had not anticipated when I accepted my most recent opportunity is the hazard of getting fat!

Just this evening I attended a marvelous fried chicken dinner served by the American Legion and Legion Auxiliary of Tabor, Iowa. This was a fund-raising dinner for their local Bicentennial observance. As Fremont County Bicentennial Chairman I was invited.

It was a most enjoyable dinner. The decoration committee had covered the tables with rough, homespun, tan burlap. If they weren't honest-to-goodness gunnysacks they certainly looked like them. A green strip of crepe paper down the center of each table made a road. On the road were oxen and covered wagons cut out of plywood. These were held upright by grooved wooden blocks. Behind each wagon came several cleverly made spool animals.

The food was great: fried chicken, scalloped potatoes, baked beans, cabbage slaw and rhubarb cobbler. It was an excellent collection of American food.

In quick succession have come other dinners in other communities with two big Fourth of July picnics soon to add to both my enjoyment and my girth.

My work on the Bicentennial happened so fast it seemed incredible! I had gone to a county historical meeting for Fremont County on a cold, gloomy March day, never dreaming that by the time the meeting was over I would have been selected as county chairman.

It took me two days to conjure up enough courage to tell Robert what I had done. When I finally told him I had accepted the chairmanship of the county for the next year and a half, Robert laughed and assured me that since we would not be around for the next century's birthday of our nation, it was great to get involved in this celebration.

The ensuing months have been busy and happy. The moment our committees began functioning and information came our way we discovered that much groundwork had already been laid for our work. Now we have twelve communities in Fremont County that are having a marvelous time with projects of many different types. The basic foundation of the Bicentennial is broad enough to touch the interest of almost every one.

It has been a bit difficult to realize that we are really into the Bicentennial right now. Somehow my mind was geared for 1976, not 1975. It did not take long to discover that the organization and implementation of ideas



Governor Robert Ray of Iowa welcomes Evelyn Birkby as a member of the Iowa American Revolution Bicentennial Commission.

takes time. The Midwest, we discovered, is far behind the East Coast in getting organized and working on our nation's birthday party.

One very fine example of the value of getting into high gear is the parade float which our county commission decided to use as one of the *Festival* projects. The high schools in our county were approached to see if the art departments would like to prepare a float design to enter in a county-wide contest. The deputy director of the state Bicentennial commission was the judge. When the winning float was announced (it happened to be the Sidney Community School Art Department), the young people who had entered the design offered to build it.

That offer was snapped up immediately!

Now the float is built of durable, weatherproof materials and is strikingly beautiful. Artistic and carefully executed, it has already been used in one community parade and is scheduled for at least six in the next two months. Plans are to use it throughout the county all through 1976 as well.

One other comment — the American Revolution started in 1775, so our observance of that part of our history, plus the birth of our free and independent nation did stretch over a considerable length of time.

When one door opens onto new experiences it is surprising how often other doors and other opportunities can open as well. Several weeks after I began

working on the Fremont County Bicentennial Commission I received a call from the office of the Governor of Iowa. The call was to inform me that I had been appointed to the Iowa State Bicentennial Commission. An invitation to be present at the signing of Iowa's Bicentennial proclamation was included.

The first trip to the state capitol was a most exciting one. I flew there since time was short. That in itself was an event, for flying does not come easily to me. (Robert gave me great comfort by assuring me that never, to his knowledge, has an airplane run into a mountain anywhere in the state of Iowa!)

Meeting the other members of the state Bicentennial commission, seeing the beauty of the capitol building and the governor's office and having the opportunity to meet and visit with Governor Ray were the high points of the day.

The first commission meeting I attended was held in the conference room for the Iowa Supreme Court. That was a door never open to me before. The second meeting was held at Salisbury House in Des Moines. A tour of this beautiful mansion was conducted before the business of the day began, which proved to be another new and tremendously worthwhile experience.

So far I've made new friends in small churches, large churches, schoolhouses, museums, cemeteries and the front steps of courthouses. I've met more Kitchen-Klatter listeners than I can count! The observances being held in connection with the Bicentennial have provided me with a marvelous opportunity to reach out to people I could never possibly have known otherwise.

The family is enjoying all this activity as much as I have been. Jeff and Craig were home for a time and participated in several of our community projects. Craig was my escort one evening and did not even object to putting on a Revolutionary enlisted man's uniform for the occasion. Jeff helped with some of the Sidney projects and Bob wore a 1776 schoolmaster's outfit on one of the local floats recently.

Robert doesn't mind the activity swirling around the household as long as the food from his prolific garden is cared for in proper manner, so I try to get that done in good order. After all, even during a time of celebration one must feed the family! When Bob returns to the University of Arkansas for his Master's tests the end of this month, it just may be Robert that gets to dress in the schoolmaster's outfit and be my escort for a time!

Wishing you all a very happy 200th birthday celebration, also.

### THE AMERICAN WAY

What this country really needs is for us to stop calling it "this country" — for us to begin holding it in our hearts and speaking fondly of it as "*our country*". It is not just *any* country. It is a very *special* country. . . It is *our* country — ours, to love and to cherish; ours, to seek in every way to better — ours, to defend and to strengthen.



## MARY BETH TELLS ABOUT PAUL'S EXCITING EVENING

Dear Friends:

The house is extraordinarily quiet this morning except for the inordinately crashing sound of the electric typewriter keys as they throw themselves up and smash onto the platen. Goodness, I never knew this machine was so noisy.

The reason for the high degree of silence in the house is that Paul made his big bash debut last night at the junior-senior prom. He is now pounding his ear, still deep asleep after having been out the latest in his young life. Sleeping late at our house is a rare treat.

I've always seen the prom activities of buying clothes from a girl's point of view. I was raised with a sister, and never in my life considered that boys did anything except buy a dark tux, arrive at the appointed hour with a corsage for the lady, and whisk off for a glittering evening. Well, I was in for several stunning revelations this year when our man-size boy started his preparations. First of all, boys don't buy tuxes, but rent them. They are prohibitively expensive and terribly subject to changes in style. Gone are the black, somber, conservative tuxedos or tails. One has a choice of color, fabric, matching vest, ruffled or plain shirt, and of course, shoes. All come for a set packaged price.

Paul asked me several weeks ago what color I thought he should rent, and I thought, well, black, of course. He gave me a reply that was courteous but which nevertheless carried a tone with it of a realization that I was 40 years beyond being able to help. I, too, realized that although I consider myself not yet out of it with the girls, I certainly was over my head in this area.

He and his father went into Milwaukee one evening after school several weeks ago, on their own, and took care of ordering his clothes from collar to cuff links to shoes. He is too tall to have had a choice of every style, but his final choice was extremely handsome. He had to get a 38 extra tall and 13½ D shoes, which I think he was lucky to find all in one store. Before next year, when he is a senior, I am sure he will need a size taller, so I'm grateful he didn't have to buy this costume. He chose grey with grey velvet trim and a grey velvet vest. I prayed it would be cool with the velvet vest, and as luck would have it we got a cool evening.

I have never seen a boy so excited. I never knew boys got excited about dressing up! He and his sister Katha-



Donald is up to bat in the faculty-senior baseball game held the last week of school. The faculty won, much to the chagrin of the students.

rine went to Oconomowoc to pick out a corsage, which is no longer a corsage, but a nosegay of flowers which the girl carries in her hand all evening, no small trick when one dances, but then these days they never touch one another, so I guess her hands aren't busy anyway. He took great pleasure picking out the flowers he wanted in the nosegay, and on the day they had to be brought home from the florist he nearly pestered me to pieces lest I forget, and go after the flower shop was closed.

The day of the dance he manufactured jobs to keep himself busy, because he was sure the time was going to drag interminably. He washed the car in which he was going to take his lady, without being driven to it. I couldn't believe this new side to our son. He didn't even protest the fact that his sister Katharine was going to be playing the part of "Charlotte Chauffeur", I think he was infinitely relieved that neither his father nor I would be pressed into service.

Although he is old enough to be licensed to drive a car according to the state's decree, he has not been able to attend the state-required driver training classes which are held at the district high school 15 miles from our school each afternoon during the academic year. As a result he was at the mercy of others for his driving, and all of us were grateful that Katharine was on hand to do the honors. This was especially true since the dinner and dance were being held at a new hotel a good 30-minute drive from our house, and the party after the prom was at still another home, which was a 15-minute drive in another direction, but, thankfully, on the west side of the city, as

we are. Poor Katharine put in many hours behind the wheel that evening, and in a driving rain, too. She was busy putting together a dress, so with the sewing machine she was able to keep awake and busy.

I remember my mother's being awake and knowing when I came home when I was dating, so I never pressed my luck with being late, but I am no such mother. I have often considered that something must be lacking in my composition, because since these kids were babies and slept through the night the first time, I, too, have slept through the night. I did rouse when Katharine left to pick them up from the prom, and I noticed the rain, but I also knew she was a reliable driver, so I turned off my mind and went to sleep. Later I heard her moving around the house, and when I spoke to her sleepily in the hall she had been to pick them up, brought them home, waited while they changed out of their formal clothes and into comfortable casual sit-on-the-floor-type clothes, driven them to the post-prom hostess's home, and was now ready to snatch a few hours' sleep before they were ready to come home. I figured out the mileage Katharine put in between seven o'clock and three o'clock the next morning as close to 150 miles. Ah, the joys of living in suburbia! Ah, the joys of being 19 years old, too, and not minding the interrupted sleeping hours.

Paul took a neighbor girl as his date, who has been a pal of Adrienne's since we first moved into this neighborhood. She is a tall, slender blond with long straight hair, and I could not have asked for a nicer young lady to accom-

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# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### DENVER CRUNCH

#### Crust

- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup butter

Mix like pie crust until crumbly. Press in 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees until brown. Take fork and crumble into small pieces. Reserve 1 cup for top and put rest in pan.

#### Filling

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 pkgs. whipped topping mix, prepared
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling

Cream cheese; add sugar and beat till fluffy. Add prepared topping mix and flavorings. Put half of this over crust in pan. Spread pie filling over this. Put remaining cream cheese mixture over pie filling. Top with reserved cup of crumbs. Refrigerate.

This is also delicious made with blueberry pie filling and Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring. —Lucile

### MARSHMALLOW DELIGHT SALAD

- 1 5-oz. jar pimiento cheese spread
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 #2 can pineapple tidbits with juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 lb. miniature marshmallows
- 1 pkg. whipped topping mix

Combine pimiento cheese spread with dressing. Stir in pineapple juice. Add pineapple tidbits and flavoring. Fold in marshmallows. Prepare whipped topping mix according to directions and fold into mixture. Spoon into pretty salad bowl. Chill overnight. Serve directly from bowl. The marshmallows help firm this mixture but it does not set up as firm as a gelatin salad would.

A delicious and easy-to-make salad.

### SKILLET RICE & CHICKEN

- 1/3 cup oil
- 1 cup uncooked long grain rice
- 1 cup diced cooked chicken
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 2 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup coarsely sliced celery
- 2 slightly beaten eggs

Heat oil and add rice; cook until rice is light golden brown, stirring frequently. Turn heat down low and add chicken, salt, soy sauce and broth. Cover and cook until rice is tender, about 20 minutes. Add onion, green pepper and sliced celery and cook 5 more minutes. Remove cover and push the rice to sides of skillet leaving space in center. Add the eggs. When eggs are almost set, stir into the rice mixture.

—Margery

### RAINY SUNDAY SALAD

- 1 17-oz. (1 lb. 1 oz.) can spiced light seedless grapes
- 1 13 3/4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups fruit juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped

Turn the grapes and pineapple into a colander — press juice out of the pineapple before you add the grapes.

Dissolve gelatin in fruit juice that has been brought to a boil. Add lemon flavoring. When beginning to thicken add the fruit and fold in the whipped cream.

NOTE: I was alone here one rainy Saturday and didn't know what to do with myself, so I went to the kitchen and made this up to share with Mother and Ruby for their Sunday dinner.

—Lucile

### ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

- 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 medium zucchini, sliced
- 1 large onion, thinly sliced
- 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. oregano leaves
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Put 1/2 cup of the bread crumbs in the bottom of a well-greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Layer the zucchini, onion and tomatoes in that order on the crumbs, using about half of each vegetable for each layer. Sprinkle each layer with the salt, pepper and oregano. Top with the remaining bread crumbs and dot with the butter or margarine. Bake uncovered in a 350-degree oven for about an hour or until tender. Serves 4 to 6 people. —Mae Driftmier

### CHICKETTE

We have a friend in Hays, Kansas, to thank for this recipe, plus the molded salad, and she sent a note of explanation.

"Mrs. George Docking (wife of the Governor of Kansas) served a luncheon to the wives of the state legislators.

"Her menu was *Chickette, Molded Salad*, asparagus served with lemon butter, relish tray, spiced fruits, hard rolls with butter, and fresh strawberries in meringue shell."

- 1 1/4 cups tiny macaroni rings
- 4 cups diced cooked chicken
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 1/3 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/3 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese

NOTE: The original recipe called for dry spaghetti, but we had the tiny macaroni rings in the house and wanted to try them. We cooked them in the chicken broth. Also, the original recipe called for 1 3/4ths cups of cooked chicken, but we had exactly four cups and wanted to go ahead and use it.

Mix all of the ingredients together; turn into a buttered casserole and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

This is a marvelous chicken dish; fine for the family, for company, or to take to a covered dish luncheon.

### MOLDED SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups boiling water
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. water

Dissolve gelatin with above ingredients, and when beginning to congeal add:

- 1/2 cup thinly sliced small sweet pickles
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Our friend in Hays says: "This salad is unusual and has always been well received when I've served it. I like to make it when we're having ham."

—Lucile

### OVEN CHEDDAR CHEESE EGGS

- 6 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Combine all ingredients and pour into ungreased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 325 degrees until eggs are set — about 25-30 minutes. Serves six. —Margery



**CHEESE POTATOES**

- 4 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 3 Tbls. chopped parsley or parsley flakes
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- Dash of paprika
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Lay a strip of aluminum foil on a cookie sheet. Turn up edges. Place potato slices in center of foil. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over potatoes. Fold ends of foil and seal tightly. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Test for doneness with fork thru the foil. Cut top of foil and roll back. Place on a plate and serve.

**JELLIED BEET SALAD**

- 1 1-lb. can diced beets
- 1 cup beet juice
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 2/3 cup orange juice
- 2 Tbls. cider vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. grated onion
- 1 Tbls. prepared horseradish (or more)
- 1/2 cup carrot, shredded
- 1/2 cup celery, finely diced

Drain juice from beets. Heat 1 cup of the beet juice to the boiling point, remove from fire and dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add orange juice, vinegar, salt, grated onion and horseradish. Cool the gelatin until thick and syrupy. Add drained beets, carrot and celery. Turn into mold and chill until firm. —Margery

**FROZEN CABBAGE SLAW**

- 1 medium head cabbage, (about 5 lbs.) grated
- 1 cup carrot, grated
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard or mustard seed
- 1 green pepper, diced
- Celery and onion, if desired

Combine grated cabbage, carrot and salt. Mix well. Let stand 1 hour. Drain excess water off, but keep moist. A little salt is good. Combine sugar, vinegar, water, celery seed and mustard. Bring to boil and simmer 1 minute. Pour over vegetables and mix well. Add diced green pepper, diced celery and onion if desired. Spoon into freezer containers lightly — do not crowd. Freeze.

When ready to use, remove from freezer and place in refrigerator to thaw to keep crisp. This will keep several days in refrigerator. A delicious way to freeze cabbage. —Evelyn

**MINNEAPOLIS MEAT LOAF**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt

**Topping**

- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1 Tbls. mustard

Mix meat loaf ingredients together and place in baking dish. Combine topping ingredients together and spread over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 60 minutes.

—Margery

**GOOSEBERRY SALAD**

- 1 #2 can gooseberries, undrained
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup pecans
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

Combine berries and sugar; heat to almost boiling. Add hot water to gelatin and *when cool*, add berries, flavoring, nuts, celery and cheese. Let set in refrigerator.

—Lucile

**APRICOT DESSERT BARS**

- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Cream together the butter or margarine, butter flavoring, and sugar. Sift together flour, salt, soda; add to creamed mixture. Spread 3 cups of this crumb mixture into an ungreased 15x10x1/2" baking pan. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) 10 minutes. Spread with Apricot Filling.

**Apricot Filling**

- 2 cups dried apricots
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 3 1/2-oz. can (1 1/3 cups) flaked coconut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Place apricots in saucepan; cover with water. Cook covered, till most of the water is absorbed. Stir in sugar and cook until thick. Cool. Stir in coconut, coconut flavoring and nuts. Spread over baked layer. Sprinkle the remaining crumb mixture over the apricot filling. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool and cut into small bars. Makes about 5 dozen bars.

—Ester Mae Cox

**ONE-STEP POUND CAKE**

- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1 8-oz. carton black cherry yogurt (or 1 cup dairy sour cream)
- 3 eggs (3/4 cup)

Combine in large mixer bowl. Blend at low speed; then beat 3 minutes at medium speed. Pour into well-greased and floured 12-cup bundt or tube pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 60-70 minutes or until it tests done. Cool upright in pan for 15 minutes. Remove from pan. Cool. Glaze with favorite frosting or sprinkle with powdered sugar.—Dorothy

**SUPER STEAK**

- 1 1-lb. round steak, cut into serving pieces
- 2/3 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. onion powder
- 2 tsp. parsley flakes
- 1 egg
- Milk
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained

Mix flour, salt, onion powder and parsley flakes together. Beat egg with fork. Dip meat (slightly salted) into egg; then roll in flour mixture. Fry until done to taste. Remove from pan. Pour remaining flour mixture into drippings. Add enough milk to make gravy to desired thickness; add mushrooms. Serve gravy over the meat. —Margery

**FLUFFY LEMON REFRIGERATOR DESSERT**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- Pinch of salt
- 3/4 cup hot water
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk, chilled and whipped
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs

Combine gelatin, honey, salt and hot water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add cold water, lemon juice and lemon flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Whip well-chilled evaporated milk until peaks are formed. Whip syrupy gelatin mixture until fluffy. Fold in whipped evaporated milk. Whip with beaters if desired to fluff up as much as possible. Sprinkle half of the graham cracker crumbs in bottom of 9- by 13-inch pan. Spoon lemon dessert over crumbs. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top of dessert. Chill until time to serve. —Evelyn



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### FILLED ANGEL FOOD CAKE

- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 3/4 cup seedless raspberry jam
- 1 cup frozen prepared topping (like Cool Whip)

A few drops red food coloring

- 1 baked angel food cake, cut in three parts

Combine gelatin and cold water and dissolve over hot water. When dissolved, stir in jam. Chill, then add topping to which food coloring has been added. Whip and spread between layers and top and sides of cake.

—Margery

### FRUIT SYRUP OR ICE CREAM TOPPING

- 1 3-oz. pkg. fruit-flavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients in saucepan. (Use same kind of fruit flavoring as gelatin is flavored — for example, if you use cherry gelatin then use Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring.) Boil over medium heat, stirring, until thick. Serve warm over pancakes, waffles, French toast, etc., or use as an ice cream topping. Leftover syrup may be refrigerated. It will become firm when refrigerated, so warming it may be desired before using.

—Evelyn

### FROZEN PUMPKIN-ICE CREAM SQUARES

- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
  - 1/4 cup sugar
  - 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
  - 1 1-lb. can pumpkin
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. cinnamon
  - 1/4 tsp. ginger
  - 1/8 tsp. cloves
  - 1 qt. vanilla ice cream, softened
  - Whipped cream and pecans (optional)
- Mix crumbs with sugar and melted butter or margarine. Press in bottom of 9-inch square pan.

Combine pumpkin with brown sugar, flavoring, salt and spices. Fold in ice cream. Pour into crumb-lined pan. Cover; freeze until firm. Cut into squares about 20 minutes before serving. Top with whipped cream and pecans if desired. Makes nine 3-inch squares.

Or make graham cracker shell in 10-inch deep dish pie pan and pour in filling. Freeze and serve in wedges with whipped cream and pecans. —Margery

### COCONUT CUSTARD PIE

- 4 eggs
- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup flour
- Dash of salt
- 2 cups milk
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Put all ingredients in a blender and blend well. Pour into a greased and floured 10-inch glass pie pan. There is no crust as it will form its own. Bake at 325 degrees until it tests done.

### ORANGE SALAD

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Few drops (about 2) yellow food coloring

- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 cup pineapple tidbits
- 1 cup chopped cabbage

Mix gelatin, sugar and salt. Add 1/2 cup of cold water. Heat, stirring, to dissolve gelatin and sugar. Stir in 3/4 cup of cold water, orange juice, lemon juice, vinegar, orange flavoring and food coloring. Chill until syrupy; then fold in oranges, pineapple and chopped cabbage. Chill until firm.

### SUMMER VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 8 small new potatoes, scraped
- 8 baby carrots, scraped
- 1 small cauliflower, broken into flowerets
- 1 cup fresh or frozen peas
- 2 cups medium white sauce (see below)
- 3/4 cup coarsely grated Cheddar cheese

Chopped parsley

Cook the vegetables in a minimum of boiling salted water until tender but still crisp — just short of done; potatoes alone, carrots and cauliflower together, peas alone. Arrange in a casserole.

Make a smooth cream sauce of 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, 3 Tbls. flour, 2 cups whole milk, and seasonings to taste. When thick, stir in cheese until melted.

Pour over vegetables in casserole and bake 15 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, or until bubbly. Sprinkle parsley on top before serving. Serves 4. —Dorothy





## Cheers and Tears

by  
Betty Downs

The phone rang. The voice of the social worker asked, "Would you keep an eleven-month-old girl while her parents are in the hospital for a few weeks?" Would we! This was the call we had been anticipating. At last, our first opportunity to be foster parents. Much thought and preparation had gone before this moment.

What is a foster parent? What are the qualifications of a foster parent? Could we qualify for, and do, this good work? What is a foster child? Where do they come from, and why? "Foster" is defined as to nourish, cherish, sustain; to keep with care and promote the welfare of; to hold dear; to harbor or give shelter to. Natural, or one's own, parents are usually willing and able to do this for their children. Sometimes, however, this is impossible for parents, due to physical or mental illness or maybe due to abnormal behavior or the health of the child. Other times a family may be separated or unable to function because of inability or unwillingness, prison terms, abandonment, desertion, neglect, or abuse. The children of these parents are placed with substitute, or foster, parents.

Qualifications and standards for foster parents and homes vary according to time and place. Basically, you must be interested in the welfare of children and love to work with children. Experience raising children of your own is helpful, but not a necessary requirement. Your own children must also be considered when you make this decision. Are they willing to share you and your time as well as their home or even their rooms? Many problems can arise because of conflicts between foster children and your own children.

We gave these matters much careful thought and consideration before applying for foster children through our county Division of Family Services (formerly called Division of Welfare). Application included the usual paperwork, interviews, physical examinations for both parents, and inspection of home facilities. After approval we were licensed, then anxiously waited

to be needed.

In two short years we have had the phone ring several times, and have accepted seven different foster children. Yes, there have been some that we couldn't accept, too, usually due to lack of space. Our foster children have ranged in age from newborn to sixteen years, and stayed from only nine days to about two years now. This time has been filled with good days and bad, successes and failures, and cheers and tears. Tears when you watch teenagers buying and wrapping Christmas presents for the first time. Cheers when the next Christmas their selections improve and decisions come easier. Tears watching a hungry child get "filled up". Cheers watching table manners improve. Tears and cheers both over a first prayer, a Bible verse or lesson learned, a report card from school, bed-making efforts, first steps after corrective surgery, and much, much more.

There is no official training program in our area, but some places do provide, and require, training courses. In recent years those involved with foster care have formed organizations at local, state, and national levels. The main purpose of these organizations is to improve foster care. Education is the big task, and these groups are a tremendous help in providing educational materials. The experiences and ideas shared with others are invaluable. We have gained a great deal from associating with other foster parents. At our monthly county meetings we learn from lectures, films, tapes, tours, and discussions.

"We couldn't give them up," is the statement we hear most from others. Of course, it isn't ever easy, but your main concern must be for the child. What would have happened to them if it weren't for you? In some circumstances children are placed in foster homes permanently; then you have to "give them up" only when they are grown and able to care for themselves. You have to learn to "let go" of your own children as they grow up, too.

## "MAKE MINE VANILLA!"

by Virginia Thomas

"I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream" when it gets hot and sultry. In fact, we Americans are great ice cream eaters any old time of the year. We manage to stow away about 700 million gallons a year, which will average about 16 quarts for every man woman and child in the U.S. That's licking a few cones!

Ice cream isn't anything new in taste treats, nor is it an American invention. The Roman emperor, Nero, loved ice cream so much he would send his fleetest runners to nearby mountains to get snow. Fruit juice was added, and the result was a delicious "ice".

When Marco Polo went to China along in the 13th century, he brought back a recipe for ice cream. Ice cream came to America with the early pioneers. George Washington doted on it and had two freezers installed at Mount Vernon. It was served often to his guests.

It was the lively and beautiful First Lady, Dolley Madison, who first served the delicious concoction in the White House in 1809.

The first ice cream factory in the United States was started in Washington, D.C., in 1851, but thousands and thousands of gallons of the grand old hand-freezer kind continued to be "wound up" annually for many decades. Today they tell us that once again the home freezer is in demand, only with an electric motor instead of the hand crank, and the cream comes from the corner store.

It was at the great Exposition in St. Louis in 1904 that the American public was introduced to the ice cream cone to become a "licking good" success!

The owner of an ice cream parlor in Ohio invented ice cream (chocolate coated) on a stick and then put venders out on the streets with it and soon their tinkling bells were a signal in cities all over the U.S. for kids to come a-runnin'!

In flavors vanilla ranks first, chocolate second, and strawberry third.

Now that you have your ice cream freezers out of the cupboard and in use, we thought you would appreciate a little history of this popular dessert.

You may request only permanent, only temporary, only girls, or only boys, or specify age group, handicapped, or other special children. Be prepared to change your mind though, because it is difficult to say no, and refuse to care for a child who needs you. Whatever your desire or situation, there could be a child just right for you. If you can help just one child through this difficult time, it is definitely worthwhile.



# Clothing is expensive!



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## 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.

THARW EB POUN EY OG ROUY TON  
WOND GANYR TON DNA HET SNU  
NSI TEL

The foolhardy motorist battling for his "rites" often gets them.

For drum cakes to serve at patriotic Fourth of July parties, bake your favorite cake or cake mix in well-oiled one-pound fruit or vegetable cans. When cooled, remove from the cans and cut crosswise in cylinders to resemble drums. Ice in red powdered sugar frosting and use the same kind of frosting in white to make the lacing around the drums and the band around the top and bottom. Peppermint sticks of candy may make drumsticks for the drum. Serve with peppermint flavored ice cream and a red fruit punch.

You may like to try firecracker sandwiches for an Independence Day party. Trim the crusts from fresh slices of thin-sliced bread and spread with a soft filling as deviled ham, chicken salad, pimiento cheese, egg salad filling. Roll up to resemble a firecracker and secure with a toothpick. Tint softened cream cheese with a few drops of red food coloring. Spread over the firecracker sandwich. A toothpick stuck out one end will make the fuse for the firecracker.

A go-getter is a gent whose shoes

are repaired sooner than his pants are patched.

"Waffle Butterflies" are ideal to serve when your daughter's slumber party guests finally wake up for breakfast — or for any breakfast of the year, for that matter! Break the round waffle in half and place the two halves, curved sides together, on the plate to resemble butterfly wings. On a skewer place alternate cubes of pineapple, ham, banana, cheese, etc. Place between the wings to resemble the butterfly's body; a raisin on the end of the stick with two shreds of coconut stuck into it make the butterfly even more realistic. You may daub the butterfly with dots of bright-colored fruit jelly for a jeweled, decorative effect on the wings; or serve with a favorite flavored syrup.

Any woman who wants a little time to herself has only to start doing the dishes.

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** Ephesians 4:26: Be ye angry, and sin not; not the sun go down upon your wrath.

## CHRISTMAS IN JULY

by  
Grace V. Schillinger

For a unique summer meeting for your church women, try Christmas in July!

Choose an orphanage or school that your church is helping this year and ask each member to bring a gift-wrapped package, labeled whether for a boy or girl and the approximate age group. How thrilled the youngsters will be to receive a special gift when it is unexpected.

A women's society in northwestern Illinois tried this idea and it worked so well they're going to make it a yearly event. It was held in the home of a country member. Her husband cut a Christmas tree from their own lot. Tree decorations came down from the attic, and the house was decorated just as if it were Christmas. Christmas records were played softly during lunch time.

One young woman remarked as she was leaving, "Seems like I should see snow on the ground instead of these hundreds of summer flowers!"

The program hour was filled with reminiscing about Christmases the women remembered back in their childhoods — their first dolls, church programs, memories of their families. How enriching it was to share these experiences.

"I think I'll remember this Christmas in July as one of my outstanding Christmases," one woman said.

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Edward May and Norman Kling.

Both of these men have a great deal to do with our daily Kitchen-Klatter radio visits.

Ed May (to the best of our knowledge no one ever calls him Edward) is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Earl May and, upon his father's death, succeeded him as president of the May Seed and Nursery Company.

Norman Kling is one of the two radio engineers (both of them employed full time at KMA) who has turned up here faithfully every other week to do the work involved with our Kitchen-Klatter program. Never once in all of these many years has he, or Ralph Lund (the other engineer) ever failed to show up

right on schedule. In case they have an emergency we adjust to their problems, and in case we have an emergency they adjust to our difficulties. It's surely an agreeable working arrangement.

Norman and his wife, Margaret, have three children, all now married and gone from home. Their two grandchildren come to visit as frequently as circumstances permit.

Norman has rounded out 25 years with radio station KMA and this picture was taken to mark the occasion and to receive a handsome watch, a tradition with the May Seed and Nursery Company when their employees have been with them for 25 years.

## FUN FOR THE CHILDREN

Playing store is something most children like to do. Save up empty cartons, sacks, boxes, etc., for that day when the children come in and say "What can we do now, Mom?" Like magic you will have the things at hand to "stock" their play supermarket for hours of fun. If you keep this in mind, you can be more careful in opening cereal boxes and other food packages, so that the containers will be the better for the play market. You can even get your lawn tidied up, if you show the youngsters how they can tie up bunches of long grass, certain weeds, etc., for the "fresh vegetable" section!

Taking a trip with the children? Tuck in a small blackboard and chalk. The children can sketch scenery they see or play some games on it.

An assortment of cookie cutters and small gelatin molds and crayons can

entertain small children. They can trace around the cutters or molds, and then color the design. They might trace the designs on construction paper and cut them out. These construction paper designs can be strung on thread to make what our children called "flut-teries".

Probably the most inexpensive play equipment, yet something that provides the most enjoyment, is to allow the children to dress up in old clothes that adults have discarded. Little girls are especially thrilled if the play gear includes some old long formals, gloves, hats, shawls, etc. But boys will find it good fun, too, if plenty of old ties, men's hats, vests, goggles and old shoes are included in the playclothes box. Be sure to take snapshots of the children dolled up in their finery as they'll become precious in years to come.

Finger puppets can prove most enter-

taining and are easy to make. Let the children cut pictures of people from magazines or mail-order catalogues. If very tall, fasten to a backing of construction paper (smaller figures won't need this). Cut strips of paper long enough to go around the finger with extra for lap over. Glue a figure to the center of each strip of paper. Now fasten the ends of the strip together so it can be slipped over the finger. The children can put on little plays.

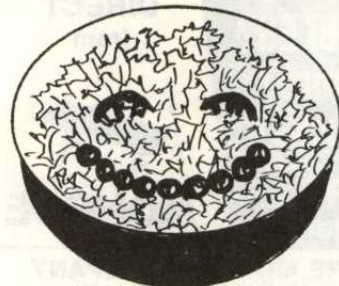
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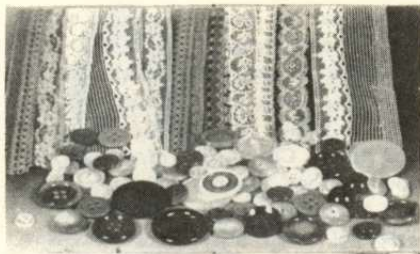
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Her notebook is full of ideas and suggestions heard over our daily radio visits.

Tune in each weekday to one of the following stations:



KTAV-FM Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial — 11:15 A.M.  
KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.  
KMA Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.  
KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.  
KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.  
KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.  
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.  
KSI Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.  
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.  
KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.  
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.

### DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

they were able to come to our house.

This is the way I freeze them, and they are delicious. After they have been cut in two and washed well, I drain them on paper towels until the water is all absorbed. I dip each piece in beaten egg with a little milk, roll in cracker crumbs and put on a cookie sheet or a broiler pan and put in the freezer. When they are frozen, I remove them from the pans and put them in plastic bags for storing in the freezer. When you want to eat them, have your skillet and fat hot, and drop the mushrooms in and fry until golden brown and done. DO NOT LET THEM THAW BEFORE COOKING or you will have a skillet full of mushy mushrooms that do not taste good.

There are many other things I wanted to tell you, but I have used up my allotted space for this month, and they will keep until next month, so until then . . . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

### MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

left for the University of Illinois at Champaign to attend a national tuba convention. He drove his parents' car so that he could make some stops in Iowa to visit relatives after the convention. Driving straight through to Iowa City, he spent an evening with

our cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband Clay, then stopped by the farm in Lucas to visit Dorothy and Frank. Around five o'clock on Sunday afternoon he arrived in Shenandoah to spend a couple of days with his Granny Driftmier and his aunts and uncles before continuing on to Denver.

Wayne and Abigail usually try to take a little trip into the mountains to catch their breath after putting in such long hours during spring and early summer, but we haven't heard any definite plans as yet. A lot will depend upon when daughter Emily arrives from her long trek home from Brazil where she has wound up her work in the Peace Corps.

Oliver and I are leaving shortly to fly to Boston to attend an international convention in relation to Oliver's work. After the meetings there we're planning to spend a few days with Frederick and Betty, so I should have lots of interesting things to tell you when I sit down at the typewriter next month.

Sincerely,  
Margery

### CLASS REUNIONS — Concluded stage.

Perhaps in your day various classes or groups put on assembly skits. How about having such a skit on the program?

By all means dig out the class prophecy and the class will have them read — they're sure to be a laugh riot!

Decorations can feature the class motto and the class flower. If your class is remembered for some important event (players on a state championship team, state speech winners, exceptional senior play) these events might be played up in the decorations. Or how about using the theme for the Junior-Senior Banquet of your senior year if you are having a formal dinner reunion?

Humorous prizes might be awarded to "the best preserved woman" in the class (a bottle of vitamins), to "the youngest grandpa" (a yo-yo), to the one with the most children (ear plugs), to the one coming the longest distance (road map or sofa pillow), to the youngest-grandma (soap bubble kit), etc.

In making out the invitation list, be sure to ask any teachers who happen to be still in the community, or even some of the favorites who live away — they'll enjoy the fun too, and can give their particular slant on the reminiscing.

If this is to be a reunion after a long period of years, by all means make arrangements to take the group through the old school building. Whether it is the same building as when you graduated, or if there has been an addition, or a new building, you will find that such a tour will prove to be a highlight in the reunion.





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Now that it is July, we can look back and say that winter has a beauty all its own, and we really *do* like the change of seasons! However, we'll all have our own blizzard stories of January 10.

A favorite poem of my mother's is James Russell Lowell's "The First Snowfall", and some time during the winter she'll include a favorite part in a letter to me:

"Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl."

Then there are those days when I look outside and see trees snow-covered, and I think of that poem and my mother.

A poetry anthology that certainly will recall favorites to many is *101 Famous Poems* (Reilly & Lee Books, Henry Regnery Co., 114 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois 60610, \$2.95) compiled by Roy J. Cook, now in a revised edition. In all editions this classic has sold over 6,000,000 copies and is treasured by people in all walks of life.

The editor says, "It is the purpose of this little volume to enrich, ennoble, encourage." The book is especially appealing because it contains pictures of poets.

There seems no better way to describe this book than to quote a few lines from some of the poems included:

Emily Dickinson's "Not in Vain"  
"If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain."

William Henley's "Invictus"  
"It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,

I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul."

John Masefield's "Sea Fever"  
"I must go down to the seas again, to  
the lonely sea and sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star  
to steer her by,"

Henry W. Longfellow's "The Day Is Done"  
"And the night shall be filled with  
music

And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

*101 Famous Poems* contains the popu-



Leanna Driftmier, holding newest great-grandchild, Julian Brase.

lar masterpieces of the greatest poets — poems that live in the hearts of readers as well as the annals of literature. A wonderful gift book.

We look forward to our nation's celebration of the Bicentennial. Our country needs the Bicentennial, the books about it, and the people getting caught up in the patriotic spirit.

A set of three books called *The Bicentennial Guide to the American Revolution* (E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers) by Sol Stember includes the best guide to battlefields, as well as famous forts and encampments. It also covers cities and towns that played a part in the revolution. The modern traveler is told how to get to these places, as well as ideas about motels and restaurants.

Volume I — The War in the North — from Fort Ticonderoga to Concord Bridge (\$12.95)

Volume II — The Middle Colonies — from Washington's Crossing to Valley Forge (\$8.95)

Volume III — The War in the South — from Savannah to Yorktown (\$8.95)

Mr. Stember says the books are an invitation to walk where Washington, Lafayette, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, and Molly Pitcher and all the host of men and women walked who fought and died long before we were born, but who still live in the stones, buildings and fields they touched and held in their eyes.

*The Bicentennial Guide* is far from being ponderous. It is written in easy style and shows the author's enthusiasm for his subject. See if your library has this set of books for interesting reading about the American Revolution.



## Wait a minute! Did you forget something?

Before you run off on that long-awaited vacation, be sure to check on the date your subscription to the KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE expires. You won't want to miss out on a single issue.

And take some copies along with you, for in past issues there have been informative articles that will come in handy.

If you're not on our mailing list, send your subscription to:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601**

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## OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



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James and Katharine Lowey are great game players. It is becoming hard to beat them at Checkers, Dominoes, Pick Up Stix, as well as in such card games as Slap, Crazy Eights, Old Maid. It must be their steady hands and young eyes!

## PATRIOTIC PARTY - Concluded the War of 1812.

**Paul Revere's Ride:** The route for the ride is a long piece of string laid out on the ground or floor in a large figure "8". Empty tin cans or bottles are placed all around the figure "8". Divide group into couples. One of each couple will be the horse, and is blindfolded; the other is Paul Revere. The "horse" has a small rope attached to each arm and his partner (Revere) must guide his "horse" around the route as skillfully as she can by manipulating the rope "rein". The object is to see how few cans or bottles are overturned. Each couple has a turn, and the couple making the route in the shortest time and knocking over the fewest cans wins. Prize might be small plastic horses or a toy lantern.

**Historic Gallery:** From old magazines, old history books, etc., cut pictures of historic events in our country's 200 years, and also have a few pictures of famous Americans. Arrange these on a large wall or table, and number each one. Give each guest a pencil and paper and see who can identify the most pictures correctly. The prize might be a flag, or a small picture of some historic event.

**Refreshment Ideas:** Cupcakes can be iced and decorated to represent drums. Use white icing over the whole cupcake. Add a red band at top and bottom, and use a cake decorator to make "lacing" on sides in blue or brown icing.

Minutemen sandwiches are simply sandwiches cut into triangles. If open-faced ones are preferred, use the triangle shapes of bread and spread with cheese and ham spread. Add a "hat band" of red pimiento.

Want a smorgasbord buffet or luncheon? Serve dishes typical of various parts of the country, or certain states - Virginia ham, Iowa corn, Hawaiian pineapple, southern hush puppies, "down south" pralines or candied pecans, California dates, Florida oranges, etc.

It would be fun and interesting to close the party with a songfest featuring songs typical of different eras, letting the guests choose some of the songs and tell what era it represents. Thus you will come down through the years with the "Yankee Doodle" of Revolutionary days, to Stephen Foster favorites, "Dixie Land" for the Civil War, "Clementine" for the settlement of the West, "Gay Nineties" songs, songs of World War I and II, and of the flapper days, the rock-and-roll days, to the present, as examples of what might be used. Close with "God Bless America".

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A. The Homestead in Winter

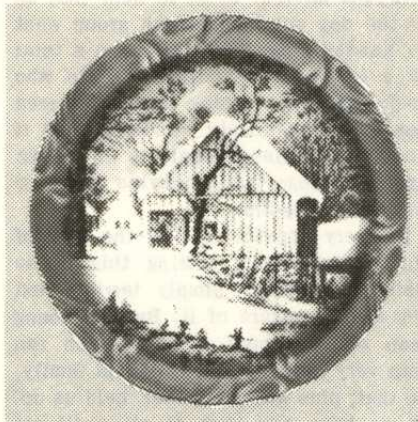
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B. The Farmer's Home — Winter



C. The Old Homestead in Winter



D. A Home in the Wilderness

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Please add 50¢ per plate to partially cover postage and handling or \$1 if ordering complete set. If after receiving my order I'm not delighted, I may return it within 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price (except postage and handling). **SAVE!** Order 2 sets for only \$18.98 plus \$2.00 postage. Total amount enclosed \$\_\_\_\_ (add sales tax where applicable). Check or money order, no CODs please.

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Julian cuddles against his mother, Kristin Brase, with a full tummy and ready for bed.

**MARY BETH'S LETTER – Concluded**  
pany Paul. They graciously came back here so we could see them before they drove off to the dance, and I was stunned when I saw the metamorphosis which had occurred with this neighbor girl. In the house walked a beautiful, fragile-looking girl, with a mass of curls falling from the crown of her head where her usually straight locks had always been before. Paul must have been very proud of her.

Until next month,

*Mary Beth*

### LUCILE'S LETTER – Concluded

ington, D.C., Kansas City, and currently in San Francisco. (The Kansas City stop was made because the Nelson Gallery has what is considered the finest permanent exhibit of Chinese art in this country.) Russell and I went there several times and were simply astounded by it.

All of my life I've heard from friends who live in the East that these Midwestern states constitute a great cultural wasteland, so it was surely of profound interest to me to hear that as of the day our Shenandoah group went to Kansas City there had been a total of a quarter of a million people who made that trip. I think these chartered bus tours are simply wonderful, and it enables countless people to go places and see things that otherwise would be out of the question.

I'm very hopeful that by the first of July I can start getting this house painted. It looks simply terrible and I'm acutely aware of it. But the young man who expected to do the job ran into very serious illness in his family, so that, plus awful weather, held us up. If we have any luck at all we'll get started around July 1st, and that's not one second too early for me!

I wish I could give you the exact date of May's big Trial Garden exhibition, and I'd be willing to bet that they would like even better to know the date! It all depends upon the weather. In any event, our Kitchen-Klatter plant will be open that day (we're only a hop, skip and a jump from the Trial Gardens) and although we won't be in full operation for many complicated reasons, there will be some of our loyal and faithful workers on hand to greet you and show you where things take place.

In the next issue of our magazine I want to turn back the pages of memory and share something with you.

Until then, I am always faithfully your friend . . .

Lucile

### FREDERICK'S LETTER – Concluded

is your bedtime, child of earth. Come; you're tired. Lie down at last in the quiet nursery of nature, and sleep. Sleep well. The day is gone. Stars shine in the canopy of eternity.' "

I find that thought very comforting, and many, many times I have been asked for copies of it. Another verse I frequently use for the funerals of persons who have been noted for their beautiful spirit in the face of handicap and hardship is a verse that was written by a boy who was born both blind and deaf, a young man by the name of Robert Smithdas. He wrote:

"I think I know enough of loveliness, to count those precious moments of each day — that briefly cast their shadows, briefly bless my life with glory, ere they pass away." I just love that! It suggests a spirit rich with God's grace.

Incidentally, if you ever want to give your clergyman a nice gift that will be a very helpful one, give him a book of poetry by Grace Noll Crowell. When I was just a young clergyman, I learned that some of America's greatest preachers frequently quoted the poetry of Grace Noll Crowell. I became particularly interested in her work when I learned that she was a good friend of my aunt, Helen Field Fischer. Perhaps the most practical one of her books for the use of a clergyman is the one entitled: *Poems of Inspiration and Courage*. I simply could not get along without that book.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

— EVERMORE —

One cannot sit down and write a complete definition of freedom as we know it in this country, for to define freedom is to *limit* it.

But the purpose of our country is to *increase* it.

★ ★ ★



## JULY CAN GET A LITTLE DIRTY

You know how it can be: Too warm to shut up the house, too cool to turn on the air conditioning. So we leave the doors and windows open and the dirt blows in. The barbecue grill is covered with burned-on grease. The bottom of the skillet and coffeepot is a black mess from the picnic. And the bathtub looks like the pigs had bathed instead of the kids.

But we don't panic . . . we reach for the **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. For we know that it goes into solution instantly, making a fast-acting liquid cleaner that moves out the dirt without lather or suds: quickly, cleanly, economically. Once over does it all — even ground-in greasy dirt comes out right away.

It's on your grocery shelves — and it better be on yours, come dirty July.

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**



## "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.

September ads due July 10  
October ads due August 10  
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\*\*\*\*\*

## Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers!!!

Please read this true story of how I almost made the mistake of my life!

When I took charge of the 50 year old J.W. Gibson Company, I reviewed its 275 pharmaceutical and household products and decided, in the name of economy, to eliminate nearly 1/2 of them. Some of them dated back to the beginning of the company itself. Among these "old timers" was a product called ICY-HOT and I was soon to learn that sometimes the "old" ways are the best!

Even though this product had never been advertised, the letters literally poured in by the hundreds when customers found they couldn't buy Icy-Hot anymore. I was really impressed. I had just finished reading some of the letters and was looking at a jar of Icy-Hot when a friend stopped in. "What's that?", he asked.

"Icy-Hot", I answered.

"What's it do?"

"Temporarily relieves the pain of arthritis, rheumatism and muscular soreness," I said, reading the label aloud. My friend frowned. "I've heard that before".

He sounded skeptical so I handed him the jar. "Here, try



it and tell me what you think".

The next morning I no more than entered my office, when the phone rang. "I don't know what's in that stuff", my friend said, "but it's the only thing I've ever used that helped, and believe me, I've tried them all".

On the basis of the letters, and my friend's enthusiasm,

I ran a small ad. Today the letters of praise pour in and that phrase, "... the only thing I ever used that helped", is in practically every one of them. Icy-Hot has become our run-away best seller. In fact, our re-orders are so high, I make this unusual guarantee:

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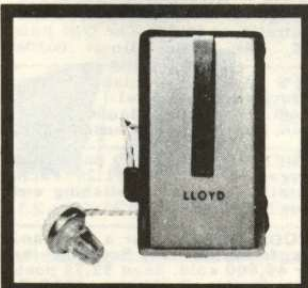




TO READERS OF  
KITCHEN-KLATTER

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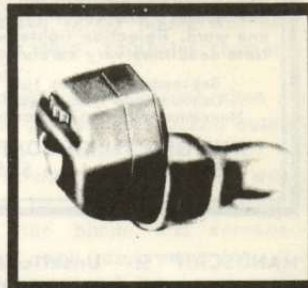
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- You get **ONE YEAR WARRANTY** on all hearing aids.
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