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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 40

MAY, 1976

NUMBER 5



## Kitchen-Klatter News

February 1976

Happiness USA

### CONGRATULATIONS to the DRIFTMIR FAMILY

...as they con-  
tinue to bring  
daily enjoyment  
to their vast  
audience of  
radio friends.

Dear Leanna  
started this  
over 50 years

ago and it is  
now 50 years  
since she at-  
tached publish-  
ing a newsletter  
which has devel-  
oped into a de-  
lightful monthly  
magazine, now

known as K. T.  
CHEN KLATTER  
Blue Ribbons  
to favorite  
voices & con-  
tributors:  
Leanna, Lucile,  
Dorothy, Margery,  
Frederick & Betty

50  
Evelyn, Esther,  
Abigail, Mary Beth,  
Julianne, Kristin,  
Emily, Alison,  
Mary Lea, Mabel,  
Noir Brown and  
many others.

16  
NEW PAPER  
302 HARRISON  
ST. JEFFERSON MO 64505





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$2.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.  
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.  
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post  
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by  
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601  
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## LETTER FROM LEANNA

My dear Friends:

Lucile and Margery have asked me to recall some of my memories of these past fifty years. Since more than half my lifetime has been connected with radio and the magazine, you may be sure that I have many more wonderful memories than I could possibly put down in writing.

How clearly I recollect the day my brother Henry asked me to come to his radio station and visit for a while. Many of you friends no doubt heard the broadcast that day. From the very first I guess it was taken for granted that I would have a daily program. It was called "Mother's Hour" in the beginning, but during that first year it was changed to "Kitchen-Klatter". Margery tells me that there is something more about this on another page.

Our youngest child, Donald, was not yet in school, so he usually accompanied me to the studio. If he became restless, I gave him a penny to spend at the candy department, for in those days the station sold groceries, clothes, and all types of items.

This reminds me to mention the children's program I had on Saturday afternoons. My! how the youngsters loved it. All of our family took part, as well as children from the community and visiting children in the studio. Some who later became regular performers in radio got their start by singing or playing an instrument on those children's programs.

It was sort of a birthday party, for we honored those who were celebrating their birthdays — those who attended, and also those whose names were sent in to be read over the air.

Another time spot we had was a morning worship program. This became a regular event on Saturdays after I was injured and the broadcasting originated in our home. Friday night the children would select the hymns to be sung and

I would select the Scriptures and a short meditation. All our children sang, except Lucile, who played the piano, so we had sopranos, altos, tenors and bass. If the family had any overnight guests, they would sing along with us. We did this for several years while the children were still at home.

When it became necessary for me to handle all the broadcasts from home, I missed the atmosphere around the station, but did go down as often as I could.

In those early days the broadcasting was done in a large auditorium with a plate glass between the stage and the audience. This plate glass could be raised and lowered, and it was really more fun when it was raised, for you were in direct contact with the audience. Often they became a part of the program. So you can see how times have changed through the years.

Although I handled the broadcasting and magazine myself for many years, and enjoyed every minute of it, it was a comfort to me when my girls were back in Shenandoah and able to join me in these activities. Those of you who have had families join you in your family business know the feeling Mart and I experienced. You feel then that your work will be carried on by those who follow. All of our children continue their interest in Kitchen-Klatter.

When "The Story of an American Family" is brought up to date and re-issued, we hope by this summer, you will have the complete account of our lives, so I think I'll go on now to things that have been happening in recent weeks.

As you know, I've just celebrated my 90th birthday. I expected it to be a rather quiet affair for all of my children lead very active, busy lives and it is impossible to get together at the same time. It just so happened that Donald and Mary Beth, Paul and Adrienne, had their spring vacation from school and could spend several days with us.

Donald and Mary Beth teach in the school Paul and Adrienne attend.

When Wayne and Abigail heard they were coming, they decided to fly from Denver for a couple of days, as it had been a number of years since the two brothers had seen each other.

Dorothy and Frank drove over from the farm for the day, so with Howard and Mae, and Margery and Oliver, we had quite a gathering after all.

Lucile had planned to arrive home from Albuquerque by then, but she wasn't feeling very well and decided she had better settle down at Juliana's for a while longer. I believe the long ride out there was rather hard on her.

Frederick and Betty will come later. Easter is the busiest time of the year for a minister and it is no time to be away from the church.

There is some recent news of some of my grandchildren that I would like to share with you.

Mary Leanna, Frederick's and Betty's daughter, and her husband and little girl have moved to an Indian reservation where Vincent will be teaching. They were very excited when the word came that Vinnie had been accepted, for it was exactly the job he had hoped for. They are pleased with the housing they were assigned and are now busy trying to get it furnished and livable. I think it is interesting that two of my grandchildren are living on Indian reservations. Dorothy's and Frank's daughter Kristin is teaching in a reservation school also, as you recall.

Alison, Wayne's and Abigail's daughter, and her husband Mike have moved to Amarillo, Texas, where Alison was accepted for the exact position she hoped for, that of assisting a veterinarian who specializes in doctoring very fine thoroughbred horses. She has been interested in horses since she was a little girl and has won many ribbons in riding. Mike owns land near Amarillo, so they were wanting very much to settle down on the ranch in the near future, scarcely dreaming that it would be so soon. They are living in an apartment in town until they get a small house built on the ranch.

I can't mention each member of the family as I would like to do, but there are 41 of us now and there just isn't space to tell you where everyone is and what each is doing. If you are a regular subscriber you hear about all of them from time to time.

In closing I'd like to thank all of you for the warm letters and lovely cards I've received these past few weeks. I kept them in baskets in a corner of the dining room where everyone could enjoy seeing them until yesterday. Perhaps you would like to know what I did with

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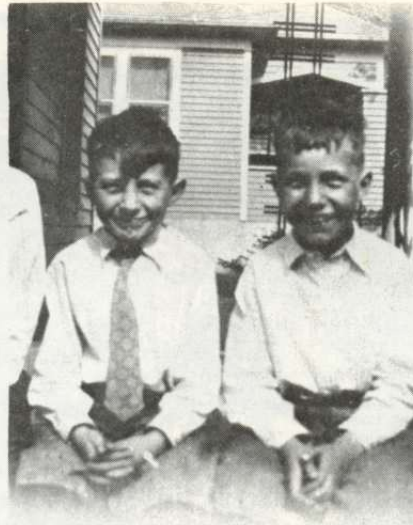
## FREDERICK SHARES SOME MEMORIES WITH YOU

Dear Friends:

Would you believe it if I told you that when I was ten years old I was running a miniature employment agency? My mother used to pay me ten cents an hour to help with the mailing of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, and one day she said that some of the neighborhood children could help and that she would pay them at the same ten cents an hour rate. What my mother did not know was that I hired those youngsters for five cents an hour and had an arrangement whereby each one of them gave me a little "kick back" of five cents for each hour worked! The system worked beautifully for several months, and then the whole scheme collapsed around my head. I guess that is how it came about that I am now a clergyman! I have been doing penance ever since.

In this category of "now it can be told stories" there was another infantile scheme for making myself the best paid worker in my fifth-grade class, and that had something to do with *Kitchen-Klatter*. In those early years of the magazine, Mother used a great many of the old one-cent post cards for sending out renewal notices and the like. One of my classmates with a bit of the devil in him suggested that the two of us could begin a messenger business. We would go to the post office to buy the penny post cards. If we were to buy a thousand of them for ten dollars we would actually buy just nine hundred and pocket fifty cents apiece for ourselves. It seemed like such a practical scheme at the time, and it worked beautifully for exactly two trips to the post office! The lovely bit to this story is the way my mother handled our childish deception. She never accused us of doing anything wrong. She simply announced that she had discovered that the "cost of the messenger service was so high that she could no longer afford it." She then went on to explain that the cost of my messenger service had been so dear that she would not be able to afford my usual weekly allowance for some time. You can well believe that I got the message loud and clear without ever being held up to public disgrace. That was my mother for you. She was a genius when it came to handling the mischievousness of her enterprising ten-year-old son.

Have you ever thought of the amazing way children accept as routine and normal conditions and patterns of family living that to outside observers would seem unusual beyond belief? I think that we Driftmier children never thought of our household routine as being any-



When these two little mischief-makers got together, what Frederick (right) couldn't think of, Wayne (left) could!

thing out of the ordinary, but as I look back at it with a fifty-year perspective it is so glaringly apparent that that household routine was most unusual. What other children in our town or, for that matter, in any town thought of the mailman as someone who regularly brought hundreds and sometimes thousands of letters to the house each day? What other children could almost routinely look up from the dining room table to see a dozen or more "radio friends" making notes on what the Driftmiers were having for dinner that day? How many children would learn from their earliest years exactly how to respond to the frequent call: "Hey Mom! Kitchen-Klatter friends out front! Two bus loads I think, or maybe three bus loads, Mom!" Now I wonder how we could live in such a goldfish bowl of a house and come through it with any degree of normalcy. A bus load of Kitchen-Klatter friends for us simply meant stopping whatever we were doing at the moment — reading a book, playing a game of Monopoly, chatting on the phone, drying the dishes, etc., etc. — and going out on the front porch to pose for pictures. It was just routine for us, and we thought no more of doing that than we did our going to Sunday school on the Sabbath. It was a perfectly normal life for us, because it was the only life we knew.

It was just thirty years ago this summer that I took my bride back to our Kitchen-Klatter home to meet the family for the first time. I had been married while in the Navy, and I had been given two weeks of leave before assuming duty at the Naval Air Station in Bermuda. My Betty was from a quiet New England home quite unprepared for the Kitchen-Klatter life of the Driftmiers. Because I had grown up never

thinking of our family life as being extraordinary, it never had occurred to me to prepare Betty for what she was to find. We arrived in Shenandoah in the evening, and while we were eating breakfast the next morning, a group of twenty or thirty Kitchen-Klatter friends came into the dining room to visit with us. Betty was overwhelmed at the time, but she soon learned not only to accept such unexpected visitations, but to enjoy them the way the rest of the family did. She still loves to tell that story of her first breakfast at the Driftmiers', and she always concludes it with the comment: "What amazed me the most, was the way everyone in the family accepted their Kitchen-Klatter existence as perfectly normal and routine. No one was bothered by unexpected visitors; they loved having them!"

My first letters in *Kitchen-Klatter* were sent from Africa. Because of the war during the 1940's, my contributions to the magazine were only occasional, but little by little writing conditions improved, and "A Letter from Frederick" became a regular *Kitchen-Klatter* feature. There was one letter so badly mutilated by the Egyptian censors that it never could be printed. Often the censors' limited knowledge of Midwestern colloquialisms caused them to cut out entire sentences. One such letter reached the Kitchen-Klatter office with a little note at the bottom of the letter which said: "Please excuse the mutilated condition of this letter. The Egyptian censors got to it before our British censors did!"

A letter from the Kitchen-Klatter office to me while I was in Egypt almost brought about my arrest. One day a friend of mine who worked in the Office of War Censorship in Cairo called me up and said: "Frederick, I think you are in trouble. I just noticed that your name has been added to the list of 'Dangerous Persons to Be Watched'. It has something to do with a letter from some firm called Kitchen-Klatter." In a state of panic I rushed to learn what that was all about, and it wasn't long before the smoke cleared and I was taken off that list of possible subversives. The letter from Kitchen-Klatter had this information in it: "We have not heard from you for many weeks, and we wonder if we could reach you via shortwave radio. We know someone in Hamburg who has a strong sending outfit, and perhaps he would be willing to try." Of course, the Hamburg referred to was Hamburg, Iowa, but the censors in Egypt immediately thought that it meant Hamburg, Germany, of all places! No wonder I was on their suspect list. My friend listened to my explanation,

(Continued on page 22)



# To the Wonderful Women of America!

A MOTHER'S DAY SALUTE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



Mother's Day, this Bicentennial year, offers the perfect opportunity to pay tribute to those petticoated heroines and patriots who have played important roles in the two-hundred-year history of our nation. Such an event merits putting forth the extra effort for costuming, stage setting and props, if it can possibly be managed.

**Decorations:** Use a variety of heirlooms and collectibles along with outmoded household items and kitchen gadgets. Old gowns may be displayed on dress forms or mannequins, and shawls, quilts and counterpanes may be hung as wall decorations.

Certain groups might find table settings from different periods in our history of interest for the displays. Floral arrangements should be done in the colonial manner, using heirloom containers. Flowers might be in red, white and blue colors.

**Program Booklets:** Use heavy construction paper for the cover, and typing paper for inside sheets, cut in the shape of a full petticoat. Use scraps of lace edging or narrow embroidered ruffling, glued as a ruffle to the bottom of the front cover petticoat. Tiny bows of narrow pink or blue ribbon might be fastened at the top edge of the ruffle. The waist band and skirt tucks may be sketched in with black ink, if desired. On the inside of this cover you might like to write, "We look back that we may more wisely look ahead."

**Backdrop for Program:** This may be a large mural (oftentimes high school art students are pleased to undertake such a project), using lengths of newsprint fastened together, and showing scenic views of "America the Beautiful" or scenes depicting achievements of, or events in the lives of, famous American women and homemakers.

**Staging:** The program features a very large wooden picture frame which is set on the stage. Within this frame, persons dressed in appropriate costumes will pose as the women described in the narration, changing scenes at the appropriate time.

The narrator, vocalist, and hostesses for the day should wear colonial costumes. The minuet and country folk dance will add variety and interest to the program. Here again you might call on the school for help.

There is space here for only the briefest information about these famous women, or perhaps you will find other women whom you wish to mention. I think in such a program you should be sure to mention one noted woman from your own state. For example, in Iowa programs I would include the story of Kate Shelley, a state and national heroine.

## AMERICAN WOMEN ON PARADE

**Prelude:** Medley of "M-O-T-H-E-R", "I Want a Girl", "O You Beautiful Doll", and similar tunes.

**Scripture:** Proverbs 2:1(a)-10 and 31:10-12, 20, 25-27, 30(b)-31.

**Hymn:** "Faith of Our Mothers" or "America the Beautiful". (Standing.)

**Prayer:** Our eternal God, Who hast been with the peoples of our country from its humble beginnings, and gave guidance to the founding fathers of a new nation, we know that down through the years Thou hast been ever close to guide and strengthen the many strong and courageous women who have done great deeds in our nation's past. We look back with thanksgiving for the lives and influence of these women, and pray that Thou will continue to guide and direct us all as we go forward in the days and years that are to come. Amen.

**Narrator:** We so often hear of our founding fathers and that brave handful of men who risked their lives and fortunes to sign the Declaration of Independence, but what of our founding mothers? What of the many great American women who not only kept homefires burning, but also often ran great risks for their country, and performed many great deeds that have brought honor to womanhood and to our nation in the past two hundred years?

There was Catherine Beecher, who extended the profession of teaching to

include the female of the species; Arabella Mansfield of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the first woman admitted to the bar in 1869; Clara Barton, who founded the Red Cross; Antoinette Brown, the first woman ordained a Protestant minister in America; Annie Wittenmeyer who designed a system of feeding soldiers in the hospital in the Civil War, a system that is standard practice today; Marian Anderson, first black woman to sing in the Metropolitan opera; Jane Addams, founder of Hull House, the first social service center; and Shirley Chisholm, first black woman to serve in the U.S. Congress.

Oh, the list is long, but we can share only a few of them with you today. Listen now as we hear more about some of these WONDERFUL WOMEN OF AMERICA.

**Early Pioneer Woman:** (Shown at spinning wheel or seated in a rocker with quilt pieces in hand.) When most of us look back to the days when our nation began its life, we think of women as busy little homebodies, carding, spinning, and weaving, or busy with needle as the tea kettle sang on its hook over the hearth. If not thus occupied, she was busy preparing food for her family, making her own soap, scrubbing floors, doing the laundry, doctoring her family with herbs and homemade remedies, caring for a sick neighbor, and "bearing children with the regularity of the seasons".

The only time she got a little spice in her day was when there was a quilting bee with some titillating gossip, or when the circuit rider came through with news of the outside world. Even the more comfortably established mistress of a town house or a large plantation spent her days supervising the running of her household. Of course there were balls and parties occasionally to break the monotony of housework for those women of more than moderate means. Yes, by and large, the early American woman was a busy little homebody.

**Solo:** "The Old Kitchen Kettle Keeps A-Singin' a Song". (Popular sheet music in the 1930's.)

**Mary Katherine Goddard:** (Portrait of her holding, or signing, the Declaration.) The Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776, but the 56 signers were kept secret for six months. King George had denounced rebels as traitors, subject to hanging. To sign that document was to lay your life on the line. Not until 1777 did the Continental Congress have courage enough to have the Declaration printed and distributed. The job of printing, believe it or not, went to a woman, Mary Katherine Goddard, who was running the leading press in Philadel-



phia for her brother. The brother was away, trying to set up an American postal system for the new nation. It was customary for printers to sign their work with their initials, but Mary Katherine Goddard did not do this. She signed her name in full, thus laying her life on the line, too, for her new country. Later, after her brother had the postal system set up and refused the job of first postmaster at Baltimore, Mary Katherine took the position to become the first postmistress.

Mary Goddard was just one of countless women who took over a husband's, father's, or brother's business as their menfolk were called to serve their country elsewhere — some as farmers, some as carpenters, or ship builders or merchants, all this plus doing the tasks of keeping the home and raising their families.

**Abigail Adams:** (Abigail is shown writing letters as she rocks a cradle with her foot.) Abigail Adams, wife of farmer-lawyer John Adams, was a well-read, intelligent homemaker, a busy homebody with all of the tasks we noted earlier and with small children tugging at her skirts as she took on the additional task of running the farm near Braintree, Mass., while John was busy at the Congress in Philadelphia, or elsewhere pleading the cause of Independence. Later, while John was our minister to France, Abigail continued to run the farm efficiently.

With all of this Abigail made time to perform a great service for her country. She was a great letter writer and reader, keenly interested in the affairs of the nation. During the Revolution she kept a constant flow of letters going from her farm home to John in Philadelphia in which she described in detail the troop movements of the British in surrounding New England, along with any other information she thought might help the patriots. John in turn passed the information on to Washington or other army officers.

But in addition to the information in her letters, Abigail never missed an opportunity to urge John to seek women's rights and freedom of the slaves. She also rallied the women in her area to sew uniforms for country boys entering the army from that locality. She also kept them busy making saltpeter for army gunpowder from all pewterware that they could collect. Her home was always home to refugees fleeing the British, or to shelter soldiers journeying through her neighborhood.

**Martha Washington** might well have spent the war years presiding over lovely Mt. Vernon in relative comfort. Instead, she furthered her husband's position as commander of the army in every way she could. Winter or summer,

she spent with her husband wherever he headquartered, probably the most traveled and joggled lady of the day! Over the roughest of back roads, through woodlands and over mountains, in raging blizzards, rain, and slush, Martha might be seen in her family carriage being driven by her liveried coachman to her husband's headquarters. Jolting along, often for days at a time, she would be surrounded in her carriage by the country-cured ham, the jams and jellies, and the baked goods which she took from Mt. Vernon — supplies to make camp life a little more pleasant for George and his staff and others with whom they shared the treats.

Why would she undergo the rough camp life? Because she knew how much her presence meant to George under all the discouragement of those war days, and because she realized what a boost in morale it was to the often hungry, homesick, and weary soldiers, cold in their tattered uniforms and torn shoes, to see their leader's lady bustling about the camp.

She often soothed the ruffled feelings of the staff officer as tempers flared and feelings were hurt under the strain and tension of the war. She wrote letters for sick or battle-weary soldiers, mothered the very young lads who were frightened and homesick. She organized neighborhood and camp wives to knit socks and mend clothes for the soldiers, and to roll bandages and to care for the sick. From early dawn until late a night "Lady" Washington, as many called her, kept at her camp duties, meanwhile trying to see to her husband's comfort.

**Dance:** The minuet.

**Phyllis Wheatley:** (Portrait holding book of poems.) Phyllis Wheatley represents the black women of the Revolutionary period of our famous women. Brought to America as a child slave in 1761, she was sold to a Quaker family in Boston, named Wheatley. They soon saw that this child had unusual talent and was eager to acquire every bit of knowledge possible. Being compassionate people, they saw to it that Phyllis received a fine education (unusual for most girls of that day), an education equal to that of a Harvard student. She was a great Bible student and an avid reader, and displayed a talent for writing poetry. She was welcomed into the intellectual circle at Boston and soon was making quite a name for herself. Her poetry during the Revolutionary War soon took on the theme of freedom and patriotism, as well as for freedom from slavery for the black people. She was the first black woman to have a book of poems published, and when she made a trip to

London in 1773 she was feted royally by anti-slavery leaders there. During the war her poetry did much to inspire the patriots, and she once wrote a special poem for George Washington. He entertained her at his headquarters.

**Sarah Hale:** In the year 1837, the year Victoria became Queen of England, Sarah Hale became editor of the first woman's magazine to go into general circulation. This was the famous "Godey's Lady's Book", and became the last word on things of interest to women, on fashions and the home. She continued to edit the magazine for 40 years, constantly striving to make women more aware of their privileges and responsibilities as homemakers, while also working to get women to take an active part in bettering their communities through the establishment of parks. Sarah is also noted as the woman who "nagged" Abraham Lincoln into making Thanksgiving a national holiday. Certainly when the women of America broke into press through the pages of their own magazine, it opened up a whole new world for the women readers of the land.

**Narrator:** As we can see, by 1880, many barriers began to fall as women stepped more into the limelight. The great Conestoga wagons began to roll westward, and it seems that as the West opened up, so did more and more women find openings into a heretofore man's world. But of course there were good times along the way, as women have always known that relaxation and fun and old-fashioned neighborliness are an important part of family life. The jolly, stomping "do, si, do" seems as indicative of the westward movement as the minuet does of the colonial days.

**Square Dance Group:** (Lacking this, have a few measures of a square dance recording played.)

**Elizabeth Blackwell:** (Dr. Blackwell, with little black bag at hand, examines a patient.) Elizabeth Blackwell really broke the "female barriers" when she became the first woman to take a medical degree — but it was what we might call a "knock down, drag out" struggle!

In Victorian days it was considered fashionable for women to be "delicate", but her condition was discussed in hushed tones most discreetly, and many women would "rather die" than allow a male doctor to examine them. They told their symptoms to husband or father, who in turn relayed them to the doctor! There were no licensed women doctors. Only men were allowed to attend medical schools.

Elizabeth Blackwell decided, just on the matter of principle, that she was going to be a doctor. What a furor that

(Continued on page 20)



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I have been sitting here at the typewriter trying to make myself believe we have really had Kitchen-Klatter as an integral part of our lives for fifty years. In a way it seems longer than this. Although I was eleven years old when Mother first started to broadcast her daily program, it is hard for me to remember a life before "Kitchen-Klatter". This is how important it has always been to me, and to the rest of our family.

All of us worked with the magazine, even from the very beginning when it was published only "once in awhile". Those who wanted a copy sent in a dime and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. When we came home from school we couldn't play until we had put the magazine into the envelopes and had them ready to go to the post office.

It seems that through the years my main joy with the magazine has been to see that it was mailed out to you. I don't remember what year it was that Mother and Dad decided to get the magazine out on a regular basis every other month, but I do remember that it was during the depression, and I didn't have a full-time job. We had just started taking yearly subscriptions, and didn't have an Addressograph, so every magazine was individually wrapped in a piece of paper. I hand-addressed these wrappers.

Dad was very proud when we graduated to an addressing machine. Each subscriber's name was typed on a small rectangular stencil. I cut all the first stencils for the names we had in the file at that time. This was quite a job, and I remember how pleased I was when Dad complimented me on what a fast and good job I did, and how few errors I made.

My first contribution to the pages of the magazine was written after we moved to the farm, and appeared in the June 1946 issue. With the exception of a few months here and there, I have had a letter in every issue since then. I treasure my magazines as much or even more than many of you, because my letters are a wonderful diary of our life here on our farm for the past thirty years. Kristin will surely treasure these old magazines some day.

In 1959 I went back to the Addresso-



In 1926 Margery and Dorothy were already learning to advertise. That strange piece of equipment they are demonstrating is a dishwasher!

graph when Lucile called to see if I could help out "in a pinch", since the girl who had been addressing the magazine for them had to leave for a personal reason. I have been doing this job every month since.

As children we "grew up" in front of the microphone. Radio was very young at this time, and we weren't as knowledgeable about it as children are today. We didn't even realize that thousands of people were hearing our voices. To us we were just performing in front of the people in the auditorium. Consequently, we were never "mike shy", as many children are today when a microphone is put in front of them. It was just a way of life for us to greet Mother's radio friends and visit with them. The first money I ever earned was from getting into cars with the visitors at the station and guiding them around Shenandoah, showing them some of the beautiful gardens and where people lived. This was the way I spent a portion of the summer days.

Fifty years! A wonderful fifty years that has made it possible for us to acquire thousands of loyal friends — people who never seem like strangers when we meet them for the first time, because they know as much about our lives as we do ourselves. Also because their wonderful letters and contributions to our program and magazine these many years have made it possible for us also to share a part of their lives. I'm grateful to Mother who had the courage to be a pioneer as a radio homemaker, which in turn made my life more interesting and rewarding.

I have just returned from a trip to Albuquerque and Roswell, New Mexico. During the four years that Eula Blake was Lucile's companion, I made quite a

few trips in that direction because Eula didn't drive, and I usually made the trip one way with them either to drive them down or go after them when they were ready to come home. Since Betty came to live with her Lucile hasn't needed a driver, so I last saw Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls, in November 1973. (I should say it was the last time I saw Edna because Raymond has been to our house a couple of summers since then.) Edna isn't able to make the trip to Iowa anymore because of her health, so the only way she gets to see members of her family is for them to go to Roswell. Frank has promised her he will go to see her this year, but he hasn't set any date. He was very happy when Lucile and Betty asked me to go with them. His sister Bernie came out to the farm to stay with him while I was gone.

I drove to Shenandoah the afternoon before so I would be there early in the morning to help Betty pack the car. Lucile's car has the biggest trunk I've ever seen, but I have never seen so much stuff as we had to pack into it. By the time we were loaded, there was just room for one person in the back seat and two in the front. I'll not go into detail about the trip down because I imagine Lucile will tell you all this. I will say the weather was perfectly beautiful the first and third days, but the second day left much to be desired because of high winds and dust storms.

I spent one day and two nights in Albuquerque and then went on to Roswell by bus. Juliana hates it because I never spend much time with them, but I told her I get to see her when she comes to Shenandoah and Lucas, and this is the only time I get to see Edna. She understands.

The weather was beautiful and warm in Roswell, but we did very little except visit, eat, and sleep. They have two favorite places to eat, so we ate our noon meals at one or the other so Edna wouldn't have to cook any meals; then we just had a snack in the evening. It was a very restful time.

We took one side trip out to the airport, which is the old Walker Air Base. Some of you may have been stationed there with your husbands during World War II. Six years ago, shortly after Edna and Raymond moved to Roswell and I went to visit them, they took me out to see this base, which had been a very large one and had been closed. We drove down street after street and looked at all the nice empty houses and wondered what would become of them. The lovely large school was closed; no longer were there any stores open. There were also many, many empty

(Continued on page 22)



## To Leanna

by

Mabel Nair Brown

It was in the summer of 1930 that I first met Leanna personally, and how that all came about is so typical of the way Leanna has touched the lives of thousands and thousands of Midwest families in this past half century, that I'd like to begin my tribute to this dear, dear friend with that story.

My grandparents bought their first radio, an Atwater Kent model with a big horn-type speaker, in the mid-twenties and installed it in the sitting room of their farm home. (We'd call it the family room today.) Grandmother Thomas often said that their household routine was never the same afterward!

She planned her busy day so that when Kitchen-Klatter time rolled around she could "sit a spell". She would pull her small sewing rocker up near the horn speaker, with pencil and paper at hand to jot down a recipe or household hint, and her mending or needlework in her lap. If married daughters or friends dropped by at Kitchen-Klatter time, she would invite them to pull up chairs and join her for Leanna's visit. They were all confirmed Kitchen-Klatter fans, too, following the program daily, and getting the rest of the family news of the Fields and the Driftmiers, along with more recipes and helps through the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.

In fact, I remember our menfolk jokingly say that if Leanna's name was mentioned at the Ladies' Aid or a club meeting, no one ever asked, "Leanna who?". Instead they all chatted away as if Leanna were one of their own members! And so she seemed to them. They copied her recipes and sent their favorite ones to her, along with their questions, their household hints to share with the other listeners, and telling her about their families and their activities. They followed eagerly the activities of Leanna and her family, and often sought her counsel on their own family problems. If sorrow or trouble came to Leanna, they felt it as their own. She was their FRIEND. For many she was the mother they had never had, or had lost, the sister they had always wanted; someone who had the same joys, the same discouragements, the same problems; someone who understood and cared.

Came the year 1930 and my high school graduation. The Great Depression was upon us, and four years of college were out of the question for me, but it was decided I could still fulfill my dream of being a teacher by attending the summer session at Iowa State Teachers' College (now UNI) so



Leanna Driftmier in 1936.

that I might qualify for a certificate to teach a rural school. When Grandma heard of these plans she had another idea. Since the Teachers' College was holding an extension summer session in Shenandoah that summer, why not go there?

"That way you will be there where Leanna can keep an eye on you," she said. "Now, Mabel, I'll write her you are coming and to see if she will look after you, but you write her, too, and ask if she knows a good place near her where you can get room and board for the summer." (In those days it was mighty serious business when a young girl left home for the first time to be out on her own, and Grandma was taking no chances — she'd just call on her dear radio friend for help.)

So the letters were written and Leanna, bless her heart, sent an immediate reply. She wrote she was sure I would enjoy my summer in Shenandoah and, yes, she knew of a nice place where I could stay, just across the street from her home. If I would let her know if I found this acceptable, she would make the arrangements — and she did just that. Can you imagine someone's taking such a personal interest in someone she had never seen, someone unknown to her except through her radio friendship with my grandmother? Yes, you can, if that someone is Leanna!

She sent me brochures on the town and a city map and booklets about the radio stations (major attractions throughout the Midwest in those days), and told me to let her know the time of my arrival so she could be at hand to see that I got settled in all O.K. So, with her radio program, her heavy radio mail, getting out the magazine, running

her busy household and looking after her large family, she still found time to be on hand soon after we began unloading my luggage from the family car upon my arrival in Shenandoah that June. She wanted to reassure my parents that I would be staying in a good home, and that she would "keep an eye out" for me! So began this precious friendship that has continued through these many years.

When I got homesick that summer I could run over to Leanna's home or down to the station to watch her broadcasts, where she always made me feel very much a part of her own large family circle. It gave me a chance to see Kitchen-Klatter from the other side of the picture — how much the radio friends meant to her, how eagerly she read their mail, how these radio friends became very real friends to her family, too, through their letters, and through the visits many of them made to Shenandoah. Leanna was never too busy to have a ready smile and a handshake for her hundreds of listeners, to whom meeting her personally was the highlight of their trip to Shenandoah to visit the radio stations and the seed-houses. I was amazed at the way she could visit with these "radio sisters", as she called them, about their families whom she had "met" through their letters to her — letters numbering in the thousands! To Leanna they were her radio family, and hers was a heart large enough to encompass them all.

I returned home in August to make last-minute preparations to begin teaching my first school in the first week of September, knowing that about the same time Leanna and Mart Driftmier would be taking Lucile down to Nevada, Missouri, where she was to enter Cottey College.

I am one of those who still, after these many years, cannot think without tears about that terrible accident, resulting in Leanna's broken back and those terrible days that followed.

With bated breath we listened for every radio report on her condition, and on her progress during those long months of recovery, reassuring each other that "Leanna will make it. She's got so much determination, and her family needs her so — we all need her. Yes, she'll make it." It was a Christmas gift to be prized by all of us when we heard that she was at home with her beloved family for Christmas. What a cause for thanksgiving it was when she was at last able to take up her regular radio program again, and how we admired all of the grit and determination she showed as she made the long comeback from the gates of death,

(Continued on page 17)



## Fifty Years in Radio

Shortly after our family moved back to Shenandoah from California, Mother's brother, Henry Field, asked her to broadcast over his recently built radio station, KFNF. The program was called "Mother's Hour" at first, but in a short while was named "Kitchen-Klatter". (The story about the origin of this name appears further back in this issue.)

Mother's time on the air was so short that she couldn't begin to tell all the things she would have liked, so she published a little paper called "Mother's Hour Letter", the forerunner of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.

"I wish I could drop in and visit with each one of my radio friends," she wrote, "for I feel that I have a personal acquaintance with so many of you."

"I have received a great many good letters and I would like to answer each one personally, but as I have very little time to write letters after I do my housework and care for my children, I decided to send you this 'Mother's Hour Letter'. Although this is a printed letter I want you to feel that it is meant as much for you as if I had written it with a pencil or pen."

And that is why *Kitchen-Klatter* is "More Than Just Paper And Ink".

The first picture shows you how Mother looked when broadcasting these radio visits back in 1926.

Of the second picture she wrote, "Yes! This is my family, all but Howard, our oldest son, who is seventeen, and was away working the day this was taken. Lucile, our oldest daughter, who often plays the piano for you, is standing behind me. She is a junior in high school. Next to her is Dorothy, who is twelve years old and in the eighth grade. In front of Dorothy is Frederick, or 'Teddy' as we often call him. He is nine years old. In front of Lucile is Wayne, who is seven. Donald Paul, our baby, who will be four this summer, is sitting on the little chair. Margery, our little 'Song Bird' who sings for you during the Children's Hour (*this was a Saturday program*) is sitting with me."

The third picture is Mother, headed for the radio station after we children had gone back to school in the afternoon.

In the next picture, do you recognize Henry Field and his five sisters? This picture was taken in August 1927. They are, from left to right, Susan Conrad, Leanna Driftmier, Jessie Shambaugh, Martha Eaton and Helen Fischer. The voices of all of them were familiar to the listening audience. —Margery



1926.



1926.



1927.



1927.





1927.



1927.



Although a microphone had been installed in her home, Mother frequently went to the studio for her broadcasts after this initial trip to the station.

1931.



1933.



1936.

The first picture on this page was taken in 1927. Mother wrote, "Just a year ago . . . our Kitchen-Klatter started . . . (and) to me it has been a very happy year, filled with wonderful new friendships."

The magazine had grown from a little 4-page leaflet to eight pages, then twelve. It was not sent out on a regular schedule, but only as Mother had time to prepare an issue for the mail — about four a year.

Her sisters Jessie and Helen often contributed articles on Homemaking and Gardening. Both had radio programs, just as Mother did, so they frequently appeared on each other's visits. In the second picture, taken in 1927, you see Aunt Jessie and Mother in Aunt Helen's garden.

Mother wrote in *Kitchen-Klatter News* in 1929, "One good thing about listening in to 'Kitchen-Klatter' and hearing letters read from friends, some living in the city, some in the country, we find that after all, our problems are about the same." (This is still, oh! so true.)

Shortly after this, in September 1930, Mother broke her back in an automobile accident. A dear friend, Gertrude Hayzlett, handled the broadcasts for a few months until Mother could "pick up where she left off". It was a momentous occasion for everyone when Mother made her first visit to the station on a warm summer day in 1931. The third picture was taken that afternoon.

The fourth picture, my favorite, was taken in the early 1930's. How serene and calm she looks, and what an inspiration she was to her family and to her many friends. Although now handicapped, she was broadcasting regularly, but with hours of therapy every day, she postponed getting out the magazine for a few years.

The last picture on this page was taken in 1936 when Mother was 50 years old. —Margery





1942.



1946.



1946.



1956.

In the early 40's, Mother and Dad must have felt pretty lonely with their seven children all away from home, but the radio and magazine kept them occupied.

In 1946 Mother's 20th anniversary in radio and her 60th birthday were celebrated with a party at station KMA where her daily broadcast was aired. Of that day she wrote, "They presented me with a beautiful cake and a handsome golden wool blanket. I appreciated this very much, for all of the people whom I work with at KMA have been good, loyal friends."

In the upper right picture you see Mother and Edith Hansen, another radio homemaker and good friend. At the right is Earl May, owner of the station. Behind him is our father, Martin H. Driftmier. Little granddaughter Juliana Verness is eyeing the cake.

In 1946 our family, like almost all others, was beginning to settle down to more normal living after the war years.

It was a comfort to the folks when Lucile and her family moved back to Shenandoah. In the third picture, Mother, Lucile and Juliana are at the kitchen microphone. Sometimes they stirred up a recipe during the broadcast, always a treat for Juliana for she got to lick the bowls!

In the 4th picture, Mother was in her 30th year of broadcasting. She was 70 years of age and glad that her daughters were close enough to join her in the radio visits, although she still did some of the programs by herself.

With Lucile and me available for broadcasting, and Dorothy, when she could come from the farm for a few days, Mother and Dad were able to spend some of the winter months in warmer climate. How wonderful it was that they could now take the time for a little travel while they were still in good health. Letters for the magazine were written from Florida or California right on schedule, for Mother knew her radio friends depended on hearing from her when she was away from home.

—Margery





1955.



1955.



1962.



1972.



Through the years Mother has been blessed with good health and, as she says, "is blessed with daughters and granddaughters to carry on."

The mail, being read in the first picture, still is "the backbone of our broadcasts." Mother enjoys "talking things over" with Lucile and Margery in the second picture, and stirring up recipes, as she is doing in the third. Most of all, she enjoys being a mother, grandmother and great-grandmother!

In honor of Mother's 90th birthday and this 50th anniversary, Mrs. Oscar Hensel of Lake City, Iowa, baked the cake pictured on the cover and at the left.

—Margery



# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### MARGERY'S RHUBARB DESSERT

- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup, plus 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 large egg, beaten slightly
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Place rhubarb in 7½ by 11½-inch pan. Mix 1 cup of the sugar with 2 Tbls. of the flour and sprinkle over rhubarb. Dot with the butter. Blend remaining cup of flour, remaining cup of sugar, baking powder and salt. Beat egg slightly and blend in flavoring. Work into flour-sugar mixture until it is crumbly. Sprinkle over rhubarb. Bake at 375 degrees for about 40 minutes. Serve plain, or with cream or ice cream.

### CHERRY SALAD SUPREME

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/3 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1/2 cup whipping cream, whipped (or prepared whipped topping)
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 Tbls. chopped nuts (optional)

Dissolve raspberry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Stir in pie filling and cherry flavoring. Turn into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill until partially set. Dissolve lemon gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Beat together the cream cheese, mayonnaise or salad dressing and almond flavoring; gradually add lemon gelatin. Stir in undrained pineapple. Fold in whipped cream or prepared topping and the marshmallows. Spread on top of raspberry mixture in pan. Sprinkle nuts over top if desired. Chill until set.

—Margery

### ASPARAGUS & CORN CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. frozen cut corn, cooked
- 1 1-lb. can cut asparagus (or fresh cooked)
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1 cup buttered bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese

Cook the corn in a small amount of boiling water until barely tender. Drain, reserving the liquid. Drain the asparagus, also reserving the liquid. Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan, blend in the flour. Gradually add the milk and 1/2 cup of the combined liquid from the vegetables. Stir until thick and smooth. Add the celery salt. Layer the corn and asparagus in a buttered casserole, pour the cream sauce over it and top with the bread crumbs and cheese. Bake 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

### TURKEY WITH TAMALES

- 2 15-oz. cans tamales
- 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 cups cooked turkey, diced
- 1/2 cup black olives, sliced
- 1/2 cup turkey broth
- 1/2 cup Cheddar cheese, grated

Line a shallow 1½-quart baking dish with tamales. Mix remaining ingredients with exception of cheese. Spoon mixture over tamales. Sprinkle cheese over top. Bake in 300-degree oven about one hour. Should make six generous servings. A fine way to use leftover turkey. Chicken or ham may be substituted.

—Evelyn

### RHUBARB CRUNCH

- 2 1/2 cups rhubarb, chopped
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 1/4 cup cream or evaporated milk
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine rhubarb, egg yolks, 2 Tbls. flour, white sugar, cream or evaporated milk, butter or margarine, butter flavoring and salt. Stir well and put in a 9-inch square glass baking dish. Combine remaining ingredients. Sprinkle over rhubarb mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Delicious warm.

### EASY MINCEMEAT BARS

- 1 9-oz. pkg. condensed mincemeat
- 3/4 cup water
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk

In a small saucepan crumble the mincemeat, add the water and cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until lumps are thoroughly broken up. Boil for one minute and cool. In a large bowl combine with graham cracker crumbs and condensed milk. Spread in a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake in a preheated oven at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool in pan before cutting.

—Mae Driftmier

### FLAKY RICE

- 2 cups water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup rice

Combine all ingredients in heavy saucepan. Bring to boil. Simmer 14 minutes, covered. *Do not remove lid.* Turn off fire and leave covered until time to serve. This makes a very fine, fluffy rice. The friend who gave this to me said she uses unwashed rice, but checks it over for any damaged grains.

—Evelyn

### NEBRASKA BUTTERHORN ROLLS

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 to 6 egg yolks (or 3 eggs), beaten
- 6 cups flour

Combine yeast, lukewarm water and 2 tsp. sugar. Set aside. While the yeast is dissolving, scald milk. Pour hot milk over sugar, margarine, salt and butter flavoring. Stir occasionally. Cool to lukewarm.

Stir in yeast mixture, beaten eggs and 3 cups of the flour. Beat with electric mixer. Remove mixer and stir in remaining 3 cups flour. Dough should be soft and sticky. Cover bowl and store in refrigerator until needed. Remove from refrigerator; turn out on lightly floured breadboard. Knead, adding only enough flour to make manageable. Shape portions into 12-inch circles. Cut into pie-shaped pieces; roll gently from point in center to outer edges. Place on greased baking sheet. Let rise until double in bulk. *Do not hurry this process*, it may take 4 hours or more.

Bake in 375-degree oven for about 15 minutes or until golden brown on top. This makes a very light and very delicious butterhorn roll.

—Evelyn



**RHUBARB SALAD**

- 2 cups diced rhubarb
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2/3 cup finely diced celery
- 2/3 cup chopped pecans
- 1 pkg. whipped topping, prepared

Combine rhubarb and sugar and let stand for 30 minutes. Simmer for 10 minutes after reaching boiling point. Remove from fire and add flavoring, gelatin and cubed cream cheese. Stir until all is dissolved. Cool to room temperature. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into 8-inch square pan and refrigerate until firm.

Orange gelatin and orange flavoring may be substituted. —Margery

**SOUTHERN CHICKEN STEW**

- 1 fryer, cut up
- Cooking oil
- 6 Tbls. flour
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 1 soup can of water
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 can mushrooms
- 3 stalks celery, sliced
- 1 green pepper, sliced
- Seasonings to taste

Brown chicken in a goodly amount of cooking oil. After chicken is brown, remove from skillet. Measure drippings. Return 6 Tbls. to skillet. Stir in the flour. Over low heat make a roux by cooking and stirring the mixture until it is a dark brown. Stir in soups. Add the can of water. Add all the remaining ingredients. Simmer, covered, for one hour. Serve hot over cooked rice.

**BLUEBERRY CREAM CHEESE DESSERT**

- Prepared crumb crust
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 2¾-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 1 cup prepared whipped topping
- 1 can blueberry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Line a deep dish pie pan with prepared vanilla wafer or graham cracker crust, or use a 9-inch square pan. Combine and mix thoroughly the cream cheese, instant pudding and milk. Fold in 1 cup prepared whipped topping (or 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping prepared according to directions). Pour into crumb crust. Combine pie filling and flavoring. Spoon gently over top of vanilla layer. Chill before serving.

This may be varied with other pie fillings as desired. —Evelyn

**CRISPY CRUNCHY COOKIES**

- 3 cups crispy cereal
- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 to 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts

Measure cereal and crush. Measure again to be sure 2 cups crushed cereal resulted. (This can be crispy corn flakes, wheat cereal, rice or special high-protein cereals.) Set cereal aside. Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar in large bowl. Add egg and remaining flavorings. Beat well. Stir in dry ingredients. When thoroughly combined, stir in 1 cup crushed cereal and half of the nuts. Roll by level tablespoons and coat with remaining nuts and crushed cereal. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for about 15 minutes or until golden brown. Remove immediately from baking sheet. Cool on racks. Makes about 2½ dozen cookies.

—Evelyn

**COUNTRY-STYLE CREAMED VEGETABLES**

- 4 cups potatoes, sliced
- 2 cups carrots, sliced
- 1 cup onions, diced
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dried chives or parsley flakes

Cook potatoes, carrots and onions in salted water until half done, about 10 minutes. Melt butter or margarine and stir in flour. Stir until a golden brown and smoothly blended. Combine liquid ingredients — flavoring, dressing and milk. Stir into flour mixture. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens. Add salt and pepper to taste. Drain vegetables and place in casserole. Spoon hot sauce over the vegetables. Sprinkle chives or parsley over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

This is a fine basic sauce to use with any cooked vegetable. It may be made and served hot over a fully cooked, drained vegetable such as green beans, asparagus, peas, carrots, etc.

—Evelyn

**MOLDED AVOCADO SALAD**

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 medium orange
- 1 ripe avocado
- 1 Tbls. lime or lemon juice
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- Dash of salt
- 1 tsp. mild vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- Green food coloring, if desired

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Melt over low heat or over hot water, stirring. Peel orange and remove white membrane. Section and cut into pieces. Peel and chop avocado fine, or mash. Combine all ingredients with gelatin. Pour into mold and refrigerate until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaf. This makes 3 or 4 servings, so for a larger group this recipe should be doubled or tripled. It is an excellent green salad, refreshing and different. —Evelyn

**SWEET POTATO-DATE PUFFS**

- 1 17-oz. can sweet potatoes, drained
- 3/4 cup snipped pitted dates
- 6 slices canned pineapple
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup packed brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. honey

Mash sweet potatoes. Stir in 1/4 cup dates. Shape into 6 balls. Drain pineapple, reserving 2 Tbls. syrup. In medium skillet melt butter or margarine. Stir in brown sugar, honey, reserved syrup, and remaining dates. Heat and stir until sugar dissolves. Place the 6 slices pineapple into syrup in skillet. Top each with a potato ball. Cover; simmer over low heat for 10-12 minutes, spooning syrup over sweet potato balls several times during cooking. Makes 6. Delicious served with ham or turkey. —Margery

**RHUBARB MARMALADE**

- 4 lbs. rhubarb
- 5 lbs. sugar
- 1 lb. seeded raisins
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Juice of 2 oranges
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Wash rhubarb and cut into 1-inch pieces. Cover with sugar and let stand overnight. Add remaining ingredients. Heat to boiling, reduce heat and simmer about 40 minutes or until thick. Time will depend on the amount of juice in the oranges. Stir often to prevent burning. Pour into sterilized glasses, cool and seal. Makes about 4 pints. —Mae Driftmier



## TWENTY-ONE YEARS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

The sun was shining brightly into the lovely sunroom that afternoon in 1955. I waited with anticipation while the person I had come to see completed her telephone conversation. Books filled the shelves in one portion of the room, flowers bloomed on the window sill and spilled over the pots along the wall, a partially finished hooked rug lay over a chair arm. It took very little imagination to know the type of person who lived in this attractive home.

Glancing through a door to the north of the sunroom I could see a desk with a microphone surrounded by letters, clippings, and recipes for the next day's broadcasting. A corner of a bedroom, convenient and homey, was visible next to the broadcast room. The handmade quilt on the bed was one of many I was to see in the years ahead.

While I waited and enjoyed the sunshine pouring in through the large windows, my mind went back to the first time I had heard the voice of the person I had come to see, Leanna Driftmiller. It was in 1936 when my family



Twenty years ago the Birkby family gathered at the altar of the Sidney Methodist Church for the service of baptism for their youngest child. Robert is holding Craig. Bob, Jeff and Evelyn participate in the meaningful service. This was just a few months after the visit with Leanna which Evelyn tells about in this month's article.

moved to Sidney, Iowa, that I became aware of the Kitchen-Klatter program and listened to Leanna as she brought her daily visit over the radio. My mother listened and also read the magazine, finding useful household hints, trying the recipes, and appreciating the friendly visits.

I listened, enjoyed eating the food Mother prepared from Kitchen-Klatter recipes, and found it amazing to know a family as well as we came to know the Driftmiller and their activities. Just as others who have listened to the program and read the magazine have said many, many times, they became like next-door neighbors.

It was not until later when I married and returned to the Shenandoah area that I truly realized the strength and value of Leanna's sharing of her life with me. So often her helpful hints would solve problems I didn't even know I had. After we had our first baby and moved near Ames so Robert could attend Iowa State College, Leanna's cheerful voice would make my day less lonely. It meant a great deal to a new mother so far from relatives and friends to hear that familiar voice bringing guidance and assistance.

Leanna's visits became a daily part of my life. We moved to the farm; Leanna came along. We had more children; Leanna helped raise them just as she had our first. She helped me with gardening, canning, and housecleaning, through dull days and bright.

For several years I also had a daily radio program over KMA, and our paths finally crossed when I met Leanna for the first time at a gathering of radio

homemakers.

With the phone conversation completed, Leanna wheeled into the sunroom to interrupt my reminiscing. She asked about my family and commented on the column I had been writing for almost five years in the *Shenandoah Evening Sentinel*. She told me she had enjoyed reading my articles and had invited me to come for the purpose of asking me to write a feature article each month for the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine.

Leanna has a way of making a person feel she can do anything. Her arguments were convincing. Her loving, friendly manner left me no doubt that I wanted to be a part of the Kitchen-Klatter "family".

Leanna continued to guide me as I began writing for the magazine. Bob was five and just starting kindergarten. Jeff was one year old, and our new baby (who turned out to be Craig) arrived the following December, so I had many needs and Leanna gave me far more than I ever gave her in the way of assistance.

Several months later, Leanna decided to go to California and leave Lucile and Margery in charge of the broadcasting. Suddenly, Lucile was faced with unexpected surgery. Remembering that I had done radio work, Lucile called to see if I could fill in while she was in the hospital.

The broadcasting was done in Leanna's home, so that first broadcast in February of 1956 was from the small room just around the corner from the sunroom where Leanna and I had enjoyed our talk about my writing for the magazine. It was with a feeling of awe that I began the first broadcast; this was the very room where so many, many of the visits had originated which I had heard as a girl, as a young wife and as a mother. Somehow it gave the sensation of a fairy tale come true.

As time went on, I was called when needed to go over and broadcast. It has been a happy association since it gave me more time for my growing family than full-time work would have. It was exciting when I was "on the air" with Leanna, for I have long appreciated her ready wit, her refreshing laugh, her cheerful approach to all of life's problems, and our shared interests.

Life brings about strange circumstances. My move to southwest Iowa brought Leanna to my attention. Early writing and broadcasting experiences on my part brought me to Leanna's attention, and once we got together, it became a lasting friendship. Happy anniversary, Leanna — I am so glad we got together!



Telephone a friend TODAY and remind her to listen to KITCHEN-KLATTER.

We visit with you each weekday over the following radio stations:

KLK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	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.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.





Mrs. Florence Stahly of Lincoln, Ne., pictured on her 80th birthday.

### A LETTER FROM THE LADY WHO NAMED KITCHEN-KLATTER

Dear Leanna:

It was a very pleasant surprise to receive your letter asking about me. Yes, I am the one who named your *Kitchen-Klatter* program. As you probably remember, there had never been a formal request for a name suggestion for your program. In my writing a letter to you one day (in 1927) I casually mentioned that I enjoyed your *Kitchen-Klatter* program. Needless to say, I was very pleased when I learned you had adopted the name and the program would from that time on be known as "Kitchen-Klatter".

One of my most useful and prized possessions is the original *Kitchen-Klatter* Cookbook which you autographed, "To the real Kitchen-Klatter Lady." I'm sending you a photocopy of that front page — and if only you could see that book now! It has solved many a problem, believe me.

My daughter was only a little girl at the time we made a trip to Shenandoah. You presented me with a little pin shaped like an old-fashioned radio microphone.

At the time when we first became acquainted we had two children, Robert and Louise. Later, during the drought years, another son was born, namely Arlo. We lived on the farm until 1952 when my husband Arnold passed away. In 1953 I came to Lincoln to live with Louise where I could help with her children while she went back to work. Robert and his family still live on our home place on the farm at Hickman. Arlo and his family live in Lincoln.

Sincerely,

Florence Craig Stahly

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Stahly is now 83 years of age, in good health, and enjoys her many hobbies. All the Driftmiers send their best wishes to her.

### REPRINTED FROM ONE OF THE EARLIEST ISSUES OF KITCHEN-KLATTER

#### THE LADIES AID

The old church bell had long been cracked,

It's call was but a groan;

It seemed to sound a funeral knell

With every broken tone.

"We need a bell," the brethren said,

"But taxes must be paid,

We have no money we can spare,

Just ask the Ladies Aid."

The shingles on the roof were old,

The rain came down in rills,

The brethren slowly shook their heads,

And spoke of monthly bills.

The chairman of the board arose, and said,

"I am afraid

That we shall have to lay

The case before the Ladies Aid."

The carpet had been patched and patched,

Till quite beyond repair,

And thru the aisles and on the steps,

The boards showed hard and bare.

"It is too bad," the brethren said,

"An effort must be made

To raise an interest, on the part

Of members of the Aid."

The preacher's stipend was behind,

The poor man blushed to meet

The butcher and the grocer

As they passed him on the street.

But nobly spoke the brethren then,

"Pastor, you shall be paid!

We'll call upon the Treasurer

Of our good Ladies Aid."

"Ah!" said the men. "The way to

Heaven is long and hard and steep;

With slopes of care on either side;

The path is hard to keep.

We cannot climb the heights alone

Our hearts are sore dismayed;

We ne'er shall get to Heaven at all

Without the Ladies Aid."

### SEND THEM ONWARD WITH A SMILE

Do not worry, little mother,

If there're tracks upon your floor;

Years go by — you'll soon be wishing

You could see those tracks once more.

There won't be much satisfaction,

Looking back along the way,

Though we kept our house all shining,

If we scolded every day.

Yes, I know that little garments,

Sadly torn and out of place,

Make it hard for tired mothers —

Hard to wear a smiling face!

But they'll leave the home-nest shortly,

Some may fly to foreign lands;

Then your house will be in order,

But you'll sit with folded hands.

So let's all enjoy each minute

Of these lovely childhood days;

Just forget the dust that gathers,

Just enjoy their childish plays.

Yesterday they were but babies.

Now they're with us for a while,

But tomorrow they'll be going —

Send them onward with a smile!

\*\*\*\*\*

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Another generation at work in the kitchen as Katharine Lowey, one of Leanna's great-granddaughters, stuffs a turkey. She is the daughter of Juliana and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, and the only granddaughter of Lucile Verness.

## MOST FREQUENTLY REQUESTED THROUGH THE YEARS

### MY LIFE

My life is but a weaving  
Between my Lord and me.  
I cannot choose the colors  
Nor all the pattern see;  
Sometimes He chooseth sorrow  
And I in foolish pride  
Forget He sees the upper  
And I the under side.

Not till the loom is silent  
And the shuttles cease to fly  
Will He reveal the pattern  
Or tell the reason why  
The dark threads are as needful  
In the weaver's skillful hand  
As the threads of gold and silver  
In the pattern He has planned.

—Unknown

### I DON'T WANT TO BE SUCH A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER —

That I have no time to enjoy my children.

That I am too busy to be a neighbor and friend.

That my inner life shall starve and shrivel from neglect.

That my children's friends shall not be welcome even if they track in mud.

That an unexpected dinner guest will make me forget the true meaning of hospitality.

That I cannot find time to be a pal and a sweetheart to the Only Man in the world.

That my children shall ever have just cause to think I am hopelessly behind the times.

That I cannot become a still better

and more efficient housekeeper by trying out new methods and labor-saving devices.

That I become near-sighted and fail to see that I have a housekeeping duty to perform in my community.

That a few specks on my window pane will blot out my vision of the stars.

That there is no time left to attend to my personal appearance — for surely it is as important that the keeper of the house be as neat and trim as the house itself.

I live for those who love me  
For those who know me true;  
For the Heaven that bends above me.  
And the good that I can do.

### I WON'T GIVE IN

Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl,  
One was an optimistic soul,  
But the other took the gloomy view.  
"We shall drown," he cried, without more ado,

So, with a last despairing cry  
He flung up his legs and said, "Good-bye."

Quoth the other frog, with a merry grin,  
"I can't get out, but I won't give in,  
I'll just swim around 'til my strength is spent,

Then I will die with more content."  
Bravely he swam 'til it would seem  
His struggles began to churn the cream;  
On top of the butter at last he stopped  
And out of the bowl he gaily hopped.  
What of the moral? 'Tis easily found:  
If you can't hop out, keep swimming around.  
—Anonymous



No matter what you cook, no matter how you cook it, it's a cinch you can't improve it by cutting corners on ingredients. If what goes in is the best, the recipe's bound to turn out better.

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**TO LEANNA - Concluded**

to a full-time job as mother and homemaker plus continuing with the radio visits and the magazine!

The years passed, and I found myself a busy farm wife and mother. Now, like countless other mothers before me, I was putting my babies down for their afternoon nap so that I might listen to Leanna's radio visit as I ironed, sewed, or did the mending. And as the babies became youngsters, and then teenagers, I didn't get into too big a tizzy over the usual childhood catastrophe or mischievous escapade; I'd remember some of the experiences Leanna had shared about the Driftmier seven, and decide my own were probably normal, too!

By that time my own dear mother had died, and so Leanna, via her program and the magazine, became my advisor on child care and training, in cooking and canning, sewing, and the newest in household equipment and management, just as she was for so many other young mothers and homemakers in the Midwest.

When World War II came we all looked to Leanna as a morale booster through those hard years. We wrote her letters, telling of our fears and concern for our brothers, or our sons, or our troubles with rationing, and we shared her unvoiced (on the air) worries over her four sons in service. Day after day her her cheery, lilting voice came over the airwaves, bolstering, reassuring, encouraging us even though we knew her own heart often carried a heavy burden.

During these years I had been keeping Leanna posted on the Brown family's activities, sharing recipes and helps and occasionally a poem. Often she shared these letters on the radio or used excerpts in the magazine. Then, in the spring of 1945, she wrote to ask me if I would write an article for *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, suggesting activities to keep school children occupied during the summer vacation, since I had children of that age about whom I could write first hand. The June issue that year carried the article under my byline, and what a thrill it was! I have been a regular contributor to the magazine ever since.

The war ended at long last, and Leanna's far-flung family began to gather back in Iowa. That family circle now included grandchildren - oh, yes, they were typical kids who had to be sawed out of the bathroom or who named a cat "Sacafrass"! As usual we were given a first-hand report on all of these family experiences. How wonderful to know we were going to be able to hear and read of the next generation growing up, and to have her "girls" now assist-



The five Field sisters in the early 1930's. Left to right; Jessie Shambaugh, Martha Eaton, Leanna Driftmier, Susan Conrad and Helen Fischer.

ing Leanna with the broadcasts and magazine, so that she might have some richly deserved leisure time to spend with friends and family, or to do some traveling with her beloved husband. It was quite apparent that Leanna had instilled in her daughters that special trait of keeping heart and ears attuned to those friends "out there" across the miles.

Many honors have come to this great lady through the years. She was named "Iowa Mother of the Year" in 1954, has been designated Shenandoah's "Outstanding Citizen" by the Lions Club. Stories of her accomplishments have appeared in various papers, and all of us whose lives she has touched rejoiced that it was so. I think I can pay

her no greater tribute than to say that through her we have come to truly know just what is meant when we say the word FRIEND. God bless you and keep you, Leanna. We love you!

\*\*\*\*\*

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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

*Know Or Listen To Those Who Know*, a book of quotations selected and introduced by John W. Gardner and Francesca Gardner Reese, is "richly laden with statements that are both wise and true." In these words you will find hope and pessimism, skepticism and faith, wisdom and foolishness, love and loneliness. It is best to let the authors speak:

The important thing is not so much that every child should be taught, as that every child should be given the wish to learn. —John Lubbock  
Conscience is the inner voice that warns us somebody may be looking. —H. L. Mencken

All that is necessary for the forces



Parties in Bicentennial dress are popular all over our country this year. Have you attended one?

of evil to win in the world is for enough good men to do nothing.

—Burke

Tact is the intelligence of the heart.

—Anonymous

Our chief want in life is someone who will make us do what we can.

—Emerson

Every heart has its own ache.

—Fuller

The literary gems in *Know Or Listen To Those Who Know* (W. W. Norton Co., \$7.95) will provide much reading pleasure. Author John Gardner is chairman of Common Cause and also wrote *The Recovery of Confidence*. His daughter is a graduate of Stanford Law School. She says of the book, "If it's your habit to race through a book, try a change of pace. Loiter. Dawdle. Enjoy."

*The Complete Book of Paper Antiques* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Publishers, \$6.95) by Adelaide Hechtlinger and Wilbur Cross says that most of the conventional fields of antiques are rather overrun by professionals and knowledgeable amateurs, but one field not yet crowded is that of paper antiques. The biggest benefit for many collectors lies in the fact that you can select from a wide range of subjects and still find a wealth of treasures. Paper items — valentines, postcards, calendars, sheet music, documents, trading cards, paper dolls, autographs and catalogs are easy to transport, store and display. Paper antiques can be enjoyed without having to invest a large sum of money. From the standpoint of economics, single items are usually cheap, yet each one multiplies in value in direct proportion to the size and completeness of a collection.

One such paper item mentioned is that of the Sunbonnet Babies, little children in long skirts and huge bonnets. Bertha Corbett, the artist, drew them without faces to prove that character and feelings could be expressed without using the eye and mouth symbols that were evident in cartoon fig-

ures of that day. The children were popularized in a book and in a series of oil paintings. Originals are highly prized, and even reproductions command a good price. A single postcard, for example, with a Sunbonnet Baby will bring as much as \$5.

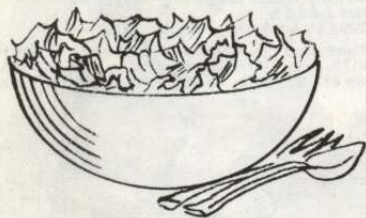
One chapter says interest in collecting theater playbills is a specialized and satisfying one. Theater programs make fascinating reading and are valuable links in the whole history of the theater. Rummaging in a drawer, I found some from the days of the KRNT Radio Theater in Des Moines which included recitals by Marian Anderson, Jeanette MacDonald; Victor Herbert's successful musicals including "The Red Mill", and Rogers and Hammerstein's "Showboat" and "Oklahoma!". Programs featuring Joe E. Brown ("Harvey"), Charlotte Greenwood ("I Remember Mama"), and Cornelia Otis Skinner ("Lady Windermere's Fan") brought back memories, and make them worthwhile to me.

*The Complete Book of Paper Antiques* is a definitive guide to a delightful collecting fad.

The names of John Adams and Abigail Adams are as inseparably linked as those of any pair in history. The story of these remarkable partners and patriots comes to life through their correspondence in *The Book of Abigail and John* Selected Letters of the Adams Family 1762-1784 (Harvard University Press, \$15). Their human story unfolds along with the historic events of the time — the Boston Massacre and Tea Party, the Battle of Bunker Hill. Independence is proclaimed, a Confederation adopted, and treaties negotiated to bring peace to a new nation. John Adams changes from a provincial lawyer and farmer to an effective statesman.

Abigail Adams, as the statesman's wife, expressed in her letters outspoken views on politics and public figures. She admonished John Adams to "Remember the Ladies" that they should be protected and educated. The details of life in eighteenth-century America are recounted in her letters.

*The Book of Abigail and John*, edited by L. H. Butterfield, Marc Friedlaender and Mary Jo Kline, contains material incorporated into the television series, "The Adams Chronicles". It conveys the experience of the Revolutionary generation in the most personal and authentic way possible. The editors have followed the reading of the original letters, such as, "Now Letter-Writing is, to me, the most agreeable Amusement: and Writing to you the most entertaining and Agreeable of all Letter-Writing." —John Adams to Abigail.



## LETTUCE HAVE A LITTLE VARIETY

Most of us are conditioned to think "lettuce" when we see a salad bowl. Well, since variety is the spice of life, how about spicing up the old salad course a little? We've all used romaine, of course, and bibb and iceberg lettuce. But how about kale? Or dandelion greens? Or spinach, or Swiss chard? We even know one family that uses milkweed sprouts and other wild greens along with more conventional vegetables.

Anyway, whatever the greenery, the important thing is the dressing. **Kitchen-Klatter Dressing.** Use **French, Italian or Country Style** (or all three). All are delicious. The best you'll find in any salad.

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

A reader writes, "Last spring I bought green or sweet pepper plants that already had flowers on them. I set them in the garden and only one or two peppers developed on each plant. What was wrong? My family likes peppers in relishes, casserole dishes and to eat fresh. I've been told they are packed with vitamins and food energy. Would you advise buying small plants or did I have a poor variety? I do not know its name."

Peppers are warm weather plants and possibly it was too cool when you set them in the garden for proper pollination — there may not have been any bees or insects to do the job. We wait until ten days after setting out tomatoes before putting pepper plants in the garden and then I protect the plants with milk cartons for a few days. Smaller plants that have no, or very few, blooms are much the better plants for transplanting. Peppers like a rich, humusy soil and plenty of moisture while they are developing fruits. We keep ours mulched with grass clippings to help keep the soil moist.

There are innumerable varieties of peppers but the top-performing hybrid sweet peppers that we have tested in our central Minnesota garden are Canape: 62 days, 12 fruits per plant that are a bit thicker than the next variety, Ace Hybrid, a 60-day California Wonder-type. The green fruits ripen to a brilliant red. Bell Boy is a mid-season variety that produces big, blocky four-lobed fruits in abundance. Good open-pollinated sweet peppers are Early Canada Bell, California Wonder, Yolo Wonder and Early Niagra Giant.

If your family likes peppers it would be interesting and fun to grow some of the pointed types such as Sweet Banana, and Cubanelle with yellow fruits that turn red when ripe. Pimiento-type peppers are tomato-shaped and produce mild thick-fleshed fruits that turn from green to red.

Hot peppers, such as Long Red Cayenne, produce the long-finger fiery hot pepper for drying and sauces. Many gardeners grind or pulverize the dried pods and sprinkle over cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts and broccoli plants to protect against cabbage worms. You can also blend the hot peppers with water and a little detergent to make a spray to use as an insecticide on vegetables and flowers. Sometimes onion and a bulb of garlic are added to this all-purpose organic spray. Let the "mash" set several hours or overnight, strain and apply with a sprinkler or sprayer.



Julian Brase, who needs no encouragement to get into things, "helped" his mother clean out the refrigerator. He is the youngest grandson of Dorothy and Frank Johnson.

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**MAY**

It is May! It is May! And all the earth is gay,

For at last old winter has passed away.

He lingered awhile in his coat of snow

To see the delicate primrose below.

He saw it and made no longer stay

And now it is May. It is May! It is May!

—From a McGuffey Reader

**MOTHER'S DAY SALUTE — Concl.**

caused! A woman doctor? How silly can you get? Where would she learn? But Elizabeth was determined, and her family rallied to her support. She also obtained letters of approval from many influential people, and was finally admitted to a small college in upstate New York. The other students thought it a great joke and had a heyday at her expense, but the earnest young woman soon had them scrambling to keep up with her. Elizabeth graduated head of class. What an eye-opener that was!

But there were still more hurdles to overcome. Landlords refused to rent office space to Dr. Blackwell, so she had to buy a house for this purpose. Hospitals would not let her in to practice her profession. Elizabeth raised funds and established The New York Infirmary for Women and Children, so that other women doctors could take their internship there. I guess you'd

say Elizabeth Blackwell "showed 'em", for by 1859, 300 women had followed in her footsteps and obtained medical degrees.

**Carrie Chapman Catt:** (Carrie with supporters holding up suffrage placards and banners.) Carrie Chapman Catt, over her father's opposition, worked her way through Iowa State College by washing dishes and working part time in the library. She became a teacher and later one of the first women school superintendents. At the urging of her husband she began to take an active part in the women's suffrage movement, finally following in Susan B. Anthony's footsteps to become president of the National American Suffrage Association. Under her strong leadership the movement finally got results when the 19th amendment was passed, and was ratified in 1920.

**Song:** Women dressed in fashions of World War I carry banners and march as they sing a suffrage song in a fervent style.

**Anna Eleanor Roosevelt:** (Dressed in uniform and cap she wore in her World War II travels to visit camps and war areas abroad.) Eleanor Roosevelt, often called the first Lady of the World, made her mark in history within the memory of many of us here, who can well understand why she was awarded so many honorary degrees in humanities.

When her husband came to the presidency, the country was in the heart of the Great Depression. Soon the First Lady was seen visiting the CCC Camps, the WPA projects, and all of the other "alphabet" services and centers to help our citizens weather the storm. She visited the bread lines, the soup kitchens, all of which she reported back to the president, as well as often making suggestions, or setting up programs through her own efforts to help the underprivileged and the poor. When World War II came, she seemed indefatigable as she became the president's eyes and ears in the army camps and bases, on shipboard, in the war plants at home. From wherever the president needed information, Eleanor Roosevelt was there to bring it back firsthand. Wherever she went, in addition to the information she gathered, she left behind a feeling of worth, that the "higher ups" cared, that SHE cared, that what they were doing was worth doing well. And all the miles she traveled meant miles of information fed back into the president's office.

**Narrator:** To you Women of America, we offer our thanks and our salute this day. May we take our place in America's future, as gloriously as you did in her past.

**Song:** "God Bless America".

That's our name . . .  
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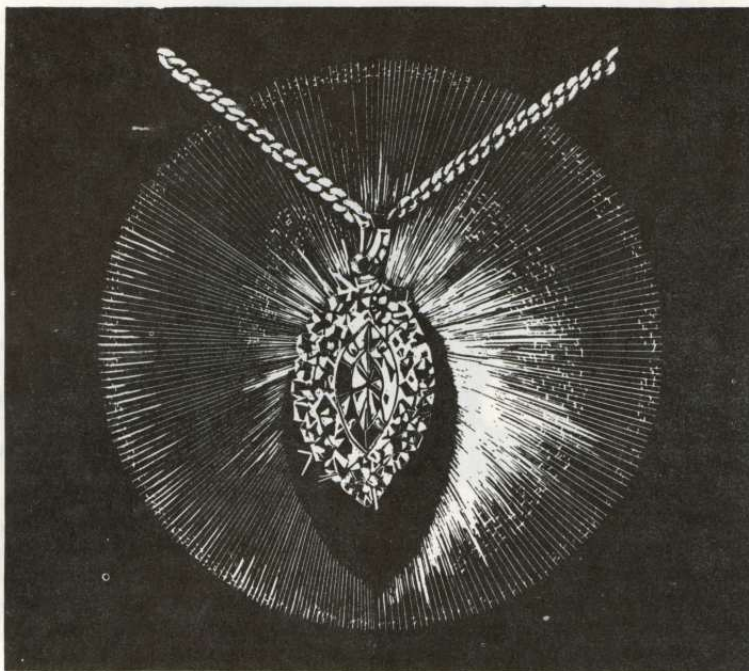
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Lucile Verness, her daughter Juliana, and Margery Strom and her son Martin gathered in Mother's kitchen in 1947 for this picture.

### LEANNA'S LETTER – Concluded

them.

We have a school for retarded children nearby in which I'm very interested. The beautiful cards have now been delivered to them to use in many ways in their activities. They will make lovely baskets and other objects with them. I thought this was the nicest thing I could do with them so they would continue to be enjoyed for I believe in sharing. Your kind thoughts will be carried in my heart.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

### MY TRYST WITH SPRING

My path leads me along a country road  
where I find spring has opened up  
the door;

Her rhythmic voice is singing beauty's  
ode  
where flowers dance across the  
petaled floor.

She comes with purple lilacs in her  
hair,  
and bids the velvet catkins on the  
trees

To wake and purr and dust the morning  
air  
where sealed cocoons unfold their  
mysteries.

No gold can purchase springtime on a  
hill

where wild plum thickets brush the  
templed sky;

The fragrance that a locust bloom will  
spill

or honeysuckle on a wall close by.

I listen to the song the bluebirds sing  
In April, when I keep my tryst with  
Spring. —Delphia Myrl Stubbs

### DOROTHY'S LETTER – Concluded

houses in Roswell proper. The base was a few miles from town.

Raymond says that when they moved there the population was only about 23,000, and now, six years later, it is practically a boom town, with an approximate population of 47,000. I asked him if a lot of industry had moved in to cause this and he said no. The Levi Strauss & Co. has enlarged their factory and hired a few hundred more people, and the Greyhound Bus Company has taken over one of the big buildings at the old base and is making new buses there, and employs a few hundred people, but a lot of the population growth is due to the large number of retirees who have found Roswell a lovely place to live.

There is a beautiful new terminal building at the airport. Many of the houses at the base are now being rented, or have been sold. Enough people live out there that the school has been reopened. Everything looks good for Roswell.

I took the bus back to Albuquerque, spent the night there, and flew to Omaha. Lucile and Betty wanted to stay longer than I thought I could be away from home, so Marge and Oliver were kind enough to meet me and take me to Shenandoah so I could pick up my car and drive home the next day.

No farm work has started at our place as yet — much too wet. But the pastures are getting green and the cattle are happy about that.

I must begin to think about supper, so until next month . . .

Dorothy

### FREDERICK'S LETTER – Concluded

and then he showed a map of Iowa to the war censors and convinced them that I was not dangerous.

*Kitchen-Klatter* is so much a part of my life, that I would feel very strange indeed if I were not writing to you good friends each month. When I stand here at my typewriter (I always write my letter standing up) pecking out a *Kitchen-Klatter* letter, I have a way of picturing so many of you. While looking out my window on a New England scene, I actually am not seeing New England, but Iowa, and Nebraska, and Kansas, and Missouri, and all the other Mid-western states where so many of you friends are. Even though I have lived away from the Middlewest for more than thirty-five years, I am still a country boy at heart. Writing to you via *Kitchen-Klatter* gives me a certain comfort, for it helps me to feel that I am in touch with home.

God bless you.

Sincerely,

Frederick



## "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.

July ads due May 10  
August ads due June 10  
September ads due July 10

**THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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

**OVERWEIGHT? - I LOST 53 pounds, easy, (permanently) - new method. Information free: - Helen, Box 5309K37, Stamonica, California 90405.**

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

**BICENTENNIAL MAGNETIC REFRIGERATOR patterns - liberty bell, spirit of '76, flag, shield, eagle, etc., \$1.25. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, 515 West 12th St., Garner, Iowa 50438.**

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**BICENTENNIAL EDITION on Making Dried Apple Head Characters - \$1.00 plus self-address stamped envelope. Mrs. Raymond Hasbrook, 1627 2nd Ave. N., Estherville, Iowa 51334.**

**COOKBOOKS - Grace Methodist Church. Lovely, laminated. \$3.25 postpaid. Contact: Pearl Hamman, 1133 Division, Webster City, Iowa 50595. 832-3308.**

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**SWISS IMPORTS:** hand embroidered sachets 2 in package - \$2.00; hand embroidered handkerchieves with envelope and card - \$1.75. Postpaid. Village Imports, Box 1452, Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

**HOUSEPLANTS:** rooted, labeled 12 different - \$7.00 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, R. 4, 5700 14th Ave., Hudsonville, Michigan 49426.

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**PINEAPPLE LEMON MERINGUE PIE:** A tasty cooked lemon filling, that's simply loaded with crushed pineapple. For recipe, send 25¢ plus stamped envelope to Mrs. M. Ford, Dept. E., 15811 Delrey Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44128.



Pictured above is Historian Robert Powell, Branson, Missouri. You can tell from that look on his face he is Patriotically proud of his newly published book, **OUR UNITED STATES HERITAGE**. . . . commemorative publication of our Nation's 200th BIRTH-YEAR.

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The forest would be much too quiet if only the most beautiful birds sang.



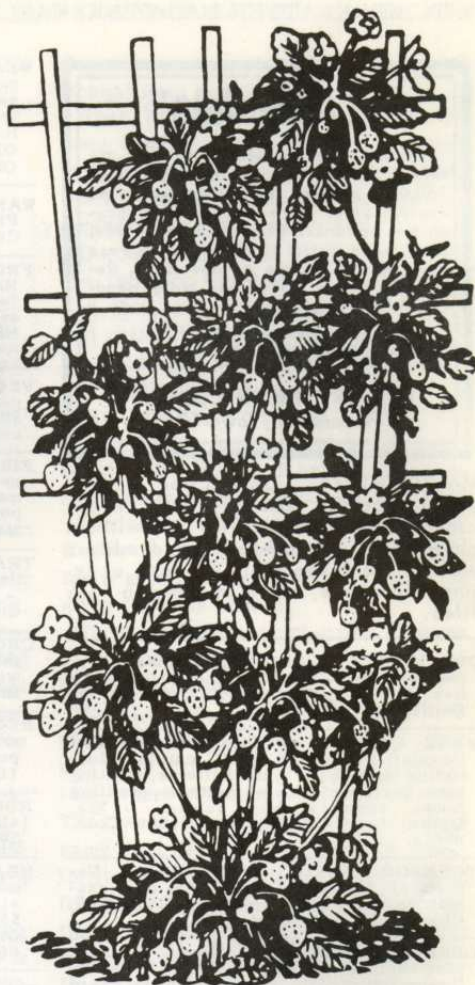
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