

TX1
K574
C. 2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 40

JULY, 1976

NUMBER 7



NOV 76
W. E. PEAYSON
300 HAMBURG AVE
ST JOSEPH 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,
Murgery 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
Copyright 1976 by The Driftmier Company

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a Sunday afternoon and two things about it strike me as out of the ordinary: I can never remember such a quiet day with not a single car or motorcycle running up and down the street, and I have never before been at this typewriter on a Sunday afternoon. (It took me the entire morning to get myself up to the point where I could sit long enough to do a little typing. As it is, I'll write this letter in installments.)

There is no way I can really thank all of you for the beautiful cards and encouraging letters that have come my way for several months. To each and everyone of you who took time to write something to me I want to say "thank you" from the bottom of my heart. I had not dreamed that so many people were concerned about my welfare.

Mother and I always talk to each other by phone on Saturday night, and the high light of her call last night was to tell me that she had earlier talked with Frederick in Springfield and after he had given her a run-down of his week's work he added casually: "Tomorrow Betty and I are having seventeen people here for dinner."

With that news I suddenly felt terribly ancient and worthless, and that feeling has carried over into today. I'll never, never know how in the world Betty gets so much done! Our entire family shares this sensation. Well, when she retires (why do I think that day will ever come for her?) she can write a book about her years as a minister's wife. I'm just scared that everyone who reads it will think that she is exaggerating — and I know full well that there is *no way* she could ever exaggerate. She is so modest and unassuming that the full scope of her activities never comes to light.

These summer days bring bus load after bus load of people to see the sights of our town. I've no idea what

they expect to see and if they leave town pleased or if they leave disappointed. After all, you cannot see your own home town objectively.

These buses come from other places, of course, and the drivers are as turned around as the passengers. I *do* know that they have a certain part of their run up Clarinda Avenue to see my house, then on up the same street to see Margery's house, and then, with a turn to the right on Summit Avenue, to see Mother's house. Of course they see both head offices and outdoor gardens at Mays and at Fields.

Last summer when my house was being painted I was so amused to see a bus pull up and stop briefly and then, instead of going on up the street on the regular run, I overheard one of the painters say: "Oh, oh, he's off the track!" And so he was.

When the Driftmier boys were small they spent the summer months guiding these tours, and believe me, no one "got off the track" when they were aboard.

The other night when I couldn't sleep I thought with astonishment that at another time long ago I would never have dreamed that I would have a niece and her family (this is Mary Lea, Vincent Palo and Isabel) living on the Navajo Indian reservation and all of them learning slowly to speak the Navajo language. Vincent has sufficient command of the language to teach in it if the occasion arises.

Dorothy's daughter Kristin and her family live on the Cheyenne reservation and they are mastering the language too. I've never been gifted with an ability to learn languages, but it seems to me that the Indian languages would be harder to master than the European languages that have been taught in our schools almost from the time this country was established.

Our summer is filled with comings and goings — Frederick and Betty have already been here and Donald's family has been here too, so they are out of

the picture for immediate plans.

About June 20th or thereabouts, Mary Lea, Vincent and Isabel will be stopping here for a few days' visit. They are driving and it's a long, long haul from the Navajo reservation to Massachusetts and Connecticut where the Palos live. We'll split up their time as best we can so they'll have a chance to see as many of the home folks as possible. I daresay we won't know Isabel at all at first glance.

Also in June Betty will have her daughter Naomi here for a visit. She is a student at the U. of Minnesota. Hanna will come a little later in the summer. Betty's mother is also due for a visit. She works in a Child Care Day Center (located in the Baptist church) and her two weeks of vacation are coming up. I have now spent time with all of Betty's immediate family and it is no longer simply a collection of names to me. Betty has done very well with our big gang and has met virtually all of them with the exception of Mary Beth Driftmier and her children.

Dorothy and Frank have Kristin and her family arriving for a visit, but the exact time hasn't been established. There are always so many complications when more than one person is involved, and even then you can run into snags.

Juliana, James and Katharine will get here (hopefully) *sometime* this summer, and I hope their dates jibe with Kristin and her children since these little second cousins have had little chance to know each other.

Juliana and Jed are deeply involved with a new project that has them downright absorbed. They went to some evening classes together at the U. of New Mexico in the Department of Archaeology and before they knew it they were absolutely "hooked" on the subject.

They are living in a section of our country that is literally paradise for people interested in archaeology, and this entire school year (just concluded) Juliana has spent three hours every morning working as a volunteer in the department. She seems to have a positive genius for reconstructing what looks like just a hopeless mass of broken pottery and things of every kind and description.

To date they have had several field trips — the entire gang and I think there are about 26 or 28 in the group. This covers people in their 70's down to current young students. Juliana and Jed like this big variance in age and find it highly stimulating.

Before I fell into such a bad way in Albuquerque on that disastrous trip, the entire group had a four-day "dig"

(Continued on page 22)

MARGERY TELLS ABOUT SUMMER VISITORS

Dear Friends:

A year ago about this time workmen had arrived to start on the addition to our house. Oliver and I were remembering those days at the breakfast table this morning, and how torn up we were when entertaining some of the family. What a mess, with furniture piled up in the dining room, no kitchen to work in, but everyone seemed to have a good time in spite of all the confusion. We were grateful that we weren't living in the same conditions when family members started arriving this spring. This year we have the house in shape and can better look after the comforts of our guests.

Mary Beth mentioned their visit in the spring, so I'll go on from there.

Our son Martin and his bride arrived early in May. Because Martin is a minister, he couldn't leave his congregation until after Easter, their annual meeting, and a few other responsibilities that occurred at that time. Their visit was a short one, but Oliver and I were grateful they could manage even a few days at home.

A lot of our visiting took place in the basement, and if that sounds strange, it was because Martin and Eugenie spent a good deal of time looking over the boxes of "stuff" that were stored down there. We hated to dispose of things until they "had a chance at them". When Martin was home in the fall, before his marriage, we suggested that he might find some items in that accumulation that he could make good use of in his new parsonage. Well, I suppose it is typical of bachelors, but he gave it a quick once over and said he didn't think he needed any of it. What a different story when the newlyweds took another look! They practically filled the car with odds and ends that suddenly had great appeal!

Another thing that went back with them was a gorgeous quilt. This is one Mother embroidered for me a number of years ago. I already had several that she had made for me, so I packed this one away to give to Martin when he had a home of his own. I had taken the quilt top to a cousin of Oliver's this winter so she could do the quilting, and she finished it just before our son and his wife came home. We wanted Mother to be the one to give it to them since she had embroidered it, and how thrilled Martin and Eugenie were when they opened that huge package! It will be used in their guest room which is furnished with antiques. Eugenie, who sews beautifully, is going to make a bedskirt and pillow shams to go with the quilt.



Frederick is showing Mother the lovely book of the history of his church.

When Wayne and Abigail were here to help Mother celebrate her 90th birthday, they mentioned that their son Clark would very likely stop off on his way home from Oberlin College when school was out. We knew approximately when this would be, and then knew for certain when the letter arrived giving us the date and the *actual time* of arrival. That Sunday afternoon Oliver and I started guessing just when they would pull in, not believing for a minute that it would be very close to the time Clark had mentioned, and believe it or not, they drove up right on the dot!

I never saw two more exhausted people! They had left campus on Saturday night at midnight, after a week of finals and clearing out their rooms, and drove straight through to Shenandoah. (Oliver and I couldn't do that at our ages, but young people seem to be able to manage such a drive!)

Clark's passenger, whose home is in Boulder, is also majoring in Music Performance. Her instrument is the cello, so with Clark's tuba and her cello, much of the car space was given over to their instruments. We chatted only briefly, for they needed short naps before going down to Mother's for Sunday night supper. We had a little longer

visit in the evening, but not much longer for they were still in need of sleep and went to bed quite early. The next morning they were off soon after breakfast for the long drive to Denver. Clark is working in his parents' nursery business this summer, but not full time as he is taking lessons and practicing on his tuba three or four hours a day.

The next to arrive were Frederick and Betty. They came late the next Sunday afternoon, having left for the airport directly from their church service. Dorothy had been working in Shenandoah that week and stayed over so she could see them and went with us to the Omaha airport to meet their plane. Frederick and Betty stayed at our house, where they also ate their breakfasts, but other meals were mostly with other members of the family so they could have individual visits at their leisure. We did have one big family dinner at Lucile's when we were all together.

It won't be long until Frederick's and Betty's daughter Mary Leanna and her family will be arriving for a couple of days en route to New England where they will be spending the summer. We'll be borrowing the crib from our neighbor again for Isabel, and will keep it set up for little Julian to sleep in when Kristin and her boys arrive later.

Although Oliver and I are not planning a vacation until fall, we've taken a couple of "long weekends" out of town when it was convenient. One little jaunt took us to Illinois to visit two of Oliver's sisters and their husbands.

(Continued on page 22)

COVER PICTURE

Every Sunday morning during this Bicentennial year of 1976 the flag of the United States of America is raised at the entrance of the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass. The pastor of this church, Dr. Frederick Driftmier, and some chosen member of the large group of young people share in the responsibility of this ritual.



Happy Birthday, Dear U.S.A.

A PATRIOTIC PROGRAM

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Flag Salute:

Song: "America", by all.

Bicentennial Prayer: (To be read with great expression, pausing after each phrase.)

Thank You, Lord, for a new day.

This day has never happened before.

It will never happen again.

Thank You for the precious gift of time.

Give us a sense of urgency to use it wisely and well.

This day, then, let us mend a quarrel, build peace, seek out a forgotten friend, dismiss suspicion and replace it with trust,

write a note of thanks, share some treasure, give a soft answer,

encourage youth, manifest loyalty in word and deed,

keep a promise, find a time, forego a grudge, forgive an enemy,

listen, apologize if we were wrong, try to understand,

examine our demands on others, think first of someone else, appreciate,

be kind, be gentle, laugh a little, laugh a little more,

inspire confidence, take up arms against misunderstanding, express our gratitude, offer a prayer,

gladden the heart of another, admire the beauty of God's world,

stand in awe, speak our love, speak it again, speak it still once more!

—By Bishop Maurice J. Dingman of the Des Moines Diocese. Prayer offered in Iowa State Legislature. (Used with his permission.)

Reading of the Declaration of Independence:

Song: "America the Beautiful" by all; or, you might have a vocal group or chorus do a patriotic number here. If this is being held out-of-doors or in a large auditorium, you may want to have some numbers by a local band at various spots in the program.

Reading: "Recipe for an American"

Sift one cupful of patriotism with an equal amount of tolerance. Stir in a heaping tablespoon of ambition, tempered with a proportionate amount of restraint.

Beat well, slowly adding the milk of human kindness in bountiful measure. Fold in a half cup of brotherly love mixed with charity.

Flavor to taste with Jews, Christian, Mohammedan, or any desired extract. Pour mixture in a mold of goodwill and let it rise in the heat of competitive spirit. Bake at an even temperature.

Frosting may be any desired color: red, white, brown, or yellow.

Serve in unity. Enough for 215 million people.

—Author unknown

Musical Number: "This Land Is Your Land" or other appropriate patriotic music.

Reading: "What Is America?"

What is this America that instills such loyalty and pride in those who

proudly call themselves Americans? What is America, that the mere sight of the Stars and Stripes rippling in the breeze above the heads of youngsters as they give the Pledge of Allegiance, or the fervent singing of "America the Beautiful", can bring a lump to the throat, a tear to the eye? It is all wrapped up in the love, the pride, the endeavors, the glory, the land, that is the heritage of America.

It is first of all the land, and we think of the waves dashing against the rough New England seashore as the Pilgrims stepped ashore at Plymouth Rock for their first real look at their version of the "Promised Land". It is the challenge to the pioneers of the forested Alleghenies and the Appalachian slopes. It is Cumberland Gap, the winding Ohio, the mighty Mississippi, and the muddy Missouri. It is cypress groves, Spanish moss, and the towering sequoias. It is cotton fields, tobacco barns, sugar cane, and orange groves. It is the vista and the vision as we see first rolling prairies and the great plains; then the corn and the wheat fields and great herds of cattle. It is oyster beds and lobster pots and the great salmon runs. It is the delta lands and the levees, the majestic Rockies, the Painted Desert and the Grand Canyon. It is the white sands of New Mexico and apple orchards in the Willamette valley. It is the Lewis and Clark Expedition, the Oregon Trail, the prairie schooner, the buffalo hunt, and the "Trail of Tears". It is the gold nuggets and Death Valley days. It is the Golden Gate. Mt. McKinley, igloos, and Hawaiian palms bending gracefully in the ocean breeze. "From sea to shining sea", this is the land of America.

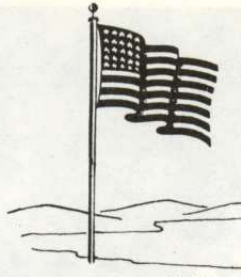
America is its history. It is Pocahontas and Captain John Smith, Massasoit, Squanto and the first Thanksgiving. It is old North Church and Independence Hall, Valley Forge and Yorktown, Gettysburg and Ford's Theater, and the Alamo. It is the Chicago fire, the Gold Rush of '49, the Panama Canal, the driving of the golden spike. It is thousands of miles of telephone wires stretched the width of the land, the "tin Lizzie", the power lines, and the miracle flight at Kitty Hawk. It is the "war to save democracy", the roaring twenties. It is the Great Depression, the bread lines, and the "alphabet" agencies. It is Pearl Harbor and D-Day, the flag planted on Iwo Jima, and the atom bomb. It is the tragedies of the Kennedys and Martin Luther King. It is the space age and a man on the moon. It is a growing of a land and its people.

America is its peoples and its indus-

tries. It is the fishing boats and the rigging lofts. It is the workers in its giant factories, the smelter at the fiery furnaces, the miner with his pick, the farmers guiding their powerful machines across their acres, and the dairyman busy in his barns. It is the trucker rolling along the network of highways, the lineman mending a broken wire, the teacher in the classroom, the engineer on the train, the homemaker running the vacuum. It is the postman and the milkman at our door, the handyman who keeps our automatic conveniences "automating"! It is the office workers, the volunteers who lead our charity drives and who lead our youth in the 4-H, the Scouts, and other organizations. It is the ministers who bolster our faith, and the nurses and doctors who guard our health. It is our heritage to be "up and doing", to "build the ladders by which we rise".

America is reminiscing, telling of memories of days of the past. It is stories of life in a soddy on the prairies, a log cabin in the woods, of the grasshopper plagues, the blizzard of '88, and the Johnstown flood. It is tales of the ice cream socials, the band concerts in the park, the Sunday school picnics, the one-room schoolhouse, of sack races and the tug-of-war on the Fourth. It is living over again in memory the days of the underground railroad, homesteading in Oklahoma Territory, the Gay Nineties, the summer Chautauqua, and the "make do or do without" days of the terrible thirties. It is retelling, as a warning, the days of our shame and corruption — Teapot Dome, Kent State, and Wounded Knee — lest we forget!

America is its heritage of freedom. It is to sit with your family in the church of your choice on Sunday morning, to listen to the radio and television news and programs as you wish with no fear of censor or indictment. It is to read uncensored newspapers, periodicals, and books at your own will. Freedom to speak your mind, be it on your own affairs, your neighbors, your government, or the weather; freedom to choose your occupation, your place of abode, your spouse, the clothes you wear and the food you eat; all are part of your American heritage. Freedom to play, to seek recreation as you will — at the seashore, in a tent or camper beside a quiet lake or in the woods, wintering in the southern climate, canoeing down a rambling river, skiing a mountain slope, at the baseball park on a Saturday afternoon, attending a symphony, backpacking in the woods, trout fishing in a mountain stream, yelling yourself hoarse in the football stadium — it's your choice. Freedom to



educate your sons and daughters in the three R's and also in citizenship and brotherhood.

But America is also today, a time to recognize our shortcomings and our failures and resolve to do better tomorrow. It is a time to work to bring about the fulfillment of our dreams. It is a today filled with hope and founded upon the faith of our fathers, upon liberty, upon justice. It is the Great American Dream of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

America! It is a land of peoples who, knowing well their mistakes in the past, dedicating themselves anew to those principles set forth in that great document of Independence by our founding fathers and signed on July 4, 1776, for which they pledge their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

THIS IS AMERICA!

Music: "This Is My Country".

Famous Americans Speak on Independence Day, 1976: (Very effective if two persons read these statements responsively, giving the author at end of each. Patriotic selections might be played softly as background music, swelling louder between each quotation, then getting softer before next speaker begins.)

"God grant that not only the love of liberty but a thorough knowledge of rights of man may prevade all the nations of the earth, so that a philosopher may set his foot anywhere on its surface and say, 'This is my country!'"

—Benjamin Franklin

"A nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces but also by the men it honors, the men it remembers . . . ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country."

—John F. Kennedy

"What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods, and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial article as Freedom should not be highly rated."

—Thomas Paine

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience; I know no way of judging of the future but by the past . . . life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains

and slavery? Forbid it, almighty God: I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

—Patrick Henry

"A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds. They constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers, and they arouse and animate our own people."

—Henry Clay

"These are grounds of hope for others; for ourselves, let the annual return of this day — July 4th — forever refresh our recollections of these rights, and an undiminished devotion to them."

—Thomas Jefferson

"When an American says he loves his country, he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains and the sea. He means that he loves an inner air, an inner light in which freedom lives and in which man can draw the breath of self-respect."

—Adlai Stevenson

"Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou will keep the United States in Thy holy protection — and finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were characteristics of the divine author of our blessed religion."

—Prayer by George Washington

The American's Creed: By all. (Have copies made so all may have one from which to read at this time.)

I believe in the United States of America, as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign union of many sovereign states, a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and their fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

—Written by William Tyler Page and adopted as our creed by an act of Congress, April 6, 1918.

Closing Song: "God Bless America".

(Note: The last verse of "America" may be sung as a closing prayer with everyone joining hands to form a friendship circle.)

Those who expect to reap the blessings of freedom must undergo the fatigue of supporting it.

—Thomas Paine

FREDERICK HAS SOME BICENTENNIAL HINTS

Dear Friends:

At last it is here — THE SUMMER OF '76. This is the summer when nearly one-fourth of the United States is supposed to visit New England. I suppose that this is the summer when many of you will be part of the crowds of tourists at Bunker Hill, Concord, Lexington, Plymouth and Cape Cod. Well, my advice to you is to think long and hard about that. If you do not like crowded highways, sold-out motels, and tire-some waits at the doors of every house in which George Washington ate or slept, you had better wait until the summer of 1977 to come to Massachusetts, the highest taxed state in the nation. The bicentennial year has meant millions of people plotting how to get more tourists dollars from millions of people who, after the summer of '76, are going to have millions of regrets.

Am I suggesting that you should not come to beautiful, historical New England? Not a bit of it! What I am suggesting is a rather forceful way is for you to make the grand tour some other year. From what we are reading in our local newspapers about the crush of visitors expected this summer, we shudder to think of any of our good friends getting misused, or hurt by it all. Here in Massachusetts we live on sacred soil where at every turn there is something to remind one of the greatness of our past, but this does not mean you or anyone else should visit historic Massachusetts this year or die in the attempt. Now if you simply must come here this year or never, then come ahead and make the best of it, for it will be better to be hurt than not to have seen our lovely New England at all.

Springfield has had many things to remind us of our historic heritage. The Old First Church at Court Square (a white colonial church on the green) has had costume parties and dinners served with colonial food. Next week in Symphony Hall there will be a colonial ballet. Some new statuary has been erected in the city. Not all of it looks like good art to me, but the newspapers say it really is. Our church and one other have installed ranks of bells to be used before each service. Our new Bicentennial plaza in front of the church is completed and partially landscaped. There will be parades and fireworks, picnics and speeches, and with it all empty pocketbooks and drained checking accounts, but why not? How often does a new country like this one get to celebrate its first two hundred years? Actually, our city of Springfield



Mary Leanna, Vincent and little Isabel will be visiting their families in New England very soon. What a happy vacation it will be!

celebrated its first three hundred years exactly forty years ago, but we are having a great time with the nation's celebration too.

Betty and I are going to be away from most of the celebrating this summer. During the first half of August we shall be in the Canary Islands, and during the last half of the month we shall be in Spain. After the hectic year of church and civic activities that we have had for the past twelve months, we need a change of scene. To get to the Canary Islands we must first fly to Madrid, Spain, where we shall change planes before flying on to those magic mountains sticking up out of the Atlantic Ocean off the west coast of Africa. Believe it or not, those islands do not get nearly as warm in the summer as does our own Connecticut River Valley in Massachusetts. We shall spend most of our time in Spain high up in the Pyrenees Mountains just below the Spanish-French border. While Madrid may be warm in August, we expect a gentler climate in the mountains. We shall return to Springfield on the first of September.

Our 1976 South Church European Tour conducted by my ministerial associate, Rev. John Willard Ames, was one of the best of the many European tours our church has had. The church members on the tour have been telling us to be prepared for very high prices in Europe this year. We found the prices very high when we were over there two years ago, and now we are hoping that things are not quite as bad in Spain and its island possessions as in the rest of Europe.

During the month of July we are going to be having the time of our life with our little granddaughter, Isabel. She will be with her mother and father at our home in Springfield for at least a week, and then she will be at the cottage in Rhode Island where we used to spend the summers when Mary Leanna and David were small. Do you remember

the letters I used to write to you from the little dream cottage on the lake where Betty's Uncle Frank Hill lives? The guest cottage at his summer home a few miles from the ocean beaches is going to be occupied by part of the family again after our not having used it for the past nine years. All in all, it should be a delightful summer for us.

As most of you know, this summer began with a quick trip back to Iowa to visit with my mother and the rest of the family. It was a good visit — far too short, but we made every minute count. I moved away from the Midwest in 1939, and it is hard to realize that I have lived longer in New England than I ever lived in Iowa, even though I still think of myself as an Iowan. From the pulpit I like to tell my congregation every now and then: "I am just a corn-fed Iowa boy, more of a farmer than a preacher." Of course, they know I am exaggerating a bit, but the point is that I am proud of my Iowa heritage. Even though I never did live on a farm, in New England an Iowan is a farmer whether he ever lived on a farm or not. In a way it is true, for practically everyone in Iowa is utterly dependent on the good black soil. In Massachusetts where only ten per cent of the land is cultivated, it is not so. Most New Englanders today are dependent on industry even though Maine has its potato fields and Connecticut has its chicken farms.

If you heard me on our Saturday morning broadcast telling about the choir boy expedition to New York City, you know what excitement we had. Seven of the boys had never before traveled by airplane, and we flew both ways in one of the very large jet planes. The big moment came when the captain announced over the public address system: "Today we are very happy to have aboard the junior choir boys from the South Congregational Church in Springfield." Every moment of that day was filled with excitement, and it was a tired group of young travelers who walked off the airplane in Springfield to be greeted by their parents. There were nine boys with me on that trip, but next week there will be thirty girls going with Betty and me on a boat trip down the Connecticut River and across Long Island Sound to the interesting seaport town of Long Island City. It will be a long day's outing ending with dinner at the famous Gelston House Hotel at Haddam, Connecticut. If we are blessed with good weather, that should be a beautiful trip.

I hope you have a great Fourth of July, and do be careful with the fire-crackers!

Sincerely,
Frederick

THE MOST MEMORABLE MEAL OF MY LIFE

Thanksgivings come and go, as holidays have a habit of doing, and most of them have been pleasant, happy occasions — all but one. And that one was such it has stayed fresh in my memory as though it happened but yesterday instead of years ago. A day that to all intents and purposes was to be a happy one indeed turned into one of great frustration — for me, that is, a skinny little girl with big blue eyes and a vivid imagination. Ah me! what a long time ago it was.

Our family had been invited to eat Thanksgiving dinner with an uncle and all the cousins living on a farm to the south of us. Several days before the holiday, my uncle came driving into the yard with a team and buggy to deliver the invitation: there would be other relatives as well. And the cousin accompanying him disclosed the fact that they were going to dress the big turkey gobbler for the meal. "I'll bet he weighs thirty pounds," said the cousin confidently.

I was almost delirious with joy. I had never in all my years of young life tasted turkey. In this day when turkey is as common in the market place as chicken, it seems hard to believe. Turkey was for Thanksgiving, and that day only, a once-a-year treat. And perhaps not then, for few farmer folk bothered to raise them.

So for a week I dreamed of roast turkey, and how wonderful it would be. I tried to imagine how it would taste. I told the big black and white cattle dog, "We're going to have turkey." I told the cats — in fact I told everything and anything that would hold still long enough to listen. I told the members of the family, individually and collectively, about it so many times that I almost made them all wild. It got to the place where I was forbidden to mention it again. But no one could turn off my imagination, and I walked around in a rosy mist of expectation.

At last the great day came. We drove to my uncle's house in a two-seated buggy with the driving team, one black horse and one white, trotting briskly up the road. The buggy had been washed, and the harness oiled as befitted such a holiday. The horses were curried and brushed and their coats fairly shone in the autumn sunshine. Oh, the excitement of it all!

So the time came when the family — aunts, uncles, big cousins and little cousins, gathered around the long table that groaned with food. I found myself sitting between my father and an older cousin, firmly planted on top the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery

Ward catalogues so I would be within eating distance of the table. And I thought I just couldn't stand it until the turkey was to be dished out.

I had watched the golden brown bird being sliced into serving pieces in the kitchen; and I thought the suspense of waiting was never to end. Finally, at long last, my uncle lifted the huge platter and it started to make its way slowly around the table, while I sat in dumb consternation, wondering how I'd hold the platter and help myself to a juicy morsel — or perhaps somehow I'd be passed by, for even on top of the catalogues I wasn't very tall.

And then — oh, how can I tell it — the oldest girl-cousin, waiting tables seized the huge platter even as my puny arms reached for it. "I'll help," she offered. "And I know just which piece you want. There you are!" and the platter passed from under my nose to hands waiting for it. And I sat with a big black turkey gizzard as my share of the festive bird. That proved to be as close as I came to turkey all day.

It was in vain that I pulled at my father's sleeve; he was deep in conversation with the uncles, and I couldn't get his attention. Potatoes and gravy, cabbage salad, dressing and cranberries, all found their way to me, as first one cousin after another demonstrated their affection by piling food on my plate. But no one thought of turkey and I didn't dare ask. In those days little children were truly seen and not heard. I was just a blob sitting on a stack of catalogues. Nor could I eat; I was filled to overflowing with grief and disappointment.

And when on the way home I burst into tears for no apparent reason, my father said, as he handed the reins to an older brother and held me on his lap, "You are all tired out with excitement. You have done nothing for a week but hop on one foot, telling us all we were to have turkey to eat. And I guess it was too much for you when you finally got some today."

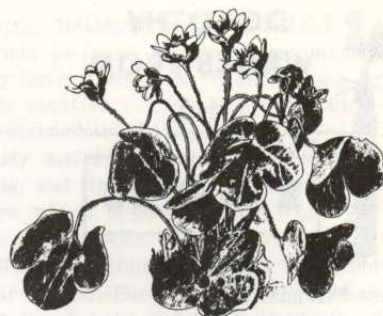
But what he didn't realize was that I was crying because I had had NO turkey. I have never forgotten the incident though it was many years ago. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that to this day I am filled with childlike happiness when there's a turkey roasting in the oven of my own kitchen.

—MEJ, Minn.

See *Lucile's Letter* for further details about "Most Memorable Meals".

JULY 4TH

On the 4th of July we celebrate the birthday of the first government in history based on man's freedom under God.



OUR GARDEN

We have a garden where old trees
Make dark shadows on the grass.
We've settled chairs upon these spots,
So folks can stop there as they pass.

We planted flowers in a row,
To grow against a rocky wall,
And colors bright, are riotous
In spring and summer and in fall.

We set up gnarled and knotted limbs;
The birds will like them, well, I know,
For on them, we'll set pans of feed
For feathered friends when cold winds blow.

Our garden is a wondrous place;
A place to rest or to have fun,
It's restful at the close of day
And cheerful when day's just begun.

—Jo Burford

REFLECTION

Dearest child, small and shy,
Let me take your hand,
Let me try and bring to you
A world you'll understand.

Let me show you kindness
Far from fear and hate,
Let me bring you happiness
Before the hour grows late.

And let me teach you patience
Despite adversity,
For, dear child, life is a mirror,
And in you I see me.

—Julia Yancey Petty

© *The Paths We Walk*, 1973

SHOES

Shoes are a badge
Of the man's profession;
Whether they be polished kid
Or toughened hide,
They indicate.

But to a lad of three,
A pair of shoes
Are treasures, personal things!
Thin soles are overlooked
By such as he.
When night draws nigh,
In silent words they say,
"A world is yet to be explored,
The time is short . . .
A bit of rest,
And we'll be on our way!"

—Gladys Niece Templeton

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Frank and I just had a telephone visit with our daughter Kristin, and everyone is fine at their house. This is Andy's last day of school for this year, but Aaron has one more week to go. The reason for this is that the boys were in two different schools. When the family moved into their home they had purchased and redecorated in Hardin, Andy transferred to the school there, but Aaron has continued going to classes at the Busby school where Kristin is a guidance counsellor. Andy has been very happy in the Hardin school. He has made a lot of friends, and last weekend went on his first overnight scouting trip, where they slept out and cooked out. He really enjoyed it.

Julian, who was a year old the last of March, is a real go-getter and never still a minute. Kristin says you just turn your back on him for a minute and he is into something he shouldn't be. She says she can't remember that either of the other boys was this curious and mischievous. Andy and Aaron are awfully good about taking him outside and playing with him. In fact, Andy had planned to come back here by himself as soon as school was out and return home with Kristin when she comes for a visit, but he has decided he wants to make a little money this summer and is going to stay at home and help take care of Julian. Kristin's plans aren't definite yet as to when they will be coming, but we know it won't be before July, since she will be working during the first session of summer school.

I am hoping to get quite a bit of Kristin's favorite foods fixed and into the freezer before they do come, so I won't have to spend all my time in the kitchen. She is always willing to help me, but she gets back to the farm so seldom that I like to have her visit be a restful, free time, because I know she loves to spend time showing the boys all of the favorite haunts that she loved so much as a child.

I've been trying to get a lot of ice cream made, but I can't seem to keep it very long after it gets to the freezer. Would you believe that in the past month I have made six quarts each of vanilla, lemon, banana and maple, and it is all gone? Today I'm going to make some butter-pecan. Don't think that



Dorothy and Frank are looking forward to a visit from their daughter Kristin and her three sons, Andy, Aaron and Julian.

Frank and I have eaten all of it — we've had lots of help.

I have celebrated my sixty-second birthday since I wrote my last letter. I find this hard to believe, because it sounds so old, and I don't feel like it, but at least this is what my birth certificate says. We always have all the birthday dinners at our house because I like to fix them and Frank prefers putting his feet under his own table, but Bernie put her foot down when it came to my birthday dinner. She said this was one meal I wasn't going to have a thing to do with. She didn't even like it because I insisted on bringing in the ice cream to go with the cake. It was really a surprise party and she had everything timed perfectly. Just as we were ready to sit down, our friends Louise and Roy Querry walked in. Bernie had told them what time to be there, and they were right on the dot. I was really surprised.

Speaking of birthdays, I want to tell you about the gift Frank got from Roy. It was a cut little woodchopper weathervane. When the wind blows the little man chops wood. I get a chuckle every time I look at it, because the man has on a Daniel Boone cap, which is strictly a great American legend, and the weathervane was made in Hong Kong. I don't know why, but it just strikes me as funny.

Right after I wrote my last letter to you I made a trip to Centerville, Iowa, where I had lunch with, and gave the program for, the Farm Bureau women's group. They told me I could bring a friend, so I asked Marilyn Jones to go with me. The food for the luncheon was just delicious. The members had brought their favorite dishes for either

a meat casserole, salad, or dessert, and the recipe for each was attached. Rolls, coffee, and punch completed the meal. After the program, when I was getting ready to leave, they handed the recipes to me, and I am anxious to try those I'm not already familiar with. My program was open to anyone who wished to come, and the basement of the Farm Bureau office building was full to capacity. I was happy to meet so many of our good Kitchen-Klatter friends. It always gives me a warm feeling inside. Marilyn also had a good time. Her former home was in Albia, not far from Centerville, so she met a lot of women who knew relatives or friends of hers.

Frank and I have been fixing a lot of fence in the past few weeks, and it was a happy day when we could turn the cattle into the timber pasture at last. There are a lot of acres in this pasture, so it was a long way around, and I began to think we never would get done. There had been a lot of fence broken by falling trees, especially after so many elms died. Frank had started checking and mending the fence when he got hurt, but his arm was in a cast for so many months that he didn't get back to it, so we had to keep the cattle in another pasture all the time. We have been awfully anxious to get it done, because with the forecast of a dry summer we wanted to be able to alternate the pastures. There is still a lot that should be done, but at least it will serve the cows until we have the time to work on it occasionally.

We haven't seen our wild hen turkey for several weeks, so we have decided she finally heard the call of the wild, or something has gotten her. However, Frank hasn't seen any feathers around, and we do know there are quite a few wild turkeys in the timbers, so maybe her mate came back after her. Our friend Gerald Griffiths, who has a farm near Albia, came to see us the other day and brought us some more ducks. He brought five mallards, three white ducks, and also five guineas. We had only one guinea left and three white ducks, so we were happy to get them.

In one of the recent issues I told you that Peggy Dyer's horse Cricket that Frank takes care of for her was going to have a colt. It was her first one, and she isn't very old, so Frank had been pretty concerned about her. Well, Cricket had a fine baby boy a few weeks ago without any complications.

I managed to get a little sewing done the last time I was in Shenandoah for my work week. I never seem to find time when I'm at home, so I take my portable machine with me, plus material and patterns, and I spend my days at the plant and my evenings at the

(Continued on page 20)



GAMES FOR CAR-RIDING KIDS

Score with Foreign Cars: Make up a list of foreign cars in advance, and how many points will be allowed for each. Your list might include: Datsun 10, Rolls-Royce 25, Volkswagen 2, Toyota 2, Mercedes 2, Volvo 5, Fiat 5, and so on. Then see which one of the players can reach 100 points first as they watch the cars on the highway.

Catch a Sign: Assign each player a different sign which will be seen many times along the highway you will be traveling; for example, "curve", "winding road", "slow", etc. Each player marks down on paper each time he, or she, spots the designated sign. At the end of an hour see who has "caught" the most signs.

Match a Picture: Before leaving home, fix a typing paper sheet for each child, filled with pictures which you have cut from magazines and catalogues of various objects (make some of them difficult) which might be seen along the highway, making each sheet somewhat different, although some of the objects might be the same. Objects you might include are blue water tower, red- and white-checked tower, a merry-go-round, a yellow house, a Shetland pony, a farmer's hayrack, an ambulance, a fire engine, etc.

Garbage Bag Detective: Before leaving home, fill small plastic garbage bags with several items which might amuse the children on the road — small games, crayons, books, follow-the-dot cards, gum, small box of old earrings (for a little girl's bag), small ruler, etc. When children need a change, hand out the bags (which are fastened shut with a "twist 'em"). Each child may carefully feel his or her bag for, say five minutes, then try to list as many things as he can which he thinks are in the bag. See who comes closest. Mother may have to write the list for a very young child who doesn't write. Then the children may choose, say two, items to play with the first half hour, two another half hour, etc. If the sacks are different in contents, they might have fun exchanging toys for someone else to use in turn for a half hour.

PRESERVE YOUR BABY IN PRICELESS PICTURES

Babies are the most perennial and yet most fleeting of picture subjects. Since amateur photography began in 1888, babies have been favorite models for doting parents and relatives.

But each individual baby changes so rapidly from day to day that picture opportunities seem to flash by. The only way to avoid missing priceless moments is to see that your camera is loaded, handy and equipped with a Magicube at all times. One of the new pocket Instamatic cameras, which allows you to just aim and shoot without worrying about camera settings, will help you to capture each change of expressions.

Opportunities for pictures will occur throughout the baby's day, but there are, inevitably, some periods which are better than others. Just after nap time, when the baby is happy and alert, is ideal for picture-taking.

Bathing and feeding are also excellent occasions for a series of shots, particularly when the baby has first begun to feed himself.

There's nothing wrong with a little deliberate posing either, as long as the baby is happy. Infants, as every mother and photographer knows, cooperate with adults only as long as they feel like it. Follow the baby's mood. Keep a toy or two handy to distract him when he shows signs of becoming cranky.

Whether you pose your pictures or shoot them as they happen, remember to shoot at the baby's level, even though this may mean getting down on the floor yourself.



—Photo by: Eastman Kodak Co.
Truly a memorable sight! Your child or grandchild captured on film in the act of demolishing a piece of chocolate fudge cake.

Watch the background. If you're planning mealtime pictures, for example, place the high chair in front of a plain wall rather than a cluttered counter. In a case where the baby and the action cannot be moved, try to change your angle to avoid distracting background.

Stay as close as your camera allows. This not only cuts down on possibly distracting background, but will also prevent the baby from becoming just a blob in the distance.

Above all, remember that a baby is a momentary thing. The picture opportunity you miss today will not come again.

—Arkin



JULY 4TH REMINDER

They cleared its fields. They planted its soil. They fished its waters. They worked its mines. They built its homes. They constructed its factories. They founded its cities. They dedicated its schools and churches. They formulated its laws. They fought its battles. In brief, they united a nation for their children and their children's children. We call it America. And they are the fathers of our fathers.

BERRYING AT DAWN

Greet the day in that cool changing hour,
When the night is closing shop.
The woods smell minty and wild,
As you hunt the abundant crop.
Blackberries glut the bushes,
A wealth at your finger tips,
Gloat over the heaped-up pails,
How lavish nature is with her gifts.

—Ruth J. Jorgensen

THE MOCKINGBIRD

He flew straight up,
And fluttered back,
And sang a few sweet notes.
That warbler of so many songs,
Could make the music float.
He woke me as the mourning dove,
While I was deep in dreams.
His melody of purest love,
Did wake my soul, it seems.
And then he sang another song,
So different from the first.
Then flew straight up
And fluttered back,
As though his heart would burst.
I wondered as I often did,
About this exercise,
And then, the answer came to me,
With startling surprise.
He exercised his diaphragm
As many singers do.
So each true note was clearer still,
And every song was new.

—Virginia Blakemore Moody

HOW WE GOT THE MESSAGE

by
Jo Burford

There is an old saying that it sometimes takes one a lifetime to learn how to live. I would like to add to that by saying that it quite often takes one a lifetime to realize the whys and wherefores of the teaching of our parents. I have in mind, especially, some of the things my mother taught me in her own unique and particular manner.

Today, when each trip to the market brings on a shudder from the latest mark-up on the prices of necessary and familiar commodities, I reflect that I have much for which to be thankful. I'm also sure that many another rural housewife finds that she has, too, when she takes her place in line behind some city gal who is being checked out, and can remember with satisfaction and pleasure the freezers and shelves full of "home-grown" foods, in her own home, just as I can.

In many cases I'd be willing to bet that some of these very women find themselves spending from one-third to maybe even one-half of their weekly income on meats and groceries alone, in order to give their families nutritional meals. And not always, I hasten to add, are the foods exactly nutritional, for in the piles of foods on the checkout counter one easily spots such things as the ready-to-eat and ready-to-bake foods that are certain to contain many preservatives instead of foods in their natural state. These foods are also certain to be higher in cost than similar foods made at home without the preservatives.

And so, with the steady spiraling of food prices — a bottle of fruit juice, 69¢ today, 73¢ tomorrow — a pound of bacon at \$1.29 one day and \$1.59 a few days later (only two of the multitude of changing prices) — I find myself counting my blessings and recalling many things I have to be thankful for. Here are a few of them:

I'm thankful that we moved to a small farm in anticipation of retirement.

I'm thankful that my husband loves gardening, as I do.

I'm thankful, most of all, for my parents and my husband's parents, who passed on to us so much knowledge in the everyday mechanics of their daily living.

My husband is a top-notch gardener, and he says he learned it all from just watching his dad make garden.

My father was ill most of his life and died at age 48. Naturally, my mother had to make every dollar count. I learned from her. I can't recall ever hearing Mom say, "Now look! Here is the way I go about canning these toma-



Well-stocked shelves of home-canned fruits, vegetables and jellies.

atoes," or "I want to teach you how to make this grape jelly," or anything else, for that matter. We were a family of ten kids, all female, and there wasn't much time for individual teaching as Susannah Wesley is said to have taught her many children, but we were taught many, many things, nevertheless.

Our teaching might come as the result of an off-hand remark: "Jo, your job today will be to help me can peaches. You older girls will clean the house, prepare the lunch, and watch the small ones."

I well recall I didn't like to can peaches. The fuzz on the peelings made me shiver, but we didn't dare object. We each had work to do. That's the way it was, and I did it! We all did!

The bushel basket of peaches was brought out and then the pans, knives, and crocks (always the heavy stone-ware crocks) that we'd need. First lesson — no words, just a way of doing. One crock was two-thirds filled with fresh cold water and salt measured and added. "Why are you adding salt?" was my first question, and the second part of the lesson. Mom then explained that salt in the water kept the peaches from turning dark. Each step was talked about as we went along, and I either sat with Mom as she peeled, or stood beside her, following her instructions as she proceeded to cook the golden peach halves and place them carefully in the cans. Next, I was shown how to adjust and tighten the lids, although at that time I was not strong enough to tighten them.

This was my process of learning; learning, while helping or watching, and that is the way we were taught. This not only applied to canning, but also to preparing a meal, cleaning a floor, washing a tubful of clothes, or any other household task, and we learned by doing these things over and over.

Then there was the appreciation! I learned that from Mom, too. Mom loved all things, from her own sweet-smelling

babies to the tiniest wildflower she'd find in the field. She loved piecing quilts and hand-quilting them in her own carefully drawn designs, and she loved crocheting caps for our heads and mittens for our hands. Every dress I ever had until I graduated from high school was either made, or made-over, by her.

I can't recall ever hearing her say, "I'm tired," or complain about the endless jobs she had to do. Caring for a sick husband and ten daughters was certainly a monumental task, but my mother never whimpered. She just stooped down, picked up her load, and carried it with dignity.

But we girls were not so tuned to our responsibilities. We quarreled over who would wash and who would wipe the dishes, who would fill the lamps with kerosene (no electricity in those days), who would clean the blackened lamp globes, make the beds or sweep the floors, or anything else that meant work. And when this happened, Mom was sure to step in, still with little loss of dignity, to settle the matter. And we all got the message!

Usually the one who started the quarrel was punished most. The punishment might be either a good belting or the denial of a much-desired object or trip as the misdemeanor warranted.

But — as I said — we got the message, and this is one of the many blessings of my childhood for which I am truly thankful!



FORMULA FOR WASHIN' CLOES

Bild a fire in back yard to heet kittle of rain water.

Set tubs so as smoke won't blow in yer eyes if wind is part.

Shave one hole cake soap from lye in bilin' water.

Sort things out; make three piles: a pile of whites, pile of cullords, and a pile of britches and rags.

Stur flour in cold water to smooth; thin down with bilin' water.

Rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, then bile again in hot water — just rench and starch.

Take white things out of kittle with broom stick handle, rench again, blew and starch agin.

Spread tee towels on grass. Hang ole rags on fence posts.

Pore rench water on flower bed.

Scrub porch with hot soap water.

Turn tubs upside down and scour bottoms.

Go put on clean dress — smoth hair with side combs, brew cup of tea, and set and rest and rock a spell.

Count blessings.

JULY OF 1976

by
Evelyn Birkby

Fremont County is located in a great part of the state of Iowa, almost ready to drop over into Nebraska, almost a part of Missouri. In fact, for a short time the Missouri border came right up to the south edge of our home town of Sidney, so part of the county used to be in Missouri territory. It is bordered on the west by the great Missouri River and on the east by Highway 59 (that means that the Kitchen-Klatter plant is in this county!). The north boundry is shared with Mills County which also shares the historical background of Chief Waubonsie of the Pottawattamie Indians. Fremont County has a state park which bears his name and Mills County has his grave.

When thought was first given to the Bicentennial celebration someone remarked that 200 years ago southwest Iowa was rugged wilderness inhabited by plains Indians. How, they asked, could we celebrate here? By building campfires, putting on costumes of these native Americans and learning original Indian dances and songs?

As time went on the scope of the Bicentennial was explained: we were not just celebrating the Revolutionary War period or the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but honoring 200 years of our country's development. The emphasis was on each community and individual doing "his own thing".

It was surprising to me, when I checked back to the first county meeting of the Bicentennial Commission, held with a fine group of interested persons, to see how many of the initial suggestions were developed. Only one project finally accepted by the local commission failed to be completed — making an old abandoned railroad bed into a hiking and biking trail ran into problems which could not be resolved. Other than that, every project voted on has become a reality. I'd like to tell you about all of them, but I'll mention only the main ones.

The bluff road along the western side of the county was designated as a *Corridor Trail* by the county Bicentennial Commission. It is a scenic road with much historical interest. Especially pleasant for biking, hiking and scenic drives, it is now being marked with signs developed by high school students. Youth of the county 4-H Clubs cleaned up the roadside ditches this spring and were amazed at how much trash they collected. The road is now clean and neat in appearance.

One project which was a delight to see come to life was the development of a county map. It contains places and



—Photo: Sidney Argus Herald
Evelyn Birkby presents the first Fremont County Bicentennial map to Larry Burgus, Sidney art teacher, who did the art work for the fine publication.

narratives of historical and recreational interest. With lovely drawings indicating most areas, it is very attractive. Place mats, tourist handouts and parchment souvenir copies were printed and are already in use around the area.

If you've been working with your Bicentennial group you'll recognize these both as *Horizons* projects. Our local *Festival* observance is going to be tied in with the county fair held the last week in July. On July 28th we will have a county-wide pageant at the fairgrounds (the same arena where the Sidney Rodeo will begin on August 10th). Based on the history of Fremont County, many of the citizens of our twelve communities will be singing, playing instruments, doing square dancing, and acting out the stories of the early days of this area. I can hardly wait to see it myself!

The primary *Heritage* project has been work on the Fremont County Historical Museum. Now, if you've ever gotten involved with a museum you know what a task it can be — and how exciting and rewarding!

This museum, located on the east side of the square in Sidney in a renovated commercial garage, has been active for a little over three years. It has many fine items in its collection. The Historical Society did a great job of building period rooms, starting a country store, collecting antique farm implements and building show cases. Some of the cases were made with windows given to the society when the old grade school building was torn down. Those first workers really "made do" with what they had.

With the assistance of a matching grant from the State Bicentennial Commission, the committees went to work with museum improvements: marking, cataloging, cleaning, sorting and dis-

playing. Cement work was done to smooth irregular areas in the floor, ceiling repair was done and fresh paint went on the lobby, library and Indian room walls. The old farm items were pulled out into the street and cleaned off with the use of air compressors. (That caused a stir among those driving by that afternoon. A few passersby even stepped inside to see what on earth was going on.)

Lighting for the cases, the period rooms and new ceiling lights added a brightness that was amazing. One does not realize how much clear lighting adds to displays until it is installed. While this was being done, volunteers were coming in to clean, arrange and paint small areas, such as the two bathrooms. Clothing and linens were taken home to be laundered, the curtains were washed and ironed and the lobby floor got a professional scrubbing, stripping, sealing and waxing.

When the work is done, (is a museum EVER finished?) I'll share the stories of some of the items and just exactly what is in this very fine small county museum. It will be open to visitors this summer, so perhaps some of you will stop by when you are in Sidney.

So many activities have been going on in the local communities around the county I wish I had room to report them all. One town has renovated an old church, one has restored an original Chautauqua building to its original excellence, one added fine playground equipment to its park and another landscaped the local courthouse yard. (I still have prickles in my hand from the red-leaved barberry bushes used in that planting project.)

The celebrations are going to continue all summer if the calendar is correct, not only community affairs, but many alumni reunions, club occasions and church services. One of the churches in the county is planning a series of historical church services which will continue throughout the year. Another church is planning its fall harvest homecoming with a Bicentennial emphasis. "All the summer programs will be out of the way by then," stated one of the members. "We can settle in and enjoy our own heritage and thanksgiving. After all, we have a lot of 1976 ahead for us to enjoy."

That statement appealed to me. What is done this year to celebrate our 200th birthday is up to each individual, but one thing is sure: I'd hate to miss out on such an unusual and exciting event. I want to enjoy it to the fullest, experience as much as possible and look around next year to see some of the projects with which I've helped carrying on toward the future.

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

CHERRY TORTE

- 1 regular-size box chocolate cake mix
- 1 1-lb. can black bing cherries, pitted
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream (or whipped topping)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 small bar sweet chocolate

Bake cake mix according to directions in two layer cake pans. Cool. Split each layer. Drain cherries. Put syrup into saucepan with sugar, almond and butter flavorings. Cook, stirring, until it begins to thicken like syrup. Spoon over layers. Let syrup soak in well. Whip cream (or prepare whipped topping according to directions). Spread about 2 Tbls. on top of each layer of cake. Place part of cherries on each layer except the one to be used for the top. (The more cherries used the better this dessert is!) Put torte together with cherry layers inside and top layer with cream side up. Smooth any remaining whipped cream over sides of cake. Shave sweet chocolate bar over top. Refrigerate until time to serve.

This needs to be made ahead of time so the syrup and whipped cream will be somewhat absorbed by the cake. It makes a very moist, delicious and rich dessert.

—Evelyn

SIMPLE

REFRIGERATOR CHOCOLATE PIE

- 1 6-oz. sweet chocolate and almond candy bar
- 2 tsp. water
- 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 baked pie shell

Melt chocolate bar with the water in top of double boiler. Remove from fire. Cool slightly. Fold in 3/4 of topping and flavoring. Pour into baked pie shell. Put remainder of topping on top of pie. Refrigerate several hours.

FROZEN RASPBERRY DELIGHT

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries, undrained
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg white
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 cup raspberry-flavored yogurt or 1 cup sour cream
- Graham cracker crust

Combine undrained thawed raspberries, sugar, egg white (which is at room temperature for best volume when beaten) and flavoring. Beat with electric mixer on high speed until soft peaks form. This may take about 10 minutes. Gently fold in yogurt or sour cream. Have a prepared graham cracker crust ready in a large pie pan or a 9-by 13-inch baking dish. Spoon filling into crust. Chill. If desired, form swirls on the top. Place in freezer. When firm, slip into plastic bag or wrap in foil to make airtight. Store in freezer until about 10 minutes before serving time. Remove from freezer and place dish on hot, wet towel to soften crust enough to cut nicely.

(This is a recipe prepared originally by the Roberts Dairy Test Kitchen in Omaha and presented at a series of food fairs in southwest Iowa sponsored by the Iowa State University Extension Service.)

—Evelyn

SPANISH STEAK

- 2 round steaks
- Mild Cheddar cheese
- Pimiento
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 garlic bud, chopped
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 1 large green pepper, diced
- 1 green chili, chopped (optional)
- 1 1-lb., 1-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 small can tomato paste
- 1 cup thick beef gravy
- A few drops of Tabasco sauce
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 bay leaf
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1/4 tsp. chili powder
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/2 tsp. oregano

Remove fat and bone from steak. Brown lightly. Place one piece in baking pan. Cover with layer of grated Cheddar cheese and sprinkle with pimiento, as much as desired. Cover with remaining round steak. Top with sauce, cover and bake at 375 degrees about 1½ hours, or until tender.

To make the sauce, saute onion, garlic, celery and peppers in bacon drippings. Combine with remaining ingredients. Pour over steak and cook as directed. Any leftover portions freeze nicely.

PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM

- 1 quart half-and-half
- 1/2 cup sugar
- A few grains of salt
- 1/16 tsp. peppermint oil
- 3/4 cup peppermint stick candy
- Red food coloring

Scald the half-and-half over very low heat until a slight film forms upon the surface of the liquid and a thin bead of bubbles begins to form around the edge of the pan. Add the sugar and salt. Cool. Add the peppermint oil.

Crush the peppermint stick candy by enclosing it in a plastic bag and hammering it until the pieces are very, very fine in grain.

When the half-and-half is well chilled use your ice cream freezer according to your directions. Add the crushed candy to the ice cream immediately after the freezer stops, and then complete the freezing in your freezer or immerse in ice and rock salt. (If you grow impatient and add the candy to the warm cream, the candy will dissolve and the peppermint stick texture will be lost.)

—Mary Beth

PINEAPPLE-CARROT SLAW

- 4 slices pineapple, diced
- 3 cups cabbage, shredded
- 2 carrots, shredded
- 1/4 green pepper, diced
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 3 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/2 tsp. dill weed
- 4 Tbls. pineapple juice

Prepare the vegetables. Blend mayonnaise, French dressing, dill weed and pineapple juice and mix into vegetables well. Chill and serve. Makes 4-6 generous servings.

—Margery

RECIPE GROUP CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 whole chicken, plus 2 breasts
- CROUTONS
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen chopped broccoli
- 2 10½-oz. cans cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. flour

Boil the chicken and remove the bones and skin. Cover the bottom of a buttered 9-by 13-inch pan with croutons. Cook the broccoli a few minutes, drain well and put over the top of the croutons; then put the chicken over the broccoli. Combine the soup and broth and pour over the chicken. Mix together the mayonnaise, lemon juice and flour until blended, and spoon it over the top. Cover with more croutons. It can all be topped with sharp grated cheese if you desire. Bake in a 350-degree oven about one hour.

—Dorothy

COOL, QUICK SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 cup pecans, finely chopped

Dissolve the orange gelatin in the boiling water. Add the flavorings. Stir in the pint of vanilla ice cream until it is thoroughly melted and blended. Add the pineapple, cheese and pecans. Pour into a mold and chill until set. This is delicious.

—Dorothy

TUNA-CASHEW CASSEROLE

- 1 3-oz. can chow mein noodles
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 6-oz. can chunk-style tuna, drained
- 1/4 cup cashew nuts (halves and pieces)
- 1/4 cup diced celery
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1 can mushrooms, drained and sliced

Combine everything except 1/2 cup of the noodles. Put into a buttered casserole and sprinkle the remaining noodles over the top. Bake in a 325-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. This can be made up using mushroom soup in place of the chicken soup; then you can leave out the mushrooms. When I served this at a luncheon, I doubled it to serve 12 nicely. If you wish to make this up ahead of time, combine everything except the noodles, which should be mixed in just before you put it in the oven so they will stay crisp. —Dorothy

LEMON-COCONUT COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups flaked coconut

Cream sugar, shortening, eggs, milk and flavorings. Sift flour, soda, cream of tartar and salt. Blend dry ingredients into creamed ingredients. Stir in coconut. Roll into balls, flatten and criss-cross with fork. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 400 degrees for about 9-10 minutes, or until very lightly browned.

—Margery

ALMOND-COCONUT CRUNCH

- 1 cup almonds, chopped
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. vanilla pudding mix
- 3 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Whipped topping

Combine almonds, butter or margarine, coconut, brown sugar and flour in flat baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes, or until golden brown, stirring occasionally to keep crumbly. Cool.

Cook pudding and milk as directed on package instructions, using the amount of milk given here — 3 cups *only*. Add coconut flavoring. Cool.

Put 2/3 of crunch in bottom of pan — 9- by 13-inch or 9-inch square depending on how thick the completed dessert will be. Put pudding on top. Prepare whipped topping according to directions, or use refrigerator topping. Spoon layer over top of pudding. This may be as thin or thick as you wish. (Two cups of prepared topping would be maximum desired.) Put remaining crunch topping over whipped layer. Chill 4 to 6 hours. Cut into squares to serve.

This makes a delicious crunchy topping which could be used on top of a layer of ice cream, on top of apple pie or as a broiler topping for a simple cake.

BEST-YET OKRA

- 2 cups prepared okra
- 1 medium green pepper, diced
- 1 medium onion or large shallot, diced
- 1 Tbls. cooking oil
- 2 cups tomatoes (fresh or canned)
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. flour
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Wash and slice okra into pan. Cover with generously salted water. Bring to boil and boil gently for 10 minutes. Drain and rinse. Meanwhile, saute green pepper and onion or shallots in hot cooking oil. Add tomatoes. Stir gently until enough tomato juice forms to keep moist. Add well-drained okra. Cook until tomatoes are done, about 5 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients. Stir into vegetable mixture. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens to gravy consistency. Makes a really great vegetable dish.

Note: Canned okra may be used with this recipe. Simply drain well and proceed as with the cooked okra. Do not hesitate to use the amount of pepper given. It is not too much.

—Evelyn

GINGERED CARROTS

- 1 lb. carrots
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- Snipped fresh parsley

Pare and slice the carrots crosswise on the bias, about one inch thick. Cook covered in boiling salted water until just tender, about 15 minutes. Drain. Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt, ginger and orange juice in a small saucepan. Cook until thickened and bubbly. Stir in the butter or margarine. Pour over hot carrots, tossing to coat evenly. Put in serving dish and sprinkle snipped fresh parsley over the top for an added touch.

—Dorothy

REUNION SCALLOPED POTATOES

- 5 lbs. potatoes, boiled in jackets, peeled and sliced
- 1 small can pimiento, cut fine
- 1 small onion, finely diced
- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup milk
- 1 lb. cheese, shredded

Arrange potatoes in a buttered baking dish. Combine the remaining ingredients in a saucepan and stir over low heat until blended and cheese is melted. Pour over the potatoes. Bake in a 300-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. This will serve 20 people.

—Dorothy

FRENCH PANCAKES

- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Combine liquid ingredients and pour into dry mixture. Combine quickly; batter may be lumpy. Heat 5-inch skillet or crêpe pan. Put in a little oil or butter. When hot, pour in 1/4 cup batter. Tip as it cooks to make the pancake thin. Turn once. Continue until all are cooked. Serve with jelly, powdered sugar, syrup or fruit. This is a form of crêpes suzette which is simple to make, but creates an elegant dish. With creamed chicken, fish or mushrooms it can be used for a main course. With the sweet syrups, fruits or ice cream, it makes a great dessert.

—Evelyn

DOROTHY'S LEMON DESSERT

- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup flour

Crumble these ingredients together and pat in the bottom of a large 9- by 15-inch glass baking dish. Bake in a 350-degree oven 15 minutes or until it just begins to turn golden. Cool.

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 - 1 cup powdered sugar
 - 1 cup prepared whipped topping mix
- Combine until well blended and spread over the first layer.

- 3 3-oz. boxes instant lemon pudding mix

- 4 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Additional prepared topping and pecans for topping

Make the instant pudding using the 4 cups of milk. Add the lemon flavoring. Spread over the second layer. Top with additional prepared topping mix, sprinkle with pecans, and chill until ready to serve.

HAM AND VEGETABLE PIE

- 2 cups cooked ham, diced fine
- 1 pkg. frozen broccoli spears
- 2 cups shredded Swiss cheese
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 1/2 cups milk, scalded
- 3 eggs, beaten slightly
- Salt and pepper
- Unbaked 10-inch pastry shell

Cook the broccoli according to package directions. Cut the stems from the flowerets and chop the stems coarsely. In the unbaked pastry shell spread half the ham, chopped stems, flowerets and cheese. Repeat the layers and spread the chopped onion on top. Gradually stir the milk into the beaten eggs, add the seasonings (remember the ham is salty), and pour carefully on top of the filled pie. Bake in a 450-degree oven for 10 minutes. Lower the heat to 325 degrees and bake another 30 minutes, or until the center is firm. This is delicious.

—Dorothy

BUSY-DAY CHEESECAKE

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 cups whole milk
- 1 2 3/4-oz. pkg. instant lemon pudding mix
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 graham cracker crust

Soften cream cheese and blend with 1/2 cup of the milk. Add remaining milk, pudding mix and flavoring. Beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about one minute. Do not over beat. Pour at once into graham cracker crust. Sprinkle graham cracker crumbs over top. (When you make your graham cracker crust make 1/2 cup extra to sprinkle on top.) Chill about one hour. Serves 8 people. A real party dessert that you can make so easily. —Margery

FROZEN CHERRY SALAD

- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 21-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 13-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 9-oz. carton prepared whipped topping (or 1 envelope topping mix, prepared according to directions)

Mix condensed milk and lemon juice. Stir in cherry filling, flavorings, crushed pineapple with juice, marshmallows and nuts. Fold in prepared whipped topping. Pour into two 8-inch square pans and freeze. Cut in squares to serve 20. Will keep frozen for three weeks. Freeze in cupcake papers for individual portions. —Ester Mae Cox

HAMBURGERS FOR COOKOUT PARTY

Prepare thin hamburger patties. Then have some dishes that contain such things as stuffed olives, minced onion, pickle, anchovies, and small cubes of cheese, etc.

Have the guests choose a filling for the hamburger they want. Place their choice on a thin patty, lay on another patty, press edges to seal and put on the grill.

Don't lose track of which belongs to which person!

You can do it this way for the broiler inside, of course! —Margery

SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 cup plus 2 Tbls. powdered milk
- 3/4 cup sugar

Place the warm water and powdered milk in the top of the double boiler and mix until well blended. Add the sugar and stir and stir (it takes a lot of stirring) until the sugar is completely dissolved and the mixture has thickened. You must stir all the time. This will take at least 17 minutes. Remove from the stove and let the mixture cool. This can be stored in the refrigerator in a covered container. —Dorothy

PRALINE PARFAIT

- 3/4 cup dark corn syrup
- 2/3 cup pecans, chopped
- 1/3 cup dark molasses
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 3 Tbls. boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Whipped cream or whipped topping
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 pints vanilla ice cream
- 1/3 cup pecan halves

Combine corn syrup, 2/3 cup chopped pecans, molasses, 3 Tbls. sugar and boiling water in heavy saucepan. Bring to boil. Remove from heat. Add burnt sugar flavoring. Cool. Whip cream or whipped topping (or use the prepared "Cool Whip" type topping). Stir in 2 Tbls. sugar and vanilla flavoring if topping is not already sweetened. Alternately spoon ice cream and sauce into tall parfait glasses, ending with sauce. Top with whipped cream (or topping) and garnish with pecan halves. (The amount of whipped cream or whipped topping varies according to taste, so no definite amount is given. Choose the type and amount which suits your family.)

This syrup keeps well in the refrigerator so this is an excellent recipe to mark for emergency serving. It really does have the flavor of the praline candies so popular in the South. —Evelyn

PLAIN or FANCY

Whether it's going to be a sit-down dinner for family, friends and in-laws, or a catch-as-catch can lunch for a busy family, you want it to be as good as you can possibly make it. Flavorful, interesting, fun to sniff and pretty to see. Just think how Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings can help in all those departments! So easy to use, they never steam out. Flavor, color and aroma are just the same, bottle after bottle. And so economical, too! Sixteen to choose from:

Almond	Banana
Black Walnut	Blueberry
Burnt Sugar	Butter
Cherry	Coconut
Lemon	Maple
Mint	Orange
Pineapple	Raspberry
Strawberry	Vanilla

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$2.00 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.25. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

HAVE YOU EVER HAD A DAY LIKE MARY BETH'S?

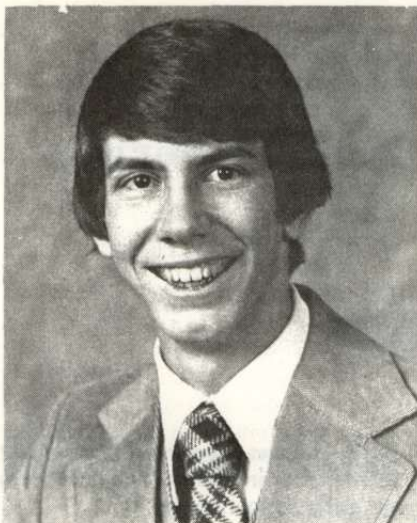
Dear Friends:

I have an interesting observation to pass along to those of you who have small children bombing around the house on Saturday mornings. When your children are, for all intents and purposes, grown, the pandemonium does not stop! This morning has been a little more of a panic scene than our normal Saturday mornings are. In the first place our oldest child Katharine is home from Rice University.

Those of you who have been *Kitchen-Klatter* readers for the last eighteen years while I have been writing, will recall my commenting upon the fact that Katharine, as a three-year-old, would sit on the floor of her bedroom dressing herself for what seemed to me an everlastingly long period of time. I happened to clean out a desk drawer and find an old recipe filed in with my papers, and on the reverse side was a column from one of my letters relating this incident. I howled with laughter at the remembrance of those dear days, and it was true — she *did* move at a snail's pace. Here she is, approaching her twenty-first birthday, and I believe she is still geared at a snail's pace. Bless her heart, she was up and had pancakes made for breakfast, but she was still in her nightgown at eleven o'clock.

And by eleven o'clock the rest of us had turned the house inside out in our search for the family check book, which had been missing for four days! Because our school is not quite out, there is simply no time during the week to do a Sherlock Holmes-type investigation for the missing check book. However, our schedules deem it necessary to do all banking on Saturday mornings, so we *had* to find it before noon when the bank closes. After a thorough search of the deep crevices of the living room chairs, going through every possible item that had even the most remote possibility of enclosing it — and that means even the refrigerator shelves, because in vacant-minded moments we have found other misplaced things in the refrigerator — I finally suggested the trash cans. That was really the last resort, because there are much pleasanter places to grovel about in than the fragrant trash cans. That proved to be the answer, however, and Donald came in more relieved than distressed with his occupation.

Paul has his Senior Prom to attend this evening, so this necessitated a trip to collect his rented tuxedo, pick up his flowers in the opposite direction, of course, and all of this with no check book yet. He has been gainfully



Paul Driftmier graduated from high school this year and will be entering college in September.

employed since last Monday, but that has not put him in a position of being with "cash" as they say, so this added to our Saturday morning hysteria!

I was hunting the check book as I kept the washing machine running — there was a possibility that it had gone into the laundry hamper with an armload of dirty clothes — and all was going well with the washer until the hot water ran out very, very early in the morning. This proved to be a heating unit in the water heater, so right at the moment I have a load of washing waiting for some decision to be made regarding the water situation.

The girls finally decided to go shopping and stop at the grocery on the way home, but not until everyone involved had washed their hair. Believe me, there is no worse social sin than going out into public with hair that has not been washed that day! I wondered silently if it would be worth it to have a cold shampoo. It was!

Paul's new job is a blessing, believe me. The way the world is arranged, if you don't have your birthday before the end of school there are years when you can't get employment. But this year he is already eighteen, and he picked up a job working in Nashotah, only three miles away, at a plastics plant. The first day he ran a machine that made coffee pot handles; the next he made tops for hot dog cookers; and still another day he made bells for clarinets. He can even walk to work when we stop driving to school each day!

Katharine's schedule this summer takes her away from home by half-past-eight in the morning, when she drives downtown to the Wisconsin School of Medicine where she managed, by dogged determination, to scare up a job for herself. Since she is going to attend sum-

mer school there, she determined that it would be nice to get work in her field of biology. There was nothing to be had, they said, until she went door to door through the medical school and finally received a return call the next day to come in and wash dishes. To me, after twenty-some years of marriage, to wash dishes means to wash dishes! I was totally unprepared for her description of her work with a steaming autoclave and sterile conditions on the floor where they work with viruses. She washed test tubes and equipment used by the scientists in their work with viruses.

When she has been there a while she has been told that she will assist the doctors in their laboratories. But this is an opening door for her into the biology field, so she's quite happy even though it isn't immediate work in a laboratory. We found it necessary to look for a cheap means of transportation for her, so we bought a junk car which is small but a big mileage model. It looks like another hungry mouth to me, regardless, but Paul has to have a means to get to downtown Milwaukee for college come September, so it had to be.

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

KITCHEN WINDOWS

Kitchen windows frame so many things: Children playing on backyard swings; A laundry line of fresh, clean clothes; A bungling puppy, old garden hose; Father coming home thru the garden gate,

A rustic table where picnics wait; The long-lost slipper, a melting snowman,

A brand-new bike, the sprinkling can; A sleeping kitten, tulips, some leaves in a mound;

A basket of apples, big and round. So many things of laughter and tear My windows frame throughout the year— The masterpieces of my den, They keep my "out" when I am "in".

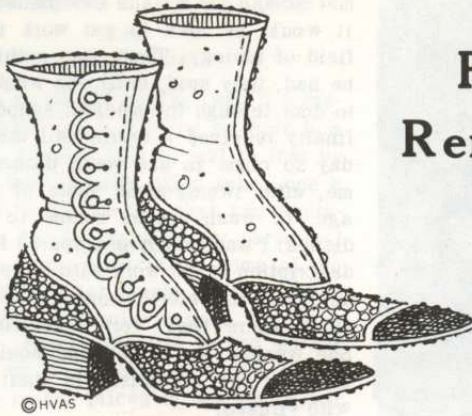
—Irene Liles

PRESERVING CHILDREN

Half dozen children
2 or 3 small dogs
1 large grassy field containing lots of pebbles and a brook

Flowers
Sky
Sun

Thoroughly mix together the children and dogs; put them in the large grassy field, stirring continually. Pour a pinch of brook over the pebbles; sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a hot sun. When children are brown, remove and cool in a bathtub.



Fun With Remembering

by
Mabel Nair Brown

What with everyone so Bicentennial minded this year I tried this at a recent meeting for entertainment. It proved to be lots of fun — and educational, especially for younger people!

I passed out slips of paper and pencils before our dinner meeting began, asking those present to write down things which their mother or grandmothers did as part of their homemaking job, which they do not do today. I asked them not to show their list until later. Naturally there was a good deal of reminiscing going on during dinner as the lists got everyone in a nostalgic mood.

I had prepared the following list which I read aloud during the program, pausing to allow anyone to inject their own reminiscences which tied in. Guests were told that as I read, if they had included the task I mentioned on their own list, to check it off, just by way of comparing experiences, etc. Here is my list:

Have you ever slept on a featherbed?
Have you ever filled a tick (mattress) with straw, or corn husks?

Have you ever used a radio which had to have its battery charged? Listened to a radio with a big horn speaker?

Have you ever had to go to the well to pump a bucket of water to use in the house?

Have you ever cranked a telephone? a phonograph? a car?

Have you ever filled the reservoir? Filled the wood box? Carried a basket of cobs?

Have you ever cooked on a wood-burning kitchen range?

Have you ever gathered kindling for the stove?

Have you ever traded eggs for groceries at the store?

Have you ever slept with a flat iron in your bed for warmth in winter?

Have you ever blackened a stove? Put up the stove pipe?

Have you ever ironed with a sad iron?

Have you ever read, mended, or studied by kerosene lamp light?

Have you ever washed the lamp chimney, filled the lamp, trimmed the wick, as part of your morning chores?

Have you ever listened in on the party line?

Have you ever used an apple peeler? Washed a cream separator? Skimmed the milk?

Have you ever churned butter in a barrel churn?

Have you ever put meat to cure in a brine barrel? Fried down meat? Fried out lard?

Have you ever put your hair up in kid curlers, or used a curling iron heated over a kerosene lamp to "crimp" your hair? Used bone hairpins in your hair?

Have you ever worn a circle comb?

Have you ever used a button hook? a glove stretcher?

Have you ever worn a panty waist?

Have you ever carried out the chamber pot as a morning chore?

Have you ever hung cottage cheese on the line to drip?

Have you ever made soap? Hominy?

Have you ever had the chore of carrying out the ashes?

Have you ever beaten a rug?

Have you ever ground coffee in a coffee mill?

Have you ever washed clothes "on the board"? With a clothes stomper?

Have you ever wrung clothes through a wringer?

Have you ever used a lemon squeezer? a matchbox? Had an icebox in your kitchen?

Have you ever used a gasoline engine-powered washing machine?

Have you ever gone to a taffy pull? a box supper? a pie social?

Have you ever worn a mustard plaster? Been greased with goose grease and turpentine?

After I finished reading this list I called for each one present to tell about anything she had included on her list which I had not mentioned. It was surprising how many other things were mentioned — "hitching up the horse to the buggy to go to town for groceries or to go to Ladies Aid", "helping to put ice in the ice house". It seemed as someone recalled something of the past, it would remind another of something they could add to the reminiscing, so it all proved a most interesting bit of entertainment.

One thing you can leave to posterity is a good example.

Please accept me for my good qualities.

Forgive the rest. —Ye olde editor



TIME OUT!

LISTEN TO KITCHEN-KLATTER

We are heard on the following stations:

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



Linda Funk and Judy Nelson beside School-Bus Bookstore.

TEACHERS' UNEMPLOYMENT – NOT FOR THEIR MONEY

by
Evelyn Cason Tuller

Unemployment during summer months poses no problem for Judy Nelson, former teacher from Bismarck, North Dakota. In partnership with her friend, Linda Funk of Fargo, Judy has found a novel way to solve the question of a vacation done up to suit their taste.

There is a school bus parked on the city square at Pelican Rapids, Minnesota. And for the summer months, Judy is playing hooky from her books. Books, that is, to be found where she "tends store" nine months through the year, at the two bookstores of which she is half-owner, back in Bismarck and Mandan, South Dakota.

But the school bus is also filled with books. Paperbacks, which compose the summer stock, are helping to finance the coveted vacation.

"We wanted a summer at the lake," Judy explained. "We also looked for a summer income that would help pay the bills."

The idea they came up with was a natural by-product of the home business. The school bus is well equipped with a cargo of paperback books, and they found a ready market for their stock. There is a need for such services in small towns, most of them without library facilities; and reading material has become one more victim of inflation, an item which can become expendable in the budget unless it has been brought into line with the more pressing necessities. The inexpensive paperbacks were welcome news to Pelican Rapids customers.

Welcome has become a byword in the venture. Their books are a common

bond of friendship with those who come in to browse, and to buy. Judy and Linda had found their "summer home". They settled down at Fish Lake, then looked for a location to set up their summer store. They found welcome, and cooperation, in Pelican Rapids, as both city administrators and local citizens went out of their way with offers to help.

The experiment has lived up to the girls' expectations. "It takes time to develop and get the word spread. But we have rather modest kinds of needs; just adjust our style of living to the proceeds, and go on with it," the girls explained.

Judy had been trained for teaching, but was given an opportunity to open a bookstore, and finds that it gives her the same opportunity to guide young minds which she had enjoyed as a teacher. "The determining factor," Judy thoughtfully decided, "was the whole idea that whether we made it or not, we had done it ourselves. There wasn't some kind of agency, some 'bodies' out there who were making the signals," she emphasized. Independence is a quality valued highly by these two members of the younger generation.

The girls have spent only a modest amount for advertising, but the word has spread, as can be seen by the license plates from various states which come and go in the parking lot. Vacationers, as well as local people, stop by to become acquainted at the "Paper-Back Bus". As Judy remarked, "People who come into bookstores are good

people, beautiful people." Books are friends to these two young merchants; they have taken these friends along on their vacation venture, and have quickly extended their friendship circle.

Judy and Linda are doing their own thing, and finding it profitable in those ways which appeal to them. And you can take it with you, the young girls smilingly declared, as they've rolled their School-Bus Bookstore, stocked with its shelves of business and pleasure, along vacation highways toward a summer of fun.



CAREFUL? You Bet We Are!

We want you to use **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** for years to come. That's why we are so careful . . . from ingredient selection to bottling and labeling. Our dressings are carefully made in spotless kitchens, following recipes that are the result of literally thousands of controlled tests.

We're proud of that **Kitchen-Klatter** name — and you can bet we wouldn't put it on anything we weren't equally proud of. Whether you choose **French, Italian or Country Style**, you can be sure of delicious taste, mouth-watering aroma and, above all, continuous quality . . . bottle after bottle.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.50 for an 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shendaoh, Ia. 51601. We pay the postage.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

During the months of July and August we invite garden clubs to tour our gardens and this year the little chapel is an added attraction. When a club contacts us for a tour date we ask what phase of gardening they are most interested in so that a short program can be prepared for them. Nine times out of ten the main interest is "flower arranging". One garden club secretary



Emily Driftmier, photographed while on an archaeological trip in Mexico, is standing beside a fenced-off display of various cacti, with the ruins being studied by the group visible in the background.

Great new BIBLE GAME
IDEAL Sunday School VBS
FOR FAMILY ENRICHMENT

Gift "A wise teacher makes learning a joy." Prov. 15:2

GUARANTEED

Send for

FREE Brochure

DG Industries
 Box 117
 Carrollton, MO. 64633



50 YARDS LACE \$1.45

LACE-LACE-LACE... 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, braids, insertions, etc. All beautiful colors, full widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. Marvellous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double knit fabrics. Only \$1.45 plus 30¢ pstg., double order \$2.79 plus 50¢ pstg.

FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS!

50 New, High Quality Buttons. All colors, sizes, and shapes. Many complete sets. Free with each Lace Order. Order Now! Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed! "Pis. allow 6 wks. for delivery."

LACE LADY
 808 Washington

Dept. LN-415
 St. Louis, Mo. 63101

wrote, "Most of us can grow flowers but we'd like to learn to arrange them properly for our homes." Another stated her club would like to know more about arranging flowers for their church altars. Other requests were for preparing a conservation exhibit for a flower show, Japanese flower art, still life exhibits, miniatures, and table settings. Usually we find someone with experience to do the demonstrations and a gardening friend has become something of a celebrity. She delights an audience with her informal arrangements using containers (you wouldn't believe some of them) from the home

and ordinary garden flowers.

Irene uses an old bean pot, coffee mugs, empty salad dressing bottles, an old gravy boat, or what have you from the kitchen cupboard. Her flowers may be pansies, petunias, marigolds, zinnias, asters, daisies, calendulas, larkspur or any ordinary annual flower that most of us can grow from seed. Although she holds a lifetime National Council Flower Show judge's certificate, Irene doesn't demonstrate highly stylized, rule-conscious displays. In this busy, hectic pace of modern living she believes we should be able to arrange a few flowers for the home easily and quickly with the mechanics and floral materials at hand.

A case in point may be a pretty bottle with a single gladiolus stalk with a lovely sprig of green or an old brown coffee mug filled with French marigolds. She advises gardeners with a yen for arranging to keep a "seeing eye" for suitable containers. "You don't have to buy a fancy vase, or use exotic flowers," she tells her listeners. "Examine the junk you are tempted to throw away for you may find a charming flower holder." Irene saves empty tin cans of various sizes, sprays them black or white or some neutral color and makes enchanting floral arrangements in them. She insists a "cutting garden" is a must. "Tuck in a few marigolds, zinnias, or calendulas among your vegetable plants and cut the blooms freely for indoor arrangements. The flowers will enhance your garden and make your home bright and inviting," she tells her audiences.

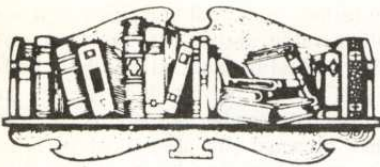


**Before you leave
 on your vacation,
 be sure to send in
 your renewal to the
 Kitchen-Klatter
 Magazine.**

\$2.50 per year, 12 issues \$3.00, foreign subscriptions
 (Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601





COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

According to the *Bicentennial Times*, published by the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, a simultaneous nationwide ringing of bells on July 4 will herald the country's entry into its third century. Communities, churches, schools, fire departments, universities and individuals at home and abroad will toll bells and carillons in conjunction with the ringing of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia at 2:00 p.m. EDT (1:00 p.m. Central Daylight Time).

The time selected, according to Congressional legislation, is exactly 200 years from the precise moment that the Liberty Bell proclaimed the independence of the new nation. The bell ringing will continue for a full two minutes in commemoration of the passing of the first two centuries of American nationhood.

The simultaneous ringing of bells throughout the United States to celebrate the adoption of the Declaration of Independence is called for in Senate Concurrent Resolution 25 of the United States Congress.

The ringing of the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia will recall the warm July day in what is now Independence Square when men and women of 1776 assembled to await the proclamation of independence. The tones of the bell burst upon the silent and waiting crowd as the first sentence of the declaration was read. The bell pealed for two hours, proclaiming freedom to the colonies.

The rededication of Iowa's Old Capitol at Iowa City will be on July 4 — the 136th anniversary of the laying of its cornerstone — in conjunction with the United States Bicentennial observance. Construction of Old Capitol began in the spring of 1840. The original workmanship was of high quality. The Territorial Assembly of Iowa first met in Old Capitol in December, 1842. Iowa was admitted to statehood four years later. In 1857, it relocated its capital at Des Moines, and turned Old Capitol over to The University of Iowa. The restoration of Old Capitol as a "living museum" of early Iowa history has been thoroughly researched under the direction of Dr. Margaret Keyes, professor of design and housing in the University's Department of Home Economics.



Isabel is wondering what her daddy is doing with an interesting machine that goes "clickety clack". No doubt he is typing papers that have something to do with his teaching on the Indian reservation in northeast Arizona.

Many Iowa school children have raised funds to help in the restoration of the Old Capitol. Mrs. James Van Allen, chairman of the Iowa Children's Project for Old Capitol, says school children will be the "immediate beneficiaries of the restoration program" as they help to preserve one of Iowa's most significant landmarks.

Incidentally, if you are one of those taking a trip in this Bicentennial summer, a book that might be worthwhile is *Games for Ruins, Planes and Trains* (The Stephen Greene Press, Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, \$4.25 paperback; \$7.95 cloth.) Written by Gyles Brandreth, a professional games inventor, the book has 105 simple, yet sophisticated play-anywhere games for all ages. Many are games mothers will

reach for when children get restless in the car. There are a tempting selection of mazes, as well as quiz games. The book is available in hard cover, but the carry-along paperback should be in every glove compartment or purse.

Years of Struggle: The Farm Diary of Elmer G. Powers, 1931-1936 (Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa \$6.95) relives the days when pigs weighing 80 pounds sold for \$1.40 each, and veal calves sold for two for a quarter! Edited by H. Roger Grant and L. Edward Purcell, this remarkable diary reflects Powers' experiences during the years of the Great Depression. Although his farm was located in the rich land of central Iowa (Boone County), Powers' struggles were duplicated throughout the Corn Belt.

The diary was kept daily, written by a sensitive and articulate man. Read through, it demonstrates the daily chores and the recurrent patterns of farm life during the 1930's. Powers was hit hard during the early 1930's, and his problems are in his diary. By late 1932 conditions had worsened. Ten-cents a bushel corn, twelve-cent oats, and hogs at less than 1 1/2 cents per pound destroyed the farmers' last savings and credit.

The weather in the Midwest dealt numerous farmers the final blow during that time. In 1934-36 crops withered in the fields during weeks of 100-degree dry heat; livestock died from lack of water; and biblical-like plagues of insects ravaged anything that survived the intense heat.

This compilation of one man's struggle is an important historical document for study and understanding of agricultural, economic and national history.

VALUABLE COUPON

COLOR 5x7 ENLARGEMENT

FROM YOUR 126-110-135
KODAK KODACOLOR NEGATIVES

88¢ each
2 FOR \$1.25

POSTPAID

FRAMED—10¢ PER ENLARGEMENT

COUPON EXPIRES MAY 1, 1977

Enclose Coupon-Check-Return Address with order
SKRUDLAND PHOTO • LAKE GENEVA, WIS. 53147

KK 76



VALUABLE COUPON

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
sewing machine. I got a lovely soft blue quilted nylon tricot bed jacket made for Lucile, and a robe shortened for her, a pair of slacks and a top for myself, and a top for Marge, so I feel I got quite a bit accomplished.

Frank just came in for a cup of coffee, so I'll go have a cup with him at the kitchen table, and then I'm going outside to help him. Until next month...

Sincerely,

Dorothy



When we say "sparklers," we're not talking entirely about fireworks, even though it's that time of year. We're talking about clothes . . . lucky enough to be laundered in the **Kitchen-Klatter Washday Wonders: Blue Drops Detergent and All-Fabric Bleach.**

Because these two great products DO keep fine washables sparkling: new-looking, fresh, dainty, with a spring-like fragrance. Two other terrific advantages: because they contain no harsh chlorines, they are perfectly safe for all washable fabrics, no matter how filmy or dainty. And they're economical — usually much lower priced than other comparable detergents and bleaches.

Why wait longer? You want sparkling clothes? Try the **Kitchen-Klatter Twins:**

**Kitchen-Klatter
Blue Drops Detergent**

&

**Kitchen-Klatter
All-Fabric Bleach**



Christopher Hopkins is obviously very happy to have a new little brother, Brad Lee! They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Max Hopkins of Omaha, and grandsons of our office manager, Hallie Kite, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hopkins, also of Shenandoah, Iowa.

GROWING CHINESE CELERY CABBAGE

by

Grace V. Schillinger

When we first tried growing this succulent vegetable, we weren't successful. We planted the seeds too early, in the first rush of spring here in the western part of Illinois, along with our other vegetable seeds. They germinated well, then grew so fast that by the time hot weather arrived, the plants had bolted and didn't make heads.

"Plant some more seed in July," a wise gardening friend advised us.

We bought more seed (Michihli) and sowed it along about the middle of July, kept the seed row moist, and again had good germination. In three weeks we thinned out the row so the plants stood a foot apart. We planted the extra plants in other spots in the garden where earlier vegetables had been harvested. We also gave some plants to friends to try.

They grew into tall pointed heads (about 16 inches) and some grew as large as six inches in diameter at the bottom. We began using this crisp, sweet-tasting salad plant in late September. We enjoyed it in many ways until hard frosts warned us to take the remaining heads inside. We peeled off the roughest outer leaves, cut the shallow roots off, and stored them in our spare refrigerator in the basement. We didn't wash them. This would have made the heads rot.

The flavor of Chinese celery cabbage

is rather spicy and combines well with other salad greens, or shredded alone like coleslaw and mixed with boiled eggs, or cut in one-inch pieces and boiled till tender but not mushy, and then creamed. We also liked it in casserole dishes, accompanied with diced cheese, mushroom soup, and topped with cracker crumbs and browned in the oven.

If you like to serve Oriental foods, grow some of this pungent-tasting vegetable and experiment a bit. New fascinating recipes are dreamed up by adventuresome cooks. When using it in Chinese recipes, don't cook it long; Oriental chefs keep their vegetables a little on the crunchy side, thereby saving vitamins.



FLOWERS ARE FOR EATING

by

Marjorie Spiller Neagle

Queen Marie Antoinette is supposed to have said of her starving subjects, "If they can't have bread, let them eat cake."

No one has suggested that her subjects had cake, either. If they had, it might have been made from recipes that used flowers for flavor and beauty, like some I discovered in a cookbook of more than a century ago, belonging to my grandmother.

In her day, brides' cakes were always made at home by a member of the family. Crushed rose leaves were used for flavoring. Those not crushed were laid on top of the icing in interesting patterns.

Again, when a loaf cake was baked, the pan was lined with buttered paper over which flower petals were placed. The cake was turned upside down when done, and the paper gently pulled away, leaving the petals for flavoring and decoration. I have never tried this trick, but have an idea that the rose petals must have lost much of their color in the process of being baked.

Violet ice cream was served at East-er tea on several occasions . . . so say the notes on the yellowed pages of the cookbook, with the note in faded, spidery script, "Will and Rebekah to tea." The ice cream was made with cream and eggs and flavored with vanilla, and a special treat. Stems were removed from a bunch of violets and the blossoms pounded with a pestle or crushed with the back of a wooden spoon. A few drops of violet coloring were added. The mixture was frozen in a mold, and just before serving, garnished with fresh violets.

I think Marie Antoinette's subjects would have liked that.



TO READERS OF
KITCHEN-KLATTER

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS



BODY AIDS
Model 59B \$59.50



BEHIND-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 210E-LL-AVC



EYEGLOSS AIDS
Model 670 \$202.00



ALL-IN-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 160A \$159.50

FREE TO YOU!
1 YEAR SUBSCRIPTION
TO LLOYD'S
LISTENING POST



Here's your chance to get this very fine Senior Citizen's paper absolutely FREE. Published every third month, it's crammed full of interesting material, news, stories, articles and merchandise offers that appeal to older folks. You don't have to buy a Hearing Aid or anything else. Listening Post is yours for the asking. Just check coupon on this page.

LOW LOW PRICES ON HEARING AID BATTERIES

MERCURY BATTERIES

13	12 for \$4.50
41	12 for 4.50
312	12 for 4.50
401	6 for 4.50
575	12 for 4.75
625	12 for 6.75
630	12 for 6.75
675	12 for 5.50

SILVER OXIDE BATTERIES

MS-13	12 for \$5.00
MS-41	12 for 5.00
MS-312	12 for 5.00
MS-76	12 for 6.00

ORDER IN QUANTITIES
LISTED

- **HUGE SAVINGS** when you buy direct because you eliminate dealer markups and commissions.
- We will send you your aid for **30 DAYS FREE TRIAL**. Absolutely no deposit or obligation.
- **TIME PAYMENTS** can be arranged, if desired, after you are satisfied with the aid of your choice.
- We have one of the **LARGEST SELECTIONS** of fine quality aids to choose from.
- You get **ONE YEAR WARRANTY** on all hearing aids.
- Remember, we promise **NO SALESMAN** will ever call.

Our "TRUST THE CUSTOMER" plan has been a resounding success for over 10 years. We have sent thousands of Hearing Aids to customers in all 50 states, never asking for a deposit or down payment. Our files have thousands of letters from satisfied customers and friends. Want us to prove it? Just write us or send coupon on this page.

ALREADY, OVER 80,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

LLOYD Hearing Aid Corp. 128 KISH. ST., DEPT. KT ROCKFORD, ILL. 61104

Please send me FREE the following: (no obligation)

- ☐ FREE Literature and Low Prices on All Types of Hearing Aids
- ☐ 1 years FREE subscription to Lloyd's Listening Post (Senior Citizen's Paper)

**REMEMBER,
WE PROMISE
NO SALESMAN
WILL CALL.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

WE EVEN PAY THE POSTAGE

Fill in coupon above and place in plain envelope. Then cut out postage-free label below and paste or tape to front of envelope. No further postage or addressing in needed.

Postage
Will Be Paid
by
Addressee

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT No. 1891, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

LLOYD Hearing Aid Corporation
128 Kishwaukee St.
P.O. Box 1645
Rockford, Ill. 61110

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

Dept. KT

50 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$145!

Biggest Towel Bargain in U.S.

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON—Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW—NOT Seconds—50 Towels for \$1.45, or 100 for only \$2.75, 150 just \$3.90. Super Quality. Pls. include 30c extra for pstg. & hdg. with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. Make good money selling these Towels. We've sold 70,000,000 already and include sure-fire MONEY-MAKING Plans with your order. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery. 50 TOWEL CO., Dept. R-92, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101



Mirror, mirror on the wall

What can clean you best of all?

For that matter, what's the best cleaner for door frames and window-sills and light switchplates and bathtubs and greasy pots and linoleum and white wall tiles and just about anything else you can think of around the house?

For thousands and thousands of American homemakers, the answer is automatic: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. They know how well — and how fast it works. How it deep-cleans instantly, without leaving scum or froth to rinse away. Equally important is its economy. You don't pay for water or expensive containers. Just dry powder in a box . . . and that's all you need.

Tiny retirement house or queenly mansion, every room in every home needs **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. And it's waiting for you at your grocery store.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner



Lucile's two grandchildren, James and Katharine Lowey, love the out-of-doors and nothing pleases them more than camping, hiking or picnicking in the mountains near their home in Albuquerque.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

(This is the terminology used for excavating much earlier cultures.) and went down into Mexico proper to spend their efforts. You've never seen people who looked as thoroughly beat up as they did when they returned; they were a genuine sight!

A couple of weeks ago this same crowd took off on another four-day expedition into very remote areas of Arizona. One of the canyons that they wanted to explore right to the bottom could only be reached by TWO MILES OF STONE STEPS. Juliana said that the thing uppermost in her mind down there on the canyon floor was that they had to climb back UP the two miles of steps! I guess they were really pulverized when they got back from that Dig.

In addition to these digs she has been doing the volunteer work at the University that I mentioned earlier, and also substituting as a librarian several afternoons a week in the public school that both James and Katharine attend. Her huge garden once again gives promise of feeding everyone in that neck of the woods, and of course there is always the housework, meals, laundry, etc. She seems to me just like a juggler with 24 hours at a crack!

They'd love to get back to Woods Hole to see Jed's family, but there just isn't time enough to drive that tremendous distance since Jed has less than two weeks of vacation. The only way they can get here is by taking a plane, so at this point I just cannot tell you what I'm expecting. James is now eight and Katharine is

now six, so they will both put in a full day at school in this coming year. (Incidentally, Juliana has a wonderful sitter in case anyone is nervous about who takes care of the kids while their parents are on the digs.)

I must tell you that Juliana has the children celebrate their birthdays at school so that no one will feel hurt about being left out. Their traditional birthday cake is a lamb, and when they were small Juliana did a masterful job of decorating it; but now she takes the lamb to school undecorated with big bowls of all colors of icing, a decorating set, coconut, etc., and the children are turned loose to get the lamb fixed up.

Juliana said: "You've never seen such a monstrous sight in your life as that lamb when they got done with it, but they were all thrilled to death with their handiwork and it was the high point of the day."

In this issue you will read our final choice for "The Most Memorable Meal I Can Remember" and as space permits in future issues we will use other letters. They constitute true Americana.

Until next month . . .

Faithfully always,
Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

The other little trip was in the opposite direction, to Nebraska. Ever since the beautiful new Stuhr Museum was built in Grand Island, Oliver and I have wanted to visit it. We've been through the town but hadn't been able to stop, so were glad when the occasion came when we could make a special trip out to see it. Perhaps it is just as well that we had to wait until this summer, for an outdoor exhibit has been added recently and is now open to the public.

The main building is one of the most beautiful in the country, designed by Edward Durell Stone, one of the leading architects in the world. The inside courtyard, with its fountains, pools and art exhibit, is particularly lovely. The historical exhibits of early pioneer life are housed on the second floor. (For those of you who are handicapped, I should mention that there is a ramp for entering the building and an elevator for getting to the second floor.)

We drove from Grand Island to Scottsbluff and on north to Agate Fossil Beds National Monument and Fort Robinson. These are two places Oliver was most anxious to visit.

Now I must get busy in the kitchen. I have some cookie dough chilling in the refrigerator, waiting to be baked and taken to the office for coffee break. So until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Margery

"Little Ads"

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

September ads due July 10
October ads due August 10
November ads due September 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.

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

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in Quilter's Newsletter Magazine, PLUS catalog illustrating hundreds of quilt patterns, quilting stencils, pre-cut metal patterns, quilting books, supplies, kits, fabrics — 75¢. Quilts, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

GOSPEL PIANISTS: Add chords, "runs", progressions. Twenty lessons, "Playing Evangelistic Style Piano". \$5.95. Evangelical Music, KK-1, Hawarden, Iowa 51023

COCONUT SHELL HANGING PLANTER: Made in the Philippines from real coconut shell. Hand-braided rattan chain. Use inside the home or on the patio. Order several today. Only \$3.95 each postpaid. D.L. Sawyer, P.O. Box 175, Dept. C, Madison, Nebraska 68748.

CHURCH COOKBOOKS. Collector's item, 350 pages, \$4.25 postage prepaid. United Congregational Church, Sherburn, Minn. 56171.

FOR SALE: Granny Afghans. Esther Hansen, Comstock, Wis. 54826.

DIABETIC EXCHANGES: For canned and prepared foods. Easy to follow chart for canned soups, stews, TV dinners, mixed prepared dinners. Only \$1.25 postpaid. Addie's, Drawer 5426-KK17, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

ZUCCHINI COOKBOOK: Unusual recipes like, honey cake, pineapple cookies, strawberry bread, different cakes, cookies, breads, casseroles. Only \$2.00 postpaid. Addie's Books, Drawer 5426-KK23, Eugene, Oregon 97405.

DIABETIC? OVERWEIGHT? You'll love these. Sugarfree pies, jams, candy, salads, ice cream, many cakes, cookies. Only \$2.00 postpaid. Addie's Books, Drawer 5426-KK51, Eugene, Oregon 97405

BEST CZECH & POLISH COOKING: Famous filled "Kolache", cakes, breads, Polish raw potato dumplings, noodles, soups, casseroles. Both only \$2.00 postpaid. Addie's Books, Drawer 5426-KK22, Eugene, Oregon 97405

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER. Vantreuren. 1950 Post, #108, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send wants or send stamps for catalog.

BICENTENNIAL DRESS bonnet and pantaloons for Barbie. Lace and rickrack trim — \$1.75. Violet Ross, 309 West Anchor, Junction City, Ks. 66441.

PATCHWORK PLACEMATS — set 4 for \$6.00; adorable, cuddly toy lambs, small — \$4.50, large — \$7.00. Potpourri, 305½ E. Main, Clarinda, Iowa 51632.

SEND LOTS OF GREETING CARDS? Send "Remembrance" Greetings! Sample 10¢. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

WANTED: Hand-Quilting to do. Stamp please. Mrs. Lillian M. Minihan, Blaine, Kansas 66410.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150 page Cook Book for organizations for \$1.35 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

DER DUTCHMAN cookbook, 180 pages Amish recipes. \$4.50 postpaid. J. Masek, Box 6452, Lincoln, Nebr. 68506.

SEND \$1.00 for brochure & recipe folder. Little Chapel Of The Flowers. Eagle Bend, Minn. 56446.

FREE Guided Tours. AMISH FARMLANDS. Cedarwood Restaurant, Jamesport, Mo. 64648.

PEWTER — Largest Selection — 1000 items from animals to coffee pots, candlesticks, bowls, vases, plates, lamps, punch bowls, mugs, etc. 44 page illustrated catalogue — \$1.00. ADAR PEWTER Products Company, 280 Ethan Allen Highway, Dept. K, Ridgefield, Conn. 06877.

LOVELY RHINESTONE HEART or Cross necklace in your birthstone color (or all crystal). 18" silver neckchain. \$2.00 boxed. (Specify style and birthmonth.) The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP-CODE LABELS 65¢



FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX

1000 Gold Stripe, 2 Color, gummed, padded Labels, printed with ANY name, address & Zip Code, 65c + 10c pstg. & hdlg., or 75c in all. Or, 3 sets, all the same or each set different, only \$2.10 ppd. Make money for your club, church, scout troop, or yourself. Details FREE with order. Money Back Guarantee. FREE GIFT BOX! Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

LABEL CENTER
808 Washington
Dept. L-370
St. Louis, Mo. 63101

CONSIDER YOUR FRIEND

What is a friend?

One with whom you can be yourself.

With a friend, there is no need to act, no need to display your very best side, no need even to guard your words. You need only be as you are.

And if you act foolishly or speak stupidly, the friend understands, forgives; for that friend, too, has been foolish and stupid, at times.

Laugh, then, with your friend; cry if you must; but above all, love your friend. After all, your friend must love you to be able to tolerate your faults and failings.



KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

OLD FASHION

CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$11.70 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$19.30

P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style. 16" \$25.80 P.P. Catalogue 35¢

EVA MAE Doll Co., Box 331K
1931 15th Street
San Pablo, Calif. 94806



Frankly, we don't know, but for many years folks everywhere, including famous athletes, wealthy & prominent people, have placed their faith in the mystical powers of copper to relieve the pain of arthritis, rheumatism & other diseases of the joints. Now, there is some evidence that their faith has been well placed. Research conducted by an Akron biochemist indicates that copper may indeed be a natural pain-killer due to the reaction of the copper with chemicals on the skin which produces an anesthetic called ethylene which can be absorbed into the body and circulated by the blood. We don't make any medical claims for our copper Bracelets — we do claim that they are 100% Pure gleaming Copper and a stunning accessory for both men and women. Great for gift giving.

LADIES CHAIN \$1.35 ea 2/\$2.45
MEN'S HEAVIER CHAIN \$1.55 ea 2/\$2.70

TWO BROTHERS, INC. Dept. CB-26
808 Washington • St. Louis, Mo. 63101

The hand that gives most often gathers.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

COOKBOOK —

Recipes you can trust!

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

\$5.00, per copy

(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

TEAR OUT AND MAIL

Enjoy 3 Nutritious Meals on The GRAPEFRUIT DIET PILL

Plan and LOSE WEIGHT FAST

90 PILLS for \$2.98

- ☐ 90 FOR \$ 2.98
☐ 500 FOR \$ 9.85
☐ 1000 FOR \$16.49

EACH SIX TABLETS
CONTAIN:

Natural Grapefruit
 Extract..... 100 MG
 Vitamin C..... 60 MG
 Vitamin E..... 30 IU
 Phenylpropanolamine
 HCL..... 75 MG

 OFFER GOOD
TWO WEEKS.

Contains one of the Strongest Diet Aids available without prescription. Includes Modern Effective Diet Plan that Lets You Enjoy 3 Delicious Meals and Snacks Everyday as you Lose Weight.

SAME FORMULA
 AS OTHERS
 CHARGE
 \$5.98 AND
 UP FOR!

MAIL-ORDER CERTIFICATE

NUTRITION
 HEADQUARTERS
 104 W. JACKSON
 CARBONDALE
 ILL. 62901

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

WE
PAY
POSTAGE
SAVE DOLLARS

G46

© 1975 NUTRITION HQS.

TEAR OUT AND MAIL

"VITAMIN E"

CAPSULES

MAIL-ORDER CERTIFICATE

GOOD NEXT 2 WEEKS

 FINEST QUALITY—100% PURE
 ALPHA TOCOPHERYL GELATIN CAPSULES

E-CAPS

100

 100 UNIT
 CAPSULES

☐ 100 for
98c
☐ 500 for 4.69
☐ 1000 for 8.98

E-CAPS

200

 200 UNIT
 CAPSULES

☐ 100 for
\$1.79
☐ 500 for 8.49
☐ 1000 for 16.59

E-CAPS

400

 400 UNIT
 CAPSULES

☐ 100 for
\$2.89
☐ 500 for 14.19
☐ 1000 for 27.49

E-CAPS

1000

 1000 UNIT
 CAPSULES

☐ 100 for
\$6.89
☐ 500 for 32.98
☐ 1000 for 59.85

MAIL TO: NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS

104 West Jackson, Carbondale, Illinois 62901

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

N3798

SAVE DOLLARS

FREE BODY TONER

with any purchase

from Nutrition Headquarters

Just use 5 to 10 minutes daily!

PORTABLE GYM

For MEN & WOMEN!

Men, this "isometric principle" exerciser adapts to help build STRONG MUSCLES, slim tone, as needed.

Easy to use (slip over doorknob) anywhere: home, office, dorm, hotel. Tiny, light, packs easily.

Now, do your exercises even when traveling! It lets you exercise more muscles at once, with less strain, in coordinated swinging movements. Relaxes, invigorates! Two weeks may make a difference!

Directions & Exercises are included.

Helps shape legs & thighs, improve posture.

Effective! Muscles work against each other.

Helps firm bust, neck, arms, stomach, slim waist & hips.

Helps slim & shape you!

EASY TO USE, natural, safe, whole-body exerciser.

as seen on TV, in magazines... The 10-MINUTE COMPLETE Body Toner Exerciser

Just attach to any doorknob

million paid for this type of exercise

Helps control weight, reduce flabbiness. You need both moderate diet and exercise if you want a slender, supple body. The BODY TONER lets you apply "shaking force" to help remove fleshy padding and flabbiness with individualized exercises for your figure problems. Exhilarating rhythmic all-over exercise, natural as walking, should help "melt away" bulges more uniformly than spot exercises do.

To get FREE BODY TONER with any purchase...

CHECK ORDER BLANK BELOW

BIG 4
 KELP, VIT. B6,
 LECITHIN,
 CIDER VINEGAR
 100
 TABLETS
98¢
 500 for 3.88

1 GRAM
 (1,000 mg.)
VITAMIN C
 & ROSEHIPS
 100
 TABLETS
1.98
 500 for 8.75

100 MG.
GINSENG
 TABLETS
 50
 TABLETS
99c
 250 for 3.95

500 MG.
 Ascorbic Acid
VITAMIN C
 100
 TABLETS
95¢
 500 for 4.49

ACEROLA-C
 100 mg. VIT. C
 In Each Delicious
 Tablet
 100
 Tablets
98¢
 500 for 4.49

DOLOMITE
 Calcium Rich
 100
 TABLETS
49¢
 500 for 1.85

100 MG.
SUPER GINSENG
 250 MG.
 100
 TABLETS
2.98
 500 for 12.95

KELP
 Tablets
 (Iodine)
 100
 TABLETS
29¢
 500 for 1.29

10 MG.
ZINC
 TABLETS
 100
 TABLETS
98¢
 500 for 4.75

PAPAYA
 PAPAIN
 (Digestant)
 100
 TABLETS
75¢
 500 for 3.25

Desiccated
LIVER
 100
 TABLETS
79¢
 500 for 3.49

83 MG.
POTASSIUM
 TABLETS
 100
 TABLETS
1.25
 500 for 5.00

100 MG.
NIACINAMIDE
 100
 TABLETS
79¢
 1000 for 6.50

100 MG.
CALCIUM
PANTOTHENATE
 (Pantothenic Acid)
 100
 TABLETS
95¢
 500 for 4.35

VITAMINS
A & D
 (5,000 A; 400D)
 100
 TABLETS
49¢
 1,000 for 3.50

ORGANIC
IRON
 Supreme
 100
 TABLETS
1.49
 500 for 4.95

Compare our prices on

NATURAL-ORGANIC

VITAMINS

AND SUPPLEMENTS FROM

NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS

All prices POSTPAID!

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Our "TOP-B"
B-COMPLEX "50"
 Famous Formula at a
 Sensational Low Price!
 Every Capsule Contains 50 mg.
 B1, B2, B6, Niacinamide, Panto-
 Acid, Choline, Inositol; 50 mcg.
 B12, Biotin, 50 mg. Paba; 100
 mcg. Folic Acid.
 50 Capsules 1.69 Value
 100 Capsules 2.98 Value

500 MG.
BRAN
 TABLETS
 Easy way to get
 this important
 wheat fiber.
 300 TABLETS **\$1**

"SPECIAL C-500"
 500 mg. Vit. C Plus
 Rose Hips, 100 mg.
 Bioflavonoids, 50
 mg. Rutin, 25 mg.
 Hesperidin
 100 TABLETS
 4.95 VALUE **1.29**

Money Saving MAIL ORDER BLANK

These sale prices good for next 2 weeks.

THE BEST TIME TO SAVE IS NOW!

NUTRITION HEADQUARTERS

 104 West Jackson St.—Dept. N 1335
 Carbondale, Ill. 62901

 We Pay
 ALL
 Postage

List items you wish here:

QUAN- TITY	SIZE	NAME OF PRODUCT	TOTAL PRICE

SATISFACTION

GUARANTEED

WE PAY ALL POSTAGE

TOTAL—amount enclosed

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

 CHECK
 HERE FOR
FREE

BODY TONER

© 1975 NUTRITION HQS.